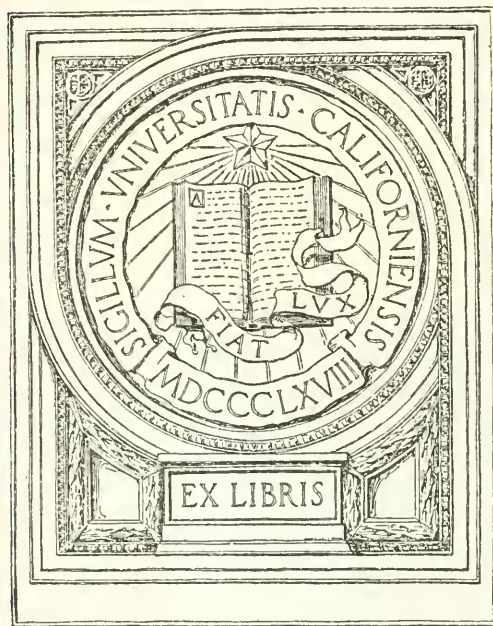


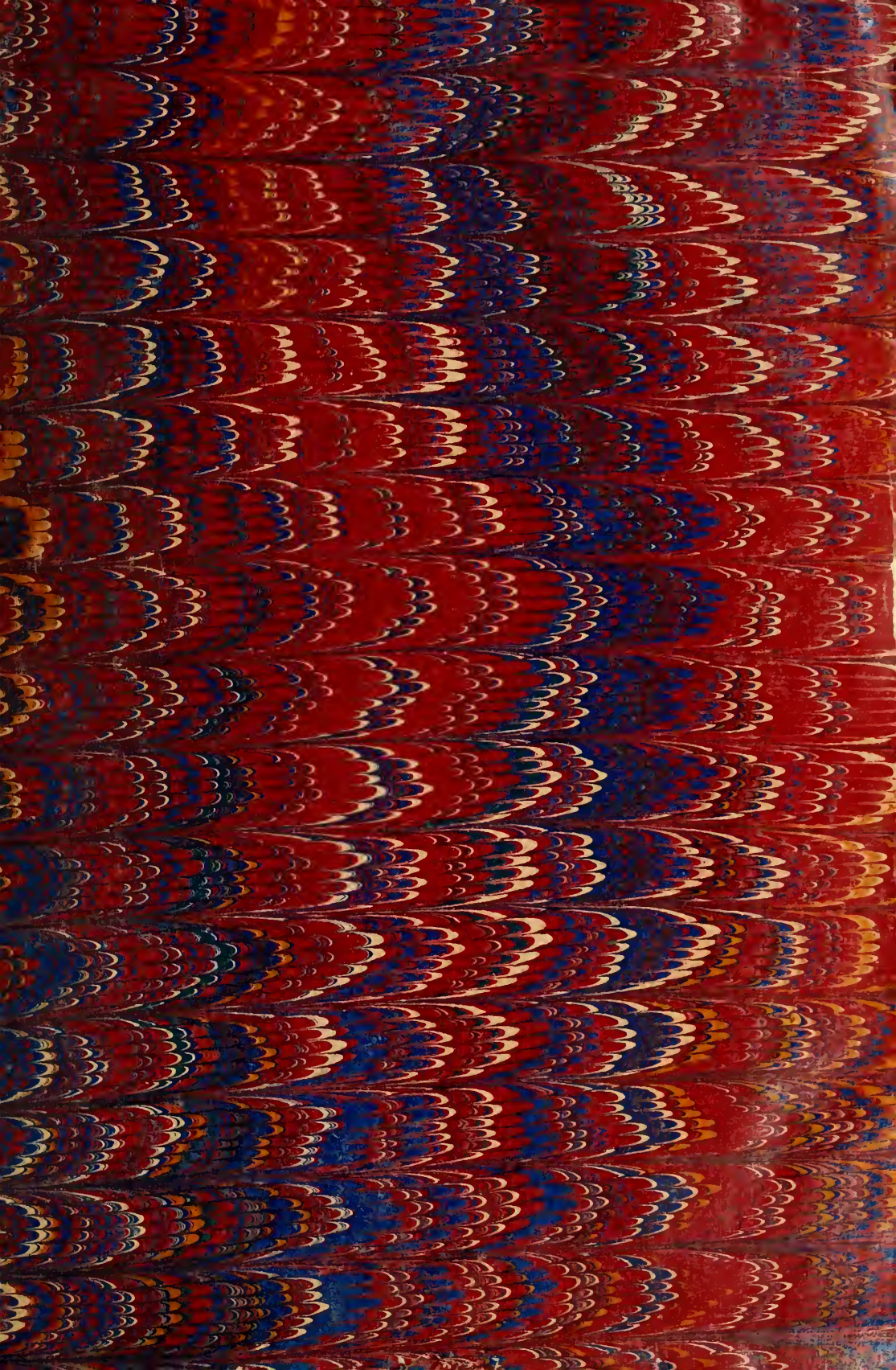


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THE

CALIFORNIAN

A WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



JULY—DECEMBER, 1882.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

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EDITED BY CHAS. H. PHELPS.

VOL. VI.—JULY, 1882.—No. 31.

JAMES F. BOWMAN.

DIED APRIL 29TH, 1882.

FORTH from this low estate
Fetterless now of fate,
Pass, spirit blest!
Out of the dark and care,
Out of the griefs that were,
Into thy rest.

Done with the dreary round
Daily thy soul that bound
From its true aim!
Little can matter now
Fame's wreath upon the brow,
Earth-praise or blame.

God! is there of despair
Keener than this to bear,
Under the sun;
Tasked, like a slave in chains,
While our true work remains
Waiting, undone?

Feeling, as life sweeps by,
All the pure majesty
Of that we miss!
Fettered and tortured so;
Christ, pity all who know
Sorrow like this!

Not here was given his wage;
Of his best heritage
Barred and denied;
Man of the silver tongue,
Poet of songs unsung,
Dreamer, clear-eyed.

Slave not to gain or greed;
Bound by no narrow creed
By priestcraft taught;
In God's fair universe
Seeing nor hate, nor curse
Of him that wrought.

Trusting the love divine;
Careless of church or shrine,
Blessing or ban;
His prayer the common good,
His faith the brotherhood
Of man with man.

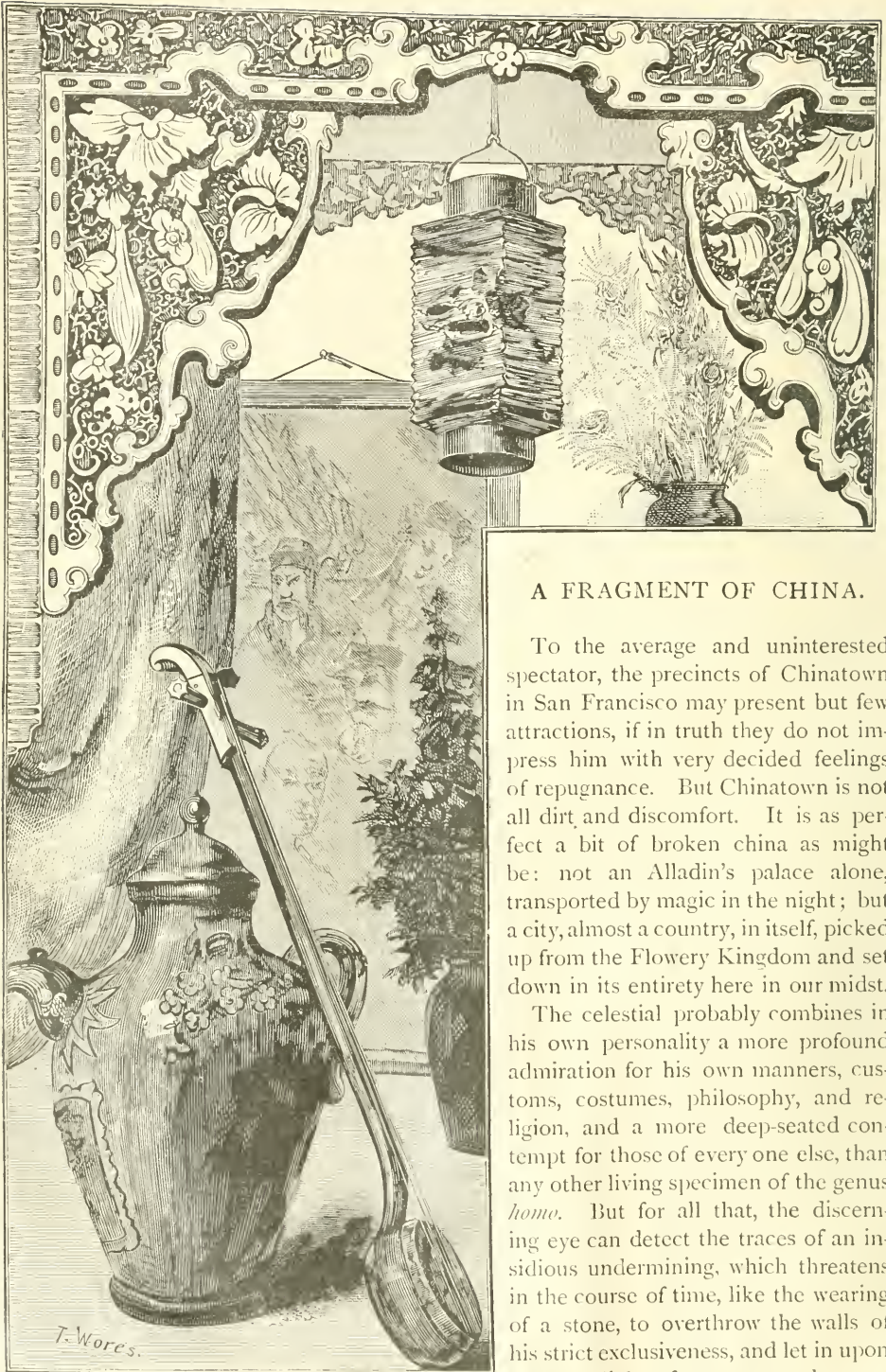
And if unto his eyes
Veiled were the mysteries
Of the far shore,
Who of us all may be
Wiser, in truth, than he?
Who knoweth more?

Never the kindly wit
Lighter because of it
Sad hearts shall make;
No more the earnest thought,
With its deep lesson fraught,
Souls shall awake.

Eloquent eye and lip,
Peerless companionship,
Passed from the earth!
Friend of the many years,
Well for thee fall my tears,
Knowing thy worth.

Flowers on the gentle breast,
Lay the frail form to rest
Under the soil,
Passed from earth's low estate,
Fetterless now of fate,
Leave him with God.

INA D. COOLBRITH.



RESTAURANT CORNER.

(From a Sketch by T. Wores. Engraved by A. Krüger.)

A FRAGMENT OF CHINA.

To the average and uninterested spectator, the precincts of Chinatown in San Francisco may present but few attractions, if in truth they do not impress him with very decided feelings of repugnance. But Chinatown is not all dirt and discomfort. It is as perfect a bit of broken china as might be: not an Alladin's palace alone, transported by magic in the night; but a city, almost a country, in itself, picked up from the Flowery Kingdom and set down in its entirety here in our midst.

The celestial probably combines in his own personality a more profound admiration for his own manners, customs, costumes, philosophy, and religion, and a more deep-seated contempt for those of every one else, than any other living specimen of the genus *homo*. But for all that, the discerning eye can detect the traces of an insidious undermining, which threatens in the course of time, like the wearing of a stone, to overthrow the walls of his strict exclusiveness, and let in upon him the light of our greater, but not so picturesque, civilization. Let us

rejoice, that for the present the Chinaman is still heathen, and perhaps unpleasant, but yet undeniably picturesque. Casting aside, then, all thoughts as to his present or future effect upon *our* civilization, let us look upon him for himself, regarding him more as a piece of animated bric-a-brac—which he largely resembles—than anything else.

The Chinese idea seems to be, as a rule, to do everything as exactly opposite to our way as possible, though perhaps the Chinese idea is that it is *we* who do everything outlandishly, and they who are right. Be that as it may, we will study them from our standpoint. The stroller on Kearney Street, feeling inclined for a cup of chocolate and a roll, steps into a restaurant, where the best display possible is made in the room he enters. The stroller on Dupont Street, one block farther west, wishing to taste a cup of tea, passes without stopping through a room opening on the street, where nothing seems designed to tempt or invite; and ascending one flight of dingy, smoke-begrimed stairs, finds himself in the second-class department of the establishment. If he chooses to rest there, he may be served with such as the common herd enjoy, and at corresponding prices. But should he soar, as it were, should he desire to move in what are literally the "upper circles," he climbs another stair. This, in an American establishment, would bring him in the vicinity of the garret, and a greater or less degree of poverty; but here his eye is greeted, and somewhat startled it may be, by a wealth of carving, gilding, and bright colors. The Chinaman has a decided eye for color—or perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say an eye for decided colors—and revels in startling combinations of green, yellow, and red. He is lavish, too, of gold-leaf, laying it on in solid masses, and ornamenting his gods and goddesses, warriors, chiefs, etc., with innumerable fluffy flakes of it, which tremble and quiver in every passing breeze. The furniture is the best the proprietor can command: of dark wood, sometimes ebony, carved and gilded. A balcony opening from the room gives a bird's-eye view of the passing throng below. The "fang ti's" gas

gives light, 'tis true, but the beloved lanterns of his fatherland hang profusely about, gladdening his eye with the memories of a home across the ocean, and compensating him in some respect for the absence of the hundred or so of odoriferous tallow candles which would have performed its duty in "the city of perfect delight." The proprietor does not in most cases possess the *suaviter in modo*—the "manner," as it were—of his French prototype in the block below. The waiters do *not* wear dress-coats, but are somewhat prone to carry their hats on their heads. There is a general lack of what to us constitutes ceremony and style. But in his own way, with a banquet for a dozen to arrange, he is as ceremonious and profoundly impressed with the importance of his mission as any "chef" of the "cordon blue." As we are not probably of those who dine at the ambassador's table, or attend grand banquets given by the upper-ten of Chinadom, we will content ourselves with a passing glance at the large circular table yonder, where appear, in symmetrical, concentric circles, a regiment of toy dishes, each with some delicacy as strange to our barbarian taste as its hue and odor to our other senses; and seating ourselves at a less pretentious board, request the "boy" to bring us some tea and sweetmeats. If he brings us cakes, we will not kill him; but we will not eat the cakes, lest they kill us.

Watch him as he brings the tea, and learn the only true and proper way to concoct that beverage. First, two little pewter holders, in which the cups are set, and so prevented from tipping; then some tea leaves, I don't know how many or how much; then the cups are filled with boiling, fiery, red-hot water, and covered in a trice with saucers fitting just inside their rims. We stand our cups in saucers; he stands his saucers upside down in the cup. The tea-kettle, though, is a regular copper-bottomed, Yankee affair, not particularly pleasing, perhaps, to the æsthetic eye, but encouraging, as a sign of the advance of our Western civilization.

After waiting five minutes or so, take the cup with the thumb and second finger, with the forefinger resting on the cover, and

tilting it gently, pour the tea—real tea it is—into that other cup standing before you. Skillfully done, you will have a cupful of amber, with the perfume of “Araby the Blest,” and with no sign of tea leaf; unskillfully done, you have scalded fingers, disjointed temper, and a general kick-up. On the whole, it is perhaps better to let the “boy” pour it for you. In all probability both milk and sugar will be brought. Sugar you may indulge in, but eschew milk if you would know what tea really is. In the preparation of ginger chow-chow, candied and pickled fruits, the Chinaman is a signal success; and though he manages generally to disguise things out of all manner of semblance to their original natures, they all taste good, and may be indulged in without much fear of after consequences. As soon as the “boy” has decanted your tea, he fills the first cup again with hot water, and leaves it to steep while you drink the other. Don’t leave it too long, though; it is apt to take “a strong hold of the second water,” and give us more of the taste of tannin than is quite agreeable. A Chinaman who knows how to make tea—and not all of them do—is too wise to ever *boil* it; his tea is an essence, not a decoction. It is the fashion to say that certain teas cost all sorts of prices, from five to ten or twelve dollars a pound; but this is a good deal of a fiction. A house in New York, in the fancy grocery trade, desiring some tea above the common—to be used, in fact, principally as an advertisement—sent an order to Shanghai for a quantity of the best to be found, laying absolutely no limit upon the price. With every desire to gratify their correspondent, the Shanghai house found it impossible to pay more than three dollars a pound.

Note your teaspoon. It is of china, to match the cup; and in shape, a cross between a gondola and a soup-ladle. The youngster who was born with one would need a pretty large mouth.

The outside of the restaurant corresponds with the interior: the ground front dingy, with its windows ornamented with smoked geese smashed out as flat as a pancake, cold chicken, varnished pig, sausages, and a million

or two of other delicacies, the nature of which no outside barbarian can fathom. The story above, and the one above that, display all the wealth of an oriental fancy in brilliant and grotesque ornamentation. Immense carved signs inform the passer-by, if he happens to be conversant with the Chinese language as written, that all sorts of good things for the inner man are to be had within. Wide balconies, bright with color, carving, and gilding, with immense lanterns swaying above, flowers in pots and on the railing, and big, blue china vases and stools, invite to promenade; and everything is bright and clean. In every aspect, at every step, these strange beings present us with contrasts of neatness and filth. Their garments are generally clean, their hands and faces the same; but their domiciles are black with the smoke of a thousand fires, and greasy with the rubbing of a thousand shoulders; the air heavy, not with incense, but odors; damp and dismal holes, into which the light of the sun has never penetrated. And yet the Chinaman is a rather jovial beggar. Following the crowd, we see him in the theater. There are several hundred of him; that is, there are just as many of him as can by any possibility be squeezed into the building. He is smoking. Every one of him is smoking; and if we don’t want to die, we had better smoke too.

What particular event in Chinese history is intended to be portrayed, of course we can never guess; but the celestials about us evidently take a keen interest in the performance, and are not sparing of their approval. There are certain arbitrary signs used on the Chinese stage which are easily learned, and enable one to get a glimmering sort of an idea of what it is all about. A chair upon a table indicates a throne, and generally implies a coronation, successful usurpation, or something of that sort; one table upon another means a tower or walled city; a chap with a long feather in his hat and a wand is a chief, king, leader of the opposition, or general “big Indian”—the longer the feather the bigger the Indian; standing on one leg and describing a circle

in the air with the other informs the educated observer that the performer has mounted his horse to set out on a journey. General engagements are represented by an extremely mild sort of broadsword exercise performed with wands, and the result of the battle is indicated by the conqueror's holding his wand at arm's length while the vanquished forces (usually less than a dozen "supers") march gravely under it, and disappear through one of the two doorways at the back of the stage. As most Chinese plays are largely composed of battles, sieges, etc., this condensed key will serve every purpose of the average visitor. Chinese gymnastics consist principally of tumbling; and there are frequent interludes in which "the whole strength of the company" appear in most startling revolutions, and actors in buskins with soles four inches thick, and with feathers in their hats three feet long, turn flip-flaps and somersaults that are simply amazing, the most voluminous drapery seeming no incumbrance.

At various points near the entrance to the theater one sees men sitting before extemporized tables, with colored tickets stuck on end in a block before them. These are ticket brokers, who will enable you to secure a seat without waiting in the crowd at the "box office." This box office, by the way, is distinguished by the peculiar characteristic of a ticket window so small that though an open hand might be inserted and depredations attempted on the treasury, a closed fist could never be withdrawn with its spoil. It doesn't seem indicative of a high degree of trust in the honesty of the general public.

The orchestra in a Chinese theater is placed in a sort of grotto at the back of the stage, filling up the space between the two doors; there are no side entrances, scenery, or drop-curtains; and here, at proper intervals, they bang gongs and cymbals, and produce most heart-rendering strains from a sort of overgrown penny trumpet, interspersed with strummings and squeakings from stringed instruments bearing a faint resemblance to banjos, guitars, and violins. Chinese musicians seem to play entirely by

ear; there may be some written music somewhere, but it is never referred to in public. In the intervals when their services are not required the musicians regale themselves with tea, a plentiful supply of which is handed them by waiters who wander freely about, dodging the regular performers, and adding greatly to the interest of the drama.

John Chinaman is a great smoker: naturally, he smokes pipes and cigarettes; under the benign influence of our civilization he smokes cigars, and he smokes any quantity of them, often indulging in the luxury of a



ONE OF THE AUDIENCE.

(After a Study by T. Wores. Engraved by L. C. Chamberlain.)

mouth-piece, and frequently rising to the height of a genuine meerschaum one. In pipes, he is somewhat fanciful, indulging in many shapes, but all characterized by the small bowl, hinting at some trace of opium with his "weed." He has pipes which look like bamboo walking-sticks, pipes of brass which look like complicated engine oilers, and pipes of steel which look like toys; and, above all, the ubiquitous opium-pipe, which looks like an old-fashioned ink-bottle stuck in a flute. In nearly every shop-window are opium-pipe bowls, stems, mouth-pieces, joints, lamps, opium-boxes of horn or ivory; but nowhere do you see any one smoking it; that is done down in the cellars, under

the sidewalks, and in all sorts of dark, uncanny places, not pleasant to visit or think of; yet, after all, not so very much worse than a "Tar-flat" gin-mill, and much more quiet.

One of these pipes, the one like an engine oiler, is a sort of a portable hubble-bubble, or water pipe, the bowl of which holds about enough tobacco for three solid whiffs—a Dutchman's pipe load would be enough to supply it for a week's steady work; and with this John uses a pipe-lighter as curious as the pipe. It looks like a very innocent roll of smoldering paper; but John gives it a quick puff, and presto! it bursts into flame; he lights his pipe, and another puff extinguishes it. The operation seems simplicity itself, and every Chinaman will do it the whole evening through; but let a white man try it, and ten to one he fails, or perhaps succeeds the first time, only to spend the rest of an hour in vain attempts to repeat it. When John has no further need of it, he pinches it between his fingers, and so quenching it, sticks it in a hole in his pipe, or tosses it away.

Often one comes upon a queer-looking chap, seated in front of a box the size of a tea-chest, busily engaged in repairing opium-pipes; his whole kit being contained in the box before him, consisting principally of a multitude of little drills and burnishers, with some small files, a saw, a hammer, etc. His drill is the most primitive affair in the world, but is immensely ingenious, and the only hand drill that requires but one hand to work it. The front of his box, which is his workshop and storeroom combined, is generally covered with a mass of neatly carved and painted Chinese characters, which probably inform the public that the proprietor is a mechanic of the first class, an adept at his trade, and particularly distinguished by the moderation of his charges.

Near by, seated on a box, a cobbler plies his trade, and reigns supreme amid the wreck of soles. His entire establishment lies scattered about him; and backed up by a warm brick wall, with the sun shining down on him, he works away as placidly as

though he had to pay a thousand a month for rent alone.

Looking through the window of the store behind him, we notice a solemn-looking individual, who sits behind a counter in which are two drawers, or may be only one divided by a partition. The first one on being opened displays simply a shallow tray, in which is a hole large enough to permit the disappearance of the nickel or dime presented by the customer who just came in; pushing back the tray reveals the vender's store of cash, which is thus protected from predatory hands.

The customer places upon the counter a tiny round box of horn, his opium-box, and lays a dime or nickel beside it; thereupon the shop-keeper gravely places the box in the scale pan of his diminutive steelyard, which, like all we shall see, either large or small, is of wood, and sliding the "cash," or Chinese coin, which, hanging by a loop of thread, serves as a weight, along the bar determines the "tare." Then taking the box, he opens another drawer, in which we see a small pot with a large mouth; from this with a stick he dips up an alarmingly small quantity of black, viscid stuff, which is just sufficiently fluid to drop slowly into the box. This is opium prepared for smoking, and is about as inviting in appearance as the molasses from a fourth boiling in a sugar-mill. Weighing it once more, he slips on the cover, pushes it over to the customer, drops the coin into the drawer, and calmly awaits the arrival of another victim. If the ravages of opium-smoking are as great as we have heard, it is strange that the Chinese we see do not show its effects more. Possibly those ravages are somewhat exaggerated: certainly, many of these who purchase the drug look as well as any other laboring class. Perhaps if the accounts against bad whisky and cheap beer and opium were fairly balanced, the difference might not be found to be so very great. At any rate, a writer in a London paper claims that smoking opium is, on the whole, rather beneficial, the smoke and penetrating, pungent odor being disinfectants. There must be some virtue in all smoke;

FISH-MONGER. (After a Painting by T. Wores, in the possession of Mr. D. G. Yungling of New York. Engraved by Leila C. Chamberlans.)



we know there is in tobacco, or else our celestial friends here, living cooped up in holes and corners where they must breathe smoke—for there is nothing else to breathe: air never gets in—would disappear from this mundane sphere much more rapidly than they do. Perhaps they get creosoted, like timber, or smoke-cured, like hams, and so live on in spite of everything that ought to kill them.

Though John is a patient, plodding, and dreadfully industrious fellow, he is by no means averse to a little relaxation, and greatly enjoys spending his evenings strolling around the precincts of his transported country, listening to the dulcet strains of a rattlesnake fiddle, smoking his everlasting cigar, and shouting greetings to passing acquaintances. It must be confessed that John sometimes indulges in “a quiet game of draw,” or what stands in his category for that intellectual divertimento, and is almost as reckless a gambler as an Indian. Not comprehending our moral scruples which frown upon lotteries, except for church fairs, libraries, and other pious objects, as extremely reprehensible, he is a great patron of that form of money-losing, and frequently finds himself gathered in by the myrmidons of the law for indulging in the pastime; he also affects dominoes, which he seems to play a good deal like cards; but as this game is played openly, it is probably a sort of “old maid” or “everlasting” affair, and free from the stigma attached to “tan,” his really national game, which is betting “odd or even” on the buttons in a bowl. Dice also appear in his “lay out,” but billiards are a touch above him. In earlier days shuttlecock was played a good deal, but though they may be seen in shop windows, the game in this city has about died out. It was played by any number, but without battledoors, the cock being struck deftly with the side of the foot, every one kicking as he got a chance, with much good-natured shouting and laughing. Kite-flying, though a sport at which John is supposed to excel the world, rarely engages his attention now; but Chinese kites are plenty, cheap, and

good; and semi-occasionally a white-aproned celestial, with his tail wound round his head, may be discovered in the outskirts of the city, surrounded by a small brood of diminutive Caucasians, chirping and dancing as he raises for their benefit the gay butterfly with swift-revolving eyes. Some of us, who in the “fifties” were Arabs among the sand hills where the Crocker and Hopkins mansions now stand, may remember the gorgeous constructions of bamboo and pictured tissue, so strong and light and so perfectly balanced that it was no trouble to get them up. They always flew in those days—so surely, in fact, that some of the charm of kite-raising was lacking, for there was no breathless chasing over the sand to wean them from the earth: they rose almost as naturally as a bird.

Here comes a peripatetic restaurant, consisting of a man who is proprietor and bill of fare at the same time, and two stacks of tin-ware, which upon inspection prove to be a series of pans fitted one above the other, and warmed by coals underneath; the whole arranged to be carried by a handle. With a cry like the wail of a lost soul, or cat, he disappears up a flight of dingy stairs. He isn't going to commit suicide. His cry simply means soup, or whatever of his *menu* for the day he may deem most attractive, and he is going to serve some regular customer. What his pans contain, no one knows—at least, one could never tell by looking at them: but he does not seem to lack custom, and disposes of a sample from each pan, with a ladleful of soup poured over the whole, for some specimens of our silver currency, with what seems to be satisfaction to all concerned.

Here, in a little hole about as large as a closet, a candle-maker is at work—a merry old chap in spectacles, who sits and chats with a visitor while he plies his trade in the jolliest way possible. In the background, dimly seen through the smoke-grimed windows, a big caldron appears, half-full of tallow, colored bright red with vermilion. Taking a slip of bamboo, he winds around it a foundation of paper, twisting it into a



SHOP IN CHINATOWN. (From a Sketch by T. Wores. Engraved by A. Krüger.)

point for the wick, and dips it in the molten tallow. Rolling it until it is perfectly round, he hangs it up to cool; and from every available point hang hundreds of these dipo, which have progressed thus far in their construction; and his whole shop is a weird combination of red dips, backed by a somber

background of smoke-blackened walls and ceiling. On his counter by the window stand a bowl of green and one of yellow paint. Resting on supports, which allow it to revolve, lies a candle. On this he lays two or three pieces of gold-leaf, which he presses smooth with his hands—there is no

trouble about its sticking—and then with his brush, held perpendicularly, he covers it with bands, sprays, and all sorts of nondescript figures in green and yellow, until it is a mass of quaint designs—and doing it all with a dash and freedom that speak him an adept. Meantime, he chats with his visitor, poking fun, I dare say, at us, as we peer with puzzled faces through the dingy glass at him. Sometimes he fabricates leviathan candles, ornamented with flowers and rosettes in bold relief, reminding one of those works of art French cooks delight to carve from turnips and carrots to ornament their viands. What they are all for we cannot surmise, unless it may be to light the table at some consular banquet, or as votive offerings before the shrine of some member of their queer mythology. He must be something above the common, for he occupies his whole shop himself; while as a general thing, no matter how limited the accommodations, there are some half a dozen different trades carried on in the same room.

Take, for instance, the next window: here are, first, a row of opium-boxes looking like diminutive pocket-inkstands; then a case of jewelry—rings of the yellowest of gold, ornamented with quaint devices of flower and scroll, ear-rings of gold and silver, with pendants of pale green jade, anklets and bracelets, and things that might be almost anything; next, a lot of nail cleaners, and things of silver, all hanging by little rings from a brightly polished dime, the whole with a chain to hang it to the girdle, or whatever in Chinese tailoring supplies its place. Perhaps the window is occupied by the jeweler himself, working away with his blow-pipe at a fire consisting of a bundle of paper wicks in a pan of oil. When his fire is too large, he pushes some of them away and blows them out; when too small, he gathers them together with his blow-pipe—so regulating his flame as deftly as the best workman among us. Grouped about him are specimens of various other handicrafts, which might lead one to suppose him a sort of universal genius; but it is simply an indication of the various different trades and businesses carried on within.

Next, may be, is an engraver, who cuts dies of various kinds, most of which seem standard names, or headings, or something of that sort. He doesn't use box-wood, as our engravers do, but what looks like elm, and not very tough elm at that, which he cuts easily with his knives. As all Chinese printing is done by hand on very soft paper, and there are no fine lines in their characters, the softer wood answers every purpose, and is much easier to cut.

From the number of butcher and provision shops in Chinatown, it is quite evident that, in his way, John Chinaman lives well. They appear at almost every step, and all seem to be doing a good business. In the mornings, every spot of vantage is taken by fish dealers, who spread a by no means uninviting display of salt-water game—though there may be a few specimens we are not accustomed to meet with on our hotel *menu*—and each dealer is surrounded with customers, who keep him busy cleaning and selling fish as long as his stock holds out.

Later in the day the butchers come in for their share of the public patronage. Butcher meat apparently means pork; they may stretch it to include beef and mutton sometimes, but there is nothing hereabouts which is not plainly pork, except one piece presided over by a chap who doesn't seem to have anything else in that line; perhaps he is a specialist, and deals in beef. When John buys smoked provisions he knows what he is getting. If a ham, he knows it is a ham, because it is all there, from hip joint to hoof. If a duck, though it may be flattened to the thickness, or rather the thinness, of a cigar-box lid, it is undeniably a duck, for there is the head complete. Fishes are salted and dried whole, whether big or little, heads and tails complete. Here a shop-keeper has taken a large one, split it from end to end, flattened it out, salted and dried it, and then, pasting his card on it, suspended it for an outward and visible sign, and there it hangs, like "pisces" in the almanac—

Two fish with but a single tail,
Two mouths that gape as one.

This excessive care to avoid all question as to the identity of the provisions would seem to indicate that at some remote period certain quadrupeds had been offered for food in lieu of certain other quadrupeds, and certain bipeds in place of other bipeds held in greater esteem. Be that as it may, it certainly looks a little suspicious.

The native and original costume of John Chinaman abounds in elements of the picturesque, as he indulges in combinations of bright blues and lavenders, old golds and such, brightened up with bits of crimson and yellow, to say nothing of gold thread, that are unique and pleasing; but this is rarely met with now, except on very gala occasions, and his usual dress is about as unprepossessing a combination for the artistic eye to dwell upon as can well be imagined. Clinging to the customs of his ancestors, he retains his Chinese shoes, but adopts the pantaloons of the outside barbarian, quieting his conscience for this falling from grace by retaining the Chinese coats; and again conceding to our Western civilization, so far as to top

his shaven cranium with a felt hat—never anything but a felt hat, and always exactly the same sort of felt hat: no change, no variation; the very spirit of Chinese conservatism seems to have infected the hat trade, and made all hats for Chinamen in one mold.

Though the rising generation is not largely represented in Chinatown, an occasional specimen may be observed, and a more careless, happy-go-lucky little infidel the sun doesn't shine upon. His costume is frequently—on holidays, for instance—gorgeous in the extreme, especially should he belong to the better class. A crimson and gold skull-cap, profusely embroidered, tops a round, chubby, laughing face; and below it depends a diminutive queue, composed principally of red silk. His coat is cut in the unfailling Chinese fashion, but of fine cloth and frequently a bright color, and fastened with gold buttons; while breeches of brocade satin, blue, yellow, or drab, gathered in at the ankles, and turn-up shoes, whose pith soles are as white as milk, complete the costume of this little oriental swell.

WILL. BROOKS.

STUDIES OF THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.—III.

It has been said by an admirer of the missions, "Surely, these men were poets!" Shutting one's eyes to some of the worst features of the mission system, there appears much in it that is poetical. In the first place, there is always something touching in the celibate fatherhood of the priests of the Romish Church. The apparent renunciation of those ties held dearest by other men, in order to have a more paternal regard for all humanity from the lowest to the highest, appeals directly to our love of benevolence. The spectacle of a small number of men, some of whom certainly were men of ability and scholarship, exiling themselves from their kind, to spend their lives in contact with a race whom it was impossible in a life-time to bring anywhere near their level, excites our sympathy and commendation.

When we behold the spots they selected for their establishments, from the broad Santa Clara Valley and picturesque San Rafael to San Carmelo by the sea and San Antonio in the mountains, and all the other choice and beautiful locations, we accredit them with that love of the beautiful which is a large ingredient in poetry. There is poetry, too, in the perfected scheme of the mission: the order, obedience, and plenty of the establishment; the peaceful lives of the Indian families settled about the stately mission, with its bell-towers uttering hour by hour the well-understood command—to prayers, to meals, to work, and again to prayers. The imagination, which delights in the mysterious, finds stimulus in regarding the only half-understood thoughts and motives of the subjugated race: their simple,

native sports, and their wonder at the bolder and ruder amusements of their Spanish masters. The *tout ensemble* was picturesque and pleasing; the inside history had its shadowy passages; but a picture must have both light and shadow.

After the first attempt and failure of the government to secularize the missions, the rule of the Fathers was not again interfered with for many years; and in the mean time each establishment had prospered according to its location, number of laborers, and management. In 1802, the mission Indians numbered altogether fifteen thousand five hundred and sixty-two; the highest number at any place being fifteen hundred and fifty-nine (at San Diego), and the lowest (at Santa Cruz), four hundred and thirty-seven. The whole number of whites and persons of mixed blood in California did not exceed thirteen hundred. Thirty years later, the number of mission Indians had not greatly increased, the whole being put down at between eighteen and nineteen thousand. This fact shows little natural increase, a fearful mortality, or many escapes. Probably all these causes operated to keep their number down.

In 1827 the Mission of San Diego embraced the Ranchos of Santa Monica, Santa Ysabel, San Jose del Valle, San Diegnito, and Paguay—some being grain and others stock farms. Yet such was the fear of the wild Indians that nearly up to this time the whites lived in the presidio, and their labor without the walls was performed under its guns, few houses being erected outside. The presidio had thirty pieces of cannon, and a stone magazine for powder. In 1835 the pueblo was organized, and not long after, in a petty revolution, the troops marched away to Los Angeles, and never returned. No garrison was kept up after about 1837, and the cannon were scattered in the frequent governmental troubles. When Fremont came filibustering, a few years later, the inhabitants of San Diego sunk the remainder, with one exception, in the bay or the sloughs. The exception was a cannon made at Manila, in 1783, which Don Miguel de Pedroreno

contrived to secrete, and which now occupies a place on the plaza of that town.

The Mission of San Diego was irrigated by means of an aqueduct, which brought the water of the river from a reservoir several miles away. This conduit had to be carried three miles through a main ravine, keeping the right bank of the stream, and crossing numerous lateral ravines. To overcome these difficulties, stone foundations were built to support it across these places. The aqueduct itself was made of gravel and cement, with sides of bricks eighteen inches square inclining outward, giving two feet of surface to the water at top, and one foot in depth. The dam was of solid stone, two hundred and forty-four feet in length, and thirteen feet thick and high, resting upon a bed of granite across the San Diego River.

At the mission was a well twenty-four feet deep, ten feet in diameter, with two drifts, twenty-five and thirty feet in length, terminating at small living springs. With this supply of water, the orchards, gardens, fountains, and fields were furnished amply.

At San Diego, wine, aguadiente, and olive oil were made for export. Before 1836, wine was worth from sixteen to twenty-five dollars a barrel; aguadiente, which was a kind of cognac, very agreeable and very volatile and intoxicating, brought fifty dollars. Aguadiente, however, was chiefly made at Los Angeles. Olive oil was worth a dollar and a quarter a gallon. Hides were worth two dollars each, on the beach, where American trading vessels came to buy them, paying sometimes in goods, though the Mexican government had interdicted trade with foreigners. Tallow brought six cents a pound, and both hides and tallow were plenty. In 1800, thirty years after the first mission was founded, San Diego had only six hundred cattle, about as many sheep, and more horses. It raised three thousand bushels of wheat, and two thousand of barley.

In another thirty years the increase was so great that herds of horses were driven into the sea, because the feed of the country was insufficient for so many, and cattle were

slaughtered by thousands for their hides and tallow only. Perhaps the height of prosperity at San Diego and the oldest missions was attained about 1825 or 1830. Then San Diego produced six thousand *fanegas* (about one hundred pounds) of wheat; an equal amount of maize; sixty barrels of wine and brandy; large quantities of cotton and woolen goods; with leather and soap—which were exported, with the deduction of the amount consumed at the mission or sold to the presidio. Beans, peas, and vegetables, with maize, constituted the food of the Indians; hence the wheat and a large proportion of the other products were a surplus.

Of the returns of this production the Indians were allowed a little cheap clothing and a few trifles. One naturally inquires what became of the money? For the government did not get it; while the Pious Fund supported the missionaries. A great deal of it was spent in church furniture, pictures, books, bells, table service, costly vestments, and what not. The Mission of Santa Cruz, never so rich as some others, possessed, it was said, twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars' worth of silver and gold plate.

What is here noted of San Diego was true of all the missions, in different degrees. San Francisco Solano, the youngest and most northerly, had, in 1834, three thousand cattle and fifteen hundred Indians. Between 1837 and 1842, in what is now Sonoma and Napa counties, sixty thousand Indians are reputed to have died by an epidemic. So rapidly and in such numbers did they perish that they could not be buried, and were thrown together into large pits. For this and for other reasons the number of mission Indians at Solano was reduced in the latter year to seventy.

At Santa Clara, in 1823, there were branded, of one year's increase, twenty-two thousand four hundred calves. The mission owned seventy-four thousand head of full-grown cattle, four hundred and seven yokes of work-oxen, eighty-two thousand sheep, eighteen hundred and ninety trained horses, four thousand two hundred and thirty-five

mares, seven hundred and twenty-five mules, one thousand hogs, and twelve thousand dollars' worth of goods. The houses of the Indians formed five streets, and were more comfortable than at any of the missions. In the orchards were peaches, apricots, pears, apples, figs, and vines. And here, as elsewhere, the priest had his guard of a corporal and six soldiers. As before mentioned, the earthquake of 1812 injured the church, which was long and lofty and profusely decorated. Ten years later another earthquake made it unsafe, and it was taken down. In 1825-26 the present church was built, several hundred yards south-west of the former one.

In 1825 the Mission of San Francisco de Asis, or Dolores, the least imposing in appearance of any of the older missions, owned seventy-six thousand head of cattle, nearly a thousand tamed horses, over eight hundred mules, seventy-nine thousand sheep, two thousand hogs, four hundred and fifty-eight yokes of working oxen, eighteen thousand bushels of wheat and barley, thirty-five thousand dollars in merchandise, and twenty-five thousand dollars in cash. A comfortable amount of property to be controlled by one or two individuals who had no use for it!

At Santa Cruz there was great prosperity, notwithstanding some drawbacks from the character of the Indians. The church tower contained nine bells, that cost nearly four thousand dollars. Its inside walls were decorated with paintings, and it had a large amount of plate. The mission property at Santa Cruz was valued, in 1834, at a few hundreds over ninety-seven thousand dollars. Its Indians were as well cared for as any. It had a large house for unmarried women, widows, and girls, it being the custom of the Fathers to seclude these, to prevent the immoral attacks of the whites and half-castes. These recluses were taught weaving and other suitable industries. Boys with fine voices were taught singing and trained for church services. There still exist some of these scores written in large characters—the Latin syllables distinctly

formed, to be read at a distance in class, or on public occasions. The meaning of these Latin chants could hardly have been comprehended; but they sounded just as sweetly in the soft, rich, native voices—for in this respect the Indians of this Coast are well endowed.

But affairs had not always gone well at Santa Cruz. In 1812 the Indians treacherously murdered Father Quintana, seizing him on his return at night from visiting the sick, strangling him, and carrying his body to his house and putting it in his bed—his associate being absent. This murder was not found out for years, when at last a mayordomo, stopping over night at New-Year's Point, chanced to hear a private conversation between two Indians, by which he learned all about the circumstances of its perpetration. Thus the hatred that seethed beneath reputed Christianization sometimes found expression.

Only a few years ago, in 1875, there died an Indian who was baptized by Father Isadora Salazar in 1792, of whom the register says that he was forty years of age when baptized, and named Justiniano Roxas by his godfather, Franceasa Flores. What a history could not that Indian have written, could he have written at all, of how things went at Santa Cruz from the time of its founding to the period of its destruction!

What has been said of the prosperity of the northern missions was equally true of those between Santa Cruz and San Diego. All had their thousands of cattle and horses, their grain fields, gardens, orchards, and manufactories. In 1834 San Luis Rey had eighty thousand cattle and ten thousand horses; San Gabriel over a hundred thousand cattle and twenty thousand horses; San Juan Capistrano almost as many as San Luis Rey. At San Luis Obispo the Indians made good woolen and fine cotton fabrics. At Capistrano the annual return of the fields and orchards was ten thousand *fanegas* of corn and oil, and five hundred barrels of wine and brandy. At this mission there were two thousand Indians, and the gardens and grounds covered eighty acres.

Considering the number of laborers, the returns were moderate. But then there were but the most simple methods of farming in use. A plow was but a piece of wood cut from the tree, having a sharp point in front made of iron. The handle was a branch of the wood cut to a convenient length. A long, raised, wooden tongue passed between the oxen, and was fastened to *their horns*. It took a great deal of this gentle tickling of the earth to make it yield a harvest. Many yokes of oxen dragged their rustic plows back and forth, and across at right angles, until the ground was in order.

At Soledad, agriculture was the pride of the Father in charge. In 1819 the yield from twenty-eight bushels of seed wheat was thirty-four hundred bushels. The orchard contained a thousand trees. Water was brought fifteen miles in an aqueduct which was made to irrigate twenty thousand acres. Six miles away, in a gorge of the mountains, was the vineyard where Padre Seria raised some of the finest grapes in California.

But it was at San Antonio, on the east side of the Santa Lucia Mountains, pretty well up, where the climate was cold in winter and hot in summer, that the best grapes were raised, and excellent pears, peaches, figs, and olives. The lands of San Antonio were a hundred and forty-four miles in circumference, including seven ranchos, with a farm-house and chapel on each. Water was conducted twenty miles in paved trenches, for irrigation, and this mission boasted a grist-mill, such as it was. In 1822 it owned nearly fifty-two thousand cattle, eighteen hundred tame horses, three thousand mares, five hundred yokes of oxen, six hundred mules, forty-eight thousand sheep, and a thousand hogs. The mission buildings of San Antonio were inclosed in a square twelve hundred feet long on each side, walled with adobes; and the vineyard and garden had each an adobe wall covered with tiles to protect it from the weather. The buildings were of brick, with an arched corridor, like that of Santa Barbara and the best of the missions.

These corridors, which added so much to the comfortable appearance, as well as to the architectural dignity and beauty, of the structures, had also another use, furnishing accommodations—shelter and seats—for the spectators at the Sunday-afternoon amusements, the bull-fights and feats of horsemanship. For after the second generation of converts, and the secure establishment of the missions, with neighboring pueblos and presidios, and a considerable population of mixed blood, it was not all work and devotion at the missions, as the following, by an American visitor of 1829, will illustrate. The Christmas festivities were being celebrated. "At an early hour illuminations commenced, fireworks were set off, and all was rejoicing. The church bells rang merrily, and long before the time of mass the pathways leading to the presidio were enlivened by crowds hurrying to devotions. I accompanied Don Jose Antonio, who procured for me a stand where I could see distinctly everything that took place. The mass commenced, Padre Vicente de Oliva officiated, and at the conclusion of the mysterious '*sacrificio*,' he produced a small image representing the infant Savior, which he held in his hands for all who chose to approach and kiss. After this, the tinkling of the guitar was heard without, the body of the church was cleared, and immediately commenced the harmonious sounds of a choir of voices. The characters entered in procession, adorned with appropriate costume, and bearing banners. There were six females representing shepherdesses, three men, and a boy. One of the men personated Lucifer, one a hermit, and the other Bartolo, a lazy vagabond, whilst the boy represented the archangel Gabriel. The story of their performance is partially drawn from the Bible, and commences with the angel's appearance to the shepherds, his account of the birth of our Savior, and exhortation to them to repair to the scene of the manger. Lucifer appears among them, and endeavors to prevent the prosecution of their journey. His influence and temptations are about to succeed, when Gabriel again appears, and

frustrates their effect. A dialogue is then carried on, of considerable length, relative to the attributes of the Deity, which ends in the submission of Satan. The whole is interspersed with songs and incidents that seem better adapted to the stage than the church. For several days this theatrical representation is exhibited at the principal houses, and the performers, at the conclusion of the play, are entertained with refreshments. The boys take an enthusiastic part in the performance, and follow about, from house to house, perfectly enraptured with the comicalities of the hermit and Bartolo."

The Fathers showed their knowledge of the requirements of human nature by mixing up elements of the ludicrous and amusing with the celebration of their religious festivals. Thus they drew the young, and softened the asperities of the aged or skeptical. This spectacle took place at San Diego, under the direction of one of the most noted of the Padres.

San Luis Rey, in the Santa Margarita Valley, the most splendid of the missions, had, in 1827, two thousand six hundred and eighty-six Indians under its management, and cattle and sheep in proportion. It owned the ranchos of San Margarita, Los Flores, Pala, and Agua Caliente, besides others. At Pala and Santa Margarita were fine vineyards, olive and peach orchards; the neighboring tract of Pauma being used to graze oxen. The gardens were beautiful. In 1874, sixty olive trees were still standing, planted by Father Antonio Peyri, its first pastor, and director for thirty-four years.

The church, which was cruciform, was constructed of a conglomerate of burnt tiles, adobes, and bowlders. The church and buildings extended over six acres, in the form of a parallelogram, occupying an isolated knoll on the south bank of the San Luis Rey River, about forty miles north of San Diego. A wall inclosed the eminence on which the mission stood, including a tract of fifty-six acres. The court of three acres was surrounded by an arched colonnade, giving that air of grandeur which distinguishes the arch and pillar in Roman architecture.

Peyri was a man of a robust form, cheerful temper, possessed of energy and capacity, and that benevolence which attached his inferiors to him as to a real father.

On the secularization of the missions, Peyri, it is asserted by Catholic historians, was expelled from San Luis Rey, which he had made wealthy by his skill and energy in management, with only sufficient means to take him from the country. But his mayordomo relates that he carried with him ten kegs of silver dollars, which passed on board the ship as aguadiente, the secret being kept by this faithful servant. It is also related of him that the Indians of his mission were not informed of his departure; but learning that he had really gone to the port with the intention of quitting the country, a large number followed, wishing to bring him back. Some of them sprang into the water, and four were taken on board the vessel, whom he took to Rome to be educated, and one of whom became a priest.

It is said that the Indians preserved a painting of him which was left at San Luis Rey, before which his neophytes knelt to say their prayers. But the good influences of their adopted religion forsook the San Luis converts a few years afterwards, when the mission Indians treacherously fell upon and murdered, at the Pauma rancho, eleven Californians who had been living amongst them on terms of as great confidence as was possible—said confidence being modified by caution, as the quotation here given will exemplify. "The well-known Manuelito Cota was supposed to be at the head of the movement. He knocked at the door of the ranch-house, and was admitted by Don Jose Alvarado, *against the protest of the others*, he having always been considered friendly. The Indians rushed in, seized the victims, took them to a place between Potrero and Agua Caliente, and put them to death in the most cruel manner."

"This is another proof," says the writer, "of the fierce character that the Indians of the missions are capable of assuming, in addition to many instances in their history

since 1833, when, to a great extent, they were freed from religious control." The object of the bloody deed seems to have been that of plunder, for they drove off the stock of several owners collected at this famous grazing ground. But who knows what instinct of revenge on those of Spanish blood may have given fierceness to their murderous propensities?

Six years after the manumission of the Indians, an American traveler was at Monterey, and met a convert of Carmelo. He describes him thus: A mud hut, a few beautiful fields, a number of tame cows, a few goats, flocks of fowls, and a dozen dogs. The Indian called "Esquire," brown, flat-nosed, broad-cheeked. His head was bare, his leathern pants full of holes and glazed with grease, his blanket in tatters. He stood giggling, squinting, changing from one leg to the other. His wife hobbled out, as blind as a fire-dog, and decrepit with years and hard labor. Dr. B—— referred to the fact that formerly he owned more land than now. At that he took fire, and went into a dissertation, the substance of which was that the Padres had taken possession of the valley many years before, taught the Indians to work and pray, given some of his lands to other Indians, and when the civil trouble began had abandoned the country, taking away bags of money, and leaving destitute the Indians who earned it. "There," said he, "is all they have left me of my wife. She worked hard and is blind; and these little fields are all they left me of my broad lands." Notwithstanding their degradation, they had a sense of wrong suffered, and injustice done to them.

Let us glance at one or two more missions: Santa Barbara, which was important as being near a presidio. In 1823, thirty-nine years after its founding, a new church was completed, which had been several years in building by Fathers Ripoli and Victoria, entirely of sandstone. The timbers used in its construction were all brought over the San Marcos Mountains, hauled by oxen from the celebrated Black Cañon country. Padre Victoria was a natural

architect, with the artistic sense considerably developed. He designed many statues for the adornment of the church, which were cut of stone by the Indians under his direction. Double bell-towers and a richly ornamented façade gave this edifice an imposing appearance. Rows of pillars set in the front wall relieved its great breadth. Six years after it was finished, it is thus described by a traveling Yankee: "The stone church, with its two towers and extensive wing, its artificial clock, tiled roofs, arched corridor, and majestic fountain, was before us. On the right were the various buildings for superintendents, a guard-house, tannery, and a dilapidated grist-mill; on the left the spacious garden, with its fruit trees and flowers, and several rows of low buildings. Father Antonio Jimeno, the missionary, received us in a small but tastefully arranged apartment, the floor of which was of colored cement, and the walls painted and hung round with pictures of saints. Two or three sofas, a long table and bookcase, comprised its furniture. He welcomed us kindly, and after a short conversation we walked into the *patio*, or square, where carpenters, saddlers, and shoe-makers were at work, and young girls spinning and preparing wool for the loom. We next entered the vestry, which was carpeted and hung round with looking-glasses and fine paintings. Adjoining this was a small but convenient dressing-room, where were arranged the numerous dresses and ornaments used in the church services, some of rich and the most costly description. From this a door led into the church, where we beheld a gorgeous display of banners, paintings, images, and crucifixes of gold and silver. The musicians attached to the choir were practicing, and played some very fine airs: rather unsuitable, however, to the place. It was not unusual, both there and at the churches of the other missions, to hear during mass the most lively dancing tunes. Another door of the church opened upon the cemetery, where were buried the deceased Christians of the mission and presidio, surrounded by a thick wall, and having in one corner the charnel house, crowded

with a ghastly array of skulls and bones. In the rear, from a slight elevation, might be seen large fields of wheat and corn, and the little valleys among the hills filled with fruit and vegetable gardens. A foaming stream rushes down the mountain, from which is carried, in an open aqueduct along the brow of the hill, a supply of water for a spacious reservoir of beautiful masonry."

But the richest of all the missions was San Gabriel, which, in the height of its opulence, had three thousand Indians, a hundred and five thousand head of cattle, twenty thousand horses, and forty thousand sheep; and which produced annually twenty thousand *fanegas* of grain, and five hundred barrels of wine and brandy. On its twenty-four ranchos, two hundred oxen and several hundred Indians were employed in tillage. In its treasury, at the time of its secularization, were a hundred thousand piastres', and in the warehouse two hundred thousand francs', worth of European merchandise.

All this wealth did not come by indulging the Indians in idleness. Much of it came from the unsparing use of the slave-driver's whip. The mission had already a good beginning, when there came to its management a man described as being of "powerful mind, ambitious as powerful, and cruel as ambitious"—Jose Maria Salvadea. Before he came, flour was made by hand, in mortars. He erected a grist-mill, and later, a saw-mill. The grist-mill was a slow affair, the revolving stone being on the upper end of a vertical shaft, and the water-wheel on the lower, so that the mill-stone turned only as fast as the wheel. But it was better than making flour in mortars, and was, besides, the first, the pioneer, mill of California, and was built about 1819 or 1820.

Salvadea planted vineyards and orchards, made cactus fences around the fields, and hedges of rose-bushes, set out trees in the *patio*, brought water from a long distance for irrigation, and improved and beautified everywhere. The Indians were divided into trades, and a thorough organization of labor effected. Under his mayor-domo were

Indian alcaldes. Salvadea's system of appointing was to put the laziest Indians in office, because they took more pleasure in making the others work than the industrious ones. They carried a wand to denote authority, and also a whip of rawhide braided, as thick as a man's wrist, and ten feet in length. Thus armed, they acted as overseers of gangs, and used the goad at pleasure.

Salvadea did not believe in giving the Indians finery, and had their clothing made of the roughest serge, which provoked skin diseases. If they ran away from this intolerable condition, he sent the soldiers after them, had them flogged and put in irons. If the Indian women destroyed the unborn children of white fathers, they had their heads shaved, were flogged every day for fifteen days, wore irons on their feet for three months, and were obliged to appear at church every Sunday, and sit on the steps leading up to the altar, with a painted wooden image of a child in their arms. Married couples who did not live in harmony were chained together by the leg until they were glad to assume more affectionate behavior. Nor did conjurers fare any better. Their heathen practices were punished by coupling together, hard work, and flogging. Indeed, flogging was the daily event at San Gabriel; and other kinds of barbarity, worthy of the days of the Inquisition, are said to have been resorted to, to keep in complete subjection the Indian converts.

That a race so numerous should have succumbed to such treatment, is a confession of its mental weakness and utter abjectness. An occasional revolt or murder exhibited the feeling they had not the courage or persistency to elevate into a sentiment of patriotism. About 1834, there was an insurrection at a subordinate mission of San Gabriel, in the valley of the Santa Ana, at the foot of the San Bernardino Mountains, when the place was destroyed, and never restored; but these occurrences were comparatively rare during the rule of the Padres.

With all his cruelty to the Indians, Salvadea had a reputation for hospitality and courtesy to his own race, his equals, or strangers.

These were always welcomed to comfortable quarters, a fine table, the use of riding horses, and like conveniences. The bill of fare at dinner at San Gabriel included a half-dozen courses, fruit and sweet-meats, tea, coffee, and cigaritos. It was served by the best-looking and most alert of the Indian boys, in order that nothing might mar the general agreeableness of the occasion.

Under Salvadea's management the mission grew rich and powerful. Thirty thousand dollars' worth of goods were purchased at one time, and Salvadea aspired to make still greater improvements than any yet attempted in California. He had even gone so far as to purchase iron railing for fencing his extensive vineyards and gardens, when his superior, fearing the vaulting ambition of this merchant priest would leap into his place, perhaps, ordered him to Capistrano, and broke his heart or turned his reason, which is the only form of heart-break of which Salvadea was capable.

One cannot but feel pity for the disappointed man, torn away from all his successful labors by envy and jealousy. For, cruel as he was towards those who labored for him, and small the patience he had with Indian vices and indolence, he did more for the advancement of those to whom advancement was possible, if any such there were, than many kinder men. He studied and mastered the Indian language, reducing it to grammatical rules. He translated the church service into it, and preached his sermons in it, to make sure that they understood the faith they professed. It all did no good. The Indians believed as little as before, and those who came after him failed to imitate his example. In 1829, Salvadea, aged and wrecked in intellect, was living in seclusion at San Juan Capistrano, with another aged friar, Padre Geronimo Boscana. He died soon after, as did also Boscana—he who said the Indians deceived their teachers when they professed to believe. Capistrano was even then falling to decay, through lack of interest in the Indians, or energy to carry on a large establishment.

Not so San Gabriel. The successor of

Salvadea was Father Jose Sanchez, described as possessing a kind, generous, and lively disposition. Liberal to the needy of whatever creed, indulgent to the Indians, he was always surrounded by a multitude of admiring friends. He was a man of energy, too, who encouraged enterprises, even of the American adventurers who from 1826 to 1836 often appeared in small parties, on one pretense or another, at the door of his mission. He assisted a number of them to build a schooner for hunting sea-otter in 1831. He owned a brig, too, which carried on commerce with Mexican ports. San Gabriel was one of the last of the missions to give way to the new order of things, and very unwillingly accepted its inevitable doom.

As mentioned in a previous paragraph, it was the original intention of the Spanish government to secularize the missions after a certain time, and that the property acquired should be distributed among the Indians, who were presumed to have become competent to accept the charge. But this expectation proving fallacious, they were suffered to remain under the rule of the missions as long as California was subject to Spain, though the extinction of the missions was decreed by the Cortes in 1813. As soon as the Spanish yoke had been cast off, discharged soldiers in California, who could occupy land only by permission of the missionaries who controlled it all, began clamoring for a division of the mission lands, as originally intended by the Spanish government; and in 1824 the Mexican Congress passed a general colonization law, and sent a governor to California to enforce it.

Temporal direction was taken from the priests, who were inclined to resist the interference. Those who were rebellious were expelled, and the salaries of all were discontinued. But the results were not what the government anticipated. The Indians, freed from restraint, were sunk in vice and dissipation. Ranchos and missions were plundered, and the lives of the Fathers sometimes threatened. Only one pueblo was established, when the law was rescinded, and the Indians remanded to the care of

the Padres, whose arrearages were paid, and affairs progressed as before.

The colonization law provided that from the common mass of mission property should be "provided the subsistence of the missionary, the pay of the steward (or agent appointed by the Governor) and other servants, the expenses of religious worship, schools, and other matters of cleanliness or ornament.

"The missionary minister shall select the place which suits him best for his dwelling, and that of his attendants and servants; he is also to be provided with furniture and necessary utensils.

"The library, holy vestments, and furniture of the church shall be in charge of the missionary ministers, under the responsibility of the person who officiates as a sexton (and whom the said Father shall select), who shall be paid a reasonable salary.

"Inventories shall be made of all the properties of each mission, with a proper separation and explanation of each description; of the books, charges, and dates of all sorts of papers; of the credits liquidated and unliquidated, with their respective remarks and explanations; of which a return shall be made to the supreme government. Whilst the regulation is being carried into operation the missionaries are forbidden to kill cattle in any large numbers, except so far as is usually required for the subsistence of the neophytes, without waste."

The amount of land given to each Indian family, by the law, was not more than four hundred yards in length and breadth, nor less than one hundred. Sufficient land for watering their cattle was to be common. The priests and converts might select the locations.

To be deposed from the absolute ownership and management of the missions, and reduced to the necessity of conforming to these laws, was a bitter humiliation to the men who had helped to build them up. To make matters worse, the government made grants of land to settlers, who, as a matter of course, had choice of the best. It was in vain, however, to protest. The government

reminded the Fathers that the intention always had been to secularize the missions, and convert them into pueblos, as soon as the Indians were sufficiently civilized. The Fathers pointed out the fact that they had not yet arrived at that condition. Then the government said, *Why are they not?* and hinted that no signs could be perceived that they ever would be. And so the struggle went on.

Exasperated beyond measure, some of the Fathers became revengeful, and hastened to destroy, as they had heretofore labored to build up. It is said that in 1834 the missions owned four hundred thousand cattle. Up to this time cattle had been killed just sufficiently to feed the Indians and keep the increase within limits. Now, in spite of the law to the contrary, at several of the missions contracts were let for slaughtering them on shares, for the hides and tallow. Vacqueros threw them with the lasso, the knife was put to their throats, the hides torn off while the flesh still quivered, and stretched upon the ground to dry. There were not vessels enough in the country to hold the tallow, which was run into pits dug in the earth.

The practice was followed at San Gabriel, where, in 1831, Sanchez had died of vexation at the state of the missions. The olive and other orchards were cut down, buildings dismantled, and what was perishable used for fuel. Even the vineyards would have been torn up, but the Indians refused. The destruction was not all due to revenge. The government administrators, whom the Fathers only anticipated, appropriated whatever was left, and between these and the manumitted Indians, ruin and desolation rapidly took the place of thrift and plenty.

Yet, even after affairs had come to this pass, the government twice temporarily restored to the Fathers their ancient charge; but the old order of things had passed away, and could never be revived. In 1833 so many priests had quitted the country that it was found necessary to send ten new ministers from Mexico, who were given the

more northerly missions. The active and robust men, like Peyri, seized upon enough to make them comfortable, and escaped to some college in Mexico or Europe. The old and weak often suffered from want; the officials of the government, on one pretense or another, having stripped them of everything, withholding sometimes even the rations that were allowed them by law.

Father Seria, a pious and excellent man, died at La Soledad, of general want and wretchedness, while officiating at mass. At San Luis Obispo, Father Ramon Abella Arregonais slowly perished at his post, with no bed but a hide, no cup but a horn, and no food but a little beef dried in the sun. About the same time the founder of San Rafael died at his post.

In 1842 Father Oliva still remained at San Diego, but had only one small farm left from which to support five hundred Indians. In eight years the number of Indians at the missions had dwindled from about thirty thousand, according to Catholic writers, to between four and five thousand; the cattle from four hundred and twenty-four thousand to twenty-eight thousand; horses from sixty-two thousand five hundred to three thousand eight hundred; other stock from three hundred and twenty-one thousand five hundred to thirty-one thousand six hundred.

In 1842 half the missions were in ruin and deserted. Three years later ten of them were sold at auction, except the churches, curates' houses, school-houses, and municipal buildings of the pueblos, into which they were converted. In 1846 others were sold. A few were rented, and four of the most northern were left in charge of priests. To understand the devastation, it is necessary to know familiarly the history of the petty revolutions which made first one and then another master of the situation; and the system of rapine and reward which enabled every new ruler to grant lands and confiscate live stock for the use of his favorites. Some of the early American adventurers became thereby possessed of valuable estates, whose titles the lawyers of San

Francisco have been a quarter of a century in learning to understand. The intimate history of these transactions must be interesting to know.

General Vallejo became possessed of the property of San Rafael and San Francisco Solano. The church at the latter place was taken down to furnish material for his mansion. To Castro, the prefect of Monterey, was allotted the property of San Juan Bautista. Isaac Graham, an American, became possessed of the buildings, live stock, and vineyards of Our Lady of Soledad. Discharged soldiers received grants of from ten to twenty square leagues. In 1848, Colonel J. D. Stephenson leased the mission of San Diego to Philip Crossthwaite, who took his family there to live. They found the priests' house and offices in a comfortable condition, and found there boxes full of costly vestments, chalices, and church furniture. A large library, in Latin, Spanish, and French, and containing a number of illuminated manuscripts, was found in good order; and on the walls some valuable paintings. There were eighty head of neat-cattle, fifty horses, and three hundred sheep left upon the land. The following year, in his absence, Major H — took possession of the place with his infantry. He sold the stock at auction; and some parties unknown carried off the other property. This completed the sack of San Diego.

San Juan Capistrano was granted to John Forster, an Englishman, who came to California in 1832, and married in San Diego. He entered upon stock-raising in 1844, restored the mission garden, and dwelt in the priests' house; thus preserving something of the former beauty of the place.

In contemplating all this ruin, one hardly knows whom most to pity nor whom most to blame. The design of the Spanish government, of holding Upper California by settlement, was carried out by the help of the missionaries, who could not have remained in the country without the protection of the soldiery. So far, the obligation seems to be mutual. But while the government was at a good deal of expense to sustain the

missions, the missions returned nothing to the government, and actually appropriated the whole coast country from San Diego to Solano, so that even the discharged soldiers could not find farms without trespassing on the lands of some mission. The Mexican government when hard pressed for money helped itself to the Pious Fund, and drew on the missions for supplies for the presidios. The church historians bring in the following bill against the rulers of Mexico and California:

Neglecting to pay the annual income of the Pious Fund from 1811 to 1818, and from 1828 to 1831	\$500,000
Money confiscated in 1806	200,000
Money forcibly seized in the mint in 1827 ..	78,000
Articles supplied to presidios	272,000
Estates confiscated by the Congress of Jalisco	150,000
Interest on these sums	660,000
Interest on Pious Fund during four years when it was paid into the National treasury	200,000
Sale of the Fund in 1842 to the mercantile firm of Barrio & Rubio	2,000,000
Interest on Pious Fund from its confiscation to 1870	2,800,000
Confiscation of live stock	3,000,000
Interest on this amount	4,000,000
	\$13,800,000

This is the claim the church makes against the Mexican government. Except in the case of the Pious Fund and other donations to the missions, it is not clear that the claim is a good one. The property accumulated by the sixty years of toil of the Indians belonged, in equity, to them, and was to have been theirs had the poor wretches been able ever to become *gents de raison* (reasonable beings), or anything better than *bestios*. The millions they earned were never paid to them. If this had been done, they would not have known what to do with it.

If the government should choose to bring in a bill for the expenses it was at for soldiers and other matters, and for rent of the whole coast of California for over half a century, the balance might be on the other side. Mexico did not realize much from her colonization efforts in California; for no sooner was the country really colonized than it

passed into the hands of the Americans. It was all a sad piece of business, regard it from what point you will, except the romantic one, which gilds everything a century old with a golden aura. Sad, that so much labor should be expended only to enslave a numerous and helpless race, and convert good, pious men into traders.

We are not called upon to defend the Mexican authorities; but they were not so much to blame. The system had to be broken up, sooner or later. The Padres would never have consented; it was as well to begin in one year as another.

We are not honest if we lament very greatly over the extinction of the Indians. It has been very well said that "we might as well lament over fossils of a species which has passed away, as to become sentimental at the decadence of the barbaric types of humanity that refuse to rise and assimilate with the new order of things, but retreat before the advancing light of progress, and seek unavailing refuge in the darkness of an era that is passing away."

We can feel some touch of sentiment in contemplation of the apparent peace and prosperity of these establishments under the rule of the Fathers; the lovely California landscapes dotted over with missions surrounded by orchards, vineyards, grain fields, and countless herds of domestic animals; the kneeling throngs of neophytes in the churches, the sweet pealing of the blessed bells all over the land at certain hours; the feast days, and Sunday-afternoon spectacles; the seemingly gentle sway and orderly lives of the Padres;—all this, in strong contrast with the desolation which followed, awakens a feeling of regret

at the change. But it should not. These men, worthy as they were, simply indulged their individual tastes and ecclesiastical ambitions at the expense of from fifteen to thirty thousand unwilling slaves, who in most cases gladly escaped from their control.

Had there been in the system anything to elevate the Indian, our judgment might be modified: but who can point to a single native of unmixed blood who has been benefited, temporally or spiritually? Few are left of all that numerous population. There was nothing in the system to infuse new life in the veins of a barbarian race, doomed from the creation to that passing away which the missionaries, however unintentionally, hastened.

The missions have fallen, and a new order of things has supplanted them. That has come to pass which Governor Pio Pico foresaw in 1846, when he said to the Department Assembly, they were "threatened with hordes of Yankee immigrants, who have already begun to flock into our country, and whose progress we cannot arrest. Already have the wagons of that perfidious people scaled the almost inaccessible summits of the Sierra Nevada, crossed the entire continent, and penetrated the fruitful valley of the Sacramento. What that astonishing people will next undertake, I cannot say; but in whatever enterprise they embark, they will be successful. Already these adventurous voyagers, spreading themselves over a country that seems to suit their tastes, are cultivating farms, establishing vineyards, erecting saw-mills, sawing lumber, and doing a thousand other things that seem natural to them."

. FRANCES FULLER VICTOR.

DOES IT PAY TO BE EDUCATED?

In the "Antiquary"—one of the Waverley Novels—the following bit of dialogue occurs:

"I am glad to see you, sir—I am very glad to see you. My poor gentleman is, I am afraid, very unwell; and O, Mr. Oldbuck, he'll see neither doctor, nor minister, nor writer! And think what it would be, if, as poor Mr. Hadoway used to say, a man was to die without advice of the three learned faculties."

"Greatly better than with them," grumbled the cynical Antiquary. "I tell you, Mrs. Hadoway, the clergy live by our sins, the medical faculty by our diseases, and the law gentry by our misfortunes."

The time of the story was the latter part of the eighteenth century: the scene, the south-eastern portion of Scotland.

If we step back four hundred years, and join the merry band of pilgrims on their way to Canterbury, and listen, as Chaucer introduces them to us, we shall find, even there, representatives of the "three learned faculties."

"With us there was a doctour of phisike,
In all this world ne was ther non him like
To speke of phisike, and of surgerie:
For he was grounded in astronomie.

"A good man ther was of religioun,
That was a poure persone of a toun:
But rich he was of holy thought and werk.

"A sergeant of the lawe ware and wise,
That often hadle yben at the paruis,
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence."

If we select an intermediate period, and examine the regius professorships of Henry VIII., at Oxford, we find that they were Divinity, Civil Law, Medicine, Hebrew, and Greek.

The "three learned faculties" during all this time furnished the natural destination of that portion of the educated youth of England who sought to gratify their ambition by putting their education in use. Centuries of custom had ripened into prejudice,

and other avenues of usefulness were practically closed to them, if they would become famous. The internal development of the kingdom was sluggish; manufactures were dormant. In the planning and construction of the magnificent cathedrals and churches scattered over the land in such profusion, we see the only evidence of what might have furnished a field of work for the university graduates, if their tastes and inclinations had led them to enter it. Here one would suppose ambition could have been gratified, and here, if anywhere, it would seem that the taste of cultivated intellect might have been put to good use, and the learning acquired during years of study made available. That architecture did not assert for itself a claim to be considered a fourth "learned faculty" during this period is not only true, but it seems also to be true that there was no temptation either in the emoluments or the fame to be gained from this vocation, for those to enter it who were spurred by ambition. The names of the earlier architects are shrouded in mystery. Tradition invokes the aid of demons to account for some of the most wonderful of their works. No satisfactory account is given of the method by which the scientific knowledge essential for their purposes was transmitted from one to another.

Fergusson says: "In the time of which we are speaking (the thirteenth century), which was the great age of Gothic art, there is no instance of a mason of any grade being called upon to furnish the design as well as to execute the work."

In "The Renaissance of Art in France," Mrs. Mark Pattison says: "Throughout the earlier period, which, beginning after the middle of the fifteenth century, closed with the death of Francois I., we find that, though many buildings of that epoch show marks of strongly individual treatment, nothing is to

be learned concerning the lives, nor can we, except in rare instances, even identify the names, of those who built them."

We seldom hear of any English builders except Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren. When we read the list of buildings which these two men were able personally to supervise, and take into consideration the limited resources of the kingdom, we can understand that the work to be done in this field required but a limited number of men. The amount per diem paid Inigo Jones, as architect and supervisor of the Whitehall Banqueting House, was the paltry sum of 8 s. 4 d., and he received forty-six pounds a year for house rent, clerks, and incidental expenses. Sir Christopher Wren's salary, while employed on St. Paul's, was only two hundred pounds a year. Perhaps this will explain why architecture failed to work its way into what popular esteem denominates "the learned faculties."

Even literature, although making demands of the most exacting character upon the cultivation of its followers, had not at the beginning of this century fairly conquered for itself a place among the professions. The renown of Dryden and Pope, of Fielding and Smollett, of Addison and Steele, of Johnson and Goldsmith, as professional writers, has only in recent days grown to such an extent as to exert an influence upon the rising generation in the choice of their pursuits.

The reading and purchasing public had not yet come; and the possibility of deliberately devoting one's life to writing for publication was limited to those of great faith, great recklessness, or great means.

When the novelist puts into the mouth of Mrs. Hadaway the trite phrase, "the three learned faculties," he brings distinctly before our eyes the limitation of the times. It is as if he had said: "These and these only were at this date the avenues which university graduates could pursue to success and distinction." Have we advanced much beyond this point to-day? Would it not be with an apologetic deference to the progress of the times that many would admit that

opportunities for graduates exist outside the "three learned faculties?" Enlarge the number by admitting literature and science (which, as our schools are classified, means engineering and chemistry), and how many are there who would concede that an advanced education could be used in other walks of life?

These limitations, the result of inherited prejudices, will not, I feel sure, control the educated young men and women of this country in the near future. Barriers of restraint are borne down by the liberality of the times, and inherited prejudices disappear like the dew before the morning sun.

Gratitude to the long list of learned jurists who have established in our minds a reverence for the common law of England; to her distinguished physicians who have contributed so much to medical jurisprudence; to her clergy, for the liberal philanthropy of to-day, which is the logical outgrowth of their teachings—will not cease among the English-speaking portion of the world until history shall be obliterated; but whatever the influence of the bar upon the rights of men, of the medical faculty upon the health of the race, or of the clergy upon their morals, we cannot ignore the fact that in the development of her internal resources, England has relied upon her non-professional men.

A few years since, Samuel Smiles published a work entitled, "Lives of the Engineers." In his preface he says: "The object of the following volumes is to give an account of some of the principal men by whom the material development of England has been promoted. . . . In one case the object of interest is a London goldsmith, like Myddelton; in another he is a retired sea captain, like Perry; a wheelwright, like Brindley; an attorney's clerk, like Smeaton; a millwright, like Rennie; a working mason, like Telford; or an engine-brakeman, like Stephenson."

His pages bring before our eyes, as we read, the condition of England before and after the work of these men had been done; and we cannot rise from the perusal of the

book without being impressed that their influence upon the prosperity of England and the welfare of her people was far greater than that of the statesmen, the warriors, and the jurists of the time, whose lives are generally accepted as the history of the country.

When the Duke of Bridgewater sent for James Brindley, and consulted him with reference to the construction of an artificial water-way from his coal mines in Manchester, that city was a place of about twenty thousand inhabitants. The roads which penetrated the surrounding country were so bad that it was often difficult to supply the place with provisions. Not a single factory chimney pierced the air, and not a pound of coal was required for other than domestic uses. Yet so difficult were the means of communication between the city and the mines but a few miles distant, that there was frequently a scarcity of coal for domestic purposes. Liverpool, then just springing into importance as a seaport, was at times practically inaccessible. It was to remedy these difficulties that Brindley, a Derbyshire wheelwright, whose wonderful mechanical skill had already created for him a local reputation, was called upon to construct a canal for purposes of traffic; the first of its kind in England. With characteristic boldness he devised a scheme for dispensing with a troublesome system of lockage, which was probably the result of the great success of the canal, but which was sneered at as impracticable by those who were supposed to know about it. The canal was, however, constructed as designed, and was immediately succeeded by another connecting Manchester with tide-water. The effect of these works upon the prosperity of the surrounding country was like magic. So keenly was it appreciated that an extensive system of artificial water communication was at once constructed through the north-western counties of England, thus affecting the welfare of an immense population, and exerting a powerful influence upon the future of England itself.

All this was done at the instigation of the

Duke of Bridgewater, a man whose early education had been totally neglected. The agent whom he employed was James Brindley, who had received no assistance from schools in gaining what little learning he had acquired, who could barely write his name, and who was incapable of spelling accurately words of a single syllable.

The development of the steam engine by James Watt, a mathematical-instrument maker, followed soon after, and added to the rapidly increasing momentum of prosperity which the whole region had acquired. It made possible the perfection of the system of internal communication by means of railways: of which the first of any importance, the Liverpool and Manchester, was built by George Stephenson, whose early days were spent in a colliery near Newcastle. With no other model than the suggestions furnished him by the inadequate tramways in use at the collieries, with their feeble locomotive and stationary engines, Stephenson boldly grappled the problem; infused a portion of his faith into the capitalists who furnished the money for the scheme; overcame the hostility, the prejudice, and the corruption of parliament; planned and executed a railway of great merit in the face of grave obstacles; built a locomotive which accomplished thirty miles an hour in one of the trial trips; and delivered to his patrons a model railroad capable of fulfilling all that was demanded of it.

To this brakeman, as Smiles terms him, more than to any other one man, belongs the honor of devising the system of internal communication which has brought us within seven days of New York; which has made the whole civilized world homogeneous; which has altered the habits of thought and modes of life of the present generation; and whose effects upon the social problems of the world he would be bold indeed who should claim that he could pronounce.

The temptation to dwell upon this topic; to enlarge upon the different conditions of the England of to-day and of the middle of the last century, before the first sod had been turned in the construction of the

Bridgewater canal; to contrast the frequent, luxurious, and rapid means of intercourse between the scattered cities of the land with the tedious, difficult, and dangerous methods of travel before these improvements; to linger, in pointing out how the condition of the farmers was improved by thus bringing the market to their doors; how greatly increased numbers found work in the collieries in consequence of the increased demands for coal; how manufactories sprang up; and how the whole country became prosperous—is very great. But these are facts so familiar, that the only occasion for even alluding to them is for the purpose of asserting their direct connection with the lives of these illiterate men, and of pointing whatever moral there is to the proposition that in all this the university graduates of the day, as a class, had no hand.

To many this circumstance seems significant; and the inference is drawn that there is a self-reliance, buoyancy, and ruggedness to the intellect of the self-made man which peculiarly prepare him to grapple with these problems of real life. But can we believe that the giant intellect of Brindley would have been emasculated by aid in his younger days? that Stephenson, groping darkly after learning in his mature years, would have accomplished less if his mind had been prepared by others instead of being disciplined by poverty and neglect?

Certainly, so far as Stephenson was concerned, we know that he was painfully conscious of the impediment which the lack of education proved to his progress in life; and to the extent of his ability he sought to overcome the same in the career of his son Robert, by furnishing him with an education at the Edinburgh University.

The methods employed by the latter in after life, in the construction of the Brittaina Tubular Bridge, were so thoroughly scientific—they were so distinctly in accord with what we expect from an educated mind; there was so little left to chance, and so much of the debatable ground was explored in advance—that they furnish an admirable illustration of the ways of modern science, and refute

the idea that culture crushes ingenuity and perseverance.

The problem laid before Robert Stephenson was this: The island of Anglesea is separated from Wales by a navigable strait, through which each day tides violently race, rising and falling to the height of from twenty to twenty-five feet. A railway bridge was to be constructed here, high enough above the water to enable vessels to pass beneath, and which should not interfere with navigation while being erected. The proposition to use a suspension bridge was not approved. A cast-iron arch had been suggested; but if there had been no other objection, the interference of the centering with the navigation of the straits was necessarily fatal to its adoption. The novel idea of an iron tube was suggested, and a series of experiments were begun, to determine the breaking weight of such a structure; the proper distribution of materials to resist the strains of compression on top and the tensile strains on the bottom; and what would be the best section—whether circular, elliptical, or rectangular. Tubes of various shapes were subjected to breaking strains, and the results of the experiments were accepted, even where they dispelled the theories of the experimenters.

Finally a miniature tube was constructed, similar in proportion, section, and distribution of material to the one which the results of the experiments had led them to adopt. When it was seen that this fully withstood the tests to which it was submitted, it was determined to proceed with the work. A suitable spot was selected on the Caernarvon shore, where the tubes which were to span the water were constructed. When completed, they were floated on pontoons to the recesses in the piers prepared for them, and were raised by hydraulic power to the proper height. Masonry was carried up beneath them as they were raised, and the task was accomplished of making a railway bridge under the peculiar restraints imposed.

At every step during all these proceedings records were kept of each experiment, and of the effect of the wind and weather upon the structure—thus adding a vast amount of

valuable information to the scientific records of the age.

All this is essentially different from the expensive experiments in practice of Edwards, the stone-mason, known as the bridge-builder, who, in working out the problem of spanning the river Taff, in Wales, in the middle of the last century, saw two of his bridges totally destroyed before he conquered all the difficulties in his way, and succeeded in building the bridge which still stands as a monument to his genius and perseverance. It is radically different from the sublime faith in himself with which Brindley met the sneers of those who scoffed at his projects; but not every man who believes in himself can hope for the success of a Brindley, nor would his success, or that of Edwards, have been less real if it had been less experimental—if, instead of being based upon practice, it had been founded on instruction.

While poverty and necessity may and do stimulate efforts upon the part of some that would not otherwise be put forth, there is no reason to believe that such men as Brindley and Stephenson and Smeaton and Watts would have done less for their race if the work had been made easier for them by a thorough education in their youth.

That the work of mechanical invention, of applying scientific discoveries to manufacturing processes, and of improving the methods of transportation, were left almost exclusively to persons of but little culture, until within a comparatively recent period, must be attributed to the inherited prejudices which turned the attention of graduates away from this work. The course of study of any university is framed to meet the supposed wants of its patrons. This fact must have operated to deter those whose tastes had led them to adopt a life connected with mechanics or engineering from seeking a collegiate education. The time has, however, come for us to proclaim our complete emancipation from such prejudices, and to realize that an advanced education is not alone useful in the so-called professions, but its function is everywhere in life.

With the growth of manufactures, the development of inland traffic, and the expansion of commerce, have come a host of new industries where cultivated brains are required. Separated from contact with many of these movements, by their natural tendency to drift elsewhere in life, college graduates have permitted prizes lawfully belonging to them to be grasped by those of a lower grade of cultivation; until, precisely as was the case with the development of the internal resources of England, work, the proper performance of which would tax the most cultivated intellect, has of necessity fallen into the hands of the men who have had only the advantages of a limited education.

It is the province of the graduate of to-day to invade these new paths of life opened up for cultivated men; to assert his right for a hearing in the business and manufacturing world; and to secure such of these prizes as naturally gravitate to his hands.

The entire railway system of the United States has been constructed during the past fifty years. The demands upon the country during the earlier part of this period, for men competent to locate and build these roads, taxed our proverbial elasticity to its utmost. By means of army officers, surveyors, and men who picked up their knowledge in the field, the first roads were built. Since then, the construction of new roads has been constant, until now we have in operation upwards of ninety-five thousand miles of railways, the cost of which is estimated at over \$5,000,000,000.

In the organization of the permanent staffs of these roads as they were completed, the men who had been employed in the field naturally sought for positions. Engineers, transit men, rodmen, and levelers became general superintendents, general freight agents, general passenger agents. What were the duties which they were called upon to perform?

The superintendent's office demands from its incumbent, not only that he shall have a thorough knowledge of engineering, including field work, the strength of materials, and the construction of masonry and truss-work

bridges, but he is called upon to determine whether this or that patent is an improvement worthy of adoption; his ingenuity is taxed to determine whether this or that scheme for operating railways will increase the safety of the traffic over his road; he is necessarily consulted as to whether this or that extension of the road will enlarge the business, improve the connections, or facilitate the operation of the road; whether it is advisable to enter into contracts of various natures, and if so, with what safeguards and with what limitations. In short, his vocations cover so much ground that for their proper fulfillment he must not only be a first-class field engineer, but somewhat of a patent-expert, and a tolerably good lawyer.

What is the nature of the labors which have drifted into the general freight office in the subdivision of the work which has generally been adopted? Here we find that the classification tables are prepared. A knowledge of the character, the value, the size, the shape, the specific gravity, and the liability to damage of every article likely to be transported over the road, is required for the proper preparation of these tables. In preparing the tariff, in addition to the foregoing, a knowledge is required of the cost of handling and of hauling the various articles of freight, as well as all the peculiar facilities of the terminal stations between which the transportation is to be effected. In the settlement of claims for damage a complete knowledge of the law of common carriers is required, and a familiarity with the common chemistry of every-day life. To the general freight agents fall the preparation of contracts with connecting roads and with patrons, demanding a knowledge of the use of language and the methods of courts in construing it. The adjustment and apportionment of traffic and of rates with connecting lines often call for diplomatic and administrative ability of a high order. The duties of this office are such that he who fills it will find occasions which tax his stores of knowledge to the utmost.

In a similar way, the other staff offices of a well-organized road furnish positions which

demand of those who fill them cultivation of a high order. And yet an examination of the various railway offices in the country will disclose very few college graduates, either in important positions, or in subordinate places in the line of promotion.

The necessity of insurance, for the protection of the prudent, has become a business axiom. The amount of capital employed in the three great branches of insurance—fire, marine, and life—has steadily increased; until in this country alone the assets of the various insurance companies amount to nearly, if not quite, seven hundred millions of dollars, and the number of men supported by the business would make a small army. The routine work of the officers will not tax the intelligence of persons of ordinary school education; but to understand the science of the several branches of insurance, to appreciate the laws of probability upon which the risks are based, and to bring into intelligent use the fund of knowledge necessary for the adjustment of losses, call for more than ordinary talents and cultivation.

In placing a fire insurance upon a building and its contents, the materials of which the building is constructed, its exposure by situation or use, the character of its tenants, the value of the property and its relation to the amount of insurance, the separate amount that may be placed upon any one article of the contents, the character of each, their position with reference to the possibility of their being saved, and the probable water supply at command in case of fire, not only constitute the ordinary elements which control the rate of the risk, but in the case of manufacturing establishments, delicate questions of liability to fire from the speed of machinery, from the operation of chemical agents, peculiar exposures to the carelessness of employees, and a multitude of other causes which will suggest themselves to those familiar with the subject, greatly complicate the problem. Each application will vary in some of its details from every other, and large risks are entitled to be adjudged upon their respective merits.

It then becomes a contest between insurer and insured, in which the latter is compelled to know only the details of his own affairs to determine the nature of the risk; while the insurance agent, in order to act upon the same basis, is obliged to have the same familiarity with the affairs of all his patrons. It needs but to state the proposition, to show that the performance of such duties involves the application of all the knowledge likely to be at the command of the most cultivated men. In practice, it is true that underwriters have relieved themselves from much of this labor and responsibility, by the arbitrary classification of risks; but with a clearer appreciation of insurance, the disposition to study separate risks, and to treat each intelligently upon its own merits, increases from day to day.

Quite recently a reward was offered by the Northwestern Association of Underwriters for a prize essay upon "Flour-mill Hazards." The paper to which the prize was awarded bore upon its face the signs of diligent investigation. The writer accumulated a mass of facts concerning the methods of manufacture, the application of the power, the speeds of machinery, the character of the work done by separate machines, the relative danger from heated bearings involved in this, and the various other questions suggested by the subject, much of which he embodied in the paper which he presented.

The statistics of these hazards showed him that more fires had occurred in flouring mills worked by water power than in those which used steam power; and upon this fact he hangs the following theory of the cause of the "explosion" of the "Washburn A" mill at Minneapolis:

"The theory proposed is that the friction on the water of two 48-inch turbine wheels, under a 40-foot head, discharging 77,600 gallons per minute, and furnishing 600 effective horse-power in the race, under 'Mill A's' 30-foot basement, may have produced either hydrogen, or fire-damp, in such quantities as to be forced up into the mill, and then changed to hydrogen gas. In

short, that hydrogen was produced: and being naturally over fourteen times lighter than common air, it passed up through the mill, and became properly carburetted by combining with the elements incident to flour milling, and was the chief destructive element in that explosion."

Thus we learn from the Northwestern Underwriters in what danger we have stood while we admired the beautiful water-falls which percipitate themselves over the cliffs in the Yosemite Valley. Had the air but been "properly carburetted," perhaps we might have had an explosion even there.

But my object in alluding to this paper was not for the purpose of criticism. The scope of the paper, and the character of the discussion which the writer attempts to maintain, illustrate the field of work for the educated man in fire insurance.

Marine risks demand a special knowledge of their own. They are determined by the character of the vessel, the nature of the cargo, and the contemplated voyage. The probability of storms, the formation of the coast, the seasons of the year to be encountered, and other considerations of the same character, involving a knowledge of physical and descriptive geography, and the laws which govern currents of air and water, enter into each of them.

The fact that the Marine Board of Underwriters of New York published a pamphlet, by Lieutenant Maury, on "Lane Passages for Steamers in the Atlantic," in 1855—a pamphlet which was afterwards republished by the Government—will illustrate the function of the educated man in this line of insurance.

In the adjustment of both fire and marine losses, the adjuster comes in contact with specialists, with whom he has to settle losses upon articles ranging through every degree of usefulness; about the value of which the sources of information vary according to their nature: and concerning the extent of the damage to which by fire or water, in cases of partial damage, the most subtle and delicate questions constantly arise.

The science of life insurance is one of

more modern origin. The collection and interpretation of the tables of mortuary statistics, the calculation of the probability of life for different individuals, the solution of the delicate laws of hereditary tendency upon the constitution—these, and other interesting questions bearing upon the nature of these risks, still occupy the time and compel the study of those engaged in the business.

It is needless to dwell at length upon the obvious advantages to a manufacturer of a liberal education. At every step in his progress he is called upon to determine questions involving a knowledge of the laws of physical science, with which he cannot expect his subordinates to be familiar. The very question of his profits will depend upon small economies, which may in turn rest upon a knowledge of these laws.

Each gallon of water evaporated in a boiler will probably bear in solution from twenty to forty grains of mineral matter, and if the water is very hard it may reach as much as two hundred grains to the gallon. The greater part of the salts thus borne in solution by feed water are thrown down by the increase of the temperature of the water. The precipitation which thus takes place within the boiler during the process of making steam is aggravated by the necessity of reinforcing the supply of water in order to make good that portion which is driven off by evaporation. Thus it follows that, unless condensed water be used, a deposit of mineral matter will soon take place within the boiler. Now, it has been estimated by observers that one-sixteenth of an inch of such a deposit baked upon the shell of the boiler, in the form technically termed "scale," will increase the consumption of fuel twenty per cent., and this ratio of increase of fuel consumption itself increases with great rapidity as the scale thickens. The knowledge of this important fact, and its bearings upon the economy of firing, may make the difference between the possibility of conducting a profitable and a losing business, where fuel forms an important element of expense; and its appreciation in the past, when such

matters were not well understood, was an item of knowledge of actual commercial value.

How to deal with these salts, and how best to remove them, have practically been settled by the compound engine, wherever water can be procured in supply sufficient to use a condenser: but the scale problem still occupies a great deal of attention where high-pressure engines are in use, and we must rely upon the inventors of the future to discover some other means of condensing applicable where the limitation of space and insufficient supply of water preclude the use of those now constructed.

To insure the complete combustion of fuel we have but to adjust the supply of oxygen to the burning fuel, so that each particle of carbon may be consumed before it has passed beyond the effects of the flames. In practice, artificial and natural drafts are used, and in each case the amount of air passed through the burning mass is partially under the control of the fireman: but the dense clouds of smoke that hang over our manufacturing cities where bituminous coal is used bear testimony to the unscientific waste of fuel which is constantly going on, and point out to the student a field in which he may aid the manufacturer in his economies, improve the health of those now compelled to breathe the polluted atmosphere, and save from further defacement the works of art and public buildings which are now being ruined by the stains of soot.

It is but a few years since the Government chained to the docks in New York two steamers, and made certain experiments to determine the relative value of two engines. The main point involved was whether a high or a low pressure of steam was most economical. Experience has shown that a high pressure is better, and the application of this theory to marine engines in the form of the compound engine has revolutionized the marine carrying trade of the world, and bids fair to drive sailing vessels from the face of the ocean. The speculative brains of inventors foresee in the

engine of the future a possibility of increasing the utility of steam by increasing the boiler pressures of every-day use to figures that now seem impracticable. But whatever the character of the engine which the manufacturer has in use, he cannot afford to assume that it is working to its best advantage. By means of the "indicator" he transfers its motions to paper. The engine itself assists in placing before his eyes a perfect record of its movements and condition. The horizontal lines of the diagram measure the length of the stroke; the vertical lines are degrees of pressure. The point of the stroke at which steam is cut off is apparent, and the curve which connects this point with the atmospheric line represents the dying force of the expansion of the steam. A leakage of a valve, any great irregularity in the application of the power, any defect in the machine itself, is permanently recorded in the card, and if interpreted by intelligent study, can be remedied. The area inclosed within the outlines gives a key to the amount of power in use; and the careful study of a series of diagrams will furnish information to any student who possesses the requisite knowledge and patience to pursue the subject.

No man can glance at the official gazette at the patent-office, which recites the claims of the two hundred and fifty-six thousand patents issued by our Government, without realizing that the manufactures of the world are in their infancy. With every stride that scientific investigators make in the development of our knowledge of the laws of nature, manufacturers and business men press on their heels and seize upon their discoveries for practical use. Scarcely was the scientific world familiar with the Fraunhofer lines, before the little instrument which unveiled to our view the elements of the distant stars was pressed into service to unlock the secrets of the fiery furnace, and made to tell when the blast should be cut off in the Bessemer steel process. See to what an extent the discovery that it is practicable to pack and hermetically seal meats and fruits, so that they can be indefinitely preserved, has been

utilized by the canneries on our coast. This industry alone may teach us to what use we can put the garden regions of the Sierra slopes, first populated and then deserted by our placer-miners. Taught by Seth Green how to transport and propagate successfully the eggs of fishes, the several States are peopling the streams of the continent, and even the ocean itself, with aquatic life, repairing the damage of indiscriminate waste, and adding to the food resources of our population.

What an advantage to an artist to understand and be able to apply the mathematical reasons for the laws of perspective; to be familiar with history and literature; to have studied the anatomy of the human frame, and of such animals as he is likely to draw! A large, and perhaps the most interesting and instructive, field for a painter is the representation of historical events, or the illustration of familiar scenes from the works of ancient writers. To accomplish work of this sort, how much more is requisite than mere technical skill! If the artist would avoid anachronisms and kindred errors, he must be familiar with localities, with architecture, with the manners and customs of the people, and the period of history with which he deals; with the styles of dress and forms of furniture. In short, he must be a cultivated man, or he must cultivate himself for each piece of work that he undertakes.

To the agriculturist, a knowledge of the chemistry of the soil and of the distribution and habits of plants is of essential service, and this is especially true in a new country. The dignified treatment of this subject has opened up a new field here for educated men, which will revolutionize methods of agriculture.

The marvelous progress of electrical discoveries within the past few years: the wonderful instruments by means of which the utility of telegraphic wires have been so much increased; the telephone, the electric light, and the electric motor, have created a new department of science, which is as yet but feebly explored, and which must

command the attention of many thinkers of the coming generation.

The number of newspapers published in the United States in 1810 was only 359. It is stated that there are now published in the entire world 34,274 newspapers and periodicals. The vast opportunities which our periodical literature open up for the employment of an education must prove attractive in the future.

The great fields of labor for educated men afforded by engineering and chemistry have asserted themselves too strongly in modern times to require illustration: nor is there need to dwell upon the opening afforded by commercial pursuits, except to quote the words of Edward Everett: "I deem it not too much to say of commerce, in its largest comprehension, that it has done as much in all time, and is now doing as much, to promote the general cause of civilization as any other of the great pursuits." My attempt has been rather to point out paths which are obscure than those that are obvious.

It rests with the rising generation to say whether the biographer who in the next century shall write the lives of those who have contributed most to the material prosperity of this country shall be obliged to exclude those who have received a liberal education: to say whether they will form a part of the great army doing such useful service for the insurance and railway companies; to say whether they will aid the manufacturers and mechanical engineers in their work. With every day's experience, the opportunities for cultivated intelligence increase. A distinguished scientific gentleman recently ob-

served that the wonder of the future would be, not that we of the nineteenth century had contributed so much to the scientific knowledge of the world, but that being so close to so much more we had failed to discover it. The more that we learn, the more certain we feel that there is more to learn. From our central position our explorers of knowledge radiate in every direction. Each step that they take reveals to them the fact that the territory to be searched between the explorers increases as they move, and that the illimitable region of the unknown remains beyond. Education demands the help of all her allies in this search. There is no limitation of age, sex, direction, or opportunity.

The "intelligent interest and persistence" of a Cincinnati girl, who pursues her experiments in search of the secrets of the Limoges *faience* to an accomplished success, adds a new industry to the permanent resources of our country.

An invalid woman penetrates the wilds of Japan, where no white man ever set foot, and describes for the first time a race of native Japanese.

A patient scientific investigator watches for years the ways of the insignificant earth-worms upon the lawn in front of his house, and teaches the world their wonderful function in altering the face of the earth.

The monopoly of the "three learned faculties" is doomed. The educated youth of to-day can repeat, with a freedom of interpretation never before enjoyed, Pistol's oft-quoted speech:

"The world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open."

ANDREW McF. DAVIS.

THALOE.

CHAPTER IV.

Why, indeed, should Cleon let dark or forbidding thoughts trouble him? Or of what should he be distrustful? Of Alypia's love? Truly not; for she had preferred him to hosts of other men as well calculated as himself to inspire regard; and her tender words were yet ringing in his ears, her kindling gaze yet dazzling his sight. Of her disposition? Nay; she was not gentle of heart, it was true: but what Roman lady of her proud position could be? Was it not one of the inevitable penalties of high station, to be obliged to look down upon and trample on those who were beneath? Was she different in her tastes and desires from what the usual education of the day would naturally make her? And as long as she continued tender and true to himself, why should he be troubled about her actions and impulses toward others? Those dark eyes, which in the amphitheater could flash unpitying glances into the arena, would not fail to rest upon him with looks of burning love, scorning at the same time a throng of rival lovers, who would have given much for one gentle, kindly glance. Was there not here sufficient food for his ambition and his pride? Would he have this altered, even if it could be done; losing thereby, for the sake of slaves and gladiators, the real zest and richness of his own nobly earned triumph? She and he had their own places in the world to fill. Let them act as their fathers had done before them, and as the wide world around was now doing: not inflicting upon themselves useless trouble about what could not be altered or reformed; but living in the usual way the life that the Fates had destined for them, and letting other orders of creatures look out for themselves. Rank had its usages and duties, and could not be expected to waste itself in

examining the puerile sufferings or vexations of lower life—matters, which, from its great distance of exaltation, it could at the best but poorly comprehend.

Thus he reflected as he walked away from the imperial palace, his soul so completely enthralled by the fascinations to which he had yielded that for the moment he was living rather in an atmosphere of wild exultation than of sober reality; until, having passed through the city and up the steep ascent of the hill behind, he stopped for the moment to rest and gaze listlessly upon the prospect below; and upon turning around, found himself once more facing her with whom he had conversed for those few short moments the previous evening.

Recognizing her at once, and yet for the instant she appeared different from what she had seemed when last he had spoken with her. His mind and eyes were still so filled with one bright image of thick, clustering locks, dark, flashing glances, rich, brown complexion, and imperious gestures and attitudes—all suggestive of deep passion and the haughtiness of conscious power—that when his gaze now fell upon the small, timid face of the Christian maiden, he almost started at the contrast. That pale, delicately chiseled profile, those gentle eyes shaded with long lashes, and the dark brown hair arranging itself into close curls, and fastened with a single jewel upon the encircling fillet—how could he ever have been attracted, even for a moment, by such tempered charms as these? And yet, as he now gazed, almost immediately a film seemed to pass away from his sight, as it were a mist that had shut out the true conception of what was before him; and he began to see that those eyes were unusually soft and tender, and the whole face marked with mingled expressions of childlike innocence and intellectual strength, forming a type of beauty which he

had seldom hitherto encountered. And then, little by little, the other image seemed to recede: not entirely disappearing, but retiring more and more upon itself, and losing those artificial attractions with which his excited imagination had invested it; and the present face began to grow constantly into additional loveliness and grace as newer expressions flitted across it, until the two images appeared to stand side by side, far different, indeed, in their several styles of passionate power and gentle repose, but each a perfect type of its own peculiar class.

Then suddenly, as he stood gazing upon her in a sort of dreamy admiration, he saw that her expression had changed, the pleasant look of recognition which had at first marked it passing away, and giving place to an appearance of disappointment at his apparent unresponsiveness. And recalling his scattered senses, he addressed her in a friendly tone, even as one would greet an old acquaintance, using such courteous words as he felt were most proper for the occasion.

"Am I mistaken?" he said. "Or have I truly guessed your secret? You would have told it me when last we met, but were prevented. No further need to tell me, perhaps. For I know you now. You are a priestess of the Christians, and the song which you were singing is one of the Christian songs."

"We have no priestesses," she responded, with a smile. "And it seems as though that should have been known to one so high in favor and so learned in the world as yourself."

"Nay, we men of war have but little time or opportunity to look into the matter of strange doctrines," he rejoined, a little discomfited at the mistake into which he had been betrayed, and yet half amused at the seriousness with which he was corrected. "We must merely seek to do our duty in the field, and leave to our own priests the task of forming and answering for our faith. But since you have confided in me so far, why not tell me more, and thus enlighten the ignorance for which you censure me?"

Speaking thus, he saw with pleasure that the soft flush of gratified interest with which she had first greeted him, and which at his non-recognition had died away, reappeared upon her face as she listened to him. She was therefore not offended with what others might have considered a boldness of speech, and he might consequently dare to converse yet further. And so, one word leading to another, and the evening hour and the place being both favorable for inaction, he lingered on, listening to her responses, and dreamily gazing upon the fair prospect of land and water spread out beneath them.

It was a pleasant view, for the little villa was placed in a commanding spot. The city and bay lay expanded below; the city now partially hushed, the bay stretching from shore to shore in a quiet languor, ruffled only by the steady roll of a single vessel beating in from the outer sea. At the left could be seen the pleasant little town and harbor of Puteoli; and farther away, the white groups of Herculaneum and Pompeii nestling along the shore, and here and there climbing up the vine-and-olive-covered sides of Vesuvius, which stretched upward in peaceful quietude, and, except from far-off and scarcely believed tradition, allowed no thought of the seeds of destruction already ripening within it. Farther around and far across the bay were the silvery specks which marked the pretty city of Sorrentum; and nearer stood Capræ, bold and rugged in outline and blue in color, in all respects looking from that distance like the Capri of to-day, except for the broad, white palaces, which, where palaces no longer exist, gleamed in the rays of the setting sun, like mosaics set into the darker, rougher stone; rising here and there in terraced beauty from the shore, and one, the most princely of all, crowning the highest peak, like a modern beacon-light: each feature of the scene in itself an object of loveliness and interest; and now all, as they lay spread out in pleasant combination and submitted themselves to the repose of evening, forming a picture that could scarcely be paralleled elsewhere.

Nearer by, also, all was quiet. There was no voice of workman or loiterer to be heard—scarcely the twitter of bird or the note of insect. The wind slowly moved the branches of the ilex tree which spread overhead, but almost noiselessly making but a faint and almost imperceptible rustle. Most distinct of all sounds, perhaps, was that of the water dropping down into the marble basin of the little fountain; but to this only half the usual flow was now given, and the diminished stream softly trickled rather than fell, marking its descent with a silvery note, as though tuning its play in symphony with the hushed repose of all objects around it. Once, from a neighboring garden, came a few sounds of revelry—the intonations of some pleasantly disposed person at peace with himself, and desirous of giving open expression to his joy: but these sounds, also, gradually sank lower and lower, as though with consciousness of their unsuitableness to the pervading spirit of the scene, and so gradually died away in silence.

Noticing that the old negro who had hitherto so jealously watched the young girl now chanced to be absent, Cleon each moment grew more than ever disposed to linger, feeling that there was a better opportunity than before to gratify his curiosity about her and her pursuits. And therefore, little by little, continuing his first questioning, by slow degrees he led her to speak more freely about herself. And gradually, as they conversed, she seemed to gain an almost child-like confidence in him, and told him much about her past and present life: at first hesitatingly, but after a while more freely, as though yielding to an impulse of increasing trustfulness which could not be repressed.

She was Thaloe, only child of Philocteres, at one time a soldier, but more latterly a merchant of high degree and no little wealth. The fair island of Crete was their native home, to which they trusted to be able some day to return. But Philocteres, a few years before, during a journey to Athens, having fallen in with one Paul, had become a Christian: and moved by the self-sacrificing spirit

which pervaded that sect, had devoted his life almost entirely to the advancement of the new religion: not relinquishing his business, at first, but setting aside much of its profits to be spent in works of charity among the faithful. So for a while. Then Paul, having had grave charges brought against him, had gone to Rome to urge his appeal to Cæsar, and there had been imprisoned many months with greater or less rigor, in proportion as the popular prejudice against the Christians had alternately swelled or lulled. Even during his imprisonment he had found means to increase the power and influence of his sect, which, in spite of persecution, daily grew in numbers. And then Philocteres had given up his business and gone to Rome, moved thereto partly by the sense of duty which commanded him to bestow his assistance upon new converts, and partly by his desire to look once more upon Paul, for whom he had acquired much personal attachment. And he had lived for some months at Rome, until Paul, whose word was law, had sent him to Baie, in and around which place were many Christians, who were groping in the dark, as it were, and needed not only pecuniary assistance, but the counsels of some person of more intelligence and education than themselves. And so for the last few months they had lived at Baie, not in penury, as Cleon could see, their means being ample for comfort; nor yet in luxury, luxuries of all kinds being snares to the soul, and a willful waste of what might be employed for the necessities of the saints. And under the teachings of Philocteres the Christians had secretly increased, and among them, Thaloe also had exerted herself according to her strength, doing such works of charity as it befitted a woman to do. Meanwhile, her father had not neglected, at times whenever he could be most readily spared, to go up to Rome, and there look again upon the face of Paul, and hold counsel with him; leaving her, the while, under the charge of Corbo, the slave, who was himself a Christian, and could give a better reason for his faith than many converts of rank and fortune.

"And your father—where is he now?" inquired Cleon.

"At Rome once more," answered Thaloe. "He left me a month ago, and should have returned before this. But it is not unusual for him to be delayed; and though for some days I have not heard from him, yet I fear no misfortune, for I know that, in the work which occupies him, all will happen at the end for good."

As she thus spoke, Cleon gazed more wonderingly upon her than before, for he felt that he saw in her some phase of character with which he had never yet met. Here was a blind faith—in what? Here was a belief cherished by one who was surrendering for its sake—what indeed was she not giving up, and what chances of death and shame was she not encountering? And all this, too, with such calm and passionless serenity. If Alypia, now, were to give up her own faith and become a Christian, or to adopt as the business of her life any unusual course requiring devotion and self-abnegation, she would do so with a mien and gesture meant for all the world to see; and would utter her sentiments with heightened color and glittering eye, with dramatic action and assumption of enthusiasm, which would bring wonderment, if not conviction, to all who met her. But this young girl before him spoke so quietly and unimpulsively—without any deeper flush upon the cheek or tremor in the voice—as though she performed a simple duty requiring no comment, and yet not unaware, he felt sure, of the dangers of the path in which she walked: it was all very wonderful.

"It seems as though you must truly believe in your faith," he said; "and yet—and yet it is very strange."

"Why call it strange?" she responded; and now he observed that for the first time her color seemed to deepen and her eyes shone with unaccustomed animation. "My religion speaks to me of peace to the afflicted, freedom to the captive, and a happier world after death for those who have suffered here. Are all these merely trifles which should be spurned? Is this earth so pure and perfect

that better things should not be looked for in place of it? Would you rather that I should accept unquestioned the faith in the gods of Greece and Rome—a faith which holds out to the emperors and the mighty ones of earth a seat among the gods, but leaves the poor and lowly to abide forever in despair and gloom? Nay, do you yourself accept at heart that faith? I have sometimes heard the contrary said about your class. It has been told me that now the rich and noble men of the empire no longer believe in the gods of Rome, but rather leave it to the poor and ignoble, as a superstition which is thought unworthy to stand before the new schools of philosophy. How this really is, I do not for a certainty know. You may better inform me. At least, you can tell me how it is with yourself. Inform me, therefore: do you yourself believe in Jove and the other gods of Olympus?"

"Do I believe in them?" repeated Cleon, and he hesitated. He knew that he did not believe in them, for his logical mind could not but be conscious of the absurdities of the prevailing creed. He rather held to the not uncommon fashion of the day, which asserted that religion was but a mere necessity of the state, designed for the better government of the people; that beyond this, the disputations of the schools were a mockery, and that there was little to choose between different forms of faith, as long as one, equally with the others, was adapted to its own temporal purpose. No; he could not worship the gods of the empire, and had often avowed as much to his companions, at times when the conversation had taken a philosophical or speculative turn. But how could he answer the question thus directly put to him by a stranger? And how could he safely make to her those admissions which he could so easily make to his equals? She was not of the ranks of the poor and ignoble, it was true; yet neither was she of that upper grade of life which could without danger receive the confidences of those who composed and ruled the state. It were ill-advised for the people at large to learn too clearly the wavering belief of the higher orders in that faith,

whose power so greatly contributed to bind the community together and preserve it from total anarchy. And yet she had so openly and with such easy confidence in him confessed her own most dangerous belief, that it seemed surely ungenerous not to bestow some confidence in return.

"What can I say?" he continued at length. "There are things which none of us can understand, and the human mind seems unable to doubt. But we know that somewhere there must be gods who rule the world; and if those whom we now acknowledge are not the true ones, where and who can they be?"

"Ah, thus it is!" she responded. "You do not deny that at times you doubt; and yet you would come to me and try to reason me out of a true and living faith, for which I would give my life, as others like me have done before."

If Cleon had hesitated before in uncertainty, it was now simple wonderment that made him pause and reflect again. What kind of person was this who so freely reproved one before whom armed men had unquestioningly stood uncovered and speechless? And what a sudden transformation in his sense of his own power had he not undergone! A moment before he had looked upon her as one romantically wedded to a vain fancy, from which, with his own superior intelligence, he could easily free her by a few well-directed aphorisms, were he to take the trouble. But she had drawn from him a confession of his own disbelief, and stripped him of all the weapons with which he would have argued upon his side, and stood herself strong and unyielding in her own faith. It is true that it was but the commencement of what might well have been protracted into a long argument; but somehow he felt that it would be useless to pursue it farther; for, if she could thus early take from him his vantage-ground of personal faith, what hope could he have of better success in the future? Let him rather try to avoid further contest. All men must sometimes meet with defeat. In one whom he had supposed to be a weak or ignorant young girl, he had met a logician—a philosopher—

one who had already lectured in the schools, perhaps, as he had heard that young girls sometimes did. And yet, no sooner did that last thought come to him than, as he looked into her face, he repressed it. That fair, young countenance, gifted with a quiet beauty, which, though unassuming and retiring, could not but manifest itself the more he conversed with her; the soft, pensive, light of the clear, bright eye; the pleasant lines and dimples about the corners of the mouth—all these were not the signs of a logician able to thunder truths from a rostrum, and lead thousands captive to a new philosophy. Nay, she was rather the young girl he had at first taken her for—confiding, innocent, and unaggressive—gifted with a religious enthusiasm which rendered her capable of maintaining herself against all opposition; but otherwise, in all things, sweet, lovable, and tender.

"I will retire from the field," he said at length, with a smile. "You cannot expect more than that. Let it be a sign that I am vanquished, and that there should be no more war between us. I see that I could not, if I wished, persuade you to abandon your settled faith, nor can you hope in like manner to influence me. Were you even to make me a convert to the religion of the Nazarene, I could not profess or follow it, for I have too much to lose in this world for any hope that another one can hold out. What matters it, either? Doubtless I shall go in due time whither my fathers have gone, and with them somehow be happy. Let it be sufficient that for the future you will have taught me to believe that there is somewhat of good in the Christian belief, or else one such as yourself would not have adhered to it. This must be all that I can ever hope to know about it."

"And why must it be all?" she inquired. "Men of as high rank in the empire as yourself have studied and believed. Why not yourself, as well? Is not self-imposed ignorance as wrong as knowledge with neglect? Seek out, then, some teacher: and if you will finally refuse to believe, do so as a man should, knowingly."

"And will you be that teacher?" he said. "For I know no other to whom I could go."

He said this carelessly and unreflectingly, and for the single purpose of filling the pause with something in the way of rapid compliment. And yet, no sooner had he spoken than the thought seemed to arrange itself in his mind into form and substance, as by a kind of crystallization, and he felt glad that he had thus expressed himself. For after all, it would be well that he should know something about these Christians. There were already many of them in the empire, and their number was apparently extending; and the day would come, perhaps, when they would need to be treated with much political sagacity. Even in his own career he had occasionally been thrown into contact with them: how much the more might that happen in the future! For he would rise in the world yet higher, of course. Already having the promise of a full legion, the day might come when he would command a province; by which time these Christians might become a power of some consequence in the state. And then, any knowledge which he should have gained of their habits and doctrines might be of service to him in his governance of them. Therefore it were expedient that he should know more about them; and what better plan of learning than that which now seemed to offer itself? If he were to seek out this Paul, or any other leader of the sect, his conduct might be misinterpreted, and he would run the danger of being considered a convert rather than a political pupil. But with this maiden for an instructor, there could arise no such suspicion; while—and here, after all, was the pleasantest part of the plan—it would be no unsatisfactory thing to lean occasionally over that low hedge, and learn the strange doctrine from those gentle lips, while he gazed into those mild, earnest, blue eyes.

And she, at the first whisper of his suggestion, smiled and only shook her head. For it would not be becoming that she should turn instructor to one of his age and sex. Rather let him seek out a patriarch of her church, who, besides, could better than

herself teach him the more abstract doctrines. And yet, if he were now to depart, he would probably never think of the subject again, and that would certainly be an opportunity missed. Should she not, after all, detain him by any means? Sooner than have him fall back from this good impulse, she might instruct him a little—at least, until his awakened curiosity or interest might allow of his being transferred to better hands. And what a glorious ending, if through herself one so high in rank and of such influence in the empire should be brought over to the new faith! What numbers of lives might be saved by his authority during coming persecutions! And for the sake of this glorious prospect, and with the consent of her father, she might surely venture to waive for a while some maidenly scruples, and accept the task. And so, looking into each other's eyes, and severally influenced by different thoughts and impulses, as well as by their ignorance of each other's reasoning, they arrived at the one predestined result.

"So let it be," said Thaloe. "I know not how far I am departing from what is right, but I will not refuse the duty. I will do as you say, at once writing to my father what I am about to engage in; and until he bids me desist, I will act as though I had his consent. To-morrow come hither again at this hour; and then, and at such other times as you may appear, I will tell you of my faith—openly as we now stand, in sight of all who may pass. And now depart, for I see that the night has come; while Corbo has returned, and is looking upon us with no friendly face."

CHAPTER V.

Therefore, the next afternoon, and for several succeeding days, at the same hour, Cleon repaired to the low, hedge-lined wall, where he found Thaloe awaiting him, eager to continue the work she had laid out for herself, and elate with sanguine anticipations of success. There, standing at different sides, in such attitudes as would best

give the appearance of a mere chance meeting and of ordinary gossiping of the day, they held their conversation upon the important subject of the new faith. Sometimes the old bondsman was absent, and there was no bar to full communication upon any subject; and when he chanced to be present, his demeanor showed that he had received his instructions, for he held himself aloof in a farther corner of the court-yard, not interfering with their words or actions, and only exhibiting his watchful interest by the stealthy and not pleasant glance which, from time to time, he fixed upon them from beneath his long, shaggy eyebrows, as he sat with his head bent down thoughtfully to the ground.

The first day all went well. Breaking at once with eager interest into the great subject which so thoroughly bound her life and satisfied all her aspirations, Thaloe lost no time in explaining as well as she could the principles of her faith. And Cleon listened with calm attention, not thoroughly understanding what she said, and certainly not attaching any credence to the strange doctrine, but with an innate courtesy refraining from interrupting her, as with evident pleasure she entered upon her course of professions and explanations. And though after a few minutes he detected in her heart the pleasing hope of his conversion, he forbore to comment upon it, chosing rather to allow her to indulge without contradiction hallucinations which gave such interest to her work, and could surely do him no harm.

But upon the second day the courteous restraint which Cleon had placed upon his inquiries partially gave way, and he ventured, as far as he might do so without displeasing her, to make some slight change to the conversation. For, after all, this was not exactly what he had come to hear. It was pleasant to stand and gaze into those deep, gentle eyes, lighted up with all the earnestness of hopeful enthusiasm; but he felt that they would be still more interesting to look into were the discourse to take some other tone. Those strange and abstruse doctrines, fortified with well-conned passages from random

treatises belonging to the sect and pretending to some kind of inspiration—these were hardly the things to interest or instruct him. What mattered mere doctrine to him at all? That which he desired was a better knowledge of the more tangible features belonging to that strange sect: their numbers, their manner of life and worship, their methods of intercommunication—such items of information, in fact, as would be useful to him during his future career; and so, skillfully and without offense, turning her from her subject, he drew the conversation into those other more practical channels; and therein, little by little, with artful questionings, pursued his investigations, until after a while he paused in dismay, as the thought crossed his mind that this was rather the manner in which a judicial questor would be likely to examine a Christian falling into his hands, with the view of making him confess such things as would place the whole sect in the same jeopardy. And he gazed anxiously into her face, with the fear that she might take alarm and begin to look upon him more as a spy upon her actions than as the friend he believed himself to be. But in her clear eye he read no distrust of him; but rather a brighter glow, as she flattered herself that these inquiries boded better success to her efforts, in proportion as they seemed to exhibit greater interest than had been shown by the simple, attentive silence of the day before.

And little by little these inquiries were partially dropped, though the interview never closed without the palliation of some reference to the pervading subject. But speedily, however well and conscientiously the conversation might be begun, it was pretty certain, in the end, to lose its original purpose, and wander off into the by-ways of more secular and indifferent matters. For what, after all, is apt to happen when two persons of different sex are wont to meet together and look into each other's eyes? Though the object of the interview may be of the most serious and solemn nature, other thoughts and impulses can hardly fail to gain their sway. Love itself need not come to disturb the meetings; but even friendship

finds claims which may not roughly be set aside. And as Cleon and Thaloe grew to know each other better, some subtle influence crept in to change that chance acquaintance into friendship, and this, in turn, demanded a still more intimate mutual knowledge. Even to Thaloe there began to come the comprehension of what had already appeared to Cleon—a sense of the unsuitableness and inconsistency of their present relations and position. It was scarcely the thing, indeed, for him to have a young girl for his teacher. Rather should he seek out some old, white-bearded man—an elder or prophet of the sect—to instruct him. And struggle as she might, at times, to keep within the line of duty which she had marked out for herself, there was much about Cleon which she would like to understand—and curiosity can hardly be a sin—and the hour allotted to them was always so short, and she had told him so much about herself, that, after all, something was due from him in return. And therefore it came to pass that at times the story of the new faith was scarcely more than touched upon; but in place of it his own story was the only topic of conversation between them; and he would spend the whole hour in telling about his campaigns, one adventure leading to another, as each suggested new questions. For his life had been an active one, and it had been his fortune to see more than had fallen to the lot of many veterans in the service, and it would take many evenings to give even an outline of what had happened to him in past years.

Beginning his career at an early age at Capræ, as a page in the court of Tiberius, he had enjoyed ample opportunities to observe, as far as a mere youth could do, the inner workings and policies of that guarded circle, and had chanced to be one of the few who were present when assassination hastened the fleeting moments of his guilty master's career. Then, transferred to the army, he had accompanied Suetonius into Britain, and had there won fair amount of praise for boyish gallantry in that great battle which destroyed Boadicea and annihilated her nation's power. Step by step, he had climbed

successive ranks in the Roman service, making his prowess felt in Syria, Gaul, and the African provinces. For a short time, as an officer in the pretorian guard, he had been stationed at the imperial court; and there, of course, been thrown headlong into all the pomps and gayeties of that glittering world, and had attended at Nero's side upon the palace balcony, and with him watched the burning of Rome. And at last, at an earlier age than usual, his long and well-sustained services had met their due reward, and he stood elate with the promise of speedily commanding a full legion. All this he gradually unfolded, only as, with ever heightening interest, Thaloe extorted one fact after another from him with new questions: telling it not vaingloriously and boastingly, but with a quiet, unassuming air, as one would mention the most ordinary circumstances of his life; though perhaps at heart feeling that it was a narration which would easily impress her fancy, since even men of high rank and long-continued service were wont to look enviously upon him, as one who had been so loaded with the favors of chance and fortune as, in his single existence, to have combined the pleasures and experiences of many lives.

Telling it all, too, with a rigid self-denial which forbade him to ingraft upon his conversation any of those pleasant compliments or flowers of speech which in other circumstances he might have been tempted to employ. Words of love, of course, he must not use, even though he should have felt the need of them. Expressions of mere empty gallantry, even, he felt would be misplaced: though often, as he gazed into her earnest face, he felt inclined to utter such words of admiration as in the court of Nero would have been received as agreeable though meaningless forms. But with the knowledge that she had been brought up in a more tempered atmosphere, and might take alarm at expressions too glowing, he restrained his tongue, and confined himself to such simple speech as might pass at all times from one friend to another. Nor, as he told his story, did he speak about Alypia, and his

destined career with that proud beauty. Why should he? Perhaps Thaloe might already have learned about that grand alliance; or it might be that, living in such seclusion, she had never even heard the name of Alypia. What mattered it either way?

Neither when with Alypia did he mention the young Christian girl. Why, in turn, should he speak of her? To a person of such high rank as Alypia, the thoughts and actions of one who was only anxious to remain in quiet obscurity could be of no interest or importance. And more than all else, he felt a certain instinct warning him that in this matter he had better not make too liberal a confidence. Proud and supreme as Alypia might be in her own social dominion, and contemptuously as she might look down upon any lower grades, he knew that there was no position too humble for even an empress to regard with keen and bitter scrutiny, if jealousy were once aroused. And though he felt so sure—too sure, it might be—of his own loyalty, he could not but be aware that Alypia was one who would not brook even a suspicion of divided supremacy, and would stop at no possible vengeance if she were once led to believe her affection had been aggrieved or insulted. Hence, when each afternoon he betook himself to the palace and presented himself before her in her accustomed place, and knelt at her side that she might the better caress him, and, in the delirium of his momentary passion, poured forth his realizations of present bliss and his hopes of long-continued future happiness, there was this one little corner of his mind which he kept in darkness. His past campaigns, his chances of future preferment, his plans of life, his daily actions, all stood revealed to her, excepting that small matter of his evening meetings with Thaloe. And Alypia, engrossed in present pleasures and pursuits, and with fond self-flattery feeling too trustful in the supremacy of her own brilliant charms, had no suspicion of secret rivalry; but as she reclined upon her lounge, and passed her hand lovingly through Cleon's thick locks, prattled on merrily, unreservedly uttering

each thought which passed across her mind thoughts which were not of transcendent novelty; but what cared Cleon for that? Better, surely, to kneel before her and listen to the most rapid utterances, coming from such lips and brightened with the love-light of such eyes, than to sit at the feet of Solon or Aristotle, and there gather gems of philosophic wisdom. To each person his path; why look for wise aphorisms from youth and beauty? Still, even in the midst of the momentary entrancement which, as by a magic spell, she threw over him, he felt occasionally that there might be a need of something more thoughtful and earnest in her words. The trivial talk relating to mere corporeal pleasures and the grosser aspirations of the senses—about the new statue bought by this courtier, the dinner given by that one, the new jewel offered each day for her acceptance, the dance at Nero's last court-feast—all at times palled upon Cleon's taste, and led him to wish for something better and higher, though he could hardly describe what it should be. More especially was this so when Alypia spoke, as she daily did, about the approaching games at the amphitheater, and with her remembrance of the fugitive charioteer let the hard, cruel lines curve upon her face.

"Is it not time that we heard about him?" she would ask. And as she daily put the question, there came a day when Cleon was able to answer it. For, in obedience to his promise to her, he had sent out some of his own slaves upon the search, and, one by one, these now began to come in. Earliest of all reappeared those who had been ordered to scour the neighborhood; and when the precincts of the city had been well examined, and the old haunts of the fugitive had been visited in vain, there was nothing more to be done by them. Then only those who had been sent to a distance remained to be heard from. Of these, one never returned; and it was supposed that, having reached a goodly distance, he had chosen rather to take his freedom than return again to slavery. A second one, after a few days, came back, having gained no trace,

and resumed his usual tasks. A third came in after a week, and with some news. At a tavern about three days' journey to the north, he had heard of the fugitive: a person answering his description having passed that way only a few hours before, faint and weary, and hardly tarrying long enough to purchase a loaf of hard, black bread. Upon this trace the pursuer had followed hard, and with alternately flickering and brightening hopes of success. And when at last he had his prey almost within his reach, an unlooked-for obstacle had intervened. For in that district there had arisen a rebellion—of the slaves, principally, it was said; and from all quarters they were hurrying towards a nucleus of three or four hundred armed men, ever by such accessions increasing in numbers, and all determined to insure their freedom or to die. He had been urged by some who were speeding towards that common center to join them, but had refused. And he had climbed a hill whence he could look down into the insurgent camp, and had computed their numbers and seen their organization—an organization as well planned, apparently, as that of a trained legion, showing that there must be some one in their midst well skilled in the art of war. And there was no doubt that Gogos had sought shelter in this camp, and for the present, at least, was safe. And then, there being nothing more to do, the pursuer had returned.

"It is well," said Cleon. "At least, we now know where that man has gone, and knowing that, can bide our time. You have done all that it was possible for you to do, and I am satisfied with you. Would you desire your freedom, Calcho, that you may go back to your own home?"

"I would like my freedom," the man slowly responded, twisting uneasily upon his heel. "Who would not? But can I go back to my native land with it? I was a child when I was taken from thence, and at the time most all my tribe were slain. Whom could I find to acknowledge me for kin were I to walk the whole length of the Rhone? Give me my freedom, if you will, but let me stay here with you."

"Let it be as you desire," returned Cleon; and he made the man the chief attendant about his person. Then, hurrying to Alypia, he told her the news, and how that already the Roman legions must have marched against the insurgents and dispersed them; so that the fugitive charioteer should doubtless at that moment be either dead or a captive.

"I fear me that he is dead, and that thereby I have been robbed of half my proper revenge," exclaimed Alypia. "For is it not most likely that the legions would be ordered to spare none? Is not that the custom of this kind of warfare?"

"You forget in part, Alypia. None are usually spared except those who, upon being taken alive, may prove worthy of the arena. And as one of such your slave will surely be accounted."

"True," she responded, and cheered by the new hope, her countenance brightened up with a glow of almost savage exultation; and with animation she began to descant upon the brawny limbs of the slave, and the active and desperate defense he would probably make in the amphitheater. And again Cleon, in somewhat impatient spirit, felt disturbed, he hardly comprehended how: doubting much whether it was fit that she should care about these matters, and should so eagerly desire pastime or service from such a victim, instead of feeling that her revenge would be sufficiently satisfied with his simple, painless death. As the hour came to a close and he walked away, he grew more and more discomposed in spirit, feeling that in Alypia there was something wanting, the nature of which he could not explain; that possibly even such glorious beauty as hers might not content him for life, unless it were joined to more winning qualities of heart: that even now, perhaps, he might be growing somewhat tired of those soulless caresses, and unconsciously be becoming released from the once powerful fascinations of those sparkling eyes and tender glances. And so long did this perturbation of his mind continue, that when in his usual stroll he reached the low wall,

Thaloe could not but notice that he seemed ill at ease, and questioned him about it.

"I am but poorly contented, indeed," Cleon responded, not unfolding the true cause of his disturbance, but evasively grasping the nearest excuse which presented itself. "There is a slave who has committed an offense worthy of death, and has fled. It is said that he has joined a band of armed fugitives. The legions of Rome must have marched against them before this, and already the news should have come that the insurgents are crushed. And it is feared that the wretch may even now be dead; for there are some who say that he should be taken alive for the amphitheater. Be this as it may, it is time that something were heard about him; and for lack of that, I am greatly troubled."

"But why should any one wish to capture him for the amphitheater?" said Thaloe. "He has committed an offense worthy of death, you say; therefore it is just he should expiate it. But if it were to happen that he should be put to death with the sword, is it not as well as though he were reserved for torture and mockery? He will have atoned for his crime. What more can be asked?"

Cleon started. These were not his own thoughts, exactly; for when he had felt displeased with Alypia, it was not altogether because he had disapproved of the amphitheater as a punishment, but rather because it had annoyed him to have her look upon the matter as a mere vehicle for pastime instead of revenge—seeming to anticipate her own enjoyment in preference to the requirements of justice. But yet these were somewhat similar to thoughts which at times had dimly glowed within his breast, disconnected and unformed, and for which he had in vain sought a response elsewhere. Not from any of the Roman women had he ever heard such ideas: for their education was unthinking and unreasoning, formed after one unvarying type, and leading them to accept without question the world as it was. Nor from any Roman man; for on the battle-field, where each took his own life in his hand, and was prepared

to receive blows as well as bestow them, no one conceived it a matter of cruelty for the vanquished to pay any forfeit which the vanquishers might demand. No one, indeed, had ever whispered a word of practical mercy in his ears, excepting this young girl. Were such ideas a part of her real nature? or were they the result of the education of her sect?

More earnestly than ever before he now gazed into her face; and as he did so, he felt that a self-imposed disguise was being stripped from him. The battle is not to the strong, neither is the victory always to the thrilling, dark eyes which, with fiery glow, burn their way into the soul. The man may succumb for the moment, but then he goes his way, and the thralldom is for the time thrown off again. Full as often will the tender eyes, such as Thaloe now fastened upon Cleon with calm, serene, contemplative expression, retain their power, and, with their soft fervor melting all obstinate resistance away, conciliate and subdue forever. Such Cleon now began to discover to be the case; and while returning her gaze, he realized for the first time how often of late, when absent from either influence, he had unconsciously borne in his mind the image of that fair young girl, rather than that of the dark, passionate patrician; how often he had wished that those two natures might be united, so that the one, in her pride, might gain something of the humble grace of the other.

What madness was now overcoming him? What could she ever be to him? Though his pledge to Alypia should be broken, how could the Christian maiden, standing so widely removed in position and faith, be anything to him? Let him rather tear himself away from this now too evident fascination: let him be true to his own envied lot. As for this Thaloe, though he might not be her lover, he could still be her friend: and by watching over her and protecting her from evil, could gain all that he had the right to ask—her gratitude and esteem.

"Perhaps you are right," he said, after a moment of contemplation. "If the slave

dies, it may be all that can be asked for. And now, let me speak upon another subject, giving a warning which I fear you, in your innocent confidence, greatly need."

"A warning?"

"Yes; you have beauty, though you know it not, and beauty is a sore temptation to the world. You are impulsive in your confidences, and disposed too easily to tell those things which it would be better to conceal. For that which you have revealed to me, have no fear. But there are others who cannot be trusted as well, and who would take easy advantage of innocence. This city of Baie bears no good name in the empire for anything but pleasure-seeking; nor is it the better during these last few days in which Nero has come down from Rome to pass the season. Keep, therefore, more closely concealed, and trust no one without first gaining sufficient assurance that he is worthy. In yourself you may doubtless trust; but what could you do against force? Nor, I fear, could you gain much redress for violence, were it known that it was exercised against a Christian. Be, therefore, guarded and circumspect."

"Nay, I fear nothing," she answered. "Why should I?"

"It is the province of innocence not to fear," he responded. "But it is also the province of innocence to suffer for having

despised its safeguards. Whom have you here to protect you?"

"I have our bondsman," she said, pointing to the Nubian. "He is faithful and true, and has ere now protected me at the risk of his own life. And failing in him, I have myself, my courage, and my birthright."

"Your birthright?"

"Yes. We are of no ignoble race. In the records of the empire we have our place, our legacy of honor. I know that in this world violence and wrong run riot, hand in hand; that for the weak and lowly there is but little protection against oppression. But I also know that there are laws of personal respect which not even the Cæsar would dare willfully to transgress. Secret violence we can beat off by force. And though it is true that open wrong might prevail for a time, yet were it to come, I would go myself to Nero's palace," she continued, drawing up her slight figure with a proud consciousness of self-sustained power. "I would penetrate to his audience-chamber, and, standing before him, I would tell him that one to whose race had been given all the powers and privileges of Roman citizens, whose ancestors had often fought at the side of consuls and emperors, and whose line had ever remained untarnished, was now in danger and trouble, and demanded as a right the ægis of the imperial protection."

LEONARD KIP.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

OUT OF REACH: A CAMPING MEDLEY.

IV.

"HE will be here to-day, no doubt," said Mr. Delane to Alice, as he stood arranging his fishing-pole, preparatory to following Tom and Jack, who, gun on shoulder, were fast disappearing up the stream. Soon his broad back was out of sight among the bushes. Alice sat down on an empty cracker-box that had been set in a shady place, and began

meditatively tying and untying the ribbons that fastened her broad-brimmed hat down over her ears.

Dick and Ruth had strayed away immediately after breakfast, to buy some eggs from a farmer a mile and a half down the valley. It was becoming quite customary for Dick and Ruth to undertake errands of this sort together. Mrs. Delane had a headache, and was lying in one of the tents, covered up

with wraps, trying to sleep it off. In a hammock, supported between two tall redwood saplings and shaded by the boughs of another tree of a century's growth, lay Elinor.

The camp was deep in the forest. Nothing but now and then the chattering of the jays, the *chip, chip* of the chipmunks, the scream of a hawk high overhead, was to be heard; and a continuous rustling accompaniment from the leaves, that fluttered like green butterflies on the bushes, or waved their shadowy fingers hundreds of feet aloft in the green vaults of the redwoods. Nothing but sounds like these disturbed the rest and meditation of the quiet three remaining in camp. Soothed by it all, Mrs. Delane slept on.

Alice, undisturbed, sat on the cracker-box, tying and untying her hat ribbons, until she wearied of that occupation, and the sun, climbing higher, carried the shadow away from her seat; then, finding a shadier place, she lay down on the ground and began absently pulling to pieces the grasses that grew about her, still meditating on—what? Not Tom Hathaway.

All this time, Elinor lay in the hammock, motionless except for the fluttering of the fringes of the light shawl thrown over her, and now and then a slow movement of her eyelids as she watched the waving of the leaves far above her, or Alice idly plucking the grasses. The restful beauty around her had hardly a whisper of soothing for her; she lay under her shawl and broad hat in the hammock, a picture of serene repose, but the heart within her was full of foreboding uneasiness. And the source of it all? Not Gerald Halley.

When Mr. Delane had said, "He'll be here to-day, no doubt," Alice had taken the remark cheerfully, and set herself to thinking pleasantly about it. The long-lashed blue eyes looked away out on nothing, while the little white hands toyed absently with some trifle, and the usually restive little figure remained quiet in one of its favorite attitudes, and dimples came and went on the pink cheeks as she smiled away to herself—this childish little girl, with her pretty,

infantine ways; and the wind, blowing her yellow hair about her eyes as she sat playing with the grasses, made her look prettier than ever, thought Elinor, watching her quietly from under the wide brim of her hat. And Elinor, whose large ambition and serene self-confidence had always scorned petty jealousies, to-day felt an uneasy dissatisfaction that the little cousin should look so winningly pretty.

So the morning passed: Mrs. Delane sleeping quietly, Alice dreaming in the sunshine, Elinor lying, proudly unhappy, in the shadowed hammock. There was no companionship among the three; hardly a word had broken the quiet of the camp since Mr. Delane left it an hour and a half before.

In the midst of this quiet, the thud, thud of a horse walking across a bridge a little distance down the road was heard, and presently horse and rider came in view, approaching the camp. Alice jumped up with a cry of joy, shook the bits of grass from her dress and her green-stained fingers, and ran out to meet the guest.

"O, Mr. Evesham, how glad we shall all be to see you!"

He had dismounted as soon as he saw her, and now, with the bridle over his left arm, led his horse as he advanced to meet Alice. He touched his hat gayly to the young girl, and shook hands with her in a pleasant, fatherly way that she did not greatly like. She would much rather this tall, dignified man would not treat her as if she were quite a child.

Her impulsive welcome of "You will stay with us several days?" he met with a pleasant nod and a quiet—

"Yes, if you do not drive me away yourselves the very first hour."

Alice broke into protestation at this: and the pink coming and going in her cheeks, the gleaming of her clear eyes, and the child-like remonstrance of her rosy lips made her companion stand looking down at her with a sort of pleased and amused gentleness in his eyes that had its effect on her imagination—and Elinor's, also, for Elinor could not quite keep her eyes turned away from the two.

There was a peculiar charm about Evesham: whether in the expression of face, in the voice, or what, one could not tell at once. When he was speaking thoughtfully, the grave, deep voice seemed to hold the charm; when the dark blue, deep-set eyes were looking out straight and steadily on any one to whom he was speaking, it seemed surely to lie in them. Yet Elinor, who had learned pretty thoroughly his resources of knowledge, of intelligence, of conversation, his qualities of mind and character, knew that the measured, firm voice from the firm lips almost hidden in the fair mustache, the steady, direct look from the deep eyes, were, in fact, but the least charms about Alice's new acquaintance.

His eyes were not too closely bent on Alice, however, for a rapid survey of the camp, and a bow to Elinor in the hammock; indeed, he had seen the whole peaceful scene, and the quiet attitudes of the two girls, at a brief glance, before Alice had jumped up to greet him. Now, not tardily enough to be discourteous to Elinor, nor soon enough to be discourteous to Alice, he turned away and came up to the hammock. His manner and expression changed noticeably as he did so, becoming at once more earnest and more reserved.

"I am afraid I have disturbed your peace, Miss Hale?" he said.

"O no, you have not disturbed me at all, Mr. Evesham," she answered. O, Elinor Hale! you have spent the morning resolving desperately that this man shall not, *shall not* interfere with your life; and yet he has disturbed you as you never were disturbed before.

She had made an effort to speak with all due cordiality, and, for the first time in her life, had slightly overdone it; so that Evesham naturally took her assurance as no mere form of courtesy, but a literal statement.

"I am glad of that," he said in a pleased way. And as he stood, hat in hand, before her, the bridle-rein thrown over his arm, his face upturned slightly, looking with quiet thoughtfulness above him into the green arches, a stronger sense of unhappiness came over Elinor.

He let a pause follow, with that leisurely manner of mutual comprehension that had grown to characterize his conversations with Elinor before she was aware of any danger in it. Then he said:

"It seemed so quiet here that I feel as if I was an intruder."

This did not strictly require an answer, and Elinor, conscious that she had erred a little on the side of cordiality, remained silent, shading her eyes with her broad hat, and lying as still as a statue in the hammock.

"Why, no, indeed," chirped Alice, who had followed, and now stood with her little, soft hands prettily crossed before her. "It was so dull here this morning, with no one to talk to!"

"I should not have thought that," he said. The smile was in his eyes again as he looked at Alice; but he went on gravely: "This quiet seemed something sacred; and if I had come unnoticed I should have slipped away rather than have disturbed you."

"How very fortunate that you *didn't* come unnoticed!" cried Alice; but Evesham, with only a smile of acknowledgment to her, looked at Elinor. He had been accustomed to having Elinor understand what he meant, and fill out with appreciative comment his own idea.

She had it in her mind to say, with polite indifference, "It is indeed a beautiful morning."

It was not like her to feel moved to set herself in contrast with Alice; to impress upon both him and Alice her ability to enter with him into regions inaccessible to her pretty cousin. Small rivalries were not to her taste; and she had always felt it ignominious to maneuver to put herself in the best light. Yet she looked up at Evesham, now, with a little smile of comprehension—a smile of just the quality that was calculated to make Alice feel that Elinor's claim on him was infinitely nearer than hers, and waved hers gently aside.

"'Thunders of' green 'silence'?" she said; and then, with passionate anger at herself, hid her eyes again under the broad hat.

"Hello, I say!" and simultaneously with

this greeting appeared Jack, dirty, warm, disheveled, and happy, with a couple of rabbits in his game-bag. Tom, dirty, warm, disheveled, and cross, followed him, tired enough of the gun over his shoulder; late hours and wine suppers had shaken his physique a little, and he had never been so good a shot with a rifle as with a billiard cue. Mr. Delane, with fishing-tackle and string of trout, brought up the rear, beaming and voluble.

Under cover of the greetings, Elinor slipped away. Her ankle was hardly at all lame now; and, ignoring lunch, she kept herself somewhere out of sight until late in the afternoon. They were all gathered at dinner when she became visible again.

"I hope you have not tired your ankle to-day, Miss Hale," Evesham said, after she had taken her place among them, and the first remarks on her reappearance had been made. "I did not get time to ask after it this morning, but Miss Delane has been giving me a good account of it."

"Ah, yes, it is all but well," Elinor said; and then Mr. Delane resumed the subject her coming had interrupted.

"Yes," Evesham said, in answer to his question, "I shall probably stay in California for a year or so. I like it here."

Ruth's brown eyes brightened. She stole a glance at Elinor; but there was nothing to see in the clear, serene face.

"Of course," Evesham went on, "that will depend somewhat on my finding occupation; but I do not think I shall go back in less than a year, in any case."

"Wonder what *he* wants to find work for," growled Tom to Alice, after dinner. "It seems to be the general idea that he's been rich; what did he do with it? It takes these sober fellows to run through a fortune, and then look as if they'd never put money anywhere but into a contribution-box."

Alice did not follow the insinuation, but she understood the tone.

"It isn't *his* fault if he's lost money," she said warmly. "Perhaps he indorsed."

Alice had an idea that indorsing was a sort of calamity that came on business men

quite without their own volition. Conscious of some vagueness in her position, she turned and appealed to Elinor, who sat close by, with Ruth, on the buffalo robe.

"Elinor knows all about it," she said.

"Why, there is no mystery," said Elinor, coldly. "Mr. Evesham's father was wealthy, and he was therefore always accustomed to money, but lost everything by a fire two years ago."

"There!" cried Alice, with a pretty air of triumph. "How could he help a fire?"

"Set it himself for the insurance, perhaps," said Tom, laughing. "Come, Alice, let's drop old Evesham, and see what those people are plotting."

Alice assented eagerly, for Evesham was standing with Mr. and Mrs. Delane, Dick, and Jack, planning an excursion to the pebble beach. Ruth, left alone with Elinor, was trying to fit the new fact into the outlines of Evesham's history that she already possessed, and was not succeeding.

"Elinor," she ventured, "surely I understood that you said, in first introducing Mr. Evesham to our knowledge, that he was rich, and that was not three months ago."

"That was my mistake," said Elinor, serenely; then, after a pause, she seemed to conclude there was no objection to explaining.

"When I met him last fall," she said, "he was living quietly; but that, with a gentleman, is not incompatible with wealth; and as an uncle of his had died about a year before, leaving no near relative except Mr. Evesham, people somehow took it for granted that he was the heir to this uncle's property, which was quite large. I was told so, and had no reason to doubt it. I knew of the burning of the mills and failure of the insurance company, but that would have been a comparatively small matter if his uncle's property had really come to him. I learned only a short time since that I had been misinformed; that the whole estate had gone to an informally adopted son instead of to this nephew. I corrected the misstatement I had made to my uncle, and saw no need of talking it over with any one else. I had told

my uncle no details in saying that Mr. Evesham was rich, and told him none in saying I had been mistaken. I don't see that it makes any difference to any of us."

"No, it makes no difference at all," said Ruth, a little emphatically.

Elinor had given her explanation in a tone of the most careless indifference, that was by no means assumed; she really did not feel that Evesham's worldly position was a vital matter. Yet, as she ended, she turned away from Ruth, leaning back on one elbow, and the face she thus made invisible had become unquiet as she stared off into the darkness. She had touched on an association that surprised her by coming back with far more force than it had had at first.

It was when she had first received Halley's attentions, before his offer of marriage had roused her to consciousness of any danger in Evesham's companionship. She had instinctively refrained from any mention of Halley to Evesham, but had used his clever, cynical views and arguments pretty freely in the half-serious ethical tilts that occasionally took place between them. On one occasion, when the earnest had rather prevailed over the jest, Evesham had said:

"I will give you a case in point, Miss Hale: I knew a man once—a penniless fellow—who, brought up to wealth, had only a short time before been thrown on his own resources as a 'literary feller'; he found himself by the sick-bed of a rich relative, who was talking to him of the disposition he wished to make of his property. The old gentleman had made no will, but was going to in a few days, and was going to leave everything to an adopted son. You see this adopted son was the child of an old love, and it had been the one soft spot in a pretty hard life. Twelve hours later, the old gentleman was dead, and no will made; and the son had never been legally adopted. It was a curious illustration of the one unbusiness-like thing you will find in most business men's histories. Now, to put the case fairly before you, Miss Hale, I must add that this 'literary feller,' who thus became the legal heir, had a good deal of confidence in his own

ability to use that half-million generously, and the moral heir was not, on the whole, a very good fellow; also that the majority of third parties talked much of the moral claim the nephew had on at least part of the property, and were really uncomfortably strenuous for a compromise; and that the welfare of several people was rather nearly connected with the wealth or poverty of this particular man. What would be your idea of the ethics of that situation?"

"Ah, I should not call it a question of ethics at all," Elinor had said, laughing. "It would be a question between the man's pride and his common sense." But she, possessed of some knowledge about Evesham's affairs that he did not know she had, had not failed to identify the "man that I once knew."

"What *did* he do?" she had been about to ask: then had changed it to the more cautious, "And what should *you* think was the right course for him?"

"O, for my part," Evesham had answered promptly, "I do not think he had the ghost of a right to a penny of it. There was a certain selfishness in the uncle's ignoring him completely, and pouring everything into the gratification of that one affection; but he had a perfect right to do as he pleased, and no man of self-respect would have wished his own relationship to cast a feather's weight of constraint on him. Besides, the pathetic nature of the true heir's claim was irresistible; who could thwart an old man's cherished purpose of making up for a lonely, disappointed life by the poor little satisfaction of leaving his money in a certain way?"

"Ah! *that* constituted the weakest part of his case," Elinor had said, coldly yet brightly. "A man might be excused for feeling that self-respect forbade him to touch the money; but I will not admit that sentiment should have anything to do with serious matters."

And Evesham had reflected how completely admirable Miss Hale would be whenever she waked out of this virginal coldness: he did not regard it as an attribute of her character, but only as a phase of its development; while Elinor had supposed that she dismissed the whole conversation lightly

from her mind; and yet here it was, this evening by the camp-fire, disturbing her with a persistent sense of something gallant and fine, and better than her "common sense."

Ruth did not break in on her silence; nor did Mr. Evesham, when he came up with the rest, talk to her; but he chatted most of the evening with Alice, which was hardly better for the silent listener. She knew that she was "in for" three or four days of this, however, and she was marshaling all her powers of resistance.

The three or four days came and went, and Evesham still lingered with the party. He was with them a week later, when they encamped near the Felton big trees, and finally consented to cast in his lot with the party for the rest of the trip. It was just after his consent that Mr. Delane, riding in toward Santa Cruz, stopped to watch Jack and Tom fishing, and Dick teaching Ruth to fish. Tom had walked off without asking Alice to go; he was not well pleased with Alice these days.

"Is it good fishing there, boys?" called Mr. Delane.

"First-rate," sang out Jack. "We're just *pulling* them out. Come down and try a hand."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, looking at the string Jack displayed. "I wish I could; but I've got to take some letters to mail."

"I'll take 'em," said Tom. "I'm tired of fishing, and I want to go into town, anyway."

"Do you really?—all right, then," and Mr. Delane promptly exchanged his horse and packet of letters for a rod and line, and scrambled down to the water's edge.

Tom mounted and rode off toward Santa Cruz. No sooner was he out of sight of the fishers than he took the letters from his pocket and examined them.

"Old Delane's scrawl—that's to his partner—business. Wish I knew just how much money that business of his represented, but I don't suppose I should get any idea from this. Four letters of Allie's! and all in that beastly English scrawl, and all to a pack of girls. What idiots girls are, anyway! If she wasn't such a pretty little goose, I'd drop her: those letters, now, are full of Evesham, of

course. Ruth to her brother-in-law (wish she'd marry him—it would please Thornton so), and to each of the brats, in a separate envelope. What a girl she is! Pretty good girl, too, but she hasn't any style. Thornton to his mamma—good boy. I've a mind to drop it into the creek, and see if it gets him into a scrape with the old lady; he's a devilish unpleasant fellow to have a row with, though, and I guess I might as well let it alone. Nothing from Jack and Mrs. Delane—she's too close-mouthed to write letters, and he don't know enough. Elinor!—'Gerald Halley!' Now what is she writing to Gerald Halley about? Halley! That means something or other; and it isn't specially well sealed, either."

Elinor knew better than to have trusted her letter to Tom; she knew very well that he would study the addresses. Mr. Delane, however, never stopped to glance at an address, else she would never have put that particular letter into his hands.

Tom turned the envelope over, and examined the sealing-up. "If my hand hasn't lost its cunning," he said, "I can make it."

He dismounted, took a slender pencil from his pocket, and by a skillful rolling process, aided by a sharp penknife, made the mucilage let go its hold.

The letter within, in Elinor's clear, characteristic hand, had a business-like address across the top of the page, and began without further address:

"You will know as soon as your eye falls on this page what my answer is; for it would not take two lines to write, 'I accept your offer'—or, more truly, 'I agree to your terms.' Since there never was any talk of sentiment between us, I do not feel obliged to offer regrets for disappointing you, and I will simply ask you to dismiss all idea of marriage between you and me. Of course, I owe you all apologies for having led you to expect a different answer; I find that I had mistaken my own wishes no less than I led you to mistake them. I need hardly ask you to receive this as final.

"Very sincerely,

"ELINOR HALLEY."

The letter was hardly like Elinor; there was a haughty abruptness and even an undertone of aversion in it that was not what she

would have expressed to any one, much less Gerald Halley, two months ago. There was a womanish lash of pique in the remark that there had never been talk of sentiment between them; and it was not strictly true, either, for Halley was as much in love with her as he would ever be with any one, and had displayed quite as much sentiment as was accordant with the decorous tone of the courtship; nor had it seemed good taste to either of them to avow frankly any unsentimental side in the proposed match. Therefore, when Halley read the letter, with its undertone of sudden dislike to him and his love-making, he said, "Another man in the case," and added certain imprecations. Tom Hathaway was not, like Halley, a keen guesser; but he had far more data, and came readily enough to the same conclusion. It seemed to him that he ought to extract some personal profit from the astonishing piece of knowledge he had got hold of; and, as he knew Halley by reputation to be a relentless bearer of grudges, and had his own small private score against the overshadowing guest, he rode on to town, reflecting cheerfully on the obligation a man might put Halley under by letting him know on whom to bring to bear his resentment.

"Lively times ahead for Evesham, if he did not know it. I'd rather have any dozen other men after me with a grudge than Halley."

In Santa Cruz, he begged a brushful of mucilage at a stationer's, and sent Elinor's letter off neatly sealed, and then betook himself to his own errands.

Meanwhile, Elinor was once more spreading the scarlet shawl for a carpet in a hidden place in the forest. But this time she did not seat herself coolly; she threw herself down on the shawl, and hid her face on her arms.

"Oh, thank heaven, thank heaven, that it was not too late!" she almost sobbed. "What do I care for fame, or success, or anything in the world but him!" She shivered a little with repulsion when she thought of Halley.

She thought a good deal about her mother, with a backward-reaching sense of affection

and fellowship. She fancied that if she should die to-day, and meet her mother somewhere in the Unknown (for Elinor had distinct disbeliefs, and smiled at Ruth's faith that the region of the dead was anything but an Unknown), they could clasp hands and say, "We understand each other now."

"Only," she thought, "she threw away her affections: I could not understand that part. I am glad they taught me to be hard and cold; it made me save my heart till its true king came, so much better than any one else that not even I could resist him."

And as she walked back to camp, later, she was singing the very refrain that Dick had so annoyed her with two weeks before:

"Now, all men beside seem to me but shadows;
I love *you*, Douglas, tender and true."

But the light in her eyes darkened as she came in sight of the camp-ground. Evesham stood there, talking with Alice, and looking down into her eyes with a pleased smile. Elinor knew that for rational companionship, for capacity of loving, for real value as a wife, no man could hesitate between her and Alice: yet still, that pretty childishness was very winning, and she could easily conceive that even a wise man, thrown back upon it by her coldness, might come to choose it; the frank, outspoken liking, the transparent nature, might seem better than the double possibilities of a nature that had unsounded deeps of feeling and will. Elinor had a vivid, realizing sense of all Alice's small flaws and deficiencies. Was this pink-cheeked baby, this shallow, silly, vain little flirt, to rob her now—after all? She had not been wont to allow herself to be enough stirred by others for hostility; but she felt at that instant that it would not be hard to hate Alice.

The next instant, however, it was Alice who was hating Elinor with all her small might; for Evesham had turned away and crossed the camp-ground to meet her, while his face brightened with a different sort of smile from the one it wore in looking at Alice.

"I'm so glad she hates him!" sighed Alice. She and her father and Jack were by this

time the only ones in camp who never guessed what Elinor thought of Mr. Evesham.

"You have just come in from one of your solitary strolls, Miss Hale," he was saying. "I believe you are on more confidential terms with Nature than any one else in camp."

Her face and voice had their most winning expression as she smiled back.

"Sometimes one strolls off alone to talk with Nature," she said; "but sometimes it is to talk with one's self, and have Nature, like a faithful friend, standing at the door of the soul, and warning the outside world away from the private consultation. It is only with myself I have been talking to-day."

"And yet you came back singing of something that I am sure Nature believes in, and that you told me you did not," he said. His voice was playful, but his eyes were earnest.

She returned their look with one as steady, and her clear eyes had never looked so soft and deep. There was an altogether new sweetness, too, in her tone, adding itself to all the old fascination.

"I have grown wiser," she said simply.

Evesham's face kindled.

"I cannot tell you how glad I am to know that!" he cried. Then he added, more softly, and with a depth of reverence under the light surface of his tone: "For I believe—I believe most profoundly—in several 'sentiments'; and one of them is love."

"And another is honor," said Elinor, with that same sense of something gallant and fine coming over her, and creeping into her voice, as she looked at his kindled face and recalled the conversation he referred to. "I have concluded, Mr. Evesham, that I admire that friend of yours who would not keep his legal inheritance."

"He would be proud to know you thought of him in any such way," said Evesham, gravely.

"You see that is another of the 'sentiments' that I have grown wiser about."

"The wisdom was all there before," he

said gently, "and has only come out into practical use; for it was in conversation with yourself, you know, that you learned it."

"I did not say so," she said quietly; then she went on: "Another of those 'sentiments' you believe in is charity, isn't it, Mr. Evesham? For instance: if any one treated you badly, and afterward (with all the penitence in the world, we will suppose, but without a word of explanation) showed himself ready to behave nicely again, you would be quite forgiving and generous, would you not? and would not impute any worse motives than you could well help?" The mixture of dignity and sweetness with which Elinor accomplished the rather difficult matter of this speech could not well have been bettered; and Evesham's answering smile of perfect comprehension was very warm.

"I should not call my sentiment in such a case as that 'charity,' Miss Hale," he said.

"Mr. Evesham," said Alice, "I think your horse is starting off by himself."

For all this time the horse had been standing by saddled.

"To be sure!" said Evesham, hastening after the truant. Then, leading him back to where Alice now stood beside Elinor, he said, "I am just going to ride into town, Miss Hale. Can I do anything for you there, Miss Alice?"

"Why, papa went an hour ago," said Alice, "and took all our letters. He will do all our errands, and bring whatever mail there is."

"I did not know that. I could have sent my letters by him; but now I must go myself, for there are one or two of them that can't wait."

A few moments later the camp seemed suddenly empty to both Alice and Elinor, though Ruth and Dick had come in from their fishing before Evesham left. Ruth had had a sight of Elinor's face while she stood talking with him: and even after he was gone there lingered a soft light there, like the dim gold in grasses reflected from the upper sky after the sun has disappeared below the horizon. Ruth watched for a few minutes, then came behind Elinor and

kissed her; and Elinor, who usually could not endure caresses, answered by laying her hand for a moment on the one that Ruth put on her shoulder. Ruth's good wishes, as between Alice and Elinor, were with Elinor; "for," she thought, "Alice will find some one else, but it's a life-and-death matter with Elinor."

Ruth was not the only one who watched, and Elinor knew it, too. She had seen Mrs. Delane's quiet, observant glance rest for a moment on Alice and Evesham, and she knew what the mother's wish would be. Certainly, there was as complicated a future for Elinor to think out now as on the eventful moonlight night in the Pescadero hills; and she could not, like Alice, throw herself down in a shady place and sink into vague, golden dreams. She retired to her hammock once more, and drew the broad hat down over her eyes, while Ruth's and Dick's voices came happily up from the creek where they were cleaning their fish.

Elinor knew more than Tom guessed of the vindictiveness Halley was capable of; she knew, too, that he would have no idea of calmly resigning her to another man; but that all the power of intrigue in him which she had expected to work with would now be for her to work against and overpower, before the course of her love could run smooth. She had not passed all these years, either, without coming to a pretty clear understanding of her aunt. She knew that Mrs. Delane did not love nor trust her; she knew that Alice's long flirtation with Tom had meant no lack of watchful care on the mother's part, but only a perfect knowledge that there was no danger in it; but that she looked on the Evesham episode with very different eyes. Then there was Alice's own pretty, kitten-like charm. Altogether, Elinor felt that in saying good by to her plans of daring ambition and future glory she had by no means said good by to the necessity for all the powers of brain and will she had expected to use therein. She was not greatly alarmed at the position; she even found a certain exhilaration in the possession of conscious power. If she had hoped, for mere

ambition's sake, to move the affairs of a nation by sheer force of ability and resolution, should that ability and resolution fail her now?—now, when she worked for love's sake? "For love's sake," she repeated over to herself, and the proud lips curved into a tender smile under the shadow of her broad hat. At this very moment Tom stood in a quiet street in Santa Cruz, reading, with a face full first of surprise and then of amusement, a letter which he had just opened with his slender lead-pencil and his sharp penknife—a letter addressed to Frank Evesham.

"MY DEAR EVESHAM—It becomes my duty, as William Traylor's lawyer, to inform you of his death; and that by his will you become heir to the whole property again—some \$500,000."

It was at this point that the amazement of Tom's face was mixed with a not over-pleased expression.

"Five hundred thousand dollars!" he muttered. "Blast that man! If he doesn't have all the luck! The girls will be crazier than ever over him. Now Elinor Hale must have got wind of that somehow."

He returned to the letter:

"I need hardly say that I congratulate you from my heart on this fortunate outcome of the whole matter. It was a piece of unexpected decency in Traylor to draw up his will in your favor; though, no doubt, he thought at the time, as we all did, that he was good for thirty years yet.

"You will probably think it better news that this change in your position has induced my father and mother to relent; their logic in this is obscure, since your 'folly and recklessness of Aggie's future' is in no wise altered by Fate's having stepped between you and the effects of it; however, you will probably not complain of that. Aggie has permission to write by this mail and recall you. I ought not to spoil her news by telling it; but her letter will reach you with mine, and I know very well which you will read first; so my conscience is clear in taking the opportunity to remark that you could not have left behind you a braver and truer little woman than this same little sister of mine. For all you either of you knew, you might have had to wait forever; but she never wavered a hair's breadth in her allegiance. Poor child! her conscience has been sorely troubled between you and mother; she holds that 'wrong and unjust objections of one's parents' ought not to bear bar to matrimony; and, as far as I am concerned, I might

have helped the child out in such views (if you and she wanted to be poor folks it was your own affair, to my mind); but with mother's heart disease forbidding excitement, on pain of death, you know yourself, Evesham, how she was fixed.

"Well, 'Providence takes care of fools and lazy people,' and it's all serene now; and, however displeased I was at the time, I shall be heartily glad to welcome you as a brother-in-law.

"I suppose you will come on at once, and we can arrange the business part of it at leisure. I will leave Aggie to do all the strong language on the subject, and remain,

"Very heartily yours,

"EDWARD CARLTON."

The displeasure had faded out of Tom's face, and a stronger and stronger amusement had taken its place.

"Blest if that isn't the best joke on those girls!" he ejaculated. "They're all falling in love with him. And just as he becomes more of a prize than ever! Well, by Jove, that's a better go than it would be to see Halley after him! Wouldn't Elinor give her eyes, though, to get back her letter? If she'd waited just twenty-four hours longer, now!"

He turned over the other letter, redirected to Evesham from San Francisco; it bore the same post-mark, but was in a clear, prepossessing, lady's hand.

"I'd like to see what 'Aggie' has to say. I can't take the time, though. I must stick the other together in my best style, and he won't suspect anything."

As he rode out of town, he met Evesham and handed him the letters, and then went on to camp, comfortable in a replenished stock of cigars. He was back in time to lie in the hammock and smoke for an hour before dinner; for Elinor was doing duty, in her turn, as cook, and had left the hammock to him. The return of the fishers, Mr. Delane and all, had informed Elinor who had mailed her letter, and it somewhat displeased her; but it did not enter her head to suspect that Tom had done more than study the address.

"But where is Mr. Evesham?" fretted Alice, as they sat down to their woodland fare.

"Met him going into town as I came out," said Tom.

"It doesn't seem like dinner without him," fretted Mr. Delane, with his masculine reproduction of Alice's manner.

"That's a fact!" cried Jack and Dick; and "No, it doesn't!" cried Ruth and Alice.

It had to seem unlike dinner, however, for Mr. Evesham did not come. After dinner, around the camp-fire, they still talked of him. Alice and her father fretted and wondered and speculated over his absence; Elinor and Mrs. Delane held their peace; the rest compared notes on his virtues. They had all but Tom fallen into line on the Evesham question long before this; and even Tom joined the general voice of laudation to-night, with a mischievous desire to lighten the value of the lost prize. He felt his ill-gotten knowledge burning within him, and hungered for the distinction of telling such news; but he did not dare to speak till time enough had passed for some pretext of an eastern correspondent, or the like. He guessed readily enough that Evesham had lingered in town to supplement his telegram to the lawyer brother by a long letter to the sister.

"What can keep him—it is almost bedtime!" came from Mr. Delane's direction.

"Have you driven him away again?" asked Jack, angrily, turning with a sudden idea to Elinor.

Alice looked at Elinor suspiciously. What might she not have been saying under cover of that pleasant smile, just before Evesham went away? Mr. Delane stared; he had never heard of the incident in question. The rest bit their lips or smiled. Tom could not resist conveying unutterable mysteries into his smile: but as no one was looking at him it made no difference. Elinor only smiled tranquilly in answer to Jack. She knew how many trifling incidents may detain one for hours, and how little chance there was of serious accident, and felt no anxiety.

Here the sound of hoofs, and the appearance of Evesham himself, put an end to conjecture. He took care of his horse, and then joined the circle; in answer to questions, he only said that he had found it necessary to write a letter after he arrived in

town. Mr. Delane's assertion that it was nearly bed-time had contained a great deal of exaggeration; and Evesham sat with them, talking of casual matters, for half an hour. Then, still in the same casual way, he told them this was his last day in California. An outcry of disappointment answered him.

"What has changed your mind? You were going to stay a year or so."

"You are tired of us!" chirped Alice, with tears in her eyes.

"I say, that's too bad!" cried Jack, starting to his feet. "Just as we had made up our minds not to let you go anyway," and then he looked vengefully at Elinor; but she looked so very ill, he thought, that he checked himself and let her alone.

Ruth was watching Elinor, too, and her heart was beginning to ache as she watched. But Elinor did not speak nor make any gesture; she only sat still and looked ill and old.

"How is it, Mr. Evesham?"

"Why, Mr. Delane, I have had news from the East that requires my immediate presence there. I have to thank you for a very pleasant trip, but I must say good by to it and to you now. If I should ever visit California again, I shall certainly try to meet you all: and you must not forget me when you come to my part of the world. Your Eastern friends will claim another visit from you soon, Miss Hale, and one from Miss Alice and Jack; so I may hope that this is not the last I shall see of you, at least."

He was, in his own mind, hoping that he might chance to have the pleasure of introducing Elinor to his wife some time, but he said nothing of that, and offered no further explanation; and in a few minutes the group separated rather silently for the night—the last night of Mr. Evesham's stay—without any further solution of his movements than their own guesses could supply.

But Tom knew the why of it all.

H. U. C.

THE END.

PEACE.

CEASELESS the sea-waves throbbing leap
 Against the dark rocks fierce and steep;
 Yet they have islands crowned with palm,
 And there are calm,
 There lie and sleep.

Though the hills plead for gift of rain
 To save their blossoms, oft in vain;
 Yet they have springs whence rivers start
 To find the heart
 Of seas again.

Though friendship, at a man's earth-death,
 Is poured in eulogizing breath:
 It may be when he opens eyes
 On angels wise
 No word he saith.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

SOPHY.

THE wheat crop of 1868 in the San Joaquin Valley had revealed possibilities of wild speculation, and Guy Russell joined the ranks of agriculturists in a moment of enthusiasm.

Intrusting the hiring of land, of teams, and of a man to assist, to a third party, he was shortly on his way, in a wagon laden with supplies and utensils, to the ranch he proposed to farm.

He found the road very heavy; the horses after floundering through many miles of mud came to a stand-still, firmly refusing to pull the vehicle through the few rods of sticky mire that separated them from a better track. Night was approaching. Guy, after much lashing and urging, was about to seek aid at the nearest house; when a young girl appeared, carrying a whippetree and driving a pair of large horses. She carefully picked her way over the mud, and bowing with composure, proceeded to attach her team to the end of his wagon tongue. The fresh animals, with a spirited pull, drew the tired team and its load out of the tough mud onto a comparatively dry road.

Guy dismounted and expressed his obligations to the lady, a comely, black-eyed lass of sixteen, while she unfastened her horses. "Quite welcome," she said, as serenely as if she had merely handed him a glass of water; "the road is good for the next two miles."

"Will you kindly inform me how far I am from the Gilmore ranch?" asked the gentleman.

"It's the next place on the right hand—you see the barn yonder," she replied; "good evening"; and she drove her stout bays back to their stable.

Guy looked in laughing admiration at her trim figure and elastic gait for a moment, then regaining his seat, drove on.

He was met at his own new residence by

Mr. Stephen Keys, nominally the assistant, but really the director of the establishment. "Howdy, howdy," said the gentleman. "You're Mr. Russell, I reckon; 'light, and make yerself to home. You can call me Steve, if you want a short and handy name. I'll take them critters, and water 'em as soon as they cool off a little."

Russell, eyeing his servitor curiously, found his scrutiny returned; but a tall, straight fellow of five and twenty, with abundant light brown, curly hair, and keen, gray eyes, did not resent observation. Neither did Steve: he was as complacent in the possession of his short, stout figure, bald head, and dull, blue eyes, as Guy could possibly be over his young comeliness; nay, the elder man even indulged a pardonable vanity in an artistic gutta-percha nose, which replaced a natural feature lost in the Confederate service.

The new-comer seated himself on a cracker-box in the shanty, and from the open door lazily watched Keys unloading the wagon. Guy was tired: the slow ride over rough roads was unusual exercise, and he dropped into a doze.

"Grub's ready—beans and bacon!" was the announcement that aroused him.

He sat down, hungrily devouring food out of a tin plate set on a bare table, laughing to think how his mother would recoil from such primitive appointments.

"Steve," he observed, passing his tin cup a third time for coffee, "I got stuck in the mud about a half-mile below here, and a girl brought a pair of horses and helped me out—a nice, little, black-eyed thing, with a pretty foot, and long, auburn hair. Do you know her?"

"Do I know her—do I know Sophy Rogers?—do I know my own mother?" sarcastically returned Mr. Keys. "Why, I knowed her in Arkansaw, when she was a

baby; she's called the belle of this part of the valley."

"She's a good driver, that's certain," admitted Russell.

"*Good driver!* She's the best driver within twenty mile; she'll gear up six horses to a wagon quicker 'n any man I know; and she'll get over more ground with a plow between sun-up and dark than I can. She's jest lightnin' on the road; and she'll ride any mustang that ever stood on four feet." cried Mr. Keys, in a gush of admiration.

"What does she do such things for?" asked Guy, with manifest distaste.

"What does she do hit for?" indignantly replied Steve, who had a trick of repeating the question propounded to him. "I'll tell you why: hit's to put bread and meat in her folks's mouths. The old man died, and they was broke—no clothes, no team, no seed, no nuthin'; the oldest boy's a cripple; and Sophy jest pitched in, and plowed and teamed and run a header, to keep 'em from starvin'; the old woman and the oldest girl tuk in washin'; and now they've got hosses enough to plow with, and provisions for winter, and feed and seed, and don't owe nobody nuthin'. Sophy's the best girl atop o' ground."

"Very praiseworthy of her, I am sure; but I should fear it might cause remark," responded Guy, echoing the cold circum-spection of his mother.

"*Cause remark!* Of course hit caused remark. Lots of them low-flung town chaps call her the 'six-hoss-team girl'; I knocked one of 'em down fur it, too, last week. But 'sposin' she *hadn't* done so, and they'd bummed on other folks, and owed *hit* the stores in the country, wouldn't *hit* have caused remark? Hit looks that away to me. She's jest a squar', honest girl, that pays her way and wishes everybody well. Thar's folks that says she's too free-spoken to strangers; and 'd say that she'd orter 'a' left you stickin' in the mud all night; but I know her—she's just as innercent and good-hearted as a baby. If she sees a critter in trouble, she don't stop to ax whether hit's a neighbor or a stranger, a woman or a man:

she thinks hit's a feller-bein', and pitches in. There ain't nuthin' wrong about hit, nuther, only in the minds of them that finds harm whar thar ain't no harm meant," was the wrathful answer of Sophy's champion.

"*Honi soit que mal y pense!*" said Guy, under his breath, at Steve's unconscious plagiarism of England's motto. "You are right, Keys—she's a good, frank, handsome girl, and deserves every man's respect."

"She's got the respect of all of 'em that's wuth a cuss," retorted Steve; "and when she's married to Si Kinney, they'll all be mighty car'ful how they speak of her."

"Going to be married soon?" asked Russell.

"Wal, I don't know; he's trying mighty hard to git her. He's a awkward, overgrown lummo; but thar's a heap of sand in him. His quarter-section jines the widder's, and *she's* all right; but Sophy's kind o' hung off. They say she's been a little sweeter on him lately. She's a fortune to any man that gits her; she can sing equal to a medder-lark, she can work indoor or out, she can play the accordion mighty well, she can dance like a poppet, she's got consid'able schoolin', her ha'r is full a yard long, and she's got the best disposition that ever was put into a woman," rapturously continued Steve. "I'd 'a' tried to git her myself if hit wa'n't fur this," indicating his gutta-percha nose; "but girls generally think a heap of looks, and I never sot up to her, on that account."

Guy smiled, pushed back from the table, and opening his diary, transcribed the salient features of his day's experience, and of Steve's description of a belle of the San Joaquin Valley, for Emily Dunlap's benefit. Emily was his uncle's step-daughter, whom the family expected him to marry, though there was no actual engagement. When he entered with zest into the idea of a winter spent in ranching, he anticipated the pleasure of reproducing for her the novel phases of life and character that passed before him.

They both had a passion for the study of human nature, especially in its odd developments; and here, with Steve for a daily companion, and this strong-minded young woman

for a neighbor, he promised himself and Emily infinite diversion. Hitherto his life had been restrained in very decorous bonds. A young man who supports a mother and sister in fashionable style on a book-keeper's salary has very little time for recreation. He had always conducted himself in accordance with the regulations of a very formal mother, had been catechised and confirmed in the Episcopal Church, and had worn immaculate linen since his babyhood.

Now, in his woolen shirt, looking out of his shanty door on the broad fields before him, his freedom from conventionality gave his present life the flavor of a truant's stolen holiday. "I shall mingle in their free-and-easy society generally, and participate in their rustic merry-makings, becoming one of them as much as in me lies, for the nonce, so as to learn what manner of men and women these are, so far from our social standpoint in their customs and prejudices," he wrote to Miss Dunlap.

Early next morning he took his first lesson in harnessing his team; but not being competent to manage a gang-plow, he stood at the corner, ostensibly to watch Steve driving down the long furrow a mile in length.

Across the road was Sophy's plow land, and there she drove her six-in-hand, mounted on a sulky plow.

As she drew farther from him, he heard snatches of song.

"Not very hard work, even for a girl," he thought, looking after the spirited horses walking steadily down the field. Flocks of merry little blackbirds followed after, shrilly gossiping together, as the fresh furrow was turned over; a rollicking dog, black and shaggy, ran gayly along by the plow, barking with pleasure, and making dashes at presumptuous squirrels that showed their heads, peeping up occasionally in distant parts of the field. Sophy's glad laugh rang out at the awkward lunges of the dog over the soft ground; but soon she was out of his hearing.

Russell loitered till she came back again near the road, took off his hat, and bowed to her. She acknowledged the civility with a frank smile, and turned again down the fur-

row. When she completed the next round, something was evidently amiss: she hurriedly took one of the animals from the plow, tied the others to the fence, manipulated with a wrench, and with something in her hand swung herself to the detached horse's back, setting off at a sharp gallop.

"Going to the blacksmith's shop," explained Steve, as he neared his employer; "but you'd better not stop to stare after her that away. I'm powerful hungry; s'pose you light a fire fur dinner."

Several days passed before Guy was equal to the task of plowing, and he beguiled the tedium of his probation by watching his pretty neighbor at her daily task. Having requested Keys to invite the young gentlemen of the vicinity to call, their shanty had been enlivened by guests every evening, and Russell had speedily ingratiated himself in the esteem of the community, as being "a feller that hadn't got no stuck-up notions into him."

Being promoted to the office of plowman, under the supervision of Steve, Russell found himself unable to observe the movements of Sophy and her team; he was half ashamed to ask Keys to give him a hint as to the proper method of cultivating a young lady's acquaintance in the San Joaquin Valley.

After three days of work under the eye of his instructor, Guy was left to his own resources for a day, Steve setting off one evening, to return the next.

Elate at the assumption of responsibility, the novice rose early in the morning, harnessed the horses, attached them to the plow, and endeavored to guide them down the furrow. Something evidently failed to meet the views of the team; they refused to proceed, and tangled themselves up in a mystifying way. Guy was not as much annoyed as he should have been. Here was the pretext he had sought. Waiting till Sophy came near the road, he went to her.

"Miss Rogers," he said, "you were kind enough to help me the other day, so I take the liberty of asking your assistance now, in my inexperience: something is wrong about my team."

Sophy laughed good-humoredly, slipped

to the ground, and accompanied the amateur plowman. She gave a comprehensive glance at the disgusted quadrupeds. "You've got the off-horse on the nigh side," she said, "and the harness is twisted anyway; you've put the bridles on wrong, besides": she smiled with the quiet confidence of a professional, as she rectified the errors of the equipment. "There," she gave the jerk-line to him with the air of being his elder in experience. "If you have any more trouble, just call me; it takes a while to learn these things—no, don't thank me, I like to help any body that I can."

This little incident Guy duly narrated to Emily. "Don't think of Tennyson's 'strong daughters of the plow,' when I speak of my pretty Sophy. She is handsome and graceful; and if she wears stout buckskin gloves at her plow, she has really very pretty dimpled hands under those gauntlets. If she had a little cultivation, she would be a royal beauty; but alas! she is freckled, she eats with her knife, and is beloved by a tall, red-haired Missourian," he wrote, after detailing the episode of the morning.

Mr. Keys returned at nightfall with an air of importance.

"How are you on the *surprise!*" he asked, as the two sat down to supper.

"I don't understand you, Steve."

"Wal, the boys thought as you seemed sociable-like, and willin' to go round amongst 'em, that they'd like to give you a little dance here on the surprise to-morrow night, if you was agreeable."

"I should like it, of all things," said Russell.

"They said we needn't put ourselves out, they'd bring the grub. I'll make some coffee, and put the bunks outside," said Keys, rubbing some tobacco in his hands as he rose from the table.

Next morning Guy hastened over to Sophy just as she was coming out to work, and asked her to be his partner for the evening. She readily assented, though she knew that Si Kinney expected to escort her. Do not blame her; the one new young man of the neighborhood was an object of interest

to every girl of the locality: and Si had not asked Sophy in explicit terms.

If she had been pretty before, in her waterproof dress, she was very, very pretty in her white swiss, her long hair falling almost to her knees, and her eyes sparkling with delight. There were other fresh and comely faces at the dance; but hers was the most winsome of all. Guy, dancing on the rough floor to the indifferent music of a single violin, was never tired of seeing Sophy's unconcealed enjoyment. I fear that even Si Kinney's woe-begone face and sulky refusal to join in the amusement added zest to Russell's gayety.

At three o'clock in the morning it was a pleasure to wrap Sophy's shawl around her, and pin it close at the throat, before giving her an arm for the brisk walk home; while the slighted suitor glared angrily at both offenders.

Next evening Russell wrote Miss Dunlap a vivacious account of the festivity given in his honor.

"I was a savage in some former existence, Emily, I am sure, or I should not be so preposterously content in wearing a woolen shirt, and abjuring coats and collars. I exult in this free, happy-go-lucky society. Last Sunday I went to hear a popular Campbellite preacher, and found him vastly more racy than our good rector. Mother would think me utterly lost to principle if she could see my goings-on.

"But, Emily, if you had been here last night to dance money-musk and Virginia reel on this unplanned floor, and see the glad *abandon* of my guests, you would have enjoyed it as heartily as I did.

"As to Sophy, she is a type of human nature that you would find strangely interesting. She is quite a study to me—so good, so frank, so generous, and yet so lacking in much that you and I think essential to a young girl. I shall try to cultivate her tastes a little."

With the amiable intention expressed to his fair correspondent, Guy now sought the acquaintance of Mrs. Rogers, and was a frequent visitor at her cottage. Sophy was bright and teachable: feeling keenly her lack of culture, she readily accepted hints upon etiquette, and thanked him for choosing books for her instruction. Of evenings he often ran in to see if he could

help her in her studies. Naturally, as *he* grew intimate in the family, Si Kinney, feeling himself aggrieved, withdrew. Rainy days generally found Russell at her side, reading or talking—solely, of course, with a view to her mental improvement. For the same reason, doubtless, he fell into the habit of riding to church, and singing, in the same book with her, the stirring tunes that the worthy disciple minister affected.

Occasionally, in a missionary way to be sure, as they rode homeward, he quoted poetry of an edifying nature, to which Sophy eagerly listened, fixing her bright eyes on him like the ingenuous child she was. She liked harmonious sounds; but her imagination was not vivid, as he sometimes found.

They were ambling quietly along, one Sabbath in March; the grass was springing tenderly beneath them; the Diablo mountains were seen, wrapped in a faint, purple haze, the green foot-hills swelling softly below them; on the other hand, the snowy tops of the Sierra Nevada were faintly outlined in the distance. Guy, surrendering himself to the admiring emotion natural to the scene, glanced at Sophy, whose sweet face wore a look of pensive tenderness.

"You feel it, too," he said—"the unspeakable beauty of this view," and he waved his hand toward Diablo.

"O no," she answered simply. "I was only thinking how short the feed is for stock. How poor those calves look"—and she indicated some grazing ruminants near at hand.

Russell spurred his horse viciously, vexed with himself and with Sophy.

Ten minutes later they encountered Si Kinney riding a bony sorrel. "Howdy, folks," he gruffly returned to their civil greeting. "Russell, you hain't seen a pided black and white heifer, with a swaller fork in the right ear and a under bit in the left, have ye? She's branded S. K. on the right hip."

"No, I certainly haven't," replied Guy.

"Why, Si!" cried Sophy, interested and sympathetic; "that's old Roany's calf, ain't

it? I hope you haven't lost her—she's a regular pet."

"I've lost things I keerd a heap more for nor her," said Kinney, in an undertone not audible to Guy, who was farther away than Sophy. She heard, and blushed at the allusion.

"Do you care anything for that awkward fellow, Sophy?" queried her cavalier, as they rode away from her slighted lover.

"No," she penitently admitted. "I don't, really; mother likes him, and he's been very kind; he lets us have old Roany to milk, on account of the children, and cuts most of our wood. I oughtn't to mistreat him, but I don't want to marry him: so I think it's best not to make much of him."

"He's not half good enough for you; don't throw yourself away on him," urged this disinterested mentor.

Months passed on, Guy still pursuing his benevolent labors, and duly recording his experiences for Emily's behoof.

Sophy worked faithfully as ever in the field; but a slight reserve chastened her gay frankness; a new timidity had settled on her face, and gave a gentle refinement to her expression. Russell was so proud of his pupil that he asked her to accompany him to a ball, given at the nearest town in honor of the national anniversary.

He was so determined that she should do credit to his good taste that he begged the privilege of selecting the dress for the occasion—he was not allowed to pay for it—and gave directions as to the best mode of arranging her wealth of hair.

There was no lovelier girl present at the assembly; and Russell felt a patronizing tenderness toward the pretty creature that his tutelage had so developed and embellished.

They left the ball-room before dawn. Russell's head was whirling from a glass or two of wine. He remembered afterwards that he put his arm around Sophy's waist and kissed her, and muttered some maudlin sentiment; at the recollection of which he subsequently cursed his own folly. Mrs. Rogers was already up when they reached

the door, and met them with a severe countenance.

Sophy blushed painfully, and Guy hurried home to sleep off his exhilaration.

Next day he betook himself to Mrs. Rogers's small house, in some perturbation of mind. The matron, a skinny, sallow woman, with thin, gray hair, received him with serious dignity.

"Where is Sophy?" he asked, after waiting some minutes for her appearance.

"She's gone to Stockton, to see her aunt. Look hyar, Mr. Russell, I want a little plain talk with ye. Ye've been a-comin' and a-goin' with my girl fur six months. I had orter ha' stopped it at fust; but you seemed a honest kind of a feller, and I s'posed *you* was jest a passin' off time; and Sophy said she was gettin' a heap of book-learnin' from ye; but thar can't be no more of this hyar. My girl has throwed off on a likely man that'd been a good husband to her; now I don't reckon *you* want to marry Sophy, and ye've fooled around long enough. If ye did think of makin' a wife of her, I'd be opposed to her thinkin' of it. You're one sort of folks and we're another; your mother'd look down on Sophy; and my good, honest girl needn't marry into a family that despises her. Even if things was agreeable that away, Sophy's always been as free as air, and if she was shet up into the city she'd droop like a wild bird into a cage. You and her's both young, and bein' so much together, you may think you set a heap of store by each other; but hit ain't the kind of love that wars for a life-time." The lean, yellow face turned toward the open door, and looked with unspeakable yearning at the unpainted paling where was buried the unlettered sharer of her industrious life.

She sighed, and continued: "So I talked to Sophy as reasonable as I knowed how: says I, 'Sophy, Mr. Russell don't want to marry you, and of course hit don't stand to natur' that quality like him should think of marryin' sich as us; and I've heerd his mother's powerful high-minded; so, even if he did ax ye, ye're too proud to go into a family that feels above ye—it was always my motter.

If I can't be corn, I won't be shucks'; and she seed I had the right on it, and went off quite peaceable, to stay two months. By that time, I reckon you'll be a-gettin' away; I don't allow ye've made enough ranchin' to try it on again. I b'lieve you're too much of a gentleman to go a-writin' to her, or go up to see her, when I ax you not to. Sophy's the best child a body ever had; and I can't see her heart broke fur any foolishness. Lucy, my oldest girl, is a-goin' to be married soon; and her man'll run the ranch, and Sophy kin go to school."

Russell had thrilled from head to foot more than once while he listened to the pointed address of his hostess.

"You are right," he huskily returned, after a pause, during which her keen, dark eyes searched his face and read his thoughts. "I may have done wrong; but I never meant it. I esteem Sophy too highly to cause her pain. I am sure she cares very little for me: she is so young that I never thought my attentions liable to misconstruction. I shall certainly respect your wishes. Good morning," and he moodily sauntered home.

"What ails ye, Russell?" asked Steve, a fortnight later; "ye go about with yer lip hung; has Sophy throwed off on ye? Ye hain't cracked a smile sence she left."

"The way my crop has turned out is enough to make a man hang himself," savagely retorted Guy. "I've got to go back to the tread-mill in the city, keeping books to support my mother and sister. I wish San Francisco was sunk a hundred fathoms deep in the bay."

The last two weeks had abounded in stinging self-reproaches for Mr. Russell. The candid statements of Mrs. Rogers had shown him that the study of human nature is a sort of vivisection, not quite painless in its results either to the operator or the victim.

He alternately blamed and extenuated himself for his unfortunate experiments.

While nothing, he assured himself, was farther from his thought than any idea of marriage in reference to Sophy, he was much piqued by the matron's premature and

gratuitous rejection of an offer which had not been made. Of course he was in honor bound to, and fully intended to, unite himself to Emily Dunlap—a refined young gentlewoman whose deportment was a marvel of propriety; but there was nothing so very preposterous in the possibility that a young man, even of his position, should be attracted to a bright, pretty, innocent girl, who only lacked a little education and social culture to be the peer of any woman in California. His sister Lillian was a lady of undoubted circumspection and fastidious breeding; but Sophy's natural delicacy was quite as great. Lillian would speak composedly of lapses from good domestic order, the mention of which would crimson Sophy's ingenuous cheek with shame.

If it were not for the dependence of his mother and sister upon his exertions, and the tacit understanding that bound him to Miss Dunlap, he could not have escaped falling desperately in love with Sophy, and asking her to share his future; but he assured himself that there was an impassable barrier between him and Sophy, and consequently thought more longingly of the forbidden subject.

The two months crawled slowly by, and another one followed before Guy could detach himself from the ranch; and Sophy still remained at Stockton.

"Sophy's got religion; she's coming home next week. The Campbellites are jest a haulin' 'em in; they're a-goin' to baptize lots and slathers of 'em; and thar's a powerful peert young preacher jest a-shinin' round her," pleasantly remarked Mr. Keys to Guy, when his employer had expressed the idea that his stay on the ranch must be limited to a day or two, and could not reasonably be longer protracted; he set Friday for the day of his departure, and the neighbors supposed that he had gone.

Sophy returned on Saturday, to be received into the church with the other candidates.

Russell ingeniously dawdled in his preparations, and Saturday night found him still at the shanty. "You must take me to the steamboat landing early in the morning,

Steve," he said; "and then I'll have to come back Friday to see Gilmore, before I'm through with this precious ranching speculation. I'm five hundred dollars out of pocket by it."

"I had allowed to see 'em bap'tized to-day; but if you're obleeged to go, I s'pose it'll interrupt you. You hain't seemed in no particular sweat to git away; s'posin' we go by the bap'tizin' ground this mornin', and you ketch the evenin' boat," suggested Keys.

"If it'll do you any good, I can do as you say," returned Guy, glad of the excuse to linger.

The morning dawned on a day unusually cold and windy for October, and Russell donned his overcoat with a bitter exclamation at the folly of those who desired to be immersed at such an inclement season.

When Keys drove to the spot where the rite was to be performed, the crowd had gathered on the banks of the stream. The candidates, a dozen or more, were clustered on the pebbly margin of the creek, surrounded by members of the church and near relatives, who sought to calm and cheer the sobbing women. Most of the spectators stood on the opposite high-shelving bank above the little pool selected for the place of immersion.

Guy chose to remain near the smaller assembly of interested friends who were too much engaged in observing and comforting the group awaiting baptism to notice him. Having already bidden his neighbors a formal adieu, he did not care to explain his presence here to the jovial band of choice spirits with whom he had been intimate.

The minister now arrived, youthful and slender, with a thoughtful, earnest face, and an air of refinement that annoyed Russell, who hoped to see an ignorant, boorish enthusiast, whom he could heartily despise.

A hymn was sung, a prayer made, and the clergyman walked into the chilly water to begin the ceremony. Sophy had been hidden by the figures that surrounded her; but as one after another was called from the circle, Guy caught sight of her in her white dress, with her figure half concealed in her

wealth of unbound auburn tresses. Her face was turned from him. Unnoticed by the attendants, he drew a little nearer. Looking with eager gaze at the one object of interest for him, he hardly saw the others as they received the chrism, and were hurried away to doff their wet garments.

Last and fairest of all, Sophy was guided to the pool, and her hand was taken by the minister. The other women had sobbed hysterically; she was pale, but calm. She had grown thin since Guy had seen her, and her eyes were lit with the lambent glow of sincere devotion. She seemed a nun renouncing the paltry joys of the world.

Russell's breath came and went in hurried gasps. He heard the words that precede the immersion; saw the fair head, "buried with Christ in baptism"; saw her uplifted, "her garments clinging like cerements."

The coldness of the water had benumbed her: she trembled and reeled, the supporting arms of the pastor upheld her; faint and chilled, she leaned against him for a moment, at which Guy inly raged. She was gently released, and came tottering toward the outstretched arms of her mother and Si Kinney.

Russell stripped off his overcoat, and pressed hastily through the knot of by-standers to the water's edge. As Sophy with uncertain step neared her friends, he dashed into the stream, wrapped his coat around her, and swiftly carried her, spite of the excitement and the remonstrances of her mother, to the house, where her dripping garments were to be removed.

"God bless you, Sophy!" he said, as he put her down at the threshold. She burst into sobs.

"Good by, Mr. Russell; I musn't talk to you: I promised not to. God bless *you*."

He took her cold hand in his, with a hurried pressure that was not returned; then hastened from the reproachful mother and indignant friends to his vehicle, summoning Steve from his vantage-ground among the disinterested spectators.

"Wal, you've played smart," said the dis-

team. "I reckon you had obleeged to raise that furs, or you couldn't be comfortable. What do you mean, Russell? Do you want to marry that girl? If you do, why don't you come out flat-footed and say so? Blast a dog in the manger, I say!"

"I don't want to marry her, Steve: that is, I've promised her mother to keep away from her: and I ought to marry another woman; but I'm much too fond of Sophy for her own good, or mine. I've a mother and sister to support, too, and am bound hand and foot."

"What did you go fooling around her fur, then? You've purty near broke her heart: any feller can see that. Look hyar, Russell, if you've played fast and loose with Sophy, you've got a score to settle with me"; and Steve eyed his employer with surly defiance.

"Heaven knows I never meant it, Keys: I hoped to benefit her, and encourage her to seek a better education. I never dreamed of breaking her heart, nor mine."

"You've *benefited* her a heap," was the angry retort. "She won't have no use for Si Kinney arter gittin' stuck arter your high-toned ways. May be she mout take up with that thar preacher; he's been to college, and slings on a power of style. But if I was in your boots, and could git Sophy, thar ain't nothin' on earth'd hender me. Did you see how like a picter she looked to-day?"

"Stop talkin' about her, Steve, if you don't want me to jump into the bay to-night. I hope she'll be happy with a better man than I am."

Keys looked at the white lips and knitted brow of the speaker. The wrathful look of the champion softened a little. With a long, low whistle, he subsided into silence, unbroken till the landing was reached. "Meet me here Friday night," said Russell, as he hurried to the waiting steamer.

He reached his mother's house late at night, and expressing great fatigue, only exchanged brief greetings before retiring.

The next day he gave up to business until four o'clock, when he crossed the bay to call on Emily Dunlap. He found her, as usual, in the parlor and at the piano.

She rose with a smile of pleased surprise,

gave him a hearty welcome, and reseated herself on the music stool.

"Then you have given up farming in the San Joaquin Valley, Cousin Guy?"

"Yes, I made a failure of it, Emily. I am going to settle down to my work in the city. I have had my fling. Can you guess what brought me here?"

"The four-o'clock boat and the local train," she said carelessly.

"Yes; but they were not the primal cause, my dear: I came to ask you to marry me."

Emily turned slightly away from him, and played a few chords on the piano before she answered him. He looked at her seriously and questioningly. This tall, colorless girl, with fair, Saxon hair and large, gray eyes, whose trailing dress of lusterless black silk lay in artistic folds on the rich carpet, was much better suited to him than the impulsive child he had yesterday held for a moment in his arms. Why in the name of idiocy did he find Sophy so much more alluring!

Emily glanced suddenly round at him; he crimsoned, as if his thought had been audible.

"No, Guy, I won't marry you," she returned; "you don't love me, and I don't love you. I wanted you to ask me, so that I could say *no* distinctly, that you might have no compunctions of conscience. I abhor these family schemes; and have been only waiting to tell you that my frank good-will for you did not mean that I was ready to throw myself at your feet. You have been confessing to me for the last four months that you were in love with your San Joaquin belle. Go and ask her to marry you, like the honorable man you are—and heaven bless you both." She stopped and kissed his forehead, like an older sister.

He took her hand. "Emily, you make me ashamed of myself. As to poor Sophy, I have really done her harm, where I only meant good. I am fond of her: but as to marrying her, that's out of the question. *Her* mother objects: and think of what *mine* would say, and Lillian: but I thank you for your good wishes," and he took his leave.

He duly returned to the ranch on Friday, paid his rent to Mr. Gilmore, and essayed to depart; but he lingered till Monday, finally presenting himself to Mrs. Rogers with so haggard a face that she was alarmed.

"Mrs. Rogers," he besought, "I have kept my promise to you; I am going away, and I ask permission to say good by to Sophy before I leave the valley."

"I don't see that hit'd be no great satisfaction," hesitated the matron, relenting at the misery in his look; "but she's down yender by the cotton-wood tree, a-fixin' the single-plow."

He walked rapidly toward the spot where Sophy knelt, removing a share from the plow with the aid of a monkey-wrench. She was singing softly to herself—

"They speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed—
But what must it be to be there!"

She turned at the sound of his approach, and her pale cheek burned with a painful glow; but she rose and gave him her hand with grave self-control.

"I've come, by your mother's permission, to say good by, and also to beg your forgiveness, Sophy," was his greeting.

She withdrew her hand from his feverish grasp, sat down on the inverted plow, and hammered idly with the monkey-wrench.

"I have nothing to forgive, sir: you were very kind to me: you meant to help me, and you have done so. I wouldn't go back and be as ignorant as I was before you came, even if I could be as happy as I was then." A tear stole down her cheek, but she brushed it away, and smiled as bravely as she could.

"If I have made you unhappy, Sophy, I suffer terribly myself." He looked down at the sweet little face that strove to mask its grief with heroic cheerfulness, and all his self-control deserted him.

He caught her in his arms. "I can't go, Sophy! I can't leave you! I can't live without you! You must go with me!"

She struggled to free herself. "No, Mr. Russell, it wouldn't be right: your friends

wouldn't be willing; you would tire of me; I am not educated; you would be ashamed of me."

"I can't give you up!" he reiterated passionately. "I can't live without you! I ask you to marry me, and am willing to take you just as you are. I offer you no brilliant lot, Sophy—nothing very alluring. My mother has been mistress of my house so long that I can't set her aside, even for my wife; and till I am able to afford a home of my own, you will have to take a secondary place. I am comparatively poor: my love is all that I can promise."

She pleaded earnestly. "Mr. Russell, I am so weak—such a poor, ignorant girl; you are so strong, you know so much more—don't try to urge me from what I know I ought to do. I oughtn't to marry you; I give you back your offer as if it had never been made. Don't tempt me any further. I am not brave enough to refuse you again; and indeed, indeed, it isn't best for either of us that we should marry. Let us part now; it is just as if you had never asked me; you have been my good friend, my kind teacher—that is all. A year hence you will be very glad that this was my choice." She sought to put aside his arms, but they clasped her close.

"No, Sophy; you own you love me, and I will not be denied. Come, I am going to ask your mother's consent."

Again she tried to escape from his embrace, but yielding, said, "If you are ever sorry for this, remember I tried to keep you from it."

He laughed as he covered the earnest face with kisses; then taking her arm, he hastened to the presence of her mother.

"Mrs. Rogers," he said, with defiant pride, "I desire your consent to my mar-

riage with Sophy. I find I cannot part with her."

The worn frontier woman contemplated the lovers with a look of reproach. "You know I don't take no stock in this hyar," she answered in a tremulous voice; "but you 'uns is too hard-headed for me. I don't b'leeve hit's a good thing; but I can't stand it to see Sophy a-pinin' away; and I've got some feelin' for you, too, Mr. Russell, if ye hev acted like a fool; and if nothin' else won't do ye, I shan't contrairey you no longer, if you'll agree to wait till Sophy gits a year or two more of schoolin', so's not to appear too outlandish to yer fine kin folks."

"Honestly, Cousin Guy, don't you regret that you took my advice, and defied the grewsome auguries of Sophy's mother and yours?" gayly asked Emily, six years later, at the wooden wedding on the Gilmore ranch.

"A very impertinent question, madam," was the laughing response; "but as your husband and my wife are evidently exchanging confidences at this very moment, I will be similarly indiscreet. If you had not come to the rescue with your match-making talent, marrying Lillian to that Nevada man, and thus provided a home for mother, I really believe we should have been as wretched as was prophesied. Then, too, we flew in the face of gloomy prediction when I left my desk and bought this farm 'on time.' We *have* worked hard, and economized more than one could desire; but, with Steve and Sophy to help, I've pulled through; and my present to her to-night was the canceled mortgage. No, my dear cousin, I don't regret; and I think honest love, with youth and health on its side, may defy the dreary portents of the whole world."

MARY T. MORRIS.

A LOGICAL SEQUENCE.

CHAPTER X.

YES, they had found Mr. Butterfield. Bursting from the house and rushing away like a madman; stumbling and staggering when he first reached the air, as if he had been drinking; carrying his hands before him in the darkness, like a blind man; and every now and then glancing backward over his shoulder, as if fearful that he was followed by something seeking to arrest him in his flight—he had fled from his house and taken his way toward the city.

He reached the water front; passed through the maze of lumber-yards and foundries along the docks and wharves; turned back aimlessly from the bay, and at length went by the City Hall; stopped for a moment in the Plaza and drank from one of the iron hydrants; toiled heavily up Clay Street hill, scarcely sensible of the effort; [and reaching the top, stood for a long time with his hat off, to catch the fresh breeze on his burning head; and letting his eyes follow, with confused and stupid dullness, off to the west, the intermittent flashing of the Farallon revolving light.

Then he was off again, and back—treading much the same path he had just come over—toward the business portion of the city; tramping here and there without thought or definite purpose; halting now and then through sheer exhaustion; and then wandering on and away with restless energy, till at last he found himself again among the wharves, near one of which he crouched behind a pile of lumber, and strove to sleep.

The air was very cold, but the sky was clear and the stars shone brilliantly. There was one great, living star that seemed to watch him: not blinking and twinkling with the rest, but peering solemnly down like an accusing human eye, and never varying. He looked up again and again at this, and felt a

fear and horror of it grow upon him that stirred him to the heart. More than once he turned away his head and closed his eyes, resolved to look at it no more. But a morbid desire to see if it were still there continually oppressed him, and drove him in the end to turn again and find it there behind him. Then his fancy found another, and another, until, as the thought crowded on him, the whole heavens seemed paved with spying human eyes. Inquisitive and living lights glared on him from every inch of space. From the horizon of the distant hills away to the highest vault of heaven, all these accusing eyes seemed centered on the man. Around him and about him, before, behind, above him, and below, he seemed to be shut in by those gleaming, living lights.

He lay there in the solitude and darkness, with his hands gripping the rough edges of the boards, his head half lifted, and ear bent forward to catch the slightest indication of suspicion or pursuit. At times his eyes found grotesque and fearful semblances in the shadows of familiar things; and with the cracking of the lumber, the ripple of the tide, the mournful breathing of the wind, he felt a quaking and a horror rise within him that thrilled him to the heart.

And, worse than all, he could not cast aside the recollection of what he had left behind. Out in the darkness, outlined against the gloom, stood forth in constant and horrible distinctness that somber scene in the bed-chamber as it had last met his eyes. The familiar room, the bed, the strange and flickering shadows, the body, the ghastly halo that crept out on the pillow and grew larger as he looked, the hands stretched out to him as if for mercy, and the arm that moved and seemed to beckon as it stiffened—all came out, not suddenly and together, but slowly and stealthily, following one on the other, and crowding themselves on his vision, with

a measured, solemn motion, like a shadowy funeral train.

Once there was a light sound, as of a footstep near him, and he sat up. He did not speak, but kept quite still and listened. He must have been very frightened, for he could not move a limb. In his horror of this physical reality he forgot the specter that had just been haunting him. He forgot it, but it was there. Its shadow still was on him and enveloped him, and it was this forgotten shadow that forced him to feel—for perfect silence had followed the first sound—to feel rather than to hear the near presence of something that was human.

For long moments he did not move a muscle; but he heard no further sound. He did not lie down again, but remained motionless, listening. At length his quick ear caught the sound again—faintly, to be sure, but certainly—and his blood turned cold. He could hear distinctly now the faint noise of feet moving cautiously to and fro: and he knew by the increase in loudness of the sound that they were slowly, almost stealthily, coming nearer to him. He listened, and his hair stood up.

For a half-hour he sat there and felt his horror grow. At length it overcame him, and there escaped from his lips the low, stifled groan that mortal terror wrings from the bottom of the human soul. With desperate resolution he sprang to his feet, resolved to meet the intruder boldly, whether friend or enemy. Advancing from the shadow, the footsteps retreated before him; and after a few paces the light streaming from a saloon across the way showed him the object of his fears to be a half-grown dog. The reaction was so great that he fairly staggered; and moving dizzily back to his old place behind the lumber, he sank down exhausted. But the shadow was before him, and the beckoning hand. He could not remain there to pass the night after what he had already suffered; and rising feebly to his feet, he went across the road to the saloon.

There were three men playing cards at a table in the rear, and several others—one of whom was a woman—leaned against the bar,

drinking. They made place for him among them, and with tipsy good nature invited him to join them. But he preferred to drink alone, and stood by himself at the end of the bar, while he swallowed the liquor he had called for.

The men were talking of labor, and the trouble with the Chinese; and then the conversation turned on some man who, driven to desperation through want of work, had stopped his misery with a bullet, and left his family to starve alone. Those who had work and money spoke of him as being mad and foolish; and those who were "broke" shook their heads, and did not blame him; and the most haggard of them said that there was more than one good man who would have done the same ere this, if he had only had the courage—if he had only had the courage.

Then the woman sang some sort of a song, and the men around her laughed, and applauded with their glasses. It was a merry sort of tune, and the woman acted it out with grotesque gestures and odd turns of the body. The party were very much amused, and Mr. Butterfield laughed with the rest. Then one of the men insisted on going home, and the others, remonstrating, followed him out, and Mr. Butterfield remained alone. When they were gone, his merriment left him, and he fell to wondering how it was that he had laughed at all. But then it came to him that he had seen a murderer once in prison just before his execution, and that he had laughed and seemed in perfect spirits. And he remembered, too, how strange he had thought it at the time. Sinking into a chair, he sat stupidly quiet, until, as the morning dawned, the bar-keeper, opening the doors to the sunlight, sprinkled the floor, and in brightening and cleaning the place for the day, swept him and the litter of the last night's debauch out together.

The light, the warm sunlight that brings back not warmth alone, but brightness and strength and fresh-awakened vigor to all men alike, stirred up a grateful sense of hope and comfort, even in his heart. A cup of coffee at a neighboring lunch-counter rendered him

still more clear-headed and buoyant, and he began to think. Immediately he decided on going from the city. Where, it mattered not; but outside there would be less danger of pursuit. There was new zest in the excitement of moving, and it was not till he found himself off the ferry steamer and settled in the cars that he remembered that he had had no rest all night, and felt it; and leaning back in his corner, and pulling his hat down over his eyes, the close air and the drowsy motion of the train wrought their perfect work upon him, and he slept.

It was well nigh noon when he awoke. His slumber of exhaustion over, there came back to him, with pitiless force, the hideous remembrance of his crime. He drew lower and looked apprehensively at those around him, suspicious that he might know some one of them, or be the object of their conversation. His mind took counsel of his suspicions, and at the next station reached he stealthily left the train. As he passed a hotel, a man came out and walked up and down the long porch, ringing a bell. There was an immediate stir among the loungers, and Mr. Butterfield, mingling with the others, followed almost mechanically into the dining-room, and sat down at the general table. It was a relief for him not to be alone, and he listened eagerly, and once or twice joined in the conversation. The men talked of the plowing which had just begun, and commented on how warm the weather held after the rains, and finally fell to speaking of a late robbery of a stage that had occurred in an adjoining county; and one man, after much fumbling in his pockets, produced a placard offering a reward for the robber's capture, and giving a minute account of his appearance. This excited much interest, and amid voluble explanations and comments passed from hand to hand.

"It'll go hard with him if he crosses the line into our county," said one. "Beard has had two burglars and a murder—let alone smaller cases—to handle since he's been sheriff, and he never's lost one yet. Where the telegraph and the railroads can wake folks up, and send descriptions like that all over

the country within two hours after a thing happens, there ain't one chance in a thousand for one of those fellers to get away."

Mr. Butterfield rose hurriedly from the table, paid at the bar, and strode hastily away. Crossing the railroad track, he set out toward the east into the open country, and pushed on till faint and weak from thirst and heat. Beyond a halt here and there at an occasional ranch for a draught of water, he avoided human habitations, and kept his way along the more slightly traveled roads. Toward evening he settled down behind a straw stack, and prepared to pass the night. But the dread and fear of undergoing again what he had suffered on the previous night so harassed and overpowered him that almost before the sun was down he was up and moving on; and so continued, till at last he dropped beside the road, through sheer fatigue, and slept.

So for two days he wandered on, aimless and uncertain in his purpose, and striving by physical exertion to beat off the terror that oppressed him, and the wild, accusing phantoms that continually rose in his brain.

Finally, he became so weak that, through necessity, he formed the resolve to lie over at some one of the small hotels along the road, and rest.

"At any rate, it will save me from being alone," he thought. "It's an out-of-the-way place, and they won't think of looking for me here. And so far from the railroad they won't have heard about the trouble, and before they do, I shall be away. I can't lose anything by it. I'll try it, anyway."

And it was time he did. His eyes were sunken, his face drawn and pale, his chin unshaved and covered with stubble, his limbs stiff with the unwonted fatigue, his whole body worn and weak with constant exertion—a very ghost of the man who had left the city three days before. The rest was grateful to him, and he gave himself up to it without reserve. He made a kind of compact with himself that he would not think of what had happened until he should be stronger. And so he lay in the sunlight, sleeping the greater portion of the

time, and seeking companionship when awake to keep himself from thinking, and gradually felt himself grow strong. The fear and horror that had at first oppressed him abated with the lapse of time, and a feeling more akin to sadness came to fill their place.

So strongly had his suspicion moved him that he had had hard work to make up his mind to stop at all at this hotel. But now, when he had done so, and had revived somewhat, he felt that to go away and on would be like going back to the old world of horror and of fear. And so he lingered.

But still he could not bring himself to perfect peace. Each day the thoughts he had forbidden himself struggled more strongly in his mind, and called for increasing force of will to keep them down. Little things—the touch of a hand, the echo of a voice, the rustle of a garment—flashed up sudden, unexpected memories in his heart, and set him thinking ere he was aware. And as these grew upon him he became again suspicious, and sat more alone. Sitting thus moodily apart, one day, he was startled by a touch upon his arm, and turning, saw the figure of a little child beside him.

It was a baby belonging to the keeper of the house; a sturdy little thing, with big eyes and tumbled hair. He had often coaxed her to him in his search after companionship during the days just past, and she had come to look to him as no small factor in her childish play and daily enjoyment.

"Come," she said authoritatively, with her hand on his arm. "I want you to come and swing me."

"Not just now, like girl," he said gently. "I am thinking now."

"No," she said positively, after standing quiet for a moment. "I want you to come and swing me now." He did not answer her, and she watched him curiously.

"Say," she said suddenly. "Are people always thinking?"

"Why, little one!" returned Mr. Butterfield, "what made you think of that?"

He spoke with such a start that it quite

alarmed her. And then he gave her his attention and turned to her, with his hand stretched out as if to draw her to him.

"But *are* people always thinking?" she persisted. "They forget about things sometimes, don't they?"

And he could not tell. There were times when he felt himself able so to preoccupy his mind that for the moment he had no concern beyond the present. But if he relaxed the stern watch over his thoughts; forgot for an instant to keep his mind elsewhere engaged; and even then remembered how, unbidden, he often found them present in his mind—could he say that the sinister thoughts which then came to him really had been born anew, and not been always present as an under-current in his brain?

"Forget things, baby?" said Mr. Butterfield. "No, dear, not always when they would. But what put that into your head?"

"I don't know—but you needn't think about people when they're dead, need you?"

"My God, I hope not!" said Mr. Butterfield, with great earnestness.

"But if you could stop thinking would you come and play with me?"

"Yes," said Mr. Butterfield, taking his eyes from her and speaking slowly. "If I could only stop thinking I should be happy enough to play with you all day."

"What is it you think about?" said the child.

"My friends," said Mr. Butterfield, with a bitter smile. "My friends who are looking for me."

"But if they came here would you stop thinking about them, and come and swing?"

"Yes," said Mr. Butterfield, with a shudder, and looking away from her with his eyes; "if they came here—and found me—the probabilities are that it would not be long before I stopped thinking—and—I think—that—I should—swing."

He rose hastily to his feet, and passing through the bar-room, climbed slowly up the stairs to his room. He wanted to be alone, and yet he feared the dullness and the loneliness that he felt would be there. He halted on the landing, and felt his hesitation grow.

It seemed, somehow, as if to shut himself in there would be to leave all hope behind. He opened the door and went in, and when he closed it behind him he felt as if he had raised a barrier between him and all living things. There was a bird chirping brightly in the leaves outside the window, but he did not hear it.

He felt that he could no longer keep down the thoughts he had promised himself to avoid. How cold the room seemed suddenly, and how quiet it was! His memory overcame his will, and trembling from head to foot he sat himself down by the table, and leaning his head on his arms, faced the issue squarely, and began to think.

His wife—his own wife! He knew she had been unfaithful, he never doubted that; it was as true to him now as if he had known of it from the first wrong act. His own wife! And he had killed her. Left her lying, too, among her friends—friends who would sympathize only with her, and consider him as being little short of a fiend! This hurt him most.

Yes, he had outlawed himself, and taken on his own shoulders the burden of his wife's guilt and shame, by this one act. His friends would all shun him or bound him, now, when he was most friendless and needy of their sympathy. Even if he should go back and openly publish his shame, though it might acquit him of his crime, everything would be changed, and he would be a marked man. His wife dead, his home broken up, his honor stained and dragged in the dust, his friends dropped away, his own hands red with blood, his health broken, and his dearest life-hopes shattered and fallen about him: what was there further for him to look forward to in this life?

If he had found out about this matter sooner; if his wife had been open with him at the start, and told him at their marriage of her love for Tom; even if she had practiced no deceit, but acknowledged it when he had questioned her at the last—he would have been overwhelmed and crushed, without a doubt: he felt that; but the thought would come that perhaps there would have

been something to be said in extenuation, and that they might still have lived together and been happy. He knew that the discovery of his wife's unfaithfulness alone had stirred up the passionate, feverish fire of jealousy that had led him to the crime. He was conscious that up to that time he had never given her even an unkind word; and almost justified himself again in the thought that in any light she had been the cause of it all—that she had brought it on herself.

But this one drop of comfort, this iota of self-justification, was like a leaf in the storm, in the flood of loneliness and melancholy that swept over him. His jealousy of his wife had grown from his abnormally suspicious nature, fed on the insinuations of Mrs. Tanquary, flourished on the discoveries he himself had made, and increased on what his wife herself had innocently told him. There had been a logical sequence in its growth, and it had matured with the rapidity of a fungus. Now it had reached a point where it was little short of madness. That she, of all others, should be the one to drag him down; that she should have deceived him into building up a confidence and trust in her that in his youth he had never believed it possible for him to entertain toward any one: that she should have shown him such love and tender faith as to draw him out of his suspicious, independent early life, and make him dependent on her life for strength and happiness; that she should have deliberately indulged her passion for Tom, and given him the power to sneer at his generous confidence: and that he himself should know, and have to know, all this;—these were the thoughts that swayed his reason, and blotted out all brightness in his life. His own love for his wife, and the thought of her love for Tom, were unbearable anguish to him. The thought of his married life, with his wife beside him, leaning on him and caressing him, and he honoring her with his words and protecting her with her arms, while she did him the foulest wrong a wife can do a husband, crazed his mind. He wept like a child, and beat himself with his hands; and

pacing nervously up and down the room, cried out in bitter anguish:

"It is no use! I am ruined! O why did I ever so far forget myself as to pin my faith upon a woman? I am beaten down and crushed. Is there anything for me to live for? What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Slowly there rose again in his mind the remembrance of the man whom he had seen hanged. He seemed to be before him on the scaffold. The black cap was drawn over his face, and he remembered that he had wondered at the time if the man were still smiling under it. The listless figure and the pinioned arms, too, stood out distinctly, as he had seen them then. Then came before him the dull sound of the drop, the stiffening of the body, the convulsive twitching of the limbs, the sickening silence of the crowd, the momentary faintness that had made his face pale and his breath come short, the cries of women, the silent horror of the men—and then the purple face of the dead man: but quiet still, and peaceful, and with the smile still on his lips. He understood the smile now, and felt that quiet cheaply purchased.

He raised his head, and after a moment, rose to his feet, and went silently out of the room and down the resounding stairs to the bar-room. It was empty, and after groping stealthily under the bar for a moment, as if in search of something that was familiar, he as quietly returned with something concealed in his hand; softly climbed again to his chamber, stood and looked tremblingly back from the landing, opened the door of his room cautiously—went in—and was quiet—

It was a bright, sunny room, though it contained but one window: one toward the west, through which the sun shone across the floor; for it was afternoon. He drew back from the light as far as he could, and shrunk behind the bed into the deepest shadow.

Even then he turned away his head, and held the package down at his side, and covered it with both his hands as he handled it. It was only after a moment that he

directed his eyes toward it: but then he kept them there for some time, while he undid the paper and drew forth a bottle. This done, he cut the string around the cork, and prepared to draw it out.

At this moment he was stopped by hearing his name called loudly by the little child, from the yard without. He waited some moments, silently, in hope that she would give him up, and go away. But the call continuing, he went to the window and asked her what it was.

"I want you to come down," said the child.

"What for?"

"To play with me," said the child. "You promised."

Again he plead that he was busy; that he was preoccupied and tired. And then he promised that on the morrow he would be with her—for on the morrow he would be at liberty. Ah, yes!—at liberty!

He stood for a moment in the warm sunlight, and watched the retreating figure of the child. Then his eyes wandered over every outline of the earth and sky: the dull, slumbrous haze, the trees, the yellow barrenness of the fields, the smiling sky, and all the departing beauties of the scene; and lingered on and on, as one who looks for the last time on something that he loves. Then he turned away toward the bed, and the window was free again to the sunshine that streamed across the floor.

The breeze fluttered in the window curtain; the bird sang again from the branches outside; the sunlight streamed farther and farther across the floor; the air grew cooler and more balmy: the shadows deepened into gloom; but he did not come again, and as the evening sobered into darkness, it brought the quiet with it to the room.

It was quiet all the next day, and no one missed him until the evening. Then they noticed that he had not been at his meals, and wondered why it should be so. They knew he was in his room, for the child told how she had spoken to him through the window. Some one, too, had knocked on his door, and obtained no answer: and this led

to a great many theories as to his absence: which ended in their going in a body to try his door, the boldest opening it softly while the others waited at the landing in uneasy watchfulness.

They opened it but a crack at first; then wider, to get a full view of the room in the waning light. But seeing nothing of him, and noticing that the bed had not been slept in, and everything neat and in order, they began to doubt whether he were there at all. And one suggested that he had run away, to avoid the payment of his board, and they were about to go away. Some one, however, suggested that the light was so dim that they really did not know what was in the chamber, and so they halted, and finally went in; talking and counseling each other in whispers, and treading softly: for the darkness and the strangeness of the matter made them fearful.

When they had ventured in, and stood in a group in the center of the room, doubting how far they should go, and what they should do next, he who had been the boldest all along peered into the dark corner by the bed, and drew back immediately.

"Hush," he said furtively. "He is crouching behind the bed, as if afraid of us. Do you not see him?"

They all saw him now, and some one spoke to him. He did not answer, and they pressed closer. Then one of them reached out and touched him. And in an instant, with loud words of horror, dragged the body to the light.

He had found a bottle of laudanum in the bar-room, and had taken it; and he now lay there—quiet—with the bottle still in his hand. And so they found him.

CHAPTER XI.

As Mrs. Butterfield grew better, there came to look out of her eyes something of the old light of patience and contentment that had illumined them before. Not the same trustfulness, to be sure; but a quietness

and peace that flooded them so far as to drown all traces of the wildness and the fear that they at first had shown. There was no happiness in them—it was too soon for that; and in every look and glance, in the sudden way in which she started at each unusual sound, in the air of uneasy hope with which she watched as if in expectation, in the acute attention of her ear to passing sounds and whispered words—cropped out the earnest and pathetic longing of her heart to know if anything had been discovered of her husband.

They had kept the news from her at the first, for fear of its effect upon her health. Now, though she was strong again, the story was still untold, because they none of them had courage or the heart to tell it to her. She still had her mother with her, and found continual companionship with Mrs. Tanquary and Maud. The latter was so full of her new-found happiness with Mr. Tilly, that her heart overflowed in tenfold measure toward her suffering friend. But neither Maud nor Mrs. Tanquary could bring themselves to tell her of her husband's fate; and it remained at last for Mr. Tanquary to perform the task.

He had sent her word that he would like to see her on a matter of business, concerning her husband's property, and had asked an interview alone. She had responded at once, and set so soon a time that she betrayed the suspicion she felt that it was more than a mere matter of business that he had to communicate to her.

He went to her at her mother's house. The room into which he was shown was small and dark, and furnished with old-fashioned furniture upholstered in red. Everything about it was stiff and prim and dusky, and there was an unpleasant smell of closeness and of paint. It was so dim, indeed, that as he stumbled here and there among the chairs, it was with the impression that he was alone in the room; till suddenly he saw Mrs. Butterfield standing awaiting him, with her hand resting on the table in front of her. There was a listless despondency in her air, and yet the flush in her cheek and her uneasy

movements disclosed the nervous excitement under which she labored.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Tanquary." Her voice would be husky and tremble a little, in spite of her effort to control it.

"How aire you, Dollie?" said Mr. Tanquary, taking her hand with a stiff excess of courtesy. "I hope I see you well." She nodded in reply, and motioning him to a seat, took one herself.

"You wrote me this morning that you had something to tell me. Something about my my business, I think you said."

"Exactly," said Mr. Tanquary, much reassured. "That's exactly what it was."

"And I wrote you to come at once: that I was strong enough to see you."

"Jest so," replied Mr. Tanquary.

"And you have come, I suppose, in answer to that note."

Mr. Tanquary nodded and blushed, and signified his assent; but beyond that, was embarrassingly silent.

"Naturally," continued Mrs. Butterfield, "I am anxious to know how my husband's affairs stand; and also if I am right in thinking that you can tell me anything about him personally." She trembled violently as she spoke, and her voice was very low and constrained.

Her embarrassment gave him courage. Drawing his chair up to her side, he took her hand gently in his, and after a moment's hesitation, said:

"It was a great shock to me, Dollie, when I first heerd about this affair. I had knowed Amos so well, and knowed you so well, thet I couldn't make out what it was thet hed brought on all the trouble. And I don't mind sayin', Dollie, thet when I first saw you lying there, I cursed thet man from the bottom of my heart. But it's been a long time since then, and I hev had a long time to think it all over."

He stopped a moment, but she did not notice it. Her face was very still, and she was looking through and through him, in the depth of her abstraction.

"And thinking it all over," he went on, "while I feel just as bad about it now as I did

before, I can't help thinkin' that it was only nateral that he should have done as he did. It begun with a little thing, Dollie, and something he ought to have known better than to have thought. But he did think it, and I have no doubt it made him a heap of trouble. And then, when he had this on his mind, there come this other matter, and little things followed one after the other, that kept him thinkin'; and then come what he heard you say to Maud, and it jest made him wild. It jest seemed as if there was a regular chain of things that led into each other, and every one worse than before, to break him down. And fur all that he did what he did, I believe, Dollie, that if ever a man loved a woman, your husband loved you."

She had turned away her head, and he could see that she was crying softly to herself.

"And then, again," he said, "perhaps I feel softer and more easy toward him because he went the way he did."

She started as if she had been struck, and facing him, grasped him by both his hands.

"Tell me!" she said piteously. "O, if you can tell me anything, do not keep it from me! I am strong enough to bear it. It would be better for me to know it now than to wait, knowing that there *was* something to be told. O, tell it to me!"

And so he told her.

She did not cry out and grow boisterous in her grief. She did not even faint. But, perfectly still and silent, with an awe-stricken look in her eyes, and fingers that pressed his wrists with almost painful pressure, she sat and heard him to the very end. And when he had finished and had risen to go, she did not seem to see or hear him, and so he went quietly away, and left her there alone.

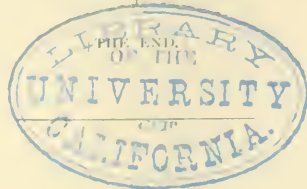
And yet she would not have had it left unsaid. It was very bitter in its power. Yet through the dull heart-ache and the pain came a blest feeling of repose, that was peacefully saint-like and tender. She felt that it was all gone now—the fear, the patient sorrow, the restless, unsatisfied longing; and as the strong breath of her grief swept

over her, she buried her face in her hands, and found relief in dry, gusty sobs. And when the wind that had moved her passed by, then —ah, me!—the rain.

And so for hours she sat, and in the silence gathered courage to gird herself afresh; and when she rose and passed out

of the room, the door closing behind her seemed to lift a barrier between her old life and the new. And as she went out into the busy throng, to joy and sorrow, to rain and shine, the new world forgot the noisy, momentary curiosity of the old, and she went on in it unnoticed, in quietness and peace.

WARREN CHENEY.



ECCE DEUS.

If there be God, and God be good,
Men's acts are not misunderstood;
Himself speaks not by word, but deed:
His universe contains his creed.

When men shall come with printed page,
And say, "This God hath writ:
This is his priceless heritage,
This shall, alone, thy thirst assuage,
Drink thou of it"—
Take thou what good the page shall hold,
But never think that his pure gold
Is hidden in one vein.

The stars would teach us unawares;
The mountains are but heaven's stairs:
The growing grain
Contains God's holy gift of wheat;
The woods than books are more replete;
The ocean thunders at his feet
His own refrain;

And God was God wherever trod
A hero on immortal sod;
Wherever men have, tireless, sought
To pierce the voiceless realms of thought;
Wherever great and pure have stood
To face death for their brotherhood.

Yea, God is God
Wherever mother clasps her child
And leads him, still half-reconciled,
To calmer, sweeter, better ways
And happier and more tranquil days.

And shifting types
Shall never speak his perfect plan
As speaks the better heart of man,
While God is God.

TRANSMITTED TENDENCIES.

I.

THE old shop is shamed forever. The tatters of innumerable red papers flap and flutter over its front. Now you know what has come to pass.

To peer through the smoke-dimmed show window is to receive shadowy impressions of an interior promising something unspeakable in the way of Mongolian filth. The best that a civilized nose can ask, is to be tightly held, and hurried by.

That show window was once spanned by a woman's name, written in a gilt-lettered curve. Once, polished, transparent, it admitted light to a cheerful if motley interior. Nay, more: in those days it was the play-room of a silky-haired, sunny-tempered child.

Keeping house there for a large family of exigent dolls, and carked by many cares, little Miss Lou, aged five, found herself one morning the envy of a rabble of street children.

The happy elf stood still a moment, as if entranced by some melodious inner prompting. She then thrust her sparkling face against the gleaming pane.

"Do you want 'em?" she cried, with a pretty if uncertain gesture toward her treasures.

Did any one understand? No one answered. Nevertheless, Lou joyously made up her mind what she would do. An instant later she was squeezing through the front door, her arms overladen, her heart swollen with generous emotions.

"Help you'sefs!" she exclaimed, impulsively—"help you'sefs!"

Thus entreated, the rabble speedily took her at her word.

If neither the dolls nor their fineries were in immaculate condition; if the stove whereon an imaginary meal had been cooking

over an imaginary fire had lost a leg; if the table but lately spread for a Barmacide feast lacked a leaf—what matter? Covetous eyes glistened, eager hands clutched. As if to deprecate gratitude, Miss Lou explained crisply:

"Damaged. I'll get p'enty more. Mama always gives me what she can't sell."

Then a door clashed, and another figure darted upon the scene. A little woman, straight and slim, with black hair drooping in soft waves, dark, near-sighted eyes, and a small, stern mouth.

No need of an imperious gesture of dismissal. The beggars fled, shrieking.

Eager enough while the center of that ebullient delight, Lou now stood alone and silent. In her limp hands, head downward, hung a last forlorn doll.

Fancy hearing these words, knowing them irrevocable, at ten o'clock on a laughing spring morning:

"Undress and retire to bed. I will attend further—a—to your case in the course of—a—half an hour."

With one passionately envious glance after the free-footed rabble, and another toward the young trees tossing their green tops for very wantonness of joy in the open square—but no remonstrance—the child obeyed.

Dark and even musty were the rooms behind the shop. No ray of sunshine seemed ever to have sparkled and spun in them. Through them no buoyant breeze seemed ever to have swept, bringing an all-hail from out of doors. With the facts of their present condition, crowded to suffocation these late years by heathen, imagination refuses to deal.

Lou neither wept nor wailed. Very likely, to her infant mind, a half-hour was an unbounded stretch of time. She varied the monotony of undressing as best she

could. Getting off one small, stubby shoe, she dragged it about by the long lacing. To judge from her babble, she fancied it a fairy chariot. Indeed, she so far jested with circumstances as to carry on an argumentative dialogue between herself as naughty child and herself as stern parent. Nor could she in the former capacity convince herself in the latter capacity that it would be wise to forego what she lispily alluded to as a "d'edful frashing."

Shrouded at length in her white nightgown, she sank mechanically upon her knees; but only to spring up again with an air of expansive relief.

"Ain't I silly?" she laughed, clambering into the high bed. "I was going to say my p'ayers. Thought 'twas really 'n' truly sleepy time."

Pulling the covers about her, after a series of abortive somersaults, her fancy was arrested by the bright stripes of her blanket. She was still plucking gay fuzzes, and reveling in the contrasted tints of a growing woolen ball, when there came an ominous sound. The inner shop door had opened. Then, and not till then, was the diminutive culprit overwhelmed by a realization of what was before her. How useless for Mrs. Beldon to ejaculate, "People in the street will be stopping to listen."

What, in that dreadful moment, did Lou care for the whole world?

Mrs. Beldon's hand grasped an object limp and black. Those braided strips of leather terminated in a wicked-looking fringe. Moreover, she was saying, with sternly knit brows, and without her characteristic hesitancy:

"You have reminded me painfully of some one to-day, Louise. Of some one whose weaknesses I fondly trusted you would not inherit. He would give the coat off his back to a beggar, and then render life insupportable to those about him, because he must needs go coatless."

To this speech Lou turned, apparently, a deaf ear. Throughout it, her small voice was strenuously uplifted. Had she, in gayly following an idle-seeming impulse,

been controlled by a mysterious force working in her young blood? Who can tell?

Mrs. Beldon continued, inflexibly: "You have no doubt parted with your old toys in the hope of getting new."

"Never did!" wailed Lou.

"If unchecked, to what would this prodigality lead?"

The dreadful query remained forever unanswered. The child, happening to emit a shriek peculiarly aggravating to her mother's nerves, precipitated what she would have avoided.

Left alone, Lou nursed the wounds across her tender shoulders, and the wounds in her young soul. Sobbing stormily, she summed up her view of the situation in a few disjointed syllables.

"Wish I was go-one dead, with Tow-zer. Do-oo."

"Towzer," be it said, was a canine pet recently deceased. This yearning, uttered with a fieriness which an accompanying rain of tears could not quench, led to a cheering reflection.

"S'pose he's a doggy-angel now-ow, a-fly-ing round up in heaven."

Lou's woe straightway relaxed its fearful tension. Her stripes ceased to sting so angrily. What cared she for the tangles left in her breath by passionate sobbing? A great tear ran down her cheek, to be caught on the curling tip of her tongue with a gustatory appreciation of its salt savor. Her fancy lifted its wings like a morning lark. She forgot those dark rooms. She followed Towzer's conjectured flights among the "Islands of the Blessed."

"Towzer always barked at ev'body he didn't know," she murmured meditatively. "Wonder if he barked at God."

The day passed. Mrs. Beldon was a busy woman. At noon she had carried Lou some luncheon, and had straightway forgotten all about her.

Six o'clock arrived, and Mr. Beldon. His step-daughter and he were famous play-fellows. Home-coming seemed tame to him, missing Lou's rapturous greeting.

"What! sick abed, little witch?" he cried, solicitously drawing near.

Lou threw a pair of fiercely glad arms around his neck. Recklessly choking him, she poured forth her tale of tribulation.

Beldon was moved.

"All day—and beaten, too, for those rascally toys!" he said, testily.

A cozy old fellow, he liked to see everybody cozy about him. No babes of his own had come to awaken deep thoughts of paternal responsibility. Were not children sent into this world to brighten the dull days of their elders? He acted upon some such theory. To fulfill their mission, children must be kept cheerful, at any cost.

Puzzling over Lou's case, he wrinkled his high forehead, and paced the floor.

"Somebody ought to remonstrate with her," he muttered.

"You just frash her, papa!" piped the small listener.

Beldon laughed. And laughing, he began to think it hardly worth while to quarrel with his wife. Had he not, for that matter, pledged himself before marriage to non-interference with her maternal government?

"She whipped me, because papa—my own papa, you know—used to give away his coats!" reflected Lou, sagely.

Beldon laughed again, but frowned too.

"The old story, the old story. Inherited traits. Bosh and nonsense."

But Lou did not favor this drifting off into realms of thought whither she could not follow. She recalled Beldon's wandering attention by a tragic utterance.

"O, dear! I could just frow myself down and go dead. I could!"

Beldon hurried to the high bedside. He whispered a promise between two kisses.

His promise was fulfilled later.

"Don't let mamma see," he murmured, smuggling something under the child's pillow.

But man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. If mamma was not to see, she was to know. The cornucopia was large, the candies rich, Lou's appetite for sweets unchastened. Midnight brought not the sleep of the just to those dark rooms, but moving lights and figures.

"You have been—a—interfering with my strict orders prohibiting dainties, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Beldon, sternly confronting her husband.

This was not, however, until the small sufferer had fallen into a placid sleep.

Beldon never would meet such issues squarely. True, while he feared that Lou might die, he had been calling himself a fool and a villain to indulge her so. But now she was all right, and he was all right.

"Shall we style this affair the 'Lollypop Tragedy,' Cassandra?" he asked, letting some merriment play around the easily inflated wings of his long nose.

"I resent your interference, sir!" said Mrs. Beldon.

"If you knew how funny the exaggerated frill of that night-cap makes you look, Cassandra!"

"I resent your—a—unwarrantable and ignorant interference, sir!" said Mrs. Beldon.

A prickly heat began to tingle along Beldon's veins. Married three years to this indomitable little woman, he had never yet seen the time when he could turn her from her main idea.

"To beat a mere baby black-and-blue for giving away a few rattletrap dolls! Why, it's positively inhuman!"

Mrs. Beldon replied calmly, but with heightened color:

"You understand perfectly, James, that I have deeper reasons than—a—those which appear upon the surface. You understand perfectly that I fear and—a—dread the development in Louise of characteristics which—a—"

"Of characteristics which—a!" echoed Beldon, irritably. "O yes; I understand. Why, that child cannot bite her finger-nails or stub her toe but you discover something peculiarly Marstonian in the biting or the stubbing. Indeed, ma'am, if there were anything in transmitted propensities, I should think you'd shake in your boots. Didn't you elope with Marston at sixteen?"

Who that flatters herself upon the reasonableness of her every deed, her every word,

relishes being reminded of youthful absurdities?

Mrs. Beldon flushed high; but she faced the indisputable truth bravely. Her wonted candor did not desert her.

"The mistakes of my early life, James," she said, "were entirely due to—a—defective home-training. I am the more determined to be rigid with Louise. I ran blindfold into an unsuitable union. Desirous of saving my daughter from like suffering, I will—a—require of her unquestioning obedience. And, sir, apart from this, when I discover in her any of those—a—paternal infirmities which rendered my life with Marston intolerable—"

"Damn it, madam!" interjected Beldon, furious at this persistent reference to her first husband. "When I am dead, I don't wish my peculiarities raked over; I wish them to die and be buried with me."

To which Mrs. Beldon retorted dryly:

"There is no apparent—a—danger at present, James, that they will survive you."

II.

Ten years passed. Through them Beldon had plodded on, content to mend the broken clocks and watches of chance customers. Mrs. Beldon was more enterprising. Her shop, once stocked wholly with cheap toys, became the center of various activities.

Millinery was done there. True, Mrs. Beldon's bonnets were always stamped with her quaint individuality; but she found steady customers.

Dressmaking was done there. Chiefly for ladies of meager contours. Mrs. Beldon could not cope successfully with generous curves. Said one irate dame, scolding over a gown spoiled, "Do you think everybody is straight up and down, ma'am, because you are?"

Hair-work was done there. To this, a row of "switches" of the horse-tail variety, strung across the show window, silently attested.

And marvels were evoked there from such frail things as tinted wax and beads and shells and feathers. Various sample pieces,

composed of these varying materials, were framed, and hung behind Mrs. Beldon's counter.

The whisper ran that articles of a phenomenal turn were occasionally written there for an Eastern journal. As the lady never laid claim to literary celebrity, the likelihood that this rumor was false occurs to the deductive mind. But however else she occupied herself, Mrs. Beldon's energies were chiefly put forth in buying for the sake of selling again. She despised nothing which came cheaply to hand.

A yearly clearance sale relieved her of dragging stock.

Such a sale was one evening foretold by posters flaring from her show window. To judge from these, Mrs. Beldon was not only going out of business, but out of town. "On Account of Departure," was announced in startling type.

The interior of the shop, while giving tokens of a general breaking-up, was not lacking a pretty hint of repose and continuance. Amid gaping drawers, toppling towers of bonnet frames, and glimpses of bare shelving, a young girl sat placidly sewing. Very likely, her situation ministered in some way to her serenity. She was enthroned above the chaos, upon the top of a step-ladder. Did she thus, ever on the alert to indulge her animal spirits, record a silent protest against the formality of chairs and sofas?

Did the certainty that she would be ordered down the instant she was discovered constitute the charm?

But Mrs. Beldon was intensely preoccupied. The public—ravaging, bargain-hunting—would be in possession there to-morrow. She was absorbed in verifying the items of her inventory.

Presently, however, while crossing the shop, she said, curtly:

"Louise!"

"Now I'm in for it!" thought Lou.

But no, this suggestion, without any glance, was cast her way:

"Mrs. Jackson's bonnet must be finished by seven o'clock."

The order had come in that afternoon.

Whatever the pressure upon her. Mrs. Beldon seldom refused to fill an order.

"By seven o'clock," repeated Lou; "I haven't forgotten, mamma."

If aught could convey livelier unconcern than her voice, it was her manner. She hung the half-trimmed bonnet upon the lifted fingers of one hand, to note the general effect. This being agreeable, she tried the bonnet on. An image of her bright self thus adorned was nodding out of the depths of a long mirror opposite, when the street door opened. Lou shot thither a startled glance. Happily, the new-comer was only Mr. Beldon, thinner than of old, and more bent; yet he had a cheery laugh for Lou as he passed her throne.

When he had disappeared in the rooms behind the shop, Lou began to hurry over her work. But a few moments elapsed before she could descend, saying triumphantly, "Finished, mamma."

She then flitted away, with a haste bespeaking a dread of some fresh task.

Were the bed-chambers darker and mustier than ever? Lou stopped in neither; but gayly peeped into the last room of the suite. A kitchen, evidently; yet pervaded by no warmth or cheer. Dreary disuse for the purposes of cookery was epitomized in a cracked and rusty stove, choked with sweepings from the shop.

Mr. Beldon sat behind the evening paper, mildly nibbling a cracker. His thin right elbow rested upon a table which refused, point-blank, to give any proof that cozy family meals had at any time been eaten there. Fully half its available surface was usurped by battered handboxes, labeled, "*Mrs. Cassandra Beldon, Modiste.*" Across the other half a viscous stream had poured from an overturned mucilage bottle. In this stream, now dried, were wrecked a withered end of bologna sausage, a partly emptied sardine-box, and a pewter table-spoon.

Lou stood in laughing espial. Her step-father's profile—the facial angle so acute—had provoked her merriment when a mere baby. His forehead was high; but sloping

back from the classical perpendicular, it seemed, at length, to take a fierce stand for dignity of expression in a bristling knot of stiff, gray hair. The mouth, brought into prominence by slightly protruding jaws, was wide and thin-lipped; the chin cleft and beardless. A benign countenance, yes; but in some sort a caricature of benignity.

As Lou looked, all the hilarious times she and he had had together rose up in her memory: the evening walks in the crowded streets while mamma was busy in the shop; the dinners at queer little nooks of restaurants; the May-day frolic at the Hayes Valley Pavilion, whither she had gone, by his connivance, with Mr. Millan Piercy.

Beldon's newspaper was suddenly dashed aside. Lou had run forward and leaped upon his knee.

"Such a day, papa!" she exclaimed, with an exaggerated sigh; "I couldn't begin to tell you all I've had to do."

A slow, indulgent smile dawned in the gray eyes meeting hers.

"You needn't laugh, papa," pouted Lou. "I'm in mad earnest; and you know what all work and no play does to Jack."

The crow's feet deepened about Beldon's eyes. The corners of his mouth twitched.

"Nothing can make you a dull boy, Lou."

"As if I couldn't see through that joke, you sly old rogue. But I can be, and am, a frightfully dull girl. O, what do you say, papa, if—"

She broke off to whisper something excitedly.

"Eh?" ejaculated Beldon. "Daren't we? She is bound to be busy for two or three hours yet."

Beldon's flaring nostrils exhibited little tremors of perturbation.

To please Lou, yet not to displease his wife, was always with him the crucial question. At sixty, a man is even less inclined to quarrel with a high-strung woman twenty years his junior than at forty-five.

"Dare we?" he murmured back again.

By way of answer, Lou squeezed his thin cheeks hard with a hand against either. His lips involuntarily pouting, she kissed

them; her face so close to his that her eyes told off laughing sparkles into his eyes, she murmured:

"Don't you think we can slip out, papa?"

"We can slip out; but can we slip in again, my dear?"

For this query, Lou had ready a ripple of careless laughter.

"Time enough to plan about that when we're outside. You don't try to see around all the street corners before you start anywhere, do you, papa?"

Signs of surrender came presently. At the reluctant "We—ell," Lou ran to bring his hat.

As he moved toward the shop, she tiptoed after with delicious airiness. When he had passed through the partly glazed inner door, she stood to peep. Peeping, she fairly writhed in the throes of mingled delight and dread. Who is there of us unable to recall with what thrilling anxieties, with what anticipatory intoxications, we once waited upon the threshold of some trifling change or pleasure?

The gas was turned very low in the shop. Lou could see her mother sitting behind the counter in the warm glow of a shaded lamp. A broad, human adumbration beyond the glow suggested the presence of a customer. Listening was expressed, not only by the turn of Lou's head, but in her parted, breathless lips. Yet she barely caught the mild accents of her step-father's voice.

"I am going out for half an hour or so, Cassandra."

He safely lost to view through the street door, Lou hugged herself ecstatically, pinched herself as a corrective to an excited manner, and then opened her door.

"If you don't need me, mamma," she said demurely, "I will retire early, that I may arise seasonably to-morrow."

Consciously or unconsciously, in addressing her mother, Lou sometimes copied her formal diction.

A pause ensued, fraught with intense anxiety. Mrs. Beldon's habitual deliberation was never so wildly tantalizing.

This was the answer that came:

"Those dim—a—ashes-of-roses ribbons do not please Mrs. Jackson, Louise."

"Wants brimstone yellow, I suppose—with a complexion like a prairie afire!" muttered Lou.

The girl had ideas quite opposed to her mother's in millinery matters.

Then aloud, "Good night, mamma."

A second pause, fairly bristling with terrifying possibilities.

"And you have not massed the trimming sufficiently, Louise."

"You'll mass it with a vengeance," fumed Lou. "When did you ever have a bonnet on your head that wasn't lop-sided?"

Then again, "Good night, mamma."

A third pause, through which Lou with difficulty suppressed a strong desire to scream.

"Good night, daughter. O—a—Louise?"

But Lou had flashed out of sight and hearing.

Her bed-chamber was the second from the shop. One corner of the room was curtained off as a closet. Into this dark, triangular nook Lou darted, dragging forth a hat and shawl. Clapping the first anyhow upon her curly head, and letting the other trail anyhow from her arm, she fled through the kitchen.

A black flight of crooked back stairs dropped down into an inky back yard. The street was reached through a narrow Cimmerian passage beneath the building.

Placidly, in her little glow of light, sat Mrs. Beldon. The anxieties which had corrugated her brow over the inventory were vanished. She had yielded herself to the æsthetic ministrations of bright ribbons and soft laces. Whatever might be said of her handiwork, her enjoyment of millinery processes was keen. May not the poor versifier be happy while stringing his halting rhymes together? With a rigid determination to be thoroughly practical, this little woman had oftentimes, as then, the air of a dreamer. Her drooping head was lovely and poetical. Her waving hair tempted one's touch with a shining promise of silkiness. She was wonted to stroking it in meditative pauses.

Than this gesture, womanhood has none

so breathing womanly serenity—a gesture unhappily obsolescent. For fashion's frizzling irons, these later days, have troubled the tranquil brows, even of our grandames.

Scarce conscious of any interruption, Mrs. Beldon sewed on, talked on. Mrs. Jackson's presence—negative, unilluminated—served as a mild stimulus to thought. "My daughter," said Mrs. Beldon, mellifluously, "has been carefully trained, under my tireless—a—surveillance, to explicit obedience. This habit of obedience will—a—be the safeguard of her young womanhood. She will not be permitted to plunge—a—soul forward, headlong into matrimony, as so many unfortunate girls do—as I did. Understand me. I am not influenced by mercenary considerations. I speak solely in reference to the—a—impetuosity with which I flung away, at sixteen, what might have proved my whole future."

The bonnet altered to suit a buoyant taste, Mrs. Beldon attended her customer to the front door.

Already, at that early winter hour, Clay Street and the closed square beyond were the comparative and the superlative of gloom. Few pedestrians and no vehicles were to be seen off Kearny Street. Hollow echoes made much of Mrs. Jackson's retreating footsteps, with melancholy effect. The shutters had been up since dark. Mrs. Beldon closed the door, and drew the heavy bolt. The shop secured, she busied herself for some time behind the counter. Her task was to reduce bright bolts of ribbon to "remnants," so called. The power of such irregular odds and ends of color to dazzle feminine bargain-hunters is well known to the initiated.

Retiring at length from her task and the shop, Mrs. Beldon carried her shaded lamp into the kitchen. Just where Mr. Beldon had sat, she sat. And she, too, nibbled a cracker behind the evening paper. An hour passed. She was overtaken by an almost irresistible drowsiness. Leaving the back door unfastened, she started for her chamber. Crossing Lou's, she lifted the lamp and looked toward the bed. Why were the dark curtains so closely drawn? The dim ghost of some such query flitted through her

brain, for Lou could not endure any shutting out of possible fresh air. But overpowering weariness urged her to her own chamber, her own pillow.

Not, however, to sleep. A recumbent posture startled her senses into keen alertness. Her brain whirled with the wheels of business machinery. She became morbidly anxious regarding Mr. Beldon's continued absence. She may have dozed, but only to start into warier self-consciousness. Lying in the midst of a sea of solemn silence, her throbbing brain seemed the center of widening and ever-widening thought ripples. Presently, with a far-off sound, a city clock struck the hour. An officious little time-piece somewhere in the room repeated the strokes. Midnight. A brief yet deeper silence ensued. It was broken by subdued sounds. A knob clicked, a hinge creaked; furtive feet shuffled in the kitchen.

Mrs. Beldon promptly called out, "Is that you, James?"

"I, Cassandra."

Thus answering, the truant hurried into the room.

"Awake, my dear?" he asked, solicitously.

Superfluous questions may sometimes be idle; they may sometimes have a tell-tale significance. Did or did not this one betoken a propitiatory eagerness?

Yet Mr. and Mrs. Beldon had long ago agreed that either should enjoy the fullest freedom of action.

"I was detained later than I anticipated, my dear."

"Ah?"—dryly.

"Yes";—scrambling for his boot-jack—"I think of putting in a bid for supplying the city schools with clocks."

Upon which business she might infer that he had been absent.

The effort of removing one boot had seriously affected his last word. Instead of drawing off the other boot, Beldon began to hobble distractedly about. A loose board in the floor of the next room had creaked. Was Mrs. Beldon listening?

He counted twenty or thirty seconds by

muffled heart-beats. Then a dread that his wife was going to get up took tangible, night-robed shape.

"Anything I can do for you, Cassandra?"

She put forth a steady hand for the lamp.

"I did not hear you fasten the back door, James."

He limped off in a great hurry ahead of his wife.

Crossing Lou's room, he strained an excited glance toward the bed. He could have chuckled aloud. All was quiet. Not even the fold of a curtain stirring.

He drew the forgotten bolt in the kitchen, and re-entered Lou's room. Mrs. Beldon, lamp in hand, stood white and still by her daughter's bedside. She had swept aside the dark, concealing drapery. A maidenly pillow, over which straggled a few long, silky curls, was thus revealed. Lou's face was turned toward the wall.

Beldon scarcely breathed until he noted, with intense relief, his wife's rigidity of attitude relax. His relief was, however, premature. Something, escaping his masculine eye, newly aroused Mrs. Beldon's suspicions.

She laid vigorous hold upon the bed covers and dragged them back.

"You may undress, Louise," she said curtly.

Mr. Beldon limped anxiously forward. All his fault. He had invited Lou out to a little supper. The theater was an after temptation.

"We saw the 'Brazilian Ape,' my dear, with Paul Martinetti as 'Jocko.' It was really very well acted and perfectly moral."

Mrs. Beldon rigidly ignored these conciliatory explanations.

Lou had opened her troubled blue eyes. A marked redness of the lids told of recent tears.

The marvelous monkey dies, you know, and Lou's heart was tender.

Mrs. Beldon's brows were sternly knit. These words flew from her lips like sparks from red-hot iron when fiercely struck:

"I will attend to your case in the morning, Louise, at half-past eight."

III.

"Only two hours, Lou."

Mr. Beldon was looking at his watch as if that old friend and he had fallen out.

Lou retorted carelessly: "Now, I say to myself, 'Two long hours before you yet, my girl!' Why isn't that the best way to put it, pop?"

"Pop," was an irreverent diminutive reserved for special occasions of good-fellowship. Expletive in sound, it was ordinarily suggestive of the uncorking of effervescent animal spirits. But not then. Lou's animation was forced. Mr. Beldon made no secret of his despondency.

Indeed, what less favorable opportunity can one find for contemplating the ills of life than early morning candle-light?

Lou had considerably cleared from the table those wrecks of yesterday's cold bites.

Promise of something hot flickered in the flame of a spirit lamp.

"Wonder how she will punish you?" mused Beldon aloud, with a melancholy gaze fixed on his companion.

"Time enough for me to wonder five minutes beforehand."

Here Lou impartially divided the coffee she had been brewing between two cups.

"I hope and pray," began Mr. Beldon: but only to break off with a nervous exclamation: "How you used to howl, Lou!"

The connection was quite clear. But Lou, feeling herself growing pale, tossed her curls. She thrust her spoon deeper into the sugar-bowl, and stirred her coffee more vigorously.

Why should she let the cloudy worry of her heart assume a terrifying genie shape, because of her companion's unfortunate reminiscence?

"You are very silly this morning, papa," she said loftily. "It is quite a year since mamma last—ahem!—since my last serious difficulty with mamma, I have grown immensely. No stranger ever thinks of calling me anything but 'Miss Marston,' nowadays."

The inference, however obvious, did not quiet the twitching wrinkles of Mr. Beldon's forehead.

"Your mamma is a splendid manager, Lou; but so rigid. O, I cannot bear to imagine—"

"Don't, then, you darling old chicken!" she interrupted.

Having absently gulped his coffee, Beldon rose. Lou left sipping hers to atone for flippant speeches by a mute caress. Every genuine attachment is likely to find some unhackneyed form of expression. Lou now indulged in her favorite embrace.

As her step-father reached for his hat hanging on the wall, she wreathed herself around his free arm. Her warm cheek pressed close against his sleeve, she rocked back and forth, murmuring, "Don't fret about me, papa. Just remember that when you come home to-night 'twill all be over, whatever it may be."

Beldon drew her head to his bosom.

Once, very early in his married life, Lou, then a mere toddling baby, had sought refuge in his breast from her mother and an impending castigation. The tenderness for Lou, born in that moment, and grown with her growth, now moistened his eyes.

So resting, so loved, how could the girl lament the fatherly breast she had never known?

A kiss was dropped upon the parting of her soft hair, and this soothing whisper fell upon her ear:

"When I come home, dear, I won't come empty-handed."

With no airy tiptoeings did Lou now follow him. The half-glazed door clashing, she stood quite still. Her blue eyes, gazing into vacancy, darkened. A tear or two welled forth, wetting her long, curling lashes.

"A box of caramels, no doubt," she thought.

"If I am such a child to him, what can I expect of mamma?"

Then after a pause, in two bursts of fiery indignation, "If mamma should!" and "I will kill me if Millan hears of it!"

Mrs. Beldon had been busy among her wares since five o'clock. Her husband found her exulting in a rearrangement, just completed, of her show window.

"These new tints of ribbons are magnificent, James!" she exclaimed, with great enthusiasm.

Early in the sixties there was some reason for such enthusiasm. A few brilliant colors had lately been born in the dyers' vats to try the complexions of the fashionable, and to suggest an interesting historical connection. Their names were magenta, solferino, and garibaldi red. That Mr. Beldon's attention wandered did not escape Mrs. Beldon. She saw fit, therefore, to say in a meaning tone:

"Do not, I beg of you, James, introduce—a—any disagreeable topic of conversation."

This admonition affording Mr. Beldon the best opening he could hope for, he took advantage of it.

"But, my dear, I must remonstrate. Recollect that—ahem!—we have both been young and foolish in our day."

Thus mildly Beldon hinted at that early escapade of his wife's. Nay, he gratuitously included himself under the vague condemnation.

With a candor of which added years had not robbed her, Mrs. Beldon replied:

"The memory of my youthful—a—mistakes nerves me to do my duty by Louise. Her erratic impulses must be promptly suppressed. But—a—we will not pursue the subject."

The subject, however, relentlessly pursued Beldon as he strode down hill, and entered his little shop with him.

"Something has surely gone amiss with you, sir," said Mr. Millan Piercy.

"You're right, my boy," returned Beldon.

Piercy was a bright, cheerful fellow, and Beldon was fond of him. Both had occupied the same shop for three years. Piercy's half was devoted to newspapers and stationery.

"I'd give my right arm to save that child from anything disagreeable," added Beldon. To prove which, he straightway took young Piercy into his confidence.

Whatever her hopes or fears touching that appointment with her mother, Lou disdained

any show of loathness. At twenty-five minutes past eight o'clock she marched into her bed-chamber.

The aspirations towards womanhood, lately flying so high, could now only flutter and beat about. The atmosphere was depressing. Old associations certainly suggested the probability of severe maternal measures.

Lou sat on the edge of an ancient desk which, picked up at auction, had become part of the furnishing of her room. One dainty foot, being free from the floor, was swung back and forth with an air of easy indifference. Yet her heart leaped at every sound from the shop.

With any woman save her mother, there might have been grounds for hope of escape on so busy a morning. But under whatever pressure Mrs. Beldon found herself, she had never forgotten such engagements. Lou had not long to wait. She heard a distant bolt slipped. Firm, light footsteps approached. The half-glazed door opened.

Time being extraordinarily precious to Mrs. Beldon just then, she wasted none.

"Louise," she said, clipping her syllables off short, "I will devote two minutes to any explanations which you may desire to offer."

How meager the privilege thus accorded!

Many longings, many thoughts were whirling tumultuously in Lou's brain. Her hopes, her fears, her nameless pantings after womanly independence—how could she, at an instant's warning, cast these into effective sentences?

She could only falter: "Mamma, why are you so exacting with me? You'll tell me, very likely, that I acted just like papa—my own papa, I mean—last night. Whenever I enjoy myself, I seem to remind you of him. Why am I here in this world at all? When will I be old enough to live a little? I don't *live* now."

That "why," that "when," with Lou's voice rising into passionate directness, thrilled Mrs. Beldon. A vague self-reproach stirred in her breast.

"I will—a—consider this matter, Louise," she replied in a softer tone.

Then half closing her heavily fringed eyelids a moment, she studied her daughter's flushed face, and pondered upon the situation. So standing, so hesitating, an unhappy recollection flashed upon her. Severity returned in deep, vertical lines to her low brow, and in sterner accents to her tongue.

"You deceived me, Louise," she exclaimed. "You told me that you wished to retire early. There can be no doubt here. My duty is plain."

The old tormentor still hung limp and black across a peg in the wall.

At ten o'clock all was bustle and confusion about the shop. A loud-tongued bell was clamoring on the edge of the sidewalk. The crowd, each individual of which was struggling for elbow-room, increased every moment. Three stentorian voices belonging to the auctioneer's clerks were in attendance. The auctioneer himself appeared promptly, and the sale began.

To Lou these seasons of bustle and confusion had been hitherto highly agreeable. They broke into a monotony which she abhorred. But on this particular day she avoided being seen.

A depression of spirits very unusual with her did not, however, continue uninterruptedly. Toward two o'clock in the afternoon she found herself viewing life with her accustomed good humor. She thought of peeping into the shop; but before she could do so, somebody came peeping in at her.

She flushed scarlet. Then, yielding to a sudden exuberant impulse, she slapped the intruder's face.

"How dare you venture here, sir, without an invitation?" she cried.

"I dare," was the laughing answer, "because your mamma is so busy."

The reply suited Lou precisely. She clambered to the top of a tall, covered clothes-basket, and perched there, prepared to enjoy a teasing chat. What such opportunities were to her can hardly be surmised by freer maidens.

"Pray, didn't you come to buy something, Mr. Piercy?"

"Not I," returned the young gentleman

provokingly; "I didn't come to please myself at all. Your papa sent me. He has been in a queer state of mind about you all the morning."

At these words, Lou was scorched by a burning indignation.

"He wishes very much to know how you are feeling."

Was there not a sparkling speculation in Mr. Millan Piercy's eyes?

"I will drown myself!" secretly raged Lou.

Would that all desperate threats were as little likely of fulfillment.

"Papa will hear from me soon enough," she said aloud and loftily; "indeed, if I had any message to send, I should not select such a messenger as you."

"But," continued Piercy, his very forehead flushed with suppressed roguishness, "he begged me to ask you one question."

Lou was intuitively warned to declare that she would answer no questions.

Piercy was irrepressible.

"I must obey orders," he said. "Tell me, Miss Lou, did you—*howl!*"

"I hate you and papa both!" cried Lou, her face flaming, her eyelids growing red and angry.

When Piercy had laughed his fill, he became contrite.

"I confess, Miss Lou. Your papa didn't send me at all. Business was dull. I slipped off. I was dying to see you."

Lou flashed back, "The longing is not mutual, sir."

What could appease her wrath? "Have you forgotten those old days, Miss Marston, when you used to play in the show window, and throw kisses at me as I went by?"

"What better proof that my childish taste was very crude!"

"I always thought you the loveliest little fairy."

"The rule being that lovely children grow up hideous—thanks."

"But every rule has its exceptions, and you are one of the most striking."

"I despise you now," interjected Lou, with haughty irrelevance, "and shall do so as long as I live."

She changed her mind that very evening. Mr. Beldon brought home not only a box of *bonbons*, but something wrapped in a delicate shroud of tissue paper.

Living so closely in barren rooms, flowers were a rapture to Lou. At sight of that exquisite hot-house bouquet, "O papa, how good of you!" she screamed.

"Not good of me," he answered, in a meaning tone; "but let mamma think so."

IV.

In calm despite of those flaring announcements; "On Account of Departure," Mrs. Beldon neither went out of town nor out of business. The sale cleared off an accumulation of rubbish, and netted her a cozy little sum.

One morning—was it days or weeks after?—she departed to see what was offering at the wholesale houses. Lou was left to tend shop, and to dream. Fully forty-eight hours had elapsed since she had caught any glimpse of Mr. Millan Piercy. Forty-eight hours in certain mental or physical conditions may be an eternity.

Lou was restless. Ardor in a first love affair was clearly to be expected of such a nature.

Mr. Millan Piercy sometimes passed the shop. Suspicion is that he did so oftener than was necessitated by the delivery of magazines. However that may be, he seemed suddenly to have lost all his customers in that quarter of the city.

In one breath, Lou assured herself that he had ceased to care for her; in the next, she planned how she would plague him when they met again.

An old lady's cap had been ordered. To make this was Lou's morning task. Her young heart fluttered with hope and longing as she sat fashioning the adornment of an ancient head. Presently an inward suggestion quite took away her breath.

"I've a great mind to shut up the shop," she murmured, "and run down to see papa. If I dared!"

What did not Lou dare?

"I'll go, if I swing for it!" she exclaimed.

True, her mother might return unexpectedly, or they might encounter one another upon the street. Lou thought of these possibilities; but with characteristic recklessness, she refused to forecast consequences. Tossing her work aside, she darted after hat and shawl. With the one askew on her curly head, and the other trailing from her arm, she paused at that old writing-desk in her room. Securing a scrap of paper, she wrote, in a hand as bold as her resolve:

"Back in half an hour."

This notice was designed for the front door and possible customers. She rushed toward the shop, to be transfixed by a familiar clash. Some one was entering from the street.

"How unutterably stupid!" scolded Lou.

Peeping through the half-glazed door, her red young blood leaped into her cheeks. There at the counter, as large as life and as radiant, stood Mr. Millan Piercy.

To throw aside hat and shawl, to present herself to view, was the work of an instant.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, in a tone matching her pert air; "what brought you here?"

"My feet," retorted Piercy, glowing with an appreciation of his phenomenal smartness.

"How glad I am to know—perhaps mamma dropped in upon papa as she passed?"

"She did. I took the hint—and this bundle of papers to deliver."

endeavoring to keep her exultation a profound secret, Lou resumed her task behind the counter.

"What is that?" asked Piercy, pettishly. "A butterfly net? You must be in a frightful hurry."

"Am."

"You did not seem particularly busy when I came."

"Things are not what they seem."

"Especially young ladies."

Piercy had a ruddy and pleasant face, a ridgy growth of thick brown hair, and a pale but promising mustache. In spite of these

personal advantages, he began to feel very cross. When Lou at length deigned to invite him to a chair beside her, he accepted her invitation ungraciously.

"I was fool enough to fancy that you would be glad of my coming, Miss Marston."

"Pray, how do you know that I'm not?"

One arch glance was all-conquering. Piercy's ill-temper vanished.

"Then for mercy's sake put aside that old black bag, and devote your attention to me."

By way of answer, Lou suddenly dropped her round cheek against his shoulder. She lifted her eyes shyly to his.

"You are really in love, aren't you, Millan?"

"Desperately."

"I verily believe that you would like to—to—"

A slight pouting of her dewy lips suggested something so enchanting that young Piercy shuddered with delight. His face flashed to meet hers, but with a rich and tantalizing laugh, Lou sprang out of reach. Perched on the window seat, she was presently exulting in Piercy's rankling disappointment. She had put herself within plain view of the street. The public eye proved an effectual check upon lover-like demonstrations.

By skillful touches, Lou persuaded a knot of somber ribbon to lie gracefully. She asked: "Can you afford to sit scowling like that? Have you so long to stay? Of course, you've left poor papa to wait on your customers as well as his own."

Piercy rose. Stroking his mustache, he seemed to gather a lofty, virile assurance.

"Ahem!" said he, "ordinary chat won't do for a man in my frame of mind."

Lou quivered with mischief.

"Can you think of anything extraordinary to say?"

"I love you."

"Heigho! that was probably original in the year 4004 B. C."

"You are bent upon tantalizing me, Louise, are we never, never to be engaged?"

"That depends—"

"Do not say upon your mother."

"I won't, then. I'll leave it understood; a sort of sentimental ellipsis."

"Do be reasonable."

"I am alarmingly so. I'd really like to encourage you. For you are quite—nice. But everybody who knows mamma knows how exacting she will be with the man who asks me in marriage. Why, you might have to promise at the altar to obey me. You might even be obliged to change your name to mine."

A play of dimples about Lou's mouth indicated with what suppressed fun she spoke. But Mr. Piercy was unfortunately in the mood to take everything seriously.

"You never would demand such an absurd—"

"I wouldn't, of course. But mamma might."

"A woman has always assumed her husband's name."

"Don't display your ignorance of facts. Mamma is well read. Why, as late as the sixteenth century, a union with the daughter of a great house often imposed a change of name upon the bridegroom."

"But nowadays there's only the one universal usage."

"In Spain," was the relentless reply, "a lady marrying, retains her patronymic. In France the names of both contracting parties may be linked together."

Piercy could not gainsay Lou's triumphant assertions. He had but one refuge—bad temper.

"I'll marry no girl," he burst out violently, "who will not throw herself into my arms and say, 'Millan, I am yours forever!'"

With that, although he must have heard Lou begging him not to be angry, he rushed from the shop.

A long week went by. Mr. Millan Piercy's lordly belief that Lou would break the silence died out in a great despair. Mr. Beldon one day imparted such a piece of news as sent the lover flying up to Mrs. Beldon's shop.

"On Account of Departure," again flared across the show window. A placard on the

door added pithily, "Store to Let and Fixtures for Sale."

Piercy stumbled against Mrs. Beldon just emerging. The burnished throat of a humming-bird is not gayer than she was.

Millan knew not which dazzled him most, the blue and gold of her gown of changeable silk, the rich embroideries of her China crape shawl, or the vivid solferino and vermilion of her crank little bonnet. A sunshade, the brilliant cover of which could be tipped at various angles, completed her jaunty costume.

"Going out, ma'am?" queried Millan, in a disappointed tone.

Mrs. Beldon scrutinized his face between narrowed eyelids.

"Mr. Piercy, I believe—yes, sir; I have an appointment with—a—my attorney."

"Mr. Beldon has told me of your good fortune."

"Louise and I will henceforth be far above the—a—sordid necessities of trade.

The listener could scarce credit his ears. Was this the same woman who had always so stoutly maintained the dignity of trade?

"I had no expectation that Louise's grandfather—a her paternal grandfather, would remember her so munificently. But she is a true Marston; and the Marstons are a remarkably fine family."

Never until then, if the truth be told, had Mrs. Beldon admired her husband's relatives. For this lack of admiration, there had been good reason. Upon his marriage with her, Louis Marston had been disinherited.

Hearing these lofty sentences, Piercy felt his insignificance. Yet he manfully requested a few moments' interview. Mrs. Beldon re-entered the shop, he following. When he had broached the subject uppermost in his thoughts, she would not listen.

Any aspirations in her daughter's direction, she declared, were, on his part, manifestly absurd.

"While we remain in San Francisco, sir," said she, with great dignity, "I shall keep my daughter under strict a—surveillance. Consider yourself put upon your honor not to communicate with her in any manner. I

find that this—a—unfortunate affair has gone too far already.”

His ruddy face turned of a sickly color, his young heart despairing at the very doorway of life's endeavors, Piercy bowed his submission. During this conversation, Lou had been listening behind the half-glazed door. Her eyes, blinded by hot tears, followed Piercy's sad departure.

For the few days elapsing between this interview and the final auction, Beldon had quite enough to think of. His wife had taken him into her confidence, and had demanded his assistance in enforcing her orders.

Lou had taken him into her confidence.

“Mamma has forbidden me even to think of Millan,” she cried. “But I must see him before I go, or I shall die.”

The pressure which Lou brought to bear was irresistible. But Piercy had taken Beldon into his confidence.

“My honor is pledged,” he said; “I cannot write her so much as a line, still less can I see her.”

You may well believe that Beldon sighed for the days when Lou had been appeased by *bonbons*. She gave him no repose, declaring that he must help her to meet Piercy.

But Piercy remained gently firm. Trial had developed in him a calm self-control, to be shaken only when, the morning before the sale, Beldon put a folded slip of paper into his hand. The sight of that girlish super-scription awoke his longing.

“My promise!” he muttered.

“Don't be a fool, boy,” said Beldon. “You surely owe something to the young woman who loves you. Besides, Lou has entirely given up the idea of seeing you.”

Piercy wavered.

“Read,” said Beldon.

Thus urged by his old friend and his own heart, he yielded.

“I will not reproach you for your cruelty, Millan,”—so ran the hurried lines. “But grant this request: be at the auction to-morrow. You do not dream what I would dare for your sake. Dare something for mine. In the kitchen you will find a box

marked with a cross of red ink. Buy that box, and return at nine o'clock in the evening to remove it. I am quite beside myself. Mamma is determined to leave for New York on the next steamer. I have cried until I am nearly blind.”

Piercy looked toward Beldon as if expecting further enlightenment. The latter was decidedly out of humor.

Said he: “Do as Lou wishes, or not, at your own risk. The girl is brimful of harum-scarum notions. I can't manage her. The box will very likely contain some keepsake.”

“Why not send such by you?”

“Ask me why the wind blows from the north-west this morning.”

“Does she mean that I must return for the box myself? I cannot do that without danger of encountering Mrs. Beldon.”

“I believe I am to try to get my wife out of the way. There! suspect what you please. But follow Lou's instructions to the letter, or I won't answer for consequences;—it!” irascibly, “I would like to enjoy one moment's peace and quiet.”

Pass over Piercy's mental conflict. He resolved to gratify Lou's last wish, come what might.

At ten o'clock next day he was among the crowd thronging Mrs. Beldon's shop. Avoiding her eye, he slipped hastily into the back rooms. Perhaps he whispered to that image of Lou dwelling in his heart, “You reproach me; yet see! I will even lower my manly dignity for your sake.”

He had no thought of encountering her. Beldon had informed him that she would spend the day with an old customer of her mother's.

Grimy dealers in second-hand furniture, and second-hand people generally, had overflowed into the bed-chambers. Some were rapping their knuckles against the bureau mirrors. Some were bouncing on the easy chairs, to test the springs. Some were punching the feather mattresses, as if to vent a spite against them. In the kitchen, an oleaginous Hebrew, appraising the cracked and rusty stove with a reference to possible bids, seemed the presiding genius of partition.

The box, marked as Lou had written him, was not hard to find. Yet a preconception of something small and delicate led Piercy to overlook it at first.

Than that huge, square receptacle, naught could be less suggestive of a love offering.

"Notting put ruppish," said an insinuating voice at Piercy's elbow.

The oleaginous Hebrew had advanced from the stove. Having spoken, he formed of either yellow and hairy hand a vigorous rake, wherewith to turn over the contents of the box. Piercy began to tremble for whatever Lou might have hidden there.

Was he really to find some gift in that waste heap? No: he was more than half inclined to suspect—

If Beldon's guarded exclamations meant anything, they meant that when he—Piercy—came back at nine o'clock, Lou would contrive to meet him face to face. Well: if so? He felt his stern resolutions melting.

"Yerkus won't get a pid on dat, 'less 'tis from a know-notting shunk man," said the insinuating voice.

"You are yourself that very junk man." thought Piercy, silently noting a contradiction to the speaker's assertion.

He then went his way, to return later. The sale had then reached the kitchen. He glanced around, not without apprehension, for his oily friend. That personage was nowhere to be seen. Had he secured some bargain which had sated his appetite for refuse?

Piercy had little time to indulge in suppositions. His task, to avoid Mrs. Beldon's eye and secure the box. He was fortunate in doing both. He slipped out of the crowd, and left full of hope. Not a trace of his stern resolutions now remained. Nay, fondly believing his surmise correct, his heart began to sweep him rapturously forward toward that tender evening tryst.

Promptly at nine o'clock, therefore, he hurried up Clay Street from Kearny. An express wagon, the tail-board turned to the sidewalk, was waiting in front of the shop—a darkened, dismantled, desolate shop now. But one dim jet of gas was burning, as Beldon met him at the door.

"By Jove, my boy!" was the tremulous greeting, "I feel precisely as if I was going to the gallows."

Piercy was instantly infected with his old friend's evident nervousness.

"Tell me," he pleaded, "has anything gone wrong. I understand; Lou was to— to be here."

"She has not arrived," stammered Beldon. "Mrs. Beldon may be back at any minute. The only thing you can do is to get your box and be off."

"O, let that go!" cried Piercy, in an intensely disappointed tone.

"— it!" retorted Beldon, "don't be a fool. Didn't I tell you that if you refused to carry out Lou's programme literally, 'twould be at your own risk?"

Piercy said no more. He beckoned the waiting expressman. Heavy footfalls went echoing loudly through the rooms where Lou would flit no more.

Mopping his face and neck with a huge silk handkerchief, Beldon strode on before.

"Why such a huge affair as this?" asked Piercy, kicking his purchase with an air of utter disenchantment.

"Anything which you could have carried off in your arms," mumbled Beldon, "would have given you no excuse for returning."

Then he capered about in ridiculous fashion, scolding, urging, blurting out, "Right side up with care," as if he had gone mad.

Progress from the kitchen to the shop could not keep pace with Beldon's eagerness. Nervous dread of his wife's reappearance was manifested in every gesture. Under other circumstances, Piercy had smiled, noting to what a condition his old friend was reduced under wifely rule.

Beldon's dread was not without good reason. At the door of the shop, further progress was suddenly barred by a slender female figure.

Mrs. Beldon recognized Piercy with swift suspicion.

"Mrs. Jackson hasn't brought Lou home yet, Cassandra."

"I have just met Mrs. Jackson going

away from here," was Mrs. Beldon's dry retort.

Piercy felt called upon to explain his presence in as few words as possible. He had been at the auction and had bought that box.

He was quite bewildered.

"What could you want of it?" queried the lady, curtly. "It contains only the merest trash."

She stooped to verify her recollections of packing.

But now, in a dripping perspiration, Beldon grew cold. His teeth fairly chattered. He pinched Piercy's arm, as a signal to proceed. How to proceed with Mrs. Beldon still rummaging, Piercy knew not. Beldon motioned the expressman. Vainly. Mrs. Beldon uttered a sharp exclamation. In turning over scraps of buckram, crushed hat frames, and the *disjecta membra* of dolls and jumping-jacks, she had overturned a band-box perched upside down on the top of the waste. In so doing, her ungloved hand had come in contact with something soft and silken.

The long curl was attached to as reckless a head as ever sat on a girl's shoulders.

Lou did not wait to be dragged from her ignominious hiding-place. She rose and clambered forth. Much of the rubbish had been necessarily removed when her grave was dug. The sides of this grave now fell in. How to breathe under a band-box was a question which her determination had solved.

To the expressman this scene was doubtless highly entertaining. Piercy cut his gaping enjoyment short, by sternly motioning him away.

What secret torments of feeling had told upon Lou's bright looks? Or was it terror which paled her cheek? But she was resolute, too.

"Mamma," she began at once, "let us understand each other. Force me to leave San Francisco without hope of seeing Millan again, and I will throw myself overboard from the steamer."

Never had Mrs. Beldon dreamed of meeting such resistance to her authority as

now visibly thrilled every nerve of her daughter's slender form.

In that crisis, she chose to reproach any one save Lou.

"This precious young man," she exclaimed scornfully—"this—a—stationer, pledged me his word of honor not to communicate with you."

Piercy felt himself justly condemned.

But Lou retorted: "He kept his word too well. His sternness, seconding your severity, has driven me to desperation!" Then, half laughing, half sobbing: "He fairly bristled with rigid integrity. I vowed that, in spite of it, he should actually carry me off."

Piercy could not resist a powerful impulse to place himself by Lou's side. She glanced up at him gratefully.

Standing confronted by those two troubled young faces, her heavily fringed eyelids half closed—was Mrs. Beldon's mind drifting into wonted channels of speculation? Was she asking herself if Lou might not have been impelled to this mad step by something beyond her girlish volition?—by an elusive but irresistible force pulsing in her veins?

Beldon, who had not spoken since the awful moment of discovery, now found courage to venture, in a low voice: "May not a proclivity to—to *elope* run in the blood, Cassandra? I merely offer this question for your calm consideration."

"Traitor!" ejaculated Mrs. Beldon.

In that dissyllable, and in a withering glance, she let escape no slight hint of the secret rage she felt.

She added, in a constrained voice, yet loftily: "Your allusion is as mean-spirited as your treachery, sir."

"Poor papa isn't to blame," sighed Lou, reaching a hand toward her step-father; "I have set him crazy. He never could refuse me anything."

Mrs. Beldon drew a long breath. If ever in the past she had behaved as a reasonable woman ought, she flattered herself that she would behave reasonably then. Lou had shown a headstrong determination

which it were well not to attempt to balk. Moreover, Lou was an heiress—a personage, therefore, of great importance in her mother's ambitious future.

"Let us have no—a—scandals," said Mrs. Beldon, with an air of decision. "Few of us choose wisely in this world. Why should I expect my daughter to be one of the few? Pledge your troth, you lovers. Louise must go with me. In three years, if she does not change her mind, she shall return to San Francisco, and to the—a—husband she has chosen."

If she does not change her mind! Idle as whistling wind were those words in the happy ears of her hearers. Mrs. Beldon had weighed them well.

The following week Lou and her mother sailed for New York. The following year they were in Europe. Thence Mrs. Beldon wrote to her husband, who, averse to travel, plodded on in the old way:

"Wide and splendid vistas have opened before her eyes. . . . She whispered me, the other day,

that the past in those dark rooms was like a nightmare dream. . . . A young girl's horizon broadens wonderfully as she climbs from fifteen toward seventeen. She finds her giants dwindling into dwarfs."

Still later:

"She first met Mr. Archibald Clifford at Heidelberg. There was an impromptu dance on the Great Tun. They walked through a quadrille together. Since then, that young stationer has been far enough from her thoughts."

The letter closed in characteristic vein, touching upon "fickleness," and the "Marston strain of blood."

Millan Piercy, faithfully working his way upward in business for Lou's sweet sake, bore the shock as a man must. What did it matter to him whether Lou's bad faith arose in immediate circumstances and her own generation, or was handed down to her from another generation? One stern fact was not to be questioned: she was lost to him forever. EVELYN M. LUDLUM.

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

GARFIELD'S PLACE IN HISTORY. By Henry C. Pedder. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD. By George F. Hoar. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

The two little volumes whose titles are given above, are entirely opposite in their character and plan. Taken together, they present a very full and complete account of the life, character, and services of James A. Garfield. Mr. Pedder's essay contains little of biography, but abounds in deductions and comparisons.

It is a thoughtful, scholarly, and painstaking production, but lacks unity, clearness, arrangement, and vigor. There are frequent repetitions in it, too many quotations, and at times it is very prosy. The engraving opposite the title-page is pronounced by competent authority the most lifelike picture of Garfield which has yet appeared. This fact alone would make the book well worth having,

Senator Hoar's oration, originally delivered at Worcester, and published by request, is exactly what Mr. Pedder's essay is not. It is epigrammatic, terse, eloquent, and striking; scarcely, if at all, inferior to the recent brilliant effort of Mr. Blaine at Washington. A few sentences quoted at random will illustrate the vigor of thought and style which characterizes the oration.

"The son of the poor widow is dead, and palace and castle are in tears. On the coffin of the canal boy a queen lays her wreath. This is no blind and sudden emotion, gathering and breaking like a wave. It is the mourning of mankind for a great character already perfectly known and familiar. If there be any persons who fear that religious faith is dying, . . . let them take comfort in asking themselves if any base or ignoble passion could have so moved mankind."

And again:

"It was no race of boars that struck its axes into the forests of this continent. Those men knew how to build themselves log cabins in the wilderness. They were more skillful still to build constitutions and statutes."

The conclusion is as follows:

"In asking for this man a place in the world's gallery of illustrious names, we offer him as an example of the products of freedom. With steady and even step, he walked from the cabin and canal path to the school, to the college, to the battle-field, to the chamber of death. . . . Is not that country worth dying for whose peasantry are of such a strain? Is not the constitution worth standing by, under whose forms freedom calls such men to high places? Is not the Union worth saving which gives all of us the property of countrymen in such a fame?"

Of course, a eulogy is not a critical estimate. The affectionate regard of life-long friends does not dwell on shortcomings. Some allowance must be made on this ground for whatever seems fulsome in the glowing tributes to Garfield's memory.

Dickens has much to say about the tendency to overlook the virtues displayed in the lives of common men, and to trace those same virtues up into constellations when they appear in high places.

Now, it cannot be maintained that Garfield did not deserve what has been said; but the fault, if any, lies in assuming that the virtues claimed for him belonged to him alone. Happily, thousands of men in this republic have gone from small beginnings to deserved success: have "bared their bosoms to the icy fangs of death" on the battle-field; and have been loyal, true, and affectionate to wife and mother.

To illustrate: much has been said about "the famous ride at Chickamauga, an achievement glorified by Mr. Hoar and Mr. Blaine.

What was that in fact. The history of that fatal field is familiar. The right wing broken, the center driven back, the left wing recoiling upon itself, swinging around into a semicircle, holding the ground and saving the army, thanks to the coolness, wisdom, and obstinate courage of that grand old soldier, George H. Thomas. Garfield, as chief of staff, was obliged to carry orders across the field to the left wing, a part of the distance under fire. This duty was well done; but such dangerous errands fell to the lot of aids and staff officers during every battle of the war. There is nothing so wonderful in it as to entitle the faithful messenger to outrank in credit General Thomas himself.

No man needed less that extravagant claims should be made for him than James A. Garfield. He was a noble specimen or type of Christian manhood; combining in his character great courage and determination with tenderness and gentleness. His aim in life seems to have been to make the most of himself, morally and intellectually: to fully develop all his powers, not that he might become rich or famous, but that he might be useful—useful to his country and to humanity. He was, above all things, sincere and earnest. His speeches came from the depths of his moral convictions. He was as unselfish a lover of his country as Washington or Lincoln. His greatest service to the nation, however, has no connection with the dramatic features of his career. For eighteen years, during a period of great danger

and demoralization, General Garfield was the champion at Washington of the public credit and of sound and honest legislation. The resources of his trained mind and the weight of his character were always, at the most critical times, thrown into the scale on the side of the truth and the right. That is the debt which the nation can never pay.

NOAH WEBSTER. By Horace E. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

The volume on Noah Webster, in the series of American Men of Letters, will be more interesting to students of American history than to the lovers of literary biography in general. There is in the book none of that personal quality which makes Trevelyan's "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay" such fascinating reading. And, indeed, the subject of the sketch did not admit of such a treatment. Webster, in spite of the influence he has had upon American education, cannot be considered to belong to the first order of minds. Indeed, he is hardly a "man of letters" at all, unless in the most literal sense. "His mind was not subtle or graceful; he had not the faculty of creating, nor, so far as I can discover, of appreciating, literature," (p. 152). We cannot expect, then, to find in his private letters and familiar conversation that charm which surrounds the least utterance of real genius. This Mr. Scudder recognizes; but he also sees that no man could have attained such an exceptionally wide influence and reputation without either very unusual opportunities or peculiar traits of mind and character. He gives us a very interesting account of Connecticut society at the time of the Revolution, when Noah Webster was growing up; the society which made him what he was—narrow, provincial, self-satisfied, with no broad acquaintance with men or books, but at the same time full of a sturdy independence, a true democratic spirit, a belief in the great future of his country, and an almost unexampled boldness and perseverance in carrying out his undertakings. People are a little tired of the omnipotent spelling-book, and begin to be rather skeptical about its influence; but if one can transport himself to the time of its introduction, and think how for years it was the only text-book besides the Bible in common use throughout America, it is plain that its importance can hardly be overestimated. The value of the great dictionary is in no danger of being underrated; perhaps people are even inclined to give Webster too exclusively the credit of it. His work consisted in taking the initiative, and showing what ought to be done. Later editors have gone on in the same line, and almost entirely superseded his work, especially in the etymological part; but people follow a true instinct in still calling it "Webster's Dictionary," for it would never have been made but for him.

The years which passed between the publication of the spelling-book and the beginning of work upon the dictionary were very busy and active, although most of the results have been forgotten now. During that time he edited or contributed to various newspapers and magazines, with the utmost confidence that they would succeed; whereas, "the only thing absolutely certain about them was their uncertainty." Then he published some essays printed in an attempt at phonetic spelling, of which he was an ardent advocate. But his most audacious attempt was a revision of the King James version, by a committee of one; and he actually published an edition of the whole Bible, "purified of the various errors," and afterwards an edition of the New Testament alone—an enterprise which, as may be imagined, did not much increase his slender means. For his version was not at all a scholarly one, nor could it come with any authority; it merely represented Noah Webster's personal views of language and grammar. Here, as in so many other cases, he attempted what he could not, from the nature of the case, accomplish, but what was certain to come about one day. If the "American Magazine" failed, in time came the "Atlantic" and the "Century"; if his ideas of phonetic spelling failed to attract any attention at the time, they are gaining adherents every day; and last year saw a revised version of the New Testament, which did come with authority to all denominations.

NUMA RUMESTAN. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Virginia Champlin. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

It is a discreditable commentary on the workings of the French social system that this book should be advanced as an exposition of its phases and methods. It is equally discreditable that the French public have tacitly accepted it as a truthful mirror of their daily manners and customs. The tone of the book to any but a Frenchman would, of necessity, seem coarse and repulsive. It is a curious intermingling of politics and *accouchements*. It appears that the Third Republic has lost the elegance and repose that characterized the empire, but held faithfully to the immoralities, vices, and indecencies of the old *régime*. As a political portrait, it is interesting. The name, the birthplace, the leading incidents, are pictured from the life. Paris insists that the hero is Gambetta, and certainly the character lines are sufficiently close to life to somewhat justify the opinion. The story is that of an ambitious young Provençal, who goes to Paris at the age of twenty-four to seek his fortune. He is from the south—the electric south—where, as he says, "the wind and sun distill alcohol in the blood, and people live a life of natural intoxication." He is seen at the *cafés* in the Latin Quarter, a leader among his boisterous companions, through

love of music, wit, and sheer strength of lungs. He advances, as an artist, under-secretary, and advocate, pushing himself up through sheer audacity and a brilliant capacity for lying, till at thirty he has become a minister, and the idol of the people. To the domestic side of the story there are two phases—the sorrowful and the repulsive. The story of the wronged wife is very touching and tender, and furnishes a strong background for contrast with the amorous and libertine departures of her husband, Numa. The story of the sister who falls in love with the Farandole player is less pleasantly handled. It is the moral and ethical side that is repulsive—the code that sanctions lecherous conduct in a husband, and urges that the wife bear it all in silence, for fear of breaking down the family name. The depth of degradation is reached where Julie, having discovered her husband's amour with the little Bachelery, refuses to live with him; and ignoring the question of scandal, remains so firm that her father so degrades himself as to request her mother to show her that hers is not an isolated case; and Julie, learning that her own mother had undergone and suffered all that had crushed and overwhelmed her, allows her objections to be overborne, and goes back to her unworthy husband. It is somewhat of a novelty to find a book of this character from Daudet's pen. Though a realist, he has for years stood as the clearest and purest of the novelists of the modern French school. There is a coarse vein in the book that is fairly painful, because it is so unexpected. The character drawing is strong, the dialogue bright; and aside from its immorality, it is an artistic piece of work. Its success in France has been phenomenal, over fifty thousand copies being sold in the first few days. Here, the sale has not been as great; but the author's known ability, and the success of his previous works, render certain the sale of a large number of copies.

THE CONCEPTS AND THEORIES OF MODERN PHYSICS. By J. B. Stallo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by Jas. T. White & Co.

The subject treated of in this new member of the International Scientific Series is one of much interest at the present time. The attempts to explain the rapidly accumulated facts of physics and chemistry have given rise to theories of the constitution of matter and force which have revolutionized methods of thinking in those two sciences.

The atomic theory, the kinetic theory of gases, the nebular hypothesis, are familiar examples of these new theories. As a matter of course, there have been combined in these theories a certain amount of exact scientific deduction and a certain amount of speculation.

As new facts have been discovered, these theories have been amended and added to, in order to explain the new facts. It is not surprising, therefore, that in

the building up of these theories many speculative suppositions should be made, which time and careful consideration should find to be inconsistent. Stallo's book is certainly timely. It is time that the theories which have been growing rapidly in many different directions, to satisfy the needs of many special branches, should be carefully revised, in order to see where in they are inconsistent; for a theory not in harmony with itself, and all the facts which it should explain, should be discarded or corrected. Stallo has done a good work in making a careful and painstaking study of these theories.

His task was no easy one, to explore the region where physics and chemistry merge into the domain of speculative philosophy. How valid all his criticisms on these theories of modern physics are, only the few specialists in the same field will be able to judge. It is certain that the author has shown no mere superficial knowledge of the theories whereof he speaks, and his reasoning from the premises taken is clear and acute. Some may consider that full justice has not been done, in that certain facts that support various of the theories criticised are not mentioned; but he was not engaged in advancing explanations of facts, but in pointing out inconsistencies and fallacies in the theories commonly advanced. The book will certainly be of use in calling attention to the points criticised, and may thus be of value to science. Students of science will find it a very entertaining as well as instructive work.

GREAT MOVEMENTS, AND THOSE WHO ACHIEVED THEM. By Henry J. Nicoll. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

The great movements and their movers described in this book are: Prison Reform, by Howard; Abolition of the Slave Trade, by Wilberforce; Amelioration of the Criminal Code, by Romilly; Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, by Brougham; Cheap Literature, by Constable, Chambers, Knight, and Cassell; Penny Postage, by Rowland Hill; Repeal of the Corn Laws, by Cobden, Bright, and Villiers; Repeal of Taxes on Advertisements, Newspapers, and Paper, by Milner and Gibbon; Introduction of Coal-Gas, by Murdock, Winsor, and Clegg; Steam Engine, by Watt, Stephenson, Fulton, and Bell; and the Electric Telegraph, by Cooke, Wheatstone, and Morse. These are all described with great coolness, precision, and clearness of style. The author is noticeably free from sentimentality, gush, or their kindred diseases of words. He has treated some wonderful subjects so modestly and thoroughly that the reader is never called off for a moment from the self-exhibiting greatness of the subjects. This is the kind of interest that lasts. But the chief lesson of the book is not, and need not be, formulated into words. The inevitable idea remains, that most of

these world-movers commenced their work poor, unfriended, and made themselves great in their work, and that all of them rowed long against the strongest tides. The inevitable encouragement comes, that other men—perhaps the reader among them—may be willing so to live that they, too, shall become greater than their circumstances, and able so to work that they, also, shall move the world in a way hitherto unknown.

THE CREED, AND MODERN THOUGHT. By B. Franklin. New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

In this age of advanced thought and fine thinking, it has been strongly urged that the Apostles' Creed must necessarily, in the light of recent discoveries and the consequent change of theories, either be laid aside, or undergo a radical change or modification; that the old creed has served its purpose, and that it has no status before modern thought.

The author has written this essay, recognizing the fact that "the creed, in order to sustain its enormous claims to the belief of all mankind, must show itself to every age as the charter of true liberty, and the sure guide to progressive humanity."

And he takes up the consideration of each clause of the creed, and views it in the light of modern thought, and endeavors to demonstrate that the advancement of civilization, of education and knowledge generally, has in no way affected the Nicene Creed, which for so many years has been the expression of the religious thought and feeling of Christians—"the formulated essence of Christianity."

The work is a carefully wrought essay, and requires and repays a studious perusal.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST. By A. M. Fairbairn. New York: D. Appleton & Company. For sale in San Francisco by Jas. T. White & Co.

This work is a liberal and scholarly discussion of the life of Christ, considered from some few of the most important standpoints, as is indicated by the titles of the chapters: the subjects of some few of the chapters being: The Growth and Education of Jesus; The Baptist and the Christ; The New Teacher; The Kingdom of Heaven; The Master and the Disciples; Gethsemane; The Betrayer; The Crucifixion and the Resurrection.

The author has departed to a certain extent from some of the traditional teachings of the church, without varying any of the essential doctrines; and the logical and suggestive manner in which the different subjects are treated compels even those who cannot agree with all the positions taken to commend the work as worthy to be studied.

OUTCROPPINGS.

DIPS AND SPURS BY LOCK MELONE.

MEASLES AND MUMPS.

In approaching the discussion of the question as to whether measles and mumps are singular or plural, I feel my lack of knowledge of language; but trust that my deficiency in this respect will be offset by my experiences in measles and mumps, and my ignorance of grammar.

Measles and mumps are plural in form, and, I might add, annoying in nature; but each is one disease. The idea is singular. In fact, it is quite a singular idea that one should take the measles or mumps, except their companionship, close and clingingly loving, when it does not help him along in his business, nor strengthen his social standing.

We never hear it said that such a one has a measles; or that such another one has a mump. They are always more prosperous than that, having more than one. Indeed, as a rule, they are plenty, and some to spare for the neighbors. Though the names of these diseases are plural in form, it is not considered that the plurality is made up of units. We do not hear it said that she has five hundred measles, or he has a thousand mumps, as the case might be. Though he or she might each think he or she had a million apiece of measles or mumps, as the case further might be.

There is another reason why measles and mumps appear to be plural. When a person has either of them—and, I might say, I never knew any one to be so devoid of all sense of domestic economy as to have them both at once—he feels that they are in the majority. There is an idea of numbers; he feels outnumbered, but not oppressed with buoyancy.

In one view, mumps might seem singular; as in some cases only one jaw is swollen. In such cases, if allowable at all, it might be called a mump. It is not economy of either time or misery to have one mump at a time. The individual who cultivates only one crop of mumps for the season, one jaw, is lacking in businessability. If both jaws are attended to at once he exhausts his natural talent for having the mumps, and the trouble is over. I would therefore suggest that when one has the mumps on one side, that he at least make an effort to have them also on the other side.

But the same reason does not apply to measles, as they select no particular part of the body at which to open and carry on the business of measles. One measles touches or even overlaps another, until the

whole person is thoroughly and impartially measlesed. And, at this stage, they are certain plural; though the body may be singular in appearance. A measles is more clannish than a mump. A measles likes to be with other measles.

Measles or mumps, whether singular or plural, are thought to be contagious. And if not, it is a beautiful sympathy that leads one to have them because his intimate friend and associate has them. A sympathy which extends up into the realm of poetry; reaching, possibly, the second story.

The desire to be fashionable would lead some people to have the measles and mumps. But such an extreme desire to be stylish can't have my countenance, or any other of my personal effects.

I do not wish to set up as an authority on the question as to whether measles and mumps are singular or plural; I do not desire to be esteemed a professor of measles and mumps; but it is my candid opinion, after having those diseases, and remembering the helpless minority in which I felt, that they are plural. Measles is a noun of multitude; while mumps, by reason of their painfulness, is a noun of tumult.

A RAILROAD MAGNATE.

I do not often travel by rail. There are two mountain ranges, a river, and a place where a man was murdered for his money, between my usual stopping place and the Union Pacific railroad. It is a serious undertaking to surmount these obstacles. To pass the spot where the poor man was murdered and robbed is to me very exhausting. But I did reach the railroad not a great while ago, and secured quarters in a palace sleeping-car, which were better by several halves than I had been accustomed to.

The car was pretty well filled. I observed that I was moving in good society. In fact, my social status was superior to what it was at home. As to who was the leading spirit in the car, was soon made apparent to me. The individual in question was dressed in blue; and his complexion was that of a white house painted a deep chocolate color. He had the masterful ways of one accustomed to power. That he was no ordinary person could be seen at a glance.

Desiring to make his acquaintance, and to show that I was easy and at home in good society, I approached him. Did it with some trepidation, for I had noticed some of the passengers make remarks to him, and had also observed that no passenger did it a second time. I opened as follows, to wit:

"Excuse me, sir, but ain't you General Grant?" I didn't think General Grant wore a skin chocolate-dyed; but then, I had never met him, and did not know for a certainty what his favorite complexion was.

"No," he answered, in a tone not very drawing in its nature.

I had made a mistake, and, to cover my confusion, continued:

"Pardon me, but may be I am addressing Jay Gould?"

"No," in a manner less seducing than before.

"For the purpose of making acquaintances" here I removed my hat—"and thereby making things more agreeable during the trip, for the ladies and gentlemen who are our fellow-travelers, may I be allowed to ask whom I have the honor to address?"

"I'm porter."

"O, yes, I understand now. You are Fitz-John Porter. Excuse my blunders, I'm not much used to traveling, and am unaccustomed to the ways of the great world."

"No," in a tone that was irritated and swollen. "I'm porter on this car; sweep it out, make up the beds, black boots, and clean the spittoons."

"Oh," I remarked.

LOCK MELONE.

AN ACCOMMODATING LANDLORD.

The proprietor of a well-known summer resort in California posts the following in a conspicuous place:

This hotel has been built and arranged for the special comfort and convenience of summer boarders. On arrival, each guest will be asked how he likes the situation; and if he says the hotel ought to have been placed upon the knoll or further down toward the village, the location of the house will be immediately changed. Corner front rooms, up only one flight, for every guest. Baths, gas, hot and cold water, laundry, telegraph, restaurant, fire-alarm, bar-room, billiard table, daily papers, *couffe*, sewing-machine, grand piano, and all other modern conveniences in every room. Meals every minute, if desired, and consequently no second table. English, French, and German dictionaries furnished every guest, to make up such a bill of fare as he may desire, without regard to the bill affair afterward at the office. Waiters of any nationality and color desired. Every waiter furnished with a libretto, button-hole bouquet, full-dress suits, ball-tablets, and his hair parted in the middle. Every guest will have the best seat in the dining-hall and the best waiter in the house. Any guest not getting his breakfast red-hot, or experiencing a delay of sixteen seconds after giving his order for dinner, will please mention the fact at the office, and the cooks and waiters will be blown from the mouth of a cannon in front of the hotel at once. Children will be welcomed with delight, and are requested to bring hoopsticks and hawkeys to bang the carved rose-wood

furniture especially provided for that purpose, and peg-tops to spin on the velvet carpets; they will be allowed to bang on the piano at all hours, yell in the hall, slide down the bannisters, fall down stairs, carry away dessert enough for a small family in their pockets at dinner, and make themselves as disagreeable as the fondest mother can desire. Washing allowed in rooms, and ladies giving an order to "Put me on a flat-iron" will be put on one at any hour of the day or night. A discreet waiter, who belongs to the Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, and who was never known to even tell the time of day, has been employed to carry milk punches and hot toddies to ladies' rooms in the evening. Every lady will be considered the belle of the house. The office clerk has been carefully selected to please everybody, and can play draw poker, match worsteds at the village store, shake for the drinks at any hour, day or night, play billiards, good waltzer, and can dance the German, make a fourth at euchre, amuse children, is a good judge of horses, as a railway and steamboat reference is far superior to Appleton's or anybody else's guide, will flirt with any young lady, and not mind being cut dead when "pa comes down"; can room forty people in the best room in the house when the hotel is full, attend to the annunciator, and answer questions in Hebrew, Greek, Choctaw, Irish, or any other polite language at the same moment, without turning a hair. Dogs allowed in any room in the house, including the w(h)ine-room. The proprietor will always be happy to hear that some other hotel is "the best in the country." Special attention to parties who can give information as to "how these things are done in Yewrup." The livery connected with the establishment is complete in all its details. Our horses all can trot to the wire in 2:15, and less. Pedigrees furnished, carriages and vehicles with coat of arms and heraldic devices of all descriptions, and to suit the most fastidious. Footmen and drivers uniformed, and can converse on any subject, a classical education being made a condition of service. The proprietor will take it as a personal affront if any guest, on leaving, should fail to dispute his bill, tell him he is a swindler, the house a barn, the table wretched, the wines vile, and that he, the guest, "was never so imposed upon in his life, will never stop there again, and means to warn his friends."

HIGHTS.

Hights! hights! above the vale
Sweet and bitter there the trail;
Where, intense, my heart would rest
In the love of love caressed.

Hights! hights! ye kiss the skies
With a love that vale denies;
Seems our love below to be
Saddened by intensity.

FRANK H. BURDICK.

HOW TO SECURE GOOD HUSBANDS.

The "New York Herald" says that among the Zuni Indians, who have recently come to the front by coming East for ocean water, there is said to be a local custom which might be worth a looting in more civilized circles. In Zuni-land the houses belong to the women instead of the men, so a man can marry without first being obliged to buy or hire a house; marrying men are therefore abundant among the Zunis. On the other hand, a man who marries can occupy his wife's house only during good behavior, the wife having always the right to put an unsatisfactory husband out of doors. This is a privilege which would raise many an American wife from abject slavery to the rank of an equal partner in the conjugal firm. But whether husband or wife, the Zuni plan is an advantageous one; it encourages early marriages, assures every woman of a home, so that she need not marry merely to get one; and it keeps husbands in order, for almost any man will behave himself if by so doing he can avoid the onerous duty of paying house rent.

A clergyman's widow of eighty, the mother of the first Sir David Dundas, at one time commander in chief of the British army, is thus described by Cockburn: "We used to go to her house in Bunker's Hill [Edinburgh] when boys, on Sundays, between the morning and afternoon sermons, where we were cherished with Scotch broth and cakes, and many a joke from the old lady. Age had made her incapable of walking, even across the room. So, clad in a plain, black silk gown, and a pure, muslin cap, she sat, half encircled by a high-backed, black leather chair, reading, with silver spectacles stuck on her thin nose, and interspersing her studies and her days with much laughter, and not a little sarcasm. What a spirit! There was more fun and sense round that chair than in the theater or the church. I remember one of her grand-daughters stumbling, in the course of her reading the newspaper to her, on a paragraph which stated that a lady's reputation had suffered from some indiscreet talk on the part of the Prince of Wales. Up she of fore score sat, and said, with an indignant shake of her shriveled fist and a keen voice, 'The damned villain! does he kiss and tell?'"

A professor was explaining, in a young lady's school in France, the theory according to which the body is entirely renewed every seven years. "Thus, Mademoiselle F——," said he, addressing a very pretty blonde with a wide-awake face, "in seven years you will be no longer Mademoiselle F——."

"I hope not," replied the unsophisticated, casting down her eyes.

ON HEARING A DESERT SONG BIRD.

Sweet singer in the desert drear,
Thy tuneful notes surprise and cheer
This heart, that fate hath banished here.

Such song, I ween, hath seldom stirred
These wastes, that erewhile only heard
The croak of some ill-boding bird;

Or wolf-ery, or despairful wail
Of winds that breathe their eerie tale
O'er peak and bluff and sandy swale.

Wee friend, what hapless chance or choice
Hath brought thee here, with dulcet voice
To bid the wanderer's soul rejoice?

Art thou, poor bird, an exile, too,
From fairer lands where flowers grew,
From loved ones, lost to heart and view?

Nay, nay, thine is a kinder fate
Than mine, for thou dost sing elate,
As one still happy with his mate.

And love so thrills thy little breast,
This dreary wilderness is blest,
And joy enshrines thy desert-nest!

M. FAXSON.

The actor Foote, when in Ireland, took off a celebrated Dublin printer. The printer stood the jest for some time, but found at last that Foote's imitations became so popular, and drew such attention to himself, that he could not walk the streets without being pointed at. He bethought himself of a remedy. Collecting a number of boys, he gave them a hearty meal, and a shilling each for a place in the gallery, and promised them another meal on the morrow if they would hiss off the scoundrel who turned him to ridicule. The injured man learned to his surprise that Foote was received that night better than ever. Nevertheless, in the morning the ragged troop of boys appeared to demand their recompense; and when the printer reproached them for their treachery, their spokesman said: "Plase yer honor, we did all we could; but the actor man had heard of us, and didn't come at all at all. And so we had nobody to hiss. But when we saw yer honor's own dear self come on, we did clap, indeed we did, and showed you all the respect and honor we could."

"I have," says Heine, "the most peaceable disposition. My desires are a modest cottage with a thatched roof; but a good bed, good fare, fresh milk and butter, flowers by my window, and a few fine trees before the door. And if the Lord wished to fill my cup of happiness, he would grant me the pleasure of seeing some six or seven of my enemies hanged on those trees."

A celebrated comedian appeared upon the stage one evening enveloped in a great India-rubber suit, expanded by air to give him the proper proportions to represent Falstaff. When just in the middle of one of the inimitable speeches of that inimitable character, some wag of the stock insinuated a sharp-pointed instrument into the immense wind-full garment. Immediately the great proportions of Falstaff began to diminish, attended by an audible hissing noise; and before the discomposed actor, overwhelmed with the laughter of the uproarious audience, could retire from the stage, he had shrunk to an insignificant one hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois, with his deceptive covering hanging about his gaunt limbs in voluminous folds.

"There was one Mary Johnson try'd at Hartford in this country," says Cotton Mather, in his *Magnolia Christi Americana*, "upon an indictment of 'familiarity with the devil,' and was found guilty thereof chiefly upon her own confession. . . . In the time of her imprisonment, the famous Mr. Stone was at great pains to promote her conversion from the devil to God; and she was by the best observers judged very penitent, both before her execution and at it; and she went out of the world with comfortable hopes of mercy from God, through the merit of our Savior. Being asked what she built her hopes upon, she answered, upon these words: 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest'; and these: 'There is a fountain set open for sin and uncleanness.' And she dy'd in a frame extremely to the satisfaction of them that were spectators of it."

An ex-judge of Nevada tells the following joke on himself: A short time after his retirement from the bench he happened to meet an old friend whom he had not seen for some time. The judge, all smiles and heartiness, effervesced over his "dear friend" in such a way as to provoke the inquiry:

"What office are you a candidate for now, judge?"

The judge made a deprecatory movement, with an outward-turned palm, and said: "For none at all, my dear brother; I'm simply a candidate for the kingdom of heaven."

His friend regarded him sorrowfully for an instant, and then, with more force than politeness, and more profanity than either, said: "I'll bet you don't carry a d—d township."

"We have all heard," says Thackeray, "of the dying French duchess who viewed her coming dissolution and subsequent fate so easily, because she said she was sure that heaven must deal politely with a person of her quality."

VOL. VI—7.

"Excellence is not matured in a day" was the motto of the poet Malherbe. He took the most elaborate care in polishing his poems. Once a certain nobleman of his acquaintance had lost his wife, and was anxious that Malherbe should dedicate an ode to her memory, and condole with him in verse on the loss he had sustained. Malherbe complied, but was so fastidious in his composition that it was three years before the elegy was completed. Just before he sent it in, he was intensely chagrined to find that his noble friend had solaced himself with a new bride, and was, consequently, in no humor to be pestered with an elegy on his old one.

Rogers told Leslie that when the "Pleasures of Memory" was first published, one of those busy gentlemen who are vain of knowing everybody came up to him at a party, and said, "Lady — is dying to be introduced to the author of the 'Pleasures of Memory.'"

"Pray let her live," said Rogers. And with difficulty they made their way through the crowd to the lady.

"Mr. Rogers, madam, author of the 'Pleasures of Memory.'"

"Pleasures of what?"

I felt for my friend, said Rogers.

The Bishop of Hereford was examining a school class the other day, and among other things asked what an average was. Several boys pleaded ignorance, but one at last replied, "It is what a hen lays on." The answer puzzled the bishop not a little, but the boy persisted in it, stating that he read it in his little book of facts. He was then told to bring his little book, and on doing so he pointed triumphantly to a paragraph commencing, "The domestic hen lays on an average fifty eggs each year."

A St. Louis editor accidentally received in his morning mail proof-sheets intended for the employees of a religious publication house, and after glancing over them, rushed to the city editor. "Why in the world didn't you get a report of that big flood? Even that slow old religious paper across the way is ahead of you. Send out your force for all particulars — only one family saved. Interview the old man. His name is Noah."

Spoony shop-assistant to smart young lady trying on a hat before the glass: "Don't I wish I was a looking-glass!" Smart young lady: "Yes; perhaps you'd get more girls to look at you then."

A provident and business-like New Yorker, on leaving the city for a trip with his family, placed a placard just inside the half-door, couched in the following language: "To burglars or those intending to burgle: All my plate, jewelry, and other valuables are in the Safe Deposit Company's vaults. The trunks, cupboards, etc., contain nothing but second-hand clothing and similar matters too bulky to remove, on which you would realize comparatively little. The keys are in the left-hand top drawer of the sideboard, if you doubt my word. You will also find there a certified check to bearer for fifty dollars, which will remunerate your loss of time and disappointment. Please wipe your feet on the mat, and don't spill any candle grease on the carpets."

Archbishop Cullen was making his periodical tour of inspection in the Dublin Sunday-schools. "Kate Molony," said he, to an intelligent-looking girl, "explain the meaning of the sacrament of holy matrimony." A pause. At last Kate replied, "Please, yer honor, it's the state of existence before entering purgatory." "Go to the bottom of the class, you ignorant girl," cried out the local clergyman, very much ashamed of his pupil. But his Grace stopped him. "Not so fast, Father Patrick—not so fast. The lass may be right, after all. What do you or I know about it?"

Gabe Snodgrass recently applied to Aminidab Bledso for some pecuniary assistance. "I jess can't do it," responded Bledso. "I has to s'port my poor ole mudder."—"But yer poor ole mudder says you don't do nuffin for her."—"Well, den, if I don't do nuffin for my poor ole mudder, what's de use ob an outsider like you tryin' ter make me shell out?"

A farmer in Alameda County has placed an American flag in his field to scare off the crows. But they won't be frightened when they discover what flag it is.

Many in this world run after felicity, like an absent-minded man hunting for his hat, while all the time it is on his head or in his hand.—*Sidney Smith.*

SEND US ITEMS.

Our aim is to make "Outcroppings" a light and pleasing corner of the magazine, and we should be glad if our readers would send us from time to time, briefly and pithily told, such humorous incidents as may come under their observation.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

DARIE.

By Mary W. Glascock. (Cloth, \$1.25. 2nd Edition.)

"The book has feminine dash about it."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

"Well wrought out, in love, pathos, and pity. The tale is quite free from exaggeration, and leaves an impression of reality on the mind like an actual experience. The volume is neat and prettily gotten up. As a California production, and the work of a prominent Oakland lady, it will find many readers and admirers."—*San José Mercury.*

CALIFORNIAN VERSES.

By Chas. H. Phelps. (Cloth, \$1.)

"Mr. Charles H. Phelps, editor of THE CALIFORNIAN, has written many striking poems, which have appeared from time to time in the pages of his magazine. He now issues them in a collected form, under the heading of 'Californian Verses.' Mr. Phelps is particularly happy in some characteristics. He displays an artistic deftness in handling a pleasing succession of short verses (we mean verses not stanzas) with rhythmical facility. The 'Californian Cradle Song' is an instance of this. His poems possess a strong local flavor. One of the daintiest specimens is the 'Cradle Song,' of which we have spoken. It is characterized by a most refreshing simplicity and naturalness, which is marred only by the forced alliteration of the opening phrases. 'Yuma' has already been much admired by the reading public, and needs no comment upon its descriptive fidelity."—*Argonaut.*

"These poetic fancies are full of the fire of our electric life, and shadow forth pathos, sublimity, sentimentality and love. We think 'The Bride of Tamalpais' is the gem of the collection."—*S. F. Post.*

A PERFECT DAY,

AND OTHER POEMS,

By Ina D. Co Ibrith.

(By arrangement with Miss Coolbrith the control of this volume has now passed into our hands, and in placing it upon the market we have reduced the price from \$2 to \$1.50.)

"Pure in sentiment and pleasant in rhythm, more sad than glad, and will find an echo in many hearts who have passed through shadows as well as sunshine."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

"She is a passionate lover of Nature, and felicitously interprets its moods. The fresh winds of Spring, the Summer grasses and flowers, and the rough storms of Winter, alike have their fascinations for her, and furnish her with inspiration."—*Boston Transcript.*

"The keynote of the little poem—'A Perfect Day'—is that of nearly the whole volume: a tender, quiet joy in the sunshine and beauty of nature, inspired by a general religious truthfulness."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Any of the above publications may be ordered through local dealers, or will be mailed, post-paid, on receipt of price by the publishers.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

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SOCIETY OF DECORATIVE ART OF CALIFORNIA.

“When everybody is original, then life will be worth living for. A few people half dare express themselves, and how interesting they are!”

IN our midst stalks the conventional critic, an autocrat who claims our homage. His mien is not prepossessing; his manners far from affable. We do not like him, nor does he like us; but having conceded to him the right of sovereignty, we submit to his tyrannical sway with servile obedience, courting his smile, dreading his frown with trembling solicitude. He lays down rules for action, for speech, actually for thought; and the majority of us make it the business of our lives to follow these rules implicitly, measuring success or failure by the limitations thus accorded us. It may be averred that a standard of excellence is necessary. Very true. But why not fix that standard each for himself?—for what is excellence, after all, but the highest development of art yet attained by man? How does one know that he may not excel his master, were he not satisfied merely to attain to his height? Occasionally a lucky misstep carries him beyond the bounds—he finds himself outside of the circumscribed limit—when nine times out of ten he deprecates the accident, retraces his steps, if not irrefragable, curses his ill luck,

if it be, fashions his work according to the accepted model, and is wholly satisfied—nay, more: elated—if his copy cannot be distinguished from the original. But after all, it is to the unlucky tenth man, whose work is condemned by Mr. Critic and by himself, that the world finds itself indebted for a rich endowment—an original design. But how burst these bonds which have held the world in thrall from time immemorial? How attain originality? Can it, in fact, be attained or acquired? Is it not a thing of spontaneous growth, springing full armed from the brain of genius?

Many thousand of years ago it was said, by one wiser in his generation than are we in ours, “There is nothing new under the sun”; but one of our greatest modern philosophers speaks of thoughts original in the sense of being unborrowed, an originality only to be attained through rigid discipline and intense application. Here our imitative faculties may serve us in good stead, by increasing our powers of observation, and through them of creation—or probably invention would be the better word, signifying, as it does, the adaptation of forces already known.

It is to cultivate these powers, to develop

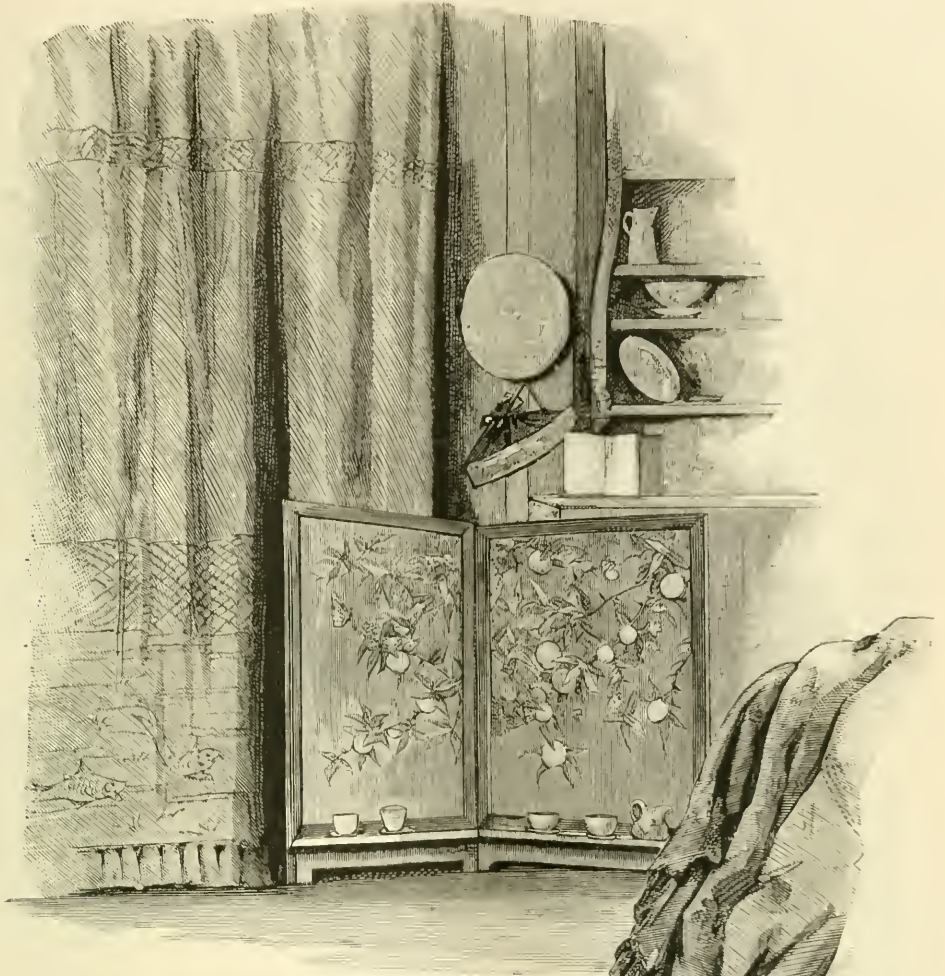
inherent talent, which else might lie forever dormant, that the women of California may learn to think and act for themselves, thereby rendering them in a certain degree independent of extraneous circumstances, that the Society of Decorative Art was here established.

In the year 1872 the body of a young governess was found floating down the Thames. The case was a sad one: the old story—

“One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!”—

old, yet ever new, repeating itself day by day: a young girl driven to self-destruction in view of the endless struggle, not for independence, not for fame, but for a bare livelihood. Scarce out of her teens, yet weary unto death! The vague terrors of the unknown world into which she plunged headlong were less to be dreaded than the assured miseries of this world, of which she, alas! knew too much. Her moral and physical strength proved inadequate to the task which she had undertaken, not from choice, not from any special aptitude, but because it was the only career open to her, the sole avenue of escape from starvation. To this lamentable, though by no means isolated, case, the South Kensington School owes its origin. The sympathies of a noble-hearted woman, Lady Mary Alford, became enlisted in behalf of the class to which this unfortunate girl belonged—a class who are above charity, but not above the suffering needs of humanity—ladies in the more limited sense of the word, born to all the luxuries and refinements of life, who, by a sudden revolution of fortune's wheel, find themselves thrown upon their own resources for daily sustenance. And what are these resources? In the majority of cases, a delicate constitution, ill fitted to breast the cold winds of heaven; a superficial knowledge of the fine arts, in which, with rare exceptions, women are but amateurs, being taught them as an accomplishment rather than as a means of support; and a shrinking, sensitive nature, to overcome which is not the

least of the miseries to which she is subjected when forced into immediate contact with the rough world. This is not sentimentalism, but an actual representation of one phase of society but little considered until within the past quarter of a century, up to which time custom forbade a lady the privilege, accorded the lowest of her sex, of earning her own living. Of every age, in every clime, there have been women who have won for themselves by the power of genius this right to live, though they have won it too often in the teeth of bitter opposition. But originality can only be forgiven or tolerated in a genius; and unfortunately, the less talented ones of earth must also live. Our nineteenth century has developed much practical common sense. Among other things, it has demonstrated the dignity of labor. It has proven indisputably that a gentleman may be found out of the ranks of professional men, and that a woman need forfeit neither gentleness nor womanliness when necessity urges her from beneath the shelter of her own roof-tree into the world's great mart: not only among the buyers and sellers, but herself one of them. With the establishment of the Royal School of Art Needle-work, in 1872, in South Kensington, a new channel of industry was opened, which, though probably not more remunerative, was at least better adapted to those whose more delicate organizations rendered them absolutely incapable of performing the rough work of an ordinary laborer, which was about the sole resource of the many who failed to reach the goal for which every impecunious woman strives; viz., the school-room. Here be it remarked, *en passant*, that the public generally is under a mistaken impression as regards the remuneration attached to fancy work. The price of such labor is not high, averaging here in San Francisco from one dollar to one dollar and a half per day—hardly enough to support existence upon, but more than is paid to shop girls, or to those who do plain sewing; and the work is in no wise distasteful; on the contrary, it is fascinating and interesting.



PORTIÈRE FROM LOUIS C. TIFFANY & CO., N. Y.
(Engraved by A. Krüger.)

The success of this enterprise has been largely expatiated upon by the press. In reviving an old fashion, it set a new one, which was in itself sufficient to insure the welfare of the institution. A new industry thus created, New York was not slow to follow in the footsteps of the mother country: and although the Society of Decorative Art was founded in that State as late as 1876, it has already put forth a dozen or more branches, one of which—thanks to certain charitably disposed ladies—has been grafted in our midst, here in San Francisco, where it is sorely needed: for while ours is the Golden State—truly a land of plenty—it is at the

same time a land of sudden and terrible reverses.

The Society of Decorative Art does not undertake to revolutionize society—to reform abuses, to emancipate woman, or even to assert her disputed rights. It does not open to her the polls nor the world of science; but it hopes to enable her to fill one of the niches for which nature unquestionably

designed her, in bestowing upon her a keen appreciation of the beautiful, combined with delicate perception and graceful dexterity. Her æsthetic tastes are not to be despised, even though extremists have made the science a thing of ridicule, converting the term "æsthetic" into a synonym for whatsoever is most grotesque and absurd. On the contrary, through the proper cultivation of these tastes the world will find itself richer by many gifts, the existence of which it at present little suspects.

It is not in the least likely that all that can be known of decorative art has already been discovered. The prophecies pointing to the destruction of the world in 1881 have failed; and the probabilities are that this same world will continue undisturbed upon its course for many thousands of years yet—time enough for old things to have passed away. While that time is still our own, let us reproduce these antiques whose beauty has been immortalized in song and story through countless ages; or, failing in this, better still, to substitute for them treasures of art heretofore unknown. There may be a gold mine as yet undiscovered in our El Dorado. California girls are full of life and energy. The restless ambition, dauntless courage, and indomitable will that conducted their fathers across the waters to these unknown shores, and through the perilous experiences of pioneer life, are theirs by rightful inheritance, and will enable them, too, to prosecute with happy result the search for gold, if gold there be.

In the middle of the fifteenth century there arose in Paris a quaint, unsightly building, which was known as "Gobelin's Folly," a century later called by Louis XIV. "Manufacture Royale des Meubles de la Couronne." The title is suggestive of the tale. Gobelin's Folly had furnished to the world tapestries of such inimitable beauty, such incomparable value, that kings jealously appropriated them to their own uses, decorating therewith their royal palaces.

A century later we find Palissy the Potter feeding his furnace with the tables, chairs, and door-knobs, or whatever other articles of

domestic furniture came nearest to hand; persecuted as a madman by his exasperated wife, who, by the bye, was not so much to blame for protesting against what to her seemed wanton destruction. Fancy a woman, even in this practical nineteenth century, awaking on a stormy night to find herself bereft of a house door! That she was thus contributing her mite, albeit involuntarily, to the development of science, was not a sufficiently comforting thought to exclude the cold.

But from this half-starved furnace came forth that exquisite porcelain, which bears about the same relation to the clay from which it is made as does the butterfly to the original worm. With indefatigable patience he wrested from nature the secret of making enamels, which was discovered in the preceding century by Lucca della Robbia, the Florentine sculptor, and had been by him bequeathed to his countrymen, by whom it was jealously preserved.

Through trials and tribulations of which we cannot even dream, Gobelin and Palissy found each a talisman which was to unlock to generations then unborn untold wealth; for the invention of these two industries has furnished with employment thousands—aye, tens of thousands—of men, women, and children. But the world is so full of men, women, and children who must work or die, that the genius of Gobelin and Palissy, and a host besides of other inventors, cannot compass them all.

Can the Society of Decorative Art accomplish the rest? Can it send forth from among its numbers one provided with the magic word which will hush the clamorous cry for work? Possibly not: but it can at least do something towards effecting that object. It may not give birth to genius, but it can prevent talent from lapsing into mediocrity. Fame may not be found within its portals; but they who enter therein will find that which will at least keep the wolf at bay. Although scarce a year has elapsed since this society was organized in San Francisco—the salesrooms not having been opened until the end of June, 1881—more than one

fatherless girl has found here such substantial help as enables her to support herself decently, and do somewhat for those at home. There are now five regular employees, whose wages average forty dollars per month. Very little, it is true; but infinitely better than nothing. However, this is a very insignificant part of the work already accomplished by the society, the aims of which are—

“To induce art workers to master thoroughly the details of some one kind of Decorative Art, in order to acquire skill therein, and make for themselves a reputation of commercial value.

“To suggest to those who have hitherto worked unsuccessfully some practical direction for their labor.

“To form classes in various kinds of art industry.

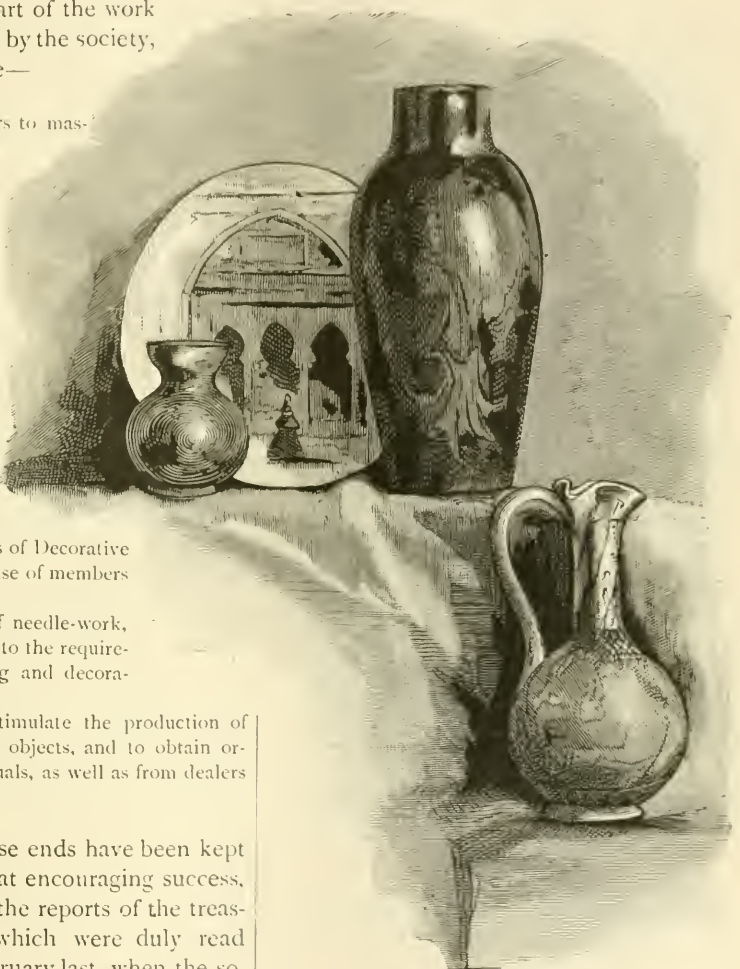
“To maintain a library of hand-books on subjects of Decorative Art and Design, for the use of members and pupils.

“To develop the art of needle-work, and assist in adapting it to the requirements of house-furnishing and decoration.

“To encourage and stimulate the production of designs for manufactured objects, and to obtain orders from private individuals, as well as from dealers in articles of house art.”

How diligently these ends have been kept in view, and with what encouraging success, have been shown by the reports of the treasurer and secretary, which were duly read and published in February last, when the society held its first annual meeting. Such being the case, a statistical report now will be not only unnecessary but superfluous. Two items, however, as strongly indicative of the success attending this enterprise, may pardonably be presented a second time before a public whose interest and co-operation are absolutely essential to its ultimate prosperity: viz., that the receipts of the past half-year aggregated \$4,885.75, \$1,584 of which was

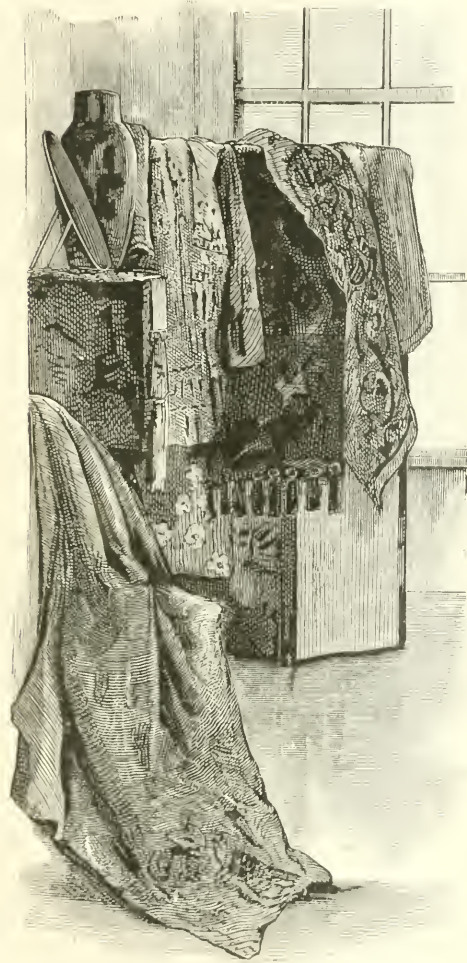
paid to contributors, of whom there have been one hundred and three in number. In the above-mentioned time there have been eight hundred and seventy-nine articles accepted; five hundred and seventy of which have been sold, and three hundred and nine remain in the salesrooms.



A BRIC-A-BRAC CORNER. (Engraved by A. Kruger.)

While the ultimate end of the Society of Decorative Art is to cultivate originality—designing being one of its proposed branches of instruction—for the present it is satisfied in the main to cultivate the hand through the eye, by importing from Europe and the Eastern States through contributors, as also through Louis C. Tiffany & Co., whose agents they are, such articles of decorative

needle-work as will not only attract and please a fastidious public, but prove, as well, acceptable models, worthy of imitation. Many a *chef d'œuvre* has been the result of this experiment. It is thus that more than one pupil has excelled his master. He attains the sublime by successive degrees of scales,



A DRAPERY CORNER. (Engraved by A. Klüger.)

in which one beautiful object suggests another, one beautiful thought another, until the ultimatum is reached, and lo! the world is enriched by his creative hand—the work his master's by suggestion; his own by verifying and working out.

Although the more excellent quality of work exhibited in the salesrooms of the society is undeniably of foreign importation,

still there is much to show the marked ability and skillful workmanship of home contributors. The drawn work is particularly noteworthy.

We dwellers on the Pacific shores ought by rights to excel in this branch of needle-work, inheriting the art with the rest of our Spanish possessions. Were this a dissertation upon art needle-work, which it is not, this most ancient of all open-work embroideries might figure as a central historical piece, around which cluster the more delicate, and be it confessed—albeit in a whisper, with due reverence for the antique—more beautiful Point, Mechlin, and Valenciennes laces of later day. We find it bordering the grave clothes of Saint Cuthbert, whose body was disinterred in the twelfth century. The secret of its fabrication was not discovered to the world until the breaking up of the monasteries wherein it was wrought, when it was eagerly acquired by kings' daughters and noble ladies throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Probably the most prominent article in the rooms is a set of *portières* painted by Miss Kellogg of New Jersey, in *Gouache* colors on old gold sateen—a woodland scene, of which every feature in the landscape breathes of golden-brown autumn. The background is much the same on either curtain, the difference consisting in the figures in the foreground: the one representing two pretty maidens twining each an arm around the other as they stroll through the leaf-strewn forest, the costumes as quaint as Kate Greenaway could suggest; while on the second the figures of a young woman leading by the hand a rosy-cheeked child are substituted for the pretty gossips. Brown birds fluttering through the air add another touch of animation to nature. The picture is set within a dado and frieze of damask, surmounted by bands of old-gold plush.

Wandering at random through the rooms, one carries away in his mind a bewildering maze of pretty nonentities, of every shape and hue which art can devise. To appreciate the dainty designs and really admirable

execution, one must needs visit the rooms again and yet again. A brief description of some of the accompanying illustrations must suffice to show the nature of the work done by the society, since not even a bird's-eye view of the whole can be given in the short space allotted to a magazine article.

In close proximity to the *portières* above described is a charming little piece of rustic work, which well might be a part of the woodland scene depicted—an autograph, as it were, from the City of Oaks; a table whereon is wrought in Kensington, upon a fawn-colored sateen, a cluster of shaded oak leaves and acorns, bordered with a deep fringe of natural acorns.

But all here is not dull brown and old gold. A pleasing contrast is afforded in the brilliant shades presented by Miss Whitcomb's table scarfs and screens. Deep ruby red, that glowing color only to be found in plush: on this background the artist's skillful brush has scattered in charming confusion wild roses, morning-glories, or apple blossoms, as the case may be, relieving this rose tint by intermingling with it white marguerites and golden-rod. Flitting in and out among the flowers are yellow birds and butterflies—an exquisite harmony of color which presents but one objection: it becomes monotonous through constant repetition. After studying for the fourth or fifth time this combination, and pronouncing it fine, one is forcibly reminded of the absent-minded gentleman, who, desirous of making a Christmas present to a lady friend, selected a handsome copy of Dickens, which was duly appreciated by the recipient; but when on the following anniversary the gift was duplicated, she concluded that he had bought a lot of them.

Among other articles contributed by Louis C. Tiffany & Co., is a *portière* which is particularly noticeable as being of rather unique design. On a ground of deepest

blue is a dado upon which are represented fish sporting beneath the waves. The work is done in outline, with *filoselle* of the same color of a lighter shade. These contrasted shades give a glittering, silvery appearance to the work which is very effective.

Bric-a-brac, consisting of Bennett *faience*, Rookwood ware, Chelsea tiles, and *plaques* from everywhere, are such specimens as may delight a worshiper at the shrine of Keramos.

A large proportion of the work found in the salesrooms is done by the free pupils, in reference to whom much might be said. It is hardly necessary to recapitulate what has been distinctly defined in the annual report: the terms upon which these pupils receive instruction. Suffice it to say that the air of cheerful industry which reigns in the work-rooms is but an index to the lives of the young girls working there.

For the present, instruction is confined to two branches: needle-work and drawing; but in the coming fall a bold stroke is contemplated by the ambitious managers. If the Fates are propitious—or, in language divested of metaphor, if the people of San Francisco are alive to their own interest—they propose to extend the work of the society, by adding to these branches instruction in China painting, water-colors, and decorative design—a field of instruction hitherto entirely unoccupied here, and which forms the foundation of all decorative art work. The study of decorative design embraces such a world of knowledge, opens such a tremendous industry, that it cannot but be of practical benefit to the State at large, by enhancing the commercial value of its products. We have the wherewithal to work minerals, lumber, wool, and, as indications point, silk; lacking only that knowledge which is to transform this raw material into a "thing of beauty," thereby rendering it "a joy forever."

S. R. HEATH.

THALOE.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was a rash and mistaken judgment, springing rather from the pleasant whisperings of romantic fancy than from a logical estimate of actual fact. For the days had long passed away in which the name of Roman citizen was a tower of strength and a shield against injustice, or in which feeble innocence would have been its own protection. Nor, had it been otherwise, could Thaloe ever have been able to penetrate into the presence of the Cæsar; for, however earnestly the unquestioned courage of her soul might strive to animate her to brave resolves, it was not in the nature of that frail body to carry them to their purposed end. The shrinking of her frame too surely would have neutralized the efforts of her well-designing will, and left her trembling and dismayed in the coldness and obscurity of some outer antechamber, far from the imperial presence; while, as her very weakness would have given additional incentive to violence, her singularity of faith would have been deemed sufficient excuse for any of those aggressions which her unprotected beauty would too certainly have suggested. In speaking as she did, she revealed herself as one so accustomed to gaze back upon the faint, traditional glimmerings of sterner and more upright days, and in their soft halo kindle her imagination, that any perception of the true character of the later wild and reckless times was necessarily excluded from her thoughts.

At any other moment Cleon might have smiled at such innocent and misplaced enthusiasm, and for her own safety would have endeavored to correct her error. But now he felt that he could not speak to her as calmly as he would have wished. New and different trains of thought began to confuse and overwhelm him. Looking into her

speaking eyes, and observing, as well, her attitude of unconscious pride and dignity, he felt that her boast of patrician blood was no vain pretense, and that in all things except fortune and matters of imperial state she was everywhere his equal. Alypia herself could not have maintained her assertions of brave ancestry with greater display of high-born grace and unimpeachable truthfulness. And with this new realization there began to steal into Cleon's mind a secret doubt as to whether, after all, in his daily meetings with Thaloe he had as fully protected his heart from danger as he had imagined. If not, what might be the perils of the future? He could no longer cherish the deceptive theory of birth and grandeur stooping merely for transient pastime to converse with the meek and lowly, and thence, the amusement of the hour being over, passing onward with no lingering word of soft regret, or flicker of tender memory. Their intercourse must henceforth be acknowledged as that of two gifted minds, each after its own manner swelling with the pride of high ancestry: the lowlier in earthly position, equally with the other, scorning all condescension, and standing resolutely and firmly upon its native right to command respect and courtesy. Could it be that his heart, whatever it might already have endured, would in the future be able to stand the test of such equal companionship, now that he had at last awakened to the truth about her? And should he not, therefore, avoid all future association with her, not for his peace alone, but also for her honor?

Revolving and re-revolving these thoughts in different combinations and sequences, but always to the same purport, and in his sudden bewilderment unable to put them into definite shape or bring any fixed conclusion from them, he took his homeward way, and soon reached his own quarters just outside

the imperial palace. There, as was usual at that hour, stood the sentry with lifted spear guarding his quarters; and in front had gathered the little crowd of those who had collected to pay their court to the wealthy pretorian captain. Of these, as Cleon paused, first stepped forth one with a roll of parchment, and slowly began to spread it out before him.

“What, now, is this?”

“Most noble captain, in me behold the architect who built for the late Cæsar his most glorious palace in Caprææ. Gifted as I am with rare genius for my profession, and known far and wide as one who has not only studied with personal observation the rarest models of Greece and Egypt, but also has received instruction from—”

“Well, well, Orestes—to the point.”

“To the point it shall be, most worthy sir. Know, then, that even genius like my own can always not only foresee all demands upon it, but as time progresses must ever gain new inspirations. Therefore, only this morning I felt the brightness of grand conceptions dazzling my brain; and knowing from report how soon you will need a villa for the fair Lady Alypia, I have made bold to offer you this suggestion of my last design. Not only in outline you will see its merit, but also in detail. Look, for instance, at this panel inclosing a fresco of Cybele and the infant Ione; and how well it graces the neighborhood of this wreathed pilaster! And see—”

“It is well, most skillful Orestes. As to my future, you have not been misinformed, it may be. But not now can I give attention to this matter. When I am more in the mood for it, then, perhaps, will I give your claim a hearing. And you who stand behind—what is your business, now?”

“Poverty, most worshipful sir—poverty which fills the heart with despair, and thins the stomachs of crying infants,” whined the man, coming from behind the somewhat discomfited architect. “I am a poor fisherman, kind sir, and this morning entangled in my net a turbot, which at the Cæsar’s table would have been worth its weight in

silver. But the creature escaped, tearing my net in pieces, and I have taken nothing at all to-day; and lo! all at home are crying aloud for bread.”

“Let this, then, bring them comfort,” said Cleon, giving the man a piece of gold, though only half believing the dolorous story. “And you, who stand so far aloof by yourself at one side—what may be your errand?”

“I have a work of art—a choice work of art,” said the third, coming forward in his turn, and drawing a linen cover from a pedestal which stood beside him, thereby revealing a tolerably well-executed statuette in marble. “This is a creation of which Phidias himself might be proud,” he continued, standing a pace or two apart, and gazing at his work with a well-counterfeited expression of intense admiration. “It has been my dream for life, my labor for ten years; and yet, unlike Phidias, I would be content to sell it for a few—a very few—gold coins, if it could only be displayed some day in your honored villa. For this ambition I have come on foot all the way from Pompeii. As respects the mere critical excellence of the figure, you will observe that in its attitude, its expression, its glow of—”

“Enough!” interrupted Cleon, already in his troubled frame of mind fatigued with the scene. “In this waning light I can see but little. Therefore, whatever the merits of your work, I cannot inspect it now. Bring it again before me to-morrow. I will then examine it for myself, and if I find it worthy, will purchase it. And do you others now depart. I have no time left for further offers, or to hear complaints.”

The group dispersed: the fisherman with well-satisfied face, the image vender with the light of hope flickering in his starved and pinched-up features, and the others a prey to despondency at the inattention they had received. And Cleon, entering, stood in his own apartment. There he found awaiting him a boy of sixteen years, clad in the costume of a page of the imperial court—an embroidered tunic, tasseled sandals, and a

short, ornamented dagger at his side: a handsome youth, such as emperors who have a proper regard for the magnificence of their surroundings always love to station about their persons; well formed, and with a pleasant, almost girlish face, and yet with certain expressions of dignified seriousness about the corners of the arched mouth and clear blue eyes, suggestive of a manly nature waiting for circumstances to draw it from its inactive seclusion. Coming up to Cleon, and humming the while a fragment of a court song, he placed a hand lightly on his shoulder and said:

"This morning only have I come from Rome; and, therefore, this morning only have I heard the story of Alypia's betrothal. And I have come at once to you, Cleon, as in duty and pleasure bound. Fortunate is Alypia to have thus won your regard. And I, Cleon," he continued, with an abatement of his enforced carelessness of manner, looking up with a wistful expression as though anxious above all things for the other's regard—"may I not tell you that I am glad all has happened thus?"

Upon this, Cleon, gazing at him with a peculiar tenderness of expression, took him by the hand with a responsive grasp, and said:

"Were these nuptials with your sister not about to take place, Camillus, I do not think that I could ever be less your friend. I am a man of few words, as you already know; and I do not often make any display of my feelings, or of my likes and dislikes. And yet I cannot but love that fair, gentle face of yours, for it speaks to me of a sincere, pure nature, such as, in these corrupt and maddening days, is not often to be met with. And therefore, whatever else might have been the event of my suit, I think that I would always have followed you with my regard."

"And yet," said the other, looking up with unconcealed pleasure at the approbation thus expressed, "had my sister Alypia listened to other words than yours—to those, mayhap, of the Tribune Balbus, who I at one time feared might gain too greatly upon her regard—how could I so familiarly

approach you to receive your love and give my own poor gratitude in return—I, a mere page of the court, and you so soon to have a well-trained legion at your command? Nay, nay; it is to Alypia, after all, that I owe whatever is near and dear in your esteem. And now to another matter. In a week from now there is to be at Pompeii a feast, at the house of the Proconsul Araduces. Both you and I will be bidden there. And you will go?"

"I know not; I scarcely think—"

"And it was partly to make you think, to tell you that you must go, that I have come. Do you not know that there has been no feast given along the whole Campanian coast which will equal this? There will be dancing girls such as have not been brought forward for months, even at the court: not the tame, worn creatures whom we have hitherto seen, and with whose every gesture we have become familiar to satiety; but fresh sirens, gathered from distant lands, and all not so much mere women as incarnations of goddess-like graces."

"These things I care but little about," responded Cleon, smiling to himself at the volubility with which the boy, in his childish and not unnatural desire to be thought a finished man of the world, rehearsed as his own those fugitive scraps of other people's conversation.

"But there are other matters which you should regard, then," retorted the page, taking upon himself a more serious tone. "Men say that you are becoming too reserved and retiring in your habits, and that it were better if you came forth to feast and frolic, and acted more like others. For so will you better contribute to your own advancement, being likely otherwise to become forgotten. And there are others—I know not how to say it, Cleon, but it must be mentioned, nevertheless—there are others who whisper that you go no longer where you would be likely to meet the Tribune Balbus, since from being your unsuccessful rival he has become your enemy. And surely such a thing as that should not be currently reported."

"Surely it should not," said Cleon, calmly; "though in what measure can it harm me? For what can all my past fame be worth, if the seclusion of a week or two should enable false reports to dim it? And yet, perhaps it were well, after all, that I should be present, and so prove that they lie who say such things, and that it was only my own passing indisposition for revelry which has kept me aloof. And therefore, thanks to you, Camillus, for thus coming to give me warning."

"It was but a little thing to do, after all," responded the page; "and perhaps I may say that it has already found its reward. Shall I tell you?" he continued in a diffident, hesitating manner, the tell-tale color rising to his cheeks. "Well, to-day, as I was descending the hill to come to you, I saw, leaning over a low wall at the turn of the path— Why, how now, Cleon? Why do you start and look so strangely?"

"I started not, Camillus. And there you saw some damsel who has taken your fancy, you would say?"

"Yes: with a pleasant, contemplative gaze, and bright, soft eyes, so shaded by long lashes that they seemed to flash and change until I could scarcely distinguish their real color. Even in the midst of the gathering darkness of twilight I could not but notice her beauty. And, by Venus! she smiled upon me as I passed."

"Smiled to see the air of pretty conceit with which you fingered that gilded dagger, and strutted by, tossing that plume—was not that it?" responded Cleon, regaining his composure, and perfectly at ease about any mischief which the page might do to Thaloe, though at heart a little discomposed to find how, in her innocence, she still needlessly exposed herself to the chance of any passing gaze. "Even now, I can scarcely help laughing at the pretentious air with which you strive to hide your boyish confusion, and adopt the cool and practiced demeanor of a veteran in the art of love. You make me at once forget whatever men say about Balbus and myself, so ludicrously does that blush overspread your cheek. And of a

certainly you returned her smile, and took credit to your handsome features for it. But now, all jesting apart, listen to me, Camillus: I know that young girl of whom you speak—have known of her for weeks past—and therefore I say that you must not think of her, or mention her to others."

"Not think of her? Not mention her?" cried Camillus, aghast with astonishment. And as he bent earnestly forward, Cleon could see different expressions one after another shoot across his face. A little gleam of anger, or perhaps, more properly, vexation, at having his nascent, boyish passion ridiculed; disappointment that, having with some difficulty and confusion of speech made his confession, he should have met with such discouragement and want of sympathy at the very start; surprise that Cleon should have known the person about whom he spoke, and gained that seeming interest in her; even doubt of Cleon and his well-sustained reputation for continence and sobriety of character. These ideas flickered one by one across the countenance of the page, all, at the end, settling down into the one prevailing expression of distrust.

"Doubt me not," cried Cleon; "I could bear it from any one rather than from yourself, whose good opinion I have so well learned to love. As for this young girl of whom we speak, believe me when I say that I have no interest in her except for her protection."

"Her protection, Cleon? And from what?"

"From anything and everything. From vice and tyranny and violence; from whatever can disturb one of her faith. For she is a Christian, and that of itself will show to what she may be exposed. You start, and wonder how I can be brought into contact with one of that strange sect. It is a long story: I can hardly explain it now. Some day, perhaps, I will do so. Let it be sufficient for the present that you should believe me."

"I do believe and trust in you, Cleon. But oh!" he added after a moment of reflection, "it were better not to tell Alypia of this."

“Nor will I, for I know too well the jealousy which can spring up in a woman’s breast,” responded Cleon; and his heart sank within him as he reflected that it was no idle fancy which had deterred him from confessing to her, but that even this unreflecting boy could not but be aware of that untrusting trait in Alypia’s nature. “Nor do I mention this to you for fear of what you might do, but rather that you should not give knowledge and occasion to those who might be unscrupulous. Is it a sorrow to you, also, that I have taken your young fancy away from you? Is it as a love lost? Nay, it cannot be that, for with you it would never be a love gained. You are too pure-minded to wish a love that could only be given with ruin and sacrifice. And there are years enough before you in which to woo the little blind god. There is no doubt that in its due time that pretty face of yours will make conquests more suitable than this would be.”

Camillus, silently listening, took his leave, humming as he left the room the same song with which he had entered, yet with such a prolonged cadence that it seemed rather a dirge over wasted hopes than a festive glee. He was but half consoled, indeed. Of an age when he began to mingle more freely with older men, meeting them at court audiences and wine feasts, he had listened to their oft-repeated stories of conquests and gallantries, until he began, not unnaturally, to feel the ambition aroused to have some experience of his own to tell, so as to put him on a par with his companions: desiring this, not with any impure longing, but with the single wish to have some pretty face to worship, even if he dared not address it, his purpose being amply served if he could but boast of its smiles and invitations. Even now this pleasant face which had looked at him over the low wall, and which had seemed to address him with a well-disposed greeting—for so his imagination had construed the expression which had hailed his approach—had apparently given him the opportunity for which he sought: and yet at the first whisper about it to one in whom he believed he could confide, he had been forbidden to

—speak further. This, surely, was not a gratifying thing.

And Cleon, left sitting alone, felt no less disturbed in his reflections. Sincere and truthful in nature, he had now allowed himself to utter words of deceit; for when asserting that he took no interest in Thaloe except with regard to protecting her from evil, he could not but feel more and more that he was beginning to cherish earnest and lingering thoughts about her. Else why did the light of those pleasant blue eyes seem even now to shine in upon him, and the gentle tones of that low voice still sound in his ears as a delicious memory? Was it not his duty, as he had always professed it his desire, to dream only of other words and glances? Surely this matter must here end, before he became innocently involved in further deceits and misconstructions. He would see Thaloe no more. Nay: he might see her once more, indeed, but simply for the purpose of bidding her farewell, and to tell her that whenever in any extremity his aid might be required, she should send to him, in order that he might fly to her relief. In that, at least, there could be no treason.

CHAPTER VII.

Then, laying his sword and helmet one side, Cleon retired to his couch, stretched himself upon it, and sought for sleep. Sleep, indeed! It seemed, rather, that there could be but little rest for him that night. And though, as he lay and tossed from side to side, there came occasional intervals of insensibility, these were only temporary exhaustions, and brought him no refreshment; enduring for a moment, and then giving place to greater wakefulness, with even more abundant power to revolve and re-revolve the same unceasing circle of cruel thought.

Yes, he knew now at last, as though it were a mystical revelation from some meddling god, the great secret of his heart—the vain love that had so cruelly possessed

him. Even if the mien and look with which Thaloe had so grandly asserted her own free birth and her claim upon it for protection had not enlightened him, showing him how equal and kindred were their natures, his conversation with Camillus would have been more than sufficient; for it had taught him how unwelcome and bitter to him would be another's admiration of her. And now, what could he do?

Should he resign her? What else was there for him to do, indeed? Even had he been freed from that other tie, which, though it had made him the envy of so many, now began to gall him as with an iron chain, how much nearer to Thaloe would he be? Even then, whatever her boast of bare ancestry, it could none the less be considered that her faith, her rules of life, all her associations, separated her from him as far as though she had her home in some distant star. Yet, what was to hinder that, as before, he should continue for a few days longer to enjoy that pleasant communication with her?—to stand at the low hedge, and gaze into her eyes, and listen to the gentle tones of her voice: that, at least, could not be forbidden him. And though it was a joy that at the longest must soon cease, it were a proper thing, after all, and the act of a wise man, to feast upon it to the very end.

Then, still seeking sleep and finding it not, he turned, and there came into his thoughts the influences of the brighter, pleasanter side of his nature. To do all that—was it really the act of a wise man, or even of a generous man? Why for a few short moments of happiness, which could never satisfy the cravings of his soul, should he destroy her life? For in truth, in some way or other, it could not fail to end in destruction to her. Whether his feeling for her was love or friendship, the proper exercise of either attribute demanded that he should remove himself far from her. To tarry longer under the enchantment would be to attract the notice of others, who, unlike himself, might be unscrupulous and cruel in their admiration. Already, through her trusting lack of caution, had Camillus

seen her; and though that young boy might be won over to silence and discretion, who could answer for others who might see himself lingering at the hedge, and so, drawing near to watch him, might discover all? What if Alypia were to hear of it? Would there be any inkling of pity in her insulted jealousy? Even now he might have been watched, and already some truckling slave or courtier have carried to her the news of his apparent infidelity. No, there could be no uncompleted measures if he would secure her safety. He would give her up at once. And yet—

Would the long night never end? Tossing thus upon his couch, he looked forward impatiently for the day; for it seemed as though he could then reflect more calmly, and possibly the light might rob his thoughts of half their uneasiness. Yet all the same he felt that he would rather shun the light, for he could not but imagine that in the broad glare his face might betray his distress of mind, and thereby, perhaps, lead to an exposure of his secret. Looking up, he saw through the open window a single large star gleaming against the sky, and shining in upon him. Often on the bivouac field that same star had been a companion to him; but now, in the nervous disturbance of his soul, it fretted him as an enemy. It seemed no longer to whisper peace and companionship, but rather to taunt him, winking and blinking as though it knew his trouble, and had some elfish enjoyment in that copartnership of mystery; until at length Cleon, no longer able to endure the sight, called loudly to Calcho to arouse and close the window, so as to shut out the unwelcome intruder. But the freedman, who still slept stretched across the doorway as he had been wont to do while yet a slave, did not awaken, and rolling over with uneasy muttering, slept all the sounder. Then Cleon ceased calling, and himself arising, drew down the curtain to shut out the unwelcome star; and so, retiring once more to his couch, underwent anew his round of troubled reflection.

Towards the morning he fell again into

that state of uneasy insensibility which was so far removed from refreshing sleep; and then, as the sun arose, he returned to consciousness and got upon his feet. Calcho was at hand to assist him in the offices of his toilet; and now, as the daylight banished some of the feverish influences of his imaginings, Cleon grew more collected. But all the while he gazed steadily at the freedman in a sort of puzzled dread, lest Calcho might know more than he had pretended; lest by artful watching he might have gained a knowledge of the secret, or even, during that long night, might have overheard some unconscious or unguarded mutterings. Then Cleon resolved that, for fear of the latter chance, he would no longer have an attendant sleeping across his doorway or in his apartment. But still, not as yet finding a good reason for departing from a custom so long practiced and so useful, for the time he kept his peace and let his determination remain unspoken. And little by little his distrust extended to the other slaves, as he reflected how easy it is for the closest secrets to become known, and recalled instances wherein menials had kept mysteries of dire import closely locked up within the circle of their common brotherhood for months, before the outer world had gained an inkling of them, and thereby, with terrible consciousness of power, had bandied about from one to the other the fortunes and even the lives of their masters. Revolving such disturbing stories, he gazed intently into the face of each who approached, misinterpreting the calmness of one, the cringing obsequiousness of another, the sullen ill-temper of a third; and so, ever ready to imagine that the secret of his love, so long unacknowledged by himself, might before that have become known among them, and been their cherished jest.

"There stands one outside who tells me that you ordered him to come again to-day," said Calcho, when the morning had well advanced—"a sculptor."

"I will see him," responded Cleon, willing to seize any diversion from his thoughts; and going forth into the outer court, he beheld the half-starved artist from Pompeii.

The man stood just where he had been upon the previous evening, with the pedestal beside him; and as then, when Cleon appeared, drew off the linen cover from the statuette, and in a mechanical tone began rehearsing its fancied merits.

"A work of which Phidias might be proud, most valiant patron—my dream for life, my labor for ten years. Yet, unlike Phidias, I would sell it for little, if it might only grace your forthcoming honored home. Observe its commanding attitude, its speaking expression! It tells its own story, too. It is a Roman general, as you see, who has become enamored of the maiden of low degree before him. Behold how her hands are clasped in front of her, in wonder and gratitude at his condescension, and with what an ardent gaze—"

Here the man stopped, transfixed with terror at the angry, penetrating look which Cleon fastened upon him. For with his recent suspicion still rankling in his heart, and ever ready to find new food with which to nourish itself, Cleon asked himself how far all this might be a mere pretense of sale: a miserable trick, rather, emanating from his own slaves, desirous to torment him through this parallel of his condition. A Roman general enamored of a lowly maiden? Truly, the likeness of the facts might be near enough to suit their play of spite. For the moment he remained with the same searching gaze fastened upon the man, who stood with trembling knees and shrinking figure, wondering wherein he had offended. Then, as Cleon saw that the man was innocent of all evil instigation or intent, he desisted from further scrutiny; but still, drawn on, as it were, by some inward fiend to approach ever nearer to the unwelcome subject of his thoughts, he burst forth into quick commentary and suggestion.

"A proper subject, indeed; fairly chosen, and passably executed, but not conceived truthfully or from nature. Think you that love is such a thing of ranks and conditions that this your interpretation of it can be at all the true one?"

"I understand you not, most valiant captain."

"Oh, most blind guide in art! Truly this is no fair picturing of your subject. Rather, if you would ape nature, should you exhibit the figure of the patrician general prostrate at the feet of the lovely maiden, who, like any other such fair woman, knows and uses her power over him."

"How could such a thing be, most noble master?" inquired the man, all agape with astonishment; "for it seems to me that Romans of high degree do not make themselves mere slaves in love. That would be an unseemly idea, as it would imply supremacy in her who should feel only flattery at his choice. And therefore—"

"Go!" interrupted Cleon, startled at his own suggestion, and fearful lest he might have said so much that the man would gain an inkling of the truth. "Did I say that your work was good? It may be, but I want none of it. I was but jesting, too, when I spoke of other subjects. Take this piece of gold. It will serve for your time lost, and will pay your way back to Pompeii. Now leave me."

The man took the gold, well satisfied with what would have been half a payment for the statuette itself, hoisted the pedestal upon his back, and crawled slowly out from the court-yard, turning back once or twice to look once more upon Cleon, with blank wonderment as to the meaning of those sudden changes from affability to sternness, and from approval to indifference. And Cleon, after delaying for a moment, himself sallied forth, feeling that he needed the inspiration of motion properly to constrain his thoughts. An hour before, he had resolved to linger closely about his own quarter, with a morbid dread of seeing other faces, lest he might somehow commit himself to unpleasant revelations; but now he felt that he must rush forth and mingle in crowds, if only in that way to find some better occupation for his mind. As he pressed on, and saw the image venter a little in front of him, shaking his head, and still now and then looking back in the same silent wonderment, he felt that he must learn to practice more restraint upon himself, or else at any moment he

might discover that he had unwittingly betrayed himself.

He strolled on, therefore, in a desultory, unheeding manner; until, upon looking up at a turn of the street, he saw that he stood before the court of Thaloe's house. It had not been his intention to go thither, nor would he have chosen that time to do so. For though the heat of the day was now passing, the little villa chanced to stand facing the south, so that every stone was still aglow with the fierce noontide blaze. There was as yet no shade in the garden, which, as he peered inquisitively through the hedge, seemed deserted, except that the Nubian slave was there, stretched out half asleep in the full sunlight, enjoying the refreshing rays with native zest, the golden bracelets and anklets upon his bare black limbs glittering brightly in the fervid glow. Therefore, after longingly glancing here and there in vain search of the flutter of a white tunic, Cleon passed on.

Only a few paces, however, and then he wandered back again. For, since chance had led him thither, why not improve the opportunity, and now say farewell? The present is always a better time than the future for whatever has to be done: and the greatest heat of the day being over, it was likely that Thaloe might be nearly ready to emerge. So he turned back; and seeing that the slave had meanwhile aroused, and, in a sitting posture, was passing his hands through his frizzled hair, with the view of completing his toilet for the afternoon, called out to him to come forward. The slave slowly did so, dragging one foot after the other with a sullen air, and, as usual, maintaining a mien of cautious suspicion and unapproachable obduracy.

"Your mistress—tell her that I would see her," said Cleon.

The bondsman frowned, shook his head, and drew back a pace or two, as though he would retire from the scene, and so end the matter without controversy. But seeing that this would not be permitted, and possibly reflecting that it was as good an opportunity as he might ever have to utter those

things from which his respect for his mistress's presence had hitherto restrained him, he returned again, for sole response shook his head, and confronted Cleon.

"How mean you, wretch? You will not?" cried Cleon. "Is this the duty you pay to your mistress? Call her at once, I say!"

"Had I less duty for her it might be that I would do so," responded the Nubian, in a voice naturally rough and croaking, and now rendered more than usually so by his settled determination to act according to his own judgment. "But respecting her as I do, she shall not see you."

"You are an insolent knave: take care that I do not chastise you!" cried Cleon, raising his hand. "In what would you show want of respect for her in summoning her forth to meet me?"

"Just such as the shepherd shows to the lamb when he shields it not from the wolf," retorted the bondsman, quailing not before the threatening gesture, but rather facing him with new composure, and finding plenteous words in argument and self-justification. "When my master went away and left her to my care, was it that I should merely sit at her feet and fetch to her the fan and mirror, and follow behind her as she walked? Or was it not rather that I should protect her with my life? Else why did he leave me yonder sword, and tell me that if needs be, I should draw it as freely as once I did on the battle-field, fighting at his side?"

"And what so dreadful a thing am I, that swords should be drawn against me?" inquired Cleon, with a sarcastic smile.

"You are the Captain Cleon, terrible on the field of war, at the head of trained soldiers, and yet not more terrible there than you might become alone, pursuing a young and feeble girl. Have I not eyes and ears? Because I am ignorant and a captive, must I have no comprehension of what passes about me? I tell you that this matter has already gone farther than it should; and now at last I will speak, though the whole pretorian guard were at hand to interpose. I have watched this too long:

these meetings, these stolen glances, this ignoble pretense upon your part to learn about things in which, with your different manner of life and station, you can find no interest. And now I say that there should be no more of it."

"You speak very boldly," responded Cleon, not without a certain admiration of the man. "But you speak also too distrustfully. Know you not that I have sworn to be her friend?"

"Yes: the old story. Then the friend seeks to become the lover, and the lover tires of his toy, and so friendship and love are both at last wasted and lost. Therefore, as I said, there ought to be no more of this."

"Foolish! For if I wished to do harm, could I not find some other way than to wait and ask for a meeting such as this?"

"I know that if you wished you could do much harm, more speedily and in another way than this," retorted the slave. "You have become possessed of a grave secret, such as should never have been committed to you; and armed with that you could go to the Cæsar, and get leave to work your will upon us. For what rights in the empire have Christians? Therefore, you could have me slain, and by force could take her to yourself. Only I know that you will not think to do this, for your ways are different. You are one of those to whom it is more pleasant to set the snare and take the bird alive, than to slay it outright with bow and arrow. But there must be no snare set about this place in which to entrap an innocent soul. Therefore, depart. Your path and hers are not the same, and can never rightly meet. Go—you must see her no more!"

"All this I know, and therefore would now say farewell to her," said Cleon, almost pleadingly.

"True, so that one farewell may lead to another, and perhaps the last one never be finished. Send your farewell words by me, and I will deliver them, to the letter."

So speaking, he partly turned away as though to leave. For a moment Cleon

gazed at him with increasing admiration, watching how the black, misshapen, scarred features were lighted up with the glow of determined fidelity, and wondering how it had happened that so much integrity had been grafted upon such a lowly lot.

"You are a brave man," he said at last, looking away and gazing for a moment up at the closed windows, at one of which, for the instant, he fancied he saw the flutter of the curtain, as though it were about to be withdrawn. "And though you judge me wrongfully, you are acting aright. Well, you will not show her to me. It is true that I had only farewell words to say, but those will keep for another time. I will not repeat them to yourself, but into her own ears, for which I do not doubt to find a speedy

occasion. Take now for yourself this gift."

With that, he held out to the slave a gold piece—an offering to the man's integrity. But Corbo, not looking at the coin, turned away. Strong in his rude, dog-like fidelity, he had no insight into character; and now, not perceiving that Cleon spoke with sincerity and truth, he would not put off an atom of his first distrust. Rather did he feel the more suspicious, believing that Cleon would wish to bribe him from his duty, or lull him into less wakeful precaution, or perchance tempt him into his own secret employ. Therefore, he turned aside and kept silence; and Cleon, seeing how useless it would be to try persuasion, withdrew the gift and passed slowly on.

LEONARD KIP.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

AFTERGLOW.

O CLOUDY morn of youth, that dawned in tears!
 O noon by tempest torn!
 O sterile pathway of the later years,
 To which no flowers were born!
 Now lift the shadows in life's crimsoned west;
 From height to depth the tides of sunset flow;
 And one late blossom crowns this ended quest
 Within the afterglow!

O heart that long hast throbbed in loneliness—
 Thy gifts unshared, unspent—
 Yet poor, since lacking all that most could bless
 And win thee sweet content,
 One voice hath reached, and brought to thee, though late,
 Love's dear assurance long foregone, and lo!
 Thy twilight hour puts on, irradiate,
 Its crowning afterglow!

M. A. M. CRAMER.

AT THE FOOT OF THE RIGI.

"Is William Tell at home?" we asked jocosely of the buxom, rosy-cheeked Uri girl who met us at the door of Tell's Inn at Bürglen.

"No: but I am Mrs. Tell, at your service," was the ready answer.

We had walked over from Schwyz, and were tired and hot and dusty. It was a Sunday afternoon, and all the little inns we passed, where bad beer and poor wine are sold, were crowded with country peasants, engaged in the national custom of smoking, drinking, and dancing. Nowhere among them did we get a seat to rest on, and now we were glad enough to have entered this cool and charming valley of the Schächenthal. We were not three miles away from Lake Lucerne. We found the valley where Tell had lived the perfection of picturesqueness. It was very narrow, and ascended rapidly from a point just beyond Altorf. In the middle was a mountain torrent. Right and left were towering rocks, wooded slopes and mountains; and behind Bürglen other little valleys led off, as if to some enchanted scenes. Bürglen sat on a little eminence, and looked toward the river Reuss. There are not twenty houses, perhaps, in all Bürglen; but those that are there are very old—how old, nobody, scarcely, knows. The stone chapel beside the inn was built nearly four hundred years ago. Possibly some of the peasant houses are nearly as old.

What eminent good taste Tell displayed in selecting such a spot to be born in! we reflected. One of his swiftest arrows would not have reached a quarter of the way up the almost perpendicular, fir-covered mountains to his right and left. Immediately in front of him, as he looked down his miniature valley, were granite-sided, snow-capped walls and peaks, piled to the very sky. The rattling Schächenbach, making noises as miscellaneous as the tumbling waters of

Lodore, he had ever by him: and on hot afternoons he heard the weird sound of falling avalanches.

I don't know whether it was more the fact of this little inn's being Tell's birthplace, or the pretty *kellnerin*, that led us to go in and order a bottle of good land-wine and a room. The wine did turn out a little sour, as Swiss wines are likely to do; but the white mountain honey that evening at supper and the whiter bread gave us sweetening enough for a week. My friend, being an artist in his way, sketched the pretty *kellnerin* with her odd Uri costume while I was talking to her, and she seemed not a little surprised to see how very pretty she looked, even in a hasty American sketch. These Uri girls and Uri men, up here on the border of the canton, are said to be the handsomest race in Switzerland. My friend, the sketcher, seemed to think even that was not saying much.

"I should call most of them not so pretty as interesting, and not so interesting as characteristic," he observed; but, reflecting and looking at his sketch a moment, he added, "*doch!* they are both pretty and interesting."

The people of this valley, like their houses, and like their customs and ways of life, have changed little in these five hundred years. The oldest portraits in existence look just as do the people here in Sunday dress today. There are a hundred William Tells and Werner Stauffachers, in appearance, drinking and smoking down there in the inns at the road-side this very afternoon. Switzerland's completest artist of character, in illustrating the early history of the country, has for years found all the material he wanted here awaiting him. William Tell might climb up into the valley from Altorf to Bürglen this afternoon, and he would hardly miss one of the old-time faces.

The landlord's daughter played on the

piano after supper, and we had a sort of improvised ball in the cleanly sanded dining-room. A number of the Schächenthal lads and lassies had dropped in, as is their wont on a Sunday evening; and never in halls or palaces was waltzing and polkaing enjoyed with a keener zest. It was midnight when the dancing was over; but, even then, going to our rooms brought no immediate sleep. The moon was still shining brightly on one of the most picturesque Alpine scenes, even of Switzerland. It required no very imaginative American to lean over the window sill into the moonlight at Bürglen, and recall the legends that make the spot seem hallowed. I do not know if Tell really once lived in the little house where we were stopping. I think no one knows that now. It was enough for us that here was Bürglen, and only a rifle shot away was Altorf; and across the lake, a little farther on, resting in the moonlight as quietly as if nothing had ever happened there, the little meadow of the Rütli. Possibly we put our feet upon the window sill at last, and then, of course, we disputed as to Tell. It was a good place for disputing, but the advantage seemed with the side favoring the legend; for was not there, under our feet almost, a chapel, centuries old, recounting his deeds in poor frescoes?

All legend, it is not any more: for Carl Leonard Müller has settled all that. Only a couple of years ago, Müller finished a twenty years' scholarly study of wagon-loads of old Swiss manuscripts, to prove that, after all, his countryman was not a myth, as people were trying to believe. If Müller is right, the most captious must be convinced that Tell did exist; that he was born in this very village of Bürglen, and within a rod of the window where we were sitting; that he killed Gessler; and that for that or some service to the state the government proclaimed pilgrimages to his birth-place, and built monuments in the shape of chapels to his memory. Further, that these Tell pilgrimages were kept up by the people and paid for by the government for more than four hundred years. They are, in fact,

kept up to-day, even. Müller in his conclusions gives us a little glimpse, though an unpleasant one, of Tell here at Bürglen. The affair of the apple-shooting was over, and Tell, on the same afternoon, brought his little boy home to Bürglen. His deed had not met his wife's approval. She long and bitterly upbraided him for his recklessness and heartlessness, in risking his child's life to save his own. That night, injured and in deep anger, Tell left his home and went to a cousin of his living in the village of Morschach, near Brunnen. That was the evening of October 31st, 1307. In about a week from then, at midnight of November 7th, he crossed over to the opposite side of the lake and joined the thirty-two other Swiss, on the little meadow of Rütli, in the memorable oath to overthrow the Austrian tyranny. He at once recrossed to his cousin at Morschach, and remained there till November the 17th. On the next Saturday evening he suddenly returned to his wife at Bürglen, and on the following morning walked to the Bürglen church. Curiosity, of course, soon collected the villagers about him, anxious to know of the shooting at Altorf, and as to how he had had the courage to attempt the desperate shot. In the midst of his narrative he wept bitterly, and said, "Had I a second arrow, I would have bored Gessler through with it had I missed the apple." Gessler heard of the talk at the village church, and the very next day Tell was a prisoner before him at Altorf. The governor demanded to know what sort of threats he had been making before all the people at Bürglen. Tell sought justification and begged for mercy, but was immediately condemned to confinement in a dark cell for the remainder of his life. Gessler was just taking boat for Küssnacht, intending to ride across the little neck of land to his castle near Immensee. Tell was chained and put in the same boat, and his little boy Walter with him. It is known how a sudden storm led Gessler to trust the helm in the hands of Tell to save himself. Tell watched his chance, steered close to the rocks, and seizing his boy—not his bow—jumped ashore, and in a moment was out of

sight in the bushes. Again he hastened to Morschach, left his boy there with his cousin, borrowed a weapon, and heading off Gessler at a spot known as the "hollow lane," just back of Küssnacht, shot him from his horse. To waylay Gessler, Tell must have gone round back of the Rigi, by way of Goldau, as this was the nearest foot-path. There is a very old manuscript at the museum in Zürich, telling how, immediately after killing Gessler, Tell went early in the morning to his friend Stauffacher, at Steinen, and how Stauffacher accompanied him to where his boy was, at Morschach. There they parted. Stauffacher went to Unterwalden, to bring the patriots there the news of Gessler's death, and to consult on their next movements, as affairs were now precipitated by the assassination. Tell is heard of no more till three-quarters of a century afterward, when the government often officially proclaimed pilgrimages to this little spot of Bürglen.

So much for the story of Tell, as Müller now gives it. There is but one way of setting the story aside, and that is, by proving the assumed official copies of old documents to be unauthentic. The attempt has been made, and naturally, from the very nature of the case, has failed. If the believers in Tell cannot prove his actions beyond a doubt, neither can the disbelievers prove the fragments that are known of him to be false or forged. It has been heartily tried.

The early June morning was as fresh and lovely as bright sunshine, pure air, green mountains, rushing water-falls, and singing birds could make it. We had the customary breakfast of the country, bread and honey and very black coffee. It cost but a franc, and another franc to the pretty *kellnerin* for the fun of the night before; and with knapsack on shoulder, we were off for Altorf.

All of these classic spots of the confederacy are so near each other that good trappers may reach them all in half a week. They are at the foot of the Rigi, and round about it; and the Rigi itself seems to be reared up in their midst as an everlasting monument to their glory.

As we tramped down the Schächen valley, we turned again and again for a final glimpse of pretty Bürglen. The little chapel on the spot where Tell's house had stood, and the inn hidden among the vines drooping from the balconies, were the last to be seen. It is scarcely three miles, looking down the valley, to where everything suddenly butts up and ends with the mountains in front. One would never get out of it were it not that the Reuss, coming down from the St. Gotthard, suddenly tears a way through at right angles, breaking into the lake. In this angle sits Altorf.

Before entering it, however, we come on to a little meadow, or green village common, in the middle of which sits a heavy, old, three-story stone house, with bare walls, gabled roof, and iron windows. It was so bare and lonesome and looked so haunted, we wondered what it could be. A messenger to the village soon brought us permission to enter. What the tower is to London, is this queer old house to Canton Uri. It has armor and uniforms and flags and battle gear of the days before Switzerland existed: and that was a long while ago. It is thrilling enough to go in there and take into one's own hands the very flags that the Swiss bore at Morgarten, the first battle for their independence. That was in 1315, and the blood from the old Swiss in that battle still stains and stiffens the flags. Here, too, are battle-flags that waved above the head of Arnold Winkelried at Sempach, and the spears and *hellebards* and ancient bows used in the old, old times. The location and character of that lone house in the middle of the commons, with the great mountains looking down on it, make it a fit place for such treasures. There is not a guard or a watchman at or near it. Down in the village, a plain old peasant keeps the great key in his bedroom; but the place is guarded by the hearts of the whole Uri people. It is as sacred as were the temples of the Greeks.

On May-day of each year the people of Uri take these old banners and spears from their places, and march with them at the

head of the procession, to the open-air parliament. For centuries and centuries the laws and regulations for Canton Uri have been made out on the meadows beyond Altorf. The proceeding is much the same as it is at the open-air parliaments of Appenzell and Glarus. It is immensely picturesque, and is worth a journey of many miles to witness. The whole population marches out, accompanied by music. The officials, on horseback, bear their staffs of office. In one single day, and often less, officers are elected and laws adopted. Every vote is by acclamation, and every citizen is a legislator. The officials are seated on a rude tribune, in the middle of the meadow, around which stands half the population of the canton. The proclamation as to Tell was probably adopted by the mass of the people in this very way, and on this very meadow, four hundred and ninety-three years ago. When the voting is done, the people march back to Altorf, hang the flags and spears up in the old stone house, and return to their flocks and farms and boats, as if nothing had happened. This is pure republicanism, and there is nothing like it elsewhere in the world.

These Uri battle-flags bear, as their escutcheon, a great black bull's head in the center. It is the sign of the Uri battle-flag to-day, and never in the wide world had a people a flag so appropriate. It represents in a single sign the character of the people as it has been for a thousand years. Attempts at force or coercion on this little people have been as vain as if they had been directed against their granite mountains. It is no wonder that freedom's birthplace is here, or that it has endured in all the past five centuries. Scotch stubbornness is mild complacency compared with what might be called Uri bull-headedness; and I think the people are all proud of it.

It has had its drawbacks, however, and has kept a thousand things in the background that a people of liberty ought to be possessed of. Change and progress are unknown quantities here. The people live in the same houses, eat from the same platters,

so to speak, have the same laws, the same ideas, that Tell's grandfathers did. They have lived in the same rut five hundred years. A friend of the writer's, a superintendent on the road now building here, was fined three francs last week, under a statute passed in the fifteenth century. Europe is building the great St. Gotthard railway right through their valleys now, and the world will soon go pouring past them: but I don't believe it will change the people of the first Swiss cantons a particle. The bull's head will be kept on the flags. One sees it here everywhere. It is on the fronts of houses, at the corners of roads, on the signs of the hotels—bulls' heads are everywhere.

Early as we were out, and though it was a work-day, scores of women and girls and priests were on their way to worship at the little church. That's the beauty of the Catholic religion here. Everybody is in earnest about it. Every man, woman, and child in the whole region is a Catholic of the first water. The pope did not need to proclaim his infallibility here. They believed in it without proclamation. I asked a friend at the road-side in Altorf what the people pursue mostly for a livelihood.

"Milking the cows, making cheese and butter, and praying," was the laconic answer.

Perhaps this was overdrawn; but they do milk a good many cows, and they do pray a good deal: let us hope with due results.

I don't know whether it is catholicism or the bull's head that keeps everything so far behind the rest of Switzerland here; but there are no industries here of any kind. It is all shepherds and pot-hooks. There is, I believe, not a newspaper or a book printed in the canton. Divergence from old ideas is not popular. "Why," said the town clerk to me, speaking of people who have been disputing the Tell history, "our people don't allow their traditions even to be interfered with. Only a few years since an editor was publicly whipped, in sight of that statue, for simply *threatening* to attack this Tell business. We don't allow it."

The old "Overland Monthly Magazine"

used to have on its covers a picture of a grizzly bear standing across a railroad track. I have thought how fitly that picture would represent the old forest cantons. The Gotthard road has come. Will the bear and the bull get out of the way, or be run over?

We went down into the village. We saw nothing noticeable in Altorf, except the boys and girls running about the streets in wooden sandals. This made us think of Italy. There was a general rushing by of post-wagons and diligences, filled with tourists fresh from the Rigi. All were bound for the St. Gotthard pass. To-day it is very hot down here in Altorf; but before night the tourists will be riding past snow-fields. Shortly, the great Gotthard railway will be opened, and then the ride around the Rigi, above the green waters of Lake Lucerne, and up, up, over the Alps, will be the most interesting and romantic excursion imaginable. We saw some six thousand Italians working on the road. One Irish-American railway hand would do as much work in a day as four of them; but as they are paid almost nothing, and have almost nothing to eat, what wonder?

The Landamman, or canton president, to whom we had letters, left no stone unturned to aid us in looking up anything we wished to about Tell. He invited us to his house, showed us his own old books and manuscripts, and took us through the archives of the canton. Alas! the old manuscripts show little to the point any more. Besides, many of the Uri documents of the fourteenth century, in fact nearly all, were destroyed with the town of Altorf by a conflagration in 1799. This is the pity of the whole Tell business now. That valuable papers as to William Tell existed in these archives before the great fire is beyond a doubt. When Vincent Schmid was the officer in charge of the archives, in 1788, he wrote a book, a history of his own canton of Uri. In this book were printed copies of some of the manuscripts in his charge, and, among others, a proclamation by the Uri government, ordering pilgrimages to be

made to Bürglen, the birthplace of William Tell, "the saviour of his country."

This proclamation was signed by the Landamman, Conrad Unteroyen. The opponents of the Tell tradition maintain that this man was not even living in Uri then, much less was he Landamman. To-day, however, we saw ourselves old manuscript records among the Uri archives, showing that he was living at that time, and that he was Landamman, or canton president. So much for that part of the denial, at least. It is a little sad, and a little suspicious, that about the most prominent of the persons engaged in fighting the Tell traditions has been paid for doing it by the present emperor of Austria, who is naturally anxious to have the foul stain of the Gessler tyranny wiped off from his Hapsburg escutcheon. A pension of 2,700 francs a year has been paid one Swiss writer for attempting to destroy the finest traditions of his country.

We were shown the copy of Vincent Schmid's old book. There is nothing in existence to show that there could have been any object in falsifying records in his charge at that time, as the Tell legends were not then in dispute. He was simply writing a plain little history, and, as to Tell, gave only copies of papers which he had seen. That other old historians say nothing of Tell, or did not know of the existence of certain manuscripts, proves nothing. This Uri proclamation referred only to the little valley there, and probably no copy of it was ever sent elsewhere. That it lay for centuries among the heaps of scarcely readable rubbish in the archives, until accidentally discovered by a clergyman in 1759, is quite possible; and that it was burned up at the fire in Altorf in 1799 is still more possible. I am satisfied that no effort yet made to prove the old papers unauthentic has succeeded. It is not probable that the state council of Uri who ordered the pilgrimages to Bürglen in 1387, and the building of the Tell chapels in 1388, were all rascals; nor is it very probable that the whole people of Uri were such fools as to be making purposeless pilgrimages to Tell's birthplace for more than four

hundred years, and every time at the expense of the canton.

The three Tell's chapels that have been guarded and almost worshiped for centuries would be monuments to the shame, ignorance, and stupidity of the whole people, could it be proven that they were originally built, as is sometimes asserted, to mislead the patriot. All these chapels are decorated with rude frescoes, every one of which refers to Tell, and to nothing else. That they were built by the Uri government as early as 1388, and dedicated, one of them at least, in the presence of 114 persons who had known Tell personally, is as well proven as is any event of so many centuries ago. The captious investigators are dissatisfied, because they find nothing relating to the life of Tell. They forget that about thirty years of the life of Christ, also, are a blank to all history. Do they propose abandoning their belief in him because of that? They wonder, too, that no descendants of Tell are living—not even persons bearing the same name. They forget, however, that all the prominent names of the early confederacy have died out. Attinghausen, Stauffacher, Melchthal, Winkelried—not one of these names exists any longer in Switzerland. Are they prepared to deny the deeds of all of them for this reason?

At Flüelen we took a little row-boat and went down the left bank of the lake, to a point opposite Brunnen. It was Rütli, the little meadow where, on the night of November, 1307, the three Swiss from different cantons and towns met at midnight to organize resistance to Austrian tyranny. A few nights later, the three patriots came again to this lone spot, each bringing with him ten trusted companions. One of these companions was William Tell, who came over from the village of Morschach, just opposite, where he had been stopping with his cousin. The result of these midnight assemblages was the destruction of the Austrian castles, the driving out of the foreign governors, and the establishment of the republic. It was a peaceful revolution.

Aside from Gessler, no man was killed. The three united cantons were soon joined by others. Still the process of organizing a strong government went on slowly. Fear of wars and invasions very gradually led other towns and cantons to come in, some not till after a hundred years. Geneva did not become a part of the republic till the present century.

The little meadow of Rütli is just on the edge of the lake, and, owing to the mountains close behind, is most difficult of access. The views of mountain and valley and lake at this point and about Brunnen are as fine as anything in the world. This part of the lake is called the Bay of Uri.

The water is a magnificent green, and is eight hundred feet deep. Our steersman guided us over the bay, and back to Tell's chapel. We did the rowing ourselves, and with an awkward old boat and a boiling sun got enough of our two hours' work. Tourists will regret to know that Tell's chapel is no more. Millions of people, probably, during the last century, have climbed down through the bushes from the Axenstrasse, to have a glance at the most authentic monument to the Swiss patriot. The chapel was old, and about to fall into the lake; but instead of repairing it, the Uri government—in a fit of madness, one would imagine—tore down the chapel last year, and have built a duplicate on the spot. It is the spot where tradition says Tell sprang from Gessler's boat to the rocks. We spent one day's hard work waiting and diplomatizing at Altorf, to secure but a piece of Tell's old chapel, to take home with us as a relic. If the fathers of Uri had been as careful of Tell's chapel standing as they now are of the *débris* that composed it, it never would have been destroyed. It seems a sacrilege that the stones of the temple that half the world made pilgrimages to should have been heedlessly tumbled into the lake. The best, however, was saved—the bell, the frescoes, and the altar.

The exterior of the new chapel is an exact copy of the old. The interior is being decorated with studies in oil by the Swiss

artist, Stückelberg. The groupings renew the story of Tell. The faces are all from life, and of people now living in Canton Uri. The Stauffachers and the Melchthals, Gessler and Tell, as far as features go, still live in their valleys; and Stückelberg's pictures may be taken as good representatives of the past.

S. H. M. BYERS.

UNKNOWN.

HE rides adown the narrow street,
 Where ancient houses frowning stand,
 And scans with eager, searching gaze
 The casements set on either hand;
 She sits within the window framed
 With glossy ivy twined around,
 And wrapped in maiden reverie,
 Looks pensively upon the ground.

His charger's hoofs ring down the street;
 She leans to look with wistful eyes,
 Then smiles a sudden greeting glad,
 And crimsons with a sweet surprise:
 He bends him to his horse's mane,
 And throws one ardent glance of fire;
 Then passing slow beyond her sight,
 Knows that he leaves his heart's desire.

And, musing, rides adown the street—
 "If thou couldst have but loved me, dear,
 Then blest above all men were I,
 And gladly would I linger here."
 While from her window, looking down,
 She watches him with yearning sigh—
 "Ah, love! if thou couldst but love me,
 For thy dear sake I'd gladly die."

Adown the narrow, gloomy street
 The mourners bring a maiden's bier,
 And lay her softly down to sleep,
 With low-toned chant and falling tear;
 While far away, 'neath eastern skies,
 Her true knight, dying on the field,
 Lies with an upturned, peaceful face,
 His cold hands grasping still his shield.

ALICE CORA HAMMOND.

INTELLECT VERSUS INFLUENCE.

INTELLECTUAL superiority defines itself. Influence is the recognition of that superiority by others. The one idea covers the ground of subjective capacity, the other of objective realization. Mental power is an abstract germ, barren and useless to the world, like an undeveloped seed; influence is a concrete result of the combination of favorable circumstances with the germ, like soil, heat, light, and moisture with the seed, resulting in the tree. The comparison, however, fails in this: that the unconscious seed cannot control its circumstances, so that its development, though the result of general laws, may be deemed accidental to it; but the conscious mind of the great man is, or ought to be, able, to an extent proportioned to its greatness, to influence its surroundings, and thus compel the presence of those elements that are necessary to its growth. Not to possess this power is the fate of many highly gifted natures, who with it would have enrolled their names high up on the tablets of history, but without it have died and made no sign. It may not be altogether useless to analyze the conditions which make intellect influential, and to inquire why it is that commanding position seems the perquisite of mediocrity rather than of genius, and to be attainable by truly great minds only at long intervals and in exceptional cases.

What are the ruling motives which inspire the actions of mankind? Evidently not mathematics: else would the bookstores and libraries issue more copies of Bourdon and Legendre than of James or Scott. Evidently not science: for how many really scientific souls are to be found, even in the most cultured community? Evidently not reason, or pure truth in any form: else would the millennium have come long ago. Compare the attendance at theaters with that at lectures on physics. Compare

the number of novels drawn from circulating libraries with that of serious and instructive books; the mass of the commonly educated with the mere sprinkling of collegians; the crowds that cram the omnipresent but æsthetic Catholic with the small companies that gather in the few but more purely intellectual Unitarian churches; the vast preponderance of mere newspaper readers over the small company of students; and the popularity of "Harper's" or the "Police Gazette" over the "Nation" or "North American Review." Consider that every soul is animated from its birth by love, hatred, selfishness, prejudice, the desire for amusement, by the desire of gain, by ambition or envy, by the bias of education, of politics, of creed or race—all of which form a haze of clouds and darkness around the germ of reason in it; through which, if the truth penetrates at all, it is in so refracted a condition as to be unrecognizable for the white rays that left its source.

It follows that the mass of mankind, always prone to follow some leader, either from the inherent gregariousness of the race, or because too indolent to seek truth of their own motion, will naturally fall into the wake of those whose intellectual level is not high enough to excite envy or opposition, and whose line of effort is in the common direction. The powerful steamer that breasts the stream must fight her slow progress against the current at every revolution: but a weaker craft can make more miles per hour when running with the tide. Popularity is readily acquired by minds that are aggressive on low planes of thought and action. The minstrel draws larger houses than the comedian; the comedian than the tragedian; the tragedian than the operatic singer; the singer than the priest; the priest than the preacher; the preacher than the scientist. "Give me the songs of the people,

and I care not who makes their laws." Take away the sentimentalism of Christianity, its loves, anxieties, and fears, and as a mere intellectual proposition it would have far less power than natural religion. Everybody reads the newspaper and the trash of the day; a smaller number read Shakspeare, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, and the like; still fewer study history; while to but one in many thousands are Bacon, Newton, Laplace, Cuvier, Agassiz, or Darwin anything more than the names of the planets, at infinite distance above their highest aspirations. So, too, every one is striving for wealth, and familiar with every trick in all the games by which it is made or lost. Hence the popular reverence for the masters of those games, as well as the universal obeisance to the power they have shown themselves able to acquire and to wield. So, too, the demagogue finds it easy to secure a following by mounting some popular feeling, prejudice, or passion, and on this lame horse reaches with facility the low summits of his ambition. A Conkling, a Kelly, or a Kearney is a fit exemplar of the first clause of the definition, that "a politician is one who knows how to get control of the people; but a statesman is the man who knows what to do after he has gotten the control." Evidently, *these* are not statesmen. Yet the great men who framed our Constitution, and who have arisen from time to time to guide its destinies, could never have attained the conditions for statecraft had they not first, by some means, attracted sufficient following to put them prominently before the people.

"As a man *thinketh*, so *is* he." Herbert Spencer, abstracted in his closet, buried under the great billows of thought beneath which he struggles alone, is not perceived or felt in the surface work of the world. To the masses, who perhaps have merely heard his name, he is simply an abstract idea—an idea which can penetrate the consciousness only of the few whose reason is sufficiently developed to be attracted by his efforts and to appreciate his thoughts. And in those thoughts there is no feeling, no narrative, no wit, no appeal to prejudice or

passion; hence he strikes no resounding chord on the many-voiced instrument of humanity: though if he could, how tremendous a chorus of the pure harmonies of nature would illustrate the music of the spheres! But Dickens treads the common path. Great in his social sympathies, as in his conceptions of moral qualities, and in his power of suggesting like conceptions in even the most ordinary minds, *he* knows how to feel the public pulse, and adjust his every remedy to the cure of some public ill; and like Sherman's lozenges, "the children cry for them." Without the sugar-coating of human sympathy, the bitter pills of pure reason will not go down, save under the rod of necessity, be their use the only mode of eradicating the disease.

But given that sympathy, even in the common but deleterious form of hilarity over the social glass, and the world will swallow poison by wholesale—will waste its means, destroy its faculties, neglect its duties, and rush open-eyed into the vortex of delirious death.

As with Spencer, so with nearly all the great thinkers whose lives, isolated in the closet, absorbed by communion with nature and the truth, have been spent in solitude, in controversy, in poverty, perhaps in persecution and contumely; and whose usefulness has only been recognized by a contemporary few or by posterity. The very habits of mind necessary to their development are an insurmountable obstacle to sympathy with the race. Between the merely intellectually great and humanity at large "there is a great gulf fixed, so that those who would pass from us to you cannot; neither can they pass to us who would come from thence." It is as if the atmosphere of these great souls were full of light, but for want of eyes there were no sight; as if the air trembled with vibration, but for want of ears there were no sound. As Cowper has expressed it:

"The clear harangue, and cold as it is clear,
Falls soporific on the listless ear;
Like quicksilver, the rhetoric they display
Shines as it runs, but grasped at, slips away."

The free thought which detects popular

error antagonizes the believers in the error. The superiority capable of rising above the common level, and crying "Excelsior!" as it points to the summits beyond, arouses envy and criticism. The thinker is very apt to receive from his contemporary the sort of welcome that is extended to the holder of the title to real estate when he attacks the squatters that for years have held unlawful possession. Only after tedious contentions, after battles fought and won, after conquering opposition by the exertion of qualities which always command the crowd, or by interesting them through the intervention of some feeling or passion, is influence found to follow greatness; that is, greatness in its highest sense.

A few instances from history, and from our own times, will illustrate the point which this paper is intended to make.

The qualities of mind, person, and heart which made Julius Cæsar the autocrat of Rome are thus sketched by the late Napoleon III.: "Education had made a *distinguished* man of Cæsar before he became a *great* man. He united to *goodness of heart* a lofty intellect, an invincible courage, an entrancing eloquence, a remarkable memory, a generosity without limits, and the very rare quality of preserving control of his temper. His affability, his politeness, his gracious address, won for him the affection of the people. Plutarch relates of him, that, during one of his campaigns, surprised one day by a violent storm, he took refuge with his suite in a hut too small to accommodate the whole party. Cæsar gave up this shelter to Oppius, one of his officers, who was sick, and himself passed the night exposed to the storm, remarking cheerfully to his followers, 'It is well enough to concede places of honor to the great, but it is better to yield necessities to the sick.' On another occasion, his officers, who were dining with him at the house of a friend, criticised the cooking; but he reproved their bad manners by reminding them 'that they were not obliged to eat distasteful dishes at any man's table: but to complain of the quality of free entertainment showed a great want of good breeding.' Uniting in an uncommon degree aristocratic

refinement with the nervous energy of the warrior, grace of mind and manners with profound thought, love of luxury and the arts with a passion for military life in all its simplicity and rudeness, he combined the seductive elegance of address with the vigor of character that commands." With him, therefore, intellect enjoyed the highest influence; greatness commanded success; for, as the darling of the Roman people, he could ask for nothing which they did not hasten to lay at his feet.

Coriolanus, on the contrary, though doubtless as able a soldier as Cæsar, had no sympathy with the common people, whom he detested as a base and cowardly rabble, and refused to ask for their suffrages, according to custom, when a candidate for the consulship. Hence his attitude of unappreciated greatness, and the apparent ingratitude of his countrymen for great public service; though this was really but natural resentment against his insulting bearing towards them. Hence his treason to Rome, the failure of his life, and his tragic death.

Peter the Hermit, great, not intellectually, but in the enthusiastic devotion of his life to one grand idea, succeeded in his efforts to embroil all Europe with the Saracen for the recovery of the Holy Sepulcher. The world was easily led to follow the fanatic whose life was on the level of the lowest, who thought only as they thought, and who merely mounted their hobby of superstition and rode it furiously at their head. But poor Columbus dragged out a life-time in trying to convince, against their will, the few who alone had the power to assist him; and after a partial triumph, ended his days in obloquy and neglect — all for lack of the power to *touch the feelings* of those on whom he must depend for all the conditions of success. *He had the faculty of making enemies and of alienating friends.* How many brilliant minds have wrecked themselves on this rock of offense! The great Napoleon rode into power by virtue of his popularity with the French people, whose peculiarities he, better than any man who ever lived, knew exactly how to play upon, as upon an

instrument of music. National vanity, martial glory, hatred of the foreigner, the newborn passion for liberty—these were the notes in the scale of the French character he well knew how to strike; and he struck them in tones which went thundering around the world. Herein failed Pichegru, Moreau, Lafayette, and dozens of other talented generals whose opportunities equaled his, but not one of whom could have indicted one of Napoleon's electric addresses to the French army. These lesser heroes are all long ago forgotten by that people.

Contrast in the field of poetry the contemporary failure of Milton, who sold his "Paradise Lost" for £5, with the success of Burns; Dante with Beranger; Pope with Shakspeare. In public life contrast Washington with Arnold; Lincoln with Sumner; Grant with Greeley; Sherman with Buell; Stonewall Jackson with Jeff Davis; Garfield with Vallandigham. Analyze the careers of John Knox, Whitefield, Wesley, Clay, Calhoun, Bismarck, and Gladstone. In all of them the lesson is taught, that *without popularity*, gained either by the *sympathetic power* of the man or by the coincidence of the objects of his ambition with popular tendencies or passions, the careers of such men would not have been. But given either or both of these conditions, and what a pothor do even small minds create in the world! How many Mark Twains and Barnums are among the idols of the hour! How seldom are these conditions present with such minds as Starr King, Baker, or Beecher!

Consider now the effect of general education in this free land of ours, in bringing into competition thousands of talented minds in every department of human effort. Consider that all of these are trying to catch the public eye; that in the multiplicity of flashy advertisements the great majority must fail: for how blinding must be the single light that can pale the mass of fireworks eternally blazing around us! How, then, is high intellect to attain its opportunity? Where is the use of much of the training in the way of higher education, when the prospect of influence is so dim and distant? *The scope of*

the higher education must be widened by the cultivation of the heart as well as the head; by teaching the ambitious student the arts of winning the affections as well as arguing to the intellect of men. He who merely sees the errors, ignorances, and short-comings of others in the light of his own superior knowledge has so far armed the world against him. No man can be respected by those whom he despises, or loved by those for whom he has only words of rebuke or satire. The didactic style is not popular. Diogenes and Carlyle were not beloved. Egotism is always offensive. Nobody pets a porcupine, or quill-drivers of that family. When the man of brain but not of sympathy raises his voice, who cares to listen? He rouses against him criticism and objection. He takes his tools by the edge, presenting the handles to his enemies. He finds his audience, "convinced against their will, to be of the same opinion still." By and by discouragement settles down upon him like a pall, and his voice is no more heard in the land. But when the *heart* goes out in the utterances of an able man, how does all criticism vanish, like snow before the sun! How the hearty preacher or teacher interests and draws out the minds and feelings of his audience! The genial presence, the self-forgetfulness of true philanthropy, the liberality of thought and conduct, the kind address, the delicate attentions of true politeness, the knack of making each acquaintance feel the warmth of friendship, respect for the feelings and prejudices of all, the mingling of wit and anecdote in argument and conversation, the entire disuse of words of censure, whether of those present or absent, interest in the affairs and families of interlocutors, the art of presenting arguments persuasive and foremost—all these are elements of popularity that can be developed by education in the majority of men. Will not some benefactor to the race endow a professorship of the art of popularity in our university, and thus place its graduates *en rapport* with the public?

But how about morality as a means of acquiring influence? Is it or is it not true, that the public concedes a higher power to

commanding intellect when it is interpenetrated by high moral character? The answer is yes, to either form of the question. Men who are themselves moral, (and they are always a minority) appreciate morality in others. Church members exact morality from their pastors and from each other; parents from the teachers of their children; business men, though they may be themselves dishonest, are not prone to trust dishonest debtors, or employ dishonest bankers, trustees, agents, or clerks. Now and then a man like M. C. Blake may be elected to responsible office, mainly because he is a good man. Washington's unimpeachable character was doubtless half his greatness. Perhaps the same may be truly said of Garfield, and of many other distinguished men in various phases of superiority. Yet not only have the most influential of great men been often wanting in morals, but many of them have been wholly bad; while others, whose morality was a reproach to the corrupt masses, have lost much of their contemporary influence on that account only.

Thus the bad reputation of Ben Butler has not prevented his election and re-election to Congress by the most enlightened constituency in our country. The perjuries, briberies, and frauds laid at the door of Tilden did not prevent his receiving the popular majority for the presidency in 1876. The most popular President and politician we ever had, Jackson, was also anything but the best man. On the other hand, the high morality of Socrates brought him to the hemlock. Aristides was banished because the Athenians were tired of hearing him called "the Just"; and Christ was followed to the cross by the maledictions of a nation who could no longer endure the presence of the man without sin. Moreover, the successes of both Napoleons, of Marlborough, of Cromwell, of military heroes generally; of Bacon, Warren Hastings, Thomas Paine, of the writers of much of the nasty literature of England and France prior to one hundred years ago; of Jefferson, Webster, Clay, Fernando Wood, Tweed, and thousands of successful politicians and statesmen of our own country—

have had no basis whatever in superior morals. Good character is undoubtedly essential to confidence in the intentions of its possessor; *but this is all*. Men may err with the best intentions. Hell is paved with the article. All well-meant actions are not therefore wise. It does not follow that all faithful advice is good; that all honest zeal is discreet; or that the public, though it may respect a pure man, is necessarily attracted by him. On the contrary, history is full of the persecutions inflicted, not only by authorities, but by popular hate, upon victims whose only crime was their moral superiority to the vices of their times.

But after all, there is one element in the solution of this problem which is born, not made—an element little understood, whose laws have not been, and possibly never can be, scientifically stated; but whose existence is nevertheless popularly recognized, and as certainly and universally felt as the reality of genius or the immortality of the soul. I allude to *personal magnetism*. That such a force as animal magnetism exists is denied by many, especially by the faculty; yet it is affirmed, after careful investigation, by Laplace, Cuvier, Agassiz, Hufeland, Sir William Hamilton, Dr. Herbert Mayo, Dr. William B. Carpenter, Rev. Chauncy Hare Townshend, James Braid, Von Reichenbach, Alphonse Teste, and Professor Wallace, to say nothing of the vast army of spiritists now arrayed in almost every civilized country. The main fact which runs through all the discoveries claimed in the literature of this force is, that there exists a power in the nervous organization of some persons capable of subduing to their wills the thought and consequent action of others. The power varies in different individuals, just as all other powers vary. No two persons are exactly alike in anything, and correlations exist among various individuals in this as in all other respects. Thus, as one is strong, another weak; one violent, another peaceable; one aggressive, another submissive; one grave, another gay; one acquisitive, another dispersive: so in magnetism, one is positive, another negative; one is gifted with the

power to influence others, another is prepared by nature to accept that influence. Without pretending to know or to believe all the phenomena recorded in the books, or to follow Von Reichenbach in tracing this power to its alleged homes in the magnet, the crystal, the sun, in chemical action of all kinds, until he finds its laboratory in the human stomach, suffice it to assert here that some men's nerves and brain are so constituted that they are continually, and sometimes unconsciously, influencing more or less a certain proportion of all who come in contact with them; and this, without regard to any superiority of talent, education, character, or learning: that when this influence is established, the judgment of the magnetized is suspended as to the real qualities of the magnetizer. who goes through life a privileged character, obeyed, flattered, and ministered unto by hosts of friends, who feel only love and admiration for him. There is seldom any friendship between two or more of these characters, but rather the repulsion that exhibits itself between two bodies charged with the same kind of electricity; hence much of the rivalry that attends certain men of positive character. Sometimes this magnetism is of such a nature as to repel the majority of mankind: and the unfortunate so endowed—be his intellect never so bright or his heart never so warm—finds himself avoided instinctively by many whose love he would gladly win. Only occasionally can such a man obtain even a glimpse of that heaven of friendship for which he ever yearns, because only a few are so constituted as to be insensible to the disagreeable *aura* that emanates from him, so as to see him as he is.

Admit the existence of this force, and many of the successes of great men can be more readily understood. Given a clear and vigorous intellect, well-developed feelings, a strong will, and energy of character, without personal magnetism, or with a magnetism of the disagreeable kind, and we have a life of vain effort, of useless fretting behind the bars: but supply or change

the magnetism, and we have the hero, the statesman, the orator, the conqueror, the pet of the world—the successful great man. What but magnetism inspired the eagle eye of the great Napoleon, whose cold, gray glance shot like lightning through the nerves, and made a culprit feel that he read his inmost thoughts? What but magnetism gave Starr King his wondrous power to weld the thoughts of the largest audience into one mass with his own, in the white heat of his magic eloquence, under the blows of his terrific logic? What but this power makes the nation hang in breathless suspense over Edison's next invention, though thousands of others, who have it not, have done far more than he? What but this, facilitating the efforts of a great mind and a pure conscience, raised our late President from the tow-path to the presidency, and created for him such a mourning as has not been seen since the days of Atad, though, after all, his achievements have been more in possibility than in realization? What but this can account for the extraordinary influence won and wielded, (and still felt six years after his death) by the late William C. Ralston? A poor boy, without more than a common-school education, ignorant of all knowledge of principles, not given to reading or study; yet he worked his way before middle life into the control of millions, into the confidence and active love of all classes of society, into the central place in all circles having for their object the control of passing events.

Blessed be the magnetic man! for to him the heaven of success is always open, appreciation a matter of course, love his natural atmosphere, friendship and influence, wealth (if he desire it) and power, always at command. God pity the man of brains who, without magnetism, or with the wrong kind, fails in all he undertakes, goes through the world unloved and unappreciated, sees only the disagreeable side of human nature, and whose retrospect of life is summed up in the bitter reflection, "It might have been!"

C. T. HOPKINS.

OUR MYSTERIOUS PASSENGER.

THE leading incidents in the following narrative occurred exactly as related, names and localities only being changed, for obvious reasons.

One bright May day many years ago, when the California gold fever was at its height, we were encamped near St. Joseph, Missouri; and, our preparations having all been completed, we expected on the following morning to bid good by to civilization, and start on our long and dangerous journey over the plains. We were forty-five in number; had eleven wagons, each drawn by from four to five yokes of cattle; and had chosen for our captain one of our number who had made the trip safely the previous year.

In the evening, as we were sitting around our camp-fire, I was accosted by a stranger, who inquired if ours was the Oregon train; and on my answering affirmatively, he introduced himself as George Markham, said he wished to make the overland trip, and hoped he would be able to make arrangements with some of us to take him with us; adding that he would pay liberally for the accommodation. I knew that one of the teams had only three men with it, and also that they were rather short of funds; and on consulting them found that they would be very glad to have a paying passenger. A bargain was soon struck. Markham paid them one hundred and fifty dollars, was to furnish his own blankets and horse, and to be exempt from all driving, cooking, and standing guard on the trip.

I do not propose entering into a detailed history of our journey: suffice it to say that it was the terrible cholera year. All statements as to the number of deaths amongst the year's emigration were the wildest guess-work; a correct estimate was impossible. Of our number, only eleven, with two wagons, reached Oregon; two women and three children

connected with our train were sent back to the Missouri River with some returning emigrants; twenty-nine of our number found untimely graves on the Platte. I have counted, in a single day's travel of about twenty miles, no less than seventy fresh graves within a few feet of the road. It was a common occurrence to see a wagon drop out from a moving train just far enough to let those behind it pass; and at the same time several men would be seen coming from other wagons in the train with shovels, and would commence digging a shallow grave near it, while the rest of the train would keep on its way. On several occasions, on going up to the wagon, I have found the intended occupant of the grave still alive and apparently conscious of the preparations being made, but in the last stages of that dread disease from which very few on the plains that year recovered. Such conduct seemed inhuman, but stern necessity compelled us to it. Not less than fifty thousand men, women, and children that year attempted the overland trip; their course was up the Platte, and there was not feed enough within eight or ten miles of the road to keep alive the great number of cattle and horses necessary to move this immense caravan. The Platte River bottom soon became one vast charnel-house; the plains were strewn with carcasses of the poor, starved brutes, and we could not draw a breath of air that was not poisoned by their presence. After we passed old Fort Kearney, the cholera mowed a wide swath through this struggling mass of humanity; a terrible panic ensued: terror came to the aid of the cholera, and doubled the number of its victims. Strong, hearty men who had their families with them, and who hardly knew by experience what sickness meant, would be so overcome by their surroundings and the terrible strain they were enduring that they would drop in their

tracks, and in an hour's time be hidden from our sight. Simple justice to the living compelled us to hasten with all the speed we could from these plague-stricken plains, even at the expense of appearing to ignore the common feelings of humanity.

Markham—or "Mark," as we soon got to calling him—was about thirty years of age, of decidedly prepossessing appearance, and a perfect gentleman in all his ways. We naturally felt some curiosity as to his antecedents, but were compelled to remain in ignorance thereof, as he did not see fit to volunteer any information on those points. Some of the boys were disposed to find fault because of his immunity from camp duties, notwithstanding he had made this arrangement with the company. Soon after leaving the Missouri, and before our troubles had begun, we would have numerous card-parties every evening in full blast; but were never able to persuade Mark to take a hand in any of them. He seemed to dislike the sight of cards, and would not even stay within ear-shot of the merry talk attendant upon the games—which somewhat strengthened a feeling that was gaining ground amongst us that he considered himself a little above us all, and too good to associate with us.

But we found him out better when death held high carnival amongst us: there was nothing of the shirk then to be found in his composition; wherever there were hard or disagreeable duties to be performed, there was he to be found doing them. It seemed a pleasure to him to be at work at whatever would conduce to the general welfare. His kind help and genial good nature went a great way towards keeping up our spirits. He very seldom used his horse now, but turned it over to the company for general use. He seemed by common consent to have dropped into the place made vacant by the death of our captain. Nothing appeared to weary or discourage him; I have known him to stand guard five nights in the week, besides assisting us in our daily duties.

Not until we were well up towards the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and several

days had passed without any of our number being stricken down, did we dare believe we had really escaped from the fate of our comrades. As hope returned to cheer us, joy and thankfulness also filled our hearts, and we all felt bound by ties of gratitude and love to Mark, who had played such a large part in our deliverance. He had, in fact, incorporated himself into our lives, and so endeared himself to us by his course that we could hardly realize we had not always known and loved him. Nor could we help seeing the great change that had taken place in him. He felt and keenly enjoyed his changed position in the company. He realized how fully his efforts were appreciated by us, and during the rest of our trip together continued to be one of us in heart and work.

We went creeping along on our weary way towards the setting sun, and one day were forcibly reminded that we were coming within sight of the promised land by meeting two teams traveling eastward. They had come from Oregon to meet the incoming emigrants, and to furnish them with such supplies as they might need. One wagon was fitted up as a groggery, and fully stocked with the cheapest and vilest of liquors; while the other was loaded with groceries and provisions, for all of which, it is needless to say, the most extravagant prices were obtained.

The five owners of this supply train could not be accused of sailing under false colors, in one respect at least; for their countenances would have been their death-warrants in almost any of Judge Lynch's courts. They had reckoned with good reason upon making a profitable trip of it; for, the news of the emigrants having been carried ahead by packers, they knew that many of the men who had been passing through such a fiery trial would, when opportunity offered, indulge in any wild excesses in honor of their escape. The traveling grog-shop, as it was called, would sometimes remain two or three days in one place, and when its owners broke camp, they would only go a few miles each day; every night it was thronged with men who were first robbed of their senses by the villainous poisons furnished them, and then

of their money though the medium of a pleasant little game of cards with their new-found friends.

They camped within two or three miles of us the first night after we met them; and the following morning we decided that, as our cattle as well as ourselves were pretty well used up, we would "lay over" a couple of days, to give all hands a good rest. During the day, we all except Mark visited the supply train, and replenished our exhausted larders with numerous articles that are generally considered as necessaries of the household, but that to us were veritable luxuries after we had been deprived of them so long. Two of our number failed to return in the evening, and it was nearly midnight before they made their appearance, completely stupefied with liquor, which had no doubt been drugged. Next day, when they regained consciousness, they ascertained that their money had all disappeared. They remembered well that after having had one or two drinks they had played cards with the gamblers for more; after that, everything was a blank to them until they found themselves in their wagon, suffering terribly from the effects of their debauch.

Mark had a talk with them in the afternoon about the folly of thus venturing their scanty dollars in card games with men who made gambling their business; and wound up his lecture by saying that it was just as well those fellows got their money away from them, as they would have lost it in that way, anyhow, as soon as they got into the settlements. The men, however, assured him that it was their first venture in that direction, and that they would never, under any circumstances, repeat the experiment.

We had discontinued standing guard at night for several weeks previous to this time, as it seemed to be an entirely needless precaution; but Mark and myself, the better to detect anything wrong amongst our stock, which we drove up into the vicinity of the wagons every night about bed-time, had adopted the plan of sleeping on the ground under the wagon. That night I noticed that Mark neglected to take off his boots

(that constituted nearly our whole process of disrobing); and on being awakened in a little while, I discovered him slipping away quietly towards where our horses were staked out. Supposing he had imagined he heard something wrong, but did not want to disturb me until he ascertained the cause, I caught up my gun and slipped along noiselessly after him. Imagine my surprise when I saw him saddle his horse, mount him, and ride quietly away towards the gamblers' camp. I returned to our camp and lay down, but not to sleep; this last move of my friend's completely unnerved me. What could it mean? I knew that nothing would induce him to touch either liquor or cards. All kinds of wild imaginings came without bidding to aid me in the solution of the puzzle that was racking my brain, and were each in turn rejected. I was finally compelled to content myself with the thought that he had seen some member of our company going over there that evening, and had slipped off to rescue him.

Several hours had passed away, and still no sign of his return, when I was startled by hearing the gallop of a horse, and a moment afterwards my little Indian pony came on a full run up to the wagon, his lasso dragging along behind him. I knew instantly some devilry was up; I sprang out and caught the pony, and was bridling him, when I heard our cattle running furiously over the plains, and immediately afterwards three pistol-shots were fired in rapid succession by some one with them. As this was the signal agreed on to apprise the camp that Indians were around, I fired a shot in reply, and aroused all hands by calling out, "Indians!" several times; and as the boys were springing out of the wagons and preparing for action, I jumped on my pony, and, bare-headed and bootless, went galloping off after the cattle at a lively pace. On overtaking them, I adopted the plan usual on the plains of controlling a stampeded drove, by riding in amongst them and forging ahead to the front, and as soon as I got in the lead, beginning to circle slightly, the poor frightened brutes always following their leader, like

sheep. But I found my plans were already forestalled, for there was Mark at the head of the drove, gradually working them around back towards the camp. The thundering gallop of the now tired animals subsided into a slower pace, and we were soon joined by several members of our company, who had no difficulty in following us by the noise; and in the course of an hour we got back to our camp again with our stock. On investigation we found that three of our horses were missing, their lassoes having been cut; but my pony had managed to get away from the thieves, and his running had probably first given the alarm to the cattle and stampeded them. The first question was as to who had alarmed the camp: when Mark, without giving me time to speak, said that he did; that, having had sleep enough, he had strolled out amongst the cattle, and was sitting down filling his pipe, when he was startled by one of the horses breaking away from the others, and running towards the camp; the next moment a general movement amongst the cattle apprised him of the nature of the trouble; so he sprang upon his horse, and signaling the camp as he rode, had followed the herd as rapidly as possible, catching a glimpse as he did so of three retreating figures, who were no doubt Indians.

In the morning we concluded to remain in camp another day, hoping we might be able to get some clue to the missing horses. Soon after breakfast, one of the boys that supposed they had been robbed by the gamblers surprised us all by calling out that he had found his money all right in an old shot-bag amongst his ammunition. The general conclusion arrived at was that he had put it there that night before lying down, but had been too much under the influence of liquor at the time to remember anything about it afterwards.

We had the pleasure that morning of having some old acquaintances of the Platte overtake us, and felt as pleased to see them as though they had been life-long friends. The family had consisted of the parents, one son, and three daughters: but the mother

and two daughters were sleeping side by side on the Platte, having died within a few hours of each other. The father was dearly beloved by every one who came within reach of his kindness; he had brought with him a medicine-chest, well stocked, and had distributed the medicines freely to all who needed them, and thus came to be known as "the doctor." The daughter that had been spared him was a sweet, quiet girl, about eighteen years of age, and we all felt the deepest sympathy for her in her bereaved and lonely condition. They concluded to camp with us that night; and after hearing of the attempted stampede of our cattle, were considerably alarmed, and easily persuaded to join us and travel with us for the rest of the trip.

Soon after camping, Spencer, the doctor's son, called me aside and inquired if we had been having any trouble lately with Mark: on my assuring him to the contrary, and expressing surprise at the question, he said that the previous evening he had gone over to the supply train to purchase a few articles, and had seen Mark there in the tent, very drunk, and betting heavily over a game of cards with one of the proprietors. I was completely astounded by this statement, and felt convinced that the young man was mistaken: I assured him Mark was with me early in the evening, and was also on hand when the cattle were stampeded, and assisted in their recovery; that I was very positive he was not under the influence of liquor in the least, then or at any other time since he had been with us. Yet, even while I was making this assertion, a number of half-forgotten little incidents connected with Mark came crowding and jostling one another, and arranging themselves in their proper order in my mind: and I seemed in a moment to understand perfectly what had all along before seemed so mysterious in connection with him. I easily obtained the young man's promise to say nothing about what he had seen to any one for the present, and assured him that when I obtained the key to this mystery, he would have a much better opinion of Mark than he now had; for my

confidence in him still remained entirely unshaken.

On talking the matter over that day, we found we were all of one mind as to the advisability of standing guard at night regularly hereafter; for we trembled when we thought what our condition might have been had the attempt of the previous night been a success. I managed matters so that Mark and I should be on the first watch that night, in order to have a good opportunity to have a long talk with him.

Our cattle had quit feeding and were lying down, when we sat down near them, and I opened the ball by telling Mark that there was quite a mystery in the camp in connection with that lost money that had been found.

"The boys," said I, "are certain they left some money with those men, but they found the exact amount in the wagon that they had with them when they started. That is not the strangest part of it, either," I continued: "one of them told me he was positive ten of his gold pieces were of the same date; but not a single one of that date did he find in the bag amongst his bullets."

Mark sat as motionless as a statue while I was making this statement; so, after waiting a moment, I continued:

"Last night, some one rode over to that camp from here, engaged those men in a game of cards, won back the money those poor fools lost, and this morning threw it into their wagon, thinking that, after the lesson they had just had, they would be more careful of it in the future. It was a kind act, and I can understand perfectly the motives that prompted it; but did not that man run a great risk of compromising himself? Suppose one of his friends had seen him in the tent over there gambling: would it be surprising if he should feel very much worried at the discovery?"

Mark was unable to make any reply for some moments, and when he finally began relating the following incidents in his life, it was in a tone that showed plainly that all his wonderful self-control was called into play to prevent his breaking down:

"Will," said he, "I see you have by some

means obtained a knowledge of my secret. I intended passing away out of the sight and knowledge of you all without leaving a sign; but it is better that my disguise should be thrown off now. I cannot say I am sorry that you have made the discovery: I would rather you should hear the whole story from my lips than only fragments of it from others, for then perhaps you will not altogether cast me off. I have been happier during the past few months in finding myself of some little use to those around me than I ever expected to be again. You are the only one on earth I dare call my friend: I don't want to lose all of your respect if I can help it. Please take into consideration what I have undergone, before you utterly condemn me.

"A little more than one year ago I was a member of a prominent business firm in Louisiana; my uncle, who was the founder of the firm, having died and left me his heir. My brother also occupied an important position in our house; and we two were all who remained of a once numerous family. He was about ten years younger than myself, and for many years I had held more the position of a father towards him than a brother; and I think I loved him as truly as a father could love his child. The business of the firm took him frequently to New Orleans; and one morning he was found dead in his room at the hotel, and by his own hand. His letter to me explained all: some months before he had been enticed into one of the most respectable gambling-houses of the city, kept by three accomplished and gentlemanly-looking villains as ever lured a young man to destruction. They knew that the money they were swindling him out of was not his own, and what the end would be; but what cared they? On each trip to the city he endeavored to retrieve his former losses: but the poor lad little knew what a hopeless task that was. After his last visit to their den, he realized that exposure and disgrace could no longer be postponed; and not having the courage to confide in me, he took a short cut out of his troubles.

“From that moment to the present but one feeling—that of revenge—has occupied my thoughts day and night. And how could I best obtain it? Not by taking their worthless lives: the law and public opinion sanctioned and protected them in their course: if I had put them out of the way, I should have been hung like a dog for it, and thus have suffered more than they.

“I adopted a different plan: I left the firm, made good all of Charlie’s deficiencies, and then began educating myself for the task before me—which was simply to pay those men back in their own coin. My sole object in remaining upon earth was to drag them down from the position they occupied, see them get lower and lower in the gamblers’ scale, and look on, myself unknown, and watch them until they wore themselves out in their useless struggle to work up again. An almost superhuman energy and courage animated me; every step I took, every breath I drew, was subservient to this one object of my life. I had been familiar with cards from my childhood, and was considered an expert in their use, but had never played a game with a professional gambler. I now associated with them nightly, and profited by every move I detected in their games. The money I lost, I lost with pleasure, considering it simply as invested in my education. I discarded liquor entirely, but could simulate a drunken man to perfection. I practiced a constant self-control, that soon enabled me to defy any one to read my thoughts. In a little while I found myself able to cope successfully with the best of them. Whenever I seated myself at the table with either of those three men, I could see Charlie’s face as plainly as I did on that terrible morning; he aided me constantly in my play, and together we were invincible. I ground those men beneath my heel, and in a few months they were compelled to give up their fine establishment, and to eke out a living in some of the lowest resorts of the city. But I know you must be tired of this narrative. I understand perfectly how you feel in listening to it; but you can

never understand how impossible it was for me to resist the influences that were urging me on: so I will be as brief as possible. I followed them up until two of them died the deaths they deserved; but the third—and by far the worst and smartest of the three—still lives, and I am now on his trail. He has gone to the Pacific, intending to locate in Portland. I want him to have time to get a good start again before I meet him, and for that reason I concluded to come by this route. One thing I must tell you; I hope it will cause you to feel a little kindlier towards me: I have always refused to play with any but professional gamblers: nor will I be likely to deviate from this course until I forget how I felt as I sat by Charlie’s bedside that morning.

“As to those men over there, I only visited them for the purpose of getting back the money they had stolen from our boys, and returned just in season to head off part of the gang in their attempt to steal the cattle—for let me tell you one thing about them: it was not Indians that attempted the stampede last night. Three of those men slipped away from their camp soon after I got there, and I am sure they are the ones that did it. They are all cattle-thieves, and their liquor business is used as a blind. Their plans were to run the cattle back into the hills, where they quite likely have more obtained in the same manner, and to leave them there in charge of some of their party; after a while they will work back, collect their stealings, and dispose of them in the settlements.”

I had a long talk with Mark after he had finished his story, and used every argument and persuasion in my power to induce him to relinquish the course he had marked out for himself; but all to no purpose. He listened patiently to what I said, but at the same time there was a wild light glistening in his eye, that told me too plainly he could not be influenced, and that boded no good to the destroyer of his happiness when they met.

As we were on our way to the camp after being relieved from our watch, Mark told

me he was going to desert us in the morning, and push ahead.

"I made up my mind to do so," said he, "as soon as I heard the doctor was going to travel with you. The daily sight of that young girl's pure face would either drive me wild or make me do as you want me to; and that must not be. But I want you to do me a particular favor: here is the balance of the money I won from those men; the old doctor will need it before he gets settled, and it may be the means of smoothing *her* path a little; so I want you to manage to get it into his possession without letting him know anything of its history."

I promised to carry out his wishes; and then, as I knew he must be wondering how I came to know of his visit to the supply train, I told him that Spencer was my informant, and suggested that I had better explain to him why Mark had been there, hand him the money to give to his father, and enjoin secrecy upon him. To all of this Mark assented.

As he did not feel equal to the task of bidding his comrades good by, he left kind messages with me for them all; and while the camp was still hushed in slumber, he rode quietly away. As we stood there for a moment, hand clasped in hand, our tongues refused to give utterance to our thoughts; but it was only after he had passed from my sight that I realized not a word had been exchanged between us at our parting.

I delivered his message to Spencer, explaining only what was absolutely necessary about him. The young man was much affected by his kindness, and added:

"This money will be the means of relieving my father of all his present anxiety. If ever I have it in my power to do that man a good turn, he will find I have not forgotten 'Stampede Camp.'"

On our arrival in Oregon, I failed to obtain any clew as to Mark's whereabouts; and after remaining there a few months, I started for California. On passing through Jacksonville I had the pleasure of meeting my young friend Spencer, who was feeling highly elated over the success he had met with. They

had first pre-empted some choice land a short distance from Salem, where his father and sister were comfortably situated. He had taken a run into the Oregon mines, and had made a nice little raise there. He then bought a pack-train, and had made several trips between Portland and the mines, on each trip more than doubling his original capital.

I finally engaged in business in the southern part of California. In the following year I was one day terribly shocked by reading an article in the paper to the effect that "George Markham, the Portland gambler," who a few weeks previous had killed his opponent in a quarrel over a game of cards, had been found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hung, and was then confined in the Salem jail.

It is impossible to describe my feelings upon reading this announcement. The plain statement was there, staring me in the face; common sense whispered that I might have expected it; but still I would not let the thought that my old friend Mark had committed a murder find a resting place in my mind. I was sure I knew him too well for that: he could not have killed any one except in self-defense. I decided to go to him at once, and see what could be done for him; and the following day found me on a steamer, on my way to San Francisco. The first paper I saw on arriving there contained an advertisement that gave me more real pleasure and cheered me up more than anything I could have imagined. It was an offer of one thousand dollars reward for Mark's apprehension, he having, with the assistance of outsiders, escaped from the Salem jail. It is true, an item in the same paper stated that he had been seen near Oregon City, and that his capture was almost certain; but until I heard of his being retaken, I was determined to cling to the hope that he would not be.

There seemed to be nothing for me to do now but to stay where I was, and watch and wait. Two weeks passed away without my receiving any news of him; when one day, as I was strolling down on Long Wharf—as it was then called—I saw a man in a rough

well-worn miner's suit, whose figure immediately attracted my attention. Moving along so as to get a better view of him, I found myself face to face with my old friend Mark. As our eyes met, we were equally startled by the mutual recognition. I don't know what I might have said or done in my excitement, had not a warning gesture from him recalled me to my senses. He moved calmly and leisurely away from a group of men who were near him, and when I walked up to his side he quietly said:

"Don't call me by name for a moment— one of those men who was at my elbow is a policeman. I will walk over there with you if you wish; and by introducing me to him you can make a thousand dollars."

I was very much hurt by this speech; but although I replied to him almost instantly, I still had time to formulate the thought in my mind that he must have been terribly driven and hunted, and could not help feeling that every one he met was thirsting for his blood. I said, as calmly as I could:

"Never mind about the money, now; I want to talk with you. Lead the way to some quiet place where we will not attract attention, and I will follow at a short distance."

He walked leisurely up the street, entered a saloon that was nearly deserted, and seated himself at a vacant table, where I joined him a moment afterwards. After giving the waiter our order, I said to him:

"Mark, I want you to try to imagine we are once more out on the plains standing guard together. Talk to me as freely and unreservedly as you did then. And understand this, right at the start: I have never for one moment believed you were guilty of the crime you are charged with."

"Those are the most cheering words you could have spoken," he replied, as he laid his hand tremblingly on my arm; "God bless you for them, Will. I will tell you the whole and exact truth in as few words as I possibly can."

"It was several months after I reached Portland before the man I was looking for arrived; and then he brought two partners with him, and they commenced business at

once. I adopted my old tactics, using every precaution to prevent recognition, and had the satisfaction of balking him at every turn he made. Their losses caused them to quarrel amongst themselves, and I knew his two new associates wanted to get rid of him. On the night of the murder I met him by appointment in a private room. On entering, I found his partners were also there; and when one of them locked the door and put the key in his pocket—as he said, 'to prevent interruption, so we could have a nice, quiet game'—I saw instantly that a trap had been laid for me. There was no chance for retreat, so I smilingly approved of his action, and we commenced our game. I took the seat at the table nearest the window; the room was in the second story of the building; and my idea was that when the quarrel began, that I was satisfied would be sure to come, I would spring out of the window, taking my chances of alighting safely on the pavement. I also made up my mind to put up with anything they might do or say for that night without evincing the least ill-humor or annoyance. But they had laid their plans, and were bound to carry them out. The murdered man finally accused me of cheating, and drawing his pistol, fired; I pushed the table against him, thus disconcerting his aim, and then dropped behind it as though I had been shot. At the same moment I saw one of his partners deliberately aim and fire at him, as the other one extinguished the light. I sprang from the window, almost into the arms of a policeman who was standing on the pavement below, and was instantly arrested and locked up on the charge of murder. I saw plainly how the whole thing had been put up: they had arranged with him to kill me, promising, no doubt, to swear him through: while their own plan was to put him out of the way, as they had been wanting to for a long time, and then swear it on me. I stood no show at all on the trial; their statements were all carefully prepared beforehand and learned by heart, and my lawyer's cross-examination accomplished nothing: so the jury had to bring in a verdict of guilty."

It was a great relief to me to hear this statement from my old friend; the way in which it was given convinced me of its entire truthfulness; and I could see that a great load was lifted from his mind on finding that I placed implicit reliance upon his words. I told him as cheerfully as I could that we should have no trouble in finding a way out of this scrape.

"But," I continued, "let us talk about something pleasanter now. Tell me all about your escape, and who the outsiders were who assisted you."

"It was all managed by them," he replied: "I had nothing at all to do with it. I had resigned myself to what I considered my inevitable fate, when one evening, about dark, a small stone, with string and paper attached, was thrown into my window; on the paper was written, '*Be ready for a midnight ride.*' My heart leaped with joy when I read those words, as much because I was sure they were written by you as for the hopes they awakened. Rest assured there was no danger of my sleeping on my guard that night; but it seemed almost an eternity before anything occurred. Another stone, with thread attached, finally struck against the iron bars of my cell, and happily lodged there. I realized instantly what that meant, and soon had one end of a rope ladder firmly attached to the window: this was no sooner done than a man was on the outside at work at the bars; and in less time than I could have believed it possible, he had sawed through one bar, and bent the others so that I was able to crowd through. 'Be quick!' was all he said, and I do not think more than two minutes had elapsed from the time he commenced on the window until I was on the ground, a free man. He led me rapidly away in the dark, to where a man was standing, holding a horse ready for me to mount; as I adjusted a pair of spurs he handed me, he said, 'Jump on quick! The officers will be put on a false trail, and will go north; but you must be fifty miles south of here before daybreak.' He then in a few hurried words, not one of which escaped me, told me of the course I was to pursue, and the arrangements that had been made for my escape: and wound up by

saying, 'Don't lose a second now; each horse you ride to-night knows where he is to go to—give him his head and use your spurs.'

"I was bewildered by the fact that I was unable to recognize anything familiar in the voice or figure of my deliverer; and on my asking him who he was, he replied, 'The watch-word to-night will be "*Stampede Camp.*" Good by.' And it then flashed upon me that I was indebted for my life to the doctor's son.

"The next moment I found myself riding rapidly away through the darkness, and for some time I fairly trembled with the fear that I might awaken and find it, after all, only a dream. But my horse galloped bravely onward, and I had no need to use my spurs; I could see he knew the road perfectly, and was going towards his stable, and I felt that I needed no better guide than he. At each place indicated I found a man with a fresh horse awaiting me, who pronounced the watch-word as I rode up; and in a few seconds I would again be plunging wildly forward. Spencer was the only man I met that night who spoke English; the rest were all Mexicans, and they evidently believed that I was one also, (as I have a thorough knowledge of the language) and that they were assisting one of their countrymen to escape. I saw the advantage of keeping up this deception, so I have spoken nothing but Spanish since I left Spencer, until I met you.

"I reached the last stage of that ride for freedom before daybreak, and was taken to a miner's cabin. On bidding me good by, my conductor told me to take a good rest, as I would not be disturbed, and added, 'Burn everything—leave no traces behind.' In the cabin I found food prepared for me, these clothes I have on, shaving apparatus, and a well-filled purse. I at once proceeded to shave off my whiskers and mustache, and stripped off and burned every article of clothing I had worn. After a few hours' rest, I left the cabin, and proceeded as Spencer had advised me to, and gradually worked my way down here, without, I think, attracting the attention or exciting the suspicions of any one."

“And now, Mark,” said I, “what are your plans? You know you are not safe here in this city for one moment; every officer in the place, no doubt, has a full description of you, and is closely scanning the face and form of every man he meets; it is also quite likely there are private detectives here from Oregon looking for you. You must get out of this place as quickly as possible.”

He explained to me that he had been on the constant lookout for a chance to get down into Mexico on a sailing vessel, as his knowledge of the language and his general appearance would enable him to pass there for a native of the country.

I had decided what course to pursue while we had been talking; but as there was one thing that had been continually occurring to me, I thought it best to speak of it before leaving him, so I said:

“Mark, I hope you will bear in mind that your great skill at cards might be the means of identifying you, and I trust you will let them entirely alone, for the present at all events.”

The hand of an officer laid upon his shoulder, and the words, “George Markham, you are my prisoner,” sounded in his ears, could not have brought a look of more intense misery and despair into his face than had my words. I trust I may be spared from ever again witnessing such agony of a poor, tortured soul as was written upon his countenance. When he was able to speak he said, in a voice so low I could scarcely hear him:

“There has not been a moment since I knew that that poor wretch was dead when I would not have sooner thought of holding my hands in molten lead than of touching a card with them: the sight of cards almost maddens me.”

After a short silence he continued, evidently unconscious that he was giving audible expression to his thoughts:

“How strange it seems that I should feel this way; it must be because Charlie’s murderers have been swept from the face of the earth”; and then, as if an instantaneous photograph of the events of the past two years

had been flashed upon his brain, he exclaimed, “Oh, my God! How like a horrible, hideous nightmare it all appears to me now!”—and bowing his face in his hands, he sobbed like a child.

If at that time my eyes were somewhat dimmed, it was with joy. I felt that the mists that had for a long time been hiding the right from him, and that had prevented us from obtaining a full view of his many good traits, were passing away. Ever since I had heard his story on that beautiful moonlight night on the plains, I had fully realized that he was wandering in the outskirts of the maniac’s realm. I was filled with joy to think he had now come back to us, and I trusted a long and happy life might yet be in store for him.

During my residence in the southern part of the State I had become well acquainted with the captain of a little schooner engaged in the coasting trade. While in port down there, he had always made my office his headquarters, and I was sure the friendship he felt for me would cause him to grant any favor I might ask. I knew his vessel was in port, but had kept out of his way, as I did not want him to question me as to my business in the city. With the understanding that I should be back within half an hour, I left Mark and proceeded to hunt up the captain. I found him on his schooner, and was delighted to hear that his cargo was about completed, and that he expected to leave in the morning. Telling him that I had a very great favor to ask of him, I continued:

“Captain, I have just met an old friend of mine, who crossed the plains with me last year, and he has got into a bad scrape: the fact is, he has been caught in very bad company; the officers are after him, and are liable to get their hands on him at any moment. I want to get him off down into Mexico. Once in San Diego safely, he would be able to take care of himself. He has plenty of money, and will pay liberally for his passage. And bear this in mind, captain,” said I, very earnestly, “if the officers should find him here, he will suffer for a

crime of which I know him to be as innocent as you or I. I am not afraid to tell you all about it, if—”

“Hold hard,” said the captain, suddenly interrupting me. “As near as I can make out, this is about the size of it: you’ve run across an old shipmate flying a signal of distress, and you want me to help rescue him; that’s all I know, and all I want to know. This is my answer: bring him aboard as soon as you please, and I’ll stow him away till we get outside the Heads, where he’ll be just as safe as you would wish him to be. After that, I’ll make him as comfortable as I can for the rest of the trip, and will land him right side up in San Diego; and as to his passage-money, you’ve settled with me for that several times over, long ago.”

I did not let the grass grow under my feet after leaving the captain before I was with Mark, and had told him of the arrangements made for his voyage. I also insisted upon his accepting a purse I had ready for him; but this he positively refused to do, assuring me that Spencer’s generosity had supplied him with all the money he would need for a long time.

We then went down to the schooner as soon as we could without attracting attention, and in a little while I had shaken my

friend’s hand for the last time, having seen him safely in the captain’s charge.

But I had no disposition to return to my hotel: I could not leave the wharf as long as he was so near me. All night long I paced up and down near the schooner, so as to be assured of his continued safety; and in imagination I again went through with my part in the events here imperfectly related. At last it almost seemed as though he was at my side assisting at this, the last guard we were ever to stand together; and it was a welcome sight to me when the sun came climbing up behind the distant hills.

When the schooner was about casting loose from the wharf, I bade our kind-hearted captain a hearty good by and a God speed, he having just assured me that my friend was all right, and that he would take good care of him. I hurried up on Telegraph Hill, and watched the little craft slowly working her way out through the Golden Gate; and as she sailed out into the broad Pacific, she passed away into the Great Unknown, beyond the reach of mortal vision. For no tidings of her ever came back to cheer the hearts of the friends of those on board. She no doubt went down in the gale that swept the coast that night, and not one of her number escaped to tell the tale.

WILSON PEIRCE.

SONNET.

THROUGH the deep woods I hurry; cool and still
 The dawn is, and the waking birds are hushed
 In deep delight. The silent redwoods fill
 My heart with awe: the brook that laughed and gushed
 At noon, its old transparent secret tells
 In stillest whispers, and the chill dew weeps
 O’er the frail flowers whose down-drooping bells
 Glow midst the ferns. Now through the forest deeps
 Strikes the first sunlight, and my heart beats fast
 With hope and fear; O haste, he must be near.
 There sweeps the broad stream, and I see at last
 My one dear smile, my one dear voice I hear.
 I wake and shiver. The moon, pale with fears,
 Shines on my pillow wet with lonely tears.

KATHARINE ROYCE.

ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY.

PROBABLY the name of John Ruskin is familiar to the majority of the English-speaking people. As an art critic, he is widely known: and his name carries much weight in such matters. But few people, however, are aware that he has been occupied of late years in a matter which he considers of far greater importance than the painting of Alpine scenery. About ten years ago he addressed to the workmen and laborers of England a series of letters, in the course of which he unfolded a scheme for rescuing them from the depths of poverty and ignorance in which they seemed hopelessly sunk. Omitting preface or introduction of any kind, he opened his first letter with a brief account of the unhappy state of the country, its insecurity from foreign enemies, and the wretched condition in which so many of its people lived. Then followed this candid statement of his feelings:

"For my own part, I will put up with this state of things, passively, not an hour longer. I am not an unselfish person, nor an evangelical one; I have no particular pleasure in doing good, neither do I dislike doing it so much as to expect to be rewarded for it in another world. But I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like; and the very light of the morning sky has become hateful to me, because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of where I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly."

How he meant to go to work to cure this misery, he did not explain in this letter: but wandered off into a discussion of party politics in Europe, and ended with a protest against the custom of taking interest. So on through the next three letters, which were made up of a comical mixture of philosophical observations on the state of European politics, suggestions as to the proper reading of the Bible, a recipe for Yorkshire goose-pie, and occasional interesting bits of autobiography. The letters showed a constant straining after clearness and simplicity

of style; but they were so full of obscure allusions to historical events and political principles that they entirely failed of their object: so much so that the working-men themselves were obliged to protest against this fault of their would-be benefactor, who, they said, "wrote to them of things they cared nothing about, in words that they could not understand."

Thus admonished, Mr. Ruskin applied himself in his next letter to the practical question in hand; described again the miserable condition in which the poor live, for the need of three things which are essential to life—pure air, water, and earth. Then followed this appeal, in which appeared the first suggestion of the remedy:

"Are there any of you who are tired of all this? Are there any landlords, any masters, who would like better to be served by men than by iron devils? Any tenants, any workmen, who can vow to work and to live faithfully, for the sake of the joy of their homes? Will any such give the tenth of what they have, and of what they earn, not to emigrate with, but to stay in England with, and to do what is in their hands and hearts to make her a happy England? I am not rich, (as people now estimate riches) but the tenth of whatever I have I will make over to you in perpetuity, on Christmas day of this year, with engagement to add the tithes of whatever I earn afterwards. Who else will help with little or much?—the object of such fund being to begin, and gradually to increase, the buying and securing of land in England, which shall not be built upon, but cultivated by Englishmen with their own hands, and such help of force as they can find in wind and wave."

Here is the first hint of that project which Mr. Ruskin had spent twenty years in perfecting. He had made More's "Utopia" and Bacon's "New Atlantis" his guide, and examined carefully the records of all such schemes in the past. He calls his project an attempt to unite the force of all good plans and wise schemes. It is in reality an attempt to raise the laborer to that state of

independence which he enjoyed in the time when "the stalwart arms and heroic souls" of her yeomanry were England's glory. In a few words he explains the object of St. George's Company, as he proposes to name his community.

"We will try to make some small piece of English ground beautiful, peaceful, and fruitful. We will have no steam-engines upon it, and no railroads. We will have no untended or unthought-of creatures on it; none wretched but the sick, none idle but the dead. We will have no liberty upon it, but instant obedience to known law and appointed persons; no equality upon it, but recognition of every betterness that we can find, and reprobation of every worseness."

The original object of all socialistic schemes was to establish either individual liberty or social equality. Mr. Ruskin, however, has announced himself an enemy to both. "For fifty years back," he says, "modern education has devoted itself to the teaching of impudence. 'Look at Mr. Robert Stephenson,' we tell a boy, 'and at Mr. James Watt, and Mr. William Shakspeare! You know you are every bit as good as they; you have only to work as they did, and you will infallibly arrive at the same eminence.'" Far different is to be the teaching of the companions of St. George. Admiration for one's superiors, and unquestioning obedience, is the first law of society. The government is an elective despotism. There is to be a master elected by majority of the companions who are the contributors of lands or money. The master, while in office, is to be absolutely uncontrolled in his authority over all the proceedings of the company; but he can be deposed as he was elected, by vote of the companions. He alone can incur any debt in the name of the guild, and he with his marshals forms the ministry of the state, answerable for the employment of its revenues, for its relations with external powers, and for such changes in its laws as may from time to time become needful. Of social equality, Mr. Ruskin says:

"The idea that all men were born equal is an absurdity. There are, on the contrary, no two men endowed with the same mental and moral capabili-

ties; and hence it is absurd to infer that all men were intended to enjoy the same privileges. He therefore establishes in his community grades of society very much on the plan of the English nobility, it must be confessed; but with this improvement, that the standard by which each man is judged is moral worth."

It is not to be supposed, however, that in making a distinction as to classes, provision is to be made for the support of any idle people. The nobility are, on the contrary, expected to do as much or more work than the common people, and that not altogether of an intellectual kind; for the founder of St. George's Company is a firm believer in the dignity and value of manual labor; and one of the first rules of his society is: "That the thought of the studious person shall be made wholesome by bodily toil, and the toil of the laborer noble by elevated thought."

No member of the community will be required to work more than six hours a day, but all must bear their share. In the present state of society we have too many idlers. Mr. Ruskin cleverly represents the relation existing between the different classes in society by one of those quaint figures of which he is so fond. "Virtually," he says, "the entire business of the world turns on the clear necessity of getting on table, hot or cold, if possible, meat, but at least vegetables, at some hour of the day, for all of us. Mutton and turnips—or, since mutton itself is only a transformed state of turnips, we may say, as sufficiently typical of everything, turnips—must absolutely be got for us all. And nearly every question of state policy and economy, as at present understood and practiced, consists in some device for persuading you laborers to go and dig up dinner for us reflective and æsthetical persons, who like to sit still, and think or admire. So that when we get to the bottom of the matter, we find the inhabitants of this earth broadly divided into two great masses: the peasant pay-masters—spade in hand, original and imperial producers of turnips; and, waiting on them all round, a crowd of polite persons, modestly expectant of turnips in return for some too often theoretical service. There is, first, the clerical person,

whom the peasant pays in turnips for giving him moral advice; then the legal person, whom the peasant pays in turnips for telling him in black letters that his house is his own; there is, thirdly, the courtly person, whom the peasant pays in turnips for presenting a celestial appearance to him; there is, fourthly, the literary person, whom the peasant pays in turnips for talking daintily to him; there is, lastly, the military person, whom the peasant pays in turnips for standing with a cocked hat on, in the middle of the field, and exercising a moral influence upon the neighbors."

Mr. Ruskin is willing to admit that, if they faithfully perform these services, they are all of them, perhaps, worth their daily turnips. In the little community of which he has the control, they would, however, be of little use. There is to be nothing to provoke the poor man to commit crime; so that the two learned professions, which support themselves, the one on the poor man's sins and the other on his repentance, would find themselves without an occupation in St. George's Company. There will be no place for the military person; for Mr. Ruskin abhors war, above all things. As for the courtly person, he must find something better to do than merely making himself ornamental; and the literary person must talk, not only daintily, but to some purpose. Everything is planned with a view to securing the pleasantest condition of life for the laborer. The avowed object of the company is to set an example of the right relations between landlord and tenant, master and servant.

Considered from the tenant's point of view, the terms on which the company rents its land are surely most satisfactory. In no case is the rent to be appropriated by the landlord. It is to be applied to the better cultivation of the land, and it must be reduced instead of increased in proportion to every improvement made by the tenant himself. The community is to be supplied with the necessaries of life, and with such luxuries as are not considered harmful, from the national store, which must always be supplied with as much of these commodities as

will meet the entire demand of its currency in circulation. Mr. Ruskin considers this the only true method of co-operation. In regard to community of property, he says:

"I call this an inconvenient system, because I really think you would find yourself greatly inconvenienced if your wives couldn't go into the garden to cut a cabbage without getting leave from the Lord Mayor and corporation; and if the same principle is to be carried out as regards tools, I beg to state that if anybody and everybody is to use my own particular palette and brushes, I hereby resign my office of professor of fine arts."

The life of the citizens of the state of St. George is to be regulated by principles discovered in the history of the wisest states and the writings of the wisest men. The laws which they are required to obey will resemble closely those by which Florence was governed in the fourteenth century. All regulations are inspired by the same purpose: to secure entire honesty, public and private; to regard strictly the natural differences of rank, indicated by the different gifts to men; and to make life orderly, decent, and beautiful.

However much we may laugh at Ruskin's odd ways and peculiar notions, I think we must admit that this dream of fair living could have come only from the heart of a pure-minded and noble man. Whatever the difficulties in the way of its realization, to have conceived such a plan, and, in the face of such opposition and ridicule, to have perfected it, is at least a witness to his large-heartedness. Is he, as he himself declares, old, tired, and very ill-natured? I answer, that any man who can feel so profoundly the sense of human misery and wrongness that he is willing to attempt the jeered-at task of feeling with his own hands for the root of it, that he may pluck it up if possible, has proved his earnestness and his sympathy with human sorrow. Failure is all that he can expect; for where has there ever been a revolutionist, a leader, who has not, through the very excess of his zeal, been led to attempt what was impossible? Throughout all history, the men who have stood up like great rocks to oppose the

rushing current of corruption have checked it for a moment, but in the next have been borne down by the increasing waters, too often victims of the fury of those whom they have striven to save. So will it be with John Ruskin: for does he not see the same seeds of corruption sown in England that caused the fall of mighty Rome?—the same love of foreign conquest; the same sacrifice of the security of her homes to the increasing of her already too wide-spread dominion; the same inequality between her citizens—her nobility steeped in luxury, while the ignorance and misery of her poor are the wonder of the civilized world; her lands absorbed in the vast estates of her aristocracy, while her laborers waste their strength in a blind struggle to feed and clothe their bodies. For this, Rome fell; and for this England also must fall, if these abuses are not corrected. And because one man has recognized these evils, and is earnestly striving to avert that fate, “therefore,” he says, “the hacks of English literature wag their heads at me, and the poor

wretch who pawns the dirty linen of his soul daily for a bottle of sour wine and a cigar talks about the ‘effeminate sentimentality of Ruskin.’”

Old, tired, and very ill-natured! Can you wonder at it, when every day brings to him some unkind criticism, some uncalled-for abuse? The most unfeeling comment comes from a lady, who taunts him with not being himself a member of St. George’s Company. He answers her simply enough:

“She tells me that I have not joined the St. George’s Company, because I have no home. It is too true: but that is because my father and mother and nurse are dead; because the woman I hoped would have been my wife is dying; and because the place where I would fain have stayed to remember them all is spoilt for me by the encroachments of my neighbors on my private walks and quiet resting places.”

Wearied with his task, and plagued by the persecutions of thoughtless people, he still clings to his plan which, though it prove but the dream of an old man in his dotage, may yet teach us that nobleness and charity still live. LUCRETIA MAY SHEPARD.

AMERICAN OFFICERS IN THE PERUVIAN NAVY.

IN the early part of 1866 the Spanish South American republics of the Pacific formed an alliance, offensive and defensive, against the aggressions of Spain, which country—never having formally acknowledged their independence—had presented a claim of several million dollars, urging an immediate settlement; at the same time, making threatening demonstrations on the coast with a fleet of heavy frigates.

The President of Peru seemed inclined to comply with the demand of the Spanish admiral. This so incensed his people that he was forced to seek an asylum on board of an English man-of-war, to escape their fury. Colonel Mariano T. Prado, the leader of the opposition, was chosen to succeed him, with dictatorial powers, and war was declared

against Spain. Peru and Chili had but recently purchased from England and France five men-of-war of superior model and improved armament, including two iron-clads, the *Independencia* and the *Huascar*. The *Independencia* was afterward lost on the rocks in endeavoring to escape the Chilian squadron last summer; while the *Huascar*, a brig-rigged, turreted vessel, figured in the combat with the armor-plated frigate *Shah*, about a year ago, and was recently captured by a very superior force of Chilian iron-clads, after a gallant defense, single-handed, in the famous battle off *Mexillones*, Bolivia, October 8th, 1879. This engagement is of great interest, since it is the first that has occurred between modern iron-clads. The above-mentioned ships,

together with some fourteen wooden vessels, corvets, and gun-boats, composed the allied squadrons of Peru and Chili; and indeed, it was quite a respectable, as well as formidable, naval force.

The members of the cabinet of the Dictator were eminently fitted for their responsible positions, being all young men of comparatively high intellectual attainments and remarkable ability, and possessing those attributes so essential in such a crisis—firmness, prudence, energy, and enterprise. With but one or two exceptions, they have all passed away now. Several were the victims of yellow fever. One, who in after years rose to be President of the republic, and was among the very few that served the full term of office without being ejected by revolutionary means, was lately assassinated in broad daylight, as he entered the hall of the Chamber of Deputies, of which body he was a member. The assassin, a sergeant of the guard on duty, was doubtless hired to do his bloody work by some political aspirant.

By the advice of his ministers, the Dictator resolved to invite to his country a foreign officer of experience and prestige to organize and command the fleet—one who had not only seen active service, but who had been distinguished as a naval commander. Through the Minister Plenipotentiary in Washington, who of course made proper inquiries and diligent search, Commodore John R. Tucker of Virginia was selected to fill this important position. He was to have conferred upon him, on reaching Peru, the title of Rear Admiral, and to rank the Peruvian and Chilian commanders, as commander in chief. Tucker was an officer of high standing in the United States Navy, in which he had been reared, and was always considered an able executive officer. At the breaking out of the Civil War he resigned his commission, and tendered his sword to his native State. He was the brave commander of the Confederate war steamer Patrick Henry, in the memorable engagement in Hampton Roads of Monitor and Merrimac fame; and commander in chief of the Confederate squadron, and of the

naval defenses of Charleston, during the last years of the war. He accepted the position offered by the Peruvian government, on condition that there might be allowed to accompany him on his staff a few American officers, known to him personally.

But a few days were required to perfect the necessary arrangements for our departure, and we sailed from New York on the 1st of June, 1866, *via* Panama, for Callao, the sea-port of Lima, the capital of Peru. We were fortunate in making the connection with the British mail steamer, and reached our destination on the 15th of the same month.

Lima is situated only seven miles from the sea, and is highly favored in its position. It never rains outright here; but in winter a light drizzle is not uncommon. Overcoats are used to guard against this; umbrellas are needed only as sunshades; and the houses are without chimneys. The wealthier class of Lima sends its children to Europe to be educated; and I observed that in the navy officers were much kindlier disposed towards England than towards our republic—although in their politics they profess to be ultra-republicans, without apparently comprehending the meaning of the term. The President, when he attended the theater or opera, was always accompanied by an escort of hussars in their showy uniform, and by four or five aids in full regimentals; and was ushered in and out of the theater with as much pomp and ceremony as I ever witnessed in France under the empire.

At the Hotel Maury (the best in the city) it was very unusual for the fair sex to grace the *table-d'hôte* with their presence. The meals were served in courses, the national dishes being well represented. Between each course many gentlemen made cigarettes, and indulged in a whiff. At private entertainments, the ladies, when desiring to particularly honor a gentleman, presented him with some delicate morsel on their fork; and after eating it, he returned the compliment in a similar manner. This was at the beginning of dinner, before the forks had been previously used. It was customary, also, to roll up bread pills whilst conversing; and I've

seen dignified old gentlemen with quite a pile of them by the side of their plates. The ladies frequently flirt at the table with their beaus, by tossing playfully a piece of bread at them; and the gentlemen, at this, smile, and toss another piece back in return.

At the ringing of the *angelus* bells, morning, noon, and evening, the people in the streets uncover and recite their prayers, all conversation ceasing until the last sound of the bells is heard. Twice a week the bands of the regiments stationed in Lima discourse operatic music in the plaza, where chairs are arranged for the accommodation of the ladies and gentlemen. If, perchance, a dying person is to receive the Holy Sacrament, as the Host is borne from the cathedral, (which stands on the east side) the immense crowd uncover and kneel; the bands stop instantly the piece they are performing, and striking up a religious march, continue playing until the procession passes. The ladies of Lima, almost without exception, attend church daily, generally at very early mass. Before the *saya y manta* were discarded by a government decree, they could arise and in a few moments be ready for church, and arrange their toilet upon their return, or retire again if they felt inclined; for the *manta* could be so disposed as to hide their entire face and head, showing one eye or both; and as all the ladies have black eyes there was no fear of recognition. (The *saya* is a black skirt short enough to display the beautiful feet of the *Limenas*; the *manta*, a black shawl. None of the ladies wore bonnets.)

We found the population, upon our arrival, very jubilant over their success in defeating the Spanish fleet in the attack upon Callao, 2nd of May; a day that has since become memorable in Peruvian annals. It was impossible not to sympathize with them, for their earnest enthusiasm seemed intense and their joy boundless. In Lima the hotels, *cafés*, and all public resorts were filled with people, animated with the flush of their first victory, discussing excitedly the all-absorbing war news. The national

anthem was sung in all the theaters, in private houses, wherever people were gathered together, and even by belated pedestrians.

At an audience given to us by the Dictator and his cabinet, we were received with marked courtesy, and welcomed to the country. Upon taking leave, we were invited to inspect the fortifications of Callao, and afterwards to dine, without ceremony, with his Excellency. The presidential mansion is styled the palace; and although its exterior is neither handsome nor imposing, a portion of it is fitted up with considerable elegance. It was in this same palace that Pizarro the conqueror was murdered. The spot where he is said to have fallen was pointed out to us by the President himself. His remains, I was informed, repose in the vaults of the cathedral; of that, however, I am not so sure. A young American traveler afterwards told me that when he was shown the sights of Lima he was taken down into the cathedral by the guide, and Pizarro's remains were pointed out to him. He said they lay in a very dilapidated coffin, which from age and decay had somewhat collapsed; and by attracting the attention of the guide to another part of the vault, he succeeded in breaking off a couple of fingers; and I suppose they now occupy a prominent place in the miniature museum of his home. I do not pretend to defend this act of vandalism, although the gentleman, half apologizing for his conduct, said the temptation was irresistible, and furthermore assured me that he would take better care of the fingers of the illustrious freebooter than the Peruvian government would of the entire corpse.

The *fêtes* to celebrate the victory of the 2nd of May commenced with a grand ball, given in the hall of the Chamber of Deputies. This affair was one of the most brilliant I had ever attended. The decorations of the ball-room displayed an æsthetic taste seldom equaled in our country. The galleries, which extended entirely around the hall, were supported by fluted columns, around which were entwined ribbons of lovely flowers. The flags of all nations

save that of Spain adorned the walls, and the various coats of arms were displayed in the most conspicuous places. Fountains of perfumed water cooled the atmosphere, and four or five military bands alternately played the dance music. The President arrived at an early hour, and entered the ball-room with the beautiful daughter of the American minister leaning upon his arm. His presence was the signal for the opening. The scene presented to the eye of the spectator at this moment was magnificent: all the wealth and beauty of the republic were present: the gracefulness, wit, and vivacity for which the ladies of Lima are famed were displayed to a marked extent upon this occasion. The general effect was much heightened by the brilliant court costumes of the diplomatic corps, and the rich uniforms of the officers of the English and American squadrons and the Peruvian officials.

This ball was followed, in the course of a few days, by the inevitable bull-fight, without which no Spanish celebration can be said to be complete. It was not so brutal as I had imagined. The animals, which had been kept in a dark cage for some time, were let into the arena singly, by means of a sliding door. Their ire was considerably heightened by small javelins plastered to their backs. As they were slain, their bodies were dragged from the field by a chariot and four fiery steeds, which dashed in at the supreme moment. The matadores were all experts, and performed their parts in a very skillful and artistic manner. After dealing a death blow to their victim, they gracefully saluted the immense audience that thronged the great amphitheater, and appeared grateful for the tumultuous applause with which their success was greeted.

A few days after the termination of these festivities, our commissions in the navy were presented to us respectively as Rear Admiral, Captain of Frigate, and Captain of Corvet; there was also a secretary and interpreter attached to the staff of the admiral. Tucker's instructions were then drawn up, and he and his staff dispatched to

Valparaiso, Chili, by a British mail steamer that lay at anchor in the harbor.

The Peruvian division was under the command of an officer young and inexperienced, but bold and very ambitious: full of intrigue, and entirely devoid of principle. He was known as a revolutionist, always siding with the turbulent element; one who would not have hesitated to put to death his best friend, could he by such an act secure promotion, so great was his selfishness. His rapid rise in the navy was entirely due to intrigue and even crimes. One of these was, after inciting the crew of a frigate to which he was attached to declare itself in favor of a revolution then agitating the country, to connive at the murder of an old Peruvian admiral in his sleep, and place himself afterwards in command of the ship. He was neither a sailor nor a navigator, but his inordinate vanity led him to consider himself a second Nelson. Upon hearing of our advent, his indignation was intense, and he called a council of his officers, who resolved not to accept Tucker as commander in chief. The Chilians, on the contrary, upon our arrival in Valparaiso, received us with distinguished consideration, and showed us many kindnesses, for which we were ever afterwards very grateful.

The Peruvian Minister Plenipotentiary called upon Admiral Tucker, so soon as we were comfortably quartered in the city, and with much concern and anxiety depicted upon his countenance, informed him of the dilemma in which he was placed, inasmuch as his instructions directed him to introduce Tucker to the Peruvian squadron as their commander in chief, and to install him as such; but the officers, he said, strongly refused to surrender the squadron into the hands of a foreigner. He was very courteous and polite at this interview. His reputation as a diplomat was second to none in his country. Don Philippe Pardo, poet and statesman, uncle to the Dictator's Minister of Finance—who afterwards became President of the republic—Mr. Pardo assured Tucker of his entire confidence and respect, expressing his belief in the admiral's fitness for the

position which his reputation guaranteed, and declaring that when the President was acquainted with the conduct of the refractory officers they would be brought to a speedy trial for insubordination, and severely dealt with. He desired Tucker and his staff to consider themselves the guests of the nation; and furthermore requested that, regardless of expense, he maintain himself in a manner compatible with the dignity and importance of his position: that by so doing he would honor his adopted country.

The stand taken by the Peruvian naval officers was a great surprise and mortification to us, as we had been encouraged by the President to believe that they would be only too glad to be associated with us, and would, in fact, receive us with open arms. Hence, we tendered our resignations, and urged his Excellency to act upon them immediately. Whilst awaiting his decision, the time was spent in a most agreeable manner; for Chili is a most delightful country, and the society of Valparaiso, strongly cosmopolitan in character, is refined and attractive.

The Chilians, by reason of a temperate climate, are fair, and the ladies remarkable for their personal beauty and talent as musicians. We were the recipients of many pleasant entertainments; hospitality is one of the most prominent features in their society, as all strangers well know. Five weeks after our arrival we were awakened very early one morning by the booming of cannon in the harbor, and soon after were apprised of the arrival of one of the cabinet ministers of Peru, in a transport, and that he had immediately after, by means of a ruse, changed all the officers of the squadron, from the commodore down to the midshipmen, replacing them with those he had brought from Peru; these had proclaimed themselves as being both willing and anxious to serve under the orders of Tucker. The minister's mode of procedure was unique, and, indeed, almost laughable; but it was a success.

He had steamed into the harbor with the national flag hoisted at the main, thereby inducing the Peruvian commodore and

officials to think that his Excellency the President was on board. So the commodore saluted, and repaired without delay to the transport, in order to pay his respects, when he was at once placed under arrest for insubordination.

A signal was next made to the squadron, ordering all the commanders and lieutenants to come on board the transport; this signal was no sooner obeyed than they likewise were placed under arrest. The new officers (who had previously received their instructions) returned to the different vessels in the boats, which were alongside, and which had conveyed the old officers of similar grade to the transport. Thus, in a very short space of time, what might be called, in reality, a bloodless revolution took place.

A few days after this affair, Tucker was called upon by the new commodore and commanders of the several vessels, and invited to take command immediately. He did so, hoisting his flag temporarily on board the *Union*, the iron-clad frigate *Independencia* being in the dry-dock at Callao. The *Union* was a beautifully modeled corvet of twenty-two guns, elegantly fitted up, and could steam thirteen miles an hour. She was built in France for the Confederates, but being prohibited by the government from leaving port, was afterwards sold to the Peruvians. The greater part of the crew were foreigners—mostly English; her boatswain and all of the engineers were also English. With the exception of her commander and executive officer, there was not a sailor of any experience amongst her corps of officers. These two alone navigated the ship: and they placed but little confidence in their junior officers—which was a most fortunate thing, I always thought.

Admiral Tucker's position was, from the beginning, surrounded by the most harassing difficulties; and when I recall the events of those days, I cannot but be deeply impressed with his wonderful tact, and the wisdom and moderation he displayed under most trying circumstances. In the solution of the many vexing and annoying questions that were continually presented before him, his

intelligent and just decisions gained for him the confidence and esteem of many who were his avowed enemies.

Upon assuming command, the work of reorganization commenced; this was, indeed, a colossal undertaking, requiring much diplomacy in our dealings with the Peruvian officers, that we might avoid offending their sensitiveness and pride. A careful inspection of each ship in the squadron was first made, in order to note its condition and to discover its deficiencies; and it will not surprise an American to know that scrubbing, cleaning, scraping, and painting was the first order of the day. The armament was carefully examined, and everything appertaining to it rendered complete in all respects. The powder was tested on shore, under the supervision of the ordnance officer on the staff, Captain D. P. McCorkle, a former officer of the United States Navy. The sails and rigging were thoroughly overhauled; a daily routine was established, in which the men were exercised at the great guns, small-arm drill, and so forth, loosing and furling sails, and reefing top-sails; there were boat drills twice a week, and firing at target at anchor and under way. A system of naval tactics was with much difficulty translated into Spanish, and once a week the entire fleet, Chilean and Peruvian, would steam out of port, and perform various evolutions of the line, frequently under sail alone.

The Peruvians are not good sailors—they are too volatile, too easily excited, and they are wanting in judgment; but a large foreign element supplied this deficiency, in a measure, and rendered our task less irksome and ponderous. They are naturally very suspicious, one of the other; and this is more noticeable among the higher grade of officials. The commanders of vessels seemed absolutely to fear being absent from their ships. They distrusted their lieutenants, and the lieutenants, in turn, distrusted each other, as well as their subalterns. One of them, who spoke English very well, informed me, upon a certain occasion, that his messmates were so fond of intrigue, and so little confidence was to be placed in their friendship,

that upon retiring at night to his stateroom he always placed his trunks, or anything heavy which happened to be convenient, against his securely locked door, and kept a loaded revolver at his side constantly. "If," said he, "I am called at night to keep my watch, I never open the door except with my revolver in hand, as a guard against treachery."

The country itself may be said to be in state of chronic revolution: it is a game actually played by children in Peru. The cadets of the military college occasionally indulge in this amusement, and as a result dictate to their superiors their own terms, generally gaining all they may desire or demand. It is not astonishing that a people who have such peculiar ideas instilled into them from their infancy should attempt, at least, to put into execution plans for their personal advancement and aggrandizement: since public opinion does not stigmatize as disreputable or dishonorable the *rôle* played by a revolutionist. It matters not how deeply dyed his hands may be in the blood of his countrymen, or how silly the pretexts upon which he attempts to overthrow the government: he is a hero in the eyes of the youth and beauty of his country; if he succeeds, the dream of his life has been realized, the acme of his existence has been attained. The desire to be distinguished in a revolution conquers even the patriotic sentiment, which is strong. The following little episode, as an illustration, may not be without interest:

The good people of Santiago gave a magnificent ball to the officers of the allied squadrons, and many, including the admiral and two commanders of vessels, attended. The officer of the first watch on board the flag-ship Union endeavored that night to obtain possession of the ship. To get under way and carry the vessel north to Peru was his object; and then to receive on board the insubordinate officers who had but recently been so summarily relieved from command. It appears that one of the officers attached to the ships attempted to come along-side from the shore, about 11 P. M., when he was preemptorily ordered

off. This circumstance he considered so strange that he rowed over to the monitor Huascar, lying at anchor but a short distance in shore, and reported it to her commander, a gallant young officer of French descent; his suspicions, naturally, were immediately aroused, and he watched the Union from that moment, carefully scanning every movement made on board, with the aid of his glass. By and by, exciting cries from the Union were heard, soon after followed by smoke issuing from the smoke-stack. It was evident she was getting up steam.

The Huascar had her fires banked, as all men-of-war do in the harbor of Valparaiso, that in the event of a norther's suddenly coming up they may quickly get up steam and proceed to sea. Her commander ordered steam to be gotten up without delay, called his crew to quarters, and bringing his guns to bear on the Union, directed his second in command to take charge and await his return. He then proceeded in his gig to within hailing distance of the ship in mutiny, and informed the leader of the *émeute* that should he attempt to move from his anchorage he would sink him. This brought that gentleman to his senses, and he and his followers (nearly all of the Peruvian marines and sailors) took the boats and escaped to the shore. My friend Captain McCorkle (who was on board that night) said he was awakened out of a sound sleep by loud cries of "*Viva la Revolution*," "*A bajo con los Yankees*"; he jumped up and endeavored to get out of his stateroom, when he was stopped by a marine at his door, who with bayonet lowered motioned him back; later, the ringleader, Varia, ordered him into the admiral's cabin, telling him that if he dared to stir out he would be shot. The writer had innocently rendered himself obnoxious to this pirate, and was subsequently informed that had he been on board he would have been instantly killed. At the commencement of the outbreak, Varia placed all the foreigners, mostly English, under guard; also the officers of the ship, who were asleep at the time. The engineers, all Englishmen, were ordered to get up

steam instantly, and shots were fired down the engine-room to accelerate matters. But for the promptness of the commander of the Huascar, what a charming spectacle would have been presented to civilized nations! A country at war with a more powerful antagonist, who was at any moment expected to renew his attacks on the defenseless cities and towns of the coast; a fleet upon which were centered all its hopes of deliverance, manned by officers and seamen supposed to be actuated by purely patriotic motives, thus to be crippled by the unpardonable, infamous conduct of this selfish, traitorous fiend. And yet, what was done with him and his blind followers? He was captured and imprisoned in Valparaiso; was to have had a burlesque court-martial; but escaped from prison disguised as a woman; and the writer saw him promenading the streets of Lima two months after, as free as the air. When his uncle, Colonel Balta, was made President by a revolution the following year, he promoted this young cut-throat to the position of chief of gendarmes in Truxillo, where he distinguished himself by murdering, in cold blood, an inoffensive German Jew. He finally left Peru, and was killed by a mob in Central America for some dastardly crimes committed there. Varia was always a bad man, and should never have been permitted in the squadron at such a critical time.

In the course of eight months the fleet had arrived at such a state of efficiency and discipline as warranted Admiral Tucker in planning an expedition to the Philippine Islands. He selected three of the best ships from the Peruvian division, and one from the Chilian, each vessel being provided with a torpedo launch, besides having staves fitted to their bows, to which were to be attached torpedoes, as occasion might require. The greater part of the Spanish squadron was quietly lying in the harbor of Rio Janeiro; and we were to proceed ostensibly to that port, but in reality direct to Manila, under sail and steam.

Everything was in readiness for this expedition, even to the slightest detail: but the

eve before sailing, an order requiring Tucker's presence at the cabinet council in Santiago was telegraphed down. The subject to be discussed was the expedition to the Philippine Islands; it was agreed that the absence from the fleet of the finest and largest ships would leave the Chilian and Peruvian coasts at the mercy of the enemy. Hence it was resolved to abandon this undertaking, the plans for the successful fulfillment of which had been so thoughtfully and so skillfully laid. By the terms of the treaty between Peru and Chili, the allied squadron was to be directly under the orders of the government in any of whose ports it happened to find itself. Of course, then, in a Chilian port, it was subject to the orders of the President of that republic. The reason assigned by the Chilian President for the abandonment of the expedition satisfied his countrymen; but so great was our disappointment, upon learning the decision of the cabinet council, that we urged the President of Peru to accept our resignations, which made a third time that they had been tendered.

His Excellency finally acceded to our wishes, "with much reluctance," as he gracefully remarked. Many of the better class of Peruvians (friends of the officers who, for refusing to serve under Admiral Tucker, were retired from service) kept up a vigorous attack in the Lima papers, alluding to us in the most contemptuous terms as adventur-

ers. This was especially disagreeable and annoying, and (as the papers were read by the officers of the squadron) subversive of discipline; and we were most certainly much relieved, in mind and body, when we bade adieu forever to the fleet, and sailed in the English mail steamer northward. Upon our return to Lima, the President, Señor Prado, received us in the same kindly manner as before, and prevailed upon Admiral Tucker to remain in the country, and to organize and head an expedition to the Amazon, many tributaries of which had never been explored. The government earnestly desired to know the best route by which Lima could be connected by rail with the navigable waters of one of the tributaries.

After a little delay, the Peruvian Hydrographical Commission of the Amazon was organized, with Admiral Tucker as president, and including amongst its members the two officers who accompanied him to Peru. For six years it labored in a wild but romantic region, of whose undeveloped resources so many travelers have written. Our explorations were frequently opposed by the savages, some tribes of whom were exceedingly warlike, and without doubt cannibals. But in the autumn of 1874, having accomplished the object of our expedition, we received the thanks of the government, and were glad to return to our native land, fully satisfied that "there's no place like home."

WALTER R. BUTTS.

A SCRAP OF ARIZONA HISTORY.

ABOUT the year 1856, a certain Yaki Indian, with the not uncommon name of Juan, returned to the city of Hermosillo, in the State of Sonora, Mexico, after three or four years of desultory wandering amongst the various tribes and bands of Papago Indians, who at that time, as now, inhabited the country lying on both sides of the line separating the United States from the Mexican State of Sonora. This Juan was by

occupation a prospector—one who makes a business of searching through the mountains for veins of precious metal. He was noted in the mining districts of Sonora for his good luck in finding paying mines, and many a rich *hidalgo* of his native State was then luxuriating in the results of his discoveries.

On his return, Juan lost no time in presenting himself before some of his old friends

and patrons who were possessed of wealth and of a speculative turn of mind, and laid before them the results of his wanderings. He related to them the story of his discovery of a country that was fabulously rich in the indications, to him well known, of veins of precious metal; at the same time he displayed to their astonished eyes small specimens of silver ore taken from the croppings, intensely rich in chlorides, sulphurets, and that queenly metal, native silver. His audience looked and listened with wonder and delight, and could scarcely wait for him to finish his account to assure him of their eagerness to follow him to this new El Dorado.

But the story was only half finished; much remained to be told that was not so pleasant to hear. This delightful land, where the *plata blanca* could be had for the picking up, was difficult of access: broad deserts must be crossed, where water was a thing unknown except during the short rainy season of that almost torrid clime; mountains must be climbed, roads must be made, and trails found by which to reach this wonderful valley: and not the least obstacle in the way was the unpleasant fact that the country was inhabited by a powerful and warlike tribe of Indians, who, though not positively at war with their Mexican neighbors, would have no delicacy about "taking in" a little prospecting expedition like the one to be led by our friend Juan. And still back of these dangers lay the most terrible one of all—one that might well make the soul of a Mexican shiver in its tan-colored casket when the thought of it crossed his timid mind—the hideous, the blood-thirsty, the merciless Apache. For be it known that large and powerful as were the Papagos, they were small and weak compared to the unnumbered hosts of their time-honored enemies, who were wont at intervals to descend upon their villages like a "wolf on the fold"—a very avalanche of spears and arrows, sweeping the Papago warriors into mother earth, and dragging the Papago women away to a life-long slavery far worse than death: and over and above the risk of unfriendliness on

the part of the Papagos, the little party of adventurers must prepare themselves to encounter the much more dreadful danger of being included in one of those periodical massacres that the Apaches were in the habit of inflicting upon their victims, the Papagos.

The dangers were many, the obstacles to be surmounted were great; but the prize was irresistible. The difficulties were far away, the silver was before their eyes, and the expedition was organized.

The several members of the party began to prepare themselves for the journey, but with no indecent haste; for it must be borne in mind, that not even a whole mountain of solid silver would tempt our noble Mexican *hidalgo* into an undignified haste, nor cause him to swerve one jot or tittle from that in-born deliberation that characterizes his every movement. So in the course of a year or two (for tradition makes no accurate note of the time) the party, consisting of some fifty or sixty souls, including *vaqueros*, *mosos*, and *peons*, (providing that such inferior humans as the latter have souls) set their faces resolutely towards the north, and with joyous spirits and unlimited hope followed their silent but trustworthy leader, Juan, in the direction in which lay their as yet undeveloped fortunes.

It is not essential to the story that we follow these venturesome Mexicans through their many wanderings over rugged mountains, along winding cañons, and across trackless deserts. Suffice it to say that a few months of hardship, deprivation, and endurance, weary days and sleepless nights, found them safely encamped at the friendly Papago village of Cababi.

The Indians, far from being unfriendly, were well pleased to welcome the return of their old friend Juan, more especially as he was accompanied by five or six representatives of the *gente decente* (gentle people) of Sonora: but much as they may have esteemed these latter personages, intimate knowledge of the Indian character leads the writer to believe that the numberless *burros* laden with *harrina*, *pinola*, *panoche*, *frijoles*,

cigarritos, and *mescal*,* were quite as welcome to their sight as were the rightful owners of all these luxuries: and the reasonable possibility of some share of the good things coming to their mouths through the natural avenues of trade led them to adopt an air of friendliness that the absence of these articles would never have prompted.

A few days' rest was all that the patience of Juan's followers would admit of; and, with muscles yet sore and limbs yet unrested, they demanded to be led to the spot where the *plata blanca* (white silver) lay strewn in such wonderful profusion.

The narrative of this expedition, written by the Jesuit padre who accompanied the party (a Jesuit padre is the invariable attendant of all actions of a public or private nature in Mexican life) fails to relate whether the persevering people, that had traveled so far and suffered so much, found at the end of their journey their wildest hopes fully realized, or were doomed to most woeful disappointment. But the subsequent history of the mines that they came to see is such as to lead to the inference that any reasonable hopes they may have entertained *were* realized. The first visit was to the Picacho mine, so named from being at the base of a small isolated peak near the center of the valley. It was then, as it is now, except where development has shown it to better advantage, but a collection of thin quartz seams, coursing through primitive syenite, exposed in some places, but for the most part hidden beneath the drift from the neighboring hill; yet with care and patience it might be traced for a distance of two or three thousand feet in an easterly and westerly course. A careful inspection of the quartz croppings seems to have proven that they had no grounds for accusing their guide of falsehood; for almost every piece that flew from the croppings, under the nervous blows of their hammers, displayed more or less native silver, as well as the black sulphurets

of the same metal. Altogether, the showing was so encouraging that preparations were immediately made for work in earnest; and in accordance with the Mexican idea, there began a systematic development of the Picacho mine.

Three or four months of labor, excitement, and pleasurable realization of hopes found Don José Bustamente, the chief of the expedition, making preparations to return to the city of Hermosillo with his *burros*—now grown fat upon the luxuriant grasses of Cababi valley—laden to their utmost capacity with rich ores of the Picacho mine, the average value of which is said to have been about four hundred dollars to the carga of three hundred pounds.

During all this time Juan, the Yakai guide and prospector, had not been idle, but had seized the opportunity to explore the little valley of Cababi from end to end; and his efforts were crowned with marvelous success: for in this interval he had discovered the mines now known as the Montezuma Group, as well as several others of less importance.

The Montezuma Group consists of the Ingomar, the Mistake, the Matador, the Pass-over, the Yakai, the Hades, the Palo-Verde, and the Cactus. These names were given to the mines by the later locators—the present owners—in default of a knowledge of the names bestowed upon them by their discoverer, Juan. Partial development upon these having disclosed their prospective value, Don José decided to leave one-half of his force at the mines, to continue (with the help of the Papagos) the work of development. It was his intention to return, with as much haste as was compatible with the Mexican character, and to bring a much larger force, and the few rude appliances used by the Mexicans for the reduction of silver ores.

This programme was eventually carried out, and less than a year after the arrival of the expedition in Cababi valley, its slopes and adjacent hillsides were all alive with busy people; and many a partially hidden ledge and many a "blind" lead was made to disgorge its treasures. The Picacho mine became the headquarters for all operations in

* Harrina, flour; pinola, a kind of meal made of parched corn; panoche, cakes of brown sugar; frijoles, beans; mescal, the national beverage of Mexico, made from the juice of the century plant.

the valley. A large *hacienda* was built, furnaces and *vasos* were erected, *patios* were laid, *arastros* constructed, and the reduction of ores carried on upon the most scientific principles then known to the non-progressive citizens of the southern republic. The Papagos were not only friendly, but cheerfully rendered their clumsy assistance, perfectly satisfied to receive as compensation the allowance of flour, sugar, and tobacco doled out to them by their none too liberal employers.

This state of affairs continued for many months. Some twelve or fifteen wonderfully rich mines were worked, the list comprising the Picacho, the Coquespa, the Santa Tomas, the Elcantiro, the Corbrisa, and the present Montezuma Group; while others were discovered and partially worked. The ores were carefully assorted, and the richest portions transported to the cities of Hermosillo and Guaymas for reduction or shipment to Europe; while the lower grades were treated in the valley, and the *planchas* of silver taken to Hermosillo on the backs of the mules and *burros* that brought the supplies of provisions to the camp.

News of the unwonted activity in Cababi valley soon became known to the denizens of Tucson, seventy-five miles to the eastward, and some few among the more venturesome of the white population of that ancient burg, conquering their fears of the Apache, made their appearance in the valley. Two of the number were personal friends of Don José, and on their arrival were the recipients of that hospitality for which the people of Mexico are so justly famous. These two men still remain residents of the territory: Hill De Armit lives at the little village of Florence on the Gila River; while John Poindexter made his home on the beautiful Arrivaca creek, some fifty miles from the Cababi valley. De Armit, either by gift or purchase, became possessed of a portion of the Picacho mine, and he has continued to hold this interest until the present day.

Nearly two years were spent by him in the camp of his friend Don José. During this time several of the mines were worked

down to permanent water. This point was the extent to which Mexican industry could go; the inventive capacity of the nation has never yet been equal to the task of keeping a mine free of water after the flow becomes too great to be kept down by being packed out of the mine in raw-hide buckets on the backs of native laborers. Therefore, the richest mines in Cababi, like their sisters in Mexico, had to be abandoned by them; and for want of the simple pumping machinery used by the Chinese in the days of Confucius, they were compelled to sit quietly down, and see the water silently cover from their sight forever the streaks of chlorides, the kidneys of sulphurets, and the *planchas* of native silver. Such is the penalty paid by ignorance: for this reason alone did operations come to a full stop in several of the mines adjacent to the Picacho. Whether fate ordained that the Mexican pioneer of Cababi district should be doomed to act in the capacity of jackal—to uncover the prey for the more enlightened Anglo-Saxon lion to devour—or whether the prize should be considered the natural reward of the inventive genius and the venturesome spirit of the Caucasian, will no doubt ever remain an unanswered problem. Suffice it to say, that the chlorides, the sulphurets, and the native silver yet remain untouched by steel or powder, and unpolluted by and beyond the reach of Mexican cupidity, patiently awaiting the magic touch of the hand of science to free them from their earthly dungeon, stamp upon their faces the image of liberty or tyranny, and launch them forth a portion of that broad river upon whose metallic bosom floats the commerce of a world.

And now my narrative has reached a point where the narrator would gladly lay down his pen and leave the tale unfinished: but such base desertion would be unpardonable. After having followed the brave Juan and his friends to the point where their hopes were realized and their happiness complete, it would be simple cowardice to desert them now in their last moments, and leave untold how bravely they fell when the

wild war-whoop of the murderous Apache was the last sound that echoed in their ears, and the hideously painted visage of a Tonto was the last object photographed upon their eye-balls. For the Apaches came—it was not in the nature of things that they should *not* come. For several years dissensions among themselves, and trouble with neighbors to the north of them, had distracted their attention from the southern country; but now they came, and like a great flood they swept across the Papago country from the Babaquire Peak to California Gulf; and the people in Cababi valley were among their first victims.

They came without warning. Even the Papagos, from long immunity from such attacks, had become careless, and relaxed their customary vigilance; and the habit of keeping sentinels on the highest peaks of the mountains had been abandoned. The Apaches came, and when they came they found the miners at their work, the Papagos, their brave but unfortunate enemies, with shovels in their hands instead of spears. They found the Mexican women calmly gossiping in that musical tongue that renders even gossip a pleasure to listen to, while they deftly patted the huge *tortilla* in their bare brown hands. They found the little brown babies swinging and crowing in their hammocks. They found the *vaqueros*, with no other weapon of defense in their hands but their lariats. And when the bloody simoon had swept by, there was left in the shaft the miners, crushed and mangled by weight of huge boulders thrown down upon their unprotected heads; near the works in the chaparral the Papagos, in their bodies unnumbered spear thrusts, and in their hands broken and bloody shovels; by the fireside the women with their merry tongues forever stilled, and the fragments of *tortilla* yet grasped in their death-stricken hands; the *vaquero* strangled to death with his own lasso.

A very few escaped the dreadful scourge; those nearest the Picacho sought shelter behind the adobe walls of the *hacienda*, and thus for a time delayed their own execution;

those that were too far away to reach that temporary shelter perished miserably. Some, like those at work in the mine now called the Matador, were killed in the shaft; and to this day their bones have known no other sepulcher. All but an insignificant few fell beneath the fury of the storm. Poor Juan and a few others that escaped the first onslaught at the Picacho mine defended themselves with the bravery of despair in one of the adobe buildings of the *hacienda*; but, weakened by hunger and thirst, they were finally overpowered, and their whitened bones now lie scattered in the adjacent chaparral.

Don José and the other chief men of the enterprise were absent at Hermosillo, in attendance on the annual feast of their patron saint; and for once, at least, the salvation of their lives, if not their souls, was due to their religious fervor. De Armit was also of the party. John Poindexter, old mountaineer that he was, had made his camp alone in a clump of mesquite trees on the hillside, in sight of the mine, but some distance from it, and was a powerless and horrified spectator of the massacre. When the bloody tempest had spent its fury: when the last Apache had disappeared, and the last hoarse echo of his war-whoop had died away; and when night had spread her charitable mantle over the dreadful scene—only then did he leave his friendly shelter, and make his way as best he could to the nearest settlement.

And so ends the story of the first discoverers of the mines of Cababi. For years afterwards not a single white man was known to invade its silent precincts; even the Papago shunned it as a pestilence, and the howling coyote was undisputed master of its grassy knolls and its *palo-verde* groves. Years after, when General Crook had conquered the Apaches, when the repetition of such a scene was rendered impossible, then the Papagos came creeping back to their deserted villages. The ubiquitous prospector again invaded its lonely confines, rekindled the fire in the ruined houses, and rebuilt the monuments on the deserted

claims: and now the mines are owned and worked by men who not unlikely were joyous-hearted school-boys, far away in their eastern homes, on the day that their predecessors met their fearful doom. And to-day a stranger riding across the little valley sees nothing to corroborate the story just written except a few ruined adobe houses, and the decaying remnants of the old smelting-furnaces.

R. H. CHOATE.

AT TWILIGHT.

The ruby sunset fades away,
The hour is growing late,
And the meadow-lark, so blithe all day,
No longer calls his mate.

One saucy star shines out alone,
The others still are shy,
For they fear the sun yet holds his throne
In yonder pearly sky.

In-doors the evening meal is done,
The mellow light grows pale :
While the household gather, one by one,
To watch the day-beams fail.

Then one with sunny, golden hair,
But shadowy twilight eyes,
Thrills the waiting keys with fingers fair,
And sings as daylight dies.

What memories throng the shadows gray,
What visions come and go,
In the sweet, dim light of the fading day,
With the music rippling low !

For, floating softly through the room—
Faint, flitting shapes of light—
Come the friends of old in the twilight gloom,
With faces fair and bright.

And mingling like the night and day,
Sweet dreams and fancies flit,
Till the stars shine gently through the gray,
And the evening lamps are lit.

S. E. ANDERSON.

GRAVITATION.

I.

THE little Western town of Carey has a sort of New England air about it: not so much because of neat houses and trim door-yards, though of these it has its share; nor yet on account of the well-shaded streets and the unusual number of stately old trees which make many of the homes beautiful, quite as much by what they conceal as by what they reveal, suggesting an antiquity of possession and a possible charm of hidden architecture quite untrue. The real resemblance of the town to its Puritan ancestor consists chiefly in a by-gone look. There are few new houses—scarcely one in process of building. The principal business street is lined with stores and shops of a uniformly discouraged aspect. The broad and beautiful river which flows through the village turns no machinery, and only a few straggling and ruinous old warehouses leaning over the water's edge hint of any river navigation or commerce with the world by way of that fine natural thoroughfare. Nobody knows exactly what ails the town. It was settled by thrifty and intelligent eastern people at an early day. It had its "boom" of prosperity in years when Chicago was a mere trading post inhabited chiefly by frogs; and it had its collapse in 1836, from which it never seemed to rally successfully. It was visited by brief spasms of revival, but they never seemed to produce enduring results, not even when the advent of a railroad occasioned an immense amount of self-congratulation and futile prophecy of better times coming. The railroad era of prosperity passed on like the road itself. Carey was not a "terminus," and it seemed as if the new road only furnished a means of carrying capital and trade away from the little town. Grass almost grew in the streets. Nothing kept the town alive but the rich agricultural region

which surrounded it, and which must to some extent depend on it for supplies.

In the suburbs of Carey stands a plain, comfortable little house, somewhat dilapidated in the matter of paint and blinds, but with picturesque old oaks and hickories overshadowing it, and with a general air of coziness, enhanced by a piazza stretching the entire length of the front. A long, old-fashioned settee on one side of the front door was occupied one summer afternoon, a few years ago, by two ladies with their work-basket between them; while a baby was tied in a little rocking-chair near, and a pair of little girls ran up and down the board walk that led to the gate, or played with acorn-cups under the great oak at the side of the house. The two ladies were evidently sisters, and were both young and attractive. Mrs. Downing, the mother of the little people, had a fair, placid face, bespeaking that its owner had found "a center of rest and harmony." The other sister, Miss Annie James, seemed not more than twenty years old, but with a strong maturity of look and a certain quickness of movement and abruptness of speech which betokened decision of character. Her full, high forehead was shaded by abundant chestnut hair, which was her chief beauty, though she had clear, keen gray eyes, a healthy, round face, and pleasant, large mouth, with faultless teeth; while her form had the advantage of good height, and the lithe, straight beauty which told of wholesome, out-door life. The two chatted and laughed, sewing meanwhile on the same little garment, as if they owned the baby in common. The younger lady was helping Mrs. Downing in one of her frequent efforts to get her sewing "done up," but seemed to be the manager of the business, notwithstanding her youth. One could see by the very way in which she briskly took hold of a small-sized lapboard standing conveniently

near, and ran her scissors along shapes that needed remodeling; or, too impatient to wait for scissors, raised her work quickly to bite off the ends of her thread with her white, firm teeth—that she was a ruling spirit.

“See here, Martha,” she said, “how much better this will look not to have a belt, but just shir it in front, and then tie it with a sash of the same at the back.” And away went her needle on a long run of shirring.

Mrs. Martha seemed entirely acquiescent, and straightway measured off a sash from the mass of white cambric which lay on the top of the basket. Then she gave the little rocker before her a soft touch with her slipper, tipped her head on one side in graceful, motherly fashion, and with a smile which suddenly brought out a strong resemblance to the younger lady, addressed the baby:

“Look here, little Tommy Didymus, would he rather have a sash than a belt, so he can grow every single, blessed day just as much as he pleases? To be sure he would. Look at him, Annie; see him nod his precious old bald pate. Isn't he too cunning for anything?”

Annie gave him a swift glance and a bright smile, but went on with her rapid shirring. The mother did not seem quite satisfied; and letting her work half drop in her lap, she bestowed a thoroughly maternal rhapsody of admiration upon the cooing, gurgling little mortal, glancing furtively at Annie, meanwhile, as if to note the effect. Then she seemed to have a fit of reflection, ending with:

“Annie, why didn't you walk beside Dr. Ford Sunday evening coming home from church? What made you keep so close to Ned and me?”

Just the faintest increase of color in Annie's rosy cheeks, and a sudden prick which she gave her forefinger, gave sign of—a tender conscience, may be.

“Give me a bit of cambric for my finger, please,” she said, almost crisply. “What absurd ideas you have! Can't I walk home from church with you and Ned, just as I

always have done before Dr. Ford took to joining us?”

“No, but why, Annie?”

“Because, if I must say it, I don't believe in flirting.”

A little silence fell upon the group, and then Annie began to talk of the heat, and wondered if it could be that another thunder-shower was gathering; but the elder sister leaned forward, and addressed the baby in a semi-confidential tone: “Tommy, ask auntie if she believes in marrying.”

“No, of course not,” answered Aunt Annie; “not unless there are excellent reasons for and insufficient reasons against such a tremendous procedure. Do you comprehend, Tommy?”

“Certainly, Tommy understands,” rejoined his mamma; “but now he really wants very much to know what the pros and cons are in the particular case under consideration.”

Annie bent her bright head over her sewing, and looked quite obdurate. But just at this juncture of affairs, a slender, tall, elderly gentleman came out of the open door. He wore a dressing-gown, and had the unmistakable air of an invalid. His face had the flush and his eyes the slightly swollen look of one newly awakened; and while Annie rose quickly to bring him out an arm-chair, he spoke pleasantly to his eldest daughter, in a peculiar, tremulous, nervous voice, and with a slight down-east accent:

“So you're here, are you, Marthy? I heard some one talking to Annie, and thought likely 'twas you.”

Mrs. Downing answered with kind inquiries for his health.

“Well, I'm kind of blue,” he said; “couldn't sleep a wink last night, what with the hot weather and the mosquitoes and locusts. It's the meanest country to live in that could be found on the globe.”

“Ah, now, papa, you wouldn't let any one else say that,” remonstrated Mrs. Downing. “Tommy thinks it's splendid—don't you, pet?”

The baby clapped his fat hands, and crowed, kicking his small feet to give added

emphasis, till he nearly upset his chair. Even the querulous old gentleman found Tommy's optimism quite irresistible, and relaxed into a smile. Meanwhile, Annie had brought her father's favorite chair, and dexterously arranged its cushions and position in the most attractive fashion; but Mr. James began to walk up and down the piazza, twitching his hands nervously, and winking with a frequency and energy which seemed really a waste of vital force.

The daughters appeared entirely accustomed to his ways, and began to talk cheerily of the beauty of the grain field opposite the house, and the prospect of a fine crop of wheat.

"Well, how is it ever going to get harvested?" said Mr. James, stopping for a moment in his walk, and looking anxiously at the waving, golden field.

"I'm going to see to it, papa, of course," said Annie, briskly. "I've told Mr. Turner to come here with his men just as soon as they are through at the marshes."

"But these rains'll make it rusty, I'm afraid," said Mr. James.

"Let's not borrow trouble, papa; it surely looks nicely now," said Annie.

"Well, you're a good, cheerful girl; that's certain," said the father, letting his hand rest for a moment on the fair young head. "What would I have done without you, all these years of trouble?" Then, as he paced to and fro, he went back over the past in a pitiful retrospect; the daughters, after an exchange of despairing glances, not attempting to change the current of his mournful thoughts. Mrs. Downing, however, untied the baby, and cuddling him in her beautiful, motherly arms, seemed fortified against any amount of melancholy reminiscence.

"There never was such a woman as your ma to be always looking on the bright side: there's where Annie got her ways; though I was plucky enough once; but how can a man stand misfortune and sickness and death forever following him?" the old man said half appealingly, but without raising his eyes, or waiting for a reply. "First, I'd put most everything I had into town lots here,

just before the hard times, and they hain't been worth shucks since. Then came that dreadful summer when you was born, Annie. I can see your ma now, just as she looked that July. Just a trifle pale and heavy-eyed, but always smiling and happy, and full of bright plans about what we'd do, and how she'd manage to take all you children and go east for a visit in the fall, to her old home; 'Marthy and George are such nice big children now, and baby'll be too little to make much trouble,' she said over and over, as she stitched away on just such looking sewing as that of yours there. But the end of it all was a little motherless baby, and a home with the light gone out of it." He paused, and seemed to take a new sense of all that long-past grief, but resumed his walk and the story. "Then somehow we lived along, and the years went by, and you all grew up such good children; even little Annie, who had no mother to teach and train her, always seeming to think she must make her mother's place good, just as far as she could; and Marthy keeping house like a woman, when she was only in her teens; and George taking hold to help in the store and on the place—poor George!" and the old man groaned aloud—"dying just as he got to be a man with that dreadful fever; and then me taken down with the fever, and just living through, but more dead than alive ever since, with the pizen stuff the doctors gave me!" He sank down into his chair with a long sigh, and Annie went and put her arm around his neck in daughterly sympathy.

"Don't think about it, papa," she said. "Think of Martha and Ned and the little folks—and me," smiling half shyly.

"Yes, I do think of 'em all," he said, "and of you more 'n the rest, because you've been doing your best to fill all the empty places—your ma's and George's, and Marthy's since she got married."

"O don't make a martyr of me, papa," she said brightly, resuming her old place and her sewing. "I never do a thing I don't love to do. I'm a born housekeeper and farmer and errand-boy and doctor and nurse," she

added. "But, papa, you're going to get better, you know, with the new English doctor, and I'll have to abdicate, I'm afraid."

"Dr. Ford does seem to know more than most of them," the father assented; "and I do believe my neuralgia is better since I took his medicines: but I hain't got no faith to speak of in any of 'em. I'd like to try a change of climate. Mebbe 'twould do me some good to go where everything didn't keep reminding me of by-gones. I wish Dr. Ford would call round: I'd talk to him about it. But then I suppose we couldn't ever sell the place, or rent it. I don't know as I could bring myself to sell it, anyway."

"Well, we'll talk to Dr. Ford about it," said Annie. "If it would really do you good, papa, I believe we could manage; you know managing is my strong point, and I haven't taken root in Carey, like Martha. We can pull up and go if it's best. I believe I'd rather like emigrating, if it weren't for Martha and the babies."

"Why, how could I live without you?" cried Martha, with tears springing up in her soft eyes.

"O, you have Ned and the children," said Annie; "you can defy any fate that leaves you them."

"I must go home and get Ned's tea," said Mrs. Downing, practically. Annie expostulated hospitably; but her sister set the baby in Annie's lap, and began folding her work. She could not help whispering, as she brought her sweet face near Annie's, "I wish you had a 'Ned,' Annie. Marry Dr. Ford, and 'take root in Carey,' like me!" At which Annie flushed indignantly, while innocent Mrs. Downing called her little girls, and led them in for a washing and brushing before going "down street" to their own home: meanwhile, Annie, with the baby on her arm, drew his little carriage around from the side of the house, shook up the pillow, tied on his little white sun-bonnet, and as she strapped him securely in, bestowed upon him a dozen or more fervent kisses, and a very peculiar charge.

"See here, Tommy," she said softly, "don't you ever dare to be a 'Hinglishman':

and don't you ever be near-sighted and wear glasses; and, Tommy, hark now; no matter what the weather may be, don't you ever call it 'nasty,' not if you want your auntie to think you're nice—remember, sir"; and she tucked her pretty checked-linen duster over his dainty dress.

"What's that auntie is telling you?" queried Mrs. Downing, coming down the path after bidding her father good by.

"O, I think," said Miss Annie, with bare-faced dissimulation, "Christine doesn't put enough starch in his little bonnet. See how it drops down over his eyes. Be sure and have her do it up on Monday." Then she joined the little procession, and went as far as the gate, holding it open for King Tommy's carriage to pass through. "Good by, your royal highness," said she gayly; "good by, my girlies; good by, Mattie," and she kissed her sister tenderly: "but, mind, Martha, don't ever talk such nonsense to me again. What possible right have you to think Dr. Ford wishes to marry me? And don't you know I belong to father? No mortal man can ever come between me and my poor old father!"

"Why, he wouldn't need to do that," expostulated Mrs. Downing.

Annie laughed derisively. "Hear the dear creature talk!" she said: "she lives, moves, and has her being for her 'Ned' and his children, and then she tells me a husband needn't come between me and father—O, of course not!"

"Well, good by," said Mrs. Downing, not much disconcerted by her sister's raillery, and she moved away with her pretty *cortège*.

Annie stood by the gate, with the late afternoon sun shining through the tree tops and lighting up her nut-brown hair, and watched the great masses of cumulus clouds hanging about the horizon. It must be confessed, she thought about them more in regard to the possible harm they might bring to the ripened wheat than to their wonderful beauty; yet she loved the whole out-door world, and was herself a charming adjunct to the landscape, in her fresh young beauty and dainty muslin dress. Certainly,

thus thought Dr. Ford, driving rapidly down the road in his shining new carriage. He checked his horse's pace as he neared the gate at which the young lady lingered, and raising his hat, bade her good evening, following the salutation with an inquiry for her father's health. Annie tried to respond with her usual quiet good breeding, but she had been too seriously and recently disturbed by her sister's matrimonial suggestions to quite keep her self-possession. There was just a tinge of stiffness in her air, which seemed to reach the young man's perceptions, and he gathered up his lines for a fresh start, when the thin voice of Mr. James called from the piazza, asking him to come in; so there was no recourse for Annie but to join in the invitation. The doctor sprang lightly from his buggy, tied his horse, drew off his driving-gloves, and walked in at the gate which Annie opened. Then the two young people came towards the house together. He was but a trifle taller than she, and was slightly formed. He had a frank, honest face, prominent blue eyes, English side-whiskers and mustache of a tawny hue, and was faultlessly attired. Mr. James greeted him warmly, and then lapsed easily into his usual hypochondriac style.

Annie excused herself, went quietly by into the kitchen, where she tied on a large apron, made a brisk fire, and set the shining tea-kettle on, preparatory for her father's early tea. Then she did an odd thing: took a new hinge and some screws out of a wrapping of brown paper, went to a tool box in the shed at the rear of the house, took out a brace and bit (making the selection with a critical eye) and a screw-driver. She then proceeded to the barn, and laying down her tools, made a careful survey of a broken hinge on the door, after which she deliberately, and as one who had large experience in such matters, removed the broken hinge, and was replacing it with the new one, measuring and boring new places for the screws in quite a scientific fashion, when the two gentlemen, whom she had left in quiet converse at the front door, came walking towards the barn. It was useless to

retreat or conceal her occupation; so this remarkable young woman went on with her slightly unfeminine work. Dr. Ford blushed. It was really very awkward to come upon this pretty young lady so peculiarly engaged: but he summoned his masculine courage, and advanced boldly.

"O—ah—I beg pardon—really now, Miss James, allow me to assist you. What is this undertaking of yours?" and he adjusted his spectacles for a closer survey.

"Why, yes, yes, Annie, let him do it, or me," said Mr. James, noticing poor Annie's hesitation and blushes. "The truth is, Doctor, I'm all out of the way of these things now, Annie has looked after everything so long."

"Of course," said Annie, eager to apologize for her father; "little jobs of tinkering worry father, and they don't trouble me one bit—when I'm let alone," she added, giving Dr. Ford an expressive glance, and showing her dimples and white teeth in a truly bewitching manner.

"I must beg pardon again," said Dr. Ford, anxiously studying the hinge and a screw. "Your father and I were speaking of some hay which I wished to buy, and we were simply coming to the barn to look at it. I had not the remotest thought of intruding; but will you let me help you, as a favor to myself? I'm not familiar with this kind of business—need educating, you know." He held the hinge in place and put in a screw. "Now, where is your hammer, Miss James?"

Annie laughed merrily, and explained the mode of dealing with screws. It was the doctor's turn now to be disconcerted, but Annie was too kind to allow him to feel a painful sense of ignorance very long. She came to the rescue with such dexterous capability, was so full of little jokes and gayety, and so thoroughly charming, that the young Briton would cheerfully have learned the builder's trade if he could have been apprenticed to this lovely carpenter and joiner.

When the work was completed, Annie felt hospitably bound to persuade her new assistant to stay and take tea with them—a thing

by no means difficult to accomplish; so she hastened in, leaving her father and Dr. Ford to investigate the hay question; and with the quickness and deftness which were her special endowments, made ready the neat tea-table. No wonder the home-sick young Englishman, long surfeited with the fare at the Carey "Palace Hotel," felt his soul revive within him as he sipped his tea from a china cup, and ate sweet, home-made graham bread, with strawberries and cream. He grew familiar, almost confidential; talked of his old home, of his widowed mother and young sisters, of an elder brother who had died of a decline, and the consequent anxiety of the family about himself, as he had "never been over-strong about the chest," and finally of his decision to try a change of climate, and his desperate efforts to get accustomed to American, and particularly western, ways. "But I dare say I appear very odd myself to you all," he said, half inquiringly and almost pathetically; to which his listeners could not but assent, yet with assurances calculated to soften the unpleasantness of the admission. Then he spoke gratefully of the kindness he had received, especially from Mr. Downing, who was the leading druggist of Carey. "He has been like a brother to me," he said earnestly; "and I only hope I have been of a little service to him in his chemical studies."

"He and Marthy are always praising you," said Mr. James, kindly. "Only last Sunday afternoon—wa'n't it, Annie?—Edward was saying how that last surgical job of yours, when the Chicago doctor was over, was put in the city papers, and would bring you lots of credit."

Dr. Ford could only blush perceptibly, and insist that all the credit of the operation belonged to his thorough English training.

"There are a few things I know," he said, glancing deprecatingly at Annie, "if I didn't directly distinguish between a screw and a nail."

As they lingered over the pleasant meal, a sudden darkening of the room and long roll of thunder startled them all. The two

young people rose quickly, Dr. Ford murmuring thanks, apologies, and good bys all together, as he sought for his hat and started toward the gate and his waiting horse; while Annie caught her water-proof cape from its place in a closet, a milk-pail from the pantry shelf, and made equal haste towards a little clover field near the barn, where a pretty Jersey cow was feeding. But the storm was close upon them. Ere the horse could be untied, clouds of dust were flying before the wind, and the roar of the coming rain was distinctly heard. "Better drive right in," called Mr. James, hastening out to open a large gate, and retreating quickly to avoid the first dash of rain, while the doctor drove to the barn for shelter from the coming tempest. Annie, meanwhile, had run to the pasture bars, called her little cow Daisy, and retreated with her to the barn just in time to hold the newly mended door open for the rain-pursued young man. When they were all safely within they broke out into merry laughter over the oddity of the situation, the little cow seeming at first almost as disconcerted as her mistress, and making frantic efforts to get into her stall, from which the horse blockaded her. It took the combined efforts of the doctor and Annie to arrange matters satisfactorily, though the young man's suggestions and assistance were chiefly in the line of defense.

Meanwhile, the rains descended and the winds blew. "I think I may as well go on with my milking," said Annie, demurely taking down a little three-legged stool from one of the pegs, and approaching the cow familiarly. "Stand around, Daisy, there's a sensible cow."

Poor Dr. Ford wished from the depths of his heart that Annie had proposed to amputate one of the cow's legs instead of milking her; he would then have been tolerably sure of his ground, but as it was, his courage almost failed him. Could he allow this beautiful though singular young woman to proceed to her dreadful task without even an offer of help? His good breeding forbade it, and he boldly held out his hand for the pail.

"Allow me once more, my—my dear Miss James," he faltered; "I think with your direction I might succeed. Let me make the attempt, at least."

All the native love of fun which dwelt in the maiden's nature seconded the doctor's entreaty, and she graciously yielded.

"Well, sit down," she said; "set the pail so, now take hold like this, and do so."

Dr. Ford, much discomfited, meekly obeyed, but the attempt was vain. The instruction was all right, though mingled with much laughter, and the pupil's efforts were heroic but futile. Daisy grew indignant at such amateur performances, and finally the young Englishman gave up the undertaking. Annie wiped away her tears and took possession, while the young man looked on quite humbly, smoothing down the silky shoulder of the cow, with his small hand showing white and slender against the dark fawn-colored hair. The girl felt a sort of repulsion from the delicate, foreign youth who was so different from herself. He seemed to her weak and effeminate, and pitifully ignorant of common, practical affairs. Her ideal hero was of an entirely different type; but then, what were heroes to her? She belonged to her infirm old father; and as she rapidly filled her pail with the foaming, odorous milk, she took a secret pleasure in the thought that she was shocking this diletant gentleman by her menial occupations. She could not help saying:

"I suppose you never watched a milkmaid before."

"I think not," he confessed, honestly; "though I did once go out on a farm in one of my school-boy vacations. Surely, Miss James, I—I never watched one with such interest."

"They figure largely in your pastoral poetry," said Annie evasively, working with renewed vigor.

"Now the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,"

she quoted gayly.

"How very odd," thought the young man—"a girl who mends barn doors and milks

cow to be quoting Milton!" A vision of his sisters rose up before him—what would they think about this western girl? Would her conduct strike them as being in very bad form? It gave him an uncomfortable sense of incongruity to think of them in connection with this free, bright, capable creature, and he tried to banish the remembrance of their timid grace and propriety.

"Do you like this—this kind of thing yourself, Miss James?" he ventured.

"O, immensely!" she replied. You see I make butter, and that gives me pin-money. Can't you imagine how I build castles as my pail fairly overflows, just like that other famous milkmaid: 'Green becomes my complexion best, and green it shall be,' and she gave her head the traditional toss. Off fell the hood of the water-proof which she had drawn over her head when the wind and rain swept down upon her, and down with it rolled the masses of her beautiful hair, ensnaring the young man's heart more hopelessly than ever.

"Dear me," she said, "I can't put it up till I've finished milking. I'll be through in a minute"; but a heavy strand fell forward over her hands, and Dr. Ford stretched out his own half involuntarily.

"Pardon me; but if I might! O, may I just lay this unruly lock out of your way?" He took hold of it with a serious, reverent air, which sent a tide of crimson color over the fair young cheek and neck of the maiden; while a thrill of irresistible emotion swept through the whole being of the young man. It carried before it all barriers of race and country and form. He felt that he must speak.

"My dear Miss Annie," he said, growing pale, "I feel such an irresistible attraction."

"Only 'capillary,' I'm sure," said Annie, rising, and trying to laugh as she twisted up the coils of hair, but avoiding his glance.

"It seems to me far more like gravitation," said Dr. Ford.

"How absurd this predicament is!" said Annie, hurrying to the door with her pail; "hear the hail! And if there doesn't come

my cousin Frank careering through the rain! He has been caught out in it, too."

In at the open gate dashed another horse harnessed to a light sulky, in which sat a young man, large and well made, but completely drenched by the storm, and with his wide-brimmed straw hat flopping about his face in a most unpicturesque fashion. He, too, drove at headlong speed towards the hospitably open barn door. Dr. Ford made haste to lead his horse farther in, and move his carriage around to make room for the new-comer, who sprang out as soon as he was safe within, and greeted his cousin rather boisterously.

"Why, hallo, Annie, you out here? And who've you got here with you? O, Dr. Ford. I couldn't see, for the confounded rain in my eyes. Beg pardon, Doctor, how are you, anyway?"—and he shook off the water from his hat and coat, and advanced a little unsteadily towards the doctor, who was holding his high-spirited horse by the bit.

He returned the young man's salutation in a friendly way, but glanced rather uneasily at Annie as her cousin seized his hand and shook it with far more impressiveness than their acquaintance justified; at the same time giving him the benefit of a breath whose peculiar odors the wind and rain had not much modified. Then the excited young fellow made his way towards Annie, over whose face crept instantly a shadow of apprehension. She started to the door, but the strong hand of her cousin detained her.

"O, what's the use of your running away from a fellow like that?" he said. "You seemed contented enough when I drove in. Why don't you be civil to your relations, I'd like to know?" and he laughed in a tipsy fashion. "Come, Annie," he resumed, "you and I are friends, you know: set down your pail. What's the use of your being in such a deuced hurry?" and he put his big wet arm around her.

"Let me alone, Frank," she said imperatively. "You are not fit—O Frank, don't you see—don't you know you're not yourself?"

"You're mighty particular all at once, seems to me, Mistress Annie," retorted the young man; "ain't you and I cousins? Didn't you kiss me when I got back from college last week? Kiss me now, there's a good girl," and he put his flushed cheek against her deathly pale face.

"Let me go! O Frank, let me go!" she cried.

The colt which Frank had driven was pushing forward restlessly towards the other horse, making him rear and plunge so that the doctor's hands were pinioned; but his voice rang out clear and commanding:

"Take your hands off that young lady this instant, Mr. Burton!"

Frank turned towards him with a drunken leer, but without loosening his grasp on his cousin. "O, you're goin' to meddle, are you, young sawbones? It'll take about six like you to handle me. You wait till I get through with this, and I'll give you some bones of your own to fix."

Just at that instant a young British lion appeared to break loose in that barn. Frank Burton's arms were pinioned from behind, and his feet as suddenly flew out from under him; while a quiet voice said, "Take my horse's bit, Miss James," and then added, very decisively, "you will not get up, young man, till you are prepared to behave yourself like a gentleman."

There was considerable struggling, and not a little profanity; but the doctor was master of the situation. Meanwhile, poor Annie was stroking with trembling hand the brown face of the horse, and speaking soothingly to the colt, who seemed to know her well. The prostrate Frank appeared to grow reconciled to his condition at last, and then to have a glimmer of self-abasement.

"Le' me up," he finally said quite meekly, "and I'll go home."

"Just be quiet till the rain is over," said his grim keeper; "I see the cloud is passing around to the north." Then in a reassuring tone to Annie, "You are managing the horses admirably, Miss James; but I'll be able to relieve you in a moment."

Gradually the fury of the storm abated,

the flashes of lightning grew less frequent and vivid, and Dr. Ford assisted Frank Burton into his sulky, helped him back his colt safely out of the barn, and saw him depart with a considerably subdued air, but without any adieus. Then he came back to Annie.

"This has been exceedingly annoying," he said gently: "I trust it will not trouble you any further. I am greatly obliged to you for taking such excellent care of my horse."

"I am far more obliged to you," she said frankly, looking at him with shining eyes while she gave him her cold hand. "I shall find it hard to forgive Frank when he makes his repentant apologies to-morrow; but I have to remember that he grew up fatherless, and his mother has ruined him with indulgence. He is so young, it seems as if he might be saved. We are all trying to help him. I wonder if you could have any influence over him. O, will you try?" she pleaded.

He still held her hand. "Give me the right," he said, "to always protect you and help you."

She drew away her hand. "I did not mean—O, I am so sorry that you should say this to me. I cannot; don't you see how I am placed? And besides—indeed, Dr. Ford—pardon me, but it is impossible."

He turned away silently, busied himself for a moment with getting his carriage out of the door, sprang into it, and with a courteous good evening, drove rapidly away; while Annie, very sober and quiet, took up her brimming pail, and picked her way carefully along the flooded path to the kitchen door. She said nothing to her father of the various happenings, only commented on the violence of the storm, and went briskly about her household tasks. But when her father had lighted the lamp, and she drew her low rocker up to the table and took out her crocheting, she said:

"Did you talk with the doctor about a change of climate?"

"Yes," he answered with unusual animation; "and he said he thought likely it might be a very good thing. I'd go to Californy in a minute if we could get away, though I'd

like to take Dr. Ford along, eh, Annie?" and he peered at her downcast face, over which a flush crept.

She thrust her needle in and out with a vehemence that savored of irritation.

"Now, papa," she said, "don't *you* begin to persecute me! If it will do you good to go where the winters are milder, we will go."

She spoke with her usual cheerful decision; but in her heart she added, "And get away from the sight and sound of Dr. Ford."

After a moment she rose and said: "This dampness will set your lame shoulder aching, papa, so you must go and sit by the kitchen stove while I rub it well; and you are to have a cup of ginger tea before you go to bed. Dr. James orders it, and her word is law."

She bustled about with her pleasant, dauterly attentions, succeeded in getting her patient comfortably off to bed, fastened the doors, and went up to her own little maidenly, white-curtained room. The moon was shining through the broken masses of clouds, and she put out her lamp, threw her window wide open to the sweet, cool night-wind, and sat down on a low ottoman near by.

"I have never liked him half so well," she thought; "but I'm not in love, not a bit; besides, have I not made up my mind about this whole affair? What has set them all to plotting, I wonder? Don't they know I have a vocation?" She leaned her elbow on the sill and looked up at the lovely sky scenery. Then she spoke softly, like some pretty nun at a madonna's shrine, "O mother mine, I will be faithful, even unto death!"

Down in the little village, at the same hour, a young man sat in an office-like room full of books and cases. He held in his hand a treatise on anæsthetics: but he was watching a moth dashing itself against the hot chimney of his kerosene lamp.

He seemed to have a fellow-feeling for it, which made him wondrous kind, for he carefully caught it and tossed it from the open window; but it returned in an instant with renewed zeal, and the student leaned back in his chair and clasped his hands above his head. "Well, then," he said, "be 'shriveled

in a fruitless fire,' if you will; it is a matter of fate."

II.

Half a dozen years have gone by. They have only mellowed and deepened the character lines written on the face of Annie James; but they have brought her entirely new surroundings. She sits now in a little cottage porch, over which grows the delicate tropical solanum, with its pendant clusters of white blossoms, more abundant, almost, than its dark green leaves. Her father, not much changed in appearance, though evidently improved in health, is walking up and down long rows of grape-vines, which radiate in every direction from the house, carefully pruning them. Annie has been working with him, but has come in to write a letter to her sister Martha. It shall tell its own story. It is dated "Santa Maria, California," and after pleasant greetings to the Downing household, goes on thus:

"All that you write me of home affairs is delightful. I am inexpressibly glad to hear of Cousin Frank's well-doing. We must all feel, as I know Frank himself does, that we owe a great deal to Dr. Ford. I think he would have died of that dreadful fall from his horse but for the doctor's skill and friendly care. His whole life has been changed by it: and I am very glad to hear of him as a noble, self-controlled man. How strange it was that, after achieving so many successes, Dr. Ford should have left Carey! Doubtless Chicago had greater attractions for a man of his talent. Ned must miss him still; though it is four years ago that he went away, isn't it? That was just about the time when we came to Santa Maria—we were a little over a year in Santa Barbara. How the years go!

"I love to think of you so nicely settled in our old home. It was exactly the place for the children, and for you all. It makes us both feel happier here, so far away, to know that those we love are in the dear old familiar places. We talk of you all every day, and sometimes we get slightly homesick for you, darling, and your blessed babies,

and dear Ned; but we can't shorten the distance. It has, indeed, been a fortunate thing for poor father to get away from so many reminders of his trouble, and to exchange the brief summer and long winter of the East for the brief winter and long summer of California. Then, too, he can be busy here so much more than on the old place. Vineyard work is his delight, from the pruning to the grape picking. I wish you could see him now, as he moves about, with so much vigor and evident pleasure in his occupation. But pretty soon I shall make him come in and rest, and then we will sit here together and watch the sea from our eyrie. Father's eyes are keener even than mine to catch the first glimmer of a white sail on the far-off line where sea and sky meet.

"Ah, my dear! if I did not know how perfectly content you are in your own sweet home, I shouldn't dare to tell you of all the beauty and the grandeur of this new mountain home of ours. As it is, I fear I sometimes weary you with my rhapsodies, though you are so good as to beg for more of them. We are always glad that we bought this bit of mountain land, and set it out with grapes; and it was a kind Providence to us that sent that blessed Mongol, old Fun Lee, to be my faithful ally and prime minister. He and father and I make a triumvirate of rare harmony and vigor. How your Tommy—no, *our* Tommy—would be amazed at Fun and his pigeon-English!

"There is a large summer hotel going up not far from us. It will bring a fashionable San Francisco crowd here, which I do not altogether desire; but I shall 'gang my ain gait' in the future as in the past. I have really lost all knowledge of society ways. My interests center in father, Fun Lee, and the price of grapes. At least half my heart, however, lingers in the old home with you, dearest. Keep a place for me by the old hearth-stone, and don't let the bairns forget their maiden aunt.

"Tell Ned when he writes to Dr. Ford to remember us to him kindly."

Two more years slip away. A hot July

morning holds even the heights of Santa Maria in its sultry dominion. The trade-wind will come to the rescue by and by, but for the present the sun rules undisputed. The guests at the Santa Maria hotel are completely overcome by it. The gentlemen sit on the north side of the house in linen coats, and talk mining stocks between their cigars. The ladies retreat to the darkened parlor, sip lemonade, and fan themselves languidly.

An English lady of dignified bearing, accompanied by a fair, delicate-looking daughter, separated themselves from the group, and ventured out on the piazza. "O mamma," the young lady said, "I feel as if I should suffocate in-doors. Don't you think we might go down into the cañon? It's not far, you know; and we can take a book, and find a shady place."

The elder lady seemed only too glad to please her daughter, whose evident invalidism justified all indulgence. Both ladies wore deep mourning, and seemed entirely devoted to each other. The mother brought a sun umbrella and one of Black's novels, and the two went arm in arm along the path which led to the much-frequented cañon. They talked, as they strolled, of the wonderful view of the sea, the strange grandeur of the redwood forest, the rich coloring of the madrones, and the sweetness of the mountain air.

"It is like wine," the young lady said; "I feel stronger already, in spite of the heat. O mamma, if our home were only here, I think I could get well. If we had come soon enough, perhaps we could have kept Alice," and her gentle blue eyes overflowed.

"We must not let ourselves brood over that, my love," the mother said. "We can stay as long as it does you good. Arthur is coming up from the city to-morrow, you know, and we will all be together. It is home to me now wherever you and Arthur are."

They crossed a little trickling stream on stepping-stones, and then followed its green and mossy winding into a ravine on whose exposed and sunny sides wild blackberries

grew in abundance. They paused in a shadow of a thicket of madrones, and began to gather a few of the ripest berries, when they discovered another occupant of the ground, literally; for at the foot of a tree sat what they would have called a young "person," but in our more democratic phrase, a young lady. She had filled a tin pail with berries, and now sat in a careless attitude, fanning herself with her wide-brimmed hat. Her rich hair was coiled in a mass at the back of her well-shaped head, while little stray, escaping locks curled in soft, moist rings about her forehead, and the warmth gave a glow to her cheeks and a dewy softness to her complexion altogether charming; but her gown was a dark print, and she wore a white apron. As the ladies came upon her suddenly, she betrayed no particular embarrassment, but bowed pleasantly and said, "Good morning." They responded to the slight civility with quiet decorum, but indicated by neither word nor glance any further interest; neither did the young "person." So, after a moment's further pause, they sauntered on, and the low murmur of their voices died away in the distance. The young lady sat still for a little while, and then, taking up her pail of berries, went slowly in the same direction, as if to avail herself as long as possible of the cool shadows of the ravine on her homeward way. She had scarcely gone a dozen rods from her resting place, when a sudden scream pierced the stillness, and sent her flying along the path towards the two ladies, who appeared quickly hastening towards her, the elder one half-supporting, half-dragging the younger, who seemed paralyzed with fear.

"She has been bitten by a rattlesnake! Run for help!" cried the mother.

But the stranger put her arm quickly around the poor, fainting girl, and said, as she laid her gently down, "Tell me where."

"O here—here on my hand," she moaned.

In an instant the good Samaritan bound her own handkerchief firmly about the slender wrist, and taking a little bottle of ammonia from her pocket, bathed the small purple wound over and over again.

"I always carry ammonia when I go berrying," she said, "the wasps are so troublesome; and although I never saw a rattlesnake, I know that they have been found here. Now let us help you home. Do not be frightened. You must get very tipsy as soon as we reach the hotel, and I dare say you will be none the worse for this adventure."

So with cheerful words she encouraged the young lady to rise, and taking her between them, they led and carried her back to the hotel. There was a crowd about them in a moment, and a word of explanation called out such a flood of sympathetic offers of help from the ladies and such a number of flasks from gentlemen's pockets as convinced the stranger she could safely leave her patient. She turned to a sensible-looking, gray-haired lady:

"Keep the wound wet with ammonia," she said, "and give her enough whisky to keep her stupefied until you can get a physician here from the nearest town." Then she slipped quietly away, unnoticed and unthanked.

At an early hour in the afternoon Fun Lee returned from the hotel with the good tidings to his mistress that the young lady "all timee heap sleepee. Doctor say all samee well."

The next morning's stage brought a gentleman to the hotel, who registered as "Arthur Ford, M. D., San Francisco," and then directed the clerk to show him up to Mrs. Ford's rooms. There was something in his quick, decisive manner that led them to think he knew of the accident, so without a word of explanation, he was ushered into his mother's presence. She came forward to meet him with a pale face and outstretched hands.

"My dear Arthur, are you here so soon? Did you get the telegram?"

"What telegram? Where is Edith?" he asked.

"She is out of danger, we think, and longing for you." Then she told him the story hurriedly. "We were sitting on a mossy log, when she saw some lovely ferns

growing just above us on a ledge, and she stood up and reached for them. She heard a rattling sound, but thought it a locust, and reached for a second handful. A rattlesnake struck its fangs into the fleshy part of her thumb. She screamed with the fright and pain, and I saw the horrible reptile. She had on a thread glove, which was no protection. If it had not been for a wonderful Providence which sent the most remarkable young woman to our rescue—O Arthur!" and she ended her story in a great sob.

Afterward, as he sat by his sister's bedside, holding her little swollen hand tenderly in his own, and comforting her with renewed assurances that the danger was over, she recurred again to the unknown heroine of the previous morning.

"Was it not strange, Arthur? We passed her a few moments before, and I told mamma she looked like a hamadryad. Her hair was just the red-brown of the madrone she was leaning against, and her figure was like a Greek nymph."

"Well, who was she?" said Arthur, smiling.

"We must find out, of course," said Mrs. Ford; "but the only clew we have is this handkerchief, which she bound so tightly around Edith's wrist, and which the physician said probably saved her life." She passed him the handkerchief, which he took and glanced at with some interest. "There is a name in the corner, you notice," said Mrs. Ford. He found it, and went over to the window for better light. When he read it, he looked as if he were thrilled by some sudden revelation, for there in the corner was written in a clear, bold hand, "*Annie James.*"

"I once knew a young lady of that name in the East," he said quietly, "and she answered to Edith's description. I knew, too, that she came to California. We must make inquiries about her," and he put the handkerchief in his breast pocket.

The ladies of the hotel that evening, assembled in parlors with worsteds and crewels, discussed Dr. Ford between talk

of the newest thing in Kensington stitch, and the possibilities of an invasion from the whole species *crotalus horridus*. The young ladies declared that they would never dare to set foot in the cañon again, in which they were cordially upheld by several matrons. One lady suggested that here was an opportunity for young men to distinguish themselves. No one should be allowed knightly privileges hereafter till he had brought in a rattlesnake. "Don't speak of them again," begged a pretty little woman; "I look for one under every sofa." All the young ladies thereupon tucked their skirts up closely, and set their feet upon the rounds of their own or their neighbors' chairs.

"But isn't Dr. Ford splendid?" said one—"so distinguished! I'm just in love with his eye-glasses and his English manners!"

"Fie, you foolish Bertha!" said her mother; "you don't know what English manners are. He is simply a quiet, reserved gentleman."

"I have heard of him often," said an elderly lady. "He had a fine reputation in Chicago, but has come to San Francisco because he was not strong himself, and his only sister, Miss Edith, had been ordered to California by her English doctors. They have only been here a short time, but he is already succeeding well. One of our leading surgeons has taken him as a partner."

"Is he married?" asked Bertha.

"Why, no, I think not," said the well-informed lady. "I observe he is remarkably devoted to his mother and sister."

Then the conversation drifted on to Kensington stitch and landscape embroidery.

In an upper room a young man sat alone. He took out a lady's handkerchief. It was white, hem-stitched, unbordered, plain, unperfumed. He noted each characteristic, and thought: "It is like her. I will find her to-morrow."

But the morrow found his sister Edith nervous and restless, so he devoted himself to her with unremitting assiduity, and was rewarded by seeing her almost in her normal condition when the lengthening

shadows allowed them to open windows and blinds. They were having a heated term at Santa Maria. The next day was the Sabbath. There was a religious service in the parlor of the hotel, to which the guests and neighboring families had been invited. Dr. Ford would have gone down, but his mother asked him to stay and read the English morning service with her and Edith, to which he readily assented. When it was finished, and his mother had settled down in her easy chair with her beloved "holy George Herbert," while Edith lapsed into a light slumber, he opened the French window, and stepped out on the balcony. The service below was just closing, and the voices of the worshipers rose in a familiar hymn. There was a rich contralto which stirred in Arthur Ford's heart a flood of old experiences, as he leaned over the balcony and drank it in. A little later he saw two well-known figures going down the walk away from the house: a thin, bowed, gray-haired man, and beside him a straight, symmetrical lady in the ripe beauty of a mature youth. Her brown hair showed red lights in the sunshine, and as she turned her profile towards him he saw the strong, sweet face he had missed so long. He felt a great inclination to hasten down and join them, but was restrained by a memory which seemed to vex him afresh. "What a consummate cockney she must have thought me in those days!" he said to himself; "and she was so mature and wise and many-sided. She is the same good daughter still, living here in exile for her father's sake. Why should I intrude upon her? Would it be of any avail?"

The afternoon wore away. A subtle breath of coolness stole up from the sea, and Dr. Ford strolled out alone to enjoy the wonderful beauty and peace of the night-fall on the lonely summit of Santa Maria. He passed several groups of young ladies, gathered in picturesque attitudes under the great trees, reading, chatting, sauntering, to all of whom he raised his hat with formal politeness, but was not enticed, apparently, to join any of their number. He did not take the

favorite cañon path, but went more directly towards a long, high ridge behind the hotel, from which he judged there might be an unlimited stretch of ocean view. It was a steep climb, but he felt amply rewarded when he stood on an outlying ledge of rock, and looking down over miles of dense redwood forest; saw in all its beauty the lovely bay of Santa Maria encircled by pretty villages, and dotted with white sails; while far off stretched the infinite sea. He could see the white caps of the waves, and yet not a sound of the ocean reached him. It was as silent and motionless as a picture. A long bank of fog skirted the distant horizon line, which, as the sun declined, slowly moved landward. Soon there was only a shining rim of the bay to be seen; then that, too, disappeared. It swept very slowly over the little villages and hamlets, like a soft, white inundation, and then crept stealthily up the mountain-side. The gorges filled, the higher peaks looked like green islands in a silver sea, the long ridges like promontories, and then they, too, were overwhelmed. The setting sun pierced it with long bars of iridescent light, while the horizon took on opaline and amber hues, and the whole atmosphere was aglow. The stillness seemed supernatural, all sounds coming through it with wonderful clearness, and appearing only to make it more perceptible. The tinkle of distant cow bells, the twitter of nearer birds, or the rustle of a lizard in the dry grass—no sound seemed lost or mingled with another. It was all new and almost overwhelming in its beauty to the restless heart of the young man as he stood there alone on the mountain, and he uncovered his head as before an august presence. Just below him at his right lay a little farmhouse with green environs of vineyard and orchard. A bower-like porch on the seaward side seemed to have occupants, though it was too remote for his eye to detect them; for softly upward floated the exquisite words of the hymn, "Lead, kindly Light." He knew it was Annie James singing in the Sabbath twilight to her old father; and as if he were in a vast cathedral, he felt infinitely sustained and quieted.

As he went slowly back to the hotel in the deepening twilight, he detected an unusual stir. Some gentlemen were starting out of the gate, evidently in haste, but paused as he approached them.

"O, Doctor," one of them said, "there has been a call for you, and we were just going to hunt you up. A Chinaman is here looking for a physician to go over to his place: an old gentleman has been taken suddenly ill."

The doctor hastened in, and after running up to his room for a case of medicines, and to speak a word to his mother, went hurrying away with Fun Lee. He knew directly from the few broken words of explanation which his guide vouchsafed that he was going to attend his old-time patient, and his heart throbbed with a violence which even their speed did not justify. A light shone from the open door of the house, and as they stepped into the porch he saw Annie bending over her father, who lay on a lounge. She was bathing his face, but turned suddenly on hearing the footsteps.

"Oh Fun, have you found a doctor?" she said. Then with swift astonishment and recognition: "Is it *you*, Dr. Ford? Oh, come here!"

He felt at a glance that his skill would be of no avail, but took the pallid hand in his, felt for the pulse, listened a moment for breathing, then laid his hand on the heart which was still forever, and said gently, "It is all over."

There was no scene, save that Fun Lee fled out with a howl of dismay; while Annie covered her face with her hands, and seemed struggling for composure. After a moment she spoke quietly:

"I was singing to him an hour ago," she said. "I sang, 'Lead, kindly Light,' as he asked me. We were out on the porch, and I thought he looked paler than usual. Then he came in and lay down, as he often did. I thought he dropped asleep; and was covering him, when I noticed it was not an ordinary sleep. Then I sent Fun to the hotel for help, and did all that I could to rouse him." She checked her overflowing tears,

and said simply: "I am utterly alone, but there are kind neighbors near. Fun will go for them."

"Let me bring my mother to you," said Ford, earnestly; "she owes you—we all do—an infinite debt of gratitude for what you

did when my sister was in such peril the other day. Let me act as your brother—if there is no one nearer," he added falteringly.

"There is no one," she said: and their eyes met in mutual confession, in endless confidence and love. MARY H. FIELD.

YONÉ: A JAPANESE IDYL.

"*Kon-n-nichi wa, sensei!*"

"Good day to you, little woman. And where have you been so early, this bright, beautiful morning. You look weary."

"Oh, I am *so* tired, *sensei* (learned sir). Only think, I've been to the very top of Kim-puku-san! I'm sure it's ten miles high, that mountain. Don't you think so?"

"Nonsense. Why, it isn't more than half the height of Fuji-yama, and that is exactly a *ri* (two and one-third miles) high: though by the road I dare say it is fully ten miles to the summit. And what took you to the top of Kimpuku?"

"I had to go with a stupid lot of folks from the main-land, who wanted to see the sun rise. As if the sun doesn't rise just as grandly from behind our temple! We went up last evening, and slept on the summit in an old hut. It was so cold; and after all, we didn't see O Tento-sama. It was so misty that we couldn't catch a glimpse of his face, and so the pilgrims had to recite their *Namu Amida Butsu* to the winds. I really couldn't help laughing, they looked so cold and so disappointed. Have you made the pilgrimage to Fuji-san, *sensei*?"

"Yes, indeed, and to every other of the sacred places of Japan—Zenko-ji and Isé and Kin-ka-san and Eno shima and Miya-jima and Kompira San and Matsu-shima—"

"*Do-mo*, what a traveler you have been! And you've really made a pilgrimage to all the holy places? Now you're *sure* to go to heaven. And yet I don't know, being that you are a *kiristo* (a Christian). Yamamoto says foreigners have no souls; but I dare say

that's only a lie (*uso bakari*). Did you ascend Fuji-san alone, *sensei*?"

"I went all by myself; I didn't even take a guide. And I suffered just such a disappointment as your folks did this morning. I slept in a stone hut on the verge of the crater, and when I awoke at break of day, nearly frozen to death, found fully a thousand people clustered round the edge of the basin, reciting their prayers, and clapping their hands in anticipation of the appearance of O Tento Sama. We saw nothing, however, but a magnificent stretch of silver cloud, extending as far as the eye could reach, away down beneath our feet. It was a glorious sight, well worth the ten-mile climb over the ashes and snow-drifts; but it was a terrible disappointment to all the *jun-rei* (pilgrims)."

"Maa! wouldn't it be! Why, you know, *sensei*, to witness the rising of the sun from the top of Fuji is as good as a passport to heaven. Only fancy! A thousand people from every part of Japan, and the mountain open for only one month in the year! I think I should die of vexation, if I were to journey all the way from our island to Fuji, and then meet with such a disappointment."

"You'd get over it, little one. You're young and healthy, and will live long enough, I dare say, to make half a dozen pilgrimages to Fuji."

"Perhaps so, *sensei*," replied the little girl, with a sigh; "but the old *isha-san* (doctor) thinks otherwise, and scolds me terribly when he finds me romping about with the other girls. Won't he be angry when he

hears I have climbed to the very top of Kim-puku! Father has no one left but me, you know, *sensei*, since mother died. So I must take care of my health."

"Yes, indeed. For my sake as well as your father's. Come, *chisai* (little one), won't you walk down to the beach with me? I've got something to say to you. This is my last day on Sado, you know, for some time to come."

"And are you really going away, *sensei*?"

"Really, Yoné. Denzaburo is to take me over to Nūgata in his *funé*, (boat) and is even now making preparations to sail. Tell me, are you sorry to have me go?"

"I am truly sorry. I like you, though you are a foreigner."

"Thank you, sweetheart. But are you quite sure 'like' is the word you meant to use?"

"*Do desu-ka?*" Yoné looked down, and laughed merrily.

"See, *bo*, (baby, little one) I have brought you a keepsake"; and I drew from out its wrapping of silk-paper a pretty golden hair-pin, with a coral *tama* (jewel) of a pale pink hue.

"*Ma-a!* How beautiful! Is it really for me, *sensei*? Why, it must be worth tens of *rŷo*. There isn't such another *kanzashi* (hair-pin) in the whole island. Won't Fusa envy me!"

"What, little Fusa, the *ko-cho's* (village mayor's) daughter? She's a nice little girl."

"Nasty, conceited thing; I hate her!"

"Why, Yoné!"

"O yes—I saw you two the other night, whispering on the beach. And they do say you went off swimming together, out into the bay."

"Fie, fie! I'm sure you don't believe anything of the kind. You know I never go out into the bay, for fear of the devil-fish. Haven't I had that bathing-house built over the deep, clear pool in the cove, just because I was afraid a horrid octopus would come along and lay hold of me with his terrible tentacles?"

"Well, then, you were bathing together in the pool. I wish the *tako* had caught hold of you both."

"Why, Yoné, I am ashamed of you! It is true, I met Fusa on the beach, but it was quite by accident. I went out to see if I could find any devil-fish dancing on the *hama* (beach). Do you believe that they come out of the water and walk about in the moonlight on their hind legs? Fusa says they do."

"*Bakarashi hanashi* (what foolishness)!

Fusa believes every nonsensical story she hears. I'm surprised at your having anything to say to her."

"Upon my word, Yoné, I believe you are jealous."

"Jealous of *her!* Why she's only a child; she's not yet thirteen!"

"That's good! You're only fourteen yourself."

"Sixteen, *sensei!*"

"Fourteen, in reality; your Japanese mode of reckoning ages is a stupid one."

"Stupid yourself!"

"Come, don't let us quarrel on the eve of parting. Haven't you a *katami* (keepsake) for me? Won't you give me something to remember you by?"

"I have nothing whatever, Harry *san* (Mr.). We are not rich, you know; father is only a poor Shinshu priest."

"Give me that tiny pipe you carry in your *obi* (girdle). Naughty girl! Women don't smoke in my country."

"That pipe, *sensei!* How could I? It is a present from Yamamoto Zensuke."

"And pray who is this Yamamoto that you speak of?"

"He is to be my husband one of these days, when I grow older. He works in the gold mine."

"Yes? And do you love him?"

"Well, now! I never thought about that. That's funny. On reflection, I don't think I do, *sensei!*"

"Tell me truly: you love me a little bit; now don't you?"

"*Oya!* How could I? Why, you're a foreigner!"

"And haven't foreigners got hearts as well as Japanese?"

"Zensuke says they haven't; but I know he doesn't like *e-jin*. Have they really, *sensei!*"

"You are mocking me. Come, what about that keepsake you promised me?"

"I never did promise, you story-teller. I would like to give you something, but I have nothing. How sorry I am!"

"Give me a kiss, Yoné; I'll keep it until I return, and then you shall have it again."

"*Kissu*—what is that?"

I had forgotten. The Japanese never kiss. "Shall I teach you the meaning of the word?"

"*Dozo* (please do)."

I did.

Yoné blushed and moved away, holding down her head.

"How rude you are, Harry *san!* Is that a custom of your country?"

"It is, *bo*. And now that you have learned this fashion of my people, won't you give me a little *katami* to carry away with me?"

"No, no; but I'll tell you what I'll do: I will keep your *kissu* until you come back again, and then perhaps I may return it to you. When shall you return to Sado, *sensei!*"

"In the tenth month, if all be well."

"Truly?"

"*Honto desu yo* (most truly)! Meanwhile, don't be teaching Yamamoto foreign customs."

"Don't mock me. Please don't mention it to any one: but I detest him. Truly."

"*So desu ka* (is that so)? And how about poor me?"

"Well, as I said, you are only a foreigner. *Jitsu wa*, I almost think—"

"Well?"

"I don't know yet. At all events, I don't hate you. I'll tell you when you come back again."

"Meantime, can't I have a kiss?"

"Sh, *sensei*, that minx *Fusa* is watching us. How I hate her!"

"O you jealous, jealous thing! I dote on her; she's such a winning little creature."

A look of pain passed over Yoné's face and she placed her hand over her heart.

"What ails you, little one?" I said, taking her by the hand; "are you unwell?"

"It is gone," she said, with a sigh. "It is my heart, the doctor says."

"Poor little girl! I'm so sorry. Does it often trouble you?"

"Very often, since mother died, last spring. Have you a mother, *sensei!*"

"My mother is still alive, Yoné."

"And have you brothers and sisters, too? How nice it must be to have *kiyodai* (brothers or sisters)! I am alone; there is only father and I."

"I have a brother and two sisters. When I come again I will show you their portraits."

"*Dozo*. Is your country *very* far away, *sensei!* If I were to go over to the edge of the sea, in old Kichibe's boat, over there where the sun is shining, could I see it?"

"It is five thousand *ri* distant. One needs to travel many weeks to reach it."

"Oya, oya! It must be farther than Yedo, even. *Sensei*, go home and comfort your mother. Why do you stay in this country when you have a parent who longs to see you, and brothers and sisters, too?"

"And a dear old auntie, besides, Yoné, who has been a second mother to me. Would you like to go with me to that far-away land?"

"I should like to go, but I am afraid. I am sure foreigners have no hearts, or they would never leave their old parents, to travel in strange countries."

I bowed my head at the reproof. Among the Japanese, love of country is only excelled by love and reverence for parents.

"Why do you sit in the burial-ground all day long, Yoné? I always find you there when I go up to the temple. It is bad for your health."

"My mother is there, you know, and when father is engaged at his prayers I have no one to talk to but her. So I wander in there among the tombstones, and sit under the pine trees, watching the birds and the butterflies, and dreaming all day long, of—of—some other country; so beautiful! It

hardly seems like a dream, either; everything appears so real. And sometimes I hear my mother's voice. And the winds sing such solemn songs, and the waves race up the strand and back again; and so I sit hours and hours, thinking and thinking, and singing the old ballads I learned from mother. Did *your* mother teach you any ballads, *sensei*? I wish you would sing me a foreign song; I have never heard one. *Dozo*."

To please the little woman, I sang the song which appeals to all hearts, "Sweet Home"; sang it with the willful tears welling out from under my eyelids. Little Yoné listened, and looked into my face sympathizingly. I explained to her the meaning of the words, and she sighed, and timidly placed her hand on my shoulder.

"I am so sorry for you; so far away from home. You did not mention your father, *sensei*: where is he?"

I pointed to a grave in silence.

"Would you like me to sing you a little song, Harry *sau*—one that my mother taught me?"

"I should indeed. What will you sing? An old, old ballad?"

"I will sing you the ballad of Niu-dō, a high-priest, who lived in the cycle called Kan-ki (A. D. 1229). It is called 'The Scattering of the Cherry Blossoms.'

"The ground with *sakura* flowers is strewn,
As thick as though the drifted snow
Thereon did lie: and I, too, soon,
As withered, low shall lie 'neath blow
Of man's inexorable foe."

"What a mournful ditty! God forbid that its burden should prove prophetic! Cheer up, little one, and try and grow strong and hearty, against my coming in the fall."

"I shall look for you in the tenth month, *sensei*. Don't fail to come. I shall wait for you here, under the pines and the crimson maples, where I can watch for your vessel speeding over the great sea. It will be autumn, and everything will be beautiful. Oh, *itai ne-e* (what a pain)!" And the poor little girl raised her hand to her breast again. The pain was soon gone.

"Good by, little bird. Look for me in the tenth month. What! Not one kiss? Have you forgotten the foreign fashion so soon?"

"Forgotten it? I haven't learned it yet. But I'll practice it while you're away."

"With Zensuke?"

"*Iya desu-yo* (I hate you)! With Fusa." She smiled saucily.

"And when I return may I have my kiss back?"

"Perhaps. If you are good, and don't make love to Fusa. Good by. Don't forget me!"

"*Sayonara* (farewell)! We shall meet again."

"*Seiyonara*."

The tenth month came, and the *kaidō* and the *hazé* (varieties of maple) were clothed in crimson and gold. The soft winds murmured among the branches, and the wavelets raced up and down the beach as merrily as they had done on my last visit to the golden island. The cemetery wore its accustomed air of peace and rest; and as I toiled up the steep stretch of steps leading to the temple, I looked for the form of little Yoné among the granite tombstones. As I approached the grave of her mother, I observed an elderly man bending over it, apparently absorbed in prayer. I was about to retire, when he motioned me to approach, and saluted me.

"I am the priest Sozen," he said, in a gentle voice. Welcome to our island once more. The tenth month has come: the leaves are falling; the winter is approaching. There is nothing but change in this world."

There was something in this that chilled and awed me. His manner was strange, and he looked mournfully down on his wife's grave, sighing deeply.

"Yoné—is she well? I do not find her in her accustomed haunts."

"She is with her mother," he replied simply.

"Dead!"

He bowed his head, and hid his face with his long sleeve.

“Here is a letter she gave me for you, *sensei*,” he said softly. “She wrote it the day she left us.”

This is all it said :

“*Sensei*, we may not meet again in this world ;

but, as you know, we shall greet each other once more in that beautiful country I used to dream of. I have given your kiss to Fusa; please receive it, and think of Yoné.”

Poor little flower !

HENRY LIDDELL.

AMONG THE BASQUES.

ON the first page of one of my old Spanish note-books I find the following entry :

“PARIS, May 1st.

“*Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis,
Ut possit animo quemvis suffere laborem.*”

“And so will I intermix my care with joy : I will lighten the last of my student days with a little play. Even the stoics were not so cruel to themselves or nature as not, at times, to unbend their minds, and give their bodies liberty to stray into pleasant places. The heathen sages of the first world founded with their laws, their feasts ; with their labors, their olympics ; and with their warfare, their triumphs ; and at this day the severest Dionysian pedagogue gives his scholars their play-days and breakings-up ; so I'll take me off into some untrodden paths, with a *horum misere laborum fessum quies plurimum juvat.*”

It was a beautiful May morning, and I stood upon the porch of the Hotel de la Poste, at San Jean de Luz, near the Spanish frontier. On one side I gazed upon the valley of the Adour, and far out on the Bay of Biscay ; on the other rose like giants the two mountain peaks of “Los Hermanos,” and beyond, the snow-covered crests of the great central range of the Pyrenees.

I was here joined by Don Ortez Urruela, count of Dava, to whom I had a letter of introduction from the General de Charet, of Paris. Don Ortez had a *chateau en Espagne*, and also a country house on the French side of the frontier. During periods of tranquillity in the Basque provinces, which, however, were rare, Señor Urruela inhabited his *casa grande* in Spain ; but in times of great civil

or warlike strife, such as then existed, he lived in France. In all the mountains of the four Basque provinces Don Ortez was a sort of sovereign, and the inhabitants, whether *contrabandistas*, banditti, or *gitanos*, bowed submissively to his commands.

Of all the provinces of Spain, those of which we know the least are nearest the French frontier. The tourist in the Iberian peninsula generally follows the beaten tracks. He travels to Madrid, and then seeks for the places best known upon the faith of romance writers and poets. In my youth I visited the magnificent Andalusia, and adored her beautiful women ; and Toledo, with her old towers and ruins, inclining upon the banks of the Tagus ; Cordova, on the Guadalquivir, the ancient city of the Kalifs, with its massive walls and court-yards perfumed with rarest flowers ; Seville, too, so charming at night, when filled with the hum and murmur of amorous voices and the sound of guitars ; and Grenada, with its white houses reposing in the plain, like a swan in the midst of a silvery lake. But however much the cities and country of the Tagus and Guadalquivir may be praised, the provinces of the north are equally interesting ; and if art has done less to make attractive the Basque provinces, nature has there multiplied her wonders.

At the time of which I write the Basque provinces were in a state of blockade. No person was allowed to cross the frontier without the permission of the French war office, under penalty of being interred in a military prison ; and I possessed no such permission. I accompanied Don Ortez to his country house, where I met two Spanish

priests and two or three Basque *confidentes*. Here I was informed that the frontier was closely guarded by French troops and gendarmes, and that the usual avenues of approach were absolutely sealed. "But," said Señor Urruela, pointing to one of the *confidentes* present, "Don Gamis will return here from Bayonne to-morrow evening, and at midnight will conduct you safely across the border."

At the appointed time, accompanied by Don Gamis, and in light marching order, I took my departure for the Spanish frontier. We had walked for more than an hour along the side of a great spur of the mountain, when the Basque motioned me to follow him closely and silently. As we reached the summit I heard the murmuring of waters below, and knew that we were approaching the Bidassoa, the boundary line between France and Spain. I heard the sound of voices, and saw lights in the distance. After some reconnoitering on the part of Don Gamis, we descended to the bottom, passing within a few paces of a cabin filled with sleeping soldiers, and reached the river. The water at this point was not more than four or five feet deep; so we stepped into the current, and crossed quickly to the Spanish side of the frontier, and before daylight reached the residence of Don Gamis de Rada.

The de Rada house was a good specimen of an old Spanish country home. It was near the top of a deeply wooded ravine, and many miles from any public highway of travel. The family inhabited the second story, which was surrounded on three sides by a wide corridor. The ground floor was used for stables and storerooms. Through the stables, up a narrow flight of stairs, and on the right, was a large hall used for a general sitting and dining room, and on the left was the kitchen, more than half of the room being occupied by the base of an enormous chimney. Within this hallowed precinct were benches and chairs where visitors sometimes sat during the preparation of dinner. In the fireplace, behind the andirons, was a large iron sheet with the arms of Navarre in relief, and above this was cut in

stone the *fleur-de-lis*. In some of the rooms I saw chests and boxes inlaid with ebony and ivory of antique workmanship. The court-yard was inclosed by a high stone wall, and the gates were always securely closed at night. Over the entrance to the court-yard, and over the doorway, were the roughly sculptured arms of the family.

The de Rada family had been distinguished for many generations, sometimes in the service of the king, as great naval or military captains, and at other times, particularly from the time of the reign of Ferdinand VII., in resisting the royal authority on account of the encroachments of the crown upon the *fueros*, or rights of the Basque people. At the time of the first Carlist war, known as the Seven Years' War, the head of the family, (already long out of favor with the government) maintained many bands of *contrabandistas*, or smugglers; and these frequently had sanguinary conflicts with the regular troops. When the royal soldiers were sent into the Basque provinces to enforce the decrees of the crown against the Basque *fueros*, the bands of de Rada were always the first in the field to resist their advance.

In 1804, the de Radas first took up arms against the government. Godoy, one of the ministers of the King of Spain, undertook to enforce the Stamp Act in the Basque provinces; but the Home Deputations declared the proceeding to be contrary to their *fueros*, and an invasion of their rights. The government sent a body of troops across the Ebro; but the sturdy Basques, led by Antonio de Rada, gave them battle in the Somorrostro Mountains, and defeated them, causing the government to abandon the project of introducing its stamp duties into the Basque provinces.

Smuggling had been reduced to a science by the de Radas. Two kinds of *contrabandistas* were organized, wholesale and retail. The commerce of the former was on a large scale, and included all kinds of merchandise, transported by large and well-organized companies: while retail smuggling was carried on by isolated individuals, and was of articles of daily consumption, such as sugar, coffee.

chocolate, tobacco. In the Pyrenees, from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean, men, women, and children nearly all were smugglers. The alcalde of Salis, being cited before the government, said: "I am alcalde and smuggler; all in my department are also smugglers. Our country is only productive enough for six months in the year: and would you have us go into the plains and turn robbers the other six?"

While visiting the family of Don Gamis, I made the acquaintance of Doña Batista de Salis, of the little mountain burg of Salis, a young lady of rare beauty for that mountain region. She was a relative of the de Radas, and promised to tell me at some future time an interesting story of the father of Don Gamis, who was then still living. She was vivacious and intelligent, and had been educated at the convent school at Pau, the whilom capital of the kingdom of Navarre, when the Basque country extended from the Garonne to the Ebro.

One morning I accompanied Señorita Batista down to the upper waters of the Bidassoa. Here, she said, the old de Rada, then a young man, fell desperately in love with the intended bride of King Charles V. of Spain.

"It was," she continued, "in 1835, in the midst of the Seven Years' War, when Don Carlos was struggling for the possession of his crown. The Portuguese Princess of Beira, *fiancée* of Don Carlos, had left Naples to join the king in Spain. When they arrived near the Spanish frontier, *contrabandistas* were procured to conduct them across the border. All day they marched in the woods near the frontier, and, as night came on, the party, by accident, became separated. It was necessary to pass near the French troops that were guarding the frontier. De Rada was their chief guide, and remained with the Princess. With her was also Mademoiselle Marie de Palma, with whom the Princess had, on approaching the frontier, changed positions, so that Mademoiselle Marie was supposed by all the guides to be the Princess herself.

"At night they rested for a short time at a

cabin nearly surrounded by fifteen hundred soldiers, who were stimulated by the offer of a large reward for the capture of the Princess. The troops were heard approaching the spot, and de Rada with his party took flight to the bank of the river, followed by the enemy. The river was swollen by recent rains, but de Rada had promised to save the Princess and deliver her safely to her royal *fiancée*. The supposed Princess was with great difficulty carried across the river on the shoulders of de Rada and another stalwart guide. Already the noise of their pursuers was heard, and the audacious de Rada quickly recrossed the raging stream, seized the trembling real Princess, raised her boldly upon his shoulders, and having made a fervent sign of the cross, entered resolutely into the turbid river. The water came up to his armpits, and the violence of the current for the moment made him totter, and caused him to drop some distance down the stream. Behind was the noise of his pursuers, and the side he had just left was covered with uniforms. He made a supreme effort, and was happily able to place the Princess upon the soil of Spain.

"From this time de Rada was smitten with the supposed *dame d'honneur*, and showed her extraordinary attentions. The party was conducted to the house of de Rada's father, and after two days was united with the remainder of the party in the valley of the Baztan. The incognito of the Princess was then removed, and young de Rada was for a long time inconsolable by reason of his surprise and disappointment. The Princess presented him with a cross she wore when he carried her over the Bidassoa. She afterwards sent him a medallion containing her picture; these presents are still preserved with religious care in the family. Don Carlos also recognized his services by creating him a Knight of the Order of Isabel the Catholic. The morning after the royal party crossed the frontier, the French troops, mourning their loss, seized M. de Collegno, a French geologist who was examining the country along the banks of the Bidassoa, and carried him a prisoner to Bayonne, believing from his peculiar accent that he was the

brother of the Princess, who accompanied the party."

I found great difficulty in acquiring even a slender knowledge of the Basque language. It is the most difficult to learn of all the modern tongues. The conjugations are formed upon the same principles as the declensions. Each verb has eleven distinct moods, and is susceptible of two hundred and six conjugations! Words may be composed in several degrees: as, for instance, the word *Aitarenenarenenganicacoarenarenarenarequin* denotes four degrees removed from a common ancestor. It is a tradition in that country that the Evil One came among the Basques in very early times, and remained there three years without being able to acquire their language, and then left in dismay. This accounts, they say, for the upright character and rigid conduct of the Basque people. There is a Basque song which, in reference to the difficulty of acquiring the language, says:

"Seven years the Devil was
Studying Basque at Bilbao,
And he learned only to call
For wine, women, and tobacco."

Early one morning the good old priest of Salis ascended with me to a height above the little hamlet, to direct me on my way into the valley of the Baztan. Below us, in front, was a range of hills that descended gradually into the distant plain. Each variety of culture on their sides was marked by a different green. Beyond these hills were great summits, covered with wood or carpeted with ferns; and farther away, and higher still, almost lost in the clouds, were abrupt peaks, covered with vast bodies of snow, which glistened in the early morning sun like sheets of polished crystal.

As I descended the hill-sides, I encountered flocks of merinoes, with fleeces so heavy and long that they trailed upon the ground. It was late in the day when I began to hear the murmuring waters of the Baztan, as they hastened on their rocky way to mix with those of the historic Bidassoa. Just as I reached the road where some muleteers were

urging on their weary beasts, a joyous peal burst forth from the parish church. It was vesper time. Four or five bells responded, and their notes, falling on the clear air, awakened loud echoes in all the valley. I passed a great square tower with its cupola rising high up towards the horizon. A few steps more, and I entered Elizondo, the capital of the valley of the Baztan.

The burgh of Elizondo itself offered nothing very remarkable. It contained many very dull old houses, which, with their thick walls and grated windows, were more gloomy than in days of constant danger. Even the stones of which they were made contributed to form the general impression: they were of a reddish color common to the country, and had the appearance of preserving traces of blood, or the reflection of a conflagration. The streets were straight and badly paved. In the time of the Seven Years' War, Elizondo was taken and retaken, and successively served as the headquarters of the Carlists and Cri stinos; but the town always remained faithful to its anti-liberal convictions.

Whether isolated in the mountains or grouped in villages, Basque houses present a character of solidity which takes the place of elegance and other architectural qualities. They usually have but one story above the ground floor, and are built in the form of a square. The lower floor is reserved for mules and other beasts; and to arrive at the stairs which lead to the apartments above, it is necessary to pass through the stable. The Basque mountaineers, so honest (as the world goes) and laborious, and so attached to their families, give very little care to their habitations. The rooms are large, with the floors more or less broken, the walls disfigured, the beams black with smoke, and the furniture dark with dirt and old age, giving evidence too often of the carelessness and neglect of the household.

Every house that I observed, however miserable, was ornamented with one or two escutcheons, placed over the door, or at the angle of the wall in front. Every Basque family boasts of belonging to the nobility. Their escutcheons were of various forms and

dimensions: some of coarse workmanship, while others were engraved with art. Many were accompanied with devices, such as lions, eagles, leopards, bears, unicorns, and, in fact, all the fierce heraldic animals: also battle-mented towers, heads of Moors, crossed swords, and bloody hands—each intended to record some glorious event in the history of the country or family.

In the façade of a house at Elizondo was a chess-board roughly sculptured in stone. Of this I received the following explanation: During the sanguinary struggle between Sanchez the Strong and the Moors, commanded by Mohammed-el-Nasr, which terminated in the glorious victory of Navas de Tolosa, a battalion of Christians, composed entirely of men from the valley of the Baztan, entered the Moorish camp disguised as women, and surprised and completely routed the enemy. King Sanchez gave these valiant men a chess-board for a coat of arms, which their descendants continued to use, not only in Elizondo, but in Almandoz, Oyeregui, and other villages of the Baztan.

The valley of the Baztan, although in the province of Navarre, had the appearance of being an independent geographical division. In order to penetrate the heart of the province, I descended by a mountain pass, known as the *Port de Velate*. At this point I was still 2,500 feet above the level of the ocean. After passing through the little hamlet of Sorausen, I came, in my descent, to the burg of Villava, the finest specimen of a Basque village that I had yet visited. It contained but a single street, long and narrow: on both sides were enormous roofs which nearly met overhead. Some houses more ornamented than others proudly displayed luxurious decorations of medallion, flower-works, and foliage, grouped and composed in a style not unlike the work of the Renaissance. Many of these old houses were ornamented during the period when Spain, rich in gold of the New World, and undoubted mistress of half of Europe, invited the *beaux-arts* to bear witness to her opulence, as displayed by the artists of that epoch in her public and private houses.

After leaving Villava, the character of the country changed. I beheld in front an extensive plain, which, from the mountain-side where I stood, resembled a great basin. As I reached the bottom, I turned and looked back: the ground whereon I stood seemed locked to the horizon by the great mountain peaks, gray and bare, that I had lately traversed. Near the bottom of the plain, and cut into its side, was a large plateau, upon which the walled city of Pamplona rested. As I approached the city, I had a fine view in profile of its numerous steeples. Lower down ran the silvery Arga, with double rows of poplar trees upon its banks to mark its sinuous course. Wheat fields, farm-houses, and clusters of green foliage formed part of the landscape. I saw many little villages, too, whose heavy walls seemed less dull from being beneath the green ridges of neighboring hills.

The highway by which I approached Pamplona, like all the roads leading towards the city, was shaded by avenues of magnificent trees. I entered by a draw-bridge, which, I was told, was always taken up at night. In the new part of the city the streets were wide and laid out regularly, and the houses, built of brick, were modern in appearance. There were two promenades around the ramparts; of these, the *Taconera*, shaded by beautiful trees, was the finest. In the evening, nearly the entire population seemed to make the promenades their rendezvous. There were groups of pretty young ladies and misses, looking confident of the effects of their beauty. They were coquettish, too, and lively; they wore black manillas over their heads; their pretty petticoats of many colors were becomingly displayed, and their shoes and stockings showed off their feet to the best advantage. As they passed by, they threw piercing glances from their large and brilliant black eyes over the tops of their ever-moving fans. I observed that the men, according to Spanish usage, did not give their arms to ladies on the promenade, but walked either at their side, or, after the Eastern fashion, behind them, perhaps the better to watch their movements. The ladies talked and

laughed in merry, loud voices, in a manner altogether southern.

For a long period the kings of Navarre took only the title of King of Pamplona. Besides this, the city has but little left in remembrance of those days long past, when she was the capital of a powerful kingdom. The Cathedral, built by Charles the Noble, was of the Gothic style of architecture. The great portal was composed of Corinthian columns. The two towers were constructed in the same Greco-Roman style, and when viewed from the direction of Villava, gave a charming effect. The magnificence within was at first almost dazzling to the sight—not so much by reason of its vast dimensions as by the harmony of its proportions, the beautiful finish of the images, the lightness of the arches and columns, and the exquisite delicacy of the moldings. The door on the right, a real *chef d'œuvre*, was carved out of solid stone. In the middle of the cloister was a little uncultivated garden. The flowers and shrubs had returned to a wild state, and mixed their foliage in the most inextricable confusion; and running vines covered the sides of the buildings with green. But what a contrast on entering the sacristy! In visiting a church in Spain, the sacristy should never be forgotten. For comfort and real elegance, that of Pamplona was a model. The walls were hung with red damask, and splendid fresco and oil paintings covered the highest arches: lower down were some ancient but smaller pictures of ingenious conception, which treated solely of religious subjects. All about was gilding and colored glass. In each corner was a pretty Louis XV. pier table with distorted feet; and in an angle of the wall a handsomely ornamented place that supplied the monks with water.

On leaving Pamplona, I turned my steps towards Estella. I surmounted the height above Pamplona, and then proceeded slowly to ascend a series of summits through a region desolate and almost barren. The stony soil was covered with a thin but rare vegetation, composed of clusters of thyme and heath of a grayish shade tinted with red

Later in the day I descended to Puenta-la-Reina, a dull and sleepy village surrounded on three sides by water. Three streets ran through the town, and these were crossed by several others. Nearly all the surrounding plain was in vineyards, and the native wine which I drank was excellent. I was attracted towards a large edifice in the north end of the town. This was anciently a convent of the Knights Templar, one of those massive buildings of which, in the days of chivalry, that order erected many in different parts of Europe. The deep cloisters and the great neglected rooms appeared to be awaiting the return of the joyous workmen, and the exercise of their handicraft to recover that solitude from its silence of death. But such is Spain. Its civil government has been no less fatal to its greatness than the devastations of war. The expulsion of the Moors and the suppression of religious orders have done more to spread ruin throughout the peninsula than the arms of Abder-Rhman or the soldiers of the first Napoleon.

From Puenta-la-Reina I followed the banks of the Ega along an avenue of beautiful shade trees. The high mountains in front appeared to obstruct the river in its course; but suddenly it turned a sharp corner, and entered a narrow defile, where the great overhanging rocks seemed almost to meet overhead. The way was narrow, and cut out of the side of the rocks, but it soon widened, roads multiplied, and Estellá lay before me. I entered the grand plaza. Arcades were on all sides. I saw on the front of a public building a large star, Estella's coat of arms. Despite this emblem, which appeared greatly neglected, the town, in its general aspect, seemed not at all brilliant. I was afterwards told that its importance was great in the Middle Ages: so great that the Jews selected it as one of their principal centers. Four massive bridges of stone, of which only one remains, formerly united the two sides of the Ega. The quarter of the city lying on the left side of the river is at the base of a large mountain peak. Though gloomy and silent when I beheld it, this quarter served of old for the nucleus of

a population, as is attested by its ancient churches and palaces, half in ruins. A little higher up, on a plateau, stood the ruins of a Dominican convent, a building of more recent times. The ruins of this once beautiful edifice date from the time of the confiscation of church property in Spain. Through the open windows, across the broken arches, and under the beautiful rose-work, the sun and moon cast their rays without obstruction. The high, unsupported wall cut at twilight a dull but majestic profile. Climbing ivy had carpeted the chapel in green. In the interior, in the midst of violated tombs, mutilated statues, columns, and pendants, covered with dust, the inhabitants of this pious city had engraved upon the walls, in prose and verse, according to the inspiration of the moment, their regrets, wishes, and hopes.

The province of Navarre appeared to be divided into two distinct divisions, the north and the south, the mountain and the plain. Tafalla, the "Flower of Navarre," was the chief city of the plain, as Estella was of the mountain district. The inhabitants of Tafalla, like those of Tudela, Olite, and Pamplona, speak the Castilian tongue mixed with Basque: while those of the mountains and upland valleys speak the Basque language in its purity.

As I entered the plain on my road to Tafalla, I beheld an almost incomparable fertility; fruit trees, vineyards, and grain fields formed an uninterrupted garden. The most interesting thing at Tafalla was the palace and gardens constructed by Charles III. The palace was one of the wonders of that epoch, and the poem of Tasso furnished the model for the gardens. These were inclosed by high walls with battlemented towers; walks and porticoes, kiosks and pavilions, broke the monotony of the groves and thickets. The banqueting room, *el cenador del rey*, was remarkable for its richness and elegance. Seven sharp arcades without roofing formed an irregular polygon; underneath these were stone seats, inclosed by a delicately made iron railing. Each pillar supported a little bell turret, which was, on its

part, surmounted by a musical weather-cock that, by an ingenious piece of mechanism, turned at the least whisper of the wind, and caused a fountain in the center of the place to send out a spray to refresh the banqueters.

The padre Molino of Estella, a priest of extensive Basque learning, on my expressing a desire to visit some tribes of gypsies, gave me a letter of introduction to Don Juan Iturbe, the King of the Basque *gitanos*: of whose life the venerable padre gave me the following account: The father and mother of Don Juan were King and Queen of the Basque gypsies. When an infant, he was left for adoption with a well-known family at Tolosa, in the adjoining province of Guipuzcoa, to be there brought up until the age of fourteen years, when he was to return to his royal parents, and choose his calling. Don Juan was an industrious and thoughtful boy, and when he arrived at fourteen years of age, decided to study for the priesthood. On his visit to his parents he took an oath that if called upon at any time by the demands of his people, he would leave all and return to them. Some years elapsed. Don Juan had been ordained a padre, and his eloquent and fervent appeals on behalf of religion at the parish church, where he officiated as assistant, attracted many people. One stormy winter's night, as he sat in his study reading by a dim light, the door silently opened, and an aged woman, with her garments dripping with wet, entered. She advanced to Don Juan, and laid her hand upon his shoulder. There was an instant recognition. Not a word was spoken: she beckoned him to follow her. He rose, placed his priest's hat upon his head, and without changing his garb or extinguishing the lighted lamp, or even closing the book he was reading, followed her. He mounted a horse that awaited him at the door. For several hours they traversed highways and by-ways, mountain passes and narrow tracks, until they arrived near the bottom of a gorge, beneath a great cliff that overlooked the valley of the Baztan. There, on the ground, under the overhanging branches of some large fir

trees, lay the dead body of his father. The gypsy king, in a combat with a company of Spanish soldiers and custom-house guards, had been mortally wounded; and to save his body from falling into their hands, had thrown himself over the cliff, upon the rocks beneath. Over the dead body of the gypsy chief Don Juan swore to be avenged. He assumed at once the *gitano* crown; and a bolder, more defiant, or more revengeful outlaw had never been encountered by the government anywhere in the Pyrenees.

The royal gypsy headquarters were migratory, and the best informed could only locate them for a few days together. At last, after much marching and countermarching, I came up with them. His majesty, a dark, tall, and muscular man, with coal-black hair hanging carelessly down to his shoulders, received me with favor. During my visit among these strange people, I feasted at the royal board (that is, out of the royal caldron) on the green sward, or off the flat surface of the rocks.

In the Basque country the gypsies had no political or social classification. Although generally dispersed in groups, they joined together in moments of common danger. They formed bands of robbers and smugglers, and consolidated their strength on important expeditions. When there was no necessity for union, the bands separated and returned to their erratic and vagabond life. They appeared to be almost always moving about. "*Chukel sos piréla, cocal teréla*"—"A dog that runs finds the bone"—was a common maxim among them.

Like most mountain races, they were superstitious. While talking with Don Juan one night, just outside the camp, I heard the howling of a dog at some distant farmhouse. Suddenly the conversation ceased, and all listened with the greatest attention. "A bad omen," said Don Juan; and he explained to me that to hear the howling of dogs was a presage of death; "as it is also," he continued, "to hear the plaintive cry of a hooting cat, as I will show you," and he proceeded to produce from his limited effects the second volume of the *Roman de la Rose*,

édit. de Mèon, t. II., p. 91, v. 6,000, where Jean de Meung calls hooting cats—

"*Prophetes de male aventure,
Hileus messagier de doler.*"

Don Juan told me of a tradition in the bands that the *gitanos* originally came from the mountains of Arabia; that in very early times companies of them migrated into the Pyrenees and Alps, where they multiplied rapidly, and thence spread over other mountainous and unfruitful counties. About the middle of the fifteenth century they were directed by decree to be chased out of Spain, and fifty years later, out of France. They were treated like dangerous wild beasts. In French Navarre, the inhabitants were prohibited giving them refuge, under the penalty of a thousand dollars; and three hundred dollars were given for each gypsy captured. It was related that within the present century the seneschal of Béarn went into Navarre with his archers to hunt them out, but was given battle, captured, and held for ransom.

The language of the *gitanos* appeared to be a distinct idiom. By the use of a few words I was enabled to communicate intelligibly, even with those who spoke no other dialect. I could not discover any distinct classification of words. Among those in most common use were: *Amadoubelle*, God; *egachi*, woman; *oladi*, young lady; *tino*, infant; *quebarobeng*, devil; *chukel*, dog; *grami*, horse; *sitcaya*, cat; *lacho*, good; *pair*, drink; *olacho*, boy; *foucarra*, pretty; *basta*, hand; *raja*, mother; *lazi*, night; *bato*, father; *sunglo*, tobacco. In making the sign of the cross, they say:

Leba tusket, In name of the Father;
Echa Bisquet, And the Son;
Le Apelinguet, And the Holy Ghost;
Taberamente, Amen.

I saw some Gitanos at San Jean de Luz, called Cascarots, (from the Basque word *Cascarotac*) who spoke precisely the same dialect as those of the mountains of Navarre. The Cascarots were mostly jugglers. The young people, both male and female, were chosen at festivals, in processions and escorts of honor, to go in front, and kept

constantly dancing. The male costume consisted of white pantaloons and red sash, the pantaloons being lined along the seams with little copper bells, much after the fashion of the public dancers of the Middle Ages. The females on such occasions wore short white dresses covered with roses. But the Cascarots formed the exception to the general rule of Gitanos. They went on fishing and shooting expeditions, like the other inhabitants: and little by little were becoming amalgamated with the population of the town, which did not gain in morality by the contact.

In cold winter weather the Basque gypsies inhabit the abandoned cabins of shepherds on the mountain-tops, isolated barns, or the hollow trunks of trees; and in the early spring return to the bare earth and open air.

On the highways and in the streets of the villages I frequently encountered the women of this dark-skinned race, dressed in many colored rags, and surrounded by half-naked children. They always begged to tell my fortune, for which I uniformly crossed the palms of their hands with a small silver coin. At night I sometimes met in isolated places a group of these beings, men, women, and children: some stretched out in the dirt, and others, squatting on their heels, followed the occupation of the mendicant of Murillo: while others still prepared, in some old stolen pot; a horrible mixture of vegetables and half-rotted meat.

The Basque gypsies sometimes poison cattle, thereby supplying themselves with ample booty for the caldron; at other times they collect animals that have died of disease, of whatever kind, and disinfect them by means of herbs, of which only they know, and feed upon them with impunity. In Basque villages, animals are seldom buried, but are carried into the mountains and precipitated into a ravine where the *gitanos* and birds of prey dispute for their flesh. The gypsies

seemed to be gifted with a scent as subtle as carnivorous animals.

The domestic relations of the *gitanos* are peculiar. Men and women live together by mutual consent; but on the least disagreement they separate, each taking another partner. "I do not want you any longer," says one; "I am going to look for another companion." "I am going to do likewise," says the other; and immediately, without formality, other unions are formed. If a *gitano* is in prison, whether he has children or not, his spouse takes another husband during the time of his detention; and when released, he returns to his last wife or takes another. Their fidelity consists in living in the same band or group, or under the same roof. A woman may have as many as seven or ten or more husbands, one after the other; the mother sometimes marrying the husband of her daughter, and *vice versa*; on the least difference of opinion, either one leaves the other, and there is no animosity. They have no defined religion. At childbirth the *gitano* goes into a neighboring town and fixes her choice upon one of the richest families, which from that time, following the usage of the country, provides nourishment for the mother and linen for the infant. Domiciled in the communes, the children of gypsies go to the common schools as indigents, free of charge, and learn to read and write quickly. They remain until the time of their first communion, when they go like the other children to the church: but as soon as the ceremony is finished they leave the place, never to return. The gypsy boys wait until they are sixteen years of age, when they marry according to their fancy; but the girls, more precocious than their brothers, enter at once on a life of licentiousness. The gypsy children are almost sure to return to the forest, without regard to the manner of their bringing up: "*Aitzean yaiac, aitzerat naki*"—"He that is born in the forest will always return to it"—is a maxim of the Basque *gitanos*.

EDWARD KIRKPATRICK.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

JOHN BURROUGHS.

THOREAU thought there was no scent in society so "wholesome as that of the pines; nor any fragrance so penetrating and restorative as that of the life-everlasting in high pastures."

Now it happens that society itself is involved in a delicious confusion of mind about this matter. During the months with an R in them, it laughs to scorn all Thoreauish sentiments like the above. "The idea of that piece of icy stoicism daring the flout at dear society!" But about the middle of May—"O dear, this stupid, dreary city! Do, dear papa, hurry and get us away to the country. And please don't forget to buy us some of Thoreau's books, or that dear John Burroughs's 'Birds and Poets,' or his 'Locusts and Wild Honey,' or Mr. Gibson's 'Pastoral Days.'"

In a hyper-self-conscious age that flies to art and nature to escape thought about itself, such an author as John Burroughs was predestined to popularity. No, not predestined. Surely destiny has not done it all. We shrewdly suspect Mr. Burroughs of having at the outset felt the pulse of the age, and taken a diagnosis of its case, with the double and praiseworthy object of helping to effect the cure of said age, and also of feathering his own nest. That is to say, he has happily suppressed the sentimental and subjective side of his nature, and given us solely its objectivity. He is absolutely the healthiest and cheeriest author in the world—as fresh as a piece of dripping wild honey-comb, or an Adirondack stream; strong, hearty, full of a delicious humor, nutty, objective, medicinal—you can never read many pages in a book of his without experiencing a change of heart, and indulging in a good, quiet, stomachic laugh—an interior, chuckling laugh, that stirs up your "witals," as old Mr. Weller would say, and puts you into a state of mind that "hath in it

a participation of divineness." There are signs that he has cast a good many owl-glimpses into the be-cobwebbed corners of transcendentalism, and pondered not a little over the "wingy mysteries of divinity"; but hardly a trace of it all appears in his writings. To invert Bassanio's simile, his subjectivities and sentimentalities are like three pieces of chaff hid in two bushels of wheat: you shall search all day ere you find them, and when you have them you don't care for them.

Mr. Burroughs was fortunate in his birth-place and the scenes of his boyhood. In the Catskill region he was born, and in the same region he now lives (at *Æsopus-on-the-Hudson*). He could hardly help becoming a lover of poetry and nature under the circumstances. From his native stream (the *Pepacton*, or east branch of the Delaware) he has named one of his books. He says of this stream that "all its tributaries are swift mountain brooks fed by springs the best in the world. It drains a high pastoral country lifted into long, round-backed hills and rugged wooded ranges by the subsiding impulse of the Catskill range of mountains, and famous for its superior dairy and other farm products." The writer of these lines once made a brief foot excursion through this region. It is as full of enchanting scenery as are the Litchfield hills. Indeed, it is an integral part of New England, geologically and topographically, if not humanly so. A land of springs, fruits, fine horses, wild "cloves" or gorges, blue vistas, and bracing airs. In our country of immigrants, geniuses pop up in the most unexpected quarters; but nearly all unite in drifting eastward at an early day. Mr. Burroughs happily found himself in pretty nearly the right longitude. But, minding the adage about home-keeping youths, he changed his latitude a little, and went to Washington, where he held a

government clerkship for a number of years. He here wrote his first book, "Wake Robin" (1871). It revealed an elegant and robust mind, and showed careful observation of nature; but it contained little keen observation of human life, and little of the fine humor of his later books. It was, on the whole, a rather diaphanous and frigid production. His next work, "Winter Sunshine," appeared in 1875. This book may be said to have established his reputation. He has taken a long stride. The essays are meaty and genial. The sunshine of them is far from being wintry. Here was an author, entirely fresh and individual, working a unique vein, with plenty of *aplomb* and stomach, and cheerily oblivious of dyspeptic criticism of the knights of the midnight lamp.

Plenty of genial humor now, as mellow as his mellow essay on "Mellow England." His essay on England, by the way, included in the volume, "Winter Sunshine," is, next to Emerson's "English Traits," the best bit of American talk about England since the days of Irving and Hawthorne. He tells you about those little common *differentia* that everybody else forgets to mention. Was there ever such a keen-scented fact-sniffer in England before? A Greek from this new morning-land, a gay and boyish and canny Yankee Chaucer, effervescing with fun, despising abject worship of things British, determined to see England with unsealed, aboriginal eyes, and reverent eyes too.

The next published volume of Mr. Burroughs, "Locusts and Wild Honey," is a most charming collection of nature essays. The most capital sketch is that on "Our Rural Divinity," the cow. The reader little suspects how his sides are going to ache with laughing when he begins to read this piece.

The author's next volume, "Birds and Poets," appeared in 1877. Like all of his books, it is made up chiefly of essays which had previously appeared in various journals. It shows the influence of wider reading and deeper thinking. We have here the scholar and man of letters, as well as the naturalist.

We have felicitous quotations from ancient and modern classics. The study of Emerson is as elegant and keen a piece of criticism as has appeared in America. If we should criticise the sublimated diction of this essay, we should say of it what the author himself says of Emerson's style: "It is too condensed. We would fain have a little bread with our preserves." The essay on Walt Whitman, included in "Birds and Poets," is more the eulogy of a disciple than the work of a critic. There is too much of Whitman's peculiar diction in it also.

"Pepacton" is the title of the author's latest work. It is made up of short nature-studies, which fully sustain his reputation.

The style of Mr. Burroughs is simple and idiomatic in the extreme. It is this elegant classicism of his style which has hindered his writings from making a wide-spread and immediate sensation, such as more flashy writings make. His books are printed talks. He tells his story with the plainness and directness of a hunter or a wood-chopper, and as naively as a boy. Almost every sentence contains a fact. Indeed, so plain are some of his essays that they pass out of the pale of literature, and become little more than the notes of a student of natural history. But then this is all they were intended to be. We like this naked simplicity. Facts are poetry. We are pleased with the absence of affectation and sentimentalizing. But to become critical: we don't like *too much* of this bald realism.

The simplicity itself seems affected sometimes. The understatement and suppression of enthusiasm is decidedly too prominent. The style at times is too tame and subdued; seems to "flat out." And as we feel pretty certain that he could be enthusiastic enough if he chose, we are vexed with him for not allowing his convictions to flame out occasionally. We long for a few hearty downright blows, and volcanic explosions of wrath or fun. Two men have had a great influence in forming his mind—Whitman and Thoreau. He resembles Whitman more than he does Thoreau. Thoreau was a reformer, a moral enthusiast,

a preacher of righteousness. But Burroughs seems as innocently and jollily pagan as a faun or an ariel. However, as we have said, he is a man who limits himself, draws into his own proper circle, and leaves to others what they can best do. His business is with nature. Mr. Burroughs has not all of the rare delicacy of Thoreau. Thoreau studied birds with a spy-glass; Burroughs studies them with a gun. But let us not ask too much of one man. We would not have all our pet authors alike. We like not to point out the little faults in these universal favorites. Mr. Burroughs's exquisite humor and cheeriness outweigh abundantly his minor

faults. He ought to be the founder of a school of authors. He seems to us the forerunner of a healthier class of writers. It seems as if a nobler renaissance were dawning; one that shall have all the lusty energy and joy of the pagan renaissance, without its grossness; a revival of gay-heartedness and morningness; a higher *naïve*, which, accepting the universe as it is, shall feel in harmony with it and with its laws, and surrender itself gladly to simple and passive enjoyment of nature's sublimity and beauty. Of such a morning-time the author of whom we have been speaking is no unworthy herald.

W. SLOANE KENNEDY.

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

CASSELL'S POPULAR LIBRARY. Cassel, Petter & Co., New York. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

This is a series of neat 16mo books, clad in stiff brown paper, and well adapted for slipping into one's pocket for a day in the woods, or for a journey by rail or boat. Each volume is furnished with a well-arranged topical index, which adds to its value.

The first one of the seven last published deals with *The Wit and Wisdom of Parliament*, and is written by Henry Latchford. He manages to give many glimpses of important movements of English parliamentary history. Of course, no one could expect more than a summary in one hundred and ninety pages of brevier type; but there are graphic illustrations of notable events, from the impeachments of Buckingham and Stafford to Gladstone's suspension, last year, of Dillon, Parnell, and thirty-seven of their followers.

England's Colonial Empire is described by R. Acton. He gives a brief account of all the British dependencies except India, and throws incidentally much light upon colonial policy and administration. He believes in a closer union of the Australasian colonies; but has no faith in the need or practicability of an imperial confederation. His views on the subject of commercial liberty and the gradual growth of self-government among these rising English commonwealths of Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, are liberal and strongly stated. The portion of the book most open to criticism is that relating to the agricultural resources of Manitoba, and the new settlements on the shores of Lake Winnipeg and Nelson River. The

colonization pamphlets, which in these days are seen, we are informed, at every railway station in England, state, for instance, that "excellent grapes can be grown in Manitoba," regardless of isothermal lines and comparative nearness to the North Pole.

Gustave Mason contributes to the series a volume upon *The Huguenots*. Nothing seems to supersede D'Aubigne and Felice, for the periods of which they treat; but this brief treatise touches with judgment upon the important events from the Reformation, in the sixteenth century, to the growing strength of modern French protestantism in 1880.

The England of Shakspeare, written by E. Gooldby, has attracted more attention than any other volume of this series. It tries to be a concise and fairly complete account of the England in which the great poet lived and wrought. It has no theories to set forth, but it gives in plain language the results of much study of acknowledged authorities, and of those minute details which help to make the picture seem real. There are things about a country which statistics cannot show, and which too often elude the writers of histories with battles to describe and court intrigues to unravel. We wish to know the spirit, social life, and daily occupation of the people; their churches, schools, theaters, wayside inns, rural sports, ballads, and superstitions are all of interest. In this volume there is a fund of well-digested information on these and similar points. There is no attempt at fine writing, and the style is simple, dignified, forcible, well adapted to its themes, and at times vividly eloquent.

The Wit and Wisdom of the Bench and Bar, by the Hon. F. C. Moncrieff, shows careful choice

from the abundant resources afforded by the English, Scotch, and Irish judiciary, and helps one's understanding of the way in which great rights were defined and guarded by upright judges, and at times imperiled by corrupt ones. Glimpses of the splendid eloquence of Erskine and Brougham are given. Solicitor-General Wedderburn's terrific invective of Benjamin Franklin, who had secured letters revealing the secret plans of the Royal Governor of Massachusetts, is spoken of as "fatal," because the author thinks that but for Franklin's "implacable resentment there would have been no American war"—a conclusion which shows little knowledge of the struggle in which Franklin was but one of many leaders in a movement which was neither hastened nor delayed by such personalities.

English Journalism, and the Men who have made it, should be of interest; and Charles Peabody undertakes to tell how the modern newspaper started and grew from a mere fashion record, and a vehicle for personal abuse and partisanship, into the giant combinations of capital and brains which are represented by the London "Times," "Standard," "News," and "Telegraph." Those who read the articles recently published in "Harper's Monthly" about English journals will find the present volume more comprehensive, and equally graphic. The author has full sympathy with his subject. He appreciates the difficulties of gathering and properly presenting news, with apt and honest comments and criticisms of men and affairs; while he honors the trained enthusiasm of correspondents on battle-fields, and midnight editors writing, against time, their leaders which decide that delicate subject, "the course of the paper." It would be well if every young man in newspaper work in city or country could lay well to heart the lessons of these pages—that it pays to do one's best; that the great journals were built up by adherence to conviction; and that the true journalist lives among men, a part of all that is, and is the proper person to report everything that happens, and to be ready with a prompt and clear opinion upon it. It may be added that the men who wrote their way to journalistic fame did so because, by hard work, they made themselves masters of a "taking" and natural style. That is the main point for young men to remember.

Rev. S. A. Swaine endeavors to condense into one hundred and ninety pages the *The History of the Religious Revolution of the Sixteenth Century*. The author attempts to trace the influences which led to the reformation in Germany, Switzerland, England, and elsewhere. Without attempting to conceal errors into which many earnest reformers were led, he points out the benefits, religious and civil, which came from their effort to return to the spirit and form of primitive Christianity. It is written in a calm, judicial way, free from prejudice or sectarian bias.

GUERNDALE: AN OLD STORY. By J. S. of Dale. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Guerndale is said to be the novel of the season. As several other books are also said to be each the novel of the season, this may be taken for what it is worth; it remains true that Guerndale is one of the half-dozen most important novels that have been issued from American presses in this year 1882. To say that it is a clever book—even that it is an exceedingly clever book—would hardly give a correct idea of it: it would be more true to say that, with any amount of exceeding cleverness in it, it somehow miraculously escapes being more than pretty clever in its *tout ensemble*. Oddly enough, while its whole construction is planned with an excessive unity, while the narrative clings as tightly as a Jersey jacket to the eponymous Guerndale, there is, nevertheless, much lack of unity in the book. Guerndale's story and the study of his character are its avowed objects; but, by means of a convenient chorus in the shape of the cynical and elderly college friend, Norton Randolph, such a background of agnostic speculation on the objects of life is spread for Guyon Guerndale's complex yet harmonious life-story, that at several points the reader is convinced that this same speculation was, after all, reason for being; and even after it has ended with a "return to the key-note" of Guyon and his ancestral fates, while the speculations are left in *statu quo*, without leading to any conclusion whatever (not even to the negative one that no conclusion is possible)—even after this ending has probably settled the question that all this speculative cleverness is merely *mise en scene*, important, at best, only for its influence on Guerndale's character, the reader's memory of the book is still visited by occasional misgivings as to the soundness of this interpretation.

Probably the author would not in the least object to the reader's being confused on this point: his clever talk about the objects of life, and the aspects of American life, is evidently dear to him, and he could even bear to have it cloud the clearness of his novel. Nevertheless, it has probably spoiled a good story. No recent novel has started out with a better Hawthorne-like plot; indeed, it forcibly suggests the "House of Seven Gables," without any objectionable imitation. The hereditary bond of injury done and unexpiated, the reappearance of the old Sir Godfrey type in his descendant, the consciousness of ancestry, and the sense of one's forefathers still living in one's own person, the hinted crime of Simmons against Sir Guyon reappearing in the crime of "Symonds" against Guy—even the tragic hopelessness of the fate that pursues the Guerndales, the victory of evil over good: all this is material for a good story, and is not ill handled; indeed, is well, and one only stops short of saying finely, handled.

Yet, on the other hand, it *does* stop short of being finely handled; still farther short of being powerfully.

One has to pause and think over the story after reading, and think what fine material there was for a greater writer to have used, before it affects his mood—and affect one's mood such a story certainly ought. After all, perhaps it is as well that "J. S. of Dale" blurred his tragedy out of all effectiveness with so much *mise en scene*. For of the "clever talk" that makes up so much of this *mise en scene*, a great deal is *very* clever. To be sure, it is in no wise original; but the author frankly admits that. And the extensive array of ideas from Greece, China, Europe ancient and modern, is both discriminate and sympathetic. In spite of the French, Spanish, Italian, German, Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Greek, that is quoted, the exhaustive list of philosophers from Lao-tse to Herbert Spencer with whom a good acquaintance is shown, there are only two or three touches of pedantry or of brandishing knowledge in the book. The author takes it as a matter of course that we should know these things, and is writing for people that will also take it as a matter of course. An assortment of remarkably "well-put" sayings could be culled here: the cynical remark that the Puritans came here for one thing, to worship God, and found another, a balance of trade in their favor; the agnostic lamenting the decline of Christianity, like "Billy Bixby, who admitted to me one day that he never went inside of a church himself, but that it would make him seriously unhappy if his mother and sisters ceased doing so"; "that bodily fear of books which seems to possess many a healthy boy, as of a drawer of dentists' tools"; "Hackett, who was secretly grinding for honors, but feared such ambitions, if known, might injure his political influence in the class." Some good description, too, which touches the point of high art once, where Guerdale and Randolph, with the Russian army, wait the Turkish attack on the breastworks before Plevna.

"Then there came a roar of cannon rending the silence, making the clear air tremulous. The foremost column of the attack was now half-way through the wheat; and the wind of the burning powder swept down through the yellow corn fields, bending the grain, and a great flash of scarlet came over the valley, where the red of the poppies came up through the yellow."

We have spoken of one thing that destroys the unity of intention in Guerdale. A more serious thing, and the thing that will probably be the death of the book, is a deplorable breach of unity in spirit. The incongruity of Guy's pure nature and life on pages almost perfumed with the odor of wine and whisky, and pervaded by the echoes of "damns," is across the line into the disgusting. No doubt our author knows his Harvard; that is evident in every shade of slang; so we, not being of Harvard, are not prepared to deny that the wine-drinking, swearing, gambling, betting life here described may be, at Harvard, entirely compatible with the high-minded natures ascribed to Randolph and Guerdale; and that at Harvard such men can hold as bosom

friends men beside whose lives the above-mentioned habits are Puritanism. As to our author's further assumption that to be more or less of a rake is one of the essentials of a gentleman, (and this he succeeds in assuming with quite a Thackeray-like air) we venture to doubt, even as to Harvard. At all events, if "J. S. of Dale" could not honestly describe his hero's college years as consisting of anything but alternately pouring down wine and talking ethics, it would have been far better for his book to have left the whole college episode ruthlessly out; and this, not as a concession to any squeamishness in his maiden or matron readers, but as a mere matter of artistic taste.

As it is, in every point—as a romance, as a treatise, as a picture of life, as a study of character, as consistently entertaining pages—Guerdale falls short of success, while coming near enough to it to provoke comparison with what it *might* have been.

AN ECHO OF PASSION. By George Parsons Lathrop. Boston: Houghton, Millin & Co. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

This is a story whose movement is both rapid and concentrated. Indeed, its action is so positively to the point, its course so direct and unhesitating, and its claims upon the reader's interest so definitely importunate, that the book cannot well be laid aside, until, with Benjamin and Ethel Fenn, one has hastened to the pathetic climax of an all but tragic summer's history. "The End" is reached; a keen dissatisfaction seizes upon the absorbed follower of these human fortunes. Half angrily the volume is flung aside, and with full faith in his own words, he cries: "O rank improbability! Nay, more: the story is grossly unnatural."

A fair enough first estimate this, of Mr. Lathrop's latest work; and reasonable, truly, if the story alone stood forth for judgment.

This of all others, figuring as a bare recital, grates and jars, and even wounds. A man and his wedded wife, away from home in summer time, meet a pure and good woman who, long ago, as a beautiful young girl, sang to the husband, then an undeveloped student. The unrecognized charm woven for him in the past, by her voice and personality, is renewed, and finally acknowledged. Faithless to his wife, faithless to himself, faithless to the honor of womanhood, Benjamin Fenn yields to his passion; and, but for strength sent from the very heavens to Anice Eulow, in the hour of sore temptation, with her would have trampled upon the past, upon his wife's heart, upon all right and law. Such a *dénouement* is mercifully averted, and life falls back into its old channels.

Skeletonized, the thing is, of a truth, "grossly unnatural." We assure ourselves that in polite, refined, and select society, it *could* not come to pass. But here lies the very point that startles one, upon

turning these pages a second time. The accents, the atmosphere, the palpable presence of polite society, are precisely what Mr. Lathrop *has* reproduced in *An Echo of Passion*. Nothing could be more skillful than his presentation of its phrase, its attitude and bearing. And in its midst, among its perfumes, courtesies, graceful toilets, and fine, light air of carelessness, this ignoble experience has had place and part. The charge of improbability, of unnaturalness, must, alas! be withdrawn.

The question immediately follows, What profit, what consolation is to be obtained from the contemplation of so sad and so ugly a fact? And if none, why further grieve the soul of humanity by even the most delicately worded and artful presentation of it?

An Echo of Passion is strongly written. It is dramatically contrived, and contains passages abounding in poetic beauty. What could be more exquisite than the fancy of "thrushes swaying their slow, ecstatic yet melancholy notes on the tree-tops." Or this: "The moonlight looked as if it had lain forever on the woods and passive earth, and as if it would never go away. Transient as it is, there is more of eternity in this calm illumination than in the swift and stimulating light of the sun."

And this again, of the note of the wood-thrush: "Its lonely, exquisite refrain made the listeners think of a shattered ray of sunlight, falling pensively into the recesses of greenery, whence the notes issued; and a blending of sorrow, or it may be of longing, streamed into the light mood of the previous moment."

But, in spite of touches like these, the feeling asserts itself that their charm had been better displayed elsewhere. Their connection with the pitifulness of human frailty darkens their luster, and inspires gentle regret where one would fain find only admiration for their talented author.

CALIFORNIA FOR HEALTH, PLEASURE, AND RESIDENCE. A book for travelers and settlers. New edition, thoroughly revised. By Charles Nordhoff. 1882. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Nine years have passed since the first edition of Mr. Nordhoff's work on California made its appearance in the literary arena; and nine years in California is a long time. The author has had to note so many new matters that, as he tells us in his preface, the book is almost entirely rewritten. He has added much useful information on the subjects of colonies, grapes and wine, raisin-making, canning and drying fruits, irrigation, small farms—all of which has been gathered from the experience of the last few years. For the benefit of the tourist, he has depicted in rosy tints the trip across the continent; the luxury of railroad travel at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour; the excellent fare; the attentive waiters; the beautiful scenery. He tells him where to go, how

long to stay if his time is limited, and how much it costs. The chapter on Southern California for Invalids deserves the careful attention of those who seek for some favored spot where to regain lost vigor and health. But the author says nothing about the Chinese question or the Chinese; nothing about mining, or that bone of contention, the *debris*—matters which, treated by so able a writer and so thorough an investigator as Mr. Nordhoff, would have been of much interest and value.

As it is, the book will maintain its reputation as the leading work on the subject of which it treats.

MONEY-MAKING FOR LADIES. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co. 1882.

This sensible and practical volume, by Ella Rodman Church, abounds in bright suggestions. Of the various undertakings recommended and enlarged upon in its thirteen chapters, all are feasible, the majority reasonably remunerative, and a few capable of being made eminently profitable.

This is saying much for the good judgment and self-restraint of the writer, in a time when books of this class are so frequently given over to chimerical nonsense. She has evidently made thorough investigation of the plans she advocates, and offers advice from the standpoint of authenticated knowledge only.

In addition to accuracy, the author possesses a graceful familiarity of style, which places the reader *en rapport* with a seeming sympathy and personal interest not to be despised. If "Ysolte of the white hands" is driven to the unpleasant necessity of making a little money, and is of a mind with the crum-pet-woman, "who, when crying her wares, hoped to goodness no one heard her," she resents a cold and high-flown discussion of this delicate matter. A confidential and feminine chat is far more to her liking; and if this weakness is unintentionally humored by the idiomatic phrase and gossipy periods of the latest money-making manual, the fact is certainly none the less to the advantage of the latter. The *Boarding-house Question*, *Housekeepers' Opportunities*, the *Needle*, *Teaching*, *Literature*, *Art*, *House-decoration*, *Gardening*, and various other topics are touched upon within the limit of some two hundred pages. That so extended a list cannot have been exhaustively treated in that space goes without saying; but counsel, instruction, and anecdote are all wisely chosen, and the little work should rank as a success.

A TALLAHASSEE GIRL. (Round Robin Series.) Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

We have been extremely puzzled in reading this very clever novel to determine whether the author is a Northerner with Southern predilections, or a Southerner with advanced views. Certainly the balance

is evenly held, and more than justice done to the representatives of each section. To say that the story is faultless would be an exaggeration; for it must be admitted that the author's favorite characters sometimes seem to leave the walks of every-day life, and to soar into the empyrean, beyond the intellectual gaze of the ordinary reader. Again: incidents and descriptions which have no necessary connection with the story are lugged in here and there, as if to show what the author could do in the way of fine writing when he (or possibly she) tried. The *motif* of the story is very simple and well told. Lucie La Rue, a typical Southern girl, and that of the highest type, loves and is engaged to Colonel Arthur Vance, whom she had known from her childhood. Herman Willard, an amateur artist, and Lawrence Cawthorne, a newspaper correspondent, both Northerners, fall in love with the beautiful girl; and each, to his immense surprise, finds, in the last chapter, that Lucie is not the victim of a family matrimonial arrangement, but that her hand and heart are given together to Arthur Vance. Of course, in a book of this kind, the character studies form its principal part; and it may be truly said that the delineations of character here, from Judge La Rue, the ruined Southern gentleman of the old school, to Mister Jumas, the negro living in the great swamp, are vivid, truthful, and well sustained. The book, on the whole, is one of the best of the series, and is better than the average novel of the day.

THE FOUR MACNICOLS. By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

The Four MacNicol is an interesting little boys' book about four sturdy Scotch laddies, who are thrown entirely on their own resources by the death of MacNicol, the father of three of the boys and the uncle of the fourth.

Bob, the eldest, is a determined youth of about eighteen, who has the habit of taking things into his own hands, and ruling the other three MacNicol, as well as all the other lads in the little fishing village, with a rod of iron. His rule is on the whole a beneficent one, however, and his regulations just.

The story leaves the boys in comfortable circumstances, as they have by industry and economy got well out of their financial troubles, and own their own boat as well as other property.

In this little story the somber tints so common in Black's books are left out, or merely touched on, leaving a sunny, pleasant, and readable little romance. The death of the boys' father is of course a shock to them, but it is also a motive for hard work, and they apply themselves in a healthy boy fashion to provide for their present needs, with no plans except for the immediate future, and very few regrets for the past.

MADAME LUCAS. (Round Robin Series.) Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

This book is chiefly remarkable for its badness. There is no plot, no beauty of description, no analysis of motive or action, to redeem it from the worst fault of a novel, dullness. The characters are improbable, the incidents either commonplace or impossible, and the dialogue, by turns, puerile and stilted. The favorable opinion created by former issues of the Round Robin Series will not receive any material assistance from the work in question. However, as even Homer nods sometimes, we may hope for better things in future: not, perhaps, from the author of "Madame Lucas," but from other issues of the series.

PEABODY'S HAND-BOOK OF CONVERSATION. Mistakes of speaking and writing corrected. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1882. For sale by C. Beach.

This is one of the many little books of doubtful utility that try to teach by special precept those things that are the instinctive product of good breeding and good education. Nevertheless, it contains two good lectures on the general subject of conversation, one by Dr. Peabody of Harvard, and one by Francis Trench; and Dr. Peabody is the compiler. These names insure that the book is, at least, good of its kind. The lectures are followed by a long list of corrections of "current improprieties" of grammar, pronunciation, and even spelling. Some of these corrections are valuable, some merely fussy, some too obvious to be useful anywhere but in the school-room.

FRENCH HISTORY FOR ENGLISH CHILDREN. By Sarah Brook. Revised and edited by George Cary Eggleston. 1882. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Mrs. Brook has admirably succeeded in condensing the main facts of French history into a small space, and in expressing and arranging these facts in a manner so simple as to be within the comprehension of a child eight years old. But above all, she has succeeded in making the work interesting; and this alone sufficiently recommends it as a book for little ones.

FIELD BOTANY. By Walter P. Manton. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

The purpose of this book is to teach beginners how to preserve the botanical specimens they collect; also how to arrange them in a herbarium. Directions are also given how to photograph leaves,

with very simple apparatus that any one can procure, and to skeletonize leaves. The directions are clearly given.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We have also received George M. Baker's *Reading Club and Handy Speaker*, No. 10. For sale by C. Beach. Some sixty selections for school recitations and the like. It is rather below the average excellence of such collections. *Sacrifice, or the Living Deal*, by Will S. Green, editor of the "Colusa Sun," Colusa, is a prize story of the San Francisco "Call." Its scene is laid in Palestine, and its events deal with the supernatural. *The Villa Bohemia*, by Marie Le Baron, comes from Kochendoerfer & Urie, New York. A flippant story,

not without some elements of brightness. There is no seriousness of intention whatever in it, and the dashing, girlish conversations, its only good point, degenerate often into silly caricature. *Stevenson's Regiment in California*, compiled by their comrade, Francis D. Clark, New York, is a memorial volume, "prepared simply as a book of information for my old comrades." It contains the "names of the members of the regiment during its term of service in Upper and Lower California, 1847-48, with a record of all known survivors on the 15th day of April, 1882, and those known to be deceased," etc. It is for private circulation among the survivors of the regiment. *Notable Thoughts about Women*, by Maturin M. Ballou. Over 400 pages of quotations (3471 in all) from most of the authors under the sun on the subject of women. Thoroughly indexed.

OUTCROPPINGS.

A GAME OF CHESS.

Yes, I love her most madly, but she shall not guess
The state of my heart, while we calmly play chess.
That she is my angel, she knows not nor cares,
As she opens the game with king's pawn two squares.
And I answer the move in the usual way,
Not caring a straw to win in the play;
But thinking the rather how charming her look,
As she lays that deep scheme and captures my rook.
She bends her fair head—so it catches the light,
And her hands are so pretty, so soft, and so white.
But what, she is blushing!—her play, too, has erred;
For I've taken her queen's knight to his third.
It must be she feels my unmannerly stare,
Or knows from my play that my mind is not there.
But we move still more wildly—I hardly can say
Whether white men or red are mine in the fray;
And, indeed, I can't help it, but, silent no more,
I'll tell her at once that her I adore.

* * * * *

That was long, long ago; and now o'er our game
We bend, as of old, but with feelings more tame;
Yet, no matter what years to our lives may be fated,
We'll forget not the game when both players were mated.

CHARLES S. GREENE.

WASHINGTON IN 1806.

The original of the letter given below was written by Dr. Samuel Latham Mitchell, who was at its date a Senator of the United States from the State of New York.

Dr. Mitchell obtained his degree of M. D. at the University of Edinburgh, in the year 1786, and

afterward rose to a high position among the medical practitioners in the city of New York. Moreover, he took a prominent part in the political affairs of the day. He was, in succession, a member of the Assembly of the State of New York, one of its Representatives in Congress, and finally a Senator. Dr. Mitchell died in the year 1831.

This letter was written to the wife of his colleague in the Senate.

WASHINGTON, 6th April, 1806.

MY DEAR MADAM:

My friend and colleague, the General, has again put me in mind of a request from yourself and Miss —— that I should write you something about the manners, fashions, and doings at Washington. In reality, madam, I scarcely know how to undertake a task of this kind, after the full accounts that the Senator must have given you from one session of Congress to another. When you make such modest inquiries from a man who is much occupied with the serious concerns of the nation, you must not be disappointed if the information should be scanty and imperfect.

The amusements in which ladies partake are, chiefly, evening parties, where tea is drank and cards are played; private balls given by the people of fashion to the gay persons of their acquaintance; and the public assemblies, where contra-dances and cotillons are performed, between the middle of December and the middle of March.

They also go to the Capitol, the large building in which Congress meets, and there listen to the debates. There is a theater for comedians, in which plays are sometimes performed.

In the latter part of autumn the annual horse-races are attended by the ladies, as well as the gentlemen, of the first quality in the country. In addition to all this, there is a good amount of visiting to be performed. Many of the ladies ride out for parade and exercise, for walking is very unfashionable; and they who are desirous of being well spoken of devote some time to the attendance at places of public worship.

The evening parties are generally conducted in this way: The lady intending to give a treat of this kind sends forth her notes of invitation to such persons as she wishes to attend. These notes are commonly written in the joint names of the gentleman and lady, and are from three days to a week before the night of exhibition; frequently they contain a request that an answer be sent whether the person invited intends to come or not. The intention of this is to invite another in the place of the one who declines, in order to have a full and complete collection of company. When assembled, they are treated with tea, coffee, toast, and cake, handed around the room on trays by servants. This being done, card-tables are spread, and sets of players at loo and whist gather around them. At least an equal number of ladies mingle in this sport, and sometimes a greater number of females than men are engaged in it. They always play for money, and sometimes considerable sums are won and lost. Some of the fair creatures are uncommonly expert at gambling; and now and then their sweet tempers have been known to be very much disturbed in consequence of disputes on certain points of the game.

It must, however, be confessed that there are many ladies, who move in circles of high position, who never engage in these rapacious pursuits. They detest the tricks of sharpers, and will never take a hand in these licentious exercises.

While thus a part of the company is employed in picking each other's pockets, some are poring over the chess-table, and striving to beat each other by dint of skill in that studious and scientific game. The rest of the company saunter about in talking parties around the room, look on while the others play, and amuse themselves with the wines, cordials, apples, oranges, raisins, almonds, nuts, lemonade, and various sorts of confectionery, which are carried around and offered to the visitors.

As it is not the fashion to give formal suppers, after all this, the guests, as they feel inclined, retire without ceremony, and commonly the house is clear of them by or before midnight.

In case of a private ball the entertainment is nearly the same, with the addition of some musicians, and the allotment of a convenient room for dancing. In this case, usually a larger number of young and unmarried persons are invited; and in proportion to the numbers employed in this exercise, is there a small body of gamblers laboring at their business in the neighboring apartments. Dancing, you know,

induces the company to protract the hour of departure, and sometimes this is done until one or two o'clock in the morning.

The public assemblies of dancing are supported here, as in other places, by a voluntary subscription. To these, the families of the subscribers resort for polite show and amusement, and all polite strangers of both sexes are permitted to frequent them. There have been several brilliant exhibitions of this kind at Washington this winter. Many beautiful women are seen there. They generally dress with more grace and ornament than our girls at the North do. It seems to me that they have more foil, spangles, and showy millinery about them than is worn among the damsels of New York; and it is very usual for the daughters of fashionable parents to dance well and display to advantage.

The fashion of dressing with very few clothes is still in vogue; and the delicate belles show, even in the coldest weather, not only their faces, necks, and arms, but their upper bosoms.

The ladies had grown so unruly when they visited the Senate two or three winters ago, that they were, by order of the President of that house of Congress, banished from the firesides, and seated up stairs in the gallery. This order offended them so highly that they withdrew almost altogether from the Senate. But the rule has been relaxed by the new President of the Senate, who allows his fair countrywomen to resume their former seats, and cheer the debates of the Senate with their presence.

We now have frequent visits from the ladies into the Senate chamber, and when they are espied to be sitting there, a number of the Senators presently go to make their bows and express their gratulations.

In the House of Representatives, which, you know, is the more popular branch of the national legislature, there is a gallery fitted up for the ladies and their attendants. From this select gallery, which is different from the great public gallery where the sovereign people assemble to hear the debates, ladies can enjoy an excellent opportunity both of seeing and being seen. Accordingly, when it is expected that the orators will exert themselves on some interesting topic, there is often a numerous assemblage of dames and lasses in the green gallery, and it has frequently been objected that the company in that conspicuous place had a sensible influence over the speeches of the members. What think you of congressional beaux uttering, in the course of debate, gallant sentiments for their mistresses and sweethearts to amuse themselves with?

The play-house at Washington is only of recent establishment. The performers have mostly traveled hither from New York, Philadelphia, or Richmond; but the company which performed in it at the commencement of this session, in December, 1805, went away early in 1806, and the doors have been shut ever since. The reason of their departure was that

they might take the larger profits of acting in places where there are more persons who are willing to pay for theatrical entertainments. This building is as yet in an unfinished state, though it is so far completed as to serve tolerably well for the purpose.

The grand races are ordinarily in November. They were over before the first session of Congress began. Some of the finest and swiftest horses in the land are started. The fairness of the running, the gayety of the riders' liveries, the great number of elegant carriages containing gay and fashionable ladies, and the large concourse of all sorts of people, render the Washington races famous in this quarter; and it has been found, by experience, that when Congress is sitting during the racing term there is very little public business done until they are ended. So bewitching is this sport that the great officers of government, Congressmen, reverent preachers of the Word, and even our New English Puritans, crowd to behold them. At the close of the races the Jockey Club treat the ladies with a splendid ball; and at this there is a display of as much beauty and finery as can be brought together. In New York, horse-racing is prohibited by a law of the State; but it is very different in Maryland and Columbia. In both these places, the most respectable people may keep race-horses or frequent the turf, without suffering in public opinion.

In respect to making visits and going to church, there is very little difference from the modes which prevail among the genteel inhabitants to the northward and eastward.

When the wives of Senators and Representatives, or any other ladies of distinction, arrive in Washington, and are introduced to the President of the United States, it is usual for them to be invited to dine with his Excellency; and although Mr. Jefferson has lived twenty years or more a widower, he entertains his female visitors so well that they generally, like the Queen of Sheba when she left Solomon, the Jewish king, come away in a high good humor. Mrs. Mitchell is exceedingly pleased with him. After having conversed with the President before dinner, soon after her arrival here, having been conducted by him from the drawing-room to the dining-room, having been seated on his right hand and enjoying the pleasure of talking with him during the repast and afterward, she declared him to be one of the cleverest gentlemen in the world; and I suppose you will acknowledge there is some reason in this.

My wife, who is sitting by me while I write this, is engaged in making a drawing of Mount Vernon. This, you recollect, is the residence of the late General Washington. She returned yesterday from Virginia, whither I had accompanied her to visit Alexandria and Mount Vernon. With the latter place she is so much delighted that she is forming a picture of the mansion offices and improvements. She bids me offer her compliments to you and Miss —, and to

tell you she thinks I have written you such a long letter that you will never have patience to read it through. So, madam, I think that I had better take the hint, and conclude. But I cannot do that without offering to yourself and your amiable daughter the assurance of my great esteem and regard.

S. L. MITCHELL.

Postscript.—I find, on revising my letter, that I have written you nothing about the Turkish envoy who is here. He came from Tunis, in Barbary, to settle some differences which had arisen between that regency and our government. He is, to all appearance, upward of fifty years old; wears his beard and shaves his head, after the manner of his country, and wears a turban instead of a hat. His dress consists simply of a short jacket, large, loose drawers, stockings, and slippers. When he goes abroad he throws a large hooded cloak over these garments. It is of a peculiar cut, and called a "bernous." The colors of his drawers and bernous are commonly red. He seldom walks, but almost always appears on horse-back. He is a rigid Mohammedan; he fasts, prays, and observes the precepts of the Koran. His name is Sidi Mellanelli, and he speaks the *Lingua Franca* of the Mediterranean cities—a sort of an impure Italian. He talks much about the ladies; says he often thinks about his consort in Africa, and wonders how Congressmen can live a whole session without their wives. Our females here have been very curious to see this grand Plenipotentiary, and to find out what kind of man he was. I heard him tell some of them one day, who had surrounded him, that, excepting his heavy beard, he was very much like the gentlemen of their country and acquaintance.

Accept the assurance, &c.

S. L. M.

TO CAMILLA.

Ten years ago I think that I was busy
 With pleasant schemes ament the years to be;
 I dreamed of wit and wisdom I should garner,
 And of the famous lands that I should see.
 I thought my will would carve me out my places,
 And life looked vastly, widely grand and free.
 Somehow, I did not plan these quiet seasons,
 With two brave boys that clamber on my knee.

Somehow, I've stopped short of the college classes;
 I have not traversed distance dim and blue;
 I am not famous, wealthy, gay, nor brilliant;
 My dreams to-day are wondrous plain and few.
 And whiles my work falls from my lagging fingers,
 And thought strays distant, careless summers through;
 Sweet, sweet beyond compare seem those far seasons—
 Ah, friend! I marvel how it has been with you!

M. L. W. C.

THE NORTH WIND OF YOLO.

It was in the late spring, when every field was a green banner waving low and long and wide, and rose branches reached down from house-tops, like wreathed arms. Children ran bare-legged in the twilight, and with bleached, bared hair played abroad the whole day through. It had been like Paradise to stray along the wayside, and rest in a fence corner among grasshoppers and butterflies; to watch thus the sun go down one end of the road, and the boys come up the other with the full-uddered cows from pasture; to smell the bruised grass, and the unseen dust slowly settling again to its bed. It was pleasant to be the only soul dreaming in fence corners and looking on at industries. The children drove the cows and carried school-books; the women, with sleeves pinned to shoulders, hung clothes on a line, swept porches, came into view and brought water from the pump, soothed or scolded little ones the while, and sang through it all; the men were putting up houses, working in the spreading fields, digging the garden, or whistling cheerily among the horses; sheep grew wool eagerly; cows ate with the milk pail in view; pigs rooted and grunted for the sake of their own pork; the horses carted and plowed and dragged with a certain life and energy that was beautiful to the looker-on.

Then a hot day came: not a warm and wooing day, but a day when a strong heat descended and settled over all, like a brazen plate; and its mists quivered like golden serpents wherever the eye turned to the distance. "It will be hotter to-morrow," said a man, sitting down to supper, his face red with sun-burn and scrubbing. "Yes," said his wife, taking up the supper; "but one can stand heat, if there is no north wind."

And the second day it *was* hotter. The brazen plate came lower, and the golden serpents sprang in spirals; but the green banners still hung like a smile over the wheat fields, and the boys shouted as they passed by for the cows. Three days the heat came; and not a breath flagged, not a sinew weakened, not a heart failed. The houses were built, and the carts were drawn, and industry went unconquered on.

But on the evening of a third day, two children hurried home from a neighbor's, and the girl cast a timorous glance over her shoulder into the west. "Come, Jamie," she said, "let us get to mother. The sky is so burning red; I am afraid. Don't you remember how it says in the Bible once the world was drowned, and next time it shall not be drowned? What if it should be burned to-night, and that's it kindling in the west! That may be the sun setting the world on fire, for all we know. Come, let's run to mother."

The air was very still and brooding, and the green grass seemed to listen. By and by a white cloud came into the sky from the horizon of the

south, and parted slowly into feathery flakes, which mixed and moved among themselves, like masses of down, and so drifted into shape. Looking then toward the southern sky, one beheld it as a hand holding a white fan.

That night the ear was roused from sleep by the stealing, stealing of the wind. In the dead of night it seemed like the creeping of silent feet. The leaves were rustling and shaking, and such boughs as could lean over and scraped upon the roof. The moon in its newness was yet but a finger nail; and the tree-tops, bending from side to side, looked as weird heads might with locks running over, and tossing to and fro. Then a great sweeping gust came, and with a shudder the branches held their hands towards the south. Even at that dead hour one could smell the dust blowing with the wind.

By morning the wind was at its height. As the chickens came from roost their feathers blew apart to the skin, and they ran to leeward of coops and houses. The dish-pan, hanging in the back porch, fell with a frightful bang and crash; and the cellar door, left open, tipped and came heavily to a level. The cream on the milk-pans was brown and heavy with its coating of dust; the pump creaked as its dry joints were set to work—everything was slightly warped and out of gear, even to the human disposition.

Within, little cracks showed in the joinings of the furniture; and wherever they could, two boards when put together strained a little way apart. The wind blew in under the doors and between the sashes of windows, and a thick coating of dust, borne in from the whirling clouds in the roads, lay over every article, till it was grained and gritted to the touch. The cat, restless and electric, crouched in a corner; and as the mother combed the children's hair, it crackled under her hand and flew on end, dry and wiry, and subtly charged with an electricity whose phenomena of sparks and darting drops of fire needed but a background of darkness to spring boldly to view. The nose and throat burned, dry and smarting, while the lips and cheeks parched and burned as in a fever, and an ache like the tightness of an iron ring one size too small encircled the head.

All that while, whenever the ear turned to it, there was the rustle, rustle without, and the silent echo of that majestic tread of feet in the wind. The mercury went up ten dry degrees before the wind was done—the wind that swept out of the north as from out a blazing furnace.

It was three days till the wind was done: and the third day it had calmed down to a little breeze, that was so slight it reminded one of the long, low fever that deceives the watcher into thinking it quite gone. Yet still there was the sting in lips and cheeks, and the iron ring yet a little tighter over the brows. And that strange disturbance in the air rustled in the ears.

But on the fourth morning it was gone. A dew

lay on the grass, a sweet balm filled the air, and a soft whisper breathed from the south. Yet the smile was gone from the wheat fields, a faint yellow had crept across them, and each little grain of wheat was shrunken and withered in its husk, by just so much as the moisture that the north wind had taken away. The grass by the wayside was dry and burnt at the tips, the willow leaves were yellow and turning, the roses blasted upon the branches that swept down like arms over the trellis. LUCIE R. FULLER.

THE LITTLE PRESBYTERIAN MAID.

"My little Presbyterian maid,
Tell me why thou 'rt so shy.
I hold thee fast. Be not afraid!
No harm shall come thee nigh.
Dost love me? Speak, and tell me so!
By thy silence I am pained."—
"I love thee well, as thou dost know;
For it was *foreordained*."
"Ordained? Before? By whom, my sweet—
Thy father or my mother?"—
"By Father of us all, 'twas meant
That we should love each other."—
"Nay, tell me plainer, little maid.
I'm but a careless fellow;
And ne'er before my vows have paid,
Since cowslip blooms were yellow."
"I mean," she said, with reverent grace,
And crimson blushes burning,
"That from all time thou wert for me
That love that sure was coming."—
"Thank God, I came, nor was delayed;
For should some happier brother
Have found thee first, my precious maid,
Thou mightst have loved another."
"Nay; suitors oft have sought my hand,
In lovers' arts perfected;
But then, they were not like to thee,
From out all time *elected*."—
"Sweet heart, thy doctrine, strangely wise
Most gracious honor does me;
Yet how were we to know all this,
Is that which doth confuse me."
"No sparrow falleth to the ground
Without our Father knoweth;
No heart but hath somewhere its mate,
To which in time it goeth.
And so, by *inward consciousness*
My soul thy soul approving,
I felt a *special providence*
Had sent thee for my loving."
"I ask no more; I am content
With all thy sweet believing.
But *never lose thy faith*, sweet maid,
Or else I die a-grieving.
For I'll confess, I greatly prize
Thy mystery of *election*;
And none can see thy face and doubt
The doctrine of *perfection*." ST. LEON.

MY LADY'S FAN.

My lady's fan, pale satin blue
Half hid by lace of creamy hue,
Through which a Cupid slyly peeps,
With watchful care that never sleeps,
At you who bend in homage true,
And vow his dart has pierced you through,
And swear a long devotion to
(Unmindful of the guard he keeps)
My lady's fan!

My lady smiles perhaps at you,
As o'er her fan you humbly sue.
But when the cool night onwards creeps,
She turns upon her couch and weeps;
While in its case is lost to view
My lady's fan.

FLORENCE M. BYRNE.

SEND US ITEMS.

Our aim is to make "Outcroppings" a light and pleasing corner of the magazine, and we should be glad if our readers would send us from time to time, briefly and pithily told, such humorous incidents as may come under their observation.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The copartnership heretofore existing between Chas. H. Phelps and Warren Cheney is this day dissolved by the purchase by Mr. Cheney of the entire interest of Mr. Phelps in THE CALIFORNIAN, and in the business of the California Publishing Company.

CHAS. H. PHELPS,
WARREN CHENEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 10th, 1882.

No permanent editorial arrangements have been made as yet under the new management of THE CALIFORNIAN. Any changes that may be made will be arranged and announced later.

NOTA BENE.

All manuscripts submitted for publication in THE CALIFORNIAN should be addressed to the Editor of THE CALIFORNIAN, 408 California Street; all business communications to The California Publishing Company, at the same number.

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THALOE.

CHAPTER VIII

HE passed on with a storm of emotion raging more strongly than ever in his heart. If until then there had existed any remains of that veil of self-deception, already worn so thin, it was now at once entirely torn away; and he too surely knew that he loved the young Christian girl with a passionate vehemence of which he had never before supposed himself capable. Whatever attribute there was in her which had so fairly mastered him—whether it was the light of her gentle eyes, softened so pleasantly into changing hues by the shadow of their long dark lashes, the musically modulated tones of her winning voice, her kindly expressions of earnest and friendly good will, her constant and visible display of sincerity and truth, or her native culture and refinement—how could he tell which it might be, or what did it matter now? He only knew that, from having looked upon her at first with simple curiosity, and an absence of any fixed and conscious perception of her innate grace, she had gradually so grown into the depths of his soul that he had at last discovered more perfections of loveliness in her than even in his wildest transports of passion he had ever

recognized in the proud patrician beauty whom he had lately been so proud to call his own. And now, as he walked away, he looked longingly back, and felt that he would have been more glad to catch a glimpse of the corner of her simply wrought robe than to see Alypia sweeping by in all the grandeur and magnificence of her chariot of state.

"And yet it is better thus," he muttered again and again, in that old, vain attempt at self-consolation. "Our ways indeed are different: I must learn to think of her no more. Thereby, perhaps, I can the better crush out all useless longing for her."

Now, raising his eyes as he heard the mingled sound of many voices, he saw that he stood near a pleasant villa at the turning of the path. It was the summer home of some wealthy citizen, and the whole place was bright with festive light and gayety. Fresh garlands were bound in wreaths about the door-posts, and the fountain in front spouted scented water. From within, the murmur of song and lively conversation floated out into the open air. Slaves in rich livery were gathered around: some detained about the porch by ceremonial duties, others passing to and fro along the central court,

bearing gold and silver dishes in their hands. In front had gathered a little crowd of spectators, watching as well as they could the progress of the feast—some striving to count the courses, and speculating upon the nature of them with idle curiosity; others, more seriously inclined, intently looking on with moistened lips and hungry eyes, while awaiting the time when the fragments should be brought out, and doled forth to them in charity. Standing at the outskirts of this little crowd, Cleon for a moment gazed listlessly upon the scene, then prepared to move onward; when suddenly there emerged from the villa a single figure. It was one of the guests, who, throwing off his garland of roses as he descended the steps, passed hastily through the concourse before it, and singling Cleon out at a glance, seized him by the arm.

“Art loitering, Cleon? Then go with me; for I need other and better company than that which I have just had. The gods be thanked that I have escaped even as speedily as I did! Why will these wealthy plebeians presume to vie with the few who alone can give proper entertainment? Look you there! Would you not think, standing outside and listening to the music and seeing the wreaths and garlands, that it was a feast for the Caesar himself? But within—lo! wines to which no aid of gold or silver can give flavor, and a mullet which has not seen the sea for nearly a week! And as for the conversation— Come, let us go around to the bath, where, though we may not ourselves bathe, we can scarcely fail to find some one proper to consort with.”

It was one Gabius who spoke; a captain in one of the imperial legions, but not of the Pretorian Guard, and therefore of a lower rank than Cleon; a man of small stature, and having a peculiarly unpleasant face, the natural good that may once have existed in his features having long since been obscured by reckless indulgence in all the varied dissipation that the profligacy of that most corrupt age could invent; a man whose name was a by-word for all that was most low and debasing, and whose society

Cleon would at any other time have shunned as a moral pestilence. But now, in his momentary desperation, Cleon regarded but little the question of his companion's demerits. The voice was pleasant, and the greeting friendly: how, then, could either at that instant be repulsed? Any interruption to his own troubled thoughts could not be unwelcome, nor cared he whither his uncertain steps led him. So he suffered himself to be unresistingly controlled, and together the two strolled on for a minute longer, until they came to the public bath.

The sunshine fell with a full glare upon the broad portico, thickly dotted with slaves sitting upon the low steps, and there idly awaiting the exit of their masters, whose outward apparel some of them there guarded; while the zeal for relaxation being at that hour at its greatest height, the various entrances were constantly crowded by the coming and going of the bathers. To one of these entrances Cleon and his companion directed their steps; pressed through into a long passage, the air of which was perfumed to disguise the constantly escaping vapor of the warm water upon either hand; glanced here and there in at open doorways, which disclosed rooms mostly occupied by groups of bathers; and so advanced, until at an angle of the building there came loud bursts of laughter from a corner apartment in the passage, outside of which sat other attendant slaves. It was one of the tiring-rooms, set aside for the use of the especially wealthy; and through the partially closed entrance Cleon at once recognized the ring of familiar voices. Therefore, without scruple, he pressed through, and the two found themselves standing in a spacious apartment, with marble floor in white and black mosaic, and pillars whose sculptured capitals were wreathed with flowers; and were at once received with a burst of hearty greeting from many assembled acquaintances.

Most of these had already bathed, or else had merely loitered thither in search of pleasant companionship; and now, having by accident or design met together, were enjoying an impromptu outpouring of Setinian

wine, which stood upon a table in huge flagons, within easy reach of all as they were gathered around in easy position. Of the whole group, three or four were of the less prominent literary men of the day—historians and poets—of whom two at least had come with festive odes, to be read aloud whenever the opportunity might admit of it; if a fair guess to that effect might be formed from the rolls of parchment manuscript peeping out with apparent careless arrangement from the folds of their open tunics. Of the others, a few were men of mere wealth or station, whose conversation could not add much to the enjoyment of the occasion. All these Cleon passed by with a hasty glance, as he made his survey, and then proceeded to a more earnest scrutiny of the few who more nearly interested him.

Of these, the nearest was his young friend Camillus, reclining beside the table, and surveying the scene with that zest of which none but a youth in the first enjoyment of distinguished social privileges is capable. Raised upon one elbow, he lay in graceful attitude, affecting with pardonable vanity the air of a veteran in the arts of pleasure, lifting his goblet to his mouth in exact and cautious imitation of the more experienced of those about him; and with partial unconsciousness of the insidious effects of the wine, smiling with the best his satisfaction at each passing jest, and longing with all his heart to throw off that timid restraint which prevented him from like conversation. Standing erect beside him was the Tribune Balbus, a man of stern and unyielding demeanor, somewhat scarred with long and honorable service in the field, but not unhandsome, and gifted, moreover, with an imposing figure. As he there stood, maintaining an unruffled expression of quiet composure, or, at the best, only grimly smiling at some more pungent remark than usual, Cleon could see that the tribune was carefully watching him, beneath his bending eyebrows, with a fixed and searching gaze; and he began more fully than ever to realize that unsuccessful love had made an enemy of the man, and that in future a cautious

guard must be maintained against his superior power and influence. In the center, in strong contrast to the tribune, was the Senator Vortilian. He happened to be the last of the group to have his toilet completed for him; and now, stretched at full length upon a *sedilium*, which, though of the largest size, was hardly sufficient for his inordinate proportions, was submitting himself to the care of several slaves, who, having already dressed him, were now gathered closely around, decorating him with the final graces of their art. One fastened the strings of his sandals with the newest and most approved tie; another, holding his outstretched hand, trimmed his finger nails; a third rubbed fragrant ointment upon the beard; a fourth delicately tinted the features with paint and powder, so as to give the desired counterfeit of youthfulness and comeliness—each performing his especial task with a practiced hand, as though skilled by long study in that particular department; while standing at the distance of a pace or two was a fifth, apparently the master of them all, interestedly watching their progress, and occasionally interrupting with a suggestion or word of reproof. In Vortilian's lap lay a bunch of freshly gathered roses, which he occasionally raised languidly to his nostrils, not forgetting, however, between whiles to let one of the slaves lift his head, so as to allow of fresh draughts from the constantly filled flagon at his right hand. In fact, this man, of all those present, most completely gave himself up to the pleasures of the moment: sipping with elaborate zest of enjoyment, mingled with critical display of superior vinous knowledge; laughing with the loudest, though the effort painfully shook his fat sides; hailing each new joke with glee, even though his own massive outline was often the subject of it: rioting in the common talk about plays and dancing girls—in all things exhibiting himself an exclusive lover of the most sensual pleasures of the times; except when, now and then, with singular affectation, he attempted literary discourse, holding himself out as an earnest patron of letters, and with a grimace of assumed

affection, grasping the scroll which peeped out from his tunic front—probably the same volume that had lain upon his breast, as, in his drowsiness, he had been carried to the bath a few days before; and perhaps as yet unread.

Looking upon this man, there now came to Cleon the thought which will sometimes occur to the very wisest: whether, after all, such a life was not the best one to lead, since it seemed to give the greatest amount of happiness; and whether, in like manner, it were not the most sensible thing to abjure ambition, with its toils and snares and disappointments, and seek only for those material pleasures which have their instant and perceptible fruition.

Why not, indeed? What gain was there, after all, in a wise and virtuous life? Was there actually, as the philosophers had argued in the academic shades, and the priests had spoken from their temple altars, a future existence, in which virtue was rewarded for its self-denials of the present life? Who could tell? What if it were all a mistake, and if, when he lay down to die, the film of ignorance and false perception were to pass away from before his mind, and let in a clearer light, and show him that he was only composing his body for an everlasting, dreamless sleep? Might not he then bitterly regret that he had let the pleasures and fancies of the world slip by him, never any longer to be grasped? Lo! the records of his memory told him of the great and wise of every calling who had lain down to that long sleep, calmly discoursing with their gathered friends about the future possibilities, nor ever felt any pang of sorrow or remorse for the excesses of their lives. But grant that there was a Hades, and that there were really gods in Olympus, what sign was there that they ever took note of the actions of men so far beneath them? or that, so taking note, they ever gave virtue a commending smile? What were the gods themselves, that they should bear respect to a sober, blameless life? Even now around him were the bright frescoes which told about their own excesses. Upon the walls, Apollo gave chase to Daphne;

and Europa, clinging to the bull, stemmed the Hellespontic waves. Upon the ceiling, Jupiter, with golden-weighted hands, looked down upon the captive Danae. All this might be poetic tradition, indeed; but all tradition must be founded upon facts. The gods and their traditions must stand or fall together. Being as they were—if such they were at all—who was to know but that they would soonest open the Olympic gates to those who most truly had imitated them upon the earth, and filled the measure of their lives with revelry and feasting? Why might not the epicurean Senator Vortilian then enjoy the society of Jove, while he, the modest-living, duty-fearing captain of the Pretorian Guard, would be doomed everlastingly to wander through the gloomy shades of Pluto's kingdom? All, indeed, was doubt; and for that possible doubt should he now refuse and reject the good things of the world, while strength and youth held out, and he could so amply enjoy them? Nay: perish all crude maxims of morality, and let him take things as he found them: with thankfulness, rather, seeing that he yet had capacity for their reception.

"Give me also some wine," Cleon cried, upon this sudden impulse, calling to a slave who stood near with a freshly filled golden flask: "and fill the goblet to the very brim. It is of a rare vintage, and I would not have it said that I neglected it."

At this convivial outburst from one whose natural sedateness was almost proverbial, many looked up askance in wonderment, feeling strangely puzzled at such an unlooked-for development of new character: and for the moment one or two endeavored to reply in assent to the sentiment, but stammered in their speech, and were not a little relieved by the readiness with which the Senator Vortilian came to their assistance.

"Ay, a rare vintage!" he cried, directing the nearest slave to lift his head for him, while he held out his own goblet for replenishment. "See how the bubbles rise and break against the brim, and how the light shines through the liquid as you hold it aslant, making a thousand colors play upon the

surface! The wonder is that the treasure has ever been allowed to reach us. For it seems almost a certain thing that Bacchus, in his wanderings around the earth, should have found that vineyard, and have there encamped until he had exhausted it; preferring the juice of those vines to the nectar of Olympus. And as for the taste thereof—ye gods!”

The senator, draining his goblet, smacked his lips with enthusiastic zeal, and looked about with an air of satisfaction, which required no further comment.

“And yet,” he continued, with sudden remembrance that he had his other and better character to play, “let us not think only of the sight or taste thereof. That were to make mere brutes of ourselves. Let us rather dwell upon the glowing intellectual results which are thereby produced in our minds, nurturing new beauties of thought, the contemplation of which far surpasses the other grosser pleasures of sense. For what says Lamminides, a poet of lesser repute, perhaps, but only because the world has not yet learned to judge him aright? I have him here”—touching the scroll which peeped out in front—“and always carry him about me, as the companion of my solitude. He says that in all the—”

“Stay there, Vortilian!” cried one of the hitherto silent members of the company: a poet made peevish with long and probably well-deserved neglect, and who, having with him the roll of his own works, which he was anxious to recite, could not endure this open reference to a rival. “Or shall we ask to see for ourselves that favored volume? I know it well; for even at this distance I can recognize the ragged edge of the wine-stains upon the cover. And I remember that in past times it has done good service for Homer and Plato, as well as for a host of less important lights, whenever occasion required. Let us now see it for ourselves, and prove that it is not, after all, a mere list of delicacies for the palate, and kept by you at hand for your secret contemplation.”

Undisturbed by the ready laugh which here arose, and rather joining in the mirth, the senator fell back against his lounge, and

shook his fat sides with the best of them; not offering to show the volume, or caring in the least to disprove the charge, so long as he could have his full share in the enjoyment of the poor jest; and contenting himself merely with an affectation of anger against the slave at his head for too rough usage with the golden comb. So the subject passed from their minds, and other topics came up; and for the while the mirth and festivity grew louder, as each had his story to tell or repartee to make. Of all the company, it seemed as though Cleon now drank the most and laughed the loudest. For while he thus laughed and drank with affected gayety and abandonment, was he not thereby the more certain of concealing the oppression upon his soul, and warding off those inquiries and suspicions which might lead to a disclosure? But of what use, after all, can be the most careful disguise, as long as mere accident is at hand to betray it?

“You have a new ring, Vortilian!” suddenly cried Gabius, glancing at the senator’s forefinger bent around the uplifted cup. “Even from here I can see that it is of a rare workmanship and pattern.”

“A trifle; though a family ring of some value as a relic,” responded the senator, with careless readiness, exhibiting more plainly as he spoke the trinket purchased by him the day before. “It came to us as part of the ransom of a Persian Prince, in one of the last battles of the republic. My ancestor who took it was a general under Pompeius. It has no great value of itself, as you can see, but has been handed down simply for a secret charm connected with it.”

“And you will tell us about that charm?” inquired Gabius. “Or perhaps you will take off the ring, that we may the better examine it.”

“Nay, that I cannot do; for the virtue of the charm is, that when once upon the finger, it should never be removed. Nor can I even tell the nature of it, for that also would destroy its subtle influence.”

“A charm for success in love, perhaps,” was the laughing and somewhat sarcastic rejoinder. “Though that, surely, you cannot

need, having been already so often favored without it. Rather should it be a charm against inordinate appetite for mullet sauce."

"Were it really a love charm, Gabius, I should do better to give it to some others, to whom it might be of service: for, in fact, what care I for love glances, as long as wine does not fail me? I might give it to you, who have so often looked and sighed in vain, and have had the sweetest glances intercepted from you. Or, better yet, to some one like our young Camillus, who, too young as yet to feel the pangs of love, or to make a conquest by himself, would doubtless like to start upon the perilous course with proper auspices. I would, therefore, give it to him, and let him make his first budding essay of its power; for he cannot yet have learned to work without it."

"How know you that?" cried Camillus at this, raising his head, and for the first time in many minutes breaking his enforced silence; and a pleasant glow of satisfaction flitted across his face. Here, surely, was the opportunity of showing himself the equal of some of those about him: of proving that the gods had not been unfavorable to him; but that, in spite of his youthfulness and unpretending stature, he too had his experiences to tell: not gross or sensual experiences, to be sure; but it were worth while to tell even of a gentle smile or a beaming eye resting upon him with approving favor, so that he might boast of some pleasant token, at least, which might in time ripen into more serious love. Had he not long enough listened to the others in silence? Why should he not now speak out, when they seemed to allude so tauntingly to his inexperience?

"How know you that?" he repeated, so far under the influence of the wine he had been drinking as to lose a portion of his discretion, and rather encouraged to new asseverations in his defense by the mocking smile that passed about the table at his sudden boyish vehemence. "If I could tell—if it were right that I should mention—I could assure you, indeed—"

"Why, how now?" was the laughing

interruption of Gabius. "What young damsel has smiled at your tossing locks, and putting her finger to her mouth, has assured you that she would look at you again when your beard had commenced to grow? Or better yet, what Psyche, finding in you her Cupid, has decoyed you into a corner, and there bestowed a kiss upon your pouting lips?"

"Nay, you will not then believe me unless I tell?" cried the page, losing, as he heard that tone of badinage, the remainder of his little discretion, and working himself into a state of wild desperation. "How, then, can I help doing so? Shall I, Cleon?"

"Why, what is there to mention that I should control you in?" answered Cleon, indifferently, not for the moment comprehending the purport of the question, and only caring to calm the excited spirit of the boy at the earliest opportunity. "If you have aught to tell which may not violate confidence, do so; and then we will pass on to other things."

"Then I can speak," responded the boy; "and I will do so. Know, then, that last evening, as I climbed the hill—I was on my way to Cleon's house—upon coming to that turn of the path above which skirts the base of the slope where the Temple of Neptune stands, I saw, peeping over a low wall, and watching me as I came along, a pair of soft eyes which, at the first moment I looked, sent a thrill through me. I would have spoken, but somehow I dared not. Yet the next instant I reproached myself for my cowardice, and still refrained, and walked by in silence; and all the time the eyes followed me with an approving smile. And when I had completely passed, upon turning, I saw that—"

"Will you be silent?" cried Cleon, who, having been sitting in a careless, unreflecting mood, now first seemed to comprehend the drift of these revelations. "Did you not promise me that you would speak no further upon this subject?"

Half frightened at the energy of the interruption, Camillus arrested himself, and, if permitted, would then have stopped. But

the matter had now reached another phase, for the curiosity of the company had by that time become aroused. There were some who wished to know whether this was a mere youthful imagining of the page, or, on the contrary, an actual love passage; and others desired to be enlightened as to what part Cleon could have in it, that he should have thus bound the other to silence. A third party, with less interest about the actual merits of the adventure, were well disposed to hear more, rather enjoying the pretty air of pretentious conceit with which Camillus uttered his revelations; and perhaps not liking that upon this common ground of festive equality the elder should assume a right to rebuke the younger upon any question of propriety. Therefore, when the page, with startled look, began to hold down his head and bite his tongue, there were enough among the company to excite him to rebellion, and help restore his independence of thought and will.

"It is not fair to stop him," cried the Senator Vortilian, in the excitement of curiosity rising so suddenly from his *sedilium* that the color brush of the slave went astray over his cheek, and spoiled the artistic labor of an hour. "How shall he ever learn what to tell, or when to keep silence, except by frequent confessions? Is there any one here who would betray him, or would think the less of him because of a single indiscretion? Take, therefore, another fill of the wine, Camillus, and let your tongue wag as it may; we will not love you other than we do."

"I would not stop him except it were for his good," returned Cleon, with a frown. "But he is in wine, and knows not what he is about; and it is not well that in such a case advantage should be taken of him, to compel the breaking of a promise and of confidence. Therefore, let him be silent, lest he do that of which he shall afterwards be ashamed."

It was a good argument, perhaps, but yet a rash and unguarded speech, being calculated to defeat its own purpose. For, at hearing words of such unpleasant comment,

the page raised his head, and there was now in his face a fixed expression of stolid obstinacy. Why should he be told thus rudely to be silent, in the presence of others before whom he was striving to prove his manhood? Why should he be ashamed to tell his little story of budding love, when the others all had their much greater experiences? And who, after all, was this Cleon, to reproach him with having drunk too much, and of knowing not what he was about? Were there not friends enough present to encourage him to go on and speak as he listed? Gaining fresh courage from the smiles and nods thickly bestowed upon him, the boy smote the table with his fist, and broke out into utter rebellion.

"I will go on," he cried, with incoherent utterance. "Why should I stop? He says that I promised not to speak, but I do not so remember it. It is true that he asked me; but why should I consent? Is she more his than mine? I only know that she looked pleasantly upon me: I have never seen her look upon him at all. What if he did tell me that he had known her long, and that I must not interfere with him? Have I not the right to win my own way if I can? Let him say what he will, he cannot deny that this Christian girl smiled upon me."

At the last words the whole party broke out into a roar of laughter. This, then, was the sum of all the mystery! A Christian girl! And the grave captain running a race for her favor with the youthful page! Why, what sort of a man was this Cleon, after all, that, at the end of years of supposed correct deportment, he should stand at last exposed in an intrigue? And he had been otherwise so favored in love! Was it not enough that he had carried off the great court prize, and made himself the envy of tribunes and governors, but that he should dispute with a mere boy the possession of a simple Christian girl? Wonderful, indeed! Who, after that, could be trusted?

Thus the laugh and jest went round. Cleon and the page—the lion and the lamb! And while deceived by the random words of both parties, and by the natural disposition of

human nature to believe the worst, no one was prepared to credit Cleon with a mere disinterested friendship for the unknown charmer : and there was soon a division into two parties, who from playful raillery merged gradually into heated discussion, as they ranged themselves upon different sides; the one maintaining that Cleon should not be trespassed upon, having undoubted rights as the first discoverer of the prize; the other that Camillus should generously be yielded to, by reason of his youthfulness and the propriety of encouraging his latent propensity for love. Every moment the din grew louder and the debate more earnest, shutting out from hearing Cleon's attempted protestations, and bade fair to grow into manifestations of open anger; when suddenly the door opened, and gave entrance to one of Nero's messengers.

LEONARD KIP.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

REMEMBERED.

NAV, men have been who died to life and me;
 And looking back, the memory of all
 The love I felt for them, the tears as free
 As rain in autumn, seem a fantasy
 Behind the years that fall.

But him! I have not looked upon his face
 For years, indeed, and far from mine his way;
 Yet just as well through time and distance' space
 I can perceive the olden, loving grace,
 As he were here to-day.

He lives within my world; however dim
 My sight might grow, however closed my ears
 I still could feel his warm lip on the brim
 Of life's full goblet, and I know from him
 No lapse could hide my tears.

Oh, life is love and love is life, be sure!
 And once loved, always must that love be strong:
 Through every wave of strife it will endure,
 From every bitter battle come more pure,
 And stand in right or wrong.

Death only, as in pity, throws a veil
 Across the burning of its mighty flame;
 Death only makes the crimson strength grow pale:
 Before death only, love will ever quail,
 And not for grief or shame.

Oh, not because I loved this man the best
 Do I remember all his gracious ways!
 The man I had forgotten in his rest
 Held just as great a place within my breast,
 And garnered more my praise.

But he is safe. If we remembered such
 As pass beyond us, with our present love,
 If all day long we hungered for their touch,
 Would not the burden weary us o'ermuch?
 Would not life endless prove?

When time comes to it, all will be made plain
 For them, for us. But those who still may tread
 This earth, we know, can find remembrance gain;
 Forgetfulness for them were greater pain
 Than memory for the dead.

Then blame me not, because for him who lies
 Beneath the snow I have no grieving tear;
 While for my friend who looks on foreign skies
 I wait and long. The dead one is so wise,
 He knows how passing dear

He was to me; and he who lives can feel
 My love about him, though we should not speak
 Each unto each for years. One has the weal
 Of death; the other bears the binding seal
 Of life—and life is weak!

JAMES BERRY BENSEL.

PHŒNIX, ROC, AND GRYPHON.

IN consequence of the belief in the heavenly origin of supernatural animals, it is necessary that they should be, for the most part, birds—or at least, winged. The quick transition from place to place, or from heaven to earth, and the ethereal composition of these creatures, necessitate their being endowed with wings, and these of gigantic proportions and brilliant plumage. Countries which abound in birds of large size hasten to regard these as agents of the heavenly powers, without further magnifying their proportions, or exaggerating their plumage and swiftness of flight. For example: The eagle of Greece could be naught else but the bird of Jupiter; the ibis, vulture, and hawk, deities of Egypt; and the vulture adored in Assyria, under the form of Nisroch. It cannot, therefore, surprise us to find the phoenix myth in China and Arabia strikingly similar

to the fables of Egypt, Greece, and India.

The phoenix myth in its purest form we find in China; and although, as I shall prove later on, the myth is not of Chinese origin, still it has been kept singularly clear and distinct: nor has it been, as is the case in other countries, confounded with the legends of the roc and gryphon.

The *fung-hwang*, or phoenix of Chinese legends, is a sort of pheasant, adorned with every brilliant color, and combining in its form and motions whatever is graceful and elegant, as well as possessing such a benevolent disposition that it will not peck or injure living insects, nor tread on growing herbs.* A Chinese writer describes it as follows: "The phoenix is of the essence of

* Williams's "Middle Kingdom."

water; it was born in the vermilion cave; it roosts not but upon the most beautiful tree;* it eats not but of the seeds of the bamboo; it drinks not but of the sweetest spring; its body is adorned with the five colors;† its song contains the five notes; as it walks, it looks around; as it flies, hosts of birds follow it."

Another writer states that it "resembles a wild swan before and a unicorn behind; it has the throat of a swallow, the bill of a fowl, the neck of a snake, the tail of a fish, the forehead of a crane, the crown of a mandarin drake, the stripes of a dragon, and the vaulted back of a tortoise. The feathers have five colors, which are named after the five cardinal virtues.‡ and it is five cubits in height; the tail is graduated like Pandean pipes, and its song resembles the music of that instrument, having five modulations."

According to these Chinese authorities, the phoenix appears only in seasons of universal virtue, and has not been seen since the halcyon days of Confucius. A very pretty comparison is made by Shaon, in his "Ode to the King Ching," between the high officers of the court and the phoenix. The verses are: §

"See how the phoenixes appear,
And their wings rustle on the ear,
As now they settle down!
Such are those noble men who wait,
O happy king, upon your state,
The servants of your crown.

"The male and female phoenix, lo!
With rustling wings about they go,
Then up to heaven they soar.
Such are those noble men who stand,
Prompt to obey your least command
None love your people more."

As the name *fung-hwang* implies, it is the "emperor of birds." The Japanese similarly speak of the phoenix as the *ho-wo*, "the king of birds"; the common people, however, know it as the *nagai-iki-dori*, or "bird of

long life." The tombs of the Shōguns at Shiba and Nikko present most elaborate representations of the *ho-wo*, and the new and old paper currency of the country bears its image. The phoenix in China is the symbol of the empress, the dragon of the emperor; whilst the twin imperial emblems on the mikado's robes are the *ho-wo*, or phoenix, and the *Paulownia Imperialis* tree.* The common people in China dare not use the supposed likeness of the phoenix to promote their private purposes, except under certain circumstances, in accordance with established customs. For example: A sort of large tapers or candles, used at marriage festivals, have pictures on them representing the dragon and phoenix; certain kinds of round cakes, used as presents to the relatives and friends of the bride, have representations of these fabulous animals made upon them; the papers drawn up on the occasion of the betrothal of a boy or girl have also pictures of the dragon and phoenix,† etc.

Herodotus tells us that Egypt was the chosen country of the phoenix: and in accordance with this many texts speak of the bird. In Egypt it was called the *bennu*; was sacred to Osiris, and the symbol of resurrection and regeneration. E. de Rougé says: ‡ "The *bennu* was the type of the Greco-Egyptian fable of the phoenix. Its presence at Heliopolis symbolized the return of Osiris to the light." Brugsch Bey proves that *bennu* was one of the many names of the planet Venus. This star, by successively reappearing morning and evening, thus excellently expressed the dogma of evolution as taught by the Egyptian sages.§ The phoenix in Egyptian bas-reliefs is very similar to the sacred ibis,¶ in outward appearance, with the exception of two long brilliantly colored plumes on the head.

Tacitus|| gives us a very satisfactory account of the Egyptian phoenix; he says: "During the consulate of Paulus Fabius

* The *Hu-tung*.

† Yellow, white, green, red, black.

‡ Virtue, obedience, justice, fidelity, benevolence.

§ Legge's "She King," p. 316.

* Griffis's "Mikado's Empire."

† Doolittle's "Social Life of the Chinese," p. 267.

‡ "Études sur le rituel funéraire."

§ Fodtenbuch, chap. xxvi.

|| Annales, vi. 28.

and Lucius Vitellius, there appeared a phœnix-bird in Egypt, and gave much material for discussion to the learned of both Egypt and Greece. On some points they agreed, but left many others contested. This much they acknowledged, that it is distinct from all other birds, by its plumage and song,* and is sacred to the sun. It is generally believed to live for five hundred years. The first of these birds appeared during the reign of Sesostris, afterwards of Amasis, lastly of Ptolemæus Energetes, in the city of Heliopolis, accompanied by hosts of birds, which were admiring its plumage. The dates of its appearance are, however, uncertain; and some authorities believe, therefore, that this last phœnix was an impostor, and that it did not come from Arabia." This is an important clause, as it proves that the phœnix was thought to have its origin in Arabia, by the very Egyptians themselves. Tacitus continues: "Having finished the number of its years, it builds its nest on the ground, deposits therein an egg,† from which comes the young one. The first care of the new phœnix is the burial of its parent. Wrapping the body of the parental bird in myrrh, the young phœnix, as soon as it can fly, deposits it upon the altâr of the sun. But this is most probably mythical. Finally," adds Tacitus, with grave simplicity, "there can be no doubt that sometime the phœnix has been seen in Egypt."

As far as I have been able to ascertain, only two Greek authors make any reference to the phœnix. Hesiod, in a very fanciful verse, speaks of the longevity of the phœnix, but attributes to it a greater length of life than does any other writer. The passage‡ is as follows: "The crow lives nine lives of man; the stag four crow-lives; the raven three stag-lives, but the phœnix nine times the life of a raven: finally, the hamadryads ten lives of the phœnix."§ Herodotus gives us a very

complete account of the phœnix, and treats the fable with his usual caution. His remarks are so similar to those of Tacitus, already quoted, that it is unnecessary to give them *verbatim*. The most important portion is the following:*

"They† have also another sacred bird, which, except in a picture, I have never seen; it is called the phœnix. It is very uncommon, even among themselves; for according to the Heliopolitans it comes there in the course of five hundred years, and then only at the decease of the parent bird. If it bear any resemblance to its picture, the wings are partly of a gold and partly of a deep red‡ color, and its form and size perfectly like the eagle. They say it comes from Arabia."

The incredulity which Herodotus expresses in this account has been highly praised by another writer,§ who remarks that "no one can apply the term *leviter mentitus* || to Herodotus, who tells you on every page that he only relates the information he received, and who professedly regards the story of the phœnix as fabulous."

The name *phoenix* implies the brilliant coloring of the bird. I am at a loss otherwise to account for the choice of the word, for it had certainly nothing to do with the Phœnicians, although they also believed in the phœnix. From what is related of the bird, the Phœnicians gave the name of phœnix to the palm tree, because when burnt down to the ground it springs up again, fairer than ever. *Phoenix* was a name for all dark reds; singularly enough, the Chinese paint the phœnix yellow, on a dull red background, and the Egyptians painted it on a sort of scarlet.

From what I have quoted, I think it is evident that the phœnix myth is of Arabic origin; and although Arabic authors differ widely

referring to this passage, remarks very sagely. "I opine that Hesiod has made some fabulous statements here." Other authors speak of this verse; Plutarch (*De Oracl. defectu*, t. ii. p. 415) quotes it in full.

* Herod., ii. 73.

† The Egyptians.

‡ Not "ruby," as Beloe translates.

§ Thomasius "*De Plagio Literario*."

|| Hecateus does this.

* This I take to be the correct translation of "ore" here; otherwise "beak."

† "Vis genitalis."

‡ Hesiodi *Fragmenta*, 50, 4.

§ That would make the hamadryad's life considerably longer than 500,000 years. Pliny, (*N. H.* vii. 48)

in their descriptions of the phœnix, the fable must have originated in ancient Arabia, in a form very similar to the Egyptian version.

In examining the legends of Arabic writers, we find a confusion of the phœnix with the roc. 'Anka* is the name of the phœnix, *rukh* that of the roc; but the two have been so often used for one another, that it is not surprising to find Golius and many other lexicographers reading "gryphon" for 'anka. The 'anka was a bird which corresponded with the idea of the phœnix in so far as only one of the species was supposed to exist, and with the gryphon in shape and monstrous size. It was fancied to be rational, and to have the gift of speech, reigning as queen on the fabulous mountain *Kaf*. El Kazwini states that the 'anka "is the greatest of birds; that it carries off the elephant as the kite carries off a mouse. In consequence of its carrying off a bride, Allah, at the prayer of a prophet,† banished it to an island‡ in the circumambient ocean, unvisited by man, under the equinoctial line. It lives seventeen hundred years. When the young 'anka is grown up, if it be a female, the old female bird burns herself; and if a male, the old male bird does the same"—clearly mistaking the roc for the phœnix.

We now lose sight of the phœnix; for the *garuda* of the Hindus, the *simurgh* of the Persians, and the *bar-fuchre* of Rabbinical legends are evidently versions of the roc myth.

The legends of the roc are, without exception, of a later date than those of the phœnix. In China, it is true, the "Book of Mountains and Seas" mentions several gigantic birds, but admits that they are to be found in India or still farther south; nor does it speak of these birds as having any connection with the heavenly powers. An Arabic author says of the roc: "There is in certain of the islands a bird of enormous

size, called the *rukh*, that feedeth its young ones with elephants." Golius translates *rukh* simply as "a bird which carries off a whole rhinoceros." El Kazwini* relates a story told him of the roc, which is very similar to the well-known narrative of Sindbad the Sailor, in the "Arabian Nights," for which reason I give it here.

"A man of Ispahan related to me, that, being burdened with debts, he quitted Ispahan, and went to sea with some merchants. We came, said he, to the well-known whirlpool of the sea of Persia; whereupon the master declared that no ship could escape from this whirlpool, but that if one of us would give himself for his companions, he would do his best. Wearied by misery, I wished for death, and offered myself, on condition that the merchants should discharge my debts and act kindly to my children. This being accepted on oaths, the master put me on shore, gave me provisions for some days, and a drum to beat; while I was beating the drum, I beheld the water move; then they bore the ship along, and I looked at her until she was out of my sight and in safety. Left on the island, I was meditating on my case, which was like a dream, when at the close of the day an immense bird, like a cloud, came and alighted upon the top of an immense tree. I hid myself, fearing lest it should make me its prey. When the light of morning approached, it shook its wings and flew away. The next night when it came I approached it, but it showed no hostility to me. The third night I sat by it without consternation; I laid hold upon its legs, and in the morning it flew away with me at a most rapid flight. When I looked towards the earth and saw not aught save an abyss of water, I was about to quit my hold of its legs; but life is sweet, and I constrained myself to have patience; and looking again at the earth, I beheld the villages and the towns, and the people looking at the bird. Then it approached the earth, set me down upon a heap of straw, and

* 'Anka is an Arabic word, meaning "long necked." Compare with this name the Chinese idea that the phœnix "has a neck like a snake."

† The prophet "Hamdallah."

‡ Madagasear, most probably.

* Kazwini's "Book of Wonders."

soared into the sky. You may imagine the astonishment of the people, who took me to their chief. I related to them my whole story, by an interpreter, and they wondered at me more and more. They treated me kindly, and I remained with them some days. I was walking on the sea-shore, and lo! I met the ship of my companions; and when I related to them my story, they were greatly astonished; and we thanked God, who delivered me in such a wonderful way; may his name be exalted!"

Marco Polo makes mention of the roc in his travels, giving a very entertaining account. He writes: "'Tis said that in those other islands to the south * is found the bird gryphon, which appears there at certain seasons. The description given of it is, however, entirely different from what our stories and pictures make it. For persons who had been there and seen it told Messer Marco Polo that it was for all the world like an eagle, but one, indeed, of enormous size: so big, in fact, that its wings covered an extent of thirty paces, and its quills were twelve paces long, and thick in proportion. And it is so strong that it will seize an elephant in its talons and carry him high into the air, and drop him so that he is smashed to pieces; having so killed him, the bird gryphon swoops down on him and eats him at leisure. The people of those isles call the bird *roc*, and it has no other name. So I wot not if this be the real gryphon, or if there be another bird as great. But this I can tell you for certain: that they are not half-lion and half-bird, as our stories do relate; but enormous as they be, they are fashioned just like an eagle."

The circumstance which localized the roc in the direction of Madagascar was perhaps some rumor of the great fossil *apeyornis* and its colossal eggs, † found in that island. According to Geoffroy St. Hilaire, the Malagashes assert that the bird which laid those great eggs still exists, that it has an immense power of flight, and preys upon the greater

quadrupeds. Indeed, the continued existence of the bird has been alleged as late as 1861 and 1863. Professor Bianconi of Bologna, who has written much on the subject of the *apeyornis*, concludes that it was most probably of the vulture family. This would go far, he contends, to justify Polo's account of the roc as a bird of prey; though the story of its lifting any large animal could have had no foundation, as the feet of the vulture are unfit for such efforts. Bianconi concludes that, on the same scale of proportion as the condor's, the great quills of the *apeyornis* would be about ten feet long, and the spread of the wings about thirty-two feet; whilst the height of the bird would be at least four times that of the condor's. The *Dinornis giganteus*, or moa * of New Zealand, is another bird of immense proportions. Professor Owen has constructed a skeleton of it eight feet ten inches in height—the tibia, or shin bone, alone measures nearly three feet. According to Professor Owen, there were thirteen or fourteen species of moa, which is closely allied to the kiwi-kiwi, or *Apteryx Australis*, a specimen of which is to be seen in the London Zoological Gardens. Still more wonderful—indeed, almost incredible—are the accounts of the *harpagornis*. Dr. Haast discovered in a swamp at Glenmark, † along with the remains of the *Dinornis*, or moa, some bones (femur, ungual phalanges, and rib) of a gigantic bird, which he pronounces to be a bird of prey, apparently allied to the harriers, and calls *harpagornis*. These bones were sent home to Professor Owen, who is convinced that they belong to a bird of prey double the weight of the moa, and quite capable, therefore, of preying on the young of that species. Indeed, he is disposed to attribute the extinction of the *harpagornis* to that of the moa, which was the only victim in the country that could supply it with a sufficiency of food." A learned writer on the subject adds: "One is tempted to believe that if the moa, or *Dinornis* of New Zealand, had its *harpagornis* scourge, the still greater

* "Madeigascar" and "Zanghibar."

† The egg of this bird, preserved in the British Museum, would hold about 2.35 gallons.

* Hochstetter's "New Zealand."

† In the province of Otago, New Zealand.

apyornis of Madagascar may have had a proportionate tyrant, whose bones time may bring to light."

Tales of the *harpagornis* may have penetrated to the confines of China; for there appear to have been floating rumors of a great bird similar to the roc, which was much feared by the people. Ibn Batuta relates that it was in the Chinese seas that he beheld the roc, first like a mountain in the sea, where no mountain should have been; and then, "when the sun rose, we saw the mountain aloft in the air, and the clear sky between it and the sea. We were in astonishment at this, and I observed that the sailors were weeping and bidding each other adieu; so I called out, 'What is the matter?' They replied, 'What we took for a mountain is the *rukh*. If it sees us, it will send us to destruction.' It was then some ten miles from the junk. But Allah was gracious to us, and sent us a fair wind, which turned us from the direction in which the *rukh* was; so we did not see him near enough to take cognizance of his real shape." The cause of their alarm was most probably the refraction of some island or point of land, which appeared suspended in mid-air.

The *garuda* of the Hindus was most probably the *apyornis* again, for a common epithet of it was *gajakurmasin*, or "elephant and tortoise devourer." The *simurgh* of the Persians, on the other hand, was somewhat similar to the phoenix. In Persian mysticism, the *simurgh* is an emblem of the Almighty, dwelling on the inaccessible summits of the Caucasus, behind veils of light and darkness.

We find no mention of the roc in the literature of ancient Greece, unless we are to suppose that the gryphon is the type of the roc. Aristotle* solely makes mention of gigantic birds which were not gryphons. He says: "They say that on the island Diomedea, in the Adriatic, there is a wonderful and holy temple of Diomedea; round about it there live birds of immense size, with long and steel-like beaks. Now, if a Greek comes

to that place, they will remain passive; but when the barbarians of the vicinity come near to it, they fly up, and pouncing upon their heads, tear them to pieces and kill them." Birds of truly great discrimination!

The earliest mention made of the gryphon is by Aristæas, about 500 B. C. The *gryps*, says Herodotus, is the guardian of gold-mines. In another place* he remarks:

"It is certain that in the north of Europe there is a prodigious quantity of gold; but how it is produced I am not able to tell with certainty. It is affirmed, indeed, that the Arimaspians, a one-eyed race, take this gold violently away from the gryphons." Æschylus† makes use of this passage:

"Thus the gryphons,
Those dumb and ravenous dogs of Jove, avoid
The Arimaspians troops, whose frowning foreheads
Glare with one blazing eye; along the banks
Where Pluto rolls his streams of gold, they rein
Their foaming steeds."

In connection with the account of Herodotus, it is remarkable that the people of northern Siberia firmly believe in the former existence of colossal birds, suggested in all probability by the fossil remains of great pachyderms, which are so abundant there. Indeed, the flat saber-like horns of the *rhinoceros tichorinus* are constantly called, even by Russian merchants, *birds' claws*. M. Erman ingeniously suggests that the Herodotean story of the gryphons, from under which the Arimaspians drew their gold, grew out of legends about these fossils.

The gryphon of ancient Egypt was closely related to the *nirgal*, or winged lion, of Assyria. It had the head of an eagle and the body of a winged lion; the Egyptian name for it was *akhekkh*. The gryphon seems to have been symbolic of terror; for in the history of the campaign against the Hittites, Ramses is said to have been "like a gryphon" to his enemies, "spreading terror wherever he fought." The name of the

* VII. 79.

* III. 116.

† Prometh. Vinctus, Potter's Translation.

gryphon comes from the Greek *grypos*, "with a curved or hooked nose."

In conclusion, can we believe that such creatures as the phoenix, roc, or gryphon ever existed? In their forms of argus, pheasant, *apryornis*, or *harpagornis*, certainly. As regards the phoenix, *ruk*, and *gryps*, *per se*, however, I think the sage Mas'udi puts it most clearly. After having said that whatever country he visited, he always found that the people believed these monstrous

creatures to exist in regions as remote as possible from their own, he continues:

"It is not that our reason absolutely rejects the possibility of the existence of the *nesnas*, (the *empusa*, or ghou) or of the *'anka* (phoenix) and other beings of rare and wondrous orders; for there is nothing in their existence incompatible with the divine power; but we decline to believe in them, because their existence has not been manifested to us on any irrefragable authority.

F. WARRINGTON EASTLAKE.

WRECK OF THE GOLDEN RULE.

I HAVE threatened for nearly fifteen years to write this out for publication, but have delayed doing so until now. It may prove of interest to Pacific coast readers, as no detailed account of the affair has ever been published. It is the statement of an eyewitness; all of which I saw, *et quorum pars fui*.

It was on a pleasant morning in May, 1865, that the good steamship Golden Rule, of M. O. Roberts' line, freighted with over seven hundred passengers and crew, swung away from her pier in New York harbor, and steamed towards the Narrows on her way to Greytown. The gun was fired, the passengers cheered, and echo answered from the dock, where friends left behind waved hats and handkerchiefs.

Thus gayly we started upon our long journey toward California. All were in high spirits, when suddenly—unromantic omen of future disaster—a Hoboken ferry-boat dashed into our starboard wheel, inflicting such grievous injury that a halt was imperative until the damage was repaired. Swinging quietly out of the track of passing vessels, we dropped anchor, and sent a boat ashore for such assistance as was required to repair the wheel. At daybreak on the ensuing morning all was arranged, and we proceeded on our course. Passing the forts, the Narrows, and the fresh green hills

of Staten Island, the long, rolling swell of the Atlantic broke under our bows, the ship rose and fell gracefully upon the uneven surface of the water, and the fun commenced.

In a few days we got on our sea-legs, and began to enjoy the voyage. A passing sail, a shark, a shoal of porpoises or flying fish furnished topics for conversation; and by the aid of eating, sleeping, books, and cards, time passed rapidly.

We breasted the white-capped waves of stormy Cape Hatteras, and plowing steadily southward, sailed into a glassy summer sea. The heat increasing to tropical fervor, canvas screens were placed over the decks.

And now arose an excitement, as the cry of "Sail, ho!" rang from the topmast. The stranger was a ship under full sail, some miles off, and running squarely across our course. Our officers suspected her to be an Alabama or Shenandoah, and stopped our vessel, took a look at the stranger, and ran clear round her. Thus we escaped this great danger, as the "pirut" craft took no notice of us.

On the fifth morning from New York we sighted Mariguana Island; and in the afternoon the low, green shores of Inagua rose like a vision of Aphrodite from out the crystal sea.

Then appeared the lofty heights of Cuba,

Spain's ever-faithful isle; and all the ensuing night the revolving light on Point Maysi flashed its intermitting beams across the placid waters. Towards evening of the next day we sighted the wooded slopes of Jamaica, and at dusk glided past its easternmost point, crowned with a lighthouse that loomed dark and huge through the misty gloaming.

And now the wind freshened; the white-caps crowned the waves. The Caribbean Sea was giving us a taste of its quality. Steadily we plowed our way for twenty-four hours more, when the wind lulled, and as darkness approached the sea became phosphorescent. Every wave crest sparkled with fire. The swash from the vessel's side gleamed like a million glow-worms. Now the wind rose in fitful gusts, and the muttering of the distant thunder heralded the approaching storm. Such a storm too!—a tropical explosion. The heavens were alive with fire. The thunder pealed forth incessant bursts. Rain poured with tropical profusion upon the sparkling, phosphorescent sea. At last,

“The tempest glides o'er with its terrible train”;

and we sought our berths.

About three o'clock in the morning the clash of the engineer's bell, the stopping of engines and paddle-wheel, and a mysterious grating under the ship's keel promptly roused me. Running to the ship's side, I plainly saw the long white line of breakers dashing on a coral reef. “Call up the hands!” said the officer of the deck. “Back the ship off the reef!” The engines were promptly reversed. “Everybody aft!” came the next order; and the bewildered passengers who were turning out in every stage of *deshabille* were hustled back to the ship's stern, in hopes that their united *avouirdupois* would raise the vessel's bow from the rocks. All efforts were vain. The wind swung round the stern, and the ship, lifted upon the rollers, was spitted on the jagged coral. The masts and steam pipes were next cut away, immense holes torn through the ship's bottom, and the last voyage of the Golden Rule was ended.

Just here rises the question, How does one feel while staring death in the face? My own experience was as follows: I was a strong, healthy young man, had just left home and friends, and here, apparently, was the end. I knew we were at the center of the Caribbean Sea, three hundred miles from land. In a few hours the wreck would probably break up. Then would follow a lingering torture: death by water, death by sharks, death by hunger, death by thirst, all passed before my imagination. I pictured myself floating on a solitary plank, over the wide sea, until, exhausted, I fell into the water. Relatives, friends, would never know my fate. Such anticipations almost overwhelmed my mind for some moments. Then hope arose, and summoned courage to contest fate to the bitter end.

Now dawn appeared, revealing a reef extending in each direction farther than eye could reach; the ship lay well up on the reef, about sixty yards from where its serrated crest broke the outline of roaring surf. With ceaseless monotony the vessel rose four to six feet on the heavy swells, and crashed back on the coral as each wave receded. Slowly the timbers broke under her bottom, causing her to settle lower into the water, the decks sloping more and more to seaward. Every wave thundered against her sides, and threw its spray clear over the ship. Everybody now hunted for something to eat, commenting that it might be our last meal below the skies.

“We must make rafts,” were the words that next ran through the ship; and we went at it with a will. The spare spars, hatches, gratings, doors, tables, and planks were first used; next we cut to pieces the upper works, cabins, pilot-house, and hurricane-deck. We constructed many small rafts, which were lowered to the water, towed through an opening in the reef, and anchored together in one large raft in still water. Next, sundry barrels of hard-tack, pickled beef and pork, and other marine delicacies were hoisted on deck, lowered into boats, and transferred to the raft. Several cables were rigged from ship to rocks; and

on one a chair was attached, with ropes to pull it and any occupant to the reef. One adventurous individual tried the perilous venture: but as the tightening and slackening of the cables alternately ducked him into the water or threw him twenty feet in air, he expressed himself satisfied with one trip, and no one cared to repeat the exploit.

Now sundry people with telescopic eyes thought they saw something down the reef, in the hazy distance. A boat was dispatched to learn if this supposed discovery was tangible, or only the baseless fabric of a vision. A more serious voyage awaited our first mate. He took two men in one of the life-boats, with provisions and water, and started for Old Providence Island, supposed to be eighty miles to the westward, in hopes that aid in some shape might there be found. With cheers, prayers, and best wishes, we watched him out of sight.

At sundown the exploring expedition returned with the glad news that they had discovered an island about five miles off, that contained a small pool of fresh water. This unexpected report enlivened us all, as we now began to hope we might yet be saved. It was soon decided to transfer the people to the island: but first all must go to the large raft or reef. Lanterns were hung, and the labor of transferring the women and children to the raft commenced. By means of a loop of rope slung under the arms, women were lowered down the vessel's side, where strong arms seized them and pulled them safely into the boats. About two hundred were lodged on the raft, and provided with bedding by eight p. m., when, everybody being tired out, we sought such quarters for the night as were to be had. Except for heavy showers, the night passed without incident, though the churning, creaking, and groaning of the ship were not especially conducive to sleep. It may be imagined that few could rest well if their beds were raised several feet and thumped violently down half a dozen times a minute. The morning broke stormy, as rain fell in torrents and lasted all day. As nobody attended to the cooking or refreshment department, we

hunted a few hard-tack, chewed ice from the ship's ice-house over the wheel, to satisfy thirst, and resumed our labors. I would say here, *par parenthesis*, that no fresh water was to be had, as it was in iron tanks in the ship's hold, now covered with ten feet of sea water.

The life-boats were organized into a packet line, to convey women and children to the island, while one wooden boat took men to the rocks. I said took them to the rocks; but the thing actually done was to run the boat into water three or four feet deep, when thecoxswain would sing out, "Jump!" and the boat was immediately headed again for the ship, so the timorous and delaying were more likely to go over head and ears, and often required to be pulled out by some friendly hand, to save their lives. Joining the last load, I reached the rocks, and selecting one particularly high and sharp, perched thereon like a very bedraggled fowl in the pelting rain, arranged the rim of my hat so that it would drip on my coat sleeve, which I continually sucked for drink, and reckoned up how many hours a human being could live under such circumstances. At length nearly all were at the island, and the powers that be, who had kept the young men until the last, graciously permitted us to stand in water to our necks for an hour, and then to step foot upon the raft. Now, embarked in a life-boat, we bore away for the island, which was reached at eleven o'clock at night. Hungry and chilled, I received a ration of one hard-tack, which was speedily eaten. Then seizing an ax, I cut fuel from the mast of a wrecked ship, stirred the decaying embers to a bright blaze: and thus warmed up, lay down on the sand, feet to the fire, and slept soundly.

An exploration at daylight revealed the island to be about ten acres in extent, partly coral sand, partly sharp, jagged rocks. Everybody went to house-building. How it happened, I forget; but I joined with three young men to construct a rude dwelling. Large pieces of coral were built into a wall, inclosing about eight feet square and four high on three sides of a square, but

open to the north. Rude rafters of drift-wood were laid across the walls, blankets stretched over them, fastened down with rocks, and our house was built.

The cooking and distribution of food now became the most important event of each day. Coppers were brought from the ship, meat cooked, a bell rung, and rations served. *Place aux dames*, first to the women and children. In single file they approached a table, formed of a board across two casks, crowned with immense pans. Each person received one-half a sea-biscuit, and a piece of salt beef or pork as large as two fingers.

This ration after the first day was increased one-half. The men were served last. Rations were issued twice daily. A guard was stationed over the water, with instructions to serve out one-half a pint to each applicant.

And now the island assumed the appearance of a little village. Its seven hundred inhabitants were rudely lodged in stone huts roofed with shawls and blankets. Some fished, others swam in the sea, while still others returned to the ship for food or plunder. I began to study my comrades. Two were large, heavy men from New Brunswick. The third was a natty, dapper youth of New York City, whom we called Jake, whose peculiarities furnished endless amusement. Returning with Jake from dinner—if our scanty ration might thus be called—on the third day of our residence on the island, he commented as follows: "I say, Cap, we will need a cargo of supplies soon. These ladies' toes are sticking out of their shoes, and their dress skirts look like saw teeth." This being true enough, I acquiesced, when suddenly Jake uttered a yell, clapped his hand to his mouth, and used an ejaculation more forcible than polite. Noticing my surprised look, he exclaimed, "Well, I think it's had enough to be nearly starved, without giving us feed that's worse than tombstones on teeth"—exhibiting at the same time one-half an incisor that had snapped like a pipe stem upon the flinty hard-tack.

Jake prided himself upon his swimming, and often exhibited his prowess, the

warm water rendering it pleasant and refreshing. On the fourth day Jake started to swim to a reef of rocks about two hundred yards from the island, and had nearly reached it when we saw him lash the water into a foam, rush up the shallows, and spring quickly to the other side of the reef. This haste was explained by the appearance of the back fin of a large shark in his wake. The sea-monster mounted guard, and kept poor Jake under surveillance the whole day beneath the broiling sun.

At dusk the shark disappeared, when Jake slipped quietly into the water and reached us in safety. That night Jake slept uneasily. His tender skin was blistered and burning; and though we turned up for him the softest sides of the wave-smoothed stones that paved our hut, and upon which we slept, offering at the same time such consolation as young men usually give to each other when victimized, he groaned continually, and refused to be comforted. At last he fell into an uneasy sleep. He dreamed that he was swimming in the water, with that dreadful shark in full pursuit. He struck out, he struggled, he dashed through the waves. He lashed every muscle to its utmost tension. In vain! The cold, clammy fins of the shark struck his hands, his neck, his face. The man-eater opened his deadly jaws to seize his prey, displaying his horrid triple rows of sharp teeth. But now Jake nears the shore; he grasps the rock, and with one superhuman effort throws himself upon the welcome land. At least, that was his dream; but the reality varied somewhat. The facts were, that various crabs, small lobsters, and other creatures of the deep haunted our huts at night. These gentry crawled over our faces, ate our clothing, and occasionally nipped an ear or finger. Usually we waked, threw them out, and slept again. But this night Jake's dreams were colored and directed by the events of the day, and when the sea-vermin crawled over his face he imagined he felt the shark's fins. So far it mattered little; but when in imagination he seized the rock to throw himself ashore, he actually grasped one of the

key-stones of the wall of our hut, and dislodging it from its place, *traxit ruina*, half a ton of coral rock came rattling about our ears, bringing rafters and roofing in its course of destruction. It fell mostly on Jake, as he lay next the wall; and as soon as the rest of us grasped the situation, we shook off the coral and dug him out. Fortunately the rafters in falling protected him somewhat, so that, save a few bruises, he was little injured.

A day or two after we reached the island our second mate and three men were dispatched to sea in a life-boat, instructed to reach Aspinwall if possible, and send us relief.

And now began a siege of dreary monotony, of fading hopes, of wearisome *ennui*, such as is inflicted upon few denizens of earth. Day after day came the same tiresome, monotonous round. The blazing sun filled the sky with fiery heat. The faces of all were blistered with exposure; clothing and shoes destroyed by the jagged coral. Many women were in a particularly dilapidated condition, with elbows through sleeves, shoes gaping wide, and dress skirts riddled by abrasion upon rocks, or eaten by sea-crabs. These vermin, while I slept; actually ate about one-third a linen handkerchief tied about my neck and head.

Res angusta domi—it was narrow house-keeping. Our food ran low, even though the daily pittance of each would not have satisfied a cat. The beef, too, was so detestable in quality that it was unfit to eat. Its offense was rank, and smelled to heaven. Many a time did I throw my morsel to the ground in disgust, and afterwards, compelled by the ceaseless gnawing of my vitals, return to it again, and yet again, until all was devoured.

And to such horrible fare were condemned many delicate ladies and children who never before knew a want ungratified.

Worse still, the scanty deposit of fresh water left by the rain was nearly exhausted. A few days more, and that would be gone; and then we well knew by what lingering torture death awaited his prey. Eagerly we

watched the ocean, but no welcome sail greeted our anxious eyes. Famine began to tell upon our ranks. Sunken cheeks, gaunt faces, hollow eyes, and thinned forms too plainly revealed its baleful extent. Grim despair fell upon our camp, and clutched its talons in every heart. It was watching and waiting. We could do nothing but endure. We could go nowhere. Help must come to us.

And help came at last. On the tenth morning a tiny speck appeared on the southern horizon; soon it grew to a sail, approached the island, the dark hull appeared, and we knew that we were saved.

Then was seen every manifestation of gratitude and joy. The people embraced, they cried, they screamed, they danced, they prayed, they rolled upon the sand. Women indulged in hysterical fits; men wept like children. All felt how great was the burden lifted from their hearts, as the shadow of black death flitted away. Another vessel followed the first. Both soon anchored near the beach; a boat was lowered, and as it reached the shore we crowded to take the hand of our first mate, who brought this welcome succor.

His story was soon told: he passed Old Providence Island in the night; the sea became rough; his boat often filled with water; once or twice it overturned; his provisions were ruined or lost. Safety was only found in running before the wind. In three days he ran three hundred miles, and reached that *terra incognita*, the Musquito coast. Here he found two small schooners taking turtle, whose captains agreed to come to our relief. As they had to run into the wind's eye, their progress was necessarily slow; perpetual tacking was necessary, and seven days elapsed before we spied their welcome sails.

It was soon decided that the fishing schooners should each take a load of passengers to Aspinwall. Next morning most of the young men received orders to embark on these vessels, which were soon loaded to near the water's edge. The sails were spread, and we were about to start, when a sailor at my side cast his eye to seaward, and cried,

"Sail, ho!" An hour brought the new arrival within a mile, another following in her wake.

They proved to be two large United States war steamers, the Huntsville and State of Georgia. "Three cheers for the United States Navy," some one cried out; and we gave them with a will. A boat from the Huntsville, coming alongside our craft, informed us that our second mate reached

Aspinwall safely; that a few hours later these vessels steamed into port; that he reported our situation to their officers, who at once proceeded to our relief. All were soon transferred to the war ships, and furnished a substantial meal.

Nothing more occurred of special interest. We reached Aspinwall in two days, crossed by rail to Panama, and embarked upon the America for San Francisco.

WILLIAM A. PATTERSON.

A TALE OF SAWYER'S FLAT.

"God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own."—*Anon.*

THE PROLOGUE BY BILL SPARKS.

SPARKS? Yes, stranger, that's me. And the little kid yender, that's our Johnny. He ain't no kin of ourn, but he's generally known through these parts ez Bill Sparks's kid. Jest set down on this yer log 'nd I'll tell yer about it. Hev ye got any sech thing as a chaw o' terbacker handy? Yer see, a feller's feelin's is apt to git riled up, 'nd thar ain't nothin' so divartin' in a case o' thet kind ez a good chaw to work on. Thankee. Now I'll let her bile.

It wus in '49 that me 'nd Jack Trumbull left the States, 'nd crossed the plains 'long with a passel of fellers that hed got Californy on the brain. We brung up in Nevady County, ez pegged-out a lot as you'd keer to see; 'nd then we had the devil's own luck, what with me gettin' tuk in at keards, (bein' sorter green) 'nd Jack fallin' sick with fever.

Wall, howsumever, ez soon ez Jack got onto his legs ag'in we rigged out a couple o' pack-mules, with picks, shovels, gum boots, flour, bacon, and thet sort o' truck, 'nd got out of thet. We crossed over inter Siery County, tuk up some claims, 'nd struck it rich.

At the end of two years we'd raked together quite a likely pile, 'nd Jack sez to me, one night after we'd turned in, sez he:

"Bill, I've been to'able lucky. I've panned out some thousands, 'nd I calkerlate to pan out ez much more ef I'm spared. But I've ben thinkin' a good deal lately about the old folks to hum, 'nd I think I'll go back 'nd make 'em a visit. They're gittin' purty well on in years, 'nd I'd orter go, I guess, afore it gits too late. I'll stay long enough to pay off the mortgage 'nd fix up the old place comfortable, 'nd I'll be back in the fall."

It wus a little suddent to me, but still I wa'n't no ways supprised. Fer ye see Jack hedn't never tuk kindly to a miner's life, nohow. He wus sorter mild 'nd soft spoken—"Lady Jack," the fellers used to call him—and didn't never seem to set much store by our drinkin' 'nd swarin' 'nd rough ways. So sez I, "Good luck go with ye to the old campin'-ground, my pard; 'nd I'll wait fer ye here." Wall, the long 'nd short of it wus, thet Jack left fer home a week from thet day; whilst I went on with my diggin'.

I got two letters from him durin' the summer, 'nd in the third one he writ thet he'd be in San Francisco airly in the fall—I might look for him in October, anyway.

When the time drawed near I was ez oneasy as a suckin' colt away from its mother. Yer see, I wus gittin' anxious to hear from my folks, 'nd from a purty little black-haired girl thet wus a-waitin' fer me back

thar. 'Thar! never mind me, stranger. I'll be all right agin I've blowed my nose. 'Thet terbacker helps a feller out wonderful. Yer see, she's dead 'nd buried sence. 'Thet's why I never keered to go back; but I sent the stamps 'nd hed a monyment put over her—the finest in all the kentry raound, so folks say.

I used ter watch the stage mighty clost them days. It made two trips a week up through the diggin's, carryin' passengers 'nd the mail; 'nd one night thar sot Jack, ez big ez life, on the driver's seat, a-holdin' in his arms the little kid ye see yender. Only he wuz a right sight smaller then, a-warin' petticoats, 'nd only prattlin' a few words. Wall, at sight o' the young un, I forgot my anxiety about home, 'nd my first words, ez I shuk hands with Jack, wuz:

“Whar on this yarth did ye run afoul o' thet youngster?”

Jack kinder smiled, and sez he: “The little un's hungry and tired; 'nd after he's ben fed 'nd put away fer the night, I'll tell ye all about it.”

A woman, much more a child, wuz a rare thing in the diggin's them days; and 'twan't no time till the news hed spread thet a young un hed come to camp, 'nd the fellers all kem flockin' round the little codger: some o' 'em a-feelin' of his curly hair, 'nd others a-strokin' his soft cheeks, ez ef to make sure it wuz a real live child. Wall, the little stranger wuz made welcome, now I tell *you*.

We hedn't no accommodations; but at supper-time I jest surrendered my place to him, 'nd made away with my slap-jack 'nd bacon off'n a clean shingle, with a rat-tail file 'nd a corkscrew fer knife 'nd fork.

It 'nd a fetched tears to the eyes of a Mexican mustang to ha' seen the boys chipperin' over the baby at the table, pickin' out tidbits and feedin' him with their knives. After he'd eat his fill Jack stowed him away in one end of his old bunk, then drewed his chair to the fire, 'nd this is what he told us, near ez I kin remember, in his own words.

“Among the passengers thet tuk ship along with me from New York, I noticed a purty,

pale-lookin' young woman, with eyes like a antelope's, 'nd a string of goldy hair a-hengin' down her back, 'nd she hed a little child with her. She seemed kinder timid like, 'nd kep off to herself; but the child wuz ez peart ez a chipmuck, 'nd made up with everybody.

He used ter climb onto my knees 'nd prattle in his baby jargon by the hour. From that I tuk to carryin' him round in my arms, 'nd lookin' after him when his mother wuz to her meals. She used ter thank me in her purty way, 'nd so through the little un we kem to be well acquainted. I larnt from her thet she wuz a-comin' out to her husband thet wuz a perfesser, or preacher, or suthin' of the sort in San Francisco; thet he hedn't never saw the child, 'nd she wuz a-comin' unbeknownst to him, 'lowin' to give him a supprise.

“Wall, along with the rest o' the passengers wuz a tall, handsome man, in a military dress, thet they called Colonel; 'nd I see him a-watchin' thet young thing with an evil look in his black eyes, at different times. By some means he'd got on speakin' terms with her, and jest follered her up, never lettin' a chance slip by to show her some attention, sech ez fetchin' her a glass o' water, or a chair, 'nd so forth. Ef ever Satan walked this yarth in human form, thet wuz him in the military cap 'nd epaulets; 'nd he lured thet poor young creetur on to her ruin. I could see thet she wuz ez helpless in his clutch ez a kitten in the toils of a anaconda. Onct I made so bold ez to speak to her about it; but she only seemed hurt, 'nd sed thet the Colonel hed been a good friend to her, 'nd she tuk it unkindly of me to speak disrespectful of him.

“After thet, things went on from bad to worse. I could see them promenadin' the deck on moonlight nights, when the little kid wuz asleep: she with her face turned up to hisn, and him a-talkin' thet low 'nd sweet black heart. I kep' myself dark, but I thought, 'I've got an eye on you, my fine feller.' You can't think what a load fell off'n my mind when we drewed near to the end of our v'age: 'nd one evenin' the mate told

me we'd git into San Francisco harbor about eight o'clock thet night. I jest thought ef thet poor young thing could only reach her husband's side onct, he might waken her from the spell the evil-eyed Colonel hed cast over her.

"We steamed in through the Golden Gate shortly after dark. On board everything wuz topsy-turvey—passengers hurryin' back 'nd forth, sailors ye-hawin', 'nd the mates 'nd captain cussin' a blue-streaked race. I wuz leanin' over the taffrail, smokin' a segar, when I felt somebody tech my shoulder, 'nd lookin' round, thar stood the little kid's mother, holdin' the child in her arms. Sez she, 'Would you mind takin' baby for a few minutes, while I get my things together?' I tuk the little un, 'nd she walked away towards the cabin very fast. After she'd got a rod or so off, she turned 'nd looked back at us sort of wistful like; then she kem back 'nd fell to kissin' the baby, 'nd cryin' over him; then she got my hand in both o' hern, 'nd sed ez how I'd ben so kind to her and the child; 'nd now we wuz about to separate p'raps forever. She told me her husband's name, (the name's slipped me, stranger; I ain't good at rememberin' names) 'nd sed *he* would thank me for my kindness to them. Then she hurried off ag'in. I didn't think nuthin' strange of her actions—wimmen is soft creeturs, anyhow—so, when the little kid got sleepy, I jest set down, with him layin' acrost my shoulder, 'nd waited for her to come. I waited 'nd waited, and when an hour hed passed, 'nd she didn't put in no appearance, I begun to feel kinder skeery. After a while I got up, with baby still asleep in my arms, 'nd went to look for her. I went down inter the cabin; but the cabin wuz empty. Then I kem back on deck, but she wan't thar, 'nd the last dozen or so of passengers wuz filin' over the plank. I went to the captain then: 'nd together we tuk another look for her; but 'twa'n't no kind of use. She wuz gone. And the truth kem out at last, thet she'd eloped with the black-eyed Colonel, 'nd left her child to the tender mercies of strangers.

"So I jest tuk the little shaver with me to

a hotel, 'nd the next day inquired all over the city for the father; but nobody seemed to know the name. Then I advertised, and waited a week for some word; but I never heard nuthin'; so I left my address with the authorities, 'nd told them ef the father should turn up to let me know; 'nd I jest fetchted the little kid 'long with me. I couldn't b'ar to send him to the foundlings. Yer see, I'd kinder got a hankerin' after the little chap."

'Them's Jack's words, to a /, stranger; 'nd thet's how Johnny happens to be boardin' in Sawyer's Flat. No one ever kem to claim him, 'nd we looked on him as ourn. Jack set a heap o' store by him; 'nd thar wuzn't a man in the diggin's thet wouldn't a shed his heart's best blood for him ef he'd ben called on. We used to take him with us to our work. Ef he got hungry, we'd give him a cold slap-jack; ef he wuz sleepy, we'd make him a bed o' pine needles, 'nd cover him with our coats. He would sing to hisself at his play all day long, 'nd wuz ez happy ez a lark. At night some one of us would tote him home on our shoulder; 'nd he bunked with first one then t'other.

Jack was calkerlatin' to take him back to his folks in a year or two. But he never went, poor feller! Fell down a shaft and caved in his ribs. Only lived a couple of hours; and the last thing he said wuz, "Bill, take good keer of the little kid." I promised him I would; 'nd I've stood by my word, ef I do say it. He's a gritty little chap—that Johnny of ourn. Fight? Jest try him on and see; swar too. O, he's cute.

But its gittin' chilly, and with your leave we'll step inside, stranger. Will you take suthin' to drink?

THE STORY.

Time—a stormy night in November, '54. Place—the interior of a miner's cabin in Sawyer's Flat. Without, the wind howls dismally; gathering its forces in the secret places of the mighty Sierra; then rushing with a furious onset into the flats below; now mingling with the hoarse roar of the

mountain torrent, and now shrilling away in the far distance with the wail of a banshee.

The mountain pines writhed before the awful blast, like giant creatures in agony; and the rain fell in solid sheets. Within, a huge fire of pine knots leaped and crackled as if in defiance of the dreadful din of the combating elements. It cast a cheerful glow on the bare, brown walls of the apartment, and lighted up the weather-beaten features of half a dozen men who were seated at a pine table in one corner of the room. Coarse fellows they were—several outcasts in flannel shirts and big cowhide boots; but *men* for all that—men who were quick to avenge a wrong, who never forgot a kindness, and who would stand by a "pard" with their latest breath. They were engaged in the game of cards classically denominated *seven up*: most of them were smoking, and all commented in profane measures at intervals, as the goddess Fortune denied or befriended them, punctuating their expletives with copious expectorations of tobacco juice.

In another corner of the room, in one of the rude couches which were ranged along the wall, lay the figure of a child of five summers, or thereabout, sleeping peacefully amid his incongruous surroundings. He was fair as an April blossom. About his broad, moist brow the hair clustered in rings of burnished gold; his lips were slightly parted, disclosing two rows of pearly teeth; and the lashes that swept the rounded cheeks were long and silken. This was the little foundling whose own had abandoned him, and whom the waters of the wide world had taken up and cast at the foot of the everlasting hills—in the vernacular of the primitive Californian, Bill Sparks's kid.

At length the game of cards was ended, and Sparks, the proprietor-general of the cabin, pushed back from the table with a yawn, and signified his intention of retiring. He was a Missourian, as lank as one of his native fence-rails, with long carrotty locks, and a scraggy beard of the same vivid hue.

"Most time to turn in, boys," said he.

"Guess I'll take another whiff at old Black Tom, though, first," and he drew from his pocket a rusty black pipe, which he appeared to carry there as a provision against every earthly contingency, and which he proceeded to fill and light. The other men arose, and gathered around the blazing hearth.

"An awful storm, boys," said one, throwing on another knot; "seems as ef the devil an' all his imps hed got inter the night."

"That it does," rejoined a representative from Ohio; "'twus on jest sech a night as this that my old grandad died, three year ago, and left me his blessin' an' a pewter mug. Rich, too, but as mean as dirt. Clost? Why, he'd pinch a five-cent piece till it 'ud squeal." With which mournful reflection on the character of his departed ancestor, the Ohioan solaced himself with another "chaw," and whistled the "Arkansaw Traveier," very much out of tune.

A burly "Injianian," known as Jake Latimer, leaped to his feet, and executed an impromptu breakdown to the soul-inspiring strains. "Thet's the ticket, Jake," cried the company enthusiastically, as he finished with a flourish that threatened to send his short legs flying off in a tangent.

"Let's hev a song from the baby," suggested some one. "A song from the baby!" seconded one and another.

Sparks removed the unctuous pipe, and ventured a mild remonstrance. "The little shaver's asleep, 'nd it'd be a burnin' shame, boys—"

Before he could conclude the sentence, however, one of the men had crossed over to where the little sleeper lay, and had administered a smart slap outside the blankets, to awaken him.

"Come, old feller, roust out of this. We want yer to sing fer us."

The child turned over with a gesture of impatience, and muttered fretfully, then fixed himself for another nap; but the miner flung back the covering, and lifted him to the floor.

"Come now, sing 'Nigger in the Woodpile,'" urged the representative from Ohio.

"I won't," exclaimed the child, angry at

being thus rudely aroused from his slumbers.

"O, sho! Don't be hard on yer pards; ef yer won't sing fer love, le's see what money 'll do."

"Will yer take a dollar?"

"No, I won't," said the little one, rubbing his eyes sleepily.

"Two?"

"No."

"Three, then?"

The child ceased rubbing his eyes and began to show signs of yielding, though he still shook his head in refusal.

"Five dollars—come now, say five," persisted the Ohioan.

"Yes, I'll sing for that," said the little one, folding his arms demurely.

"Fire away, then, old fellow."

"Let me see the money first," demanded the child, with a cunning air.

The miners guffawed loudly at this, and one of them seized the fire-shovel, which he passed around the circle, and on which each in his turn deposited a piece of silver, until the required amount was made up. This was carefully placed in a pile on the table, and the child immediately began to sing, in a clear, piping treble, some ribald miner's song that had been taught him. At its conclusion the men applauded with much vociferation, and he came forward to claim his tribute. But Bill Sparks, with a wink at the others, and purposely ignoring the little outstretched hand, reached forth one of his long arms from where he sat, and swept the money off the table into his own pocket. For a moment the child stood transfixed with rage.

"Pitch into him, baby." "Give him a double-lefter." "Punch his ribs fer him," cried the men simultaneously.

Lifting his tiny fist, the little one stepped to his tormentor's side and dealt him a square blow between the eyes; whereat there was another general guffaw, and Sparks dropped his head upon his hands in mock distress. In a little while the storm of passion had faded from the small face, and Johnny was clinging with both arms about

Sparks's neck, entreating him to look at him.

"I ain't a bit mad now, Bill," he pleaded. "You just see if I am. You kin keep the money, an' I'll let you hev my new knife, an' the red-topped boots what Jake Latimer got me, an'—"

"Hello, thar, old fellow!" shouted Bill, as he suddenly caught the child up and tossed him high above his head. Then giving him a hearty hug, he crushed the silver into his rosy palm, and tumbled him back among the blankets, where he was soon sleeping as composedly as before.

The men drew up to the hearth again for a final smoke, preliminary to retiring, and silence gradually fell upon the little group. The fire burnt low and smoldered. The Ohioan and the "Injianian" were snoring in their seats, the others sat wrapped in the blissful reveries of home, when they were aroused by a succession of slow, distinct raps at the door.

They all started up instinctively. "Tarnation 'nd blue blazes!" ejaculated Bill Sparks; "who kin be abroad on sech a night ez this?" And taking the candle in one hand he wrenched the door open with the other. "Who's thar?" he called, peering into the darkness.

"The voice of one in the wilderness, crying, 'Prepare ye the way,'" was the answer, in tremulous accents.

There was a little superstitious stir in the room. A sudden gust of wind had extinguished the light; and when Bill succeeded in procuring another, they beheld in their midst a strange apparition. It was that of a middle-aged man, whose drenched clothing was clinging to his attenuated form. His face was cadaverous—almost unearthly in its pallor; his long hair and beard were white as snow; and in his eyes, which were preternaturally large and dark, burned a light that seemed borrowed from other worlds than ours. For a while he stood regarding the men with a solemn gaze; then lifting one of his long, thin hands toward them with a benignant gesture, "Peace be unto you," he said.

An awed look stole into the rough faces, and without a word, Sparks placed a seat before the fire; then withdrew to where his companions stood. The man walked forward, and extended his hands over the embers without speaking, for a short time; then turning, he addressed them again:

"Brethren," he said, "I am a pilgrim and a sojourner, a man of sorrows, and one acquainted with grief. I am gone on a long journey. I am gone on a journey of a year and a day. I travel to a strange country. It lieth afar—even beyond the rising and the setting of the stars. But I beseech you, brethren, that I may abide with you till the storm be overpassed; for a terror is abroad in the night, and my breath is faint."

The men exchanged significant glances.

"Luny," said one, tapping his forehead.

"Mad as a March hare."

"Poor old buffer: seems sorter harmless, though."

"We couldn't turn a dog adrift in this storm."

"Course not."

"But thar ain't nowhars for him to sleep."

"Never mind; I can shake down on the floor, an' he kin take my bunk."

"He'll want suthin' to eat."

"Sartin: we ain't the cubs to let a man go hungry."

Having thus hospitably concerted their plans, it devolved upon Bill Sparks, as spokesman of the establishment, to make them known.

"Wall, stranger," said he, "ef yer ain't perticklar what ye take, I guess we kin grub ye and lodge for the night, anyhow."

"I am very grateful, brethren," answered the man: "I have neither silver nor gold, nor worldly goods wherewith to recompense you: but my Master, when he cometh, will give to you a crown of life, and an inheritance that fadeth not away."

By this time the men had in a measure regained their equanimity. Jake Latimer stirred the fire; Bill Sparks brought forth the indispensable frying-pan, and soon the air was filled with the aroma of cooking viands.

When the meal was ready, the guest drew his stool to the table, and first bending his head in silent thanksgiving over the humble fare, partook of a few morsels, then carefully gathered the fragments together.

"And his weary one was fed with the five thousand," he said, as he rose again. Suddenly he espied the sleeping child. "Yea, verily, the infant Samuel," he said; "the child of many hopes and prayers. They told me *I* had such a one," he continued, seating himself by the fire, and speaking in the same mournful cadences. "But a great light shone out in the east; I heard a noise as of many waters, even the thunderings of His fierce wrath; and I hid my face, because I was afraid. When I dared to lift my eyes, I beheld my household images shattered in the dust. Darkness was over the land for a space of many days afterwards; but at length the veil was rent asunder. Then a ship came from the other shore, and bore to me the word that she from whom I drew half my life had forsaken me. Then darkness came over me again. The sun gave forth no light by day, nor the moon by night; and all the daughters of music were brought low. When I awakened once more, they reviled me, and shot out the scornful lip at me, and said that my mind had fled. But it was not true; for what profiteth the broken vessel when the wine has been spilled? Yet they could not know of the wondrous things that had been revealed to me when my feet stood within the valley of visions.

"I tell you, my mind was tenfold stronger and clearer than before: but my body was dead. Yes, my body died when the darkness was over me. I felt my heart when it ceased to beat: it lay in my bosom a dull, leaden weight. I felt my cheek grow cold in the warm air, and then I knew I was dead. But because I had taken on a new spiritual shape, and because they could not understand the strange words upon my lips, they said I was mad, and sold me into bondage, and immured me in a vile place.

"But once the keeper of the gates slept, and I passed out of the land of bondage, and fled through the wilderness into the

fastness of the hills; and behold, here am I. But ye need have no fear, brethren: for though I am not of flesh and blood, yet my heart is filled with unutterable love toward all men; and I shall shortly go hence to the far country of which I spake."

The next morning dawned dark and lowering in Sawyer's Flat. The storm had spent its force; but the rain still fell in great, cheerless drops, and the wind soughed drearily among the dripping pines. It was the Sabbath day, and the miners did not rise till late, as was their wonted custom on the Sabbath. Their weird guest was still sleeping the unbroken slumber which follows utter bodily exhaustion, and they were obliged to waken him for breakfast. After the homely meal of fried bacon, hot cakes, and coffee had been dispensed, he settled himself in a corner near the fire, where he sat for a long time in silence, watching the flames as they danced and glowed, with a look in his eyes as of one who stands at some invisible portal and sees great mysteries beyond. The men occupied themselves in various ways; some attended to their weekly mending, some played cards, and one or two wrote letters.

Little Johnny, left to his own devices for amusement, stood at a distance from the visitor, chewing a chubby forefinger, and eyeing him with childish speculation. But the man's thoughts were far away, and he vouchsafed the little one no word nor glance. This was extremely unsatisfactory to the small potentate of Sawyer's Flat. He was not used to indifference. The subjects of his realm were very loyal ones, and he had grown to regard his sway as universal. He came still nearer, and by and by he opened up civilities after the usual manner of children.

"Has you got any little boys to your house?"

For the first time the man looked up, and encountered the child's questioning gaze. "It is the little Samuel," he said.

"No, I ain't," said the little one, stoutly denying the innocent charge; "I'm Johnny

—I'm Bill Sparks's boy, an' Jake Latimer's boy, an' all the rest of 'em's boy. Has you got any little boy?"

"They told me I had one; but when the darkness was over me, it was hidden away. Then it was that my earthly house of this tabernacle was dissolved: yet I have the assurance of a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; but if the child be there, I know not; and the mother—" suddenly he dropped his voice to a whisper. "The mother's name, henceforth, must be mentioned no more forever."

"I ain't got no mother," said Johnny.

"Poor child," said the man, with a pensive smile; "she who has borne thee—she is thy mother."

"But I tell you there wasn't no mother ever borned me," returned the child, energetically. "Bill Sparks jist *got* me."

At this juncture something occurred to divert his attention; but he resumed the acquaintance, already partially formed, at frequent intervals during the day. The stranger evinced a deep interest in the little one, and that night he held him on his knee till he fell asleep, with his rosy cheek pressed against the pale, withered one of his newly made friend. The next day came and passed: another and another: and as yet the wayfarer was a guest at Bill Sparks's cabin.

Indeed, the miners had become attached to the gentle stranger, and grew to look on him as a desirable accession to their numbers; inasmuch as he displayed a considerable knowledge of the culinary art, and assumed almost the entire care of wee Johnny, in whom he found a ready sympathizer and champion.

For hours he would hold the little one in his arms, listening with mild delight to his childish prattlings, and answering his numerous questions with a patience quite beautiful to see. Sometimes, when the child slept against his breast, he would stroke the little golden head in an abstracted manner, or he would lift a dimpled hand in his shriveled palm, counting the little fingers over and over again, and murmuring pathetically to himself meanwhile:

"They said I had a child; but the child is not, and the mother is not; and the air is filled with lamentations for the dead. Ay, we are all dead; the tree, the vine, and the blossom. . . But the grave wherein they buried us was too narrow, and some of us rose again, and wander restless up and down the earth."

One evening the men were seated around the table, smoking and playing cards, while Johnny and the parson were in their accustomed place by the fire—the latter graphically recounting the tribulations of the prophet Daniel, to all of which he averred he had been an eye-witness, with the little one as a big-eyed audience. The marvelous recital was rudely interrupted at the most thrilling point by one of the men exclaiming, half playfully:

"O, come, Parson, shet yer mouth: can't yer never let up on yer religious blarney?"

The parson dropped his head upon his breast, with a pained expression, and a tear rolled down his cheek, and fell off against Johnny's hand. Only a tear; but it was sufficient to rouse the pugilistic impulses sleeping within the breast of his small champion. The child put aside the encircling arms, tottered across the room, and without a word of warning, struck the offender in the face.

"There now, Sam Richards," he said, with the air of one who had ameliorated the ills of humanity at large.

"Hello, young un; what's up with you?"

"It's up that you made my gran'pa cry." (The miners had taught him to call the venerable-looking stranger "grandpa.") "An' I pegged it to you."

"Wall, never mind, baby; go back to yer pard. It's all right," said the man, in a wheedling tone.

"Yes, it's all right now, Sam; I ain't mad at you; but ever' time you make gran'pa cry, I'll peg it to you hard as ever I kin"; and back he went, and betook himself to the task of conciliating gran'pa.

So the days wore on, and December snows came and found the parson still at Sawyer's Flat. It was about this time that another stranger arrived—a man of large

circumference, with an insinuating smile and a profusion of flashy jewelry. He was soon followed by ox-teams, bringing workmen and building material; and in a few days a pretentious structure was in process of erection. It was completed about the middle of December, and an ambiguous sign, with the inscription, in mammoth red letters, "The Pioneer," was hung out.

A morning or two later the stage set down at this place a half-dozen women—nay, rather they were poor, helpless wrecks, drifting with the great tide of human misery which was bearing them—God only knows where; and he only in his infinite mercy could care. Afterwards there were sounds of Bacchanalian mirth at the Pioneer by night. Thither all the miners in the vicinity gathered when their day's work was over; and the orgies were often protracted till the morning stars grew pale, and the gray dawn came stealing in over the hilltops.

Bill Sparks's cabin was quite deserted now through the long winter evenings, by reason of the superior attractions of the Pioneer: deserted save for the parson and little Johnny, who were faster friends than ever, if that were possible. Often the men returning late at night, noisy from their recent potations, were suddenly sobered by finding the two still sitting by the smoldering fire, fast asleep.

So the time went by, and at length it was Christmas eve. In thousands of stately cities bells were ringing out their joyous clangor; and in thousands of happy far-away homes there were light and warmth and good cheer. Many a little night-capped head would, this night of all nights, seek its pillow reluctantly; and many a childish heart would be transported with visions of Santa Claus, Christmas trees, and Christmas tables groaning under their weight of good things. But to the little waif in Sawyer's Flat came no such revelations of delight.

It had been previously announced through the "diggin's" that Christmas would be celebrated by a dance at the Pioneer on the evening preceding; and at an early hour Bill Sparks and his compatriots were deep

in the mysteries of a backwoods toilet. The child watched them in quiet through the trying ordeal, which consisted for the most part in a shave and a change of shirts. The parson sat by the fire, seemingly unconscious of any unusual proceeding. At length the final touches had been applied, and the men filed through the door, Sparks pausing on the threshold to call back:

"Keep an eye on the little kid, parson: 'nd a merry Christmas to ye both."

"What's Christmas, gran'pa," asked the little one, as the echo of their retreating footsteps died away in the distance.

"It is the birthday of the Prince of Peace," answered the man gently. "Angels heralded his coming to the shepherds on Judea's plains, hundred of years ago; and the wise men of the east were led by a star to where the babe lay in a manger in Bethlehem. Many nations commemorate the event with feasting and with great gladness, even unto these latter times."

"What was the poor little baby's name that had to sleep in the manger, gran'pa?"

"He was the Christ. He it was of whom the prophet wrote, saying, 'He was despised and rejected of men.' He was wounded for our transgression; yea, he came to his own, and his own received him not. There was no guile found in him; yet he was taken from prison and from judgment by his enemies, and was scourged, and they nailed him to the tree, and he died."

"How big was Christ, gran'pa? Was he big as Bill Sparks?"

"He was of the stature of men, but in his countenance the majesty of the Most High sat enthroned."

"Why didn't he fight 'em, gran'pa?"

"His ways were not as our ways. He was meek and lowly of spirit; and having loved us, he loved us to the end."

The child's eyes were glistening with sympathy and interest. "Don't I wisht I'd 'a' been there," he said. "I'd 'a' fought for him. Did they bury him in the ground, gran'pa?"

"Yea, but he rose again at the third day."

"And won't he never git dead no more?"

"He liveth evermore."

"Where is he now?"

"He is gone hence to the city of the New Jerusalem. The streets there are of pure gold, and the foundations are of precious stones. There the departed saints dwell and are happy forever. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain."

"Where is that booful city, gran'pa? Is it very far off?"

"It lieth just beyond," answered the man serenely.

"Does they ever let any poor little boys into it?"

"He said, when he was on earth, 'Suffer the little ones to come unto me, and forbid them not.'"

"Well, le's go, then, gran'pa," and the child slid to the floor.

"In God's own time we will."

"No, le's go right now. I hate to leave Bill Sparks and all the rest of 'em; but I guess they'll git another little boy; an' I jist *want* to go to that big, booful city, an' see that good Christ-man, an' tell him I'm a poor little child what ain't got no mother, an' if I'd been there when they was hurtin' him I'd 'a' pegged it to 'em. Don't you think he'll be glad when I tell him that, gran'pa? Come, le's go."

"It is best so, then; I have already deferred my journey too long," said the man, as he slowly rose to his feet; "it is then God's will that we should go, child."

"We ain't got very good clothes, gran'pa," said the little one, scanning his wardrobe doubtfully; "but I guess when we git to the city Christ will give us some better ones. Come on."

So, hand in hand, together they passed out into the darkness. There had been a heavy fall of snow, and the night was bitter cold. The moon had not risen; but the stars twinkled overhead with a frosty light, and the snow lay gleaming far and wide. The man shivered involuntarily, and clasped the child's hand closer.

It so happened that their way led them by the Pioneer: and through a half-open door they could see the dancers as they moved to and fro, in time to the music.

"O, there's Bill Sparks!" cried the little one, catching a glimpse of the familiar figure. "I must say good by to him, gran'pa; but I mustn't tell him we're goin' to Christ's house, 'cause he'd feel bad. Come, le's go in"; and he led his companion into the glare of the heated room.

There was a break in the festivities at this unlooked-for arrival. The music ceased, the dancers paused in their places; and one of them, a woman, whose sunken cheeks glowed with an artificial hue, shrieked out as in terror.

"Harold—the child!" she gasped, and sank groveling at the parson's feet.

He stooped and lifted her, until she stood before him, with her shameful face drooping upon her breast, and her long golden hair falling about it in a veil. He took one of her hands in his, and looked at it long and mournfully. She neither moved nor spoke; but her breath came in quick gasps, and her eyes were widely dilated. Johnny regarded the whole scene with wonderment, and a hush fell upon the assembly. It was broken by the parson.

"Brethren," he said, "this woman's hand lay in mine on a fair spring morning, long ago, when first she became my wife; but the marriage ring is gone, and in its place I see a dark stain. Pray God it may be washed away in the years." He raised the hand to his lips and kissed it; then, as he gently released it, he said, with inimitable tenderness, "Woman, go and sin no more," and turned away from her.

A general whisper ran around the room. Bill Sparks stepped to the man's side, and taking his arm, drew him to the door.

"Look a here, Parson," he said, with a tinge of asperity in his tone, "I don't take it kindly of ye, comin' in on us like this. 'Thar, take the little kid home to bed, and don't come back here ag'in. 'Tain't no place for you."

"Good by, Bill," said the child, tugging at his coat sleeve.

Something impelled the rough fellow to take his little kid in his arms and kiss him.

"Good by, baby," he said; "run along home with the parson now," and he set him down again.

"Come, gran'pa," said the little one.

So again they passed out into the darkness, and resumed their toilsome march to the New Jerusalem.

"Are you sure this is the way, gran'pa?" asked Johnny, after they had gone some distance in silence.

"Let not your heart be troubled concerning the way," said the man; "He leadeth us."

The night air pierced them like a knife, and chilled them to the bone; but they pressed bravely forward, until the lights of the Pioneer glimmered faintly in the distance, and somber shadows lay across their pathway.

At length the little one asked with chattering teeth, "How'll we know when we git purty near there, gran'pa?"

"We shall see a light appear," answered his companion, folding his scanty garments more closely about him.

"It's gittin' light over there now," returned the child, pointing eastward with his little numb finger.

The eastern sky grew softly luminous, and ere long the moon arose above the distant peaks, tipping the dark horizon of pines with a silvery radiance, and transforming the landscape to one of fairy splendor. A faint breeze swayed the forest branches, till their icy pendants glittered like diamonds in the moonlight, and every rock and snowy shrub seemed to have taken on gigantic proportions.

"Is we pretty near to the city, gran'pa?" questioned the little one at length; "'cause I'm so cold and tired."

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates: even lift them up, ye everlasting doors," repeated the man in a solemn voice. "Everlasting doors," echoed the forest, with a sigh.

"O, I guess they will open the door when

they see us comin'." said the child, as he trudged resolutely along. "Don't you be 'fraid, gran'pa; I'll take care of you."

Colder grew the night, and wearier the way, and as yet the heavenly city lay afar off. The pilgrims were fast succumbing to the fatal lethargy which precedes death by freezing. Their steps flagged more and more: they spoke at longer intervals, and presently the man sank to the ground with a moan. Johnny stood waiting for him to rise again.

"Come, gran'pa, le's hurry on, or we won't git there to-night." There was no response.

"He's tired, I guess. Is you tired, gran'pa?" asked the child, putting his face down close to the man's ashen cheek.

No answer.

"Poor gran'pa's so cold," said the little one, pityingly. "I'll put some snow on him, an' I guess that'll make him warm." And with his poor chilled hands he scooped up the snow, and heaped it on his fallen comrade. "I'm so sleepy," he murmured drowsily, having finished his labor of love; "I'll jist lay down beside gran'pa, an' go to sleep, an' mebbe Christ will look out of his big, booful city an' see us, an' be sorry, an' send out an' fetch us, an' when we wake up it'll be to-morrow, an' we'll be there."

So Johnny quietly lay down to his last sleep; and who shall say that the child's conjecture came not to pass? Who shall say that the dear Christ looked out of his 'booful city,' and was not sorry? Henceforth two pale citizens of Sawyer's Flat would know no more of sorrow. For a Presence drew near to them as they slumbered—a sweet, calm Presence, like unto the majesty of one that liveth and was dead; and a voice said, "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my father which is in heaven." Afterwards there was deep stillness in the hills.

The sun rose hours later, and his earliest beams fell on the sad faces of a little party who were slowly following a trail leading from Sawyer's Flat, ostensibly in search of something—something which they longed yet dreaded to see.

"Yes, these is their tracks, sure enough,"

said one of the men. "They must of wandered off'n the road, 'nd got lost."

"It was wrong in me to send 'em off alone," said Bill Sparks, with a remorseful groan.

"What's you?"

They came nearer, and there, under a little hillock of snow, they found them—dead.

"Let me hev the little shaver, boys. I'll carry him," said Bill Sparks, tearfully. "He was sorter mine, you know. The rest of you fetch the parson, an' handle him keerfully, for Johnny's sake, boys. He wuz fond of him, poor little kid!"

The miners lifted the rigid form of the man between them, and in mournful procession they retraced their steps, bearing their two pitiful burdens.

They buried them that evening just at sunset. They hollowed out a grave on the hillside, and into this they lowered the rude coffin which held all that was earthly of Johnny and the parson.

"Seems as ef somebody 'd orter make a pra'er, or suthin'," said the Ohioan. "Seems sorter heathenish to stick 'em in the ground 'thout a word of any kind."

"Boys," said Bill Sparks, stepping to the head of the grave and blowing his nose pathetically, "I'm a green hand at this business, as ye well knows; but ef ye'll all stand by me, I'll try 'nd git through somehow."

The men gathered around the open grave, and stood in sorrowful silence while Bill Sparks led in prayer.

"O Lord," he began, "we're a hard set, as ain't fit to stand afore ye, 'nd we knows it. Which we don't ask nothin' good for ourselves, for we know we don't deserve nothin'. But we'd take it kindly ef you'd jest send a couple of yer angels, (some of yer biggest ones, Lord, with shinin' wings) 'nd give our little kid a lift over the dark river. The same, likewise, fer the parson, ef it ain't askin' too much. We've hear'n tell, O Lord, about yer s'archin' the hearts o' men; but I guess you won't hev to s'arch very fur into ourn to see what a awful achin' there is thar whenever we think of that little

feller a-layin' cold 'nd stiff in the ground. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; 'nd may the Lord hev mercy on us old hosses as is left."

The others echoed the "Amen" fervently, and Sparks withdrew to a fallen tree which lay near the place of interment. "Fill up, boys," he said, pulling his hat low over his eyes. "I jest couldn't throw a clod on the peart little shaver for the life of me. Seems as ef he'd holler out ag'inst me."

The men fell to work, and when they had leveled down the clods they shouldered their spades and departed. And through the hill gap the last red gleams of parting day shone in and fell with a warm benediction on the tiny mound.

CONCLUSION BY BILL SPARKS.

Yes, stranger, we lost our little kid, and I think the boys'll all jine with me in sayin' thet wuz about the hardest time we ever put over in Sawyer's Flat—that Christmas day when we laid little Johnny away out o' sight.

Yer see, it happened in this wise: There wuz a sort of fandango at the dance-house on the hill, (a rough place, stranger, though nothin' like so bad as it wuz them days) and us fellers all went 'nd left the child to hum with a poor old buffer that hed come along one rainy night 'nd we'd tuk him in; which he wuzn't jest right in his mind, but he sot a heap o' store by the little kid, and stayed right on with us. I dunno how it kem about, but when the fun at the dance had reached its highest pitch, who should streak it in at the door but the parson and our Johnny. Lord! how it did set us all back! One o' the wimmen screeched out and collapsed right thar. The parson raised her up and sez suthin' to her; and by that I'd kinder got over my surprise, and coaxed the parson to take the little un home ag'in. (which I can't never forgive me, stranger, for sendin' them two helpless critters off by theirselves, though it wa'n't but a little ways to the cabin, and the night wuz clear, but cold ez Christopher).

Wall, after they'd gone that woman fell

into faintin' fits, 'nd she'd moan and holler so pitiful like. "Let me go away from here; I must leave this place. Oh, let me go!" And when the express kem along about daybreak, nothin' 'd do but she must be put aboard; 'nd I'll never forgit her white, skeered-lookin' face as they drove off—not till my dyin' day.

Me and the boys kem home right away after that, but the cabin wuz deserted; 'nd suthin' seemed to tell me right then thet we'd never see the parson 'nd little Johnny alive ag'in. We all sot out to hunt for 'em; we struck their trail, and it 'pears they'd never kem back to the cabin at all; for we found them about two miles furdur on, in a little cañon, layin' side by side, froze stiff. And as I remarked before, that wuz a dark day now, sure.

It beats the nations, though, how things do happen in this world. Stranger, who d'ye s'pose the parson turned out to be? Nobody more nor less 'n our little kid's own pappy. Yer see, about the time his wife 'nd child should hev arriv in San Francisco, he was down with a fever, in one o' the towns in the northern part of the State. When he rallied they broke it to him too suddent about *her* throwin' off on him, 'nd he went clean lunny. They sent him to the asylum, but he didn't git no better, though he never wuz vi'lent. One day he give 'em the slip, and sloped it, 'nd fetched up in Sawyer's Flat, as you've hearn tell afore.

Things wuz cleared up afterwards, and it kem out that the woman who'd left on the stage that Christmas morning wuz the very one Jack hed told us about, 'nd the little un's mother. She'd all gone to rack, poor thing; and the more I think of it, the more I think *she's* to be pitied instead o' them two that's dead 'nd at rest.

The grave? Thar it is, stranger, under that biggest pine tree, jest above the cabin; and thar ain't one of us fellers, rough as we be, but when we looks that way feels as ef we'd got some stock in the good place, now our little kid's thar.

It may be foolish of me, stranger, but often of a night, after we've turned in, and

the boys is snorin' around me, 'nd every-
 thing else is still, I like to lay awake 'nd
 think that mebbe there is times when the
 little un grows just a mite tired o' the halle-
 lujahs, 'nd of roamin' about the golden streets;

'nd I like to think of him settin' down on the
 lowest steps o' the Throne, 'nd leanin' his
 cheek ag'in his little hand, like he used to, 'nd
 wonderin' to hisself how all his old pards
 down in Sawyer's Flat is comin' on.

MAY A. GUTHRIE.

IN WEAL AND IN WOE.

WHEN all is well with thee,
 And thou no cloud canst see
 To dim thy days,
 Then let thy gladsome song
 Repeat both loud and long
 The note of praise :
 To one that walks in night
 Thy joy may be a light
 On darkened ways.

When thou art filled with grief,
 And findest no relief
 For weary brain,
 O then thy sorrow show :
 Some soul that could not know
 Thy hidden pain
 May bear thee oil and wine,
 And cause thy face to shine
 With joy again.

CHARLES S. GREENE.

THE IRON BARON.

ON the 24th of October, 1880, at his castle of Brolio, near Siena, there expired the last of the important actors in the great drama of Italian redemption—Garibaldi always excepted. Baron Ricasoli was past seventy years of age, and had long retired from public life. Nevertheless, the news of his death was felt as a painful shock; and telegrams of condolence were sent from all the Italian cities to the syndic of Florence, as well as to the brothers of the defunct. He was not the least among that choice

assemblage of men who have come to be called "the makers of Italy"; and who, during a terribly critical epoch of their country's history, displayed such marvelous perseverance, self-sacrifice, and devotion to duty, that their names are known and honored in foreign lands. Perhaps Baron Ricasoli's retiring nature and his indifference to fame have caused his services to be less noted than those of the other distinguished men who were his fellow-workers. Inferior to Cavour in statesman-like genius, and wanting

D'Azeglio's polish and accomplishments, he was, nevertheless, a man of parts and solid if not shining qualities.

Born in 1809, of a noble family counting twelve centuries of a pedigree, (the first progenitor in Tuscany was a Gothic chief) while still a minor he entered into possession of great wealth and extensive estates. Though a mere youth, he acted with much sense and dignity as the head of the family, and gave such personal supervision to his property as largely increased its value. He studied agriculture with ardor, and introduced all the newest machinery from foreign countries, taught his tenants the use of it, established schools for the poor children, and overlooked all himself, riding from one end of the estate to the other like a steward. But Ricasoli never sank into a mere squire. Though he loved country life and active exercise, he took a keen interest in political questions; and he had brought away from college a love of books which never diminished. In order to have time for study, as well as other duties, he was in the habit of rising between four and five o'clock, taking a cup of coffee, and reading till ten, when he breakfasted, and set out on his daily rounds over the land; he dined at six, and hardly allowing himself an hour's repose, spent the evening with his books, of which he had a magnificent collection in the old library of Brolio. It was not the desire of increased wealth, nor the pride of producing the finest wines in Tuscany, that induced the young Baron to devote so much attention to agriculture. He wished to improve the condition of the peasantry, and give an impetus to progress in his province. At one time he tried to persuade the Tuscan government to drain the Maremma, a vast tract of unwholesome, marshy land, which has often occupied the attention of political economists; but the Grand Duke's minister was of the opinion that the draining of the Maremma might drain the treasury, and refused to venture upon the undertaking. Then the indomitable Baron set about proving its feasibility, by working at it himself in a small way; but this does not appear to have

stirred any emulation in the bosom of the Grand Duke, who doubtless said, in his easy-going way, "*Faccia pure.*"

Bettino Ricasoli had shown from infancy a character upright, fearless, and strong; generous, but hating ostentation: warm-hearted, but not expansive; neither self-asserting, nor shrinkingly modest; loving his country intensely, but regardless of her praise or blame; aristocratic in his respect for ancient lineage and customs; democratic in his love of liberty and progress; chivalrously loyal as a Stuart cavalier, but not like them in blind devotion to a worthless sovereign: for he transferred his allegiance from a cowardly and faithless prince to a true and brave one, when he saw the national interest required it. Such was Bettino Ricasoli; and, taking him all in all, he was a man of whom his country may well be proud. Tall, muscular, erect, with a severe, intellectual face, and dark, hollow eyes, one could read in his expression that immutable resoluteness which gained him the title of "The Iron Baron." When a child at school, his master ordered him the monkish punishment of making the sign of the cross with his tongue on the earth, and he declined to obey; when the command was repeated, he replied firmly:

"It is a beastly thing: I will never do it." And he did not.

"The child is father of the man," and this little incident foreshadowed his future. His love of truth has become proverbial: and his countrymen, when they wish to condemn a crooked or equivocating policy, quote a famous saying of his in the Chamber of Deputies. He had sat silent, listening to a debate, when, at a particular point, he suddenly rose, and startled the assembly with the stern words, "*Let us be honest!*" He hated flattery, and even what the Italians would call politeness: for though the Ricasoli blood had flowed for twelve centuries under Italian skies, he had something of his Gothic ancestry in him still. When a person whom he had saved from ruin wrote him a gushing letter of gratitude, he begged of him not to address him in that tone any more.

Ricasoli, while still young, married a girl

of noble birth, fresh out of a convent, so that he might educate her after his own taste; and she being of *buena pasta*, as they say, he molded her into a pattern antique Lady Bountiful, spending almost her whole time shut up in the feudal stronghold of Brolio, devoting herself to the education of her little daughter and the wants of the tenantry. There was a fine old library at Brolio, of which the owners made good use; and they occasionally entertained friends in a simple, informal way; but they rarely passed a winter in their city palace, amid the gay society of Florence. Thus, tranquilly and happily sitting under their own vine and fig-tree, flowed the even tenor of life, till the ever-increasing political agitation called the Baron into the arena of public life. In 1847 he urged upon the Grand Duke the necessity of some reforms in Church and State, but with no result.

"The clergy," he said, "are not, as a rule, either learned or well-trained, and they are too numerous. They have neither useful studies nor occupations. The monks do not instruct themselves nor any one else. Festivals and rites are multiplied for the sake of gain. The veneration of faith and the practice of evangelical virtue, neglected by the clergy, are still more neglected by the laity."

It may be here mentioned that though Baron Ricasoli was a religious man, given to reading the Bible, there was no foundation for the rumor that he had become a Protestant: on the contrary, he was regular in his attendance at the services of his church, as it was not the doctrine, but the discipline, that he criticised. He was a moderate reformer, and did not wish to push matters to an extreme against any institution, as long as there was a capability of improvement in it.

The only people to whom he showed no quarter were the Reds, whose extravagances, in 1848, led to the recall of the Grand Duke. The order-loving Florentines were prepared to welcome back their sovereign had he come alone; but when they saw him accompanied by a foreign army, they were

disgusted. Ricasoli was faithful to the feeble prince as long as he was faithful to his subjects: but he was not a man to pardon cowardice and falsehood. When he put his hand to the document recalling the Grand Duke, it was with the understanding that he was to reign over a free people with a constitutional government. The prince, restored by Austria, though

"Wearing a smooth olive leaf
On his brute forehead,

was henceforth a stranger to him. Having perjured himself, like all the rulers of Italy at that time, with one glorious exception, the Grand Duke was alienated forever from his subjects, and rested all his authority on military force. And when, ten years later, the people demanded a constitution, and he wanted the troops to fire upon them, his generals refused to give the order. Then he took his departure, quietly escorted to the frontier by the guards. To his "*A rivederci*," his subjects replied, "*Addio*"—and a final farewell it proved.

Baron Ricasoli then put himself at the head of the Moderate Liberal party, which at this time (1850) was much stronger than the Republican; and soon after he was elected Dictator, or supreme head of the provisional government, which difficult and delicate office he fulfilled with general approbation. A gentleman of Radical sympathies records a conversation he had with the Iron Baron at this critical juncture; and though he held different opinions, he speaks with admiration of his lofty sense of duty and firmness of character.

"My family have twelve centuries of existence," he said: "I am the last of my race, but I am ready to give the last drop of my blood to maintain the integrity of my political programme."

The interregnum lasted nearly a year, during which time the crown of Tuscany was twice offered to Victor Emmanuel, which the "Honest King" reluctantly refused to accept till the consent of Europe was obtained. When the people were assembled for the last plebiscit, the Dictator addressed

his countrymen in a tone of happy confidence:

"Tuscans, you are called to cast your vote into the urn; a vote which you have so often and so solemnly and with so much reason expressed during these ten months in which your destinies have been preparing. Your moderation and firmness have gained you the sympathies of Europe. Tuscans, we are proud to have conducted you thus far, and we are sure your last step will be worthy of the preceding ones. In a few days you will enjoy, in its fullness, the fact of knowing yourselves to be Italians, under the loyal and magnanimous king, Victor Emmanuel."

When Ricasoli, in company with Farini, the Dictator of the Emilian provinces, repaired to Turin to present the documents of the plebiscit to his new king, he took the oath of allegiance which bound him heart and soul henceforth to Victor Emmanuel and united Italy. The mediæval chivalry of the Baron's character was perceptible in his relation with his new sovereigns, as the sentiment of loyalty was augmented by a warm personal affection. His great wealth, proud, independent character, indifference to public *l'état*, and uncourtier-like manners, made his devotion to the king all the more graceful and touching. One evening, when in Rome, Victor Emmanuel rode out to Ricasoli's villa, to pay him a visit, and finding him from home, wrote upon a smooth stone in the wall, "I came to see you this evening," with the date and signature. The owner of the house immediately ordered a crystal covering for the precious characters. On another occasion the king and his sons spent a few days at Brolio castle, and the auspicious event of the arrival was commemorated in a costly oil-painting. When the Baron had received his sovereign in feudal state, and conducted him to his apartments, he retired, and was seen no more. After some time the king sent one of his gentlemen to seek the host, who excused his absence with the following Douglas-like reply:

"When the king enters the house of a

subject, he becomes the master of it, and it would be an impertinence to intrude one's society upon him without a special invitation."

On the death of Count Cavour, 1861, Baron Ricasoli was called to the head of the government. Though an excellent administrator in home affairs, he was not a good diplomatist; and the great minister's sudden demise had left affairs in a bad state for his successors. He alone could have untangled the skein of which he knew the secret windings. In nine months after taking office, Ricasoli was not displeased to give place to another, and retire to his beloved country life, in which was blended the simplicity of a Cincinnatus and the stateliness of a feudal lord. He refused all emoluments as Dictator and as minister.

Once again Ricasoli was called to power, on the eve of an unfortunate war in 1866—General La Marmora having to resign in order to lead the enemy against the Austrians. After the cession of Venice to Italy, he found his party in a minority in the Chamber, and resigned: a misfortune for the country, for his successor, Rattazzi, had not his acumen or firmness, and troubles followed, the greatest of which was the unhappy outbreak of Garibaldian fury, which ended with Mentana.

The Baron had no son, and but one daughter, who married a relative; and her children, who bear the name of Ricasoli, are his heirs. Victor Emmanuel's death, as may be imagined, was a great blow to the poor old Baron: but he transferred his devotion to his son, who greatly admired Ricasoli's character, and often consulted him. As late as 1880, about six months before he died, the old statesman received a royal summons to Rome at the time of a ministerial crisis, and he went, saying: "I am no longer good for anything, but what life and strength I have are still at my sovereign's command."

Though suffering from disease of the heart, his energy of mind and body was unabated. On the morning of the 24th of October, while trying to dominate a wild young

horse, he got a fall, to which he attached no importance. After dinner, he retired as usual to his study, and two hours later his housekeeper found him lying in a chair, staring vacantly at his watch, which he held in his hand. He never spoke again, and only breathed two or three hours.

The Baron's will required him to be buried without pomp, in his private chapel, beside his wife and daughter: but this did not hinder the grateful Florentines from having a grand funeral service in his honor in Santa Croce. It was a noble and imposing tribute to the memory of the great patriot, and we have only seen it surpassed by one funeral of a great man: but that was one which could not be repeated twice in a century. The day of Baron Ricasoli's obsequies was held as a national mourning, and all the cities were represented at the ceremony. The square in front of the church of Santa Croce was filled with troops in full dress, as were also the steps of the edifice. Both sides of the nave presented solid masses of military, resting upon their arms, silent as mutes. In the center of the building was the splendid catafalque, like a great tomb of red granite—this material being chosen as typical of the Baron's character—surrounded by enormous silver candelabra, with a perfect forest of candles, and adorned with wreaths in different metals, presented by the other cities of Italy. All round the tomb was a carpet of fresh flowers, arranged in pretty designs, with crosses in the center. On the top of the catafalque was placed the urn, hung with black velvet and gold fringe. The sides of the catafalque and the pillars of the church were covered with inscriptions, of which we give a few specimens:

"Before commanding others, he learned to command himself; he educated himself in the sense of duty, and in it he remained inflexible while he lived."

"Before Tuscany, his birthplace, he put the great Italian country. May the sacrifice be useful to us, and fruitful of common good."

"Devoted to the king, whom he held to be the corner-stone of the unity of the

country, he served in the ministries of the state with the loyalty of a gentleman, with the dignity of a citizen."

"No ambition ever possessed him except that of serving his country."

The church was draped in black and silver, and all the side altars, as well as the high altar, were lit up. Notwithstanding all this illumination, the dim religious light still prevailed, for the obscurity caused by the deeply stained windows was increased by a heavy down-pour of rain. The transepts were filled with ladies and gentlemen dressed in mourning, with the exception of the military and those who wore official costume, and there were many such. Every member of the royal family had a representative; the Senate and Chamber were represented by their respective presidents, Zecchio and Farini; several ex-ministers of different opinions were there, and the then head of the government, Signor Cairoli: for all parties united to honor the memory of Bettino Ricasoli. In a large open space in front of the altar was placed a chair of state, with a *prie Dieu* in front of it. When everything was in readiness, and the great mass of the people, native and foreign, had been provided with seats, the band in the piazza, playing the royal march, announced the arrival of the Duke of Aosta, who, attended by the knights of the *Santissima Annunziata* in their gorgeous crimson velvet and ermine robes, took the conspicuous place allotted to him, and immediately became the object of universal attention, but particularly among the foreign ladies, who whispered to each other, "The King's brother!" and mounted on chairs to see over the heads of the congregation. He did not sit, as did the rest during a good part of the service, but maintained his erect and soldier-like posture to the end. Standing alone in the midst, with his handsome uniform and decorations, and the long white plumes drooping from the hat he held in his hand, the prince made a graceful central figure to a most imposing picture. In front of him was the altar, with a number of clergy in gorgeous vestments, and all the enchantments with which they know how to

surround themselves on such occasions; on either side of him were generals, prefects, senators, syndics, all in handsome official costume; behind him the knights and all his brilliant staff, covered with decorations; beyond them the officers of lower rank; and then the wall of soldiers at either side the nave—altogether forming as magnificent a spectacle as can well be imagined.

While listening to the sad sweet music, and thrilling voices chanting the requiem, our eyes wander to the walls of this historic old church, along which are ranged the tombs of the mighty men of genius of whom this proud city boasts herself the mother, the two greatest of which fix our attention. There stands the king of sculptors, painters, and architects, grim and gaunt, his hands gnarled with the use of the mallet, his rugged brow wrinkled with thought and care, looking down with a scornful expression upon the arts, weeping at his tomb. Near him the divine poet sits aloft, over a costly monument, gazing at his fellow-citizens with a perpetual reproach in his haggard but grand and noble countenance. This marble image, crowned with laurel, is all they have of their glorious Dante; for his ashes are in Ravenna, where he died, and the Muses weep here over an empty tomb.

And what are we to think of this Florence, who allowed her greatest artist, whom she knew so well how to appreciate, to be persecuted and enslaved by a succession of old tyrants called popes; and worse still, persecuted and banished her greatest poet, letting him die in miserable exile? What inconsistency is involved in the neglect and ill treatment of two such matchless men, and the veneration and honor now bestowed upon a citizen whose proudest claim to admiration is his uncompromising integrity and devotion to country! If the spirits of Dante and Michael Angelo could look down on the scene, would they say that the Florentines were a stupid, unappreciative people, who

did not know how to value great genius, and lavished honors on mediocre men? If they were permitted to understand the transformation society has undergone in the intervening ages, we think they would not so judge their fellow-citizens of the nineteenth century; but say rather, as we do, how the times are improved since the *cinque-cento*! Theirs was a glorious era for art and learning; but the morals and manners, the sense of duty and manly dignity, have made progress since Dante was hunted like a felon from city to city, and made a butt for the coarse jests of his learned patron, Can Grande. How proud a great sovereign would now be to have a Dante at his court: with what veneration would he be regarded by the public in general; with what tender consideration would his political passions and prejudices be regarded; what indulgence for the human foibles of such a genius! And what country, calling itself a republic, which had the honor of producing a Michael Angelo, would allow him, nay, force him by refusing her protection, to dedicate his gigantic intellect and sacrifice his free thought to the despotic will of an old man who treated him as a prisoner or a slave? Yes, we have made progress, let the quatro-centists and the cinque-centists say what they will: and a higher sense of duty and honor and self-respect has begun to leaven the whole race: and we take it as a wholesome sign of the times that virtue, unallied to genius, has begun to be honored.

“Only an honest man doing his duty,” when he sets his standard of duty high, and has strong temptation to neglect it, is now justly considered an object worthy of admiration and respect. And so, even if Bettino Ricasoli had not had the intellectual qualities with which he was endowed, the man who was never possessed of any ambition but that of serving his country, and served her so well, would be fully entitled to the honors which that country has bestowed.

G. S. GODKIN.

A GLIMPSE OF THE COAST RANGE.

It was on a bright morning in May, 1879, that my husband and I started for a ranch twenty-five miles from San Diego, California, situated fifteen hundred feet up in the Coast Range.

The rainy season had been over for some time, and already the brilliant green of the landscape, occasioned by the vivifying influence of the gentle showers, had given place to a dry, parched appearance, while most of the lovely wild flowers of early spring had withered away beneath the rays of the sun. Early as it was, it was very warm; and indeed, from sunrise until about 10 A. M. is usually the hottest part of the day in San Diego. After that hour a refreshing breeze sweeps inland from the ocean, tempering the atmosphere to a delicious coolness: and the summers are as notably free from excessive heat as the winters are exempt from extreme cold. Our ride to the mountains was to be taken in a rather ungainly conveyance—a high, heavy wagon, coupled to another “trail” wagon, the two drawn by six powerful horses. Both wagons were heavily loaded with lumber, to be used in building a new house on the ranch, and we anticipated a slow and tedious journey.

Tying on my broad-brimmed hat, I climbed to the seat, perched high up in the air; T—— cracked his long whip, spoke to the leaders, and we were off.

For several miles our course lay over barren *mesas*, with the calm, blue waters of the broad Pacific lying on our right, not a sail dotting the wide expanse. Some ten miles from the coast extended the rocky Coronada Islands; and looking backward, beyond the town scattered so picturesquely over the beautiful slope rising from the bay, we saw the bold promontory of Point Loma, which, with a long stretch of sandy beach on the other hand, forms the almost land-locked harbor of San Diego, twelve miles long by

two miles wide. Four miles from town, on the edge of the bay, lay National City, a small settlement which is now the terminus of the California Southern Railway, a Boston enterprise.

After leaving the outskirts of the town, scarcely a human habitation was passed until we reached the Six Mile House, a mere shed occupied by a lone bachelor, where both man and beast are accommodated with “some’at to drink,” the traffic in liquors bringing the proprietor a handsome income. For California is a dry country, and the average traveler on the dusty roads finds the “stations” none too plentiful for the satiation of his thirst. A change in the aspect of the country began now to be manifest. Not that it was any better clothed with vegetation—grease-wood and manzanita shrubs being all that greeted the eye—but myriads of cobble-stones, worn round and smooth, lay scattered over the ground, bearing witness to the fact that the surface must have been at some period covered with water.

Not a house was seen in the next five miles, until the neat, vine-wreathed cottage of the next “station” came to view. This was surrounded by a well-kept chicken yard, and presided over by a hale and hearty Dutchman and his buxom spouse. A tidy housekeeper the smiling landlady is, presenting a noteworthy exception to many of the women in that part of the country, and an appetizing meal she speedily sets forth when called for.

A short distance farther, and we found ourselves at the head of the Cajon grade, looking down into the Cajon (box) valley—a fertile valley of twenty thousand acres, occupied by some twenty families, and devoted to the culture of wheat, barley, and fruits. Across the upper end of the valley ran the San Diego River on its way to the sea, into which it debouches not far from Old Town,

the original settlement of San Diego, three miles north of the new town, now decaying fast under the destroying touch of time. On its way, this stream passes the ruins of the old Mission, established in 1769 in the midst of a fertile valley about six miles from the town. This was the first of the twenty-three similar institutions founded by the Spanish on the Pacific coast, and it was superior to all the others in architectural beauty and in the richness of its possessions. The river, like many others in California, but unlike Eastern streams, although possessed of a wide bed, displays but little water above its shifting sands. It is, in fact, perfectly dry on the surface in nine-tenths of its course. After heavy rains, however, the river "booms," as San Diegians express it. A torrent comes rushing down from the mountains with headlong impetuosity, filling the empty bed, and rendering a passage across hazardous and sometimes impossible. Water runs at all times below the surface, and an ample supply is obtained for the city of San Diego by sinking wells a few feet in the river-bed.

No trees are seen in the Cajon valley except those planted in the vicinity of the houses scattered over its level surface. Australian gum, or eucalyptus, and pepper trees are the principal species cultivated for ornament in southern California. These do not furnish a great amount of shade, but are desirable on account of their speedy growth and graceful foliage. The eucalyptus, with its thick, narrow leaves, grows slim and straight. The graceful pepper trees branch out into a multitude of slender boughs, reminding me by their shape and by the contour of their leaves of both the willow and locust. A tree of any kind is pleasing to the eye in this land of scant vegetation and cloudless days.

We were much longer in crossing the Cajon than one would expect to be when gazing from one side to the other; it appears but a short distance, and is in reality nearly five miles. We were continually finding ourselves deceived in distances during our sojourn in the Coast Range, so fine and clear

is the atmosphere; we learned that we must add considerably to the estimates of our eyesight. Mountains sixty miles away seemed within half that distance; and woe betide the explorer so rash as to attempt to walk to the foot of hills apparently but a few miles distant!

The next feature of moment on our course to the ranch was the descent of the McFarland grade, and this seemed to me momentous indeed. The road wound around the side of the mountain; on one hand the bowlders and banks of the rugged slope, on the other a precipice down which it seemed as if we must almost inevitably tumble, in some of the abrupt turns where it appeared incredible that a team of six horses and two large wagons could pass in safety. However, accidents on this grade, though not unknown, are of rare occurrence; and after one has traveled about on rough mountain roads for a while, he loses much of his former timorousness, and passes lightly over what would once have been considered a dangerous path.

Long before the grade was reached I had found my position, with no support to the back, uncomfortable in the extreme, and it became almost unendurable. At this juncture, T—— said:

"Now we sha'n't pass a house or be likely to meet any one for quite a distance, and you had better sit right down on the foot-board, and lean back against the seat. It will rest you, and you can put your feet on George's back." George was one of the noble great wheel-horses.

I felt rather dubious as to the consequences of such an imposition on George's good nature, but finally made the venture, and found it not only perfectly safe, but an unspeakable relief. George trudged along in sublime indifference to the feet so ruthlessly planted upon him, while I leaned my aching head back on the cushion of the seat, and enjoyed the ridiculous posture.

"What would my Eastern friends say, could they meet me now?" queried I, as I reflected upon the wide difference between the conventionalities of puritanical New

England and the untrammled freedom of the West.

Night was drawing near, and its approach was welcome, although it found us still some distance from our destination. We had left the refreshing ocean breeze behind us; and the hot sun, and dusty white roads, with the strong glare of light unbroken all day long by a cloud or the shade of a tree, proved very trying to both head and eyes.

As the shades of night fell around us, we were following up the Sweetwater, a stream about one-fourth as wide as the San Diego River, but with a foot or two of water flowing in its bed the year round. The banks of the rivulet were fringed with shrubs and cotton-wood trees, from which hung occasional bunches of the far-famed mistletoe; and only those who have been deprived of these pleasing accessories to a landscape can realize the pleasure derived from the sight of even the most common kinds of vegetation. All about us, in front, behind, on either side, rose barren hills, over which the pall of night was fast, drooping. To all appearance, we were completely shut in; the eye sought in vain for an outlet to the little basin that we were traversing. Occasionally we passed an humble home, and at 8 P. M. drew up before a unique-looking habitation, and hailed its proprietor, a gray-bearded, sturdily built man, who came up to the wagons to give us a cordial greeting.

We had decided not to attempt to reach the ranch that night, as four or five miles of hard climbing were yet before us, and the horses had been pulling a heavy load all day, with nothing to eat since 4 A. M. So we asked for feed for the team, and for blankets, intending to court sleep under cover of the starry heavens, as is often done in this part of the country; but our host would not listen to this project, and bade us heartily welcome to the best that he could proffer; and I confess that I was relieved to find that I could lay my weary head upon a tolerably comfortable couch. We were ushered into the house, and commanded to make ourselves at home.

Supper was first in order, and not long in preparation, for I had with me a stock of "goodies" that were speedily set forth, and our coffee was soon made over the hot fire that the cool evening rendered enjoyable.

It was a curious room that we found ourselves in. Two small square apertures served for windows, the floor was composed of mother earth, the rafters were profusely decorated with household supplies, the pine table stood so high that I couldn't much more than get my chin above it when sitting down, and a bed in one corner was in the same exalted state. A cat, four half-grown kittens, and two small dogs gamboled about the apartment, the most amicable relations evidently existing between them. A door opened from the rear of the room into a porch of decidedly rustic design, which evidently did duty as wash-room, storehouse, etc. It was formed of layers of boughs upon a rough framework of timber, and effectually excluded the sun's rays, thus answering the owner's purpose as well as a veranda of more pretensions to architectural beauty would have done.

"Where was the mistress of the house?" asks some one. Gone a-visiting among her own people, the other side of that neighboring hill where there is a *rancherie*, as Indian settlements are styled in this region. For she is an Indian—indisputably and unmistakably a squaw; and she is not the wife of this brusque-spoken man, although he treats her as such, and she is the mother of his children, as fine a boy and girl as need be. She has lived with him for years, and she keeps herself and her home as neat as she knows how to do; but what kind of a companion can she be for a fairly intelligent American? And what a terrible wrong has been done to these innocent children! It is a matter of surprise to sober, thinking persons that these ill-assorted and unlawful unions are so common in some parts of our own country, and particularly in Mexico.

Adjoining the living-room, but having no connection therewith, being reached by an outer door, was a sleeping-room built of adobe, which was placed at our disposal.

This boasted of a board floor, and was in good order, though rude in its appointments. The walls were literally covered with pictures cut from papers and magazines, and pasted on in lieu of wall-paper, testifying to a leaning toward decorative art on the part of the dusky mistress of the mansion. I spied a pile of Harper's Magazines on a high shelf, but judge that these were digested by the lord and master, as the partner of his joys and sorrows spoke and understood but a little English. It is almost invariably the case, that in a union of this kind the Indian dialect is the language spoken. As the aborigines of southern California use, or rather abuse, the Spanish tongue, that form of speech was the one adopted in the home of our host.

A dense fog lay over the hills in the morning, which gradually uplifted, as the sun peeped over the peaks, behind which it had risen. The horses were brought out from their comfortable quarters, ready for another day's toil, and we began the ascent of a narrow cañon comparatively well wooded. Here various kinds of wild flowers yet bloomed; the most conspicuous a species of lily with immense leaves, and blossoms about six inches in diameter. We crossed and recrossed the bed of a brook that in the rainy season tears its way along to the Sweetwater. No bridges are built over the streams of this section, and they must be forded when high. Boulders of all sizes and shapes were scattered on either side of the narrow path, in some places leaving barely room for a wagon to pass. It was up hill all the way now, and a hard tug for the horses.

At length we reached a large white house after the New England pattern, (the only one that I know of amongst those mountains) owned by the proprietor of several apiaries in the county. The house was built for his own family, and occupied by them for a time; but they removed to San Diego, leaving the apiary connected therewith in charge of a young man, who must have led a lonely life in that mountain pass, with little companionship save the swarm of busy bees with whom he worked every day. There

are many places of the kind in San Diego County, occupied by solitary men who cook, wash, and mend for themselves. One of these lone "bachs" once remarked to me that it was no wonder that so many cases of insanity were reported in the county. A resident of the crowded Eastern States knows nothing of loneliness and isolation as it is found in the remote valleys of a mountain range. No companions, no post-office, no church, no way to get out of the place but over steep trails and rough roads—it is a mystery how life can be made endurable under these circumstances.

I thought I had eaten excellent honey in New England, but it sinks into insignificance beside the translucent deliciousness of San Diego honey. The white sage is the best, but it is all good. It is nearly as common on the table as butter—more so on some ranches—and sells at the low figure of five cents per pound. 1,291,800 pounds of honey were exported in the year 1880, and the home consumption is immense.

But I am a long time getting to the ranch. After crossing the brook again, (before this we had found running water in it) and climbing a very steep pitch, we found ourselves between two peaks, which had been visible for some distance back. They appeared to have been rent asunder, at some primeval period, by a great convulsion of Nature, so exactly did the projections of the one correspond with the indentures of the other. These were the sentinels that stood guard over the entrance to the charming little valley beyond. On one of these peaks twelve varieties of ferns lift their dainty heads from the sterile soil; and as "fern work" is very fashionable in San Diego, and commands a ready sale among Eastern visitors, parties from town sometimes venture up the rocky slope in search of the delicate fronds. But I never extended my botanical researches in that direction, for rattlesnakes also abound, and I have never been able to overcome my horror of the hideous reptiles, or to comprehend how people who live where they are liable at any time to come upon so deadly a foe can become so

habituated to their vicinage that they hardly think of them.

As we gained the level of the valley, a baying of dogs was heard, and two small black buildings came to view. Our destination was reached, and we disembarked amid a confused throng of big dogs and little children. The mother of the latter, a thin-faced, short-haired, blonde young woman of twenty-one, who would have been decidedly pretty under favorable circumstances, appeared in the doorway of the dwelling-house, attired in a short and plainly made calico. From the other building, which was the "general supply" store of the neighborhood, sauntered "the doctor," the lord and master of the blonde young woman, and the owner of the valley stretching before us. He was a man nearly fifty years of age, and as *blasé* as his wife was energetic. Married at sixteen, she was already the mother of three girls (a fourth has since augmented the force)—"infant Jesuses," as they were styled by their fond parents, with what will probably seem to many of my readers an approach to blasphemy. But these were a strange people: so strange, that I feel constrained to devote a little space to a discussion of their peculiar points.

"The doctor" was a "magnetic healer," also a "medium." He was so fortunate as to be "controlled" by the spirit of a wonderfully wise Indian chieftain named Owega, who lived and died before our insignificant lives were thought of. It was customary to ascertain Owega's opinion on all subjects, which "the doctor" would do by entering the trance state, and giving vent to a flow of the most villainous-sounding dialect, which he translated into a language more comprehensible to lesser minds. Owega had spoken, and his advice must be followed, or disastrous would be the results. It is a little singular that, with so sage a counselor, the doctor's life should not have been more successful; he being in truth badly involved, and not for the first time. But this was not the only inconsistency that suggested itself during our residence with these advocates of spiritualism and free-love. The doctor had

a strong ally in his mother-in-law; in fact, she went quite beyond him on some points. She was the most peculiar specimen of womankind whom it was ever my fortune to meet. Imagine a slender, sinewy, well-preserved woman of forty-nine, with sharp black eyes possessing a malignant gleam, and short curly hair; her features are good, and she would be a fine-looking woman but for the fires of "envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness" that burn in her heart, and are made manifest by daily words and deeds. She generally wore an uncouth "bloomer" costume, which plainly revealed her peculiar gait, best described by the word "snooping"; her step was as noiseless as a cat's. Her "guide" was an aged Turk, of almost prehistoric existence, who favored his *protégée* with "the grandest lectures, in the dark hours of the night, on the most abstruse themes."

This woman met me on first sight with the tightest of hugs about my neck, and the warmest of kisses upon my lips. In three days she gave me startling information. I was "extremely spiritualistic," in a short time would be a fine "medium," and would set the world agog with my inspired writings. A brilliant future was also predicted for my husband. Contrary to her expectations, instead of submitting gracefully to a course of instruction in her pet theories, (which would involve this world in disgrace and ruin, if put into operation) we developed a spirit of what good old-fashioned folks denominate "contrairiness"—in the *patois* of the country, we "bucked." I had always a proclivity for asking the whys and wherefores of things, derived from my Yankee origin, no doubt, and am quite a stickler for exactness. Hence my interrogations, and exposition of too glaringly false statements were somewhat embarrassing to my would-be initiator into realms of thought too lofty for the common rabble; for truth was not one of the dame's strong points. T—— invariably came off victorious after a war of words with her, and it was not long before the discovery was made that "our heads were very poorly shaped," lacking "reason," "discernment," etc. A

neighbor, then a stranger to me, was told that she could spend her time to better advantage than in my company.

The daughter of this progressive character was a better woman than one would suppose the child of such a mother could be. It seemed a pity that the influences of her life had not been more favorable to the development of her better nature. She was endowed with excellent intellectual qualities; but her conversation was marred by an overweening conceit, and a strong tendency to exaggeration that often overstepped the bounds of truth. Some traits commanded my admiration, such as her almost entire abstinence from gossip, her dislike of slander, and her cheerful adaptation to circumstances that would have sorely tried the majority of women. She was a complete slave to her husband, that strong advocate of the rights of woman, who yet allowed his young wife, already overburdened with the cares of maternity, to wait upon him as the valet waits upon his master: even expecting her to leave her babe and milk one of the two cows every day. She knew less about his business affairs than his mere acquaintances. But "the doctor" was perfect in her devoted eyes.

The children, destined to revolutionize the world with their remarkable powers, were given no common names—Cleopatra, Cassandra, and Zula were the cognomens suggested by friendly spirits as meet for such illustrious offspring. There was nothing in their appearance to indicate their superiority to other children; they were, on the contrary, very backward, awkward, and plain-looking; but "the spirits" had said that they were "the Christs of the earth."

Alpine valley is one mile long by half a mile wide, and almost completely hemmed in. Entering by the narrow pass of which I have spoken, the only means of exit are roads at the opposite end, leading up the barren mountain sides, so rough and steep that they appear dangerous for heavy teams, yet are not so considered. Noble great oaks were originally scattered over the little valley, but were converted into cord-wood

under the reign of the doctor, to leave a clear field for the cultivation of wheat and barley, which does better at this altitude than lower down, on account of greater moisture. The work on the ranch was done principally by Indians, who were hired at half the rates required by white men; but I doubt if their labor was very profitable, for they are extremely slow, and possess an unlimited capacity for food. The doctor resided at the lower end of the valley, while his mother-in-law occupied a cabin at the upper extremity, with complete indifference to her lonely position, in a country infested by Indians, with no neighbors within a mile on either hand.

I shall never forget the two nights that I spent alone in that little cabin, where the cracks were so wide and numerous that one felt hardly more secure than out of doors. T—— had gone to town, and I was left at the upper cabin, as the other house was full. The afternoon of the first day my hostess mounted her pony, and started off to make "a call" on her daughter, and the two watch-dogs followed her. I was not averse to the deprivation of her company for an hour or so, and time passed quietly and agreeably until the sun hid itself behind the mountains, and the darkness of night quickly spread over the lonely spot. I felt certain by that time that Mrs. H—— would not return before morning, and made a cheerful fire in the big fireplace, determined to make the best of an unenviable position: for, although I am generally the reverse of timid, fearing neither darkness nor solitude in a civilized region, I was afraid of the Indians in that remote valley of the Coast Range, especially as nightly depredations had recently been made on the barley and utensils in the neighboring barn, and I had not the usual guard of dogs.

I sat reading for a time, then retired, and endeavored to compose myself to sleep. Vain effort! With every sense sharpened and every sound magnified into a horror, I spent the night with wide-open eyes, now and then springing into the middle of the floor, with every fiber thrilling with the certainty that some one

was near. Morning dawned at last, heralded by the numerous representatives of the feathered tribe overhead, who utilized the roof of the cabin as a hen-roost, and seemed to have considerable disturbance among themselves, as they aroused from their matutinal slumbers, scrambling about in a manner very annoying to one not accustomed to that sort of an introduction to a new day. The next day passed, and my hostess did not appear. I was well aware that her prolonged absence was not owing to any unlooked-for circumstance, but was a premeditated action, committed because she knew that I would be afraid to stay alone, and took a malicious delight in tormenting me for once. This time she succeeded. To be sure, I might have gone down to the doctor's; both he and his wife would have given me a kind welcome, and found a place for me somewhere; for the doctor was always kind to me, and would not allow a word against "Clarry" to pass without rebuke: but I wouldn't have so capitulated to the enemy for worlds.

I discovered a loaded pistol behind some books on one of the corner shelves, and felt quite delighted over it, although I had never fired a shot in my life. I hoped I should be able to at least scare some one with it, if occasion demanded. Quite a number of Indians passed the house during the day, most of them stopping to water their horses at the well across the road. I kept out of sight as much as possible, hoping they would not discover that I was alone; and I sat by the fireside but a short time that evening, fearing that my forsaken situation would be seen through the cracks in the walls. I went to bed, with the pistol lying where I could instantly reach it: but I was not molested, although several false alarms effectually banished sleep from my eyes, and some sacks of barley were pillaged from the barn. I would never run such a risk again; for it *was* a great risk. A few months later, a woman over seventy years of age, who had lived on friendly terms with the Indians in that vicinity for years, was most cruelly assaulted in broad daylight, during the absence

of her husband, and her house was ransacked, and considerable property taken away. The county contains more Indians (1620) than any other county in California.

On the third day I received a call from the doctor, who asked me how I "got along," and if I was "afraid," expressing surprise when I informed him that the dogs were not with me, as he had not noticed them among his own.

"Why didn't you come down and stay with us?" said he. "There's always room for one more."

It had been dark for half an hour, and I was beginning to anticipate a third night of wakefulness, when I heard the welcome sound of a heavy wagon, and T——'s voice speaking to the horses. My husband had returned from town, and I was no longer afraid. He was very angry when he learned how I had been served during his absence, and declared that I should leave the place at once. The next day I mounted my pony, and turned my course to San Diego, where I went to housekeeping, T——'s business calling him to town twice a week. The mistress of the cabin came home just before my departure. She found me endeavoring to remove a very heavy lariat from my pony's neck.

"What are you taking that off for?"

"Because I don't care to have it on."

"But you can't tie your horse on the way."

"I don't wish to."

"You'll have to. You can't ride so far without stopping." Neither my lady nor her daughter ever attempted any but short rides at a slow pace.

I was very busy over the refractory knot, and made no reply to this assertion.

"You won't have anything to tie him with in town."

"O, there are plenty of ropes in San Diego."

"Well, I don't know where you can get any."

"But I do, and that is sufficient."

"I don't believe you can untie it."

But I did—I was bound to; and without

another word I turned my back on the meddlesome dame, whose conversation I have quoted as a specimen of a hundred others, and rode away.

Cayeuse bore me with the gentlest of lopes to San Diego, and left me feeling almost fresh enough for another twenty-five miles. Cayeuse is quite too fine an animal to be left out of this narrative. Small, round, with a broad forehead and wide-set eyes, little ears, luxuriant mane and tail, he was as wise and pretty an Indian pony as one often sees. He was of the Pinto breed, similiar to the "calico" horse of a circus. From the "Mexican jog," with which he would ascend a long rise, to the gallop, with which he would outstrip any other horse in the neighborhood, his gaits were delightful; and I would trust myself to Cayeuse's sure-footedness down the steepest trail in the vicinity. The first time I rode him he nearly pulled my arms off. Whether he had not been used for some time, or whether he didn't fancy his rider in petticoats, I don't know; but I thought I should never be able to manage him unless I used the cruel Spanish bit. For some inexplicable reason he never gave me any trouble afterwards. No one fed, watered, groomed, or saddled him but me; and he soon followed me about, or looked after me, if tied, until I vanished from sight.

It is interesting to explore the rough mountain roads and trails leading from one little valley into another. These oases among the barren hills are occupied by "ranchers," who send their children from one to eight miles on horseback to the bare little shanty, built in a day, that serves as school-house. It is no uncommon thing to see as many as three of the youngsters mounted on a trusty steed, jogging along to school. The teacher boards a couple of miles away, and rides back and forth to the scene of her labors, which cannot be very inspiring.

A charming ride is down Chocolita cañon to the San Diego River. Crossing a plowed field, in the neighborhood of the upper cabin, and following a narrow trail down a

very steep hillside where our sturdy ponies, bracing backward, plant their feet with the utmost precision, we enter a cañon just wide enough for a shallow brook which ripples along, and the pathway overarched by spreading branches of noble great trees. Honeysuckles and clinging vines mingle their scarlet blossoms and delicate tendrils with the foliage of an undergrowth of shrubs, aspiring even to the boughs of the trees above. It is cool and refreshing in the leafy cañon, although it is mid-day, and the sun is scorching outside. The few stray beams that gain entrance here lend an added charm to the beauty of sparkling water and gayly tinted flowers, moss-covered rocks and delicate ferns. Sometimes we are on one side of the little stream, sometimes on the other, crossing its rocky bed many times in a few miles, never with any room to spare on either hand. Barren slopes rise to the right and left of us, almost from our very feet, until we near the river, and come out upon an open space, which has not escaped the notice of the farmer, but has been "taken up," and converted into a wheat field. Not observing the stands of bees a few rods from the house until close upon them, we find it prudent to proceed onward as expeditiously as possible, our too familiar approach having created considerable disturbance among the buzzing swarms.

Crossing the fine white sands of the river, which penetrates its way to the Cajon through rugged mountains that rise abruptly from its banks, we come upon a rude log hut shaded by a cluster of oaks. Hens and chickens parade about the grounds, and seem to be the only occupants of the place, until a tall, grizzly-bearded man about sixty years of age appears in the doorway. His answers to our queries are polite, but so low spoken that we can hardly catch the words; and we wonder if he has lived alone so long that he has become unaccustomed to speech, and why he has isolated himself thus from mankind; for there seems to be little round him from which he can gain a subsistence. He tells us that there is a *rancherie* two miles up the river: but as the day is

far advanced, we conclude not to visit the encampment, but retrace our steps to Alpine valley. In all our many trips among the hills, we never found a lovelier spot than this narrow little cañon.

Climbing a steep and tortuous path at one side of the valley, a *mesa* is reached, owned by the doctor, and sown each year with wheat and barley. The roughest of shanties is rudely fitted up for temporary habitation, and at "seed time" and harvesting a force of Indians is sent to the field, accompanied by an *Americano* "boss" and a cook. Beans, bacon, and bread are the staple articles of diet. Butter and milk are considered superfluous, but honey is generally plenty. The white portion of the community sleep in the cabin on the ground; and the Indians construct wigwams among the grease-wood and manzanita shrubs near the spring, building fires in front of their frail shelter. The horses are staked out, and the dogs watch over all. Dogs are a noticeable feature in southern California. No ranch is complete without a good supply of them, and the Indians have a perfect tribe of shaggy-haired, coyote-like canines at their heels.

From a knoll at one end of the *mesa* an extensive view of the surrounding country is obtained. Whichever way the eye may turn, a grand upheaval of the earth's surface is manifest. We look down upon countless elevations, appearing in many places to crowd upon each other, and the Cajon valley is visible beyond several rows of peaks. We can trace the course of the Sweetwater to the sea, which it enters near National City; and the shimmer of broad waters is discernible on the horizon. Back of us old Cuayamaca (above the sea) lifts its snow-covered head, and Capitan Grande hides the valleys beyond its rugged sides.

San Diego County can never become thickly populated, it is so thoroughly broken up by the Coast Range. It is considered peculiarly adapted to the culture of fruits, and already oranges, lemons, peaches, apricots, guavas, figs, olives, grapes, and strawberries are raised to a considerable extent.

One may fairly revel in fruits in San Diego nearly every month in the year; and who does not appreciate strawberries in January? The nights are sufficiently cool in winter to nip young fruit trees up in the mountains, but there is very little danger from frost on the coast. The days are as much warmer inland as the nights are cooler. Three or four times a year, a "desert wind" blows from the arid waste extending from the eastern base of the mountains to the Colorado River, filling the air with sand, and withering with its scorching breath everything in its pathway. This generally lasts three days, and is almost the only unpleasant feature in the San Diego climate. Many persons afflicted with pulmonary affections have made their homes in the county, prolonging their lives by a residence in a land of such equable temperature; and the hotels of the town are well patronized. The dry, bracing atmosphere of the mountains is beneficial to asthmatic people. A gentleman of my acquaintance, who has traveled from Canada to Cuba in search of relief from this complaint, is domiciled with his family in a neat little cottage at an altitude of two thousand feet, between Alpine valley and Valle de las Viejas.

Valle de las Viejas is on the road to Julian, a small town on the summit of the range, nestled in a cañon four thousand feet in height. The valley was named in earlier days, when the Indians reigned over the surrounding country. Then as now it was desirable land, plenty of water lying near the surface; and when the warriors sallied forth on their hunting excursions, it was their custom to send their old men and women to this valley to plant and raise crops during their absence. From this source is derived the title "Old Women's Valley." It has been, ever since its transmission to the hands of the white men, a notorious scene of feuds. Accommodating several families, one would suppose that its residents, debarred from society as they were, would have established friendly relations among themselves. But this has not been the case—disagreements and backbitings have been the

rule. Disputes over boundaries have created enmity, and the dishonest claim of a neighbor resulted in murder a few years ago.

The tragedy occasioned great excitement, for the parties at variance were men of high standing in the county. Two families, whom I will call Bennett and Carroll, were the principal land owners in the valley. The latter had in his employ a young man by the name of Tarbell, whom he urged to "jump" a certain piece of land claimed by the Bennetts. Tarbell finally consented to do so in the interest of Carroll, built a small house on the lot, and proceeded to cultivate the land. The Bennetts, who were a proud and hot-blooded family from the South, were greatly enraged at this appropriation of property which they considered their own, and ordered Tarbell to desist. This he would not do; but when the harvesting season came, cut the hay and began taking it in. Finding commands and threats of no avail, Ray Bennett one day took his gun, remarking to his mother that there might be trouble, and proceeded to the field with a hired man, intending to remove the hay from Tarbell's wagon to his own. The meeting of the opponents was followed by high words, and soon Tarbell gave chase to Bennett, with the purpose of chastising him, being a powerfully built man; but he stumbled over a hay-cock, and fell. Before he could arise, Bennett struck him on the head

three times with his gun, then mounted his horse, galloped at once to San Diego, and gave himself up to the officers of the law, although he was not aware that he had killed Tarbell. When the fatal result of the quarrel became known, the Bennetts did not anticipate a very severe punishment, as the murderer was quite a favorite in social circles, with his somewhat fastidious tastes and lordly bearing; and justice is not always meted out unsparingly in the Golden State. But Ray Bennett was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment at San Quentin, where he is now, rumor hath it, allowed many privileges. This sad and disgraceful affair did not terminate here. It was instrumental in the death, a few months later, of the young lady to whom Tarbell was engaged, whose blighted hopes aggravated her tendency to consumption, and sent her to an untimely grave. This was as truly heart-rending a tragedy as those of which we read in tales of fictitious lives.

The title of my sketch forbids my speaking at length of San Diego's merits as a seaport, or of its many natural advantages that peculiarly adapt it for a large city. When more direct communication is established than that by steamers from San Francisco once in five days, and by stage from the Southern Pacific, at Santa Ana, daily, the excellencies and resources of the port and county will become more widely known, and cannot fail to be appreciated.

CLARA SPALDING BROWN.

ONE AFTERNOON.

"I PRESUME," said the minister's wife, "you love Ida as though she were your own child."

A foreboding of age struck to Marcia's heart, as she gathered in the chill with which the innocent remark seemed shivering. It seemed to her she turned old in an instant, as though her face fell into wrinkles, and an impress as of the faded leaf set its stamp

upon her. The sunlight, fluttering like a wing upon the wall, took a shade less of gold; and all the world darkened just so much, as in the slight moment of pause Marcia accepted her position, and decided with a pang to be no longer young.

"I can imagine," she answered, just as the minister's wife looked up in surprise at the little piece of silence that had dropped

down between them—"I can imagine," said Marcia, "how one must, perforce, love an own child, though that joyous fountain of pure water has bubbled unseen and untasted throughout my life. No: I do not love Ida, dear though she is to me, as I suppose I would a child of my own."

The minister's wife went home, and in discreet confidence asked of the minister what provision there might possibly be in the next world for an old maid whose heart was filled with children.

After her visitor had gone, Marcia went through the house, looking for the young girl Ida. The rooms were very dainty and very pleasant, but to the mistress in her new mood they seemed a trifle stiff and prim.

"Well," she sighed softly, "it all par-takes of me, I suppose. Strange that my eyes should be made to open so suddenly! I should have wished the knowledge to steal upon me gradually and gently, so that I might have accustomed myself to the truth, without this shock."

Wherever she found a reminder of Ida, there she thought something bright and youthful livened and beautified the rooms; while her own hat hanging in the hall, the chair she sat in, her work basket on the stand, seemed suggestive of her own older self. It was not pleasant thus to realize the truth, but to this point must we all come at last.

Stepping out upon the wide and low veranda, Marcia could see Ida coming up the shadowed walk, looking very young now that Marcia felt the lack of youth; she noticed how young and how sweet. Coming so out of the distance, her step, though slow, seemed elastic and full of life, and she made a pretty picture. Her skirts were light and flowing, a fleecy drapery half fell, half clung about her shoulders, and the drooping brim of her hat just allowed a glimpse of her sunny hair. By her side walked their neighbor, Herman France, and Ida's eyes were cast down toward the roses in her hand, never once lifting to meet his frank yet somewhat dreamy gaze.

A pang was thrust again through Marcia,

and she wondered that she should just be regretting her loneliness, when she had the knowledge pressed home upon her that she was quite beyond such gallant attention. The two were doubtless born for each other, and the solitary woman on the vine-climbed veranda was quick to confess how well they walked together, how harmonious they seemed, and what a pleasing contrast they offered.

"By and by they will marry," soliloquized Marcia; "and what more natural or more to be desired? Then I shall be truly alone again, and perhaps I had better indulge myself in a little of that travel which has been like the thread of a dream running through my life. Now that I am growing old I must take my travel, or I shall never have it. I had better have taken it younger, perhaps, as it is, for old bones are weary bones, and they like resting better than wandering."

Marcia was doing a dreadful thing when she cut herself loose from youth in this way; but the trouble was that, in contrast with the fresh, girlish bloom of Ida, she felt her outside body must seem old and worn, and that she was bound in duty to age her spirit also.

All unconscious that Marcia stood concealed by the vines, the couple strolled up the rose-bordered path, and Marcia exaggerated to herself the appearance of interest they seemed to have in each other.

"Let us stay out here," said Mr. France. "Every breath is a luxury among these vines on such a perfect afternoon."

He took off his straw hat as he spoke, and Marcia saw for the hundredth time how white and how broad his forehead was, but she had a peculiar notice for his manly strength of feature and outline to-day. She admired him more than she had ever done till now.

"All lovers make such excuses," she murmured. "He cares nothing whatever about the luxurious air. He simply wants to be alone with Ida, and he is afraid they will meet me if they come into the house."

Ida's laugh was like a little rill of music, as she twirled her long-stemmed roses and replied:

"One may have duties, you know, which forbid yielding to temptation. I ought to be practicing this moment, Mr. France, instead of idly putting appendixes to our walk in this way."

Nevertheless, she swung her skirts lightly round, and sat down on the lowest step, crossing her pink wrists, and flashing up at her companion through her eyelashes one of those swift and daring glances in which innocent girlhood often betrays its innocence.

"I can only imagine you as playing at duty," he answered lightly. "Surely you were made to do just what pleases you. No *must* ever ought to come into your life, little one."

"I don't fancy being called 'little one,'" answered Ida, half pouting. "It's too patronizing and too tender—a great deal too tender."

"She is right," thought Marcia, determinedly. "It is eminently proper she should keep him at a distance. When she is my age, she will see how right she is."

"It is so easy to shock a very young person's sense of propriety by hurting her dignity," he laughed. "Now when you are old, say as old as Marcia and I, you will have no pride of dignity, and you will wonder how at seventeen you could have put much stress on the term 'little one.' See now, I am twice your age. I am thirty-four, and yet I abate the natural superiority of my years, and will ask you to be so friendly as to call me by my first name when you speak to me. Will you call me Herman?"

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Marcia, under her breath. The request seemed to her almost equivalent to a proposal; but not so to Ida. That young lady responded very composedly:

"Why, yes; Marcia and I always do call you Herman when we speak of you to each other."

Marcia shuddered in her lair at this betrayal; but in spite of the frankness of her speech, Ida seemed filled with quick motions akin to coquettishness. She played with her roses, her color coming and going with her

breath, her head drooped in a half-bashful *pose*; and now her shoulders seemed prominent to her, now her elbows, now her feet, and she recognized each in its turn. Marcia was not well acquainted with young girls, and she accused this one of "bridling"—yes "bridling." Then she wondered how she could have developed such a feeling against Ida, and berated herself as a "horrible old maid."

"I never knew just your relationship to Marcia," mused Herman, after a little pause.

"Not any real relationship at all," returned Ida, warmly. "My father was only her step-brother, and that makes it seem the kinder of her to make me so welcome here, doesn't it? I should have no home were it not for Marcia—you see I never could say Aunt Marcia, because she seems no older, or not much older, than I. But she is a great deal older—she is thirty-six. You wouldn't believe Marcia was thirty-six, would you? She is older than you are even."

Poor Marcia! she cowered among the leaves, and hot tears came to her eyes. "It isn't that I'm not willing to acknowledge myself old," she thought in sobs; "but it seems so dreadful to tell him I'm thirty-six, in cold blood."

"Marcia will never marry, I suppose," Ida gossiped on, in an airy manner.

"There you may be mistaken, my little friend," said Herman, languidly: "at any rate, let us hope so."

"O yes, I hope so," assented Ida, biting her roses.

"Because," he continued, looking at her strangely, as if to see how she would construe his words, "as people grow older they feel the need of husband or wife. It is the craving for intimate companionship, which one may put off without being rid of. Do you fancy that because I am past thirty years I shall never offer my ripe love, fearing it may have gone to decay? O no, Ida. I shall marry sometime, though this is premature confidence, into which I should not have taken you. I may be denied, after all."

Ida still toyed with the blossoms in her

hand, as Marcia stole away on tiptoe, blushing at herself to have been an eavesdropper thus far into the conversation, and certain that she ought at any rate to leave Herman to approach the momentous question without other listener than Ida, believing that having gone so far he was sure to do so.

"He should have asked my permission," she thought, indignantly. "Since I seem so old to Ida, my years should be respected. Yet I remember now," and she warmed toward him unconsciously. "that he seemed to make nothing of my being thirty-six; and to be sure, I *may* marry, as he said." Then she tossed her head, and laughed in a little trickle of amusement. "O, what nonsense!" she exclaimed within herself; but she felt scarce so old as an hour before, and she could not deny to herself that she was a trifle pleased with Herman.

When she reached cover, a pang seized her again, as she thought of the romantic two left for a certainty alone with a sweet breath of imaginative happiness blowing about them, and she wondered just how tender the words might be that passed from one to the other. She would like to hear Herman pleading and making sweet vows. Herman had been always pleasing to her, and she would like to view him once as a pleading lover, because it would be so new, and put him in a tender light.

Was it possible to think of Herman in a tender light? Yes, she could in imagination hear his voice low and vibrant; she could see his eyes filled with hope, and his outstretched hand; she could feel the grasp of his love as it drew its object to itself. And then she started, and put her hands on her burning cheeks. Why, what was this? Could it be that she could fancy it a delight to know Herman thus? Oh, what a shame—what a shame to thrust the confession through her heart that she loved him! She scourged herself with reproaches. She was in her dotage, she told herself; she was mad; she was worse than a fool.

It was not strange that she should have loved him. She had known him and gone on knowing him these several years, and she

was not a woman to be violent in any passion. Her affection had ripened like a slow fruit in its late season, that needs but one warm day to bring it to its climax. Lo! her climax was come, and she stood apart, as a third person might, viewing it with a sort of awe. It was an hour and more before she was calm enough to set about the matter collectedly. During that hour she owned she would have taken Ida's place in that interview with Herman, if she could, even to the complete banishment of the young girl. She forced herself to face bare facts. With a deep sense of humiliation she realized that she was jealous, maliciously jealous of Ida for the moment. She felt savage; she felt like overturning and destroying, like torturing and putting to the trial; and wondered, as from out a sort of dream within whose strange tangle she was inextricably involved. She laughed and cried, then soothed herself like a child, bathed her face, smoothed her hair, put away all trace of emotion, and told herself she had done with the whole thing, and buried it as in a grave.

Feeling like a very aged person, Marcia went down soberly to see after the young people. She called Herman "young people," in her mind. She found Ida alone, with her roses torn and scattered at her feet. The young girl sat deep in thought, with her eyes on vacancy, and she drew a deep, unconscious sigh, which repeated itself, even while Marcia observed her.

"I had a proposal myself once, when I was young," thought Marcia. "Did I look so lost and so sentimental after it, I wonder? But then I didn't accept him, and perhaps that's the difference. Ida *must* have accepted Herman."

"I thought Herman was here, Ida." Before she spoke even, Marcia's jealousy was quite vanished, and she felt her old kindness toward her young companion return.

"Herman? O yes, Herman *was* here; but he is gone now," answered Ida, starting; and Marcia told herself he had proposed, and Ida was evasive.

"Come and sit down, Marcia," continued Ida by and by; then she laughed happily,

and blushed a bit at the sweetness of the secret she held. "Herman has just told me something; but it is a confidence, mind, and he will tell you himself whenever there is a best chance. But you mustn't hint to him, Marcia, until he tells you, that I have said anything at all." She looked prettier than ever now, in a twitter of liveliness.

"Are you happy, Ida, in knowing this confidence? Does it make you happy, dear?" asked Marcia soberly.

"O Marcia, Marcia, I do believe you guess it already. Yes, yes; it does make me glad." Springing up, Ida crossed the step, and kissed Marcia extravagantly with little soft girlish kisses, dabbing her lips, her cheeks, her eyes, her hair, and wherever else her mouth happened to hit.

Suddenly the bitterness descended upon Marcia again. "They put me aside like an old woman," she thought, "till 'tis necessary to speak to me for form's sake. I'd scarce have thought that of Herman, after his speaking so kindly of my being thirty-six. Well, of course he couldn't be expected to think of *my* feelings."

"O Marcia, tell me, were you ever in love, and what is it like?" said Ida, audaciously, sitting down at Marcia's feet, and crossing hands upon the older woman's knee.

"It is the dreadfulest condition," began poor Marcia, and then she bit her sentence off at its beginning.

"I see you have had acquaintance with it," said Ida, quickly. "And why is it you never married? It seems so right for you to be unmarried, I never thought to ask you before."

"I suppose there are many men in this world, some one of whom I might have loved and married," Marcia returned, finding a comfort in generalizing thus; "but providence never threw us into circumstances which compelled love and marriage. It is all a happening, anyhow, you know. The man chance had in view for me married some other woman, I suppose, without waiting to see me: and the man I might have loved did the same."

"O Marcia! how cold-blooded!" cried Ida. "I believe it is all a destiny—all meant to be, and just as sure to come round right as the sun is. I wouldn't think otherwise for the world."

"That's very natural," said Marcia.

"Well," exclaimed Ida, after a pause, "if here isn't Herman coming back again!" Then she fluttered like a bird just about to take wing, and oscillated from one side to the other of her perch on the step. "Yes; I think I'd better go in," she said hastily, after watching him a moment. "Don't you come, Marcia; maybe he's come back, feeling that he couldn't wait to tell you." Then she ran away.

"Very well," Marcia thought calmly, "he couldn't wait, as Ida says, and he's come back to ask my consent. I shall give it in as few words as possible, and I hope he will make few words of it, too." But she began to tremble when he sat down beside her.

The afternoon was falling to its close now, but Herman was either very warm or else somewhat agitated.

"I will wait for him to begin in the way he pleases. Of course he can't expect *me* to begin," Marcia said silently.

"I have been here before, this afternoon, Marcia," he did begin presently, but he stopped there somewhat uncertainly.

"Yes, I saw you sitting here with Ida," she said, with a sudden resolve to help him out, and have it over.

"Ida is a pleasant little girl—pretty, too, don't you think so?" he asked.

The interview was painful to Marcia, under the circumstances naturally very painful, and it could not fail to be distressing when he praised Ida so openly. So she answered nothing at all to this. By some imperceptible motion he was coming closer to her, and in less than a minute he sat almost next to her. She raised her eyes to his face and observed him with a clear gaze. Then he put out his hand and clasped her fingers. His touch was very grateful to her, and a feeling of pleasant warmth passed up her arm to the shoulder, but she rigidly repressed it.

"He thinks of me as a sort of mother-in-law, and he is seeking to propitiate me by taking my hand. I have heard that men try every means to win over their mothers-in-law," thought Marcia, bitterly. "His mother-in-law!"

She was still looking at him with a hardened gaze, and she saw that he had put off his usual manner, and had assumed an intense earnestness with which she failed to be *en rapport*. Nevertheless, she determined that he was very much in earnest, and somewhat embarrassed. She thought she ought to help him again, so she said gravely:

"You need not go on, Herman. I give you my consent without your asking for it. God bless you!"

"My dearest Marcia! You do? How good of you to anticipate me!" he exclaimed, and immediately threw his disengaged arm about her.

She drew back somewhat alarmed at this strange outburst. "I think," she faltered, "Ida wouldn't like to have you hug me that way." She felt it *was* hard that he should, after all, think she was so old it was no harm to hug her.

He laughed delightedly. "Why should Ida know?" he asked. "You wouldn't tell her, would you, dear?" and then he laughed again.

"Of course I shall tell her!" she cried indignantly: "and you are beside yourself, Herman, when you say *dear* and *dearest*, sir, to me!"

"I will speak to my wife as tenderly as I like," he said firmly.

A light broke like a broad bar of sunshine within her heart. A fragrance exhaled from all the roses at once, and something very beautiful touched her mouth. Herman had kissed her. Suddenly she felt the years dropping away from her like leaves, and she knew that a dewy, girlish glow had leaped to her face. In spite of her, her gaze dropped, loaded with bashfulness, and her fingers

toyed with the tassel that hung by its cord from her slender waist, as youthfully as Ida had toyed with her rose. She was in a whirl, she could not think, and yet she remembered that once she had fretted and called herself old. Old? Oh! she had never been so young.

"But I *am* thirty-six, you know, Herman," she said doubtfully, and dreading to remind him.

"No," he answered, holding her at arm's length. "You are but twenty. If neither spirit nor body ages, what account should we take of time? I do not wish you a day younger; you are perfect as you are."

"Nevertheless," she replied, half sorrowful, "I shall *never* forgive myself for having been two years old when you were born."

"It is a sin too small to be forgiven," he said gently.

"I am afraid Ida *would* have been better," she suggested. "I thought in the first place it *was* Ida, you know, and that you had asked my consent to marry her."

He was highly amused. "In spirit and experience I am at least sixty years old," he answered, still in his dreaming, gentle way. "If I had my rights I should be bald-headed and afflicted with rheumatism. Fancy then my marrying Ida! She is the very newest of new milk; while with you, Marcia, at thirty-six, the cream just begins to rise."

"I do not feel old—not now." She smiled contentedly.

A girlish voice wound merrily in between their own.

"Do you think it is destiny, Marcia, or circumstance?" it said; and when they turned in some confusion, Ida was standing in the doorway. "I should judge that Herman *had* confided in you!" she continued mischievously.

"I am not engaged to Marcia," answered Herman, over his shoulder. "She has only consented to my marriage with—"

"Sh," said Marcia, warningly.

KATE HEATH.

A DEATHLESS GAIN.

THE wind blows landward from the sea,
And murmurs through the town,
And sings where looms the old pine tree
Out on the upland down.

A lone crow on the topmost limb
Swings slowly to and fro ;
Around the gauzy mote-flies swim,
And heath-blooms bud and blow.

Far off, where, like a silver line,
The far horizon dips,
The noisy sea-gulls flash and shine
Among the rising ships.

The tinkling sound of drowsy bells
Comes down the breezy steep,
As cattle, clustered at the wells,
Move in their dreamless sleep.

The valleys, sweeping to the west,
Are rich with harvest gold ;
And tasseled corn crowns each low crest
Against the blue sky rolled.

The plowman guides his patient team,
Where, in the weeks gone by,
The bearded wheat was all a gleam
Beneath the mellow sky.

Down sloping hills the swallows dart,
And skim the shining pool,
Where fragrant, creamy lilies part
The waters deep and cool.

O faultless days of sea and sun,
Of rest and bloom and song,
Of purple peaks, whose heights are won
By wood-paths, never long.

How like a dream of heaven you are,
When in life's toil and fret
You light the memory, like a star
In distant darkness set !

Where clash the waves of toil and gain,
And mammon's idols stand,
We hear the ocean's weird refrain
Wind-blown across the sand.

THE PAH-UTES.

Our home is at the sink of Humboldt River, by the Carson Mountains. My father and I were both born there, about four miles from the railroad. My Indian name is *Somit-tone*, meaning Shell-flower. I was educated at the St. Mary's Convent in San Jose.

On our mountains there are many pine trees. We gather the nuts for the winter. This was our principal food, which our women commenced to gather about the middle of August. Our men used to hunt, and after that, our women go into the valleys to gather different kinds of seeds. The men go to fish along the Humboldt and Truckee rivers. They dry game of all kinds, and lay it up for the winter. Later in the fall the men hunt rabbits. The furs are afterwards woven into blankets, called rabbits'-fur blankets. In the winter they all get together to locate their lodges, and all their supplies are collected and put into one place. They remain there about six months, having merry-making, eating and drinking, and getting married; and they give themselves up to great enjoyment until the spring opens. Then they go to the fishing-grounds; and when the roots begin to grow, the women dig them up. The name of this root in Indian is called *yah-bah*, and tastes like carrots. They boil them, like potatoes, and use them in soups, and also dry them. Another root is called *camas* root—a little root that looks like chestnuts; and *kous* root, which tastes a little like hard bread. In early days, when white people came among us, they used to eat our food, and compare it with theirs. The same toil was gone through with every year, to lay up the winter supplies; and in these days they always seemed to have plenty of food, and plenty of furs to keep them warm in the winter time.

Now you must not suppose that my people are weak or uncourageous. They are not what you call "slouches." There are

the Utes and the Pah-Utes. We helped the Bannacks and the Umatillas in the war, because we were kindred of theirs. They are our cousins; therefore we helped them. Now you say, Why did they make war? I will tell you: Your white men are too greedy. They had a little prairie, called the *Camas Prairie*, about fifty miles long by twenty wide. They wanted it because it supplied them with roots, and prevented them from starving. The white man wanted it, because the roots were good for his cattle, and could make milk and beef and hides and tallow; so he tried to rob them of these lands. They did not like this, and because he despised them, and would give them no redress, they killed him. But the cattle alone were not the cause of this war. The agents were worse than the cattle: what the cattle left the agents took. The agents buy their places for so much, and mean to make their money out of the poor Indians.

During my great-grandfather's time there was a tribe of Indians lived in our country, called *Side-okahs*, which means man-eaters, or cannibals. They were not very large in numbers. They used to seek to kill us; and when they caught us they would have a grand feast. In this way they lived for a number of years, until my people made war with them. Then we had war, and they fought too, but they did not kill many of us. They fought with bows and arrows, just the same as we did. They seemed to fear nothing; would even sport with and catch the arrows directed to them, which flew past. They could jump up and catch the arrows as they would pass over their heads, showing great agility. We fought them for a long time, until their number was quite small. They used to trap us, by digging pit-falls in the ground and wells in the paths. We were so afraid of them that we used to crawl at night; and sometimes

our people would fall into these places after dark. When we had fought them some time, they saw that we were getting the best of them. Then they made canoes out of the tule grasses, and floated out on the Humboldt Lake; and they lived on the lake for a short time, but had to leave it again for the land. We kept pushing them out; then they went into a great cave. They did not remain there long, on account of lack of water. They then went into the *tule* marshes, but my people surrounded the *tules*, and set them on fire, and when they saw they were getting killed, they ran back into the cave. There they remained, and my people watched them when they would come out to get water, and then kill them. Then, to make quick work of it, they went to work packing wood, and piled it up in front of the mouth of the cave; and as fast as my people filled the mouth of the cave, they pulled it inside, and of course the cave was very soon filled; and then they set fire to the outside. In that way my people killed all these cannibals, smothered in the cave. Then we owned all their land, which was called the Side-okahs' land by other Indians, and it lay along the Humboldt River in Nevada.

After the Side-okahs were exterminated we lived peaceably, now and then only having a little fight with other tribes—no tribes being allowed to settle among us. If they came on very important business they could stay a while; or if they came for a visit, they would be entertained by feasts and plays and dancing: amusing them all the time they were with us. They always brought presents to our chiefs, and they gave them presents to take back; but they were never allowed to settle with us or marry with us, each tribe maintaining its own individuality very pronounced; every nation speaking a different language.

Our language is not a written one, but oral; neither have we any signs to convey information to distant parties—only verbal messages sent by our warriors traveling on foot; as they could go over rough ground, rocks, and places that ponies could not, and

they could endure more. If our relations were sick at a distance we would signal to the others by a fire on the highest top of the mountain. Three times during the night in the same place is a signal for sickness. For moving, our signal would be several fires all in a row, in the same direction we were to move. Fires of that description were peaceable ones; but we had, also, war-signals of fire. In olden times, the way we used to make fire was with two sticks, both made of sage brush. One had a hole in the middle, and was about six inches long by two or three in diameter. This was laid down on dried grass, rotten wood, and such materials. Another stick was sharpened at the end like a top. This was put into the hole, and rubbed between the hands, causing a friction which ignited the materials, and we had a fire. We never had flint, nor knew its uses until the white man came to us. Signal fires for war are made in the day-time. A man takes a torch longer than his arm, made of sage brush bark, lighted at the end. He runs towards our encampment, and warns us that the enemy is coming, by making quick fires as he comes towards us, lighting the sage brush as he comes. Then when he gets in sight of the camp he halloos, gives a war-whoop, and runs three times round the encampment, and halts in front of the chief's lodge. The warriors by this time are all ready to fight the enemy with their quivers and arrows. He then relates what he saw at a distance. In those early times we always had scouts and spies out, so that we would not be surprised by our enemies.

The traditions of our people are handed down from father to son. The chief is considered to be the most learned, and the leader of the tribe. The doctor, however, is thought to have more inspiration. He is supposed to be in communion with spirits: and we call him "doctor," as you white people call your medicine-man; and the word is not taken from the English language, as may be supposed, but purely Indian. We do not call him a medicine-man, because he does not dose us, as your doctors do, and

therefore we call him "doctor." He cures the sick by the laying on of hands, and prayers and incantations and heavenly songs. He infuses new life into the patient, and performs most wonderful feats of skill in his practice. It is one of the most solemn ceremonies of our tribe. He clothes himself in the skins of young, innocent animals, such as the fawn; and decorates himself with the plumage of harmless birds, such as the dove and humming-bird and little birds of the forest—no such things as hawks' feathers, eagles', or birds of prey. His clothing is emblematic of innocence. If he cannot cure the sick person, he tells him that the spirits of his relations hover around and await his departure. Then they pray and sing around his death-bed, and wait for the spirit to take its flight; and then, after the spirit leaves the body, they make merry, because he is beyond care, and they suppose in heaven. They believe there is only joy in that place; that sorrow is before and not after death; that when the soul departs, it goes to peace and happiness, and leaves all its misery behind.

The warrior is the reverse of the doctor. The warrior wears eagles' feathers during the battle. He wears the claws of an eagle around his neck and head. The eagle is our national bird; the Americans taking that emblematic notion from the Indians in the early days of their nation. Some braves that have ridden in the battle front, and have only been engaged once or twice, wear the claws of a grizzly bear, to show they have been in battle; the same as the medal that was given to my brother Natchez for saving three men's lives, showing his bravery.

I will now speak about the chief. His rank is inherited from father to son, the oldest son being the chief by law. If he is dead, the one next to him becomes chief; or, if there are no sons, the next male relative; but never a woman. The custom of having more wives than one arose from the capture of other tribes during war. If the women were pretty, the chief claimed them—but only one wife. The first married is claimed as legal and head of the rest, and is

acknowledged in public as the chief's wife. The others are not called wives, but merely assistants—*pe-nut-to-no-dequa*, in Indian. The heirs of the first wife, and she herself, take precedence over the others. The chief, as also the head of every family, is supposed to teach his children the traditions of the tribe. At times of leisure in the evening, and at twilight, these traditions are related around the camp-fires to eager listeners. No note of time is taken, and no record of ages is known. Once in a while, when the spirit moves the chief, he arises and speaks in a loud voice to his people. At these times, all work must cease. If a woman is cooking a meal, it must be left undone. All fold their hands, incline their heads, and listen to what he has to say; and then, when he is through, they go on again with their work, as left before he commenced to speak. Before every event, the chief gets up first in the morning, and the people are warned to get ready. If it is for a fishing excursion, or to hunt deer, or for any other excursion, he tells them to get ready—all that are to go. The old women and children stay behind in the lodges, while the young married women and daughters accompany their relations, to carry the game which is caught by the braves.

These excursions sometimes last ten days, the people remaining wherever night overtakes them. When through, they return to their lodges, having great rejoicing; and divide their game with the poor and aged and sick—no payment ever being required for such attention. Their belief is to have what they can enjoy on earth, and share it with each other, as they cannot carry anything out of this world. When they die possessed of horses and other goods, their wearing apparel is given to the poor, and some portion of it is buried with them. Horses are generally killed, for they think the dead man will not have any further use for them; and this is considered the last token of honor and respect that can be shown on this earth to the memory of the dead. The way that my people mourn for their dead is by cutting their hair close to

their heads, and laying it on the body of the dead to decorate it. The hair of his wife and that of his children, braided and ornamented with beads, is laid upon the dead man's breast; and if the wife refuses to part with her hair to thus honor her husband, she becomes the object of pity and scorn, laughed at, spit upon, and abused by the whole tribe. Thus they seldom refuse to part with their hair. The doctor also contributes ornaments from his person, and is not allowed to doctor any other sick person for some time, until he again gets into favor by some prophecy or inspiration supposed to come from the spirits. These are old traditions. Nowadays he knows his value. He will not attend a patient unless he is paid, as white folks pay their doctors. Thus we follow your customs as our association grows with you. Our doctor now charges a fee of five dollars, or as the case may be, as white folks do.

Indian girls are not allowed to mingle freely with the braves; never go out walking or riding with them; nor have they anything to say to each other. Even in courting, the same strictness is observed. A young brave takes a notion to marry a young girl, but cannot do so until he has been declined. The woman removes from the rest of the family to a small wickeup, or lodge, where she remains one month by herself, abstaining from flesh, and living only on seeds or berries. She must be very industrious during that time, going out every morning at daybreak to gather wood and logs, which she arrays in five different piles. This labor is repeated at noon and at sundown. Every five days she is acknowledged by the other women and men to be a young lady ready to marry, and at these times the wood is set on fire, she jumping over the piles while they are burning. Eating, drinking, and dancing are indulged in every fifth day. Then at the end of the month she returns to her father, casting away all her old clothing, and appearing before her parents in new robes made of buckskin.

The ceremony of courtship is as follows: The brave seeks the place where the Indian

maiden is at rest. If she discovers him, she gets up and goes away. He never follows her, but comes again the following night, and so on indefinitely. Then when her parents give consent to their marriage, she is given a feast, at which he is invited to partake. At no other time is he allowed to eat with the family. The ceremony of marriage is very simple. The lady passes the brave some food in a dish. He takes it and sets it down; then they are considered man and wife. They remove to a lodge by themselves if able; if not, they remain in their father's lodge. When the first child is born, they go by themselves and work for others, remaining that way one month. They do not eat meat of any kind during this period, and bathe every five days. After that they return to their old home again. Deformed children among this people are almost unknown.

Cooking is performed in willow baskets woven so tight as to hold water. Seeds are ground between two stones. A fire is built, and small stones are thrown into it. When hot, these are dropped into the basket that contains the water, causing it to boil, when the meal is stirred in, and hot rocks continually thrown in until the mush is cooked. Meat for stews and soup is cooked in the same manner. In early times meat was generally eaten this way, and the use of salt was not known until after the advent of the white man.

Virtue was a quality whose absence was punished by death—either by burning alive or stoning to death. My people are not so severe in these later days. The ceremony of marriage is not so strictly carried out as in olden times. They take a woman now without much ado, as white people do, and leave them oftener than of old. One of the latest evidences of civilization is divorce—an indulgence taken advantage of to abandon an old wife and secure a young one. They argue that it is better for them to do so than to leave their young women for the temptation of the white man.

In 1867 I was interpreter for my people; but even then they had nothing. The game

has been all killed, except a few rabbits. The pine trees have all been destroyed, so that we can get no more nuts. The cattle have trampled out the grass in our little valleys, and we can dig no more roots. If the white people leave us, to go over the mountains to California, as some people tell us, we must go over the mountains with them too, or else starve. If we cannot get wild game, we must take tame game, like cows or steers; the same as the white people would do if they had nothing to eat, and nothing to feed their wives and little ones with.

When we were shivering and starving, the soldiers were our best friends. They gave us their cast-off clothing, and they gave us rations. When I left the convent and went back among my people, it was funny to see the men and women dressed in soldiers' overcoats and pants. They thought it was the grandest kind of dress. Then the agent promised us provisions and clothes for the winter; but he lied. He knew he lied when he said it. That winter our children were shivering, while he was amassing money by selling the things which the government voted for us. This is how your civilization treats us. Are we to be blamed for thinking that you care for us like the snake in the grass? When I carried the dispatches for the soldiers, they promised Sarah money. Did she ever get it? or did she get any

thanks for doing this? None: nobody said "thank you" to poor Sarah. I was greatly deceived when I came to San Francisco to get money and help for my starving people. I thought my own people would help. I call the Methodists my own people. They preached and they prayed, but they did nothing else for my poor, hungry, shivering people. I know something about sermons myself, and can preach a better sermon than any of their ministers. The soldiers are much better than the ministers. The Indian is like my white brother, Emperor Norton: he likes epaulets.

Once the Indians possessed all this beautiful country; now they have none. Then they lived happily, and prayed to the Great Spirit. But the white man came, with his cursed whisky and selfishness and greed, and drove out the poor Indian, because he was more numerous and better armed and knew more knowledge. I see very well that all my race will die out. In a few short years there will be none left—no, not one Indian in the whole of America. I dare say the white man is better in some respects; but he is a bigger rascal, too. He steals and lies more than an Indian does. I hope some other race will come and drive him out, and kill him, like he has done to us. Then I will say the Great Spirit is just, and that it is all right.

SARAH WINNEMUCCA.

UP THE COLUMBIA—ROSE AND I.

"THE bar, did you say? Is it the dreadful bar of the Columbia that we are passing now?" asks my room-mate, hastily slipping out of her berth to peep out of the window in the early dawn. "Why, I do not see anything dreadful or unusual. It is not at all as black as it has been painted," asserts my friend, whom I shall call Rose—because that is her name.

"But bars are deceitful above all things, and desperately dangerous," I answer; and

while we are hurrying on something suitable to appear in on deck, I relate my most exciting reminiscences of this particular one, adding, "If you wish to know anything more about it, read the speech of Congressman George on the Harbor and River Improvement Bill," at which Rose laughs lightly, thinking my recommendation a jest.

The morning is somewhat misty, as it is likely to be along the coast before sunrise, but the capes are plainly visible on either

side of the entrance. I am at once solicited to become a traveler's guide, and point out the things worth knowing something about.

"The point, or promontory, on the north has two names," I explain; "its American name is Cape Hancock, and its English name, the one in popular use, Cape Disappointment."

"I suppose there is some sad, romantic story attaching to it," observes Rose, pensively.

"Yes," I reply; "an English lieutenant came along here in search of something he desired, and failed to find it."

"O," says Rose, "then it is not a love story? But is there nothing interesting about it? There is a light-house; and it seems to me I see guns: is it fortified?"

"Truly it is; and handsome earthworks they are, too. It would be a difficult thing for an enemy's ship to get into this river; for between those guns, the breakers out yonder, and Fort Stevens on the south side, she would have to take too many risks."

"And is that a cape, too, on the other side?" asks Rose, elevating her lorgnette. "and another fort?"

"That is Point Adams. Its first discoverers, the Spaniards, gave it a prettier name, *Cabo Frondosa*—Leafy Cape.

"But it isn't leafy now; it is nothing but a sand spit," protests Rose, with a mild petulance.

"Well, you'll have to read the speech of Congressman George to understand that, too." I answer with an air of superior toleration.

"Who is Congressman George?" inquires Rose, regarding me with a half-puzzled, half-offended manner.

"He is a young man from Oregon," I answer, with provoking brevity.

"Is he married?"

"Further this deponent saith not."

"I do not see what makes you quote him so much," she remarks, still puzzled. "But O, look at that fleet of boats! What are they doing in this rough water?"

"Those are fishing boats: see the men hauling in the nets. And there comes a tug-boat to tow them up the river to the canneries.

Those fishermen—great strong fellows—are mostly Scandinavians, real descendants of the old Northmen. They come down here at sunset, and throwing out their nets, stay by them until morning. It is a pretty sight to see the fleet sailing down to the capes in a summer evening. But it is dangerous work, and a good many boats are carried out to sea and lost every season."

"For men must work, and women must weep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning,"

quotes Rose, thoughtfully. "But I do not see why the fishermen take these risks. I suppose there are plenty of fish farther up the river?"

"So there are; but salmon—for it is salmon they take—have ways of their own, one of which is that they refuse to feed, and grow thin, as they ascend the river; and in order to have them at their best, the fishermen strive to take them as they come from the sea. I am told they will rise to the fly at the capes, but not farther up except at one place—the falls of the Willamette River, more than a hundred miles from the sea."

"They are hungry by that time, I should think," says Rose, indifferently. "You did not tell me the name of the fort we are passing."

"That is Fort Stevens; named after Brigadier-General I. I. Stevens, who was killed at the battle of Chantilly, in the early days of the Rebellion. A few miles from the fort, around in Young's Bay, is the site of the Fort Clatsop of Lewis and Clark, the explorers of the Columbia River, who wintered there in some log huts seventy-seven years ago. The little river on whose banks it stood, the Indian name of which was *Netul*, is called Lewis and Clark's River."

"How nice it is to know everything," says Rose patronizingly, giving my arm a little squeeze.

"But not without its disadvantages, before breakfast, on a damp deck."

Rose laughs a little, for she is not by any means dull of comprehension: but does not suggest that we should retreat to our state-room, for she wishes to exhaust her guide-book, like the professional sight-seer. "This

river is not a river in appearance," she says, gazing from side to side over the vast expanse of water; "it is as wide as San Francisco Bay."

"Not more than four miles and a half from south to north; but if you take in Baker's and Young's Bays, and measure it diagonally, it is probably twelve miles across."

"Now, then, you have not told me about the bays; how they came to be called that, and so on. Let us go and shelter ourselves behind the smoke-stack, while I take a lesson in history."

I do not object to the smoke-stack, and we curl up in our plaids, protected from the wind. "Baker's Bay," pointing back to Cape Hancock, "was named after the captain of an English trading vessel, which entered the river and came to anchor in a snug little harbor behind the cape, about ninety years ago—a little later than an American trading vessel, with a captain named Gray, in command of a vessel called the Columbia—whence the name of the river: this captain, like most others of his gallant profession, thinking more of his vessel than himself. But there is a little cove called Gray's Bay, farther up the river. Baker's Bay is a great haven, separated from the sea by a narrow neck of land, terminating in the promontory where the lighthouse stands, and the fortifications. The garrison buildings, now called Fort Canby, are on the margin of the bay, under the shelter of the cape. There is also the summer resort of Ilwaco on this neck of land, with a sea front and a stillwater front; and there is good beach driving for twenty miles up the coast."

"Ah, that is interesting," says Rose; "couldn't we spend the summer up here?"

"Young's Bay," I continue, without noticing the interruption, "was first called Merriweather's Bay, after Captain Merriweather Lewis of the first United States expedition to Oregon, and ought to be called so still. Its explorer had a sorry time wintering on its border, among the filthy Clatsop Indians, living on elk and bear meat, for which his

men hunted by wading marshes and creeks in the stormy months of December and January. Like the Arctic explorers, his party became more than reconciled to whale blubber, cast by the heavy seas upon the ocean beach.

"Young's River falls, near Young's Bay, over a sheer descent of forty feet, and makes a pretty cascade. I spent a day at this place, lang syne, with as merry a party as you would care to meet. The little river runs between moderately high banks, from which the thick foliage droops over it with tropical richness. It was once a popular resort; but its attractions were not of a kind to compete with those of sea-bathing on Clatsop beach, which afterwards became the fashion."

"O, I should say not, indeed," interjects Rose, decidedly. "But where is Clatsop beach?"

"It is the seaside of the land lying between Young's Bay and the ocean.

"The Clatsop peninsula is a curious, sea-built piece of land, composed of sand and marsh alternately. The tide covers a good deal of it along the lagoon-like creeks on the Young's Bay side, though a portion is cultivable, and more is heavily timbered with spruce, yew, and hemlock, with black pine on the sandy ridges towards the ocean. The Seaside House is approached by a wagon road from the landing near the mouth of Lewis and Clark's River, ten miles in length across the peninsula, in a direction a little south of west. The Coast Mountains terminate not far below Clatsop beach in Tillamook head; but they run out their wooded foot-ridges midway between the bay and the ocean; and in them rises one of the prettiest trout streams imaginable: a jolly, dashing, gay little river, called by the Indians Neah-coxie, with water enough in it to afford good boating with oars, and roofed over with spreading branches of ash, alder, and maple trees, in the fashion loved by artists, poets, and idlers of that ilk."

"O, how delicious! I'm not an artist, nor yet a poet, but I'm one of 'that ilk,'" exclaims Rose, with enthusiasm.

"This delightful Neahcoxie flows north towards the Columbia about six miles, when it turns short upon itself, and runs back south twelve miles past its source, and joining the Neahcanacum, falls into the Pacific just north of Tillamook head; the whole twelve miles being parallel to the coast, and not more than half a mile back from the beach. We used to get our breakfast of trout out of this romantic and peculiar stream, which the French half-breeds (who lived just here, and who entertained sea-bathers with inferior lodgings but excellent cooking) served up in the very best manner. Now, at the Seaside House you may procure the best of lodgings, and Neahcoxie trout besides; but I doubt if the pleasure is as great as when army tents and camp-fires, and a feast of potatoes roasted in the ashes at night and moistened with butter sequestered from the larder of our half-caste host, diversified our experiences."

"Go on," says Rose. "You had a half-caste host; did you have also unadulterated natives?"

"Rarely and few. There were plenty of Indian skulls and bones at Clatsop; but live Indians, very few. It would seem that many generations of a primitive tribe must have lived on this beach at some unknown period, who subsisted on shell-fish, and practiced cannibalism; for there are immense deposits of shells, with which are mixed human bones that have been broken, undoubtedly, for food. In the beginning of things, when the food supply was low, this was an economic use to which to put one's enemies. More recently the Clatsop Indians seem to have improved somewhat in their habits; and buried at least their own dead decently, in canoes elevated above the ground, and surrounded with the articles most valued by them while living. These simple sepulchers have not been treated with much respect by the white race, and have mostly disappeared."

"Did you never have any adventures in this wild place?" asks my friend, with a great longing in her voice for a fresh sensation. "Tell me a story."

"O, as to that, there were plenty of stories of adventures: for the gentlemen, elk and bear hunting stories; for the ladies, the excitement and occasionally the accidents of sea-bathing, told with all the decorative arts of language. Then there was horseback riding on the beach, and *tele-a-tele* boating on the shaded Neahcoxie, to talk about. Flirting and romancing are indigenous to summer resorts, as I need not tell you. But guide-books are not expected to furnish stories. And here we are almost at the oldest town in Oregon, and one immortalized by Irving, as well as by graver historians. Just around this point is Astoria."

We leave the shelter of the smoke-stack, and take up a position on the starboard side of the ship, to watch her shoot past the strip of beach with streets rising back, and glide up to her moorings beside a wharf elevated to the requirements of high tide. It is still early morning, and the steamer's gun fails to bring the usual curious crowd who come to gaze upon a sea-going passenger vessel. Half an hour elapses before the ponderous hull is brought snug alongside, and the operation of discharging the Astoria freight is begun. Word is passed that the ship will lie at this place for a couple of hours, and we determine to go ashore—going ashore meaning the transferring of ourselves from the deck of the steamer to an endless and indescribable confusion of wharves and warehouses.

Carefully noting our bearings, in order to be able to get back to the point of departure, we venture to walk up a long street, built of planking over the water. I wish to find the homes of some former acquaintances, if only to look at the outside of them, while their mistresses take their beauty sleep; but the effort is fruitless. The old landmarks are concealed by the universal planking, and nothing is in the place where I confidently look for it. The spirit of change has come over the Astoria of former times; and while it is a great deal more ostentatious than formerly, it is no longer attractive. I fully agree with Rose when she says it is the "rawest-looking" town she ever saw. It is,

in fact, a "wooden town," under foot and all around, which, while it is new, will look raw, and when it is old, will look dilapidated. These remarks are intended to apply to that portion just described, which is built over the water.

The site of ancient Astoria was but a small clearing on the river bank, facing a bay or cove, now buried beneath the before-objurgated planking. Back of it the land rose gradually at first, and then rather steeply, into hills constituting a high point, which formed the eastern shore of Young's Bay. The town is spreading over this broken ground, and will in time present a handsome front to the river, though, from the very fact of its elevation, its crudeness is all the more conspicuous at present. Commercially, it is a place of importance. For the year 1881 there were exported from Astoria wheat and flour valued at about \$988,000, and salmon valued at \$1,736,993. Something of the extent of the fishing business in and about Astoria may be gathered from the fact that in the same year the salt and tin used by the canning establishments were valued at \$220,149. There were ten thousand men employed in the different departments of fishing and canning; hundreds of boats and nets, worth together over five hundred dollars each. Putting that and that together explains why our good ship is obliged to lie at the Astoria wharf for such a length of time.

But Rose does not care as much as some other persons about fisheries, and vessels laden with wheat and flour for the ports of Europe and China, though she pretends that her yawns are occasioned by early rising; and after I have pointed out to her as nearly as I am able the identical spot where stood the Astoria of the Pacific Fur Company and the "Fort George" of the Hudson Bay Company, I hasten to relieve her mind of the weight of millions in figures, by relating what I have read in books of travel and adventure, of a humorous character, concerning the early history of this portion of the Columbia. She is very much surprised to learn that the first civilized woman to set foot on these shores was an English adventuress,

named Miss Jane Barnes, who came out under the protection of the clerk of the British Fur Company, and who spent some time at Astoria, the only white woman there. Her hand was sought by a son of the Chinook chief Comcomly, who offered a hundred sea-otter skins for her, which munificent dowry was refused by Miss Barnes with scorn. She finally sailed away to Canton, where she found a liberal English gentleman who set her up in a fine establishment. The wedding of McDougal of the Pacific Fur Company with the daughter of the Indian chief Comcomly amuses Rose exceedingly, though she at the same time expresses wonder that a man of any culture could endure as a part of his private life, the society of a totally uncivilized woman—a question which has never been settled in my own mind. The fate of poor Donald McTavish, a proprietor of the Northwest Fur Company, who was drowned in the Columbia in 1814, excites her interest, especially as I am able to describe to her his burial place, which I have seen, and the rude headstone which commemorates his fate, and which a few years ago I found almost hidden in ferns and bushes on the hillside above the old fort.

"After all has been said," exclaims Rose, "I cannot connect in my mind any idea of even comparative antiquity with the appearance of newness, which everything I here see presents; nevertheless, I mean to try to establish in my mind a point of departure for the new, which shall leave the old in honorable exclusiveness. About when and where shall I fix that point?"

"If you mean, when did actual settlement by American emigrants begin, it was about 1843 or 1844; but not much progress was made for twenty years thereafter, and the present growth of Astoria began about 1865."

It seems a long time to breakfast, which is not served until the steamer is under way again. When we once more emerge on deck, the sun is shining pleasantly, though there is still a perceptible moisture in the air, which, so near the sea, is laden with vapor, drawn

in by the funnel made by the highlands which border the river. The noble steamer, however, runs away from the wind behind, and makes a gentle breeze of her own from the opposite direction. The promontory of Tongue Point, Saddle Mountain, and several fisheries have been passed, and we are now approaching Pillar Rock, an isolated column of basalt rising out of the river on the Washington side, a little distance below Cathlamet.

"Now," I say to Rose, who is enthusiastic over the majesty and magnificence of the moss-embroidered, vine-draped, and tree-shadowed cliffs of the Columbia, rising on either side of the broad river, "the guide-book will indulge you in a short Indian romance." Then we settle ourselves comfortably, with shawls, parasols, and camp-chairs, and begin:

"Away back in the dim past, when Indians were highly poetic, profoundly sentimental, and passionately loving in their natures, that is to say, before Columbus discovered America, all up and down this river lived, in the enjoyment of these elevated characteristics, many tribes, numbering together thirty or forty thousand. They dressed in the extreme classical style, were rich in canoes, experts in fishing, and a great deal happier than we who require something besides pounded smoked salmon and blackberries for breakfast.

"In this ancient era, a young maiden, a chief's daughter of the Cathlamets, was beloved by a brave son of the chief of the Skilloots, who lived on the opposite side of the river. As often happens, the course of their true love was made to run most turbulently by the existence of a feud of long standing between the Cathlamets and the Skilloots. Often had they fought in their war canoes on the broad bosom of the Columbia, and were ready now to fight on a slight provocation. No provocation could be thought greater than for a Skilloot to come courting a Cathlamet; knowing which, the Cathlamet maiden was induced by her romantic attachment to the son of her father's enemy to receive stolen visits from her lover.

"When these clandestine meetings had been carried on for several moons, the secret was discovered, and the wrathful parent determined upon making an example of the daring Lothario from the other side of the river. Accordingly, he set his slaves to spy upon the intruder, and destroy the canoe in which he crossed to his love-tryst, so that the young man might not be able to escape. Then he surprised the lovers, and while bitterly reproaching his daughter, savagely attacked her companion. The daughter swooned, and the chivalrous youth, not wishing to injure the father of his *fiancée*, ran with all speed to the landing where he had concealed his canoe, only to find it demolished. Little time he had for deliberation, for the angry chief was just behind him with a war-club. Then he raised his arms in supplication to the goddess whose business it was to protect lovers in such straits as this, and plunged into the cold, dark waters of the Columbia. The enraged parent, without duly considering the risks, followed, and when a short distance from shore, was changed by the before-mentioned goddess into Pillar Rock."

"And they were married and lived happily ever after," adds Rose, as we wave our handkerchiefs in a friendly fashion to a passing river steamer which is about entering a channel of the river that will take her to Westport—not Westport in opposition to Eastport, but because it is owned and was founded by a man of that name, who has made himself wealthy in the salmon and other business; and who was, in fact, one of the first men to put up fish for exportation from the Columbia since the American settlement. Back of Westport is the valley of the Clatskanine River, a region famous for its excellent butter, and blessed with a highly productive soil.

Opposite Westport, on the Washington side, is the valley of the Skamokawa, a rich grazing country, which, like the Clatskanine, furnishes abundance of good butter and other table delicacies. A short distance above Skamokawa is the town of Cathlamet, which is the shire town for the little county of

Wakiakum. It is partly on a high bluff, and partly on a narrow shelf of land below the bluff. It was first settled by Mr. James Birnie of the Hudson Bay Company, who took a claim there about 1843, and whose family still reside there. Then comes Oak Point, on the same side of the river.

"But why Oak Point? I see nothing but firs," says Rose.

"Thereby hangs a tale. In the year 1809, two brothers, named Jonathan and Nathan Winship, sailed out of Boston harbor on board their respective ships, the O'Cain and the Albatross, having in view the scheme of forming a settlement on the Columbia River. The O'Cain arrived safely on the California coast, with a cargo of goods to trade to the padres of the missions in exchange for hides, tallow, and Mexican dollars. The Albatross proceeded to the Hawaiian Islands, where she provisioned and picked up men enough to make a company of fifty, with which she sailed for the Columbia, arriving in April. Captain Nathan Winship spent ten days looking for a suitable situation for his settlement, and finally selected the spot where he found the first oak trees—an indication that he was beyond the influence of the coast climate. Here he brought his vessel to anchor, and set his men to clearing and planting a piece of rich bottom-land."

"I don't see where he found it," interrupts Rose; "certainly not at the foot of these crags."

"No, but over there on the south side of the river, where you see a wide stretch of low land. That is the real Oak Point which Winship named; this only a recent pretender. Well, just when they were about building a substantial house and fort, an unexpected thing happened. The Columbia rose in its might, and swept off everything—crops in the ground, house, and all—and the company were driven on board ship. Then the disappointed captain sailed away to California to consult with his brother, who determined to abandon the enterprise."

"That was a pity," says Rose; "but I'm sure they found as good a country in California; I know I should."

Presently we come to Coffin Rock, which, I explain, is an ancient burial place of the Cowlitz tribe, who deposited their dead in canoes on this rocky islet; and to the Cowlitz River, whose sources are in the snows of Mount St. Helen, of which the mists of morning prevented our catching a glimpse at St. Helen's reach below. This river has a fertile valley of considerable extent, and there away to the north lies the Puget Sound country, with the "finest body of water in the world," and more saw-mills to the acre than any climate but that of Washington Territory produces. That, at least, is the form in which Rose chooses to put my account of the scenery and resources of that region.

Opposite the mouth of the Cowlitz is Rainier, a faded-looking settlement, which in mining times in eastern Oregon had a good deal of trade, on account of the stream of of travel that, coming down from Puget Sound, took the Columbia River steamers at this place; and it is said that here one or more of the magnates of Oregon "made his first stake"; but now Rainier boasts nothing but a second-class saw-mill.

From this point on the river upward more settlements are discoverable, but only a moiety of the actual improvements can be seen from the steamer. Kalama is but the wreck of a badly located railroad town, which high water, and that tide in the affairs of men which, ebbing, carries their fortunes out to founder in the sea of desolation, have left stranded on a very broken bench of ground at the foot of a high mountain. I am told the Northern Pacific Railroad Company contemplate a similar piece of folly, by making their crossing from the Washington Territory to the Oregon side at a point where the ground is subject to annual overflows; when by going a few miles farther up the river solid ground, high and dry, offers excellent advantages for railroad building, with a saving of at least a million of dollars.

In this connection, I remarked to Rose that I had observed that railroad superintendents often caused the waste of a great deal of money, in their efforts to go where

nobody wanted them to, and avoiding all the places where they were invited to come.

"But what is their motive?" asks Rose, doubtfully.

"Capital likes to be independent," I reply.

"To avoid gratifying a poor man by paying him what his land is really worth for their purposes, a railroad company would take an inferior situation, and expend ten times as much to make it possible to use it."

By the time we have discussed the railroad question to our satisfaction, the steamer has brought us to that beautiful section of the Columbia where a view of Mount St. Helen, Mount Adams, and the very tiptop of Mount Rainier, or, as it is of late denominated, Mount Tacoma, may be had all in one, and in conjunction with a wide river, grassy bottom-lands, gradually rising foothills, and distant ranges of mountains purpling against the blue dome of heaven. A little farther, and Mount Hood, the pride of Oregon, stands sharply outlined before us, a perfect peak with corrugated sides and an immense base.

On the south bank are two small rival towns, one named after the river—Columbia City; and the other after the snow-peak rising a trifle to the north-east of it, in full view, as if it were its patron saint—St. Helen. This latter is a point possessing some historical interest, since it was selected as early as 1834, by a New England fur trader, as the site for the future great city of the Columbian region. Immediately south of it the lower portion of the Willamette River debouches into the Columbia, forming with the latter the fertile island known as Sauvie's Island; on which the aforesaid trader, Nathaniel Wyeth, in the year aforementioned, had a trading post called Fort William. An inlet sets in here to the south-west, called by its Indian name of Scappoose Bay, extending several miles back towards the Willamette highlands. All this region is well settled up, the mountains being covered with fine timber, and containing, besides, coal and iron in abundance, as well as possessing a good soil where the land is cleared, and the bottom-lands being extensive and rich. The Neha-

lem River, which empties into the sea not far from Tillamook Bay, heads a few miles from here, and has a fine valley recently opened to settlement on the upper portion, which communicates with the Columbia by a road to St. Helen.

Opposite this favored region is the valley of the Cathlapootle, or, according to modern nomenclature, Lewis River; a clear, cold stream coming down from the icy fountains of Mount St. Helen on the east side, as the Cowlitz does on the west. This valley is narrow but fertile, and produces excellent beef, butter, fruit, hay, and honey. About the same might be said of Lake River, a slough of the Columbia discharging within a quarter of a mile of Lewis River from an opposite direction.

All through the day we have been meeting and passing numerous river steamers, chiefly of a small class, but showing by the way they poke their noses into out-of-the-way places, that settlement and business exist where it is hidden from our observation. We are now drawing near the channel by which, at the head of Sauvie's Island, the ship enters the Willamette for Portland. It is sunset, and the scene is glorious. The confluence of the two rivers whose waters spread over a great space, embracing many beautifully wooded islands, the graceful foliage of which leans towards the lapping flood disturbed by the immense hull of the steamer; the magnificent white pyramid of Mount Hood, and the opal-tinted dome of St. Helen; Mount Adams, like a sleeping lion done in snow; and the sharp summit of Mount Jefferson pricking the eastern horizon, as if jealous of the monopoly of grandeur on the west of the grand purple range over which it peeps so sharply—all burnished with the mingled rosy and golden effulgence of a cloudless sunset.

The deck is swarming with eager gazers, drinking in the elixir of beauty with many exclamations of delight. Rose is absorbed in its contemplation. "If Reginald could only see this!" she sighs—Reginald being a young artist who paints impossible chrome-yellow sunsets against pale-green skies.

But the business of a traveler's guide is not to be concerned about absent Reginalds, and I throw in another bit of history for the benefit of the present voyager.

"At this identical point," I say, "where the upper mouth of the Willamette opens into the Columbia, making a V-shaped neck of land, another New Englander, in 1834, projected a great commercial city.

"Why, it would be a second Venice," Rose replies, peering among the sandy islands and bayous; to which I smilingly assent, and add, "The man was a wee bit daft, but he was a remarkable personage for all that."

"And his name?"

"Hall J. Kelley."

Such progress do we make that while we chat about our last subject we reach and pass several incipient towns and blighted cities: among others, one founded (but not at present to be found) in 1843, by Hon. Peter H. Burnett of San Francisco. It is really wonderful the number of men, more or less distinguished, who have projected cities on the Columbia and Willamette rivers; and after all, there is but one town of any commercial importance in all this middle region of the lower Columbia, and that is Portland, twelve miles up the Willamette.

"I don't see *why*," says Rose; "perhaps Kelley was not so much at fault after all."

"I'll tell you the secret of it," I answer. "In that same eventful year, 1834, an Indian mission and other American settlements were founded sixty miles south of the Columbia, on the broad prairies of this beautiful valley. The settlements extended in time north towards the Columbia; that is, as far as the prairies extended, and even farther; and they had to have supplies that came by sea in ships. But as the ships that brought those supplies could get no nearer to the settlements than the site of the present city of Portland, there they anchored and lightered their cargoes up the river to the settlers. A Yankee captain, John H. Couch, brought his vessels to this point. Another Yankee, F. W. Pettygrove, taking the hint from this suggestive circumstance,

laid out a town *at the head of navigation*, and time has verified his judgment."

"O," says Rose, whose father, by the way, is a railroad contractor, "that was before the days of railroads. If the head of navigation makes a town, railroads, which can go anywhere, can make them also."

"As they are making Portland," I answer.

In the pleasant twilight the good ship which has brought us safe from the perils of the sea glides alongside her dock, and after the usual delays, two thankful passengers are met, embraced, and escorted to a charming home in this pleasant Oregon metropolis.

A week later a merry party take passage on an elegant steamer for an excursion to The Dalles. Back we go down the river to the junction, and then go up the Columbia straight towards the Cascade Mountains. Six miles above the Willamette we pass the garrison town of Fort Vancouver, lying spread over a smooth sloping prairie facing the river, with a background of dark fir forest. It has a fine location for a town, out of reach of summer floods, and yet not too elevated. A neat levee, a soldier or two in sight, a group of officers coming on board for Walla Walla, the tall flag-staff in the middle of the parade-ground, all indicate the meaning of the denominative "fort"; though properly speaking it is not a fort, nor did it derive that name from the fact of its present occupation by United States troops. Formerly, as early as 1825, it was a stockade of the Hudson Bay Company, who had a small armament there for protection against the Indians. From 1832 to 1846 it was the metropolis of Oregon, and many are the distinguished personages who have been entertained in its hospitable bounds. But nothing remains of all that era except its name—Fort Vancouver. Most of the actors in those scenes, and the great fur company itself, have passed into history.

The country about Vancouver is, in point of topography, a continuation of the Willamette valley, as any one can see if he examines a map after having observed the "lay of the land"; for the Willamette valley,

though heavily wooded at its northern end, extends quite to the Columbia River, and here actually crosses it; that is to say, there is a flat country on the north side of the Columbia corresponding to that on the south side, extending some distance back of Vancouver; and there is no flat country along the lower Columbia of any depth on the Washington side, except opposite to the Willamette valley.

By and by we leave the low country, and begin to find the hills closing in nearer to the river, which, in consequence, grows narrower. Detached masses of basalt are seen standing isolated, or crop out of the more abrupt banks. The first notable object is a pillar rising from the river's brink, known as Rooster Rock, which causes Rose to interject her frequent "Why?" It would be difficult to assign a competent reason for the appellation, since it is far removed from barn-yard associations, and looks like nothing on earth so little as like chanceler. Monument Rock would be a more descriptive name, and have the merit of loftier associations.

Presently we come to Cape Horn, a wall of rock rising several hundred feet on the north side of the river, and worn by the elemental forces of untold ages into fluted columns with pointed spires, or "needles." Out of the interstices grow large trees, and streams of water pour vertically down from great heights. This Cape Horn used to be as troublesome to pass in a small boat—when small boats were the only means of transportation on the river—as the cape of that name at the end of the South American continent, parties having to wait sometimes two weeks to get past it, coming down, on account of the adverse wind. In truth, in 1843 a boat's crew nearly starved to death from this cause: and it still gives a steamer some trouble to round it in a high wind.

On the Oregon side are a number of waterfalls of great height and beauty, hanging like folds of some sparkling lace over the dark faces of the rocky precipices. It is only a distant and passing glimpse we get from the deck of the steamer, which makes

us long to devote a month to boating and camp life. Among these cataracts the Multnomah Fall is reckoned the finest, perhaps because it is the best known; but it has claims to notoriety, since it falls altogether nearly a thousand feet. As we near the great gorge of the Columbia, where the massive range of the Cascade Mountains has parted in twain to give passage to the river, the heights all about on either side are moist with tiny rivulets, supplied by melting snows hid in some unseen crevices or summit drifts.

The river for many miles through the gorge is narrow, compared with its breadth below, which gives the towering heights of mountain walls greater impressiveness. The moisture furnished by the evaporation natural to such a water-course, confined between high banks and supplied by the numerous small streams before noticed, imparts a freshness and luxuriance to the shrubbery, ferns, and mosses that lends to the scenery a tropical appearance.

In the very heart of the mountains, and not far above Castle Rock, occurs an obstruction to navigation of about five miles in length, where the river is very much compressed, and also falls a considerable distance, forming a series of rapids which give their name to the locality, the five-mile stretch being divided into Upper, Middle, and Lower Cascades, situated on the north bank of the river. It is here that the most interesting section of the river scenery occurs, compelling the beholder to wonder and speculate upon the forces of nature which have produced effects so remarkable as well as so grand.

According to geologists, the mountains here are superimposed upon formations more recent than their own substance: that is to say, that after a period represented by present forms of vegetation and recent deposits, these massive mountains were upheaved, and overlaid the later formations; the proof of which is revealed by the action of the river in cutting below the upheaval and exhibiting the underlying strata. The rivers of Oregon have opened up the geologic

records in other instances to a wonderful degree, especially on the eastern slope of the Cascades and the western slope of the Blue Mountains.

"Is there not something about General Sheridan in connection with this locality?" Rose inquires, as our party gather on the guards to observe the little town of Lower Cascades, hemmed in between the river in front, and the towering heights of the mountains behind it.

Then follows a spirited account, by a "Pioneer" of our party, of the Yakima War in 1856: of the attack on the Upper Cascade settlement in the early morning; the massacre of fourteen men, women, and children, and wounding of ten others; the brave defense of a building into which those who escaped were crowded—a store, in which fortunately were a few United States arms, *in transitu* to Fort Dalles, and which the Indians frequently fired by throwing burning brands on the roof from the bluffs behind the town, but which were extinguished with brine out of pork barrels, that the gallant besieged carried up to the roof through holes cut in the floor and roof above them, pouring the precious stuff carefully on the fire with tin cups. Watching Indians through port-holes, putting out the flames, standing guard day and night, with a very little food and at last no water, made a time that tried the souls of men and women. The door being opened for a moment cost a valuable life; yet when the light of the flames of the burning dwellings was partially extinguished towards morning of the second day, an Indian lad who chanced to be in the store offered to venture out for water, and succeeded in procuring enough to relieve the thirst of the tired and excited white men.

But the boldest achievement of that memorable first day was when the crew of a little steamer lying at the point where the attack commenced, being set upon, succeeded in getting on board, making steam, and escaping to The Dalles, where Colonel Wright had some dragoon companies *en route* to Walla Walla. The fireman was shot through the

shoulder, and the cook, being shot, fell overboard and was drowned. The pilot steered his boat lying flat on his face, to avoid the bullets of the Indians; and as he cleared the shore the engineer, who had killed one Indian with his pistol, gave three energetic "toots" of the whistle to encourage those who might be alive with the hope that aid would reach them from the troops above. "That was the most inspiring sound I ever heard," says our Pioneer, who is one of the veterans of the siege; "for we knew, if we could hold out, the troops would on learning our distress come to our assistance. But Colonel Wright had already left The Dalles when he received the news, and had to turn back, so that it was not until the morning of the third day that the steamer returned with the troops on board. When we heard her whistle we threw open the door and breathed free once more; while the 'Shanghais,' as we called the United States troops in those days, rushed up the bank with a yell like that of the Indians, whose whoops were still ringing in our ears. But the Indians took to bushes and rocks, and soon were out of reach on the trail to the mountains. Then the troops marched on down to the Middle Cascades, where there was a block-house garrisoned by half a dozen soldiers, who, with the citizens of the lower settlement, were busy defending themselves."

"And where was General Sheridan all this time?"

"He was trying to get at the Indians, rather unsuccessfully. On the first alarm, the men at the lower town placed the women and children on board a flat-boat and sent them down the river to Vancouver; but it was some time before steamers from Portland could be procured to take troops to the scene of the difficulty; and when Sheridan, then a young lieutenant, arrived and endeavored to land, it was not so easy. He had a skirmish with the red rascals on the second day, who, however, did not retreat until they heard the bugle blast of Colonel Wright's troops, when they disappeared like ants in an ant-hill. If the troopers had not

blown that bugle-call, they might have fallen on the Indians, who were engaged just then watching Sheridan's movements, who was trying to get into communication with the upper town. But the regulars didn't understand Indians, and usually did something to prevent their own success in a fight."

"And the Indians all ran away?"

"Yes, the Yakimas escaped; but Sheridan hung nine of the Cascades Indians, who, while pretending to be friendly, were assisting the murderers."

"And I hope that was the end," says Rose; but before our Pioneer could make reply came the order to disembark at the Lower Cascades, when we enter a train of cars which take us to the upper end of the portage, where another fine steamer awaits us. This we need not have done had we not chosen, as there is a railway completed and in operation from a point below the Cascades on the Oregon side to The Dalles. And if we had time we might make an examination of the Government locks commenced on the south side of the river, which are to make continuous and free the navigation of this noble river. Four hundred thousand dollars have been expended already in the commencement of the work, which will require millions to complete, and will be one of the finest of this character, if not *the* finest, in the world.

Preferring to take the steamer for the sake of the river scenery, we choose the portage, and go darting by brief sections of a wonderful panorama of rapids, hidden every other moment by clumps of trees or masses of rock, until we arrive at the upper landing, which is in a crescent-shaped bay with several small islands, giving it a picturesqueness equal to the St. Lawrence's "Thousand Isles."

Two remarkable features of the river occur just above the Cascades. The first is the face of a mountain of reddish rock, presenting the appearance of having been cut cleanly off, leaving a sheer elevation, shaped like the gable end of a house. The cleft appearance of this mountain, together with many other indications of a partial blocking up of the river at this place subsequent to

the time when it had opened a passage to the sea through the Cascade range, have led to many conjectures as to the exact nature of the event which placed the present obstruction where it is—a sort of dam, which raises the level of the water above, and deadens its current, while it has submerged a considerable extent of forest along its borders for twenty miles. A theory, different from the one which suggests choking up, is that there has been a subsidence of the land a mile wide and twenty miles long under the bed of the river: but whatever has caused a portion of the river of such an extent either to be backed up so as to raise the water twenty feet or more over a tract of forest, killing it, and leaving the stumps standing as high as the summer flood, or has sunken the river-bed, the disturbance is comparatively recent. Lewis and Clark, in 1805, remarked upon the submergence, that the river seemed to be dammed up below. Thirty years later, Parker, another traveler, called it a subsidence; and said that on the north side of the river the trees stood so thick that he had to pick the way for his canoe, as through a forest; also that the trees were not then wholly decayed down to the greatest submergence in high water.

"All that is prodigiously scientific," remarks Rose, laughing, after she has received the benefit of this dissertation; "but I feel sure there is some poetry as well as science and history attaching to this spot"; with which well-timed suggestion she glances bewitchingly at the Pioneer, who nods back good naturedly.

"There is an Indian legend—most people in this country are familiar with it—that once upon a time the spirits that reside in our two great mountains, Hood and St. Helen, on the opposite sides of the Columbia, became angry with each other, and engaged in large-sized artillery practice, by firing huge rocks at each other. They shot Castle Rock and other small hills down into the bottom-lands, where they stand to astonish us moderns. In the fray, they demolished a bridge of stone that used to span the Columbia at the Cascades, and the fragments

falling in the river caused our common relative, Uncle Samuel, the expense of his present undertaking of building a canal around the *débris*."

"O," says Rose, "that is a very pretty story indeed, and very *antique*: but somebody in Portland gave me a date older than that the other day—"when Mount Hood was a hole in the ground!" I can comprehend one as well as the other."

"Why, I know a mountain that *is* a hole in the ground now," I interrupt; "I have seen it with my own eyes, far down the Cascade range, near Fort Klamath; and the hole is called Crater Lake, miles in diameter, and thousands of feet deep." But I decline to enter on a description because we have enough before and about us for one day's sensations.

And having boarded our second steamer, whose elegant accommodations for enjoying views make us wish the world were all a

steamboat on the Columbia River, we glide out again upon its azure flood, and spend the remainder of the day, until five o'clock, gazing upon a grand succession of fine scenes worthy of, as Rose would say, Reginald's pencil: sometimes so hemmed in by mountains as easily to fancy ourselves on a Swiss lake; again with a straight stretch of river before us; now wooded cliffs, now naked walls of rock in crystallized columns defining the course of the stream; and as gradually the mountains lessen in height, long, pine-covered slopes stretching eastward with shorter spurs toward the river. We are fairly surfeited when, at the close of a bright afternoon, we stand on the balcony of our hotel in The Dalles, and see the sunset's rosy light suffusing the shining heights of magnificent old Hood, looking nearer and grander than as seen from the west side of the great range. "It is enough," we say, and rest from our sight-seeing.

FRANCES FULLER VICTOR.

WAITING FOR DAY.

I SLEPT and woke,
 And instant knew, by some more subtle sense,
 That day was near: although the soft and velvet dark
 Hung heavy in the room, and from the eaves
 The steady drip of night-fog seemed to make more still
 The else unbroken hush.

A little space
 I waited in the quiet gloom; and then afar
 A shrill-voiced cock awoke the silent air,
 And then another, and another, near at hand;
 I felt the darkness thinning in the room,
 And saw, or thought I saw, my window bars show dim
 Against a lesser dark.

With that I rose,
 And throwing wide my window, turned me toward the east;
 And there, between a low black line of cloud
 And blacker line of hills, there glimmered to my view
 The whitening ribbon of the dawn.

MRS. HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.



GEORGE ELDEN'S LOVE STORY.

GEORGE ELDEN and I were boys together; received our stipend of lore, as one might say, in unison; and finally, after we had learned that there really were other objects of interest in the world besides ourselves, we traveled in company for two years on the other side of the globe, he for pleasure and I for profit; but I left him behind me seven years ago in India, because he declared that three-fourths of the passengers on the steamer by which I was to make my way to England would be children, and the other fourth nearly all nursery maids; and the trip in such company would be a dreadful bore.

At that time he was an indolent, fractious, good fellow, with plenty of money, which he spent lavishly, and plenty of genius, which he hoarded. And this is George's story, just as he told it to me one day as we were riding down to his place from San Francisco:

"I came back to Boston, Graham, the next autumn after you left me in India, and found an appendix added to my father's household, in the shape of a mother-in-law and her two grown-up daughters. I decided at once to put a broad stretch of land or sea between myself and that family; and as I did not care to return to the continent, I came to this coast. For some reason, which I do not pretend to understand, I was homesick, and so unutterably miserable that it made me half mad; and one day I strolled off down to what is my place now, stretched myself out on the green grass close by the sea, cocked my pistol, put it to my head, and had my finger on the trigger with the intention of blowing out my brains, when I heard some one singing in a clump of red-woods close by:

"And if the beggar, Care, should come,
My cup of bliss to borrow,
I'll drink my fill of joy to-day,
And bid him call to-morrow.'

"The fellow trilled out in such a droll, rollicking way that it made me laugh in a manner somewhat inconsistent in a person so near death. He came on heedlessly, gazing at three great lazy ships which lay out in the bay and had not moved a hundred yards in the hour, and did not notice me until he struck his foot against me in passing.

"'Pardon me,' he said, 'but if it were wintry weather, or you were old, I should think you wished to destroy yourself, you handle your pistol so carelessly; but *mon Dieu!* it cannot be: for the rains are over, and you are young.'

"'In spite of youth and sunshine, I was about to abandon my part in the farce called life, when you interrupted me,' I replied, trying to speak carelessly.

"'Throwing himself down beside me as nonchalantly as if such a weapon as mine had never been invented, and suicide were a pleasant pastime, he said:

"'What a peerless sky this is into which we look!'

"Then plucking a great stalk of creamy white blossoms which grew within reach, and which gave forth a heavy sweetness, like incense, he added:

"'What fragrance this is which we breathe! Truly, my friend, you have done well to choose this spot from which to leave earth and seek paradise, since the transition, methinks, cannot be very abrupt.'

"After a few moments of silence, he suddenly raised himself on one elbow, and looking straight into my face, said:

"'There is in my home a poor sick child. If she could come into this sunshine for an hour, it might give her many days of life; but I am too ill to bring her hither in my arms, and alas! too poor to call a carriage. Before you throw away all this strength'—as he said this he laid one thin, bloodless hand

upon my arm—'will you bring Nita to this place? The distance is not great, and she will be but a light burden. Come, if you will do this I will shrive you, and when you are quite dead I will say prayers for the repose of your soul. I am a poor padre, under the ban of the church; but since you choose an unholy death, you cannot expect better than unholy prayers.'

'The man's face was saintly, but his voice was full of waggery: and in spite of myself I was amused and interested; so I dropped my pistol into a side pocket, and said:

"A fair bargain, Padre; lead on.'

"A walk of a few hundred yards brought us to an opening in the redwoods, in the center of which stood a rude cabin, overrun with honeysuckle and climbing roses, and surrounded by such a labyrinth of flowers as only California can produce. As we entered the inclosure about the house, the man pointed to a clump of heliotropes of such enormous growth that they seemed like shrubs, under whose shade was a rustic chair, and said:

"Will you sit here while I ask my wife to make Nita ready?"

"A priest indeed!" I muttered. 'He should have remembered that priests do not marry, if he had wished to pass for one of that craft.'

"O my Marie,' I heard him saying, as he disappeared under the vine-covered porch, 'thou shalt have a ramble beneath a sky as bright as that of thy native land; and Nita shall again behold the sea.'

"But thou hast forgotten, Gabriel, that Nita is too ill to walk,' the woman answered.

"I have not forgotten, Marie. To-day a stranger was at the cliffs by the shore, where I walk daily, and when I looked in his face and saw that it was noble—think of saying that about me, Graham—I knew God had sent him to help us. He will carry Nita to the sea in his arms.'

"Hast thou done well to trust this stranger?' the woman asked. 'May he not be some spy sent to watch thee and do thee harm?'

"We can trust him, Marie,' the man replied.

"The child was wrapped in a mantle, such as you have seen Spanish women wear, her face entirely concealed, and I took her in my arms mechanically, never giving her a thought, except, perhaps, a vague impression that she was larger than most children. After we had come to the spot where the man had first found me, I placed her on a rug which Marie had brought, and walking away to the beach, paced back and forth, only stopping now and then to glance at these people from behind some huge bowlder.

"They seemed to me the silliest persons I had ever met: for they looked hungry—in fact, starved—and the wretched cabin in which they lived was destitute of every comfort. Yet they laughed, shouted, sang, and pelted one another with flowers, and seemed as happy and light-hearted as children. Gabriel called to me that they were ready to return before an hour was over; for a breeze had sprung up from the sea. As I came up to them, I could hear the child pleading with the woman that her face might be left uncovered.

"O Marie,' she was saying, 'if thou didst but know how I long to see the great branches of the trees like a roof above my head, thou wouldst not cover my face.'

"But the stranger will see thee,' said Marie.

"Let it be as Nita wishes: it can do no harm,' said the man.

"You may imagine my astonishment, as I stooped to lift my light burden, at finding it was not a child I was to carry, but a young girl, and that she was wonderfully beautiful. After my first look in her face, my joy and thankfulness for life was as sincere and intense as any man's living, and I trembled with emotion at the thought of how near I had been to destroying this precious gift. Nita noticed my agitation, and said:

"You are ill, Señor. You tremble, and are pale. I fear to carry me has been too much for your strength.'

"Hush, child,' I said; for I was afraid

Marie and Gabriel would hear her. 'I am not ill; I am only vexed with my affairs.'

"'Affairs? affairs?'" she said, musingly. 'I do not know affairs. Is it something very dreadful?'

"'Very dreadful, child,' I whispered.

"'We are often in trouble at the padre's,' she said, sorrowfully; 'but I am sure we have never known any distress like this affairs of which you speak to me. When I was first sick, Gabriel would call a physician from the city, and that took nearly all the gold we had; so that when he was taken ill himself, and there was only Marie to watch and to work, we were often without much food. One day we had nothing to eat but a salad from the garden; and we were all very merry, for Gabriel told us the good Father above had sent us this dinner of herbs, because on the morrow he would give us good gifts; and to suffer want first would but increase our pleasure in His bounty. And, O Señor, it was just as Gabriel said; for the next morning we found a great basket on the doorstep, with bread and meat and fruit and beautiful golden wine, which gave me such strength that for three days I could help Marie with the embroidery. We think God sent these blessings by the good doctor; for there was just as much gold in the basket as we had paid him, and it has kept us from hunger ever since: until to-day there were only herbs again. That was why we were all so happy, because we have learned the Father's ways, and know that to-morrow we shall have some beautiful gift from his hand. Perhaps, Señor, you have this sorrow to-day, because soon you are to know great happiness.'

"She was looking up at me, Graham, with that glorious face full of sympathy and pity, and—well—I stopped behind that clump of heliotropes and kissed her. When I had placed her in the chair that Marie had brought out to the porch, a lovely blush had spread itself all over her face and neck, and even seemed to make rosy her delicate finger tips. If it faded, I had but to look down at her, and it would come back again. A little way off among the

roses Gabriel and Marie were talking in that soft tongue which you and I understand as well as the language our mothers taught us.

"'I am so sorry that I could weep,' the man was saying, 'but then, how was I to know that she would love him.'

"'Thou shalt not blame thyself, Gabriel,' said the woman. 'It is God sends her love early because she is to die young.'

"'To die young! She did not look in the least like dying then, for that beautiful blush was on her cheek, and her lips had grown ripe and red as cherries; but these words roused me to the consciousness that they must have help, and that speedily; so I went to Gabriel and Marie and said:

"'Will you permit me to come again to-morrow to carry Nita to the sea?'

"'Graham, that man's face was absolutely perfect. He seemed like an ideal man, that had sprung to life from the canvas of the old masters. His was a pure face—a holy face; but in spite of this beautiful saintliness, he gave me a most ridiculous wink, and drawing me a little aside, said:

"'How about the shriving, and the prayers, sir?'

"'Let me come again,' I said, 'and I may ask you for a different service.'

"'It shall be as Nita says,' he replied. 'Let us ask her.'

"'Nita, this gentleman would take you to the sea again to-morrow. Do you bid him come?'

"'If the Señor gentleman wishes, and has not too much trouble from affairs,' she said, looking up shyly.

"'In about five minutes I was steaming off for San Francisco, like a dummy engine, revolving in my mind continually how I could send them down a ship-load of provisions without making myself execrable in their sight; and finally decided to go to old Dr. Bradeen (he is dead now) and state my case.

"'Some of these Californians are queer, Graham, especially the old pioneers; and after I had told him as much of my story as seemed advisable, he leaned back in his chair and laughed till I thought he would

go off in a fit. After he had recovered somewhat from his merriment, he reached out his hand to me, and said:

“‘Youngster, you will never get over this; and about the only thing I can do is to make you comfortable,’ and then he went off again in another burst of merriment, and laughed till I lost all patience.

“‘I have been to see those people before,’ he said at last, ‘and I thought then the girl would die. To be honest with you, I thought it quite as well to let her slip right into her grave quietly, before Gabriel Mazzoie’s lease of life runs out, as it surely will do in less than a year; but if you are in earnest to save her, I will see what can be done; for, bless me! I know just what kind of ore there is in an Elden. Why, boy, your father and I were chums at old Harvard, and you are an exact copy of Dick as he was at that time.’

“As I was leaving him, he said: ‘There is only about one chance in a thousand for the child; and that hangs upon the fact that some plants will not flourish in the shade, but will blossom right out if you give them plenty of sun. Yes, I’ll take your gold,’ he added, as I handed him some twenty-pieces, ‘for it is the best kind of ballast to insure swift and easy sailing.’

“The next afternoon Gabriel Mazzoie met me long before I was in sight of his place, and his gratitude was unbounded.

“‘O, sir,’ he said, ‘such wonderful things have happened since yesterday! At that time our need was extreme, but God has sent us such abundance as will keep us from want for many months. You should see my Marie!—there is rose on her cheek, and this morning she was singing in the garden, just as she used to in the old home beyond the sea, when I listened to her voice and learned a new interpretation of nature, and preferred rather to sin against the church than against myself. We shall not try to discover the messenger by whom God’s bounty was delivered, since it seems this person’s wish to remain unknown; but Sainte Marie! how we will pray for him!’

“I made some inquiries about Nita, and

learned that she was the daughter of an English captain; and her mother a Spanish lady, whom he had married in Madrid. Some years before, on a voyage from Liverpool to Mexico, his ship had been lost, and all on board perished save the mother and child, who were picked up by an American coasting vessel and brought into San Francisco. Soon after, the mother died, but not before she had found friends in Gabriel and Marie Mazzoie.

“That evening when we were returning from the sea, and I stopped behind the heliotropes to give little Nita a kiss, she would have none. Marie had told her it was wrong, she said, and that only husbands and brothers should kiss ladies. I could never bear any disappointment, you know, so I said:

“‘You must let me kiss you all I like, then, little sweetheart; for as soon as you are well you are going to be my wife.’

“What do you suppose that little chit said, Graham? She looked up into my face, and blushed and blushed and blushed, and said:

“‘The Señor gentleman is so kind I will try to be well very soon.’”

Here George knit his brows, bit his mustache, tightened the reins on his horses, and finally said:

“I’ve got to skip some now, Graham. It will not interest you.”

And notwithstanding I assured him it was the best part of the story, he only added:

“We were married in six months, though Nita was very young—only seventeen; but Gabriel was dying, and I wanted the right to protect her.”

“And who was Gabriel Mazzoie?” I asked.

“I cannot tell you,” he said. “It is a secret that belongs to the dead. Whoa, Prince. Whoa, Fairy. Here we are, Graham. Welcome to Elden Park.”

In a few moments I was ushered into the presence of this same little Nita; but I shall not try to describe her. No sane man would attempt to paint the changing lights of an opal, or the flash and sheen of a diamond.

Besides, George might see this and be angry, and I am very fond of him.

The happy fellow showed me his house, his wine-cellar, his stables, conservatories, and young orchards, and finally took me into the nursery to see his children. There was George junior, an exact copy of George senior; Gabriel, named for the padre, but fashioned after the Elden pattern; Marie, also with an Elden face; and there was a diminutive roll of flannel, that did not look to me like anything in particular, which they called Richard. It was a sight to make a person's heart glad; but when I asked George if he remembered why he staid behind in India, he darted away to a window as if he had seen a white elephant careering in the midst of his shrubbery, and called out:

"Come here, Graham, and look at these orange trees. Did you ever see such prodigious growth for one season?" and presently, when the fairy-like little mother had coaxed the old nurse into allowing her to take that tiny bundle of flannel into her arms, and had forgotten that the world held anything besides this wee pink and white Richard, George whispered:

"Don't tell Nita of that, Graham; I cannot bear to have her know I used to be such a wretch. I've made her think I'm perfect."

The next day, as we were going down a

garden walk towards where the horses were standing, waiting to take me back to "Frisco," there was a little shimmer of light at a bay window, that finally resolved itself into the likeness of a beautiful woman. George excused himself, upon the plea that he had forgotten something, and in a twinkling I saw him catch up this little sunbeam, or whatever it was, and half smother it with kisses. George is a truthful man; but I am morally certain this was not what he forgot. Before we had reached the gate, there was another little gleam at another window, and we could hear a suppressed laugh; and I'll be hanged if the man didn't go back again, and this time he—but it was mean to look. After he had gotten himself into the buggy, and had taken up the lines, he said:

"I believe I am the happiest man outside of Paradise. It seems incredible to me that I could ever have meditated suicide." After some moments of earnest thought, he said, half musingly: "I would to God that every man, woman, and child on this earth could be taught that beautiful faith in 'the to-morrow' that Gabriel Mazzoie taught me."

Then he turned to me, as unconcernedly as you please, and said:

"Graham, you ought to marry."

Just as if I did not know it, and as if a man might be content with a plaster-of-paris image after he had seen a sculptured Venus!

GRAHAM EAMES.

AMONG THE BASQUES.—II.

ALAVA is the smallest of the Basque provinces. It is crossed by straight valleys and high mountains from north to south, and its southern plains, called the Rioja, extend to the Ebro. In its fertility, the Rioja corresponds to the Navarrese Ribera, and both are noted for their extensive vineyards. Castille also has its Rioja, which is equally fertile, and, says an old proverb difficult of translation, "*Si Castilla fuera vaca, la Rioja sería su riñonada.*"

The vines of the north of Spain are, in general, stronger, more leafy, and longer-lived than those of most other countries. For nearly a hundred years they retain their full-bearing qualities, more especially on the clay foundations. Vines were pointed out to me that had already, according to tradition, attained to near three centuries, and from all appearances were not yet impaired by age. They planted the grape cuttings in ditches a Spanish *metro*, or about thirty-nine

inches, deep. The bunches of grapes on each of the old stalks were very numerous, and the grapes themselves so thick that they crowded each other out of place.

The most primitive process was employed in the manufacturing of wine. The grapes were thrown into a vast square reservoir of masonry. A crowd of persons then went in and tramped the juice out with their feet. After some time the wine was drawn off and placed in vats. From vats it was put, not in casks and barrels as in other places, but in tuns or hogsheads of colossal dimensions, some of them containing two or three thousand gallons. Before the approach of hot weather in the spring the wine was bottled for market. The people generally seemed to have but little regard for the situation of their cellars, the dimensions of their vats or tuns, or the degree of fermentation; though at a little village called El Ciego, not far from Logroño. I saw some hogsheads that contained four thousand gallons, and some very deep and cool cellars by which they were able to avoid as much as possible the constant danger of the return of the wine to fermentation.

This wine does not divest itself of its strong taste, and is at first little cared for by foreigners. As said Monsieur Saint Victor to me, the Basque wine is "*épais, plat et violent.*" It was said to be necessary to consume it within the first three or four years after the vintage; and I was told of some districts in Aragon where it would only keep for a single year. I felt a sort of repugnance at first in drinking this rough beverage, for to the strength of the wine was added the odor of the goat-skin in which it was commonly kept when offered for sale at retail.

I found the Basques an exceedingly superstitious people. One Monday morning at Tolosa, in the province of Guipuzcoa, soon after I arose from my couch, I beheld a young woman beneath my window. In reply to my early greetings, she informed me that any man who on rising from his bed on a Monday morning saw a woman under his window would be unlucky for seven days;

and if he ventured into the woods or fields would be painfully scratched and stung with briars and nettles. The same young person informed me that some misfortune would certainly happen to me if on the road I encountered, when alone, a monk, a priest, or a young lady.

Other popular superstitions were related to me. Whoever, they said, had a well-filled purse in his pocket when for the first time in the spring he hears the song of the cuckoo, may in the course of the year depend upon all the favors of good fortune. I was once told, in the Highlands of Scotland, that it was considered a happy presage to be walking along the road when one hears for the first time the song of the cuckoo.

The Guipuzcoans believe that in every family of seven brothers the youngest should have in the interior of the palate or under the tongue the imprint of the cross. This invests him with the virtue of healing, by suction, the bite of a mad dog. The seventh son is thus regarded as a sort of saint, and the faith of the people in his healing qualities is so great that it becomes to him a lucrative business.

A prudent *fiancé* of that country, on the day of his marriage, during the ceremony will have upon his knee a piece of the apron or dress of his bride. This precaution, say the old matrons, will shelter the young husband from a formidable kind of witchcraft, called *esteca*, which exists in the inevitable and invisible antipathy which disunites wedded people. If after the wedding ceremony, or after the prayers following the communion, the officiating priest should forget to close the missal, all the witches who assisted in the holy office would remain in the church as long as the book remained open.

The Basques believe that there are sorcerers and sorceresses who exercise their powers either by a voluntary compact with the Devil, or in consequence of the negligence of the god-father or god-mother during the administration of baptism. Almost every Basque village had three or four poor old women who lived only on charity; they were believed to possess the power to give one kind

of maladies to men and another to beasts, and to bring misfortune to a family by a curse upon the house. When they knocked at a door they never failed to receive alms. I have heard mothers tell their children not to speak to them in the street, but whenever they see them to run quickly away with the right hand closed, the thumb passed between the first and second fingers, and, as long as the sorceress is in view, to repeat, "*Sorguina, pues, pues, pues*"—"Sorceress, get thee far away from me." Children do not forget these recommendations, for in the long winter evenings they continually hear stories of witches and sorcerers by the dim light of the chimney fireside. In all the mountain towns, the rich and poor, educated and uneducated, all believed in sorcery: not to believe in it was considered irreverent. I felt no inclination to run into the other extreme of incredulity, and attempt to account for all that was told me by natural causes and humors, for in my youth I was instructed to believe that spirits and devils had great power over us.

I was informed by a learned padre at Tolosa that it was a question of serious doubt whether by the artful means which were usually practiced by the Devil and his ministers, sorcerers, and witches, by cabalistical words, spells, charms, and incantations, the Devil could cure diseases he had not made. The good padre declared that the Devil had power to penetrate all parts of the human body without impediment, and to cure maladies by means unknown to us.

"But," said he, "the main question is whether it be lawful or right in a desperate case to crave the Devil's aid or ask a witch's advice."

I heard of some persons going first to a sorceress and then to a physician to be healed, believing that if one could not, the other would effect a cure. This, they said, was upon the principle that when a man falls into a ditch, it makes but little difference whether a friend or an enemy helps him out.

In these superstitions I beheld to some extent the wonderful result and power of a

fantasy created by early instruction, as well as from mistaking and amplifying unseen objects; aided, too, by continual and strong meditation, until real effects were with some undoubtedly produced. It is true that fantasy is subordinate to reason, but the reason in time becomes hurt and hindered by the distemper that grows by what it feeds upon. Sleepers, lying upon their backs, for instance, sometimes, by reason of vapors troubling their fantasy, imagine absurd and prodigious things; as being witch-ridden, the old woman sitting so heavily upon them that they are almost stifled for want of breath. I have heard of people who walk in their sleep doing strange feats; and others who, after lying in a trance, tell strange things of the visions they have seen, which sometimes result in tales of witches dancing, riding, or transforming themselves into other objects, like devils, goblins, and wild beasts.

The Basque witches and sorceresses were supposed to meet every Saturday night in some secluded spot, and there to surrender themselves to all the infamies of the king of evil-doers, to whom each exposed all she had done during the week, when they all took part in the infernal dances of the demons. When the assembly, called *akhe larria*, was about to separate, the king was supposed to give advice, praise, or reprimands, according to circumstances. It was believed that these sorceresses and witches, by some diabolical means, could take whatever form they pleased, and traverse space like the wind. Their king was supposed to inhabit certain dark ravines in the mountains, and to be always accompanied by the Devil.

The most popular of the Basque demons was *Bassa-jaon*, supposed to live in the deepest ravines or in the darkest part of the forest. He was said to be of prodigious form and size, his body covered with long glossy hair, and he traveled, stick in hand, upright like a man; in agility and fleetness he surpassed the deer. All mysterious noises in the deep recesses of the mountains were charged to *Bassa-jaon*.

An old woman to whom I gave a few *cuartos* at the church door told me that the

spirits of the dead always returned to revenge themselves upon their families, and that they sometimes came back to compel people to restore goods wrongfully acquired. She related to me the story of the soul of a deceased person that went to purgatory, and returned to its family to claim certain prayers, masses, and pilgrimages.

"But," said I, "was this soul or spirit seen?"

"Not seen," said she, "but heard. It made noises in the different apartments of the house and in the kitchen, and broke some glass. If any one approached too near, the noise ceased. It was necessary to know what was wanted, so the people placed upon the table paper, pen, and ink, with two blessed tapers, and the spirit made known by writing the reason of its being there."

In this case, it appeared that the spirit demanded, for the soul in purgatory, one mass a month for a year, and three pilgrimages to Jaca or San Antonio. In the mountains and valleys the belief in the return of the spirits of the dead was very general, and I talked with several who claimed to have witnessed these apparitions.

In the Basses-Pyrenees there was a superstition that attributed to the hangman the faculty of curing a wen by pressing his hands upon it. I was informed at Pau that a person of distinction had applied for the services of the hangman to practice this operation upon his daughter.

The end of July had now arrived, the time when the *fête* of Saint Ignatius de Loyola was annually celebrated by the Basques at Azpeitia, a village of Guipuzcoa, and the birthplace of the founder of the order of the Jesuits. I reached Zumarraga, about three leagues distant from Azpeitia, on the eve of the *fête*, and found the town crowded with pilgrims, officials, and spectators from all parts of the Basque provinces. Between Zumarraga and Azpeitia lay the valley of Urola, celebrated for its freshness and fertility. The beauty of the women of this valley has passed into a proverb, and the regularity of their features, the perfection of their forms, and the grace of their movements

may well serve for a model, even for their dark sisters of Andalusia.

I passed through the little village of Azcoitia, which was also filled with people preparing for the *fête*, and, turning obliquely with the river and valley to the right, beheld the sanctuary of Loyola, its high walls and imposing cupola. I arrived in time to see the clergy of Azpeitia go to the church to make their preparatory devotions. In front marched an infantry regiment, just arrived from Tolosa, the capital of the province. Then came the local musicians, playing the flute and tambourine, and then, in two ranks, followed the clergy. Led on by habit, as if marching to battle, the soldiers increased their step, following the increased time of the music; their feet struck the ground in cadence, but they no longer walked—they ran. The good clergy, almost all large and strong men, were not in the least discomposed; for with one hand they seized their cassocks, their breviaries firmly grasped in the other, and strode bravely through the fields and over the stones, as if they were mounting for an assault. I was told that there was more than one among them who had fought for the good cause, and fired many a shot at the soldiers of the Madrid government.

The orchestra of the Basques comprised but two instruments, the flute and the tambourine. Each village had its *tamborilero*, paid by the municipality. This office was transmitted from father to son; but if there was no son, the holder of the position was bound to select some young boy of the village, and teach him the art, traditional airs, and melodies. The talent of a *tamborilero* consisted less in improvising new melodies than in knowing thoroughly the repertory of past times. I listened to a great number of old airs, most of them originally intended to celebrate some glorious event. Among the most popular were the Cantabrian March, of fabulous antiquity: the *Espata-dantza*, or sword-dance, composed in honor of the Emperor Charles V.; and the Loyola March.

The next morning I was awakened by the music of a flute and tambourine passing

under my windows. This was the *tamborilero*, who, according to usage, came out to regale the people with a serenade, and to announce to the population and visitors the approach of the great solemnity that was about to take place. I descended from my apartments to take a look at the town. There was nothing particularly grand about it, and nothing but what I had already seen fifty times at least: vast houses of stone covered with immense roofs, gigantic escutcheons, and long parallel streets but little paved: yet the town was *enfête*, and this gave it both a rich and a lively appearance. The streets were filled with people calling, singing, and talking in the Basque language. The young men wore red *boinas*; and the girls, in short petticoats, wore their hair hanging down over their shoulders, in plaits. Suddenly a movement was made in the crowd: the municipal authorities were descending from the town hall to go in a body to attend high mass at the parish church. The *cortege* was preceded by the military band and followed by the local music. After mass there was ball-playing at the side of the church. Ball-playing, *juego de pelota*, dancing, and the *corrida de novillos*, or bull-fighting with young bulls, were to constitute the day's entertainment. These are the national amusements of the Basque people. Every Sunday and *fête* day, under the high superintendence of the officials and old men of the place, the young men displayed their strength and address at ball-playing. In every town, either the side of a church, public building, or a great stone wall was set apart for this sport; while the ground for a considerable distance around was made flat and hard.

The Basque airs are equally appropriate for song and dance. Of all the Basque dances, the principal one is the *sortzico*. Of religious origin, it is almost always executed in pilgrimages and at religious celebrations.

Towards three o'clock in the afternoon came the *sortzico*. At one end of the plaza was established a bench for the *alcalde* and principal personages of the village. The dancers formed a circle in front. The leader

of the dance detached himself from the circle, threw his hat upon the ground in front of the *alcalde*, and saluted the authorities with a series of amusing capers. The *alcalde*, with hat in hand, then returned the salute, and the young man retook his place at the head of the chain. A long promenade around the plaza followed. After this, the leader, and he alone, danced, occasionally stopping to rest. When he encountered in the circle of participants a young man he wished to honor, he indicated it by dancing in front of him a particular step: and at the roll of the tambourine the person indicated and the young man next behind him went to look for the assistance of a girl who had been designated by the leader. Any woman or girl in the plaza during the dance, if chosen, according to inviolable usage, was obliged to follow the two envoys, the leader continuing his diversions, twice around the plaza, attracting the admiration of the crowd. The girl was then presented to the leader, who threw his hat at her feet, and danced before her. She was not allowed to change her attitude, or to laugh, while he remained grave, and without changing the position of the arms or body; the feet only were at work, bounding and skipping with a rapidity unequaled, as in an Irish jig or ancient French minuet. The young lady then took her place in the chain by the side of the leader, and after turning about face, the rest went to seek the girls intended for their partners. The couples being formed, the *tamborilero* struck up a more lively air, and the dancers, *vis-à-vis*, their arms extended, snapped their fingers after the fashion of the castanet, and balanced to the time of the music. The time increased little by little, and the dancing became more precipitate. The dancers, more and more ardent, by an impassioned spring, joined their partners, their bodies close together, and their lips almost touching; when suddenly the lady, by an adroit pirouette, disengages herself and runs away, followed by her partner. Then follows the last figure, in which the rapid measure carries all the couples in confusion into an immense gallopade.

The *mutchico*, which is considered the next most important dance, then followed. It is danced without partners. I had often seen women and young girls take part in this *carrica danza*, or street dance, and thought it very pretty. It is always danced on the days of the patron saint of the town, or on some other solemn occasion, when the most distinguished personages appear in the dance with the women of their choice. The *alcalde* of Azpeitia had the sole right to order this dance, and to play the proper air; and when any one heard that air played, he was expected to show great respect to the director of the dance, to whom (as well as to his companions in the dance) refreshments prepared at the public expense were offered.

The *corrida de novillos*, presided over by the *alcalde*, followed the dancing. Only young bulls were used. They were stuck with streamers, had their heads covered, but were never seriously wounded; thus enabling the *fête* of Saint Ignatius to pass without the spilling of blood. I am not sure that it was the religious sentiment of the Guipuzcoans that prevented them from offering up a real bull-fight on the altar of their favorite saint, with the *coup de grace* that the *espada* carries to the enraged bull between his two shoulders; for I often observed that the Basques were as much interested in this national entertainment as the inhabitants of the rest of Spain. But good bulls were very expensive, and their death a luxury of the great cities; therefore, the little villages of the north were obliged to content themselves with more simple and economical pleasures.

The first bull was let loose upon a place prepared by the *alguacil* in advance, where the band of *toreros* awaited him. This band was composed of two *chulos* and two *banderillos*, besides the chief. The latter directed their movements, and held in his hand a large piece of red cloth, like a true *matador*, but without his sword. The combatants showed very little adroitness, and their Andalusian costumes were badly faded; and to me, who had witnessed the entertainments in the bull-rings of Seville and Madrid, the spectacle appeared shabby enough.

This part of the day's entertainment ended with the introduction of a cow, her horns trimmed with balls to render them less dangerous. Everybody was allowed to descend into the arena. Several imprudent amateurs approached too near, and were rudely thrown into the air, or trampled under her feet, amidst the shouts of their companions. When the *alcalde* declared the entertainment at an end, all thought it had been too short.

In the evening, after vespers, there was more dancing in the plaza, where the Aragonese *jota* alternated with the *fandango*. At the same time a ball, given by the officials of the municipality to the best society of the town, was progressing in the town hall. To this ball the dancers of the *zortzico* and *mutchico* of the afternoon were, according to custom, invited. The orchestra was composed of the military band, and played principally valse and quadrille music. The native music was played in the plaza. In the center of the place was a great bonfire. It took the place of street lamps, and lit up the steps of the dancers. The *tamborileros* were as indefatigable as the dancers themselves; for as soon as the last notes of an air were sounded, another was commenced. Towards eleven o'clock the *alguacil* discontinued keeping up the fire, the light disappeared little by little, and the dance ended. The couples withdrew slowly to the neighboring streets, where for a time their steps were heard amid the murmur of whispering voices.

The following morning a solemn mass was celebrated in the sanctuary of Saint Ignatius, in presence of all the clergy and authorities of the town. I hastened to be present. From early morning crowds of the faithful encumbered the approaches to the edifice, and gave the surrounding country an unaccustomed animation. The Basque provinces were represented in great numbers, and there were also numerous representatives from the provinces of Catalonia and Central Spain, with their varied and picturesque costumes. A company of soldiers fired a salute, the bells rang out a grand peal, and the *cortege* entered the church.

This sanctuary, surnamed the "Wonder of Guipuzcoa," was erected in 1683, by order of the Queen Maria-Anne, widow of Philip IV., upon the domain of the family of Loyola, and by the manor house where Saint Ignatius was born. It consisted of a rectangular parallelogram, to which, by a caprice which pleased the Spanish taste of which the monastery of the Escorial is the best-known example, two lateral appendixes were added, forming the figure of an eagle about to take its flight; a delicate allusion to the imperial title which it had received from its founder. The body was represented by the church; the wings by the *Santa-Casa* and the college; the tail, by the secondary buildings. The allusion, however, is not clearly transparent at first sight, and I only recognized the likeness after I had made a sketch of the building on paper. In 1767, at the time of the general expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain, under Charles III., the left wing alone remained to be finished. The stones were even cut and ready to be placed in position. Later, they were used for the portal of the parish church of Azpeitia. So the sacred edifice of Loyola remained unfinished until the reinstatement of the Jesuits, under Ferdinand VII., when the building was finished and a college for young men was established. The civil war drove the Jesuits again out of Spain, and the buildings became the property of the province of Guipuzcoa.

The parish priest said to me, that it was the intention of the provincial deputation to establish there a museum, library, and house of records. But much money would have been required, for the buildings showed the disastrous effects of having been too long abandoned. A certain sum each year was added to the provincial budget for necessary repairs. In spite of the pompous sermon which was indispensable to gratify the taste of the Guipuzcoans, in spite of the time and the labor and money which the church cost, and notwithstanding its magnificent situation in the middle of one of the most beautiful valleys in the world, this great monument of Saint Ignatius did not meet my expectations. Its aspect was imposing,

but cold; columns, arches, and cupola all wanted originality; a sample of many others, and a good pattern of the heavy Greco-Roman style which characterized the end of the seventeenth century, and which never glittered with inspiration.

The ground floor of the church was forty-five paces in diameter. In the center were elevated eight pillars to sustain the cupola, and near the high altar were eight doors of communication with the *Santa-Casa*, so called because Saint Ignatius was born there—the ancient *Casa-Solar de Loyola*.

The history of this old manor house was said to have been lost in the lapse of time. It was dismantled in the time of Henry IV., for the part the family of Loyola took in the war of the *bandos*; but was reconstructed above the first story with red brick-work, in lozenge form, denoting by its elegance a more tranquil epoch. The lower part is of rough stone, and over the door was rudely sculptured the family arms—two lions, face to face, and between them a vase, in form of a copper boiler, suspended at the end of a chain falling over the side of a shield.

The room of Saint Ignatius, on the second floor, was large enough, but so low that a person of medium height could touch the ceiling with his hand. A gilded railing divided it into two parts; on one side was the statue and some relics of the saint; the other was reserved for the faithful. The statue represented Saint Ignatius in a deacon's embroidered robe, with head slightly inclined, and the eyes lost in ecstasy. It was only after repeated efforts that I gained an entrance to this chamber, by reason of the great number of women and men upon their knees on the bare flag-stones. These pious people had come to bring, with their prayers, their offerings to their patron saint; their gifts were thrown inside the railing, and fell like a hailstorm, in silver *reals* and copper *cuartos*, at the feet of the statue, mixing a continued metallic clash with the buzzing of prayers recited in a loud voice.

The history of Saint Ignatius is well known: his youth at the courts of the Catholic kings, and his adventurous life up to the

time when at Pamplona he fell wounded in battle. His early education had been neglected, but during his long illness, he demanded books to read. Only religious works could be had, and these consisted of the "Life of Jesus Christ," and the "Flower of the Saints." He resolved to devote himself to the church. He studied at the monastery of Monserrat, at Salamanca, and Paris. At the latter place he encountered the first auxiliaries in the work he had in contemplation. Under the authority of the Pope, Saint Ignatius and his followers declared war upon heresy and libertinism, under the banner of Jesus Christ, taking for their device the cross, and for motto the words, "*Ad majorem Dei Gloriam*"; and when any one asked them who they were, they replied, "Of the Company of Jesus." After the death of Ignatius his followers renewed and

continued his work; and what enthusiasm had commenced, great ability and perseverance finished.

However much one may differ in belief from the Society of Jesus, it will not be denied that the patience, energy, and force of mind, and above all, the ability which for three centuries it has brought to the church, have done much to make it a power both feared and formidable. A story was told in Azpeitia to show the idea entertained by some of the Guipuzcoans respecting the Jesuits. A man passing near a river heard a cry of distress and beheld a priest struggling with the current. "A Jesuit drowning," said he; "I will not disturb him, for he knows what he is about," and continued tranquilly on his way—so great was his faith in the sagacity and wisdom of the priests of that order.

EDWARD KIRKPATRICK.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THREE AMERICAN STATESMEN.

THREE volumes of the "American Statesmen" * series have recently been issued: Alexander Hamilton by Henry Cabot Lodge, John C. Calhoun by Dr. Von Holst, and John Quincy Adams by John T. Morse, Jr.

Judging from these numbers, the intention appears to be to present in this series portraits, sketched by capable hands, of the principal political leaders of the period between the close of the Revolution and the commencement of the Civil War. Already this period has become to our people distinctively a part of the past: as much so as the half-century before the French Revolution is to Frenchmen, or the era before the Reform Act of 1832 is to Englishmen of this generation. This is so, not because of the number of years that have gone by—though, it is true, it is nearly two-thirds of a

generation since the affair at Appomattox Court-house—but chiefly because the currents of political and social thought have been turned into new channels. Great national convulsions suddenly shift the point of view of a people. They are earthquake rents in the surface of history and human consciousness; and those who are not swallowed up in them, but safely reach the hither side, are, as it were, endowed with a new vision. We who are on this side of the gulf which separates us from the *ante-bellum* days can now see, what in a great degree was impossible in that period of passion, the true relations of men to events, and of events to the general course of development. For half a century there was a fierce debate, tediously going backward and forward over the same ground, concerning the doctrine of State rights; and during the latter half of that period, it was supplemented by the more passionate controversy about slavery.

* American Statesmen. Edited by John T. Morse, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co. \$1.25 per vol.

But are we not beginning to see now, that below all this there was really a conflict between two distinct forms of civilization; and what is of more significance, that still beneath it all was the irresistible organic growth of a nation which had reached the stage when there must be either homogeneity or dissolution. Every public man, therefore, of the era between 1789 and 1860 is judged by his relation to these great cardinal facts. We are gaining sufficient perspective to place each where he properly belongs in the general estimation; and the result is, as is always the case when the historical vision supervenes, many an idol of the day is tumbled into the dust, and a few, who were, perhaps, sorely misunderstood before, emerge in their true proportions. It cannot be said that Alexander Hamilton was altogether misunderstood in his lifetime. We know that at one period he had a strong and enthusiastic following among the cultivated and also among the moneyed classes; but then it is unquestionably true, that for half a century after his death he was misjudged, and one might almost say systematically ignored, by the mass of the American people; and yet, strange to say, during all this time his fame was steadily extending among European political thinkers.

We need not go far to find the cause. Jeffersonian ideas, which are the antitheses of those of Hamilton, dominated in the politics of the United States, with intervals so slight as to introduce no material element of change from 1801 to 1860.

The whole tendency of the Jeffersonian ideas was to a weak central and strong State governments; but since the supremacy of the national idea, Hamilton, its greatest exponent, has rapidly assumed his deserved position in the general estimation.

We are now disposed to accord with the verdict of European publicists, that he is to be classed among the few great geniuses in the field of speculative politics. Even his reluctant adversaries could not deny to him consummate administrative capacity, so that he presents a combination of qualities very seldom found together.

Mr. Lodge has given an admirably written summary of the career of this remarkable man, and has accomplished what he evidently had in view—to leave with his reader a clear impression of Hamilton's characteristics and his relations to the foundation period of the Union, rather than to furnish a detailed biography.

What strikes one at the outset in reading Hamilton's life is his extraordinary precocity. At thirteen, we are told, he was managing the affairs and conducting the correspondence of a merchant on the island of Nevis, his native place. At seventeen he attracts attention by a forcible address at a public meeting in New York; at nineteen he is appointed captain of the artillery company raised by the province of New York, in 1776, at the outbreak of hostilities with the mother country. When barely twenty he is appointed one of Washington's aids, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. For four years, as a member of the commander in chief's staff, he conducted the greater part of Washington's immense correspondence.

At twenty-three, in the midst of his active duties at headquarters, away from books and authorities, he wrote to Robert Morris, the Revolutionary Secretary of the Treasury, a letter on the financial affairs of the Confederacy, which, as Mr. Lodge properly asserts, showed "its author indeed to be entitled to stand with Turgot and Pitt as a pioneer in what has since become the most important department of practical government."

At thirty he is one of three delegates from New York in the convention which framed the Federal Constitution, proposes a plan of government, and supports it with a speech occupying five or six hours, which Gouverneur Morris affirmed to have been "the ablest and most impressive he had ever heard."

His work in the convention was immediately followed by the publication of the papers composing the "Federalist," which, it is needless to say, is a work abounding in profound conceptions upon the nature and scope of all government, and of our form in particular. The greater part of these papers were written

by Hamilton in the midst of his very busy life.

Close upon this came his surprising labors in the convention called in New York to ratify the convention. The majority of those controlling the votes in that State were opposed to the new Federal Constitution; and when the convention met, its opponents numbered forty-six out of sixty-five votes, or over two-thirds. Those who witnessed Hamilton's labors in this body describe his eloquence and power as a debater as marvellous. Unfortunately, no record of these speeches was kept. At the end, the new Constitution was accepted by only three majority, and the common verdict was that Hamilton's was the master mind that brought over this unwilling majority, against its first prejudices, to the side of the new order of things.

At the age of thirty, Hamilton's career as a member of deliberative assemblies ceased with these extraordinary labors in the New York convention, and yet he had attained the very first rank as an orator and political writer. Two years later he was called by Washington to the head of the Treasury Department, where he remained six years. At thirty-eight he returned to private life. All the work upon which his fame rests was then finished. He devoted himself to the practice of his profession, though taking an active interest in public questions thenceforth until his untimely death, at the age of forty-seven.

Thus at an age when most men, even of great talents, who adventure upon the sea of politics are barely emerging from local prominence, Hamilton had extended his fame beyond the comparatively narrow limits of his own country, and had stamped the impress of a rare political genius indelibly upon the new institutions of the country.

One point wherein Hamilton was pre-eminent was in his absolute indifference to that petty State pride and jealousy which minimized so much of the public force during and after the Revolution. One must read a good deal of the events, and especially of what was written and said

between 1776 and 1800, to understand within what narrow lines these things—State pride and jealousy—kept all our public men. Hamilton from the first saw clearly that the American community was an embryo nation, or it was nothing. His intellectual vision pierced directly to the center of the apparently confused political conditions caused by the separation from the mother country. He saw that the convention really had to deal with a new nation, rather than a new congeries of sovereign States. He asserted in his opening speech in the Federal convention, that two sovereignties cannot exist within the same limits. He very rightfully looked upon the scheme to balance State sovereignty against national unity as a futility, and at best as only temporary: knowing that one must give way to the other.

In truth, as soon as Hamilton discovered that the convention was bent upon some sort of a compromise by which the States should be kept sovereign, and the central government sovereign also, if possible, he felt that it could at the best be but a truce, and he took very little further interest in the debates. Nevertheless, he was so firmly convinced that the system finally adopted was the best that could be obtained under the circumstances, that though his two colleagues, Yates and Lansing, had abandoned the convention, because their extreme State-rights views were violated by the new compact, he alone signed the instrument on behalf of New York. As we know, he loyally accepted the situation, and devoted the whole of his wonderful mental resources to the service of the Constitution.

As Secretary of the Treasury, he lifted the finances of the country out of apparently hopeless confusion; and the administrative machinery which he established for this department furnished the model which has been followed to this day. He was the first to give direction and consistency to the liberal construction view of the Federal Constitution. He is really the founder of all parties—Federalists, Whigs, and Republicans—which have adopted this view as part of their general policy. When he made his

famous report, recommending a national bank, Jefferson opposed the scheme as unconstitutional. Washington requested the written opinion of each upon the project before he would sign the bill. The answers should be consulted by all who wish to go to the root of the great party differences in our history under the Constitution. As Mr. Lodge well points out, Hamilton has presented the argument in support of the necessity of resorting to the implied powers with a fullness and lucidity which have left very little to be said since.

Hamilton is also the founder of the "American system." Clay subsequently did no more than appropriate his predecessor's views, to be found in his report upon manufactures. We cannot judge this report entirely by the present attitude of free trade and protection.

It was made in view of the then existing circumstances; manufactures had to make their first beginnings, and this in the face of a narrow and exclusive protective policy pursued by other countries, especially England, which discriminated against the products we had to sell abroad.

Hamilton was a head and shoulders above every public man of his day, save Washington. His weakness, however, as a party leader was, that he did not pay enough attention to those local and State prejudices which were so rife. Then again, he had little faith in a government by the democracy. He never flattered the people. He said that "men are reasoning, but not reasonable, animals." But notwithstanding the ascendancy of Jeffersonian ideas in our politics for so long a period, it must be confessed that, as their potency dies away, the fame of Hamilton rapidly emerges from the partial obscurity in which it has been veiled.

The next volume of the series gives us the life, or rather a critical *résumé* of the career, of John C. Calhoun.

This book of Dr. Von Holst may be likened to a glimpse permitted to the present generation of the estimate our more indifferent posterity will be apt to make of this remarkable man. It gives us the judgment

of an intelligent foreigner, writing in his own country. This of itself assures the needed perspective; but if to this advantage of position is added an accurate, and one may say a cyclopedic, knowledge of the whole course of our history, it can be readily understood how valuable the summing up must be. It may not, perhaps, be speaking wide of the mark, to say that it is even yet impossible for an American to write the needed biography of the great Southern statesman. It is true, a generation has passed since he died; and twenty years, nearly, since the end of the Civil War. Yet we know that the passions stimulated by the long anti-slavery struggle, the culminating war, and the reconstruction period are still sufficiently active to blur the mental vision of the old and the new generations.

Those who have read the volumes of Dr. Von Holst's "Constitutional History of the United States," thus far issued, will recognize in this book many of the thoughts and even expressions of the larger work, in its frequent reference to Calhoun and his influence upon the current of affairs after 1830. The same vigor of thought, incisiveness, and sometimes picturesqueness of style are preserved, with the general effect of leaving a vivid impression of the intense individuality, and one may add tragedy, of the great Carolinian's life.

By most Northerners, Calhoun is even yet considered an arch-conspirator, who for twenty years or more nursed the malevolent design of breaking up the Union, and to this end, with Mephistophelian craft, inoculated the mind of his section with the poison of the State-rights doctrines. To the average Southerner he is, on the contrary, the pure patriot, whose righteous doctrines only failed because borne down by brute force. Both look, no doubt, from too acute an angle; and, as suggested, it is a good service when so capable and disinterested a friend as our author can lead us nearer to the true point of vision.

At the outset he very truly remarks: "As the years roll on, the fame of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay is gradually growing

dimmer; while Calhoun's has yet lost hardly anything of the lurid intensity with which it glowed on the political firmament towards the end of the first half of this century."

Why this is so, is not difficult to answer. We are now getting sufficiently far away from the Civil War to understand that the final victory of the national arms closed what Calhoun himself called the "second volume of the history of the United States." We are now making the history which shall go into the record of the third volume. The particular drama which was played between the adoption of the Constitution and 1865 had a double aspect, though at bottom involving but one motive, if it may be so termed. The actors were carrying on animated dialogues before the audience about strict construction and liberal construction of the Federal Constitution; about tariff and internal improvements; and towards the last, about slavery in the Territories. But the passion of the speech came from growing hatred between the equalizing spirit of the North and the aristocratic spirit of the South; and also from the almost unconscious struggle between the instinct of nationality and the disintegrating force of an abnormal, slave-nourished civilization.

Calhoun's special quality, and one may say his singular misfortune, was to see earlier and also deeper than any of his contemporaries into the springs of action of this great drama. It was his misfortune that he saw them so clearly, and was able to project his vision so far out into the future as to be borne down in sadness by the indistinct yet appalling picture of this future which he could not banish from his prophetic vision.

We are now in a position to say that Calhoun committed an egregious mistake when he made himself the champion of slavery. Nevertheless, we must confess that it is just because he became the impersonation of an idea, which has proved the losing one, that he is the most interesting figure of his era; and this is because this idea was the central one of the age, and is the one which will be its characteristic mark in after times. It is because Calhoun saw that this idea

was the pivotal one of the times, and could not be dealt with by half-hearted, compromising methods, and because neither Clay nor Webster fully comprehended it, that the fame of Calhoun will become more and more positive, while that of Clay and Webster will grow dimmer.

The fate and misfortune of Calhoun was to have been born and reared in South Carolina. Goethe has profoundly remarked that "the greatest men are always connected with their century through a weakness." Calhoun's social surroundings made him a believer in the form of civilization of his section; but they did not obscure his vision or his judgment as to its attitude before the world, or as to the death grapple which it would inevitably have with the ideas maturing in the North.

The opening words of this little volume might very well be put as the reflection of the disinterested reader, in closing the record of Calhoun's life. A man endowed with an intellect far above the average, impelled by a high-soaring ambition, untainted by any petty or ignoble passions, and guided by a character of sterling firmness and more than common purity; yet, with fatal illusion, devoting all his mental powers, all his moral energy, and the whole force of his iron will to the service of a doomed and unholy cause; and at last sinking into the grave in the very moment when, under the weight of the topstone, the towering pillars of the temple of his impure idol are rent to their very base—can anything more tragical be conceived?

The third volume of the series is devoted to the life of John Quincy Adams, written by John T. Morse, Jr. It is made up mainly from the voluminous published diary of Mr. Adams, presented, however, in a connected narrative form. The author has an independent judgment, besides considerable skill in painting his portrait, so that a very accurate impression of his hero is furnished.

Adams was in some respects precocious. He took part in diplomatic duties as a boy; and when quite a young man was intrusted by Washington with a European mission, because of the latter's appreciation of his

talents. He was almost continuously in public position until his death, in 1848, reaching the highest political position in the nation, and then courageously returning to the relatively humble position of a member of the House of Representatives. Yet it may be truly said that, notwithstanding all his varied and valuable services to his country, he would not have been entitled to any very high position in its history if he had retired to private life at the close of his presidential term.

Long after the age when Hamilton had finished his great life-work, John Quincy Adams did the work which really entitles

him to a place among our great men. His courageous, persistent, and manly fight for the right of petition in the earlier days of the anti-slavery struggle is the one thing which will never be forgotten. This attaches his name forever to the great movement of the age, and marks him as one of its heroes.

These three men, Hamilton, Calhoun, and Quincy Adams, in their public lives, may be said to be good types of the two extremes and the middle ground in the conflict of ideas characteristic of the period between the adoption of the Constitution and the close of the Rebellion. W. W. CRANE.

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

OUR MERCHANT MARINE. By David A. Wells. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

That the American flag has for twenty-five years been gradually disappearing from the foreign trade, is a fact apparent to the world—a fact deplored by all patriots, interesting to all foreigners, exulted over by England, our now overwhelmingly successful rival, and unnoticed and uncared for only by our own Congress, whose stupid negligence has caused the decline; and which persistently refuses, session after session, to pay the slightest attention to the subject. Notwithstanding the energetic memorials that of late years have poured in upon Congress, from ship-owners, Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade, and ship-builders, no bill has even been reported favorably, though many have been introduced, having for their object the restoration of American supremacy upon the ocean. This supineness of Congress, considering that there is no opposition anywhere except in Great Britain to the rehabilitation of our merchant marine, can only be accounted for on the theory that a corrupt lobby, working in British interests, is steadily operating against the necessary changes in our navigation laws. If Congressmen resent this imputation, let them defend themselves against it, and give some reason why, during the entire term of the ascendancy of the Republican party, nothing whatever has been done—nothing even earnestly attempted—to remove the causes of the decline of American tonnage upon the high seas.

David A. Wells is probably the highest living American exponent of correct ideas of political econ-

omy, and the work under notice is equal to his best efforts in other directions. A frontispiece tells the whole story at a glance, by exhibiting our flag in constantly diminishing sizes, from 1855, when we carried 75½ per cent. of all our exports and imports in American bottoms, to 1881, when we carried only 16.2 per cent.; the last flag, representing 1891, at 0 per cent., being scarcely perceptible on the page. Mr. Wells gives the history of this interest both in England and the United States, so that the reader can readily trace the causes which have wrought so great damage to American shipping. He shows (p. 9) that in 1861 the tonnage of the United States was nearly equal to that of Great Britain, and nearly a third of the entire tonnage of the world; but in 1881 (pp. 26, *et seq.*) our aggregate was only 4,068,034 tons, against 16,000,000 tons owned by Great Britain and her colonies. He concludes his statement of the causes of this divergence as follows (p. 193):

“Here, then, is the whole case in respect to the situation, and the decline of American shipping, as it were, in a nutshell, embodied in this simple, pathetic story of a representative of a class of American citizens, who feel that their government denies to them the protection which it gives unsparingly to others, treats them with discriminating injustice, and is actually year by year crowding them out of a branch of national and legitimate industry. As the man, whose load of ashes in going up the hill had all dribbled out at the end of his cart, said to the boys who had followed him up and expected to be edified with certain pungent and profane remarks. “I sha’n’t swear; I couldn’t begin to do justice to the subject.”

One of the universally acknowledged obstacles to the maintenance of our flag in competition with England is our system of state and municipal taxation on the *value* of shipping, whether the vessels are profitable or not, compared with the English income tax on *net profits* only. The cities of New York and Philadelphia have lately abolished all assessments upon foreign shipping, in correction of this inequality. Why cannot San Francisco do likewise?

The answer is, that our State Constitution requires all property to be rated alike in proportion to its value.

But there are several points to be made in reply to this answer, which we wish to offer for the consideration of parties interested, of their lawyers, and of the incoming legislature, to wit:

1st. The language of the State Constitution is (Art. XII., Sec. 1): "*All property in the State*, not exempt under the laws of the United States, shall be taxed in proportion to its value, to be ascertained as provided by law."

Section 8 fixes the first Monday of March as the day on which the *status* of property for the purposes of taxation is to be ascertained.

Section 11: "Income taxes may be assessed to and collected from persons, corporations, joint-stock associations or companies, resident or doing business in this State, or any one or more of them, in such cases and amounts and in such manner as shall be prescribed by law."

2nd. The Supreme Court has held valid the statutes passed at the first session of the legislature after the adoption of the Constitution, exempting pass books in savings banks, and certificates of stock, from taxation, on the ground that the *property* must be taxed, not the *evidences of ownership* in the property, notwithstanding the positive definition of property in the Constitution to the contrary.

Now on the first Monday in March none of the ships registered in San Francisco are actually "within the State," except such as may happen to be in port on that day—probably not one-tenth of the whole number. The remaining nine-tenths are at sea, clearly *not* within the State. Only the paper evidences of their ownership are within the State, which are no more "property" than pass books in the banks, or certificates of stock.

Query 1. As to all vessels actually out of the State on the first Monday in March, is not their assessment unconstitutional, as the law now stands, because they are clearly not "property within the State"?

Query 2. Would not the Supreme Court hold to be constitutional a law expressly defining all vessel property, at least all engaged in the foreign trade, *not* to be property "within the State" for the purposes of assessment?

Query 3. What objection could be reasonably urged against the passage of such a law, especially if a one per cent. income tax, (the English rate) levied on the *net*

profits of shipping in the foreign trade, under section 11 above quoted, were substituted therefor?

Were this course adopted, a perceptible step would be taken towards making San Francisco a center for large ship-building and ship-owning interests, thereby transferring a constantly growing proportion of our enormous foreign freights (\$16,000,000 on the last year's crop) from British to Californian pockets. The loss to our local revenues would be insignificant and temporary, for the taxes on the few vessels now registered here would not be missed, and they would soon be recouped and increased by the income tax on a far greater number. And it will then be possible to form steamship companies for the extension of our commerce, owning vessels built and registered here, instead of depending, as heretofore, on vessels owned elsewhere, whose earnings are always subtractions from the wealth of our State.

Meantime, we commend Mr. Wells's little book, with all its proposed remedies for our sick shipping, to the careful study of all interested in the subject.

REMINISCENCES: CHIEFLY OF ORIEL COLLEGE AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT. By the Rev. T. Mozley, M. A., formerly Fellow of Oriel. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

During the years 1833-41 there were published at Oxford ninety "Oxford Tracts," in a series called "Tracts for the Times." They were written by fellows and professors of Oriel and other colleges; among them R. H. Froude, J. H. Newman, (now cardinal) John Keble, (author of "Christian Year") Isaac Williams, and E. B. Pusey. The cause of the Tracts was the alarm of the high-church clergy at the progress of latitudinarian ideas, and especially the action of the government in alienating certain property of the Irish church. The object of the Tracts was to restore the English church of the seventeenth century; in fact, to bring the nineteenth century church back nearer to Roman Catholicism. The agitation which followed the Tracts (the Oxford movement) resulted in the restoration of high-church ideas as to jurisdiction, theology, and property; developed the ritual of surplices, intoning prayer, use of the altar, etc.; revived Gothic architecture; and sent many of the English clergy into the Romish communion.

Mr. Mozley, the author of these two volumes of Reminiscences, was college-mate and intimate friend of most of the men engaged in the Oxford movement, and was himself a contributor of certain of the Tracts, and for some time editor of the "British Critic," which aided the agitation. He says, in the preface, the story of the Oxford movement has yet to be told, and regrets that a period, which in his memory is a golden age, should vanish without a record from mortal ken. This is the author's apology

for this work, which he himself calls "superficial, sketchy, and often trivial," "planks from the wreck of time." Yet these volumes are full of interest to the clergy, and especially to clergymen of the Church of England. They could not fail to keep the attention of the reader, when (in short chapters, a thing most books fail in) the author gives, with perfect ingenuousness, and almost always with good spirit, the incidents and characteristics of such famous men as Copleston, Whately, Hawkins, Keble, Arnold (of Rugby), Jelf, Russell, Thackeray, Edgeworth, Carlyle, Hook, Buckle, the Wilberforces, Newman, Hope, the Froudes, White, Ogilvie, Bunson, Wellington, Gladstone, and many others, with most of whom Mozley was on intimate terms. The view of the college life of these men, the glimpses of Mozley's own parish life and work, the observations on architecture, the descriptions of the Bampton lectures, the tracing of the Oxford movement as a whole, will hold the reader till he reaches the middle of the second volume, where, in some dry discussions, the interest flags.

If the descendants of General Greene (1776) could take Bancroft to task for his strictures on their ancestor thus long dead, we fear the author of these Reminiscences will have a lively time from those still living, whom he has touched up in so truthful a way. The sketches of Cardinal Newman are especially full and interesting.

ANNE. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. New York: Harper Brothers. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

We observe from the reviews that Miss Woolson's novel has brought to the front again the undying hope and expectation of the Great American Novel. Perhaps it is she who is to write it, say the reviewers. It is hardly probable that she will: the great novelist does not scale up toward greatness by so slow degrees. Certainly "Anne" is not a great novel; but it is an important enough one to make it worth while to mention that it is not great. It has placed Miss Woolson immediately after Howells and James among the novelists of America. Moreover, it conveys throughout such an impression of ability not yet fully under control, so much suggestion of better work to come, that one would not venture to say that she will always rank after these two. If it is possible for her to attain symmetry of design, perfect tact in treatment, a use of the English language that shall be grateful to the most fastidious ear, and a more perfect realism, there is no reason why she should not rank with them. Do we not see how symmetry, tact, and delightful use of language, backed by almost absolutely nothing else, have made the success of several recent American stories? If Miss Woolson could add to her own possession of the deeper traits of a novelist, passion, character conception, truth to the important experiences of

life—such mastery of the finer facilities of the art as Mr. Aldrich has—she would stand among our very best novelists.

Her touch is not light enough; her humor exists only in the form of satire: of genuine, light, happy humor we hardly recall an instance in the book. Accordingly, in all the lighter episodes, there is effort, amounting nearly—not quite—to affectation; while in the episodes of deepest passion and pain her touch is sure, strong, and natural. In such episodes passages can be picked out that might very well have been written by George Eliot. Not that this justifies any comparison between the two, for these occasional passages are only such as George Eliot was overflowing with, and probably could have equaled by the hundred at any moment that she had a pencil in her hand. The dignity of love in an essentially high-minded person, under circumstances that usually make love humiliating—not the dignity, notice, of the person in spite of the love, but the dignity of the love itself—this thing Miss Woolson has embodied in her story hardly less clearly and truly, though less simply and strongly, than George Eliot herself.

It is probably a mistake to group so long a story so closely about a single central figure; but that aside, there is everything to be said in praise of Miss Woolson's success with her central figure. "Anne" is to the reader's mind what her author meant her to be; she is true to life, (exceptional life, but still actual); she is developed with a strong, sure hand, not idealized nor obscured by detail, nor left scantily sketched out. All the characters are clear and well differentiated; but it is questionable whether truth to life is not sometimes sacrificed for the sake of differentiating more easily. However, no one but the great masters can differentiate perfectly, and yet be perfectly realistic. Nature distinguishes people by subtle shades of character and complex variations of manner; but the novelist rises almost into the realm of inspiration who does not have to put the owl or the peacock or the quiver into his picture somewhere to identify his Pallas or Juno or Artemis absolutely beyond question.

In *Heathcote* Miss Woolson has grappled with a problem before which many another novelist of her sex has gone down—the type of man whom women adore. We do not know that any man has attempted this problem. If men have, they have so far failed that even the attempt is not clearly visible. Miss Woolson has succeeded beyond the average even of her sex, in that she has at least made it perfectly evident what she attempted in *Heathcote*. He is, however, no more than a skillfully constructed dummy—a peg to hang women's adoration on. His presence in the story makes possible the circling round him of Anne and Helen, Rachel and Isabel, as a well-equipped rag baby on the stage may make possible a realistic drama by flesh-and-blood actors; and this is about all that can be said for him. We venture the assertion that not one woman has

read "Anne" with the least stirring of pulse toward Heathcote, and sense that if she had been there she might have loved him too; and that is a crucial test.

A murder trial is always a sensational device, and mars the reputation of a book for sober and intelligent methods of producing its impression. In this particular murder trial, Miss Woolson has still further dared suspicion of sensationalism by the whole array of incidents connected with it; yet so temperate is she in her handling of the episode throughout, that it is not only not offensive, but contains several points that we could ill spare.

Perhaps it is more to the credit of a novel that one should leave it saying, as one says of "Anne," "It is so good, it ought to have been better," than that he should be able to say, as of some of Mr. Aldrich's stories, "Such as it is, it is quite perfect."

ASPASIA. A Romance of Art and Love in Ancient Hellas. By Hamerling. Translated from the German by Clara Bell. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Surely there never was a more hopeless struggle of the ponderous German intellect to reproduce the Hellenic spirit than this historical novel. As far as vivifying the historical facts of the Age of Pericles goes, it may be called a failure; for a well-written history would be more vivid and exciting than this leisurely, ponderous narrative. As for the characters, they are painstakingly clad, not merely with Hellenic garments, beliefs, and ideas, but even with Hellenic traits: and yet remain under it all hopelessly, ludicrously German. And yet, as words may be spoken with Germanic accent and yet be Greek, not merely grammatically correct, but correctly pronounced: so these characters, as studies of what Aspasia and Pericles and their contemporaries really were, are worthy of consideration, and not improbably true. As a study of the woman question and its bearing on Hellenic fates, the book has considerable value; and, to a less extent, as a contribution to the old discussion about the conflict of the good and the beautiful in Hellas. The study of either of these points would have moved more freely and more lightly on its own feet than in the cumbersome vehicle of this narrative. However, there are many readers who prefer to take their history in a novel, even the slowest; perhaps the theory that they are being entertained acts on their imagination like Colonel Sellers's candle behind the isinglass door of his stove. And there is no one who will not get this at least from a historical novel: a clearer realization of the relative ages of contemporaries of the period in question. Whoever wishes to remember easily that Socrates was a young stone-cutter when Pericles's glory was at its height, and Alcibiades a little boy; that he was married about the time Alcibiades was old enough to plunge into dissipation, and became a soldier in Pericles's last campaign; that the

Parthenon was built, the Antigone written, Pericles's connection with Aspasia formed, at just such and such points in the life-time of the Athenians of that date; whoever wishes to impress these things on his mind will find it worth his while to read "Aspasia." And whoever really prefers to get his Athenian history from a narrative, instead of from undisguised historical treatises, will be repaid for the reading.

COUNT SILVIUS. Translated from the German of Georg Horn by M. J. Safford. New York: George W. Harlan. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

In the excellent translation of "Count Silvius," by M. J. Safford, a work is offered to the English-reading public which will be most welcome to all lovers of real romance. It is a story of life in an old German city; of that life which is possible only where an aristocracy has grown up, looking with suspicion on modern social innovations and the distinction of wealth without birth; a story of intrigue on the part of an unscrupulous man to thrust himself on this aristocracy, and win public success at whatever cost; of marriage brought about by fraud, and resulting in misery; and of the growth and ennobling of character by long suffering and injustice. It is, moreover, a work of modern times, touching upon many present questions of social interest, though in a subordinate way—a glimpse of the conflict between labor and capital, a stroke at the Jesuits, criticisms on art, society, religion, and all kindred topics. The characters are clear-cut and logically carried out; the main interest centers in the career of Ada Turneyssen. Brilliant and haughty, thoroughly honest-hearted and regardless of public opinion, her whole creed of life is contained in her own words: "God will never ask, 'Whom have you loved? what have you believed?' *How?* is the question his voice will put; and what poor wretches we should be if we could not give the answer from our inmost hearts."

Throughout the whole there is a remarkable uniformity of merit. The author does not attempt by any means to rise to the highest flights of imagination or feeling; but has accurately measured his strength, and nowhere overstepped himself. The result is a work highly finished, and of universal ability.

THREE IN NORWAY. By Two of Them. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

This little book is simply a journal kept by two of a party of three, who start out from England on a camping tour through Norway. The journal consists mainly of the personal experiences of the small party; of their successes in fishing and hunting; of their life in camp, and of their trials and tribulations in getting about from place to place. It is quite a readable book, the style being pleasant and

bright; and would make an entertaining traveling companion. It is just a bit disappointing, since one gets very little idea of the country itself. There are some good descriptions of scenery, and glimpses of the inner life of the patient, honest, hospitable Norwegians. The book has a map of Norway, and is interspersed with numerous illustrations engraved on wood, from original sketches, many of them being sketches of camp life, ridiculous experiences greatly exaggerated, and some good ones of the mountains and lakes of Norway.

EUNICE LATHROP, SPINSTER. By Annette Lucile Noble. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Among the lesser novels of recent date very few are as good as "Eunice Lathrop." The name is a misnomer, by the way, as Eunice Lathrop is a minor character, and the book treats mainly of Agnes Hathaway. There is good character sketching almost throughout the whole list of persons; in especial, Agnes and the child Guy, who is both a charming child and a realistic one, for the sensitive and dreamy type. Besides these two persons, and possibly Mrs. Melton, the good drawing is confined to the minor characters; for the two young men and Annie Leigh have no real vitality, and are in the book mainly for their influence on Agnes's life. The plot is neither very original nor well-managed; in spite of the well-worn sensation of a murder trial, there is very little motion to it. Notwithstanding a decidedly intelligent air throughout, this novel has a vague air of youth and inexperience, perhaps due to this very lack of motion.

THE HOME-STRETCH. By Miss M. A. Collins. New York: George W. Harlan, 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

If the author of this book means to imply by the title that she has brought her two heroes to the home-stretch in the race for the heroine's hand, no more apt name could have been chosen. They are brought there and left there. The reader closes the book with no more definite idea of the heroine's decision than he had when he opened it. The capacity of the author lies in mere story-telling, rather than novel-writing. Plot scarcely exists; commonplace follows commonplace; the attempts at character drawing are singularly unhappy. Barnaby Rudge appears in the character of the poor half-wit, Oak, wretchedly and miserably depicted, but unmistakably Barnaby; and Lord Rochester masquerades as Fritz Raimund.

Some bright sketches of negro life and fun are introduced, and the story is enlivened by plentiful conversations. Where the author is content to be mediocre, she is pleasing; where she attempts more, a signal failure. The style, save for some French phrases, is simple and entertaining.

GYPSIE. By Minnie E. Kenney. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

One rarely meets anything more obvious than the imitation of Rhoda Broughton in "Gypsie." Fancy Rhoda Broughton's liveliness, bad taste, bad English, even all her conspicuous mannerisms, reproduced more weakly than in the original, and the real passion that fills the latter half of each of her novels left out, or rather attempted so remotely as to be practically left out, and one will have a fair idea of this worthless little book. Nevertheless, it is rather easy reading.

THE FORTUNATE ISLAND, AND OTHER STORIES. By Max Adeler. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Chas. T. Dillingham, 1882. For sale by Doxey & Co.

These stories are: "The Fortunate Island"; "The City of Burlesque"; "An Old Foggy"; "Major Dunwooly's Leg"; and "Jinnie." The first tale is pleasantly written, and entertaining; the rest fall short of this in varying degrees, and suggest the professional humorist making an effort to keep up his reputation—except "Jinnie," which is certainly calculated to make the book leave an unpleasant taste in one's mouth.

THOMAS GRAY. By Edmund W. Gosse. (English Men of Letters Series.) New York: Harper & Bros., 1882. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Out of the colorless details of an uneventful life Mr. Gosse has contrived to make a readable volume. The work, as he explains, was one of expansion rather than compression. Nothing in the way of a satisfactory biography of Gray existed. That nothing had been written was due undoubtedly to the fact that there was almost nothing to write. Gray's personality was not marked. He had a few friends, whom he loved, and by whom he was rewarded by keen appreciation. But beyond this circle, the influence of the man Gray did not extend. Outside of these narrow limits, he affected his fellow-men only in his capacity as a poet, as an English man of letters.

There dwelt within Gray a better poet than Gray himself. As one reads his work, there is, every now and then, a couplet, a phrase, a single word, which seem to give a hint of what he might have been if he had known more of human and physical nature. But he was stilled by the close atmosphere of a university town. His mind was restrained by the compress of scholasticism. One might live at Pembroke Hall forever without one breath of the mountain air of real poetry. The touch of nature which makes the whole world kin is not learned by polishing Pindaric odes, nor by writing metaphysics in faultless hexameters.

That Gray ever achieved the *Elegy* is a triumph of genius over environment. Structurally perfect as this poem is, it does not excel in that respect much of his other work. But almost alone of his writings it appeals to humanity, it has warmth, it awakens recollections, and touches universal experiences.

Gray was a shy man. He lived among his books, and became possessed of a mass of erudition which he never used. He was always planning some extensive work which he did not finish. Personally, he was thought to be foppish and finical; but he had notions of sturdy independence. He would not accept the laureateship, because of the implied obligation to write adulatory poems. His letter declining it is worth preserving.

"Though I well know the bland, emollient, saponaceous qualities both of sack and silver, yet if any great man should say to me, 'I make you rat-catcher to his Majesty, with a salary of 300*l.* a year and two butts of the best Malaga; and though it has been usual to catch a mouse or two, for form's sake, in public once a year, yet to you, sir, we shall not stand upon these things,' I cannot say I should jump at it: nay, if they would drop the very name of the office, and call me sinecure to the King's Majesty, I should still feel a little awkward, and think everybody I saw smelt a rat about me: but I do not pretend to blame any one else that has not the same sensations: for my part, I would rather be serjeant-trumpeter or pin-maker to the palace. Nevertheless, I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe was, I think, the last man of character that had it. As to Settle, whom you mention, he belonged to my Lord Mayor, not to the King. Eusden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson. Dryden was as disgraceful to the office, from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses. The office itself has always humbled the professor hitherto, (even in an age when kings were somebody) if he were a poor writer, by making him more conspicuous; and if he were a good one, by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession: for there are poets little enough to envy even a poet-laureate."

Mr. Gosse has shown skill in the arrangement of his meager details, and discretion in his comments. From occasional sentences, one learns with surprise, however, that Mr. Gosse is not the purist in the use of English that one might infer from his admirable poems.

OPIMUM-SMOKING IN AMERICA AND CHINA. A Study of its Prevalence and Effects, Immediate and Remote, on the Individual and the Nation. By H. H. Kane, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. San Francisco: Bancroft & Co.

Dr. Kane, the author of this modest and careful book, has charge of the De Quincy Home at Fort Washington, New York City, and devotes his life to the scientific treatment of the victims of opium, morphine, chloral, and hasheesh habits. In the present volume, a neat *brochure* of one hundred

and sixty pages, he has collected from many sources facts bearing upon the use of opium. He states that there are over six thousand Americans known to be addicted to this drug, and the number is daily increasing. He draws extensively from the observations of many Californians; such as Dr. Shurtleff, of the Stockton Insane Asylum. He describes the opium plant, the manner of smoking, its immediate and ultimate effects on the different organs, and the mode of treatment. The physiological, moral, and financial sides of the problem are stated without exaggeration, and with the calm earnestness which the subject deserves. On the Pacific coast this opium evil is a matter of pressing importance. Opium dens abound in San Francisco, and in all our larger towns, and white boys and girls of the hoodlum type are often found in them. The police reports show that a frightful state of affairs exists in some of these vile places. When a raid is made, public attention is roused, but only for a time, and soon this distinctively Chinese habit is resumed in the old haunts. In some towns, however, public sentiment has driven out the opium dens, and the fallen women and worse than fallen men who congregated there. If the friends of public morals desire figures and facts to aid them, they will find such in volumes like Dr. Kane's.

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE. Its origin and development. By S. B. Boulton. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., London, Paris, and New York. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

This is a timely and well-written manual upon a subject concerning which every educated person should know something. The empire of the Tsar is so vast, and its growth and history so remarkable, that the main facts, as here presented, will probably induce any thoughtful person to carry his researches farther, and study, in novel, poem, and history the slow development of the Slavonic nationalities, destined to play so important a part in the world's progress, and perhaps to divide, some of these days, its supremacy with the Saxon peoples. The present volume contains an account of the author's visit to Russia in 1874. It then gives a continuous sketch of Russian national history from the earliest authentic records to the present time. It then briefly summarizes the present condition of the empire. A map and chronological table are appended, and the indexes and references are reasonably complete. Studies of Russian history invariably lead one to respect the vastness of the empire which Rurik Sviatoslaw and Vladimir the Good founded, and Peter the Great renewed and extended. Through struggles of rival Muscovite princes, and nearly two centuries of Tartar conquest, the nationality of what W. Hepworth Dixon calls "Great Russia" grew, in pain and trial, and became strong and aggressive: until the region it rules dwarfs in size all other empires of history,

being one-seventh of the land surface of the globe, or over 8,250,000 square miles. Through more than a thousand years the fascinating history goes on, beginning with the obscure founding of the commercial republic of Novgorod in what is Russian classic ground, between Lake Ilmen, Lake Ladoga, and the Gulf of Finland, commanding the low watersheds from which the Volga, Duna, and Dnieper spring, and flow respectively into the Caspian, the Baltic, and the Euxine. At last the proud city, as wonderful a republic in its way as Venice, feared by princes, and an important member of the Hanseatic League, falls into decay; but that of which it was the germ expands into the most extensive of military empires.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. By R. H. Stoddard. New York: George W. Harlan & Co. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

Mr. Stoddard will not add to his reputation by the production of such hack-work as this. Enterprise on the part of publishers in getting first biographies of great men on the market is, perhaps, justifiable. But it is inconceivable that a man who has done as good work as Mr. Stoddard has done should, for commercial reasons, engage in the manufacture of literary pot-boilers. The commonest facts in this volume are not verified. The author confesses that he has not taken the trouble to ascertain whether one of the most prominent of American jurists, to whom he refers, is dead or alive. Statements throughout are made upon the authority of "I believe," and "It is understood." A considerable portion of the book is devoted to a rambling

attack on Poe. The remainder is made up of scrap-book padding.

BANCROFT'S PACIFIC COAST GUIDE-BOOK. By John S. Hittell. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co. 1882.

This guide-book will be found of interest and service to travelers. It contains, in a condensed form, just the information which is most likely to be required. The chapters on "camping" and on "mineral springs" are valuable. A handy table is given of distances to various points, with rates of fare. Long residence upon the coast has specially qualified the compiler of this hand-book for the work undertaken. A second edition might be improved by a detailed index.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We have also received *The Unseen Hand*, by Elijah Kellogg, a pleasant boys' book, of the well-known Elijah Kellogg type; perhaps a little more goodyism in it than in earlier books of the same author; but still, what with the pioneer life, and the frank, pleasant lads in it, boys will enjoy it, and will find it healthy. Recent issues of the Franklin Square Library: 259, *Lady Jane*, by Mrs. Oliphant; 260, *The Lady Maud*, by W. Clark Russell, illustrated; 261, *So They Were Married*, by Besant and Rice, illustrated; 262, *A Model Father*, by D. C. Murray; 263, *Unknown to History*, by Charlotte M. Yonge; 264, *My Watch Below*, by W. Clark Russell. Two late volumes of the Transatlantic Series are *The Dingy House at Kensington*, a fair sample of the "intense" modern novel; and *Esau Kunswick*, by Katherine S. Macquoid.

NOTE BOOK.

We are this month prepared to make our announcements with regard to the changes in THE CALIFORNIAN. Most important is the following:

We have the pleasure of making known the revival of the old OVERLAND MAGAZINE and the union of the two magazines, THE CALIFORNIAN and the OVERLAND, in one new one, under the management of the present California Publishing Company. The new-old magazine will bear the name of the "OVERLAND" and the grizzly design. Beginning with the next (October) number of THE CALIFORNIAN, the OVERLAND name will be carried as a sub-title until the close of the volume, that no change may occur in the middle of a set, to interfere with the binding; and also that there may be time for the union of the two magazines to be thoroughly

known before the CALIFORNIAN name is entirely dropped for the OVERLAND. With the issue of January, 1883, the magazine will become the OVERLAND MONTHLY—Vol. VII. of THE CALIFORNIAN thus becoming Vol. I. of the "OVERLAND, Second Series."

THERE have been some rumors going about since THE CALIFORNIAN changed hands, that the change meant suspension. These rumors have doubtless arisen from the delay that occurred in the issue of the August number. This delay was simply due to the fact that the previous management practically ceased three weeks before the present took hold, and this chiefly because the transfer took place in the heart

of the vacation season, when people were out of town. However trifling the circumstance that gave rise to such a rumor, we will here take the space to contradict it entirely, and to assure the public that, so far from ceasing with the close of the sixth volume, THE CALIFORNIAN will start into its seventh with renewed hopes and enthusiasm, under the protection of the experienced and renowned old grizzly.

THE sense of gratification and ardor with which we ourselves hail the revival of the OVERLAND, and its union with our present magazine, will doubtless find a sympathetic response all up and down the coast, and even across the continent and across the ocean. An article printed in our August number contained an affectionate reminiscence of the OVERLAND, coming from Zurich, Switzerland. "It may be a superstition," said one of our literary men on the day the papers were signed that united the magazines; "but we can't feel that any name is so good for our Pacific magazine as the 'OVERLAND.' It is like marching under the old flag." And this same feeling has astonishingly deep roots in all Californian hearts. The older members of our literary corps did march under that flag, in the days when all blood in Californian veins ran fast, and the State was jubilant in her first youth; and the optimism, the happy promise, the joyous insolence of hope and self-confidence, the personal comradeship of the best men of that date—all these linger in a vague cloud of associations around the old name, and the old cover with its bear growling across the railway; and the younger members of our present corps, those who are now preparing themselves to be our strength in future—remember the OVERLAND as the magazine of their childhood. There are splendid names associated with it; there is the splendid memory that no other magazine could ever have, that it was the first assertion (the greatest assertion, save only the University at Berkeley) of high intellectual ideals in a community not twenty years old. Surely, the group of valiant men that bore the gods to Latium in those days, the intellectual nucleus of our community, "hitched their wagon to a star." A community twenty years old aiming at an ideal in its University such as but one single State west of two-hundred-year-old New England had ventured to aim at; an ideal in its magazine such as no community in this Union except New York and Boston have ventured! An audacity almost colossal, certainly; yet none the less splendid. Time deals hardly with these splendid audacities of youth; there is an awful Scylla for the magazine and the University in the danger that, desiring to be equal to the best, and having yet toilsome leagues to traverse toward that goal, we shall coolly dub our small beginnings success, our aspirations achievement, and rest satisfied—leaving our optimism

into brag, our ideals into illusions; nevertheless, to settle satisfied into the idea of mediocrity, to abjure our ideals, and be willing to be not much of a magazine, not much of a University, not much of a community, would be steering straight into a Charybdis—better, certainly, than the Scylla of brag and illusion, but not the best that we can do. Let us make no false claims: we know we are only striving *toward* what we hope to be; but let us keep our wagon hitched to the star. Time that deals hardly with splendid audacities sometimes rewards them splendidly. He did so when the pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and when the group of Connecticut ministers at Saybrook, from their scanty libraries, "gave these books to found a college." And if any New Englander smiles that we should hang all these associations upon the name of "the old OVERLAND," let him remember how an Oxford man's lips curl when he hears an American talk of "Old Harvard."

AS to our intentions with regard to the course of the old-new magazine, they can be easily stated. We shall strive first and foremost for literary excellence. We shall cling to the OVERLAND motto: "Devoted to the development of the country." We shall avoid following in the path of older magazines, and imitating them; we shall not scorn to follow their example where their way is best. The special Pacific coast character shall not be wanting in our pages; we shall not forget old California, when the grizzly held the field; nor shall we tie ourselves to that old California, and ignore the present and the future, with their iron bond between us and the East, invading the grizzly's haunts. We shall not hold to the worse *because* it may be Californian, nor fear the better *because* it may come from abroad; but we shall steadily consider that we exist primarily for California. Our strength and hope lie in the young writers, from among whom are to come the great lights of the future. We believe that there is the making of a splendid magazine corps in young writers who cannot make their way into the overcrowded eastern press. We hope to create a corps of writers, to save the stores of material on this coast that would else be wasted, to be an element of civilization in our community.

OUR first object, as we say, being literary, it follows that our slow pecuniary growth must *first* be devoted to paying contributors; afterward, to such desirable but difficult enterprises as developing the art of wood-engraving, now in its infancy on this coast. With a capital of some hundred thousand we could do both, and would do both; with a capital of energy, industry, good will, and of future prospects of success that nears surely but very slowly, we cannot do both. We can continue the same

contributors' rates that have been paid during the current year; viz., small fees for fiction and poetry; for other contributions nothing except by previous agreement. When we remind our readers that we depended *entirely* on voluntary contributions for two years, then, at the beginning of 1882, advanced to the payment of the small fees above mentioned; and that, at the beginning of 1883, we shall not only continue such payment the current year, but shall add the "Overland" property; and when we add that, with the January number, we shall add sixteen pages of reading matter—it will be seen that our growth, if slow, has been steady. Our present rate of payment is *merely temporary*; at the very first increase in income sufficient to warrant it, we shall pay for *all* contributions; and all future increase in income will be devoted to raising the rates of payment until a fair point is reached. We can, therefore, honestly say that all who write for us now for remuneration far below the value of their work

are helping to build their own future, in making possible the future magazine that shall pay them amply.

IN the past months we have faithfully investigated the possibilities of wood-engraving on this coast: we have satisfied ourselves that there is an ample field for the employment of capital, and that it is the proper business of capital, and not of our young enterprise. We may give our readers illustrations at intervals; and we have begun investigations into a new style of engraving now gaining ground in France—a style striking and simple, and specially adapted to the circumstances of our coast. If these investigations should prove satisfactory, we may renew monthly engravings before the time we indicate by saying that fine engraving on this coast is a matter for capital to take up. Meanwhile, the suspension of illustrations will be amply compensated for by increased reading matter.

OUTCROPPINGS.

FAMINE.

A dusky chapel carved in Spanish oak,
Its sculptured rafters grimy with the smoke
Of countless censers swung in ages past—
Poor little choristers, where are they now?
Forgotten as the hymns they chanted then,
Their only epitaph a blackened ceiling.

Its shelves and coverts rich with precious store
Of hoarded vestments and discarded treasures;
Its walls with tapestry and faded portraits;
An ancient Coronation of the Virgin,
A statue carved in wood—a reliquary,
A crucifix in ivory and niello;
And there, beneath a tattered crimson banner,
A pale ascetic, reading from his missal.
The sunlight through the jewel-fretted windows
Playing at checkers on his snow-white surplice,
And in the shadow sweet and sad his face,
Illumined by a sacred light within,
All that is earthly gone—a devotee
By purifying scourgings, purely spiritual.

A rapt expression as he reads—a sigh,
Like some lost sorrowing angel shut from Heaven,
An unstrung harp that for long weary years
Is silent, when the wind sweeps out a note
That brings the music of the past to memory.

Inspired by his glorious dark eyes,
I creep behind his seat, and nearer stand,
To see the psalm, the chapter that he reads.
What brings the sigh?—across the page
The sunlight rests on the illumination;
And bending so I almost touch his shoulder,
I read—the—book—of—*The Decameron!*

EDMUND WARREN RUSSELL.

WASHINGTON IN 1807.

The following letter forms a companion to that printed last month, and is from the same pen, written a year later:

WASHINGTON, 31 January, 1807.

Our friend the General, my dear madam, some days ago made known to me that I should prepare my annual epistle to your ladyship. Having, however, not given it to him as soon as he expected, I was last evening reminded of my obligation and requested to discharge it. And so, with the full consciousness of the honour you do me in giving me this task to perform, I set about it with the utmost cheerfulness. . . .

I understand you as not wishing a political essay: I shall, therefore, treat upon other matters.

The greatest Exhibition in Washington is the Levee of Mr. Jefferson on New-Year's day. A large number of the fashionable and respectable persons here make it a point to visit the President on the 1st of January, and that gentleman is always civil enough to be at home and receive them. It is the only great levee day that there is at our Court, and on this occasion the company assembles voluntarily and without invitations.

Of the personages present I observed the king and queen of the Mandanes, a tribe of Indians living about 1,600 miles up the Missouri. His Majesty was dressed in a sort of regimental coat, given him by the Government since his arrival; and her Majesty, wrapped in a blanket, sat on one of the sofas in the great Audience chamber, and received

the visits of the ladies and people of quality. When I had the honour of being introduced, she did not rise, nor did she quit her seat during any part of the ceremony.

Another person of distinction was the French Minister. This great military character is distinguished by the uncommon size and extent of his whiskers, which cover the greater part of his cheeks, and by the profusion of lace that covers his full dress coat. His lady was not with him. On account of a rupture which happened a little before the commencement of the session of Congress, between General T—— and his consort, she has withdrawn from his house and society, and passes her time, at present, in an humble and solitary way in the neighboring village of Georgetown. In consequence of this misunderstanding, the Minister had, it is said, attempted to ship off his lady to France. She refused to submit to this, made an outcry, alarmed the neighborhood, and brought a mob to her house, and finally made her escape from her gallant spouse, and has ever since been deprived of the pleasure of his company. Under these circumstances, this distinguished lady did not make her appearance.

The British Minister and his lady were both there. They have lately succeeded Mr. and Mrs. Merry in their diplomatic capacity. Being newly arrived, they attracted a good deal of attention, particularly the lady, who is a pretty Philadelphian.

The greater part of the Senators were there, and the few whose wives were in town brought them thither to partake of this great exhibition. So it was with the principal heads of the Executive Departments. They came forth on this grand occasion to pay the homage of their respects to the Chief Magistrate of the nation. The members of the House of Representatives, the respectable resident inhabitants, the officers of the Army and Navy, the strangers of consideration who happened to be in the city, and the Ossage Indians, men and women, little and big, crowded to the President's House to partake in the festivities of the morning.

The day was very favourable, and the assemblage brilliant, as you may suppose. Great mirth and good humour prevailed, and you may easily conceive wherefore, when it is computed that, besides the smiles of cordiality and welcome which the company received from their generous entertainer, they consumed for him a quarter-cask of wine, a barrel of punch, and a hundred weight of cake, besides other knick-knacks to a considerable amount. While the refreshments were passing around, and the company helping themselves, a band of music entertained them with martial and enlivening airs.

Before the hour of dining, the assemblage of people dispersed, well pleased with their manner of spending the morning, and in high hope that Mr. J. might long continue in the Presidential chair. The ladies in particular are charmed with this handsome way of doing things.

The dancing assemblies are conducted very much as they have been for several years. Minuets are quite out of fashion; still, contra-dances and cotillons are as much in vogue as ever. The Balls open with the former, and after a few sets the dancers generally enter upon the cotillons, and perform them in great variety.

The girls who frequent these places of fashion here are generally taught to dance well. Generally speaking, they dress with more gay colours and a greater display of finery than our New Yorkers do. They therefore appear to advantage on the floor. And I think the Rooms of this season contain a good proportion of beauty, though I think the Belles are less numerous than common.

But you know that the scarcity of the commodity makes it the more dear and valuable.

Private parties are frequent. I have told you before that there is a good deal of high life in Washington. There are a number of families here who delight in gay and fashionable displays. The succession of these renders the place agreeable enough for polite strangers of all sorts, and particularly for ladies. A woman of quality, who is fond of party-going and carousing, need be at no loss for occupation at this place during the session of Congress.

At these gatherings of the people the individuals assembled amuse themselves in the customary way. Tea, coffee, cakes, wet and dry fruits, lemonade, wines, and other refreshments are offered them. They form talking parties, whist parties, loo parties, music parties, and sometimes dancing parties in the different chambers that are thrown open, according to their humour or the circumstances. Many of the ladies refuse to gamble, but with others cards are almost necessities of life, and some of the fine creatures have acquired remarkable skill in their use.

Pockets are not yet restored to their places, and among the first-rate damsels, ridicules and bags are quite in disuse. If they have anything to carry beyond what the hand will contain, they must take with them a beau or some servant to be the bearer.

The President of our Senatorial body is much more indulgent than his predecessor was. Burr excluded the ladies from the fires and floor where the Senators sit, and confined them to the gallery; but Clinton admits them to the places they before occupied in the lobby. The consequence is, that our presiding officer, who is a man of gallant spirit and feelings, has the pretty girls fair in his eye, and enlivens himself by the prospect during a tedious debate; and the Senators themselves can now and then leave their scarlet arm-chairs, and relieve their weary limbs while they saunter about a little in the lobby, and pay their adorations to the sovereigns of the land.

As my paper is almost filled, and my time elapsed, I must terminate my epistle. But before I lay down my pen, I beg to renew the assurances of respect for yourself.

S. L. MITCHELL.

THE CALIFORNIAN

AND

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

A WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE DOCTRINES OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE most difficult age to understand is our own age. The eye of the mind has somehow grown old, and so is too farsighted. Ancient Rome we partly comprehend, and the Middle Ages, and the time of Elizabeth; but who knows much about this more wonderful time that is close to us and in which we live? The histories all begin far back, and hardly catch up even with the beginning of our own century. The historians of literature tell us a great deal about Pope and Dr. Johnson, and the faded old literary forms of the past, but when we look for the far greater poets and thinkers of our own century, we find hardly even their names. Sometimes it seems as if it would be better to write our histories backward, and begin by knowing something of the age in which we live. And for the very reason that it is the age in which we must live. It is the air of the nineteenth century that we must breathe, or die of intellectual suffocation. It is on the mid-stream of these great currents of modern thought that we must learn to steer our way, or be overwhelmed and drowned in them altogether.

When, a few weeks ago, Darwin and Emerson died, there can be no question that two of the leaders of our time passed away. The Englishman, a leader in the boldest explorations along the plains of scientific thought; the American, a leader along the everlasting hills of ethical and philosophical thought. Both thinkers, great men: both regions of thought, noble fields for intellectual effort. For who would fail to understand this Nature that is under our feet, and who would fail to understand this human spirit and human life, whose value alone gives any significance—for us—to Nature?

It is common enough to assume that there is some sort of difference in kind between the results of thought in natural science, and in ethics or philosophy. No doubt, too, there is abundant excuse for this error in the fact that much of the thought and the writing in the sphere of natural science has been careful, painstaking, accurately true; while much of that in the sphere of human concerns has been loose, hasty, unreliable. But that would naturally be so. Every one supposes that he knows all about

life, because its plainer facts are so familiar and universal; while the minute anatomy of the beetle is left to the specialist. When, however, we do find a man whose observation is worth something as to human science and the science of the conduct of life—in other words, when we have the results of one who is a specialist in this region, painstaking, accurate, purely truth-seeking in his work, these results are of interest and value. A certain flippancy in the tone of youthful devotees of natural studies towards philosophical thought is not, however, to be laid to the charge of such studies, or to their methods. The subjects of the natural studies are fascinating and useful, and they are a great training school as to method. Any occasional narrowness of horizon may be attributed to the ease with which such studies are entered upon and pursued, even by the very young, and therefore to the small degree of general education and enlargement of view through liberal study possessed by some of their enthusiastic followers. The really great men in these different spheres of investigation never fail to recognize one another. The little valleys may know nothing of distant peaks, but the mountain summits answer each other with the first beams of the sunrise. It was Prof. Tyndall, for example, who said of Emerson: "Years ago, I picked up on a stall a copy of his 'Nature.' I read it with such delight; and I have never ceased to read it; and if any one can be said to have given the impulse to my mind, it is Emerson. Whatever I have done, the world owes to him." And yet we often find our great philosophical writers and poets subjected to the withering scorn of young persons who have just begun to hear, in the periodicals, about some such thing as "science," and who have, perhaps, a cousin that collects butterflies.

When a man like Emerson writes down a statement concerning man or concerning life, it is either true or false. If it is true, it is just as much scientific truth as though it were an observation on a mineral or on an asteroid, only it is apt to be more than merely a scientific truth, or an isolated,

single fact, and to become by its largeness, by its probing to an inner and general law through the superficial and particular fact, a philosophical truth. It is, indeed, from the body of such truth that has been and is still accumulating that we have slowly acquired civilization. It is what has "brought men out of the woods," and kept them there. For it has determined, not so much what sort of a house a man should live in, though it has had a good deal more to do with that than is commonly supposed, but what sort of a man should live in the house—a somewhat more important question.

In Emerson's first essay, entitled *Nature*, and published in 1836, we see already the clear color of the central thought that tinges all his writings: that Idealism, which reminds us of Berkeley, and which indeed may have been a lineal descendant from him, perhaps through Jonathan Edwards. "It may be doubted," he boldly says in this essay on *Nature*, "whether nature outwardly exists." "The universal essence, which is not wisdom, or love, or beauty, . . . but all in one, is that for which all things exist, and that by which they are. Behind Nature, throughout Nature, spirit is present." "The Divine Circulations never rest nor linger." "Wisdom is infused into every form. It has been poured into us as blood: it convulsed us as pain; it slid into us as pleasure; we did not guess its essence, until after a long time." And if this sounds to any one not only like Idealism, but like Pantheism, what shall we say of the poet Matthew Arnold, who sings of that strange bitter-sweet soul Heine:

"The spirit of the world
Beholding the absurdities of men
Let a sardonic smile
For one short moment wander o'er his lips.
That smile was Heine."

And what shall we say of Tennyson, who sings of the mysterious vision of the world,

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains,
Are not these, O soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?
Speak to Him thou, for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet—

Closer is He than breathing and nearer than hands
and feet.
And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man
cannot see,
But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it
not He?"

And what of Wordsworth, who sings of that

"Something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns."

And what, in fact, of Paul himself, who says,
"in him—in *him*—we live, and move,
and have our being." One cannot indeed
look far in literature either ancient or mod-
ern, sacred or profane, without finding some
glimpses of such doctrine.

The two friends, Emerson and Carlyle,
were akin as to their doctrines in certain
ways. Both believed in individual power,
and heartily admired the hero: only with
Carlyle it was the power of will, in outward
act; with Emerson it was the power of the
intellect, in inward self-control and thought.
They both despised egotism: but with
Carlyle it was especially the ethical egotism
of seeking only one's own happiness; with
Emerson it was the intellectual egotism of
seeing only one's own concerns. Carlyle's
golden precept was, "Act, work! Do the
duty that lies nearest thee!" Emerson's
was, "Think thy thought. Contemplation
—that also is action."

In asking what are the chief doctrines of
the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson, let
us bear in mind that concerning any man's
creed we had far better ask what it is, than
what it is not: what the man believes and
affirms, rather than what he doubts or omits
to affirm. If his creed seem to us to lack
something of being the full round of truth,
we can perhaps supply that which is want-
ing; but let us be sure to see, first of all,
whether it does not contain something
which our faith needs, and for which we
may thank his clearer insight. We do not
go into the garden and say, this rose-bed
does not contain a single lily: root it up
and fling the bushes over the fence; but we
take the roses and are thankful for them.
And so it is time to give up expecting all

truth from any single mind. His particular
truth the man will give us, if we patiently
look for it and listen to it. The important
thing is, not to be forever sitting in judg-
ment upon an author: we do not do so with
our friends, why should we with our books?
Seneca says, "Before we form a friendship
we should criticise, but after forming it we
should only trust." And Marcus Aurelius
says, "When thou wouldst be joyful, call to
mind the good qualities of those who live
with thee." Is there not a certain imperti-
nence in the air with which every babler
will affect to find the shortcomings of this
or that great man, when if he were to have
the unlikely luck ever to be in the same
room with him, he would instantly acknowl-
edge him as a master, and be silent before
his greater personality? Is not the important
thing, with regard to those whom the whole
world accepts as master, to try our best to
understand them, first of all?

A man's teachings and his spiritual in-
fluence lie always in three great regions,
wherein are the activities of the three-fold
human spirit: in the region of the intellect,
in the region of the feelings, and in the
region of the active powers, or will. It is
in these three great regions that the human
mind has through all ages gone out in hun-
ger and thirst for satisfaction. Wordsworth,
who was a great critic as well as a great
poet, recognized this when he said that it is
a test for all literature that it shall make us
wiser, or *happier*, or *better*. We shall hard-
ly improve on that as a test. For the intel-
lect, in its hunger after truth, we find in
every great writer certain intellectual con-
ceptions that exalt and reinforce the mind.
For the feelings, in their hunger after happi-
ness, we find certain spiritual moods that
inspire us. For the will and the life, in its
hunger after some form of satisfactory activity
—some object, some purpose, we find sug-
gested certain ethical aims.

Taking these three regions in their order,
and first that of the intellect, we find in the
writings of Emerson, as a fundamental con-
ception of the mind, underlying all his think-
ing, the conception of Transcendentalism, or

the Over-soul. Let us find this expressed in his own eloquent words. In his essay on the Over-soul he says:—"The soul gives itself, alone, original, and pure, to the Lonely, Original, and Pure, who, on that condition, gladly inhabits, leads, and speaks through it. Then is it glad, young, nimble. Behold, it saith, I am born into the great, the universal mind. I am somehow receptive of the great soul. More and more the surges of everlasting nature enter into me."

And this passage illustrates the precise meaning of the word transcendentalism. For this is the doctrine that there are ways of access to truth which *transcend* the ordinary ways through the senses. This doctrine came, we should remember, as a reaction against the English philosophy of Locke and his followers, who affirmed that the mind is but a sheet of blank paper, (of miraculous reflecting paper, to be sure) till it is written full of ideas by impressions through the senses. Not so, said the Transcendentalists. There are avenues of truth which transcend these senses: the very soul of man has a mysterious vital contact with the ever-present mind of God. As Emerson again says in this same essay: "Ineffable is the union of man and God in every act of the soul. Not a wall, not an intersection is there anywhere in nature, but one blood rolls uninterruptedly an endless circulation through all men, as the waters of the globe are one sea, and truly seen its tide is one." And again he says: "We distinguish the announcements of the Soul by the term Revelation. For this communication is an influx of the Divine mind into our mind. It is an ebb of the individual rivulet before the flowing surges of the sea of life."

And again, from the "Method of Nature":—"The doctrine of this Supreme Presence is a cry of joy and exultation. I praise with wonder this great reality which seems to drown all things in the deluge of its light. I cannot tell if these wonderful qualities which house to-day in this mortal frame, shall ever re-assemble in equal activity in a similar frame; but this one thing I know, that these qualities did not now begin

to exist, cannot be sick with my sickness, nor buried in any grave; but that they circulate through the universe. Let those fear and those fawn who will. The soul is in her native realm, and it is wider than space, older than time, wide as hope, rich as love. Pusillanimity and fear she refuses with a beautiful scorn; they are not for her who putteth on her coronation robes, and goes out through universal love to universal power." Such then is Emerson's transcendentalism.

In the region of the feelings, nothing is more prominent in the writings of Emerson than his spirit of perfect faith in the Divine wisdom and care. In the essay on "Immortality" he says:—"All the comfort I have found, teaches me to confide that I shall not have less in times and places that I do not yet know. Shall I hold on with both hands to every paltry possession? All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen." And again, in "Spiritual Laws":—"O my brothers, God exists. There is a soul at the center of Nature, and over the will of every man. Shall not the heart that has received so much trust the Power by which it lives? May it not quit other leadings, and listen to the Soul that has guided it so gently, and taught it so much, secure that the future will be worthy of the past?"

And in the essay on "Worship":—"Of immortality the soul, when well employed, is incurious. It is so well, that it is sure it will be well. The son of Antiochus asked his father when he would join battle. 'Dost thou fear,' replied the King, 'that thou only in all the army wilt not hear the trumpet?' Higher than the question of our duration is the question of our deserving. Immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in future, must be a great soul now. Men suffer from politics, or bad neighbors, or from sickness, and they would gladly know that they were to be dismissed from the duties of life. But the wise instinct asks, 'How will death help them?' These are not dismissed when they die. You shall not wish for death out of pusillanimity. The weight of the Universe

is pressed down on the shoulders of each moral agent to hold him to his task. The only path of escape known in all the worlds of God is performance. You must do your work, before you shall be released. And as far as it is a question of fact respecting the government of the Universe, Marcus Antoninus summed the whole in a word: 'It is pleasant to die, if there be gods; and sad to live, if there be none.'" Such is the spirit of faith and trust in Emerson.

But it is in the third great region of influence, that of the active powers, the will, the aims and purposes of action—the ethical region, that Emerson's writings have had and will continue to have the profoundest effect upon men. And here I can speak of but one or two among his many noble ethical teachings; those, namely, which run as central threads through all his thought; those in which he unites the best of the doctrines of the Stoics with the best of those of the Epicureans: the attainment of a calm, courageous, self-sustained character, and the living of the serene intellectual life. Many of the utterances of Emerson here breathe the very spirit of the greatest philosophers of the Stoic school. "Calamity," says Seneca, "is the opportunity for courage." "There is nothing grand that is not also calm." "Never is the soul grander than when she rises above all that is foreign to her, so as to find her peace in fearing nothing, and her wealth in coveting nothing." And Epictetus says, "Ask thyself if thou wouldst rather be rich or happy: for to be rich is neither good in itself, nor wholly in thy power, but to be happy is both good and possible." "If you see anybody wail and complain, call him a slave, though he be clad in purple." Renounce, abstain—said the Stoics. Yet, replied the Epicureans, not in order to be miserable. Be a self-controlled Man: that is virtue, and virtue is happiness.

In his essay on Heroism Emerson says:—"The characteristic of heroism is, its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits, and starts of generosity. But when you have chosen your part, abide by it, and do

not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world." And again:—"Let the maiden with erect soul walk serenely on her way. The silent heart encourages her: O friend, never strike sail to a fear! Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas." And once more:—"There is no weakness or exposure for which we may not find consolation in the thought—this is a part of my constitution, part of my relation to my fellow-creatures. Has nature covenanted with me that I should never appear to disadvantage, never make a ridiculous figure?" "It was a high counsel that I once heard given to a young person—'Always do what you are afraid to do.'"

Are there anywhere in literature utterances more tonic and bracing than such as these?

"Insist on yourself," he says again in the essay on Self-Reliance; "never imitate. There is at this moment for you an utterance brave and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or the pen of Moses or Dante, but different from all these." And in *Spiritual Laws* he says, "I desire not to disgrace the soul. The fact that I am here certainly shows me that the soul had *need* of an organ here. Shall I not assume the post? Shall I skulk and dodge and duck with my unseasonable apologies and vain modesty, and imagine my being here impertinent?"

We note everywhere in Emerson the teaching of this cheerful serenity. As in *Spiritual Laws*: "Nature will not have us fret and fume. When we come out of the Caucus, or the Abolition Convention, or the Temperance Meeting, or the Transcendental Club, into the fields and woods, she says to us, 'So hot? my little sir.'"

How much of our fuming and fretting it would do away with, could we but realize Emerson's thought that it is not what a man gets or has or seems, that is important, but what he is in his own personality. "Don't say things," he writes in *Social Aims*: "what you are stands over you the while, and thunders so that I cannot hear what you say to the contrary."

In these days of the worship of that golden calf, material progress, worldly suc-

cess, no one has more boldly affirmed the worth of the Intellectual Life, than Emerson. "The inner life," he says, "sits at home and does not learn to do things, nor value these feats at all. 'Tis a quiet, wise perception. Why should we be cowed by the name of action? 'Tis a trick of the senses, no more. We know that the ancestor of every action is a thought. To think, is to act." " 'He can toil terribly,' said Cecil of Sir Walter Raleigh. These few words sting and bite and lash us when we are frivolous." "Let the scholar measure his valor by his power to cope with intellectual giants. Leave others to count votes and calculate stocks. His courage is to weigh Plato, to know Newton, to judge of Darwin, and, on all these, arouse the central courage of insight." "Here you are set down, scholars and idealists," he goes on, "as in a barbarous age; amidst insanity, to calm and guide it; amidst fools and blind, to see the right done: under bad governments, to force on them by your persistency, good laws. Around that immovable persistency of yours, statesmen, legislatures, must revolve; denying you, but not less forced to obey."

Emerson's written style had the character of his mind. Indeed what is "style," but the individuality of a mind? In his case, positive, simple even to austerity; its difficulty coming merely from its condensation, and from the far reaches of the thought itself. There are no amplifications in his sentences; no qualifications; "this is, this is not." You can find no adjectives on his page: no subjunctive moods, no *ifs* or *therefores*. It is the style of a poet, not of a logician. It is reason, but not reasoning.

His mind was the typical Yankee mind: acute, shrewd, practical, and at the same time imaginative. It was, in the Yankee phrase, gumption, horse-sense, linked with seraphic vision. His habit of sagacious observation, alone, would have made the scientific man: his habit of meditation, alone, would have made the metaphysician: having both he was greater than either scientist or metaphysician; he was a poet and philosopher. If there was one thing more than

another that characterized his spiritual instincts, it was the love of clear, hard facts as against all foggy illusion. As he says twice in different essays—"hug your fact!"

And if there was one thing more than another that characterized his intellectual habitude, it was what we may call the bird's-eye view: the conception of things seen in the large; everything in its due relations to all things. Every one knows how in times of trouble, in unmanageable moods, this bird's-eye view has power to tranquilize the mind; when one looks down at the whole affair, the whole neighborhood, the whole town, the whole round planet, as from some distant peak—and sees his trouble and himself dwindle to nothingness in the large perspective. Such seems to have been Emerson's habitual frame of mind.

The style of his later writings is in one respect different from that of his earlier works: less curt and concise, less oracular and epigrammatic; more natural, more consecutive, and therefore much easier to read. The stranger to his thought should read Emerson backward: beginning at his last book, and so on back to those marvelously crystallized, poetic utterances of his earlier years. And last of all, perhaps, he should read his poems; and then he will like them best of all.

In Emerson's poems, we find every one of these chief teachings of his, only even more subtly and beautifully expressed. We have noted, in the intellectual region, his conception of transcendentalism, the ever-present nearness of the over-soul. So in the poem, "Woodnotes," he sings:—

"From form to form he maketh haste,
This vault which glows immense with light,
Is the inn where he lodges for a night.
Thou meetest him by centuries,
And lo! he passes like the breeze.
Thou seek'st in globe and galaxy,
He hides in pure transparency.
He is the axis of the star,
He is the sparkle of the spar,
He is the heart of every creature.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can.*"

And as we noted throughout his prose, in the region of the feelings, his spirit of faith and trust, so in the poem the "World-Soul":

"Spring still makes spring in the mind,
When sixty years are told;
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,
And we are never old.
Over the winter glaciers,
I see the summer glow,
And through the wild-piled snow-drift,
The warm rose buds below."

And in the Threnody:

"Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?
Verdict which accumulates
From lengthening scroll of human fates,
Voice of earth to earth returned,
Prayers of saints that inly burned—
Saying, *What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again.*

Not of adamant and gold
Built he heaven stark and cold;
No, but a nest of bending reeds,
Flowering grass, and scented weeds;
Built of tears and sacred flames,
And virtue reaching to its aims.

Past utterance, and past belief,
And past the blasphemy of grief,
The mysteries of Nature's heart;
And though no Muse can these impart,
Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,
And all is clear from east to west."

And, finally, as we noted, in the region of the will and the active life, his ethical conception of the calm and courageous personality, so in his poem "Sursum Corda":

"Seek not the spirit, if it hide
Inexorable to thy zeal;
Trembler, do not whine and chide:
Art thou not also real?"

And the same thought in the "Fable":—

"The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel;
And the former called the latter 'Little Prig';
Bun replied,

'You are doubtless very big;
But I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.'

"Be what you are": seems constantly to be his ethical thought. Carrying your forest, or cracking your nut, "as by thy laws," you shall surely "make the action fine."

Throughout his writings Emerson is in the truest sense a conservative. I mean to say that he holds our gaze on those primal truths that amid all these shifting notions of the day we are in danger of forgetting. We all remember the passage with which he closes the volume of the *Conduct of Life*:—"The young mortal enters the hall of the firmament. Every god is there sitting in his sphere. There is he alone with them alone. On the instant, and incessantly, fall snow-storms of illusions. He fancies himself in a vast crowd which sways this way and that, and whose movements he must obey: he fancies himself poor, orphaned, insignificant. The mad crowd drives hither and thither, now furiously commanding this thing to be done, now that. What is he that he should resist their will, and think or act for himself? Every moment, new changes, and new show-ers of deceptions, to baffle and distract him. And when, by and by, for an instant, the air clears, and the cloud lifts a little, there are the gods still sitting around him on their thrones—they alone with him alone."

So we might say the soul stands in these days, and above are sitting on their thrones the great primal truths. Around us fall the shifting snow-storms of doubts, and denials, and perplexities; but when the calm mind speaks to us, and the air clears, and the cloud lifts a little, there are the great truths still above us on their thrones, they alone with us alone.

E. R. SILL.

THE COLLEGE OF CALIFORNIA WATER PLAN.

THE preparatory department of the College of California was established at Oakland in 1853. But it was never intended that the college itself should be permanently located there. It did not seem to be the best climate. The view was limited. The site was too low and flat. And it could never have a stream of running water flowing through its grounds.

And so, while the college school was training the boys, and bringing forward some of them toward fitness to enter upon college studies, the trustees were searching for the best college site. They had this in view for years, in their business journeys and recreation tours. They wanted to fix upon a spot that succeeding generations would find well chosen, and in all respects fitted for the location of a permanent institution of learning. The country was all before them then, and they were aware that if they made a mistake, it would always be seen; but after the institution was once established it could not be remedied.

After such considerations as convenience of access, genialness and healthfulness of climate, fineness of view, and so forth, came the question of water supply. There had been already a sufficient experience of our rainless summers to make plain that this was a matter of first importance. It was easy to see that here, of all places, the grounds of an institution of learning should have an abundant supply of running water, and that it should be so situated as to be distributed under pressure for domestic use and ornamentation.

The more the matter was studied, the more important this question of water was seen to be. It was easy to perceive that health, comfort, and beauty all depended on it. Nothing but plenty of water well distributed could lay the dust of the long summer months, or redeem any part of the landscape

within the grounds from the aspect of dryness, by preserving lawns and shrubbery and flowers. Nothing but plenty of water under proper pressure could be a needed security against fire, or keep the sewerage wholesome and clean. And the drier the season and the less the rain-fall of the year, the greater the need of a copious and unailing supply of water.

It was in view of such considerations as these that the search for the best college site was carried on.

Almost the first place to attract attention was the Berkeley locality. The climate there seemed to be very favorable. The winds seemed tempered and mild. San Franciscans used to leave their dusty city in a tempest of ocean breezes in the forenoon, and, picnicking on the sunny slopes of the Berkeley grounds all day, look down upon the bay covered with white-caps and fog-drifts. Besides, the large grove of trees that bordered the stream was a great attraction. There were noble old evergreen oaks and sycamores and bay trees, with abundance of smaller shrubbery. And then, the outlook was exceptionally fine. Traveled people from the East repeatedly pronounced it rare for any part of the world. Its proximity to the city was in its favor, and its nearness to the lines of travel. It seemed to be well nigh perfection as a college site, and had only one drawback, and that was the smallness of the stream of water.

Thereupon an extensive search for a location with abundance of water was entered upon elsewhere. It was carried on as opportunity offered in successive years. There was no particular haste to come to a conclusion, for the preparatory school was maturing in that early time but slowly, and the actual question of college location was not pressing.

In the spring of 1856 the Rev. Dr. Bushnell

came to California in search of health. His stay with us was most opportune for our purpose. His wish was for an out-of-door life. And for this he was glad to have a congenial errand to engage his attention. To help us in this search for the best college site was just the thing. At once it enlisted his enthusiastic interest. He brought to the work the fruit of a wide observation, and the exercise of a rare judgment.

And Dr. Bushnell was a man who knew well how to make play of that kind of work. How he did it is described in his own racy style in his letters home, written at the time. They appear in the volume of his "Life and Letters." I myself went with him in a good many of his tours of observation, and I remember well the enjoyable time we had. The Mission San Jose was our starting point. Sometimes we traveled on horseback, sometimes in a buggy, and sometimes in the stage. He seemed to be the youngest man of his age that I ever met, and you would never have thought him an invalid. He was always good for a long ride or a hard climb. For the time, you would have thought that the carrying out of the college idea was his life work. In summing up his work at the end of the season, he says:

"I have occupied my whole time down to the last of December in examining views and prospects, exploring water-courses, determining their levels, and gauging their quantities of water, discovering quarries, finding supplies of sand and gravel, testing climates, inquiring and even prospecting to form some judgment of the probabilities of railroads."

And here it is only just to the memory of Dr. Bushnell to recall the accuracy of his foresight as to where a railroad would first break through the Coast Range. After much riding and personal examination, he maintained that it would be exactly where the Central Pacific did, years afterward, locate their road, approaching San Francisco Bay along the Alameda creek. There were no railroads in California then, nor had there been any actual surveys, to give an idea how

the engineering difficulties presented by the Coast Range could best be overcome. Dr. Bushnell's judgment was founded wholly upon what he could see with his eyes. He also thought that the road would approach San Francisco by crossing the lower end of the bay, by means of piling, etc., and then follow up the western shore to the city.

But to return to his report. He proceeds to say:

"I obtained terms of purchase of various sites, and looked somewhat after titles, neglecting nothing necessary to prepare the question for a proper settlement. I have reported on a site at Martinez; also on another at Petaluma valley; on another in the Sonoma valley; on another in the valley owned by Señor Suñol, back of the Contra Costa chain, and five miles distant from the Mission San Jose; on another at Mission San Jose itself; on another at San Pablo; on another at Clinton, or Brooklyn, opposite the city; and on still another in Napa valley."

Dr. Bushnell wrote out a voluminous report of his observations on these several places, and it was copied in full in the records of the College of California, where it may now be found as he left it.

A prolonged investigation was had concerning some of the sites thus reported on. The copiousness of the water supply was greatly in favor of the sites in Suñol's valley and at Mission San Jose and in Napa valley. But their remoteness was against them. They seemed in those days to be much more remote than now. Besides, some of them were encumbered with difficulties of title, and that was an insuperable objection, however many attractions they possessed.

Meanwhile, the College School at Oakland had become a well-known and flourishing institution, and out of its many pupils the first class was nearly ready to enter upon college studies. It was determined not to hasten the change of location from Oakland, but temporarily to open the college there. And so in the year 1860 the college faculty was organized, and the first freshman class was admitted.

In that year, also, after the extensive

survey of other sites before described, the Berkeley site was re-examined. And it was found, after all, on the whole, preferable to either of the others, except as to its water supply.

Thereupon a more thorough examination was had as to this vital matter. The springs in the hills were inspected and their flow was estimated. The water-shed that sends the winter rain into the ravine was measured and its catchment capacity determined. The facilities for building a permanent dam at the point where the opening for Strawberry Creek is narrowest, as that stream passes out of the hills, were examined. It was observed that just above the point where such a dam would be built to the best advantage there was a little valley of several acres, which would hold the water and become a little lake, impounding many millions of gallons. It was thought, on the whole, that an adequate water supply could be here created, and that at no very great expense. If this was practicable, it was the unanimous opinion that this was the best site for the college.

As soon as this conclusion was reached, on April 16th, 1860, the board of trustees met on the grounds, and formally set them apart to the purposes of liberal and Christian learning. The boundaries of the site property were marked, and a fence was ordered to be built around it. But in prosecuting the plans for the water supply two things become necessary. First, to own the land from the college site itself back eastward into the hills constituting the entire catchment basin, and both banks of the stream down to the college property. This was at that time for sale, and the college made the purchase. And while the college studies were going on in Oakland, the first thing done at Berkeley was to begin the work of obtaining an abundance of water. It was found, at this point, that this could not easily be done by the corporation under the college charter. Consequently, in the second place, a College Water Company was organized from among the members of the board of trustees, and was duly incorporated

according to the law of the State, for furnishing pure fresh water to towns and cities. This company thenceforward took the work of carrying out the plans for obtaining water vigorously in hand.

To begin with, an engineer was employed to examine the springs, accurately measure their flow, and report generally on the best method of developing the water supply. He carefully made the examination in the autumn, the dryest time, in 1864. He reported the flow of several springs at that time, which he regarded to be the minimum, as twelve thousand gallons every twenty-four hours. He reported also the flow of another spring a little distance to the north, of which the owner had given the college a deed, to be ninety thousand gallons in twenty-four hours.

He also reported on the practicability of building the dam before spoken of, representing that it could be inserted between the two walls of solid rock that bordered the ravine in the narrowest place, and thus impound a heavy body of water from the winter's rains for use in summer. Meantime the flow of the springs would be continually running into this reservoir. This flow, the engineer reported, could be greatly increased by carefully opening the springs themselves, and conducting the water down in pipes, thus saving seepage and evaporation.

He suggested, also, that trees be planted around the springs, to extensively shade them and the ground near them. To provide for this, seeds were obtained and were sowed in a nursery, and the little shoots that sprung from them have now grown on that spot in the hills into a little forest of green trees. They were not transplanted at the right time to the spaces around the springs, as they should have been; and some who now see them there, apparently so out of place, wonder how they can have come there. They cannot tell their own story, or explain that they sprang from seeds planted for a different purpose some eighteen years ago.

Early in the year 1867, the actual work of

bringing the water to the college grounds and distributing it under pressure for use was commenced. A point was selected for a small reservoir high enough on the hillside to furnish a water supply to residences and lots situated on the highest practicable levels. It was intended that enough water should always be brought into that small reservoir from the higher springs to supply the demand of the few residences on those high levels, that could not get it from the great reservoir proposed below. Meanwhile, at the beginning, and until the larger reservoir was built, the small reservoir would be sufficient to serve as the source of supply for all. For it was part of the plan to furnish not only the college itself with water, but, for a reasonable compensation, all who might desire to take it. The reservoir was well and permanently built of brick, and water was brought in a flume from the proper point in the stream and poured into it. Thence it was conducted in iron pipes to the college site, and to all points near by, where it was called for.

This preliminary development of the proposed water-works was completed in July, 1867. It was determined to celebrate the event by a kind of inaugural picnic. Invitations were sent out for Saturday, August 4th. People went over from San Francisco in the morning boat, and went out to the grounds in omnibuses. People from Oakland and the country around went in carriages. It was an occasion much enjoyed. A San Francisco daily, in giving an account of it, said:

"The location is just where climate, scenery, and living water have combined to furnish every desirable requisite for the site of a great university. In the hills, or mountains, which form the background, are springs and rivulets of water. These have been taken up and conducted over the grounds. The present capacity of these preliminary works is about three hundred thousand gallons a day; but by building a dam, and so making a great reservoir, which can be done at any time in the future, at small cost, the supply can be increased to any desirable extent.

"The successful introduction of water has so much to do with the comfort, health, and prosperity of the people, and the progress of this enterprise is of such public importance, that it was well worthy of a public celebration.

"The fountain at the lower end of the grounds attracted attention from a great distance. The jet was about seventy-five feet high, and the head can at any time be increased so as to throw the water over the highest building which will be erected for public or private use in the vicinity.

"Several prominent gentlemen were on the ground, and made impromptu speeches. They all testified to the exceeding beauty of the locality, and expressed the strongest convictions that upon that spot would grow up the great educational establishment of California."

The demonstration of the value of water distributed according to the plan of these works awakened a new interest in the further prosecution of them. Although it was plain enough that the sources of supply already owned by the college, if properly developed, were sufficient for its separate uses, it was plain also that the community around would want water as well. And one prime condition of making the college successful on that spot was the gathering of people to build their homes there, and gradually create a college town. Nature had furnished other attractions to bring them. It only remained to provide a copious water supply. This added would make the locality the choicest possible for rural homes.

The question was, whether there were streams farther back in the hills from which more water was available. A preliminary examination was had. It seemed to show the possibility of bringing in the Wild Cat Creek, a copious mountain stream, and pouring its waters into our great reservoir, as proposed. An instrumental survey was ordered, and proved the supposition to be correct.

Immediately the legal steps were taken by the water company to acquire the necessary rights. At the same time negotiations

were had with the owners of the land traversed by the proposed aqueduct line, and the right of way was secured along the whole distance. Meanwhile, the formal consent of all in any way interested in this use of the waters of the creek was obtained, and the proceedings before the county court of Contra Costa County were successfully concluded.

Next came the selection of the most feasible place for the dam across the Strawberry Creek, and the exact work of the engineer was commenced to show its size, method of construction, and probable cost.

When the survey line for the aqueduct was run from this proposed reservoir to the Wild Cat Creek, the question arose whether it might not be carried still beyond and reach the San Pablo Creek, so as to bring in the waters of that stream on the same line of works. It was deemed to be of importance enough to warrant a survey to ascertain. The survey was carefully made, and the line was found to strike the San Pablo Creek at such a point as would make it perfectly practicable to bring in that river also whenever needed, and pour its waters into our reservoir. There was no difficulty in this case, either, in obtaining from the owners of the land to be crossed the right of way for the aqueduct. But the consent of the owners of the land on the creek below, that we should appropriate the water, was not so readily granted. The application was resisted before the court, and a commission was appointed to estimate the damages.

It was exactly at this stage in the development of the plans for the water supply that the college transferred its whole work over to the hands of the university. At this point, therefore, a few words may be said by way of recapitulation.

As will be seen from the foregoing account, the plans for this water supply were a growth, and were the result of a good deal of study and observation. They were formed step by step, as necessity seemed to require. In the first place, in deciding upon the site itself, it was made a condition that it should include both banks of the stream

through the whole extent of the grounds, in order to avoid all controversy about water rights.

Then the college secured by purchase the land above the site, including both banks of the stream eastward, and covering all the ground from which the springs flowed. This gave complete command of the water sources, and of whatever localities might be chosen for a dam or for dams across the ravine to catch the winter rain-fall.

Then, as a beginning of the works, the small brick reservoir was constructed, well up on the hill-side. It was put there in order to furnish permanently a supply of water to people living on the highest levels, and temporarily to serve for all. This beginning of the enterprise was satisfactory to all concerned.

Meantime, the legal proceedings were carried on by the water company to open the way for appropriating the large mountain streams, as before mentioned, and were completed, except as to San Pablo Creek; as to that, they were in progress.

At the same time the necessary surveys had been made for the location of the aqueduct from the streams to the level of the great reservoir. And the engineer had just completed the measurements for the construction of the dam across the narrow opening of Strawberry Creek, when the entire work went into other hands.

It was in view of this abundant water supply that Fred Law Olmsted was employed in the summer of 1865 to make a topographical survey and map of these college grounds, and lay them out for the future uses of the institution. To prepare to do this, Mr. Olmsted gave the grounds a thorough examination and study. In his printed report he said:

"During the month of August I spent ten days on the ground, usually coming from San Francisco in the morning and returning at night. The climate of San Francisco was at this time extremely disagreeable, while that of the property of the college was as fine as possible. I determined on remaining on the ground for the purpose of ascertaining

whether this mildness would continue, or whether it preceded a change of temperature and a visit of the night wind after night-fall. At sunset the fog clouds were rolling over the mountain-tops back of San Francisco, gorgeous in golden rosy light; the city itself was obscured by a drifting sand. At Berkeley the air remained perfectly serene, and except for the fog banks in the south-west, I never saw a clearer or brighter sky. It remained the same; the air being still of a delightful temperature till morning, when the sun, rising over the mountains in the rear, gave a new glory to the constant clouds overhanging the heights on each side of the Golden Gate."

Mr. Olmsted made his topographical measurements and notes of the entire grounds. He projected avenues, drive-ways, and streets, together with lawns and ornamental plantings, and noted the localities in his opinion best for such buildings as the

college would in time require. He took his notes and sketches home with him to New York, and there made a very large and finely executed map, showing his idea of the best method of improving the grounds. It was constructed on a plan of growth in the work—a little to be done at a time; but each advance was to constitute a part of the designed whole.

But before anything could be done in the way of beginning these improvements, the water supply had to be assured. Consequently the attention of the trustees of the college, so far as these grounds were concerned, up to the time of the before-mentioned transfer, was mainly directed to the obtaining of an abundance of unfailing water for all uses, through the agency of the College Water Company.

At the time of that transfer the work had reached the stage of progress indicated in the preceding account.

S. H. WILLEY.

THORNS.

As we pass by the roses,
 Into your finger-tip
 Bruise you the thorn.
 Quick at the prick you start,
 Crying: "Alas, the smart!
 Farewell, my pleasant friend,
 Wisely our way we wend
 Out of the reach of roses."

O, we pass by the roses!
 Where does the red drop drip?
 Where is the thorn?
 What though 'tis hid and pressed
 Piercing into my breast?
 Scathless, I stretch my hand;
 Strong as their roots I stand,
 And dare to trust the roses.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

THE JAPANESE BONZE'S STORY.

"Excuse me, teacher, if I be tedious," said my shaven-pated and crape-gowned friend; "and I shall tell you the whole story, as I promised."

It was Kun Shonin (his reverence Kun) who spoke, having just finished his first dinner in "foreign style," at the American teacher's house in Fukui, Japan, on an autumn evening in 1873. After I had made the Reverend Mr. Kun's acquaintance, and so far gained the confidence of a Japanese bonze as to invite him to dinner, the entrance of the novel and savory viands of the American had so far opened the heart of this Buddhist monk that I was to hear the story of his life. I was indeed anxious to know the motive that prompted so active and restless a man to enter the sedentary life of the cloister. The story, the truth of which I afterwards had corroborated from others, revealed the fact that the workings of the human heart were the same in mediæval Europe and in the hermit nation of Japan.

"I can recollect very well that I was always a mischievous boy," said the bonze, ending his first sentence with a laugh that was an excellent dentist's advertisement. "Though my mother tried to train me up properly, according to the teachings of the sages, and though I went with her daily and learned the doctrines and prayers of the Nichiren sect, yet I did not love either books or religion. I liked far rather to be fishing in the castle moats, or shooting pheasants, or netting wild ducks on the hills. As for the exercises on horseback, fencing, the spear exercises, wrestling, and such things, I never tired of them.

"When I was thirteen years old, the prince asked my father to present me at the palace. I knew then that he wished me to be his page. All the *samurai's* (gentlemen's) sons thought it a high honor to wait on their

prince in his mansion, to hold his sword, serve him at meals, carry his sandals, and read to him. But I dreaded the monotony of palace life; and when the prince took a fancy to me I professed to be delighted, but in my heart I was angry. However, I came, bringing with me and laying at my master's feet the sign of loyalty usual in our clan—an arrow—and bowing my head to the floor three times.

"All the lads who attended upon the *daimio* had their special, in addition to their general, duty. Mine was to present myself every morning before my lord, and announce to him the state of the weather, the direction of the wind, the temperature of the air, and the probabilities of storm or fair sky for the next twelve hours. This I had to do, as you know, in a stanza of poetry; and as I had never cared to learn meters and composition, or study our poets, I racked my brain daily to fulfil my task. The tediousness of waiting patiently hours at a time upon the commands of my master, and often of sitting motionless for a whole day on my knees, as became a page, and the great change in my habits of life, made me inwardly chafe, and almost 'burst my liver.'

"To make things worse, while one day on an errand of some kind for my lord I passed through that part of the mansion, or *yashiki*, devoted to the use of the women. There I saw for the first time, walking in the long corridor, the prettiest maiden that ever a *samurai* looked on. My heart seemed to bubble up like the springs of Hakoné. As I saw her coming, I dropped my fan purposely, though as if accidentally. The lovely Hoshi (star) seeing it after I had passed her, called me with a voice that sounded like an *unguisu* (nightingale) in a bamboo grove on a moonlight night. Kneeling down, she handed back to me the fan with a blush and a few words of explanation.

"I experienced an entirely new feeling as I looked in her eyes when she bashfully cast her glances upward. Thenceforth that face lay on my heart like the form of Mount Fuji against the sunset sky. Yet I never saw her again during many months; though, finding out where she lived, I bribed a servant of her father's to carry my fan to her, after I had inscribed a love poem on it. I soon knew her passion was kindled for me, for she sent me back, as proof of her feelings, a beautiful tobacco pipe with silver bowl, and mouth-piece inlaid with gold. I used this pipe only when entirely alone, and then, under its soothing influence, great purple clouds full of visions of future happiness seemed to float before me."

Here his reverence dropped into such a prolonged reverie that, after patient waiting some minutes, my interpreter recalled the bonze to his narrative by the question:

"What followed? Please continue. I am more and more interested, for '*Iro hana bakari*,' ('Love is the sweetest flower that blooms in the human heart') as the song goes," said the interpreter, laughing as he quoted the opening words of an old and popular song. On more than one occasion have I seen the room full of company—Japanese youths and singing maidens—burst into lively music with clapping of palms, singing, and guitar music, immediately upon the start being given by some one reproducing the first three words and notes.

"Alas, for my purple visions!" continued the bonze. "I soon found from Hoshi herself that she had been betrothed in her cradle to one Hamada, a son of one of the *daimios*, *Dai Sanji*, or Great Councilor. He was then also an infant. Hoshi had scarcely ever seen her affianced except upon his nurse's back. She was now spending a year at the prince's court, to learn etiquette and wait upon the princess. On leaving the court, she was to be married in less than a year.

"One night I was seen talking with Hoshi by her maid, who informed the young man affianced to Hoshi, who told the princess. Thereupon, next morning I was severely

reprimanded by my lord, and was degraded by being ordered to serve, during the daytime, for one month in the *daimio's* kitchen. I had, however, the privilege of serving tea every evening to my lord while at his supper. By the cooks I was treated as a menial, and I smarted for revenge.

"Alas! if I could leave out of my story what I am about to tell you I should not now be a priest, and men would not gossip about me, nor my enemies laugh as they do. Had it not been for the spirit of revenge and of mischief that possessed me, and which even now, in spite of these robes and smooth skull, and all my prayers to Great Shaka"—here his reverence bowed—"I am not able to control, I should have been a vastly different man. I wear a priest's collar and robes, but I am unworthy to hold my sacred office."

Here his reverence rolled up a pellet of fine-cut, which being lighted, he swallowed or drank the smoke, which in a moment issued in a double stream from his nostrils. Then, cocking his head meditatively, his eyes assumed a far-off expression as he continued:

"Let me see: it was on the tenth night of the tenth month, just twenty-five years ago, when the whole mansion of my master, the *daimio*, was as light as day, and painted candles were as numerous as the pines on Atago Yama. All the lords and high officers of the province were squatted on the mats in 'The Hall of Six Hundred Mats,' chatting together two by two, while sixty *hibachi* (fire-braziers) and tobacco-trays in the eastern hall were ranged for the guests.

"In the center of the banqueting room, shut off from the other apartments by sliding doors, was a huge globe of flowers of every hue. These formed a bouquet eight feet high, but all rested on one small porcelain stand shaped like a lotus flower and stalk. A florist, who had come up from Kioto specially for the occasion, had spent an entire day upon the work.

"All around the base were ranged, with the best culinary skill of a cook brought specially from Yedo for the feast, a

number of prepared dishes of all sorts. The sixty-six provinces of the empire were represented by sixty-six dishes of many shapes. Some of the trenchers were as large as the full moon. The arrangement of the dishes was such that, with their various sizes, colors, and shapes, they formed a map of the empire and islands, in delicious food. Yet each dish was easily reached by spaces left on the matting, representing the great highways of the country. There were mountains in pastry, and lakes in jelly, and sea-shores in green, and groves in leaves and boughs. The huge flower-vase was set right on the high table-land of Shinano, in the center of the miniature empire.

"It was such a splendid triumph of culinary and floral art, that all the company after they should have assembled were to inspect and admire it before the feast began.

"My month's degradation to the kitchen had passed, and I was a page again, and in ceremonial hempen blue dress. The other pages and myself were waiting in one corner of the dining-hall, as we were to serve the guests, when Sekino, a young fellow as bad as myself, suddenly dared me to kick over the gigantic bouquet of flowers. I had just been boasting of my courage, and lo! the test came, and with it a temptation to gratify my revenge. Not stopping to think, and as if urged by an *oni*, (devil) I gave the base a kick, and down fell the heap of flowers. The splendid Owari porcelain vase four feet high, and the stand made in the form of a great lotus flower, were broken, the water spilled out, and in a moment the whole work of cook and florist were mixed together in confusion. Jellies and pastes, petals, leaves, and stems, and broken crockery were all jumbled together, and some of the huge round platters were broken.

"In a moment the hall was filled by servants and the officers, who had rushed in to see what was up. I was seized, and fortunately; for the infuriated master cook looked as if he would kill me. I heard afterwards that the poor man, seizing a long fish knife, could hardly be kept from suicide. That night I spent, cold and wretched, among

common thieves and beggars in prison. Instead of being confined as persons of the *samurai* class usually are, in my own house, I was sent to the public jail. There I stayed a whole month, living on the prison fare of two balls of bad rice and a bit of pickled radish daily.

"Meanwhile, the high officers of the prince sat in judgment on my case. My crime was considered a direct insult to the prince, and I was condemned to death. As I was a *samurai*, I was not to be publicly decapitated, but was to be allowed to commit suicide by opening my bowels with a dirk.

"You may imagine how broken-hearted my mother was; and my father almost began to doubt whether I was indeed his son. As for my old nurse, who always doted on me, she was firmly convinced that I had been suddenly possessed of a fox, and thus had acted contrary to all reason and propriety. So she fried a huge quantity of bean-curd, laid it before the shrine of Inari Sama, and piteously besought him in my behalf. I verily believe, from what I heard, that she spent half her wages for the month while I was in prison, for offerings to the deity, and food for the foxes that haunt his shrine.

"The day was fixed on which I was to commit *hara kiri*. My short sword, already wrapped round the blade with white paper, was laid on the tray. The silver paper screen was made ready. I had requested, partly to punish him for his rashness, but mainly from old friendship, my companion, Sekino, the page who had dared me to kick over the vase, to be my executioner. He was to sever my head from behind, after I should thrust the dirk into my bowels. What turned the sentence which was meant to be honorable suicide into deep disgrace, was the fact that the chief butler of the *daimio* was chosen inspecting officer of the execution.

"But by the grace and favor of Kuanon, (the goddess of mercy) who succors even the most undeserving, my life was spared. The chief priest of the temple at which my mother worshiped took pity on me. He was about to leave Tosa, my native province,

and go to Echizen. He wanted a servant and a neophyte. At my mother's intercession he went to the *daimio*, and begged him to pardon me, promising to make me his disciple and remove me from the country. His reverence happened to be in the good graces of the prince, and the request was granted. Life was sweet to me, and I gave my promise to the priest, and shaved off my hair immediately, in token of my renunciation of the world.

"Leaving the prison without even bidding my family farewell, or making an attempt to see Hoshi, I came to Fukui. Here I entered the monastery, resolving to live a new life, and to become one of the strictest of the Nichiren sect. I diligently applied myself to the study of the sacred books in Chinese and Sanscrit. For five years I spent in study every hour I could spare from meals and sleep and duties at the temple, so that I read the whole of the sacred canon, especially the books of our sect and its great founder. I became an instructor in the monastery even when but twenty years old. I was also able to argue with old priests, so that before I was thirty I was known not only throughout all the temples and monasteries of our sect, but even among those of others. I kept myself from all luxuries, abstaining from wine, from society, and everything that seemed to me to be snares. I determined to show, should I ever return to my native province, that the boy was a true priest.

"But all this time there was a face unforgotten, that I could not banish from my memory. In spite of all my prayers and labors, it was ever fresh and fair. I used to chide myself for allowing a moment's reverie over a girl whom I had seen when but a boy. 'What a fool are you!' I said to myself, 'Even were Hoshi here, what would it avail? A priest may not marry unless he joins the wretched sect of the Montos which I could not jeopardize my soul by doing. Celibacy for life is my duty and my chosen path. Why should I nurse such a sinful thought, and lessen my chances of gaining Paradise?'

"I had long since taken the pipe, the gift

of Hoshi, and fastened it to a votive tablet, on which also was my top-knot, cut off when my head was shaved. I hung it before the shrine of Kuanon, in the great temple of our sect in Kioto, while passing through the city on my way to Fukui, where I suppose it still hangs."

I had told my interpreter to translate literally every sentence the bonze uttered, and he did so as far as he was able. The Japanese language is largely figurative, and the Buddhist style of speech extremely so. The English equivalents of Buddhist phrases are often exactly the same as our choicest specimens of hymn-book dialect; and to repeat them as coming from the lips of a heathen priest would expose the writer to the charge of being excessively irreverent. If those persons whose religion consists largely in the stock phrases of their sect were to hear and understand two of the most orthodox heathen Japanese talking together, they would say, "We are ruined by Japanese cheap labor." Certainly, they would confess that the heathen could beat them at their own game. Or else, taking refuge in the easy theory of the Abbé Huc, they might declare that the devil had taught these poor savages how to imitate the genuine thing. As for the interpreter, he tried his best to do the bonze's expressions into English; but not having yet included Watts, Rouse, and Tupper in his range of studies, he often failed totally to do the old bonze justice.

"And is your heart so completely weaned away from earthly things that you are never tempted by pretty faces and lovely forms? Has nothing ever lured you to leave the priesthood?" I asked.

"I can safely say," said his reverence with a smile, "that no woman's face in Fukui has ever yet disturbed me, and I doubt if any can. Indeed, to tell the truth, my heart is ashes, like the body of my poor Hoshi, and my thoughts follow only her."

"What do you mean in referring to 'ashes'? are you speaking figuratively?"

"No, truly not, but literally and in earnest. The maiden died within a few months after I

became a priest, and before her prospective marriage. Nobody knew of what she died; though I heard incidentally, from my patron priest, that she asked that a particular fan should be packed in the coffin and consumed with her. Every one wondered at it, though it was done as she said; and, as you know, the fire leaves nothing in the cremation furnace but hot, white, and glowing bones."

The bonze's story was finished. The

heavy beam in the temple belfry swung on its ropes, and nine times struck the boss on the outer surface of the bell, flooding the valley with waves of liquid melody. It was "eight o'clock," the hour of midnight, "the hour of the ox"—from 12 P. M. to 2 A. M.

"*Sayonara*," (Good by) said his reverence, with a profound bow. "*Sayonara O Shidzukani*," (Good by, walk slowly) said the host; and the Reverend Mr. Kun disappeared. WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

REMINISCENCES OF THE GOLD PERIOD.

WITH the knowledge now possessed by the pioneers of the California gold-hunting rush, in respect to the difficulties and hardships which had to be overcome to reach the diggings after their arrival in San Francisco, it is amusing, although not very flattering to the foresight or the shrewdness of the greater portion of them, to recall the scenes and incidents of that unexampled and unmatched period; the causes which immediately prompted them to join in the rush; the modes by which they came; and the accidents or singular chain of circumstances by which they were either led to good fortune or brought to ill luck.

When the intelligence of the discovery of gold in California first came, in indistinct manner, to the people of the United States, it created very little concern. Subsequently, more definite reports began to produce some sensation; and the return from the newly acquired territory of two or three in official position who corroborated these reports, but had brought none of the precious metal to verify their own statements, had the effect of dampening the fervor of those who first showed symptoms of the gold fever, quite as much as of rousing it in others. It was argued that no person would hasten away from a land where gold was to be had for the digging of it from the soil, and much less would any

come from it without bringing some of the ore with him. Even in the one or two instances wherein these returned expeditionists had brought "specimens" with them for exhibition to substantiate their recitals, the "stuff" they showed as gold, of dull copper hue, and totally unlike anything in the appearance or form of gold that the people had ever seen, caused their stories to be received with unbelief, and themselves to be viewed as Munchausens or impostors.

Jewelers and workers in gold—the gold then known to the world, bright and rich to look upon—were incredulous. And one instance is known in which the practical joke of two friends wrought the craze of the fever, by means of what are known as "jewelers' drops," upon other of their friends who had stood proof against the allurements of every other kind to dispose them to the gold hunt in the new El Dorado. Tom Eden was a "Boston boy," cute, and of sly, deep humor, foreman of Caspar C. Child's old New York "Daily Globe." One of his companions was a waggish jeweler of Philadelphia, then working in New York. It was in the early winter of 1848-49, and the newspapers were measurably working up the gold fever, alike by authentic reports, as they proved, and by sensational articles. Among the six hundred volunteers of Colonel Jonathan D. Stevenson's regiment for

California, who had sailed from New York in 1846, were two printers, Dave Norris and Bill Layton; both were friends of Tom Eden, and generally known and much liked among the craft, who commonly rendezvoused at such popular resorts for printers and reporters, the journalists, writers, wits, and poets (famous among whom were Edgar A. Poe and Bangs) as the Red House, Jacob Linn's, Paddy Quirk's, the Marble Hall, Nag's Head, and "old Charley Wadlow's" Rainbow. These renowned if not classic haunts of Ann and Nassau, Fulton and Frankfort streets were convenient to the offices of the "Herald" and the other bright, newsy dailies, the Sunday papers, the "Mirror" of General Morris and N. P. Willis, and the principal literary publications of the period.

One day Tom Eden received a letter, bearing the St. Louis post-mark of late November, which had evidently been written by Dave Norris, with a brief postscript by Bill Layton, from the "diggings" in California. It contained a very detailed description of the country, the gold mines, the crude methods of mining, their camp life, the abundance of the precious ore, and their rapid accumulation of riches from their own mines; and to feast the eyes of their old friend Tom, they had inclosed in the letter—a full sheet of foolscap—three small "specimens" of the gold they had freshly dug just before the letter was dispatched by the hand of an acquaintance who was about to return to St. Louis by way of Santa Fé. The letter bore date of late summer; and the round number to whom it was shown, who remembered the handwriting of Norris and Layton, instantly recognized it as genuine in that particular, as well as in style. It was, as one exclaimed after the perusal, "Old Dave and old Bill all over." The letter was so uncommonly graphic, descriptive, interesting, and convincing, that its publication was immediately requested by several of the newspapers, and was given to one of them for that purpose.

A Wall Street firm, then engaged in pro-

moting the rush of emigration to California, begged the loan of the three small shining "specimens" to display in their window, and show to the curious who insisted upon closer inspection. They were the size of a large pinhead, smooth, almost like shot, and shiny. Thousands read the published letter, and it was copied into other papers far and wide. Thousands more hurried to Wall Street to see the "specimens." The brokers' office was crammed inside day after day, and crowded outside upon the sidewalk, with the multitude eager to get in to witness at close view the substantial testimony to the golden product of the mines. Men accustomed to handle gold daily, many who wrought in it as jewelers, gold-beaters, and in other ways, handled the tiny "specimens." All wondered over them, thousands grew excited over them and the letter; and the letter and the "specimens" together created a furor and a frenzy of the most demonstrative gold-fever character.

Among Tom Eden's printer friends was one who had thus far been unmoved by the reports from the land of gold. He was doing well, was not disposed to adventure under difficulty or hardship, and was content to let well alone. But the letter and the accompanying "specimens" began to work upon him. Revolutions never go backward; no more do the aspirations awakened by the greed of riches. In a week this person was taken with the fever; in another week he had taken the universal means to its abatement. He joined one of the many joint-stock associations to purchase a ship and go to California by way of Cape Horn. He was only one of hundreds, if not thousands, of others who had been similarly inspired from the same common cause—the Norris and Layton letter and the three small shot-like "specimens."

But before he resigned his good situation, and announced his purpose to make the long voyage, Tom Eden disclosed to him the fact that the letter was not genuine, that the "specimens" were simply "jewelers' drops" specially prepared for the purpose; and that the whole thing was a practical

joke, or in other words, a hoax. His jeweler chum had supplied the "specimens." Tom himself had written the letter and postscript, and sent it to a friend in St. Louis, to be mailed to himself under another cover.

The friendly revelation had no effect on the gold-fever-stricken person. He was now filled with the desire and the determination to go; and he was pleased rather than provoked at the practical joke; tickled, himself, at the consummate skill in its execution, the adroitness and cleverness with which it had been managed. And when the steamboat which accompanied the ship down the lower bay beyond the Narrows, as the company sailed from New York, parted from alongside to return to the city, Tom Eden's hand was the last and the warmest the gladly duped voyager clasped as he took from Tom the proffered bent sixpence, which was as a token of the firm friendship between them.

The practical joke proved his greatest benefit in after life. But what a homily and commentary were furnished in the "specimens," which passed unchallenged and undoubted as genuine virgin gold, pure from the manipulation or the art of man, among the thousands, even the workers in gold, who saw and "inspected" them, and who had at the same time rejected as spurious and denounced as "stuff" the actually genuine specimens that had been exhibited by the one or two who had returned from California with the native gold dug there! And it is appropriate to add that in California, during his long residence here, the person here alluded to found many whose determination to join in the gold hunt was the consequence of that hoaxing letter, and the "specimens" made to give it more pronounced credence; and he found not one of these who ever regretted to learn that it was a hoax, or who was not glad and thankful that he had been deluded by it to his better fortune. Also, it should be said that the description of the letter, as to the method of mining and the mode of life then practiced in the newly discovered gold fields, was singularly faithful, notwithstanding the fact that up to the time it was written no

approximate account of either had reached the Atlantic side. And before another year had passed Tom Eden came to San Francisco himself, but not to dig in the mines; and here he has ever since lived, steadily pursuing his occupation as a "newspaper man."

But, as it is intimated at the outset of this sketch, an extraordinary feature of the gold-hunting expeditions hither was the common neglect to contemplate, forecast, or provide for the means and requirements to reach the mines after arrival in the Bay of San Francisco; and again, in equipping for the voyage and the contemplated sojourn here: for barely a few came to make this coast their permanent abode. Simply to get here was the predominant thought and desire; and as no one knew how far interior the mines were, or how they were to be reached, nobody borrowed trouble, or cared to burden his mind with a matter that none could explain or give trustworthy information upon. Wilkins Micawber, appareled in his grotesque rig for Australia, as he appeared on the deck of the outward-bound ship on the day of his departure from England, was not a more ludicrous object than were many of the California gold hunters by sea voyage, in their absurd and comical outfits. Sailors' pea-jackets, guernsey shirts, oil-cotton suits, sou'westers and tarpaulins, duck trowsers, coarse boots and brogans and pumps, life-preserver belts and vests, and the everlasting sailor chest, for ship-board life; with something sensible and appropriate, however, in the way of dress for the mines; such as heavy coarse woolen suits, hickory shirts, blankets, high-legged stout boots, and gum boots and suits, with mattresses and blankets of the same material, and soft felt hats or cloth caps; while for weapons, the larger number bought the clumsy and nearly unserviceable Allen's "pepper-box" revolver, or the single-barreled pistol of the same maker, or yager smooth-bore rifles, and all manner of knives, from the imitation "Bowie" to the cheap and more useful sailors' sheath-knife. Comparatively few had the more expensive and serviceable Colt's

revolver, fine rifles, or shot guns, although the cheap and handy jack-knife was common to all.

In company outfits, in some instances, were a mixture of the useful and profitable with the nonsensical, extravagant, and worthless, to even more preposterous degree. Thus the thousands of dollars invested in frames and lumber for buildings, and in boats for shallow streams; for stores of clothing, boots, and good provisions, flour, butter, canned fruits, etc., were admirably placed, and found ready sale during the winter of 1849-50, at fabulous prices—lumber selling at from \$300 to \$500 per 1,000 feet; boots at from \$50 to \$100 per pair; and butter, canned fruits, and pickles, in the mines, at from \$3 to \$7 per pound and per can. Saleratus sold for its weight in gold-dust in some of the mining camps; and flour and salt pork at from \$1.50 to \$2 per pound. But the many other thousands put in mining machinery, invented and manufactured by scientific humbugs or theoretic impostors just smart enough or with the cunning to impose upon the ignorant or idiotic, or interested company purveyors or agents, were so many thousands worse than thrown away; for they cost just so much freight for the voyage, and incurred the additional expense in San Francisco Bay of unloading and lighterage, or transportation thence to the mines, only to be abandoned at last as utterly useless for any purpose whatever—save in the very few cases in which they answered as camp coffee-mills, or some of the parts, after dismemberment, served in the construction or repair of rockers. San Francisco beach, the embarcaderos of Sacramento and Stockton, and the mining-camps, were the final deposits of the extravagant trash.

The comparatively small number who brought tents were wise. Common wall-tents, and such as soldiers use, were readily sold for from \$50 to \$100, and a large oiled tent of stout duck in the Louisianian camp, which cost \$150 in New Orleans, and \$100 more to take it to the mines, was sold for \$2,000. Frame houses, all ready to put up,

that cost in the States \$1,000, were snapped up in San Francisco at \$7,000. Picks and shovels sold for an ounce each in the mines, and small crow-bars even higher. In Mormon Gulch \$200 was paid for a rocker which its owner had made in Stockton in a day, and on which he paid \$8 freight by wagon. Colt's pistols were in demand at from \$100 to \$150; and Ned Irwin, of Stevenson's regiment, mining on Stanislaus River with his old comrades Jake Schoonmaker and Frank (now General) Pinto of New York, gave ten ounces of gold-dust for a revolving-chambered rifle.

But the errors and lack of sound judgment in that period of general excitement and craze in preparing for the rush to California, on the part of a great proportion of those who outfitted for the wearisome and perilous journey overland, were more lamentable than any made by the Argonauts of the Cape Horn or Isthmus routes; for they had bitter and harrowing and almost incredible sufferings, and death in its most agonizing forms. Long lines of heavily laden teams, with abundant animals—horses, mules, oxen, and bands of cattle for use in the golden land—started in exuberant spirits from the frontiers across the continent, with banded companies, pledged to stand by one another in times of trouble and danger, only to separate as foes after a few weeks' companionship; to encounter the worst terrors of the unexplored plains, together with the ravages of cholera and the savagery of hostile, thieving, murderous Indians; and finally to succumb to the most painful fate, or to reach the Sierra range in destitute condition, pitifully stripped of all they started with, except bare life itself, and the shreds and rags which had been their store of comfortable clothing. The annals of exploration in wild lands and desert regions furnish not a more sorrowful and horrifying narrative than that which can be truthfully related of the trials and privations and excruciating sufferings of thousands of men, women, and children who then experienced the calamities and horrors of the overland journey: either to arrive here in emaciated, forlorn,

destitute condition, or to leave their bodies as prey to buzzards and wolves, and their bones whitening the track of their passage through the Valley of Death—many fallen from Indian massacre, others by disease and neglect, and some slain by their own comrades, or by Mormon "destroying angels," or by the more terrible agencies of starvation and thirst. Conspicuous in the list of these soul-sickening tragedies is the starvation and death of the Donner family, with its loathsome and brutish concomitant of cannibalism on the part of at least one of the survivors. And for years after the period of the "rush," the way overland bore the traces of the many catastrophes—abandoned wagons, the bones of the animals, the unearthed remains of the numerous victims, and other ghastly evidences.

After the arrival in San Francisco Bay the chief trouble with many of the "around the Horn," and the Isthmus-route emigrants as well, was to work their way to the mines. Some had come away so poor in purse that they had actually not a dollar on their arrival; and yet they found themselves in a city where a cup of coffee or tea and a biscuit or plate of cakes cost one dollar, and a good square meal all the way from two to ten dollars; with eggs a dollar each, milk a dollar a pint, and vegetables still more costly. One of these impecunious emigrants, on going ashore with barely two dimes in his pocket, saw a box of onions in a butcher's shop, and picking up the dainty, as it was to him after his long voyage, bit into it before he asked the price, and then offered the butcher a dime to take out the pay. His eyes expanded as large as his mouth, and his under jaw dropped as if paralyzed, when he was told a dollar was the sum to pay. As the butcher was in want of a hand to help him in his work, he offered the startled emigrant opportunity to immediately work out the price of the onion. He proved himself so handy and expert, that the butcher gave him employment at eight dollars per day; and he was delighted with the situation until, in a few days, he ascertained that twelve dollars per day was the

lowest wages paid for the same work, and that an ounce a day, or sixteen dollars, was the going wages for all kinds of mechanics needed in the city.

The only ways to reach the mining districts were by sail boats to Sacramento or Stockton, and thence by mule or team or afoot to the placers—the last the most common and best way in every respect, with blankets and "grub" packed upon the back. River steamers had not then made their appearance. Not until late in September did the *Pioneer*, the first steamer of the kind, ascend the Sacramento, followed in October by the little *Mint*, a wee iron craft, so crank that a heavy man on the guards would give her a list to that side, and require her momentary stoppage to "trim ship." Early in November she was changed to the *San Joaquin*, and was the first steamboat that ever ran to Stockton. The fare on either river was \$32. But on the schooners and small sail boats, before the advent of the steamers, the fare was from \$16 to \$20; and each passenger was to furnish his own "grub." The trip up or down usually occupied from two to ten days—an average of five days, and sometimes two weeks.

It was a trip to be remembered. Sleep was to be caught as it could be, on deck or in the hold, or in the open boats on the freight; and cooking was equally difficult, sometimes impossible. Above Benicia the mosquitoes were in dense swarms, and ravenous. Old Peter Goodhue, since of horse-trading celebrity, declared, in his emphatic, drawling manner of speech, that once they got at him under a pair of heavy blankets, and "sucked him just like he was a sherry cobbler." The simile was not overdrawn, largely as he was given to drawing upon his capital stock of the marvelous.

Freight to the mines was governed by the distance and the character of the diggings. It was as high as a dollar a pound to some camps not above seventy-five miles away. Ox and mule teams and pack-trains were the freighting mediums, and the mining-bound "passengers," like those who work their way on canals, walked to keep up with the

team or train. To do this on the road to the Southern mines, out of Stockton, was a severe task for any. Water was very scarce, and between the rivers was supplied from shallow wells, which gave the nasty mixture that once caused a Chinaman, who refused the cupful handed to him, to cry out, "Too muchee land!" The broad plain of twenty-five miles to the Stanislaus was barren as a desert, and in the hot sun and over the broken, fissured, parched surface, or the easier but thickly dust-covered road or trail, it was certainly a hard road to travel, athirst and overheated.

At the "Lone Tree" tent, kept by a hot-tempered Scot, was a halting place for refreshments—whisky fifty cents a drink and ale three dollars a bottle. It came near to being a fatal stopping place to one of a small party on their way to the Sonora diggings, keeping company with the team on which their freight was hauled. Obtaining permission to sleep at night under the tent, they all availed themselves of the opportunity, as "camping out" in the open air was yet new to them. In the morning the owner declared that during the night he had been robbed of a bag of gold-dust with about fifty ounces in it, and he particularly charged one of the party with the theft. There were three or four others present who had camped outside. They were on their way from the mines to Stockton; all well armed, and imbued with the lynch-law spirit of the country then rampant, and in no wise given to ceremony or delay in case of crime. The party were strangers in the land, and not disposed to the rash use of weapons; but in any event were not a match for the others. They each and all protested their entire innocence, and the person charged offered to submit to the utmost search. It was all in vain, and the simple assertion of the owner of the tent was as unquestionable proof to the returning miners. The teamster himself seemed to side with the accuser. Hanging or the instant restoration of the money was the alternative offered. Happily, just then a horseman was seen a mile or more away,

rapidly approaching. The Scotchman recognized the rider in due time before he reached the spot, and shouted to him to hasten in. The man came, listened to the various statements, and then ordered the party to depart, saying to the others that he was satisfied that "none of that crowd" had stolen the dust. It was Dick Heath—Major R. W. Heath—who, with his partner, Emory, kept a ferry miles farther on. But the man had been robbed; and it was afterwards confessed by the teamster, on his death-bed, that he had stolen the bag of gold. To save himself, he was willing to have the innocent man, whose freight he was carrying, hanged for the theft.

The roads and trails to the Northern mines were less difficult and painful to travel, so far as plains and water were involved; but the rough and tiresome ascent and descent of mountains, ravines, and gulches, and the weary tramp through cañons, made the one quite as exhausting as the other. Sectional prejudice as well as accident led the gold hunters to their choice between the two divisions. There was, too, a difference in the gold: that in the southern mines was generally coarse gold; that is, it was in larger lumps or nuggets; while that found in the northern mines was fine gold, in scales and dust form; but the average in value was nearly the same.

Mining implements were of the simplest kind—a pick, a shovel, a crow-bar, knife, scraper, and ordinary tin pan being all that was required. Many had not even a bar or a rocker. In some districts the earth paid from surface to bed-rock (or that which was often taken for bed-rock, then) from four to seven feet deep. Claims were apportioned by the laws of the miners in each camp, according to the nature of the ground and its richness. Hence in some a claim was twelve feet front, and thence back to the hill or divide; while in others it was much more, or limited to a stated number of square feet. Each man was entitled to a claim, but to no more: and in many camps, because of the feeling against southern

men, who had brought slaves with them to work in the mines while they idled, neither negroes nor hired hands were allowed to take claims, although they were permitted to work them for others.

Good pay meant an ounce a day or more ; and many abandoned diggings which paid less, in sheer disgust at their "poor luck," to prospect in other places for better diggings: only to acquire the habit of roaming, stopping here and there merely long enough to replenish their purses ; and so to fulfill the trite adage that "the rolling stone gathers no moss." They swelled the multitudes who in subsequent years "rushed" to Gold Lake, Gold Bluffs, Trinidad, Frazer River, Kern River, Cariboo, Okanagen, Florence, Warren's, Boise Basin, Canyon City, Auburn in Idaho, and elsewhere, to end their lives either in sudden manner, by accident or violence, or to become reduced to penury and want, and helpless condition ; and to linger and die in hospitals or poor-houses, or sometimes in prisons. They had started in for their pile ; but they neither made hay while the sun shone, nor let well alone ; nor were they content with wages or sums which in their former period of life, in their early homes, the most fortunate of them would have regarded as much

beyond their most extravagant hopes or desires. They were of the nature of those to whom gold is a curse and its possession a blight.

It is as singular as it was in early mining days proverbial, that the most improvident and the most reckless, with their rich store dug from the earth, were almost invariably the most fortunate in locating the richest yielding claims. Indeed, it used to be remarked that "drunken men, sailors, fools, and niggers" were always the luckiest. But the folly and recklessness and extravagance of all these had the effect of pouring their accumulated treasure in enormous masses into other and thrifty and enterprising hands ; where it is now enriching and beautifying and grandly blessing this prospering State. And as the foundation of California's great destiny was in her gold, now passed to worthier usefulness than many of its pioneer diggers made of it, so must the recollections of that primitive period, which are as the legacy of those pioneers, continue to enrich and embellish the grand domain of narrative and the limitless field of a nobler literature, until they shall become embodied in more enduring form, as another outflow of the Pactolian stream, confluent with the imperishable volumes of Clio's dominion.

JAMES O'MEARA.

TOO LATE.

Now that her eyes are hid in death's eclipse,
 We give her tears and smiles ; now that the crown
 Of God's great love is hers, we bow us down,
 And press our small love's sign upon her lips.

We bring her beauty ; weary, unblessed hours
 Were hers ; now that from out her gloom
 She hath passed on to fields of fadeless bloom,
 We come and bring our little gift of flowers.

We give her praise ; now that she doth not heed,
 So great her peace, what any lips can say,
 We come and speak the praise above her clay,
 That we denied her in her sorest need.

If, as some deem, the spirit lingers near
 Its empty house a while, I think she must
 Wonder to find her soul-deserted dust
 Grown suddenly so very strangely dear.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

THALOE.

CHAPTER IX.

PAUSING for a moment at the doorway, and gazing intently around to ascertain whether those whom he required were present, the messenger advanced and held a whispered conversation with the Tribune Balbus; then departed as silently as he had come; while Balbus, turning towards the other, said:

“An unpleasant interruption, and yet one that could not be avoided. I wish that it were otherwise, but there is one whose word is stronger than mine. You, Cleon, and myself are desired immediately at the Cæsar’s villa. Some tidings of importance have arrived, of what nature has not been explained to me. But it matters little, since, whatever it may be, we must none the less take our departure.”

With that he arose and gathered the folds of his tunic into ceremonious array. Cleon did the same; and then the two—enemies, indeed, but none the less obliged to stifle their mutual animosity with the knowledge that they were summoned upon some common service—left the apartment side by side, and passed forth into the open air.

Whatever news had arrived, it was evident from the appearance of the street that no inkling of it had yet been suffered to escape and circulate about the town, for no change was noticeable in the conduct or demeanor of the citizens. About the court-yard of the house where the feast was being given the expectant crowd still lingered—increased in size, as the hour had now nearly arrived for the public distribution of the fragments among the needy, or for the appearance of departing guests to amuse the eyes of the curious. The twenty spectators had grown to nearly fifty—all equally straining their gaze to catch the slightest glimpse that

might be presented of the festivities within, and bandying jests from mouth to mouth, as each chance incident furnished a subject for mirth. Farther down, the principal street had, as usual, filled with its customary life and animation; for the hours of the afternoon had worn on, and already the sun was half-way down its western slope. There were the beggars at their posts, the gladiators drinking and gaming before the wine shops, the citizens sauntering to and from the baths, the patricians passing back and forth on horseback or in their chariots, the ladies lolling upon their balconies and lazily watching the shifting panorama—gayety and pleasure everywhere rife as usual, without a line of care or a troubled thought upon any face, or a sign of disturbance amid any of the surging groups.

As Cleon and the tribune, still walking side by side, and with gruff unsociability exchanging only the most ordinary remarks, reached the court of the imperial villa, there appeared some slight evidence of an awakening excitement: not yet, however, among all who crowded those precincts. The slaves, as usual, sat or lay at full length in unmoved idleness, thoughtless and indifferent, being gifted with no very acute perceptions, and unaccustomed to derive suspicions from any casual observation of others. Also, the soldiers of the Pretorian Guard in attendance manifested the same stolid listlessness as they stood at their posts: rough, scarred, and bronzed in feature, and unreflecting in expression, except one or two of the more naturally observant, who, glancing askance at those approaching, seemed impressed with a dim, indefinable perception that something more than usual was happening.

But among the few officers upon active duty there was already the glimmer of an anxious look; an uneasy expectation

of something, they knew not what, which would soon break upon them; a feeling that the whole mystery, whatever it might be, would presently be revealed to them; a slight, unconscious caressing of their arms, as from an instinct that the time for actual service was at hand;—something, indeed, about their whole appearance indicative of an unexplainable but none the less well-assured impression that there was some kind of stern work before them. To one of these Cleon and the tribune advanced, desiring to question the man, and thus gain an inkling of the true nature of the case before standing in the emperor's presence; but the messenger, who from the baths had walked in front of them, as though to hurry their attendance, still moved forward, impatient of delay; and so, passing on without pause, they followed him into an inner court.

This was the antechamber of Nero's audience room; and, unlike the rough stone outer court, was decorated and furnished with a degree of elegance befitting the approach to the imperial presence. The walls were of smooth and polished marble, terminating in an arched and paneled ceiling; the floor was laid in a rich tessellated pattern; and in the corners stood statues of merit. The throng which filled it was of a different character from that of the other. No soldiers lounged about or slept on stone benches, there being but two guards present, who, with erect and vigilant position, flanked the door leading into the audience chamber. There were no slaves here, except three or four of the more favored class of menials, whose dress, though of the servile order, was richer than that of an ordinary citizen; and whose mien was proud and arrogant from the long exercise of permitted tyranny over their inferiors.

The rest of those present were a few court pages, and a small concourse of persons who had direct business with Nero: some of whom had dared to penetrate thus far with petitions for justice or favor, and now stood eagerly expectant, yet dreading

the moment of their admission; while others—citizens, artists, and actors—were bringing for his inspection treasures or schemes of pleasure which had been already ordered. Among these, as among a few of those outside, was apparent the same weary, undefinable feeling of some unusual crisis at hand, manifested in the disturbed looks which they cast from one to another, and the eager scrutiny with which they gazed upon the features of each person who emerged from the audience chamber, as hoping thereby to gain a clew to the mystery which their instincts rather than their reason told them was hovering over them. A few, even, repelled and disheartened by their fears, and deeming this no proper time to advance their prospects, gathered up their rare and curious articles, or hid their petitions in their bosoms, preparatory to leaving the scene and trusting to a better day for success; and in doing so they brought down upon themselves the swift ridicule of the pantomimist Agotas, who was present with his bag of masks.

“Are you so faint-hearted,” he muttered to a group of those who stood near, “as to retire from the goal when it is so nearly reached? Is it so easy to pass through the guards below that you must now relinquish your labor and look to renew it another day? Well, it may be the right course for you, after all. I know that some of you have come hither uninvited, and it must be no pleasant thing to bring petitions to the Cæsar, even when the sun smiles upon him: much less when he gets up with his sword between his teeth. But as for me, all days are alike. He has sent for me that I may receive his conception of a new pantomime, to be arranged for the coming month; and I, in turn, have a new mask to exhibit to him. There is none here whom he would prefer to see before me. Therefore will I now stay, though the gods should send all the furies of Tartarus into his soul; for, whatever he may do to others, I know that he will surely smile upon me.”

But at that moment the door from the audience chamber opened, and a page emerged, whimpering and holding his hand to the

side of his face. The lion within the other room, irritated and lashed into a fury, had taken offense at some innocent action of the boy, and had brought a heavy hand upon him for a passing admonition. As the pantomimist gazed at the page's reddened cheek, his own face turned pale, and he gasped for breath, and cast an uneasy glance upon the bag of masks.

"Yes, he will see me when and where I choose, and will smile upon me, whatever he may do to others," Agotas continued, endeavoring to control his waning composure. "But yet it is perhaps better that I should not intrude upon the Cæsar when he has other cares. All times are alike to me; while he, with his public pursuits, cannot always call an hour his own; I must be generous, therefore, and suit myself to his discretion; and will now depart, in order that he may not think I am too urgent with my friendship."

With that he bestowed an angry cuff upon his slave, who, evidently understanding the well-known signal, lifted the bag and made towards the door, whither his master followed him, affecting indifference to the audible sneers with which those who still tarried marked their appreciation of the scene. And at that moment, Cleon and the tribune appearing, the guards at the entrance to the audience chamber, in obedience to a whisper from the messenger, stepped aside, and the three passed through into the Cæsar's presence.

He had been feasting; for his face was flushed with wine, and there were stains of viands upon the front of his tunic. He had evidently been interrupted in the midst of his banquet; for the hour had not yet come at which it was customary for him to leave the table. The news which had been brought to him had driven him staggering into the audience chamber; and he now sat, with bleared and somewhat confused look, awaiting those for whom he had sent.

Gazing upon him as he now leaned forward, his features bloated and discolored with long-continued excesses, and a wicked expression of cowardly suspicion and cruel arrogance stamped upon them, there were few

who could have recognized in him the well-formed youth who, a few years before, had lifted the imperial reins—graceful, cultivated, and ingratiating in manner, with a character seemingly formed upon a basis of humanity and self-respect; loving pleasure rather for its æsthetic than for its sensual qualities, the lithe and active victor in the arena, the man whose accession the empire had applauded, looking to him with an assured hope of relief from the customary tyranny of the past. Now self-indulgence and the fate which had impelled each member of his family in turn to speedy decadence had changed all that. The youthful beauty of figure and feature, and the natural dignity of mien, had vanished. Gone, too, was the admiring respect with which those about him had once looked upon him. They now stood around in mute terror and disgust, as men who perform by compulsion a dreaded and hateful task: shielding themselves as much as possible from his observation, and yet alert to do his bidding at the slightest sign, lest through an instant's delay sudden and violent retribution might fall upon them.

One slave stood at his right hand with a pitcher of wine, from which to fill the goblet upon which the Emperor had maintained his grasp when hurrying into the audience chamber. The goblet now rested upon the table in front. Twice Nero had emptied it since he had come into the room, and again was it filled to the brim, to await his pleasure. And once more he raised it to his lips; but this time replaced it after a single sip, as though, at last, his capacity was exhausted; and then he stole a cautious, suspicious glance out of the open window at his left hand.

The window looked upon the open court of the palace, from which stole upward the low hum of conversation among the soldiers there gathered, mingled with an occasional loud laugh at some telling jest or repartee. Perhaps Nero had been wont to choose this location for the purpose of listening to these chance remarks, and thus gaining an inkling of the sentiments of

the lower orders, so as the more cunningly to shape his policy. But now he looked not into the court below, but rather fastened his gaze upon the more distant hill-tops, with an apprehensive expression, as though he would pierce into the distance, and watch the progress of some threatened danger.

"You have come at last," he exclaimed in a tone of loud reproof, as Cleon and the tribune entered. "Was your time spent so pleasantly that you could not earlier heed my commands?"

"We came at once—the instant we learned your wishes," was the calm answer of the Tribune Balbus, a little disturbed and angry at a salutation whose roughness could not be justified except by some unusual exigency. "What now can we do for your pleasure or for your safety? You have but to speak, and it shall be performed."

"And you have not heard?" cried Nero. "My messenger has not told you as he came along that one of my legions has been defeated—driven by a rabble of slaves and Nazarenes—and the Roman arms dishonored? Nay; it was right that he should not have told you, but rather should have left it for me to say. And it is so! By the gods! the thing is true; and the empire has been disgraced! Will you hear it all? Stand forth, sirrah, and repeat the story you have told to me!"

At his beck the person whom he thus addressed came forward from the center of a group of attendants. He was a man of middle age, with the dress and insignia of a centurion; wrinkled and grizzled in feature through much hard service, and now worn and travel-stained with recent exertion. And, standing in the front, he narrated once more his tale, in a quiet, unobtrusive, and unexcited tone, like one who, having had defeat mingled with victory before now, regarded the present disaster with but little concern, since it might one day be counterbalanced with new successes.

It was a short story, but not a pleasant one for an emperor to hear. Tidings of resistance among the Christians to persecution had recently reached Rome. Those men, generally so ready to offer their necks to the

knife, had for once broken out into open revolt. What might have been the especial instigation to it could not be told; but none the less was it a fact that a few hundred men of that faith had armed themselves for the purpose of defying the law. To that center of revolt there had hurried, as was natural, many fugitive, discontented slaves, who, being received gladly by reason of their strength and desperation, had thus swelled the ranks to an alarming number. And at once the legion in which the informant had commanded a cohort had been dispatched, under Lejanus, to put down that rising by force of arms.

The legion had marched out of Rome in high spirits, for an easy victory could surely be anticipated over such a disorderly rabble. At the most, a few days would doubtless suffice for its complete extermination, and then the victors would return loaded with booty. For it was whispered that some of the slaves had borne off in their flight much jewels and gold of their masters, which would of course become the prey of the conquerors. So the Roman force had departed on the pursuit gayly, and as though to a festival.

But it happened that the insurgents were commanded by some one of superior ability, and sufficiently well acquainted with the arts of war to maintain a severe and proper discipline among them; and so, little by little, the pursuers had been foiled in every effort to bring on a general engagement, and had been cunningly drawn on and on, until near Capua. There the insurgents had made a stand; and having the choice of position, and moreover having been largely reinforced during the march by other fugitives, had succeeded, by a sudden onset, in utterly defeating Lejanus. It was the cohort of Motus which had first given way, and led to the rout of the others. Many of the Roman force had been slain, and the rest driven back. Lejanus himself, feeling the disgrace, had cast himself upon his own sword before leaving the battle-field; and the lieutenant Motus had been cut to pieces, so that there were none now living

who could be blamed or punished for the disaster.

After the defeat, the broken fragments of the imperial force had fallen back toward Rome. The informant himself had been left on the field for dead, having been stunned by a spent blow from a battle-ax; and upon recovering his senses, finding that his own men were already too far off to be overtaken by him, he had cautiously crept off, and taking a stray horse, had hurried down to Baiæ to bring the earliest news.

"And where now are the insurgents?"

How, indeed, could he tell? When he stole away, they were scattered over the battle-field, gathering up the spoils and arms. But it was not likely that they would remain there long. To delay was to be lost. Nor could they return on the road toward Rome. Most probably they were already in motion towards the south, in search of some place where they could make a better stand, and by gaining reinforcements among the slaves, abide the issue.

As Nero heard his supposition he became pale and again sought the wine cup, and his eye once more and with stealthy glance, as though he feared self-betrayal of his thoughts, wandered towards the distant hill-tops. For how long might it be before the insurgents, athirst for the blood of their oppressors, would appear and rush with dreadful and vindictive yells down those slopes? Might not the wild career of Spartacus be about to be re-enacted, and with better success? That man had made the nation rock wildly in the tempest of rebellion and wrath; might not the throne itself now fall beneath an effort led with equal power, and with better regard for the experiences of the past? It was no pleasant thought; and as all the complications and possibilities of the situation arrayed themselves before the emperor's mind, a dark cloud as of despair swept across his features.

But in a moment he recovered himself, and by a violent effort re-asserted something of his native dignity. Even though the throne itself should totter, it was not fit that he who sat upon it should show fear: still

less that those who now stood about him should note anything that might detract from the majesty of the imperial presence. And raising his head, something of the old grandeur of demeanor came over him, almost obliterating for the moment the lines of sensuality and cruelty which the progress of the past few years had so deeply engraved upon him.

"Let all now retire," he said, waving his hand, "excepting these two for whom I have sent."

Thereupon, one by one, in obedience to the gesture, the attendants filed out of the apartment, all secretly pleased to be thus released, and none looking back, for fear of seeing some motion of recall; and so in a moment only Cleon and the tribune were left behind, standing side by side in front, and awaiting orders.

"Tell me now," said Nero, after a moment's pause, "whichever of you can do so, how many legionaries have we at hand who can be relied upon?"

Both of them could tell; but, as the oldest, Balbus was left to answer, and did so with soldierly distinctness. There were first the Pretorian Guard, all well trained and trusty men, as long as their pay was properly distributed. But these men should not be taken away from the palace for such an emergency as this; not, at least, except as a last resource. At Neapolis, Pompeii, and Sorrentum were other soldiers of the imperial army, who could be collected in a few hours, and together would make up the number of nearly a full legion. In addition to these, twice as many more could be gathered from a greater distance within a week. These certainly should be sufficient to destroy a much larger force of the enemy than could well be mustered from such base material as composed it.

"It is well," said Nero, having listened attentively to the recapitulation, still maintaining his newly found dignity, none the less that the business-like calculations of the tribune had re-assured him. "Let this, therefore, constitute our plan. To you, Cleon, I had purposed giving the command

of a legion as soon as an opportunity arose. The time has now come To-morrow, at early daylight, you will start from here, with such material of men as by that time can be collected together. Without delay you will pursue the enemy and cut them to pieces. But be not too rashly daring; rather be guarded, lest by attempting overmuch with too small a force you meet the fate of Lejanus. If not able to rout them with assured success, follow, and keep them in view, harassing them as you may find opportunity, until the Tribune Balbus can come to your assistance. He, in the mean while, will have remained in Baiæ, gathering up another force; and if he should be needed he will follow you, and take the command of both legions. Go, therefore, knowing now your duty. Be brave, be active, be vigilant. And if success attends you, spare not," continued Nero, his voice rising into loud anger, and the old cruel look again flashing across his face. "Spare not, I say, one man among them. Let their fate be a warning to all slaves throughout the empire, that the Roman might cannot be insulted; and that though by an accident rebellion may prevail, it can be only for a season, so soon thereafter will come the swift and more thorough retribution."

He ceased; and the two listeners turned to depart. The word had gone forth, and there was nothing for them to reply. So they moved away: the tribune with his customary soldier-like indifference to the nature of his orders, as long as his duty did not extend beyond obeying; and Cleon with a forced assumption of the same composure upon his face, but a consuming fire all the while eating into his heart. The day had come at last—the day so long hoped for, and so often despaired of being reached at all. At last there was placed within his grasp the object of his ambition; and he stood the commander of a legion. A few hours ago he would have hailed the commission with wild joy, as though in giving it the gods had shown him signal favor and justice. Yet now it seemed as though it had been cast upon him rather by an evil-minded fate than by Olympian grace.

Some of these men against whom he was thus sent out with unsparing fire and sword were slaves; and this was doubtless the force to which Alypia's fugitive charioteer had been traced. That man could now be slain, and Olympia be avenged. So far it was good. But on the other hand, they were not all slaves. Among them there were many belonging to the Christian faith. And though Cleon might have cared but little about that in itself, how could he forget that it was the faith of Thaloe? Might not many of these men even be known to her? How, then, could he slay them and not incur her resentment and her scorn? Nay; did not his love for her put him in a sort of sympathy with them, so that not only for her sake, but by reason of his own awakening compassion, he would have wished to spare them?

The slaves—they of a certainty should die. But as for the others—what now could he do? Should he go on and accept the offered post? Or should he yield to the impulse which beset him, urging him to return, cast off his honorable preferments, avow his secret sympathies, and as a reward for his past services, ask mercy for the least guilty of those whom he had been ordered to destroy?

All this, indeed, he could not do. But there was a middle course which he might try. And turning upon his heel, ere he had reached the door, he stood once more before Nero.

"Are all, without discrimination, to be slain?" he inquired, in a tone of unconscious entreaty and pity. "They may not all be equally guilty. There may be some who repent them of their fault, and to these—"

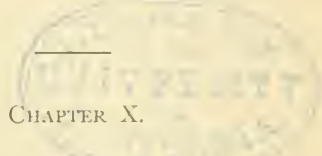
"Why, how now?" cried the emperor in amazement, half rising from his seat, while the tribune bent forward with a sly, wondering, contemptuous, and envious glance written on his usually stolid face. "Can it be that you of all men should ask mercy for a band of disobedient disturbers—slaves and assassins—who would scarcely venture to grovel at your feet? In truth, and by the gods, I understand it not."

So speaking, he gave utterance to a laugh, to which the tribune responded with a low, malicious chuckle, eyeing Cleon curiously the while. And Cleon perceived in an instant his own mistake in having so spoken, recognizing of how little avail would be any entreaty which he might make, and how he was only exposing himself to ridicule and suspicion. Not only, indeed, would his efforts be useless, but by any further persistence, he might endanger his own secret. Therefore he hastened to withdraw his interrupted plea, and to turn the word into another channel.

"Nay, I meant not to ask mercy for them," he said, "but rather consideration for those who may have a claim upon them. It may be that among these insurgents there are some misguided ones, who have not erred unto death, and would be well pleased to return to faithful allegiance. Would it not be well to have these men taken alive, so as to become once more the well-wishers and supporters of the empire?"

"Let none be taken alive!" thundered Nero, now fully arising in the excitement and deep provocation of his wrath, and with heedless aim hurling the half-emptied goblet far from him. Bloating and discolored though he was in face from long indulgences, disordered and wine-stained in dress, and with his whole frame so palsied with too liberal excesses that he was obliged to seek support from his nearest attendant to keep himself from tottering, there was now a peculiar gleam of real majesty in his mien—something of the olden king-like expression in the sudden lighting of his eye, as well as in the nervous grasp with which he drew the folds of his toga closely about him—a rekindling, as it were, of the Jove-like fire with which in other days he could flash his anger around. "By the gods, I swear it! not one of them must be taken alive! There are none among them who deserve either pity or consideration! Let, therefore, all be put to death upon the spot—all who are found in their camp—whether with or without arms in their hands! Your own life shall answer for it, if I be disobeyed! The world, to the very

utmost province, shall hear the story of this thing and of our vengeance; so that in future every slave and Nazarene in the empire shall tremble as he thinks upon it, and shall hug his allegiance to the state the closer as his only safety. And yet stay!" continued Nero, struck with a sudden new thought, and the cruel lines deepening in his face, and mingling with a certain fiendish expression of gloating anticipation. "It may be that you should save one life. This man who leads the band, whoever he may be, can hardly be accounted an enemy to be overlooked or treated like the others. He is doubtless of giant proportion and Herculean muscle, else he could not so ably control the rest. Let him, therefore, be taken alive, if possible, in order that tigers of the arena may give their account of him, and in our presence our own household slaves may look on and learn a lesson from his dissevered limbs."



CHAPTER X.

The interview was at an end; and the two men, retiring from before Nero, passed side by side through the doorway and antechamber, until they reached the outer court. There they separated, each to repair to his own quarters and get ready for the events of the ensuing day. But as Cleon turned aside, he felt a light touch upon his shoulder, and saw the smiling face of Alypia's favorite attendant.

"My mistress is in her apartment, and would see you," the girl whispered; and as though nothing more need be said, she immediately tripped away with blithesome step, leaving Cleon to follow at his leisure. For a moment he paused in deep reflection.

It was a summons which a month ago would have made his heart throb with delight and his cheek flush with pleasant anticipation, and which no pains or penalties could have tempted him to neglect; but now he almost hesitated to give compliance. For, knowing at last that the old love had worn out from his heart, and that another

love had entered in its place, he felt fearful lest in the very first few moments of the interview any disguise of affection which he could still assume would be penetrated by those keen black eyes into which he had so loved to gaze, and that his recreancy would be thus exposed without excuse or palliation. And more than all he feared that Alypia might have gained some glimmering knowledge of the late conversation at the bath, and so have learned to suspect the hidden rivalry. Those words had been spoken only a few minutes before, to be sure, but attendant slaves had been present, who had listened to each unguarded remark or admission; and how could he tell how soon one of these might have repeated the whole scene with the usual exaggerations to others, who in turn would not be sparing of bringing the news to such a watchful mistress?

And yet, why falter now? Some time or other she would be sure to learn the truth. Better that he should at once face the danger, and either boldly confront her present scorn and anger, or, if her ignorance of his indiscretion still continued, endeavor with artful compliments and suggestions to turn aside all fear of the coming storm. At the worst, it was not a man's part to quail before the rage of a jealous girl. Therefore, hastily mustering up all his resolution, he turned about, and with a firm tread followed the retreating waiting-maid into her mistress's presence.

Alypia sat in her accustomed place at the end of her tapestried chamber and near the open window. It had grown darker within the past few minutes, and the lamps upon the tall candelabrum which stood at her right hand were lighted, casting a fitful gleam into the remote corners of the room, where the shadows danced to and fro as the bronze vessels swung at the ends of their chains, responsive to the evening breeze. She had been working at some fine embroidery suitable to the taste of the period, but at the lapse of daylight had discontinued the task, and the velvet material had fallen at her feet in a confused mass. As Cleon

entered, she arose and stepped forward to meet him with ready welcome; and he also advanced, counterfeiting as well as he was able the olden cheerful smile, but at heart disturbed, and gazing stealthily at her from the corner of his eyes, in search of some indication of her present temper by which to arrange and conform his own demeanor. Knowing all, as she possibly might, would her jealous anger burst upon him with sudden violence, bearing him down before it, and those bright eyes, which had so often been fastened upon him with melting tenderness, now blaze with a fiery, scorching fury? Or would she freeze him with cold disdain, pouring out her contempt and sarcasm; and returning his tarnished troth, bid him leave her alone and go forth in search of his Christian damsel?

Almost at once he felt re-assured. It was evident that she had heard nothing, or hearing had listened as to some foolish fable, maintaining unwavering trust in him. Her brow was as clear, her glance as welcoming, her whole expression as genial and sunny as ever before. Perhaps for an instant he fancied that he noticed a sudden sharp gleam in the corner of her eye; but if so, it came and passed away like the lightning flash, hardly recognized before it was gone, imparting but a vague, unsatisfactory impression of having existed at all, and leaving no trace upon the more constant glow of pleasant serenity which illumined her features. No, it must have been his own guilty imagination which gave birth to that suspicion of an evil glance; there was nothing wrong in her heart, as yet. And taking her by the hand he led her back to her seat, with his most gallant assumption of the old affection; and then, feeling that his trouble of mind had palsied some of his usual ready wit of conversation, he waited for her to speak.

"Is it true, Cleon, that insurgents have defeated a Roman force, and that you are sent out to chastise and drive them back?"

"How know you that?" he said, somewhat amazed at the correctness of her information. "It is but just now that I have left

Nero's presence, and there for the first time has this matter been discussed."

"It is easy for me to learn such things as I desire to be informed about, and there are many who are not slow to bring me news of whatever I would interest myself in," she responded; and Cleon started, for it seemed to him as though she now spoke with meaning emphasis, referring to other matters than such as had transpired in the audience chamber. Nor did he feel altogether reassured by her added words of explanation, natural as they seemed.

"But be not surprised, Cleon, at my knowledge of these facts. To some of us, the issue of the battle with the insurgents was known almost as soon as it came to Nero's ears; and it was at once predicted that you, as the bravest of the Roman leaders, would be dispatched to the succor of the nation. And when I heard that you had been sent for, was it divination that I should believe in your promotion? And now I am both proud that you have been so honored and loth to have you leave me."

As she spoke, her hand rested with the usual affectionate pressure upon his hair; and he, yielding to the impulse, knelt in the old lover-like attitude at her feet, seeking there to renew the feeling with which he had been wont to regard her. Would that he could still do so, and with a single confession could relieve himself from the weight that oppressed him! But it was not to be. Every moment he felt more and more that his affection for her had passed from him; and kind and tender as her manner might be, and winning her glance, somehow there was not now upon her face the olden look which could compel his confidence, nor in his own heart the power to offer it.

"Have I judged rightly?" she continued. "Is it true that you have been selected to march against the enemy?"

"It is true. I go to-morrow—at the break of day," he answered; "with as large a force as can be hurriedly collected together—a full legion, if possible."

"To-morrow—so soon?" she said half musingly, and still carelessly passing her

hand over his curling hair. And as he looked up into her face, he felt himself no longer able to recognize the affectionate action with any secret pleasure, as would surely have been the case of old; but rather disregarding it, even suffering his mind to run into idle speculations, as with cool scrutiny he sought to analyze her thoughts and impulses. Of what was she now thinking? Would she feel sorrow at parting with him, and fear lest misfortune might befall him? Or, cruelly alive to her own pleasure, would she still, as ever before, look forward only to the pomps and turmoil of the arena, more especially that the time had come when he might so easily be the caterer for her tastes? For she could not but know that now had come that opportunity which she had so much desired. Her charioteer, if not already slain, must still be in the insurgent camp, and might therefore soon again fall into her hands and feel her vengeance. It was as though the gods themselves had managed it. Thoughts like these could not fail to present themselves to her mind, so natural was the current of sequences; and each moment he expected to hear her break out into her old train of fierce and fiery anticipation: listening for it with fear, even; for though he knew that he loved her no longer, and might never again do so unless he could remove from his mind that other too absorbing influence; yet, for the sake of past days, he did not wish to learn to nourish hatred of her, and he felt that he could not fail to do so if in that moment of parting she gave no tender thought to his own peril. For there might be great peril in his expedition. Might not he as well as Lejanus suffer defeat, and be obliged in like manner to atone for the disgrace by falling upon his own sword on the new battle-field?

He was wrong in his expectations. Perhaps she was less selfish in her impulses than he had supposed; perhaps she had observed and comprehended his keen scrutiny, and had fortified her spirit against self-betrayal. For none of the old fierce glow of anticipated strife and carnage now flashed in her face, but her expression was rather

softened into one of still more loving solicitude.

"A few days ago, Cleon, I would have thought only about the vengeance which is due to me," she said. "But now that you are going from me, I can dwell only upon your own danger. That you should come back to me in safety is all I ask. That you should keep out of peril, I cannot supplicate, for it is not a soldier's part to refuse his duty. But that you will not unnecessarily expose your life in doing what should be left to the hirelings of the legion rather than to its leader—is this too much for me to crave? Take, therefore, a proper care over yourself; and while showing your valor, do not be too impulsive, but rather carry with you the remembrance that my own life and happiness rest upon your own. And as for those whom you are ordered to destroy, I will think no more about them. They must die: so let it be. I regard not now the time or manner of it. So that you return to me safe and unharmed, I care not whether you come alone or with trains of captives."

For an instant Cleon gazed at her in a maze of wonderment. Of a certainty these were unaccustomed words to come from her lips. Were they the true outpourings of a heart driven by great emotion from an enforced shelter of selfishness, and now at last standing revealed in its true proportions of real unaffected nobility? Or were they a more cunning manifestation of deceit than any yet displayed by her? That could hardly be: the tones were so marked with the lines of sincerity and truth. It was almost as though she had taken a new character—as if Thaloe herself had spoken. A little more of this, and who could tell if, after all, the old love might not come bounding back to his heart, never again to suffer misconstruction or pass away.

"You are silent, Cleon?"

"What can I say, Alypia? This is all so unreal," he responded. "These words of affection, they have not hitherto been unknown to me; but I had expected to hear them mingled with other words. I had supposed that while speaking of my safety you would

demand of me a strict attention to the spoils of war: the gathering in of prisoners, the reservation of the strongest men of the enemy for the arena, and sharp vengeance against those who might not be fit to be saved for future fight. And now, unlike your usual self, you are all softness and mercy, and seem to speak even with compassion about those whom I am ordered to destroy. Were you to be always thus disposed, Alypia, it might be that—"

"What then? For you do not continue. Do you mean that if I were always thus, you might love me better? Nay; this you cannot intend; for I know already that you have never failed in your love for me. Well, let that pass. I am soft and compassionate now, perhaps, because I can think only of your danger, and it drives all other speculations from my mind. I do not pretend that I am altogether of a gentle disposition. When you have returned to me in safety, it may be that I will again become as of old, vain and giddy, and loving overmuch those pastimes which come from the miseries or crimes of others, and which we Roman women have been trained to love. What would you have? It is my nature, and as such you should approve it. But now, farewell. I will not keep you longer; for I know that this night you have much to do. May the gods preserve you from all danger! And if, while you are gone, there is anything that I can do—any being for whom you care, and whom you would save from harm, be it slave or dog, or any other thing—tell me, and I will watch well over it."

Something in her voice sounding harshly through her otherwise silvery tones, something in her countenance gleaming craftily across her otherwise serene and tender expression, assured him that she knew all, and that she spoke not merely of dog or slave, or any such lowly being, but that she was at last opening for him the door for confession. Holding it open with a predetermined purpose, to see whether he would seize the opportunity, and throw himself upon her discretion; or, on the contrary, neglect the offered chance, and departing with a belief

in her ignorance, leave her with her suspicions all confirmed. He rose to his feet, not impulsively, as though shocked into sudden action, but deliberately, as one who felt that he must meet a struggle of craft with craft. In spite of all he could do to prevent, a slight frown came across his features. This, then, had been the purpose of all her kindness and solicitude. She had been trifling with him, and making this show of affection with no other intent than to throw him off his guard, and compel him into dangerous admissions.

"You know it, then?" he exclaimed, almost harshly. "You have heard the silly gossip of a few men around a festive table—the unmeaning bantering of wine-beclouded revelers? and you would attach importance to their few jesting remarks?"

"Was there no truth in it at all, then, Cleon? This story of some Christian girl, to whom you have given, if not your heart, at least your longing glances—is all that untrue?"

Was it all untrue? Nay, he could not say so, for it was evident that, whatever her sources of information, she had learned too much to be thus easily deceived. How much, indeed, did she already know? He could not tell; but he felt that in spite of his own natural leaning to truth, he must wander yet farther down the path of misconception which the fates had opened before him. Not only his own secret was involved, but probably the bodily safety of another person, already so dear to him.

"A grain of truth," he said, with a laugh. "There was a young girl—a Christian, I believe—whom I had seen, and for a moment passingly spoken about. I did not dream that my idle words would ever be repeated with serious intent. If so, it were ill ever to speak at a feast again. But the clamor of curiously inclined companions was about me, and the wine was in, and it may be that I boastingly said more than I meant or had a right to utter."

"Then you had seen her; but not as yet spoken with her?"

"Nay, as to that I cannot say but that I have sometime even spoken with her. For

encountering her in my homeward route, it was but natural to stop and address to her a careless word or two before I passed on. And I was perhaps moved thereto by seeing how unprotected and alone she appeared, and feeling that it was not right she should have no counsel to guard her safety better. Was this an offense?"

"Truly not," Alypia responded, with a dubious smile. "And see how little a matter it is when fully explained. They had falsely asserted that you had spoken about her in such terms that the love in your heart seemed to mount up into your face, as though anxious to emblazon itself to the world; and that you had defended her with loud and excited speech, appearing to challenge the interference of others, and resenting the most innocent jest about her. And I felt that I would not wish that you should even seem to love another better than myself. Still I was not uneasy in my heart, Cleon. However it might appear to others, I knew very well that if you were ever false to me, it would be as a noble Roman should be false—with some one worthy of his rank, and not with a lowly, ignorant girl of a despised and base-born race."

He should have kept silence then, for he knew not how much of the truth she had really heard, and it might be that the few words of careless extenuation which he had uttered had been sufficient to divert any grave suspicion from her mind. Let her but believe that his whole fault had consisted in holding an occasional chance word of greeting with some poor abased creature with whom no one would care to cultivate any more intimate association, and his justification would have been complete. But with his heart full of loyalty to Thaloe, he could not bear to have her spoken about in disparaging terms, even though it was for his own exculpation; and the impulse to defend her came upon him too strong to be resisted.

"Nay, Alypia, she is scarcely the ignorant and base-born person whom you imagine to yourself: the reverse of that, rather. I know that most generally these Christians are a lowly, slavish sect, pandering to the

passions and prejudices of the discontented, and swelling their ranks from such as can hope in no other way to rise into importance or influence. But they are not all so, for there are some who for their faith have given up all that even we could give up; and of these this person seems to be one. I know that she is of fair descent; for not only has she told me so, but her actions and language both testify to her ancestral culture. And that she is not moving in poverty or degradation, the place wherein she resides affords ample witness. It is a fair place, indeed, surrounded with evidences of taste and beauty and some wealth."

"Is it so, indeed?" Alypia responded; and as she spoke her eyes began to gleam with a strange wild light, and her lips to curl at the corners as with one who had at last detected a prey long watched for, and now for the first time revealed. He did not perceive her expression, for he was looking down upon her jeweled hand, carelessly twining his fingers in hers, while he made his foolish defense. "And the maiden herself—is she very beautiful? It must be so, for I cannot believe that one of such acknowledged taste as yourself should be even idly attracted by a repulsive or even plain exterior."

"She is not uncomely, perhaps," Cleon answered, impelled now not only to defend the reputation of Thaloe's charms, but also his own taste in having been attracted by them. And there could surely be no harm now in speaking as he did, for Alypia was so soft and gentle in her utterances. The threatened storm must certainly have passed away, she seemed to show so plainly that her confidence in him was re-established, and that she would no longer take umbrage at the story of a few careless words whispered to another. "Yes, she is not uncomely—this Christian girl; and there might be some who would even find beauty in her: not the beauty of feature, perhaps, so much as of expression. Nor might it at the first be very obvious. It is only after a while, when her confidence is gained and her diffidence dispelled, that one can realize the inner charm of soul which spreads across

her face, and gives that life and animation which constitute real beauty."

"And this, then, is her charm, Cleon? And it is only after a fair acquaintance and many interviews that it makes itself appear? And yet you, in a few fleeting moments, have detected it."

There was a mocking ring in her voice which made him look up, and he remained aghast at the expression of her face. The wild light blazing in her eyes, the contemptuous curl of her lips—all signaled to him the imprudence of his speech and the ungovernable demon which he had foolishly aroused. He cursed himself in his heart; and knowing that he could not now withdraw his rashly spoken words, stood still holding her hand and looking into her face, while he awaited the outburst of the storm which now must surely come. But still it was delayed.

"This is in truth a rare prodigy which you have found, Cleon," she continued, again softening her expression into one of quiet, unsuspecting complacency; though now she could not control the mockery of tone which ran like a brazen thread through her otherwise silvery voice; "and it is not well that she should be exposed to injury. None know better than yourself how easily one of her faith can be given up to persecution, and how little protection from it can be found in grace or beauty or wealth. Nay, these very qualities might lead to the doom of the fagot or the arena, since they only raise their possessor into plainer sight. And apart from such a danger, is there not the further wish that she may become the prey of some of those reckless men with whom you have feasted this day, and to whom you have pointed out the existence of so much beauty? From either of these dangers she should be shielded. Let that be my task, to be entered into while you are gone, and for your sake, who would not have her injured. There are some who would blame me, and say that I should rather be jealous of her. But knowing your love for me, Cleon, I cannot surely believe that you would cherish for her anything but friendship, could I? And are not your friends equally my own, to be

assisted and esteemed with all my power? Tell me, therefore, where she can be found, so that while you are away I can set a guard about her, and save her from harm of every kind."

What now, alas! could Cleon say or do? He knew that his own unguarded words had led him into the net, and that its toils were surely being drawn about him. He realized that in the speech of Alypia there was purposed deceit, and in her heart cruel treachery and malice. Yet not to respond readily to her would be only another symptom of weakness upon his part. To hesitate was to be lost, indeed: for it would only strengthen her suspicion, if there was any room for strengthening left; and the residence of Thaloe could be so easily found by any one interested in the search that no reticence of his could avail to hide her. He could only now plunge recklessly forward in the path of confession, and trust for relief to the blind chances of the future.

"She lives up the street leading from the Bath of Augustus to the Temple of Venus, where the path turns to the left. A small but well-adorned house, with a marble vase before the portico, and a garden of pear and cherry trees behind. You will not harm her, Alypia? She is only a young girl, timid and inoffensive, and is as far below your notice as you are above her rivalry. Do not visit anger upon her for a few heedless, inconsiderate speeches of my own."

"Harm her, Cleon? Injure a friend of

yours, thus freely committed to my care? You shall see when you return how zealously I shall have guarded her," and still more the baneful light sparkled in her eyes. "But enough of that. The evening wanes away; and as I have already said, you have much to employ your time. Farewell, therefore. Return to me unharmed. There is none who will think upon you while you are gone as lovingly as Alypia."

She stretched forth her hands, and Cleon, as had been his custom, took her into his arms and pressed her to his heart; while she, with one hand thrown over his shoulder, placed her head upon his breast and looked up into his face with eyes into which was concentrated all her most melting tenderness of soul. For a moment he thus held her, not daring at once to release her, lest she should thereby the sooner suspect his perfidy, but almost shrinking from her with repugnance. Wherein was she now different from what she had been a few days ago, when he had been wont to count the hours in wearisome sequence as he looked forward to the time when he could thus hold her to his heart for a single instant? The swelling form, the melting eyes, the clustering locks—all were there; but now, as he looked upon her, he felt that he saw beyond all these, and into a soul filled with jealousy, selfishness, and deceit. For one short moment he endured the enforced embrace; and then pressing the usual kiss upon her lips, tore himself away and fled into the open air.

LEONARD KIP.

{CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.}

CIVILIZATION IN SOUTH AMERICA.

MORE properly, my subject would have been the civilization of those countries of South America contiguous to the Rio de la Plata. My remarks will be restricted to them, and I shall have nothing to say either of Brazil, Chili, Peru, Patagonia, New

Granada, Ecuador, or Venezuela. The map will show how much of the continent is comprehended in this great valley of the Plata. The Argentine Republic is a vast country, occupying one of the most fertile and fruitful portions of the globe, having an

area of about 1,000,000 square miles, or near that of the United States previous to the acquisition of Louisiana and Florida, a part of Mexico and of Alaska. Its population is about 2,500,000. The little republic of Uruguay, called the Banda Oriental, has but 65,000 square miles, and a population of less than half a million. The Argentine country has a great variety of soil and climate, but is on the average as fertile as the United States; and had it been settled by such people as were New England and Virginia, New York and Pennsylvania, it would to-day, in all probability, be a great and powerful nation.

The Banda Oriental is a small country, but for soil, climate, accessibility, and adaptability to the support of man, it is by nature the finest country in South America, if not in all the world—always excepting California.

But these countries were not settled by Puritans nor cavaliers, by Quakers, Dutch, nor Huguenots. On the contrary, they were settled by adventurers from Spain, who, having heard of the marvelous wealth of Mexico and Peru, had sought the regions of the Plata to rob and convert the simple natives. But they found no gold nor silver in these regions; and those that remained, after subduing the Indians, took possession of their lands and engaged in the raising of cattle and horses and sheep.

The lands were parceled out in large tracts to court favorites; and as the soil was fertile, and the climate mild and healthful, a large immigration poured in from Spain, so that it soon became an important colony. Many grandees came over and took possession of these grants; and as their flocks and herds multiplied, they lived in a sort of feudal splendor, alternating between barbarism and civilization. The sole articles of export were hides, tallow, and wool, and hence there was little cultivation of the soil, and the natives or half-breeds scarcely knew the taste of bread or fruits, or even salt.

These half-breeds formed the class known as *gauchos*. They are similar to the greasers of California, being like them, of mixed Spanish and Indian blood; and like them,

lazy, treacherous, and bloodthirsty. Indeed, the cross of the Spanish and Indian has never been a success; but the issue, as a rule, has been worse than either progenitor.

The owners of the land grants from the crown of Spain were called *estancieros*, and their estates *estancias*. The climate was such that no shelter was required for their animals, and no food but the grass of the plains, or *pampas*. To keep them from straying required a large force of herdsmen, or *vaqueros*, who besides were employed in branding the young animals and in butchering the old ones, and preparing the hides, tallow, and wool for the market. They had no other occupation, no education, and no moral sense; and as they were continually quarreling among themselves, murder was so common as to scarcely provoke notice or censure. A desperado who had become so notorious for the number he had slain that the authorities undertook to arrest him, became a hero, and had a following of like spirits with himself. These banded together, and if their chieftain had sufficient prestige, he set up as revolutionist, liberator, or reformer. He would scour the country, robbing and killing, until the government would be compelled to send an armed force in pursuit of him; and if he were hot pressed, he would propose to treat for peace, and to disband his forces on condition of receiving a large sum of money, or of being received into the government as a high official, perhaps a cabinet minister. Then there would be peace for a time, till some other *gaucho* chief, or *caudillo*, as he is there called, should get out of money or out of a job, and then he would set up as a patriot, to rob and ravage for a time, and then be bought off on similar terms.

To say that this has been the practice in those countries is hardly sufficient to show their actual condition, unless it is illustrated by the careers of some of the leading *caudillos*. The abstract, or general, is not so convincing as the concrete. I will therefore briefly sketch the career of one or two of these patriots.

The most distinguished of them, after the

expulsion of the Spaniards from the countries of the Plata, was a wretch by the name of Artigas, whose nearest counterpart I can recall in the history of California is the unsuccessful patriot whom we older Californians remember as Joaquin Muriatta. He was so much worse than other *gauchos* that he became their leader; and as there was at that time great hostility existing between the authorities of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, he changed from one side to the other, according as he could make the best terms for himself.

He was a famous character in his day, and his influence for evil was greater, perhaps, than that of any man in South America during the time of his lawless career. He was born in or near Montevideo, and his career of crime was in the early part of this century. His family belonged to that class of cattle raisers who, having early begun in that business, which afterwards became very profitable, acquired considerable wealth, though leading a life but few removes from the barbarous. This scion of the family was therefore brought up, or allowed to grow up, as a *gaucho*, receiving no education but that of riding and breaking wild horses, throwing the lasso, and catching, marking, and slaughtering cattle. In these accomplishments he greatly excelled, and became at once the terror and the admiration of other *gauchos*. He had the qualities for a leader of desperadoes, and the state of society at that time in the Banda Oriental was such that there was always a great number of that class of restless vagabonds, whose whole character, as it was then and is now, is expressed by the one word *gaucho*: men with no interest in the country, and no desire for any; who know no more of the comforts of civilized life than the Indians of the Gran Chaco; and who differ from them mainly in the fact that they are not so lazy, are more athletic and sanguinary, and have more animal spirits. A horse and his trappings, and their own peculiar garb, a knife and a lasso, are all the *gaucho* requires. Let him acquire by plunder or otherwise thousands

of dollars, and he will not rest till the last dollar is squandered in gaming and dissipation. The *gaucho* is *sui generis*. No other part of the world but the *pampas* of South America has ever produced any similar race of beings. The greaser of California is like him in some respects, but the latter has never aspired to or achieved political influence.

To the peculiar geographical features of the country must be ascribed this anomalous development of character. Those vast plains, extending almost from the ocean to the foot of the Andes, and from Paraguay to Patagonia, having an area sufficient for four kingdoms as large as France, or some eight hundred thousand square miles, are even yet, to a great extent, an uninhabited, unreclaimed waste. In the time of Artigas it was much less advanced than now from the state in which it was when, near three hundred years before, Sebastian Cabot first cast his eyes over this wide domain. There were many towns of more or less importance scattered about, and generally situate on the banks of the navigable rivers. But the interior was only settled by *estancieros* and their dependents.

The capitalists who succeeded in getting a title to a large tract of land, generally many thousand acres, would erect on it such buildings as were indispensable, and commence the raising of cattle and horses. These were only valued for their hides and tallow. Here, far removed from everything like society or civilization, the *estanciero* would settle down with his wife, and raise up a family of children. To take care of the herds many men would be required, and these would have their mud hovels near the large *estancia*, where they would live and breed like savages. The children of the proprietor would grow up untaught in everything except the labors of the *estancia*: but being privileged to lord it over the sons of the dependents, they early developed into juvenile tyrants, and passed beyond all constraint except their own bad passions. When grown to be men, and when they came to inherit the estates of their fathers,

they had no taste for any of those refinements or comforts that partially modified the manners and customs of the first settlers, whose early life, perhaps, had been spent in towns or cities. After this first remove from civilized society, the *estanciero* became, in all his habits and tastes, a *gaucho*; as much so as any man who labored for him for no other reward than the beef he might require to eat. With the thousands and hundreds of thousands of horned cattle, horses, and sheep that in time came to roam over his vast possessions, the *estanciero* must have great numbers of peons, or laborers, to take care of them. Over these the illiterate *estanciero* would reign supreme, with no one to dispute or even question his authority. Literally, he "was monarch of all he surveyed." Having scarcely any intercourse with the outer world, being unable to read, and only going to the nearest market town when it might be necessary to sell his hides and tallow, he saw his flocks increase, and lived undisturbed, unless an occasional foray of the Indians might interrupt his ease and indolence.

As described by a close observer fifty years ago:

"His children and his domestics, *gauchos* like himself, pass the same sort of life, that is to say, without ambition, without desires, and without any species of agricultural labor. All they have to do is to mark and to kill, at certain periods, the herds of oxen and flocks of sheep which constitute the fortune of the *estanciero*, and that satisfy the wants of all. Purely carnivorous, the *gaucho's* only food consists of flesh and water; bread and spirituous liquors are as much unknown to him as the simplest elements of social life. In a country in which the only wealth of the inhabitants arises from the incessant destruction of innumerable flocks, it can be easily understood how their sanguinary occupation must tend to obliterate every sentiment of pity, and induce an indifference to the perpetration of acts of cruelty. The readiness to shed blood, a ferocity which is at the same time obdurate and brutal, constitutes the prominent feature in the character of the

pure *gaucho*. The first instrument that the infantile hand of the *gaucho* grasps is the knife; the first things that attract his attention as a child are the pouring out of blood and the palpitating flesh of expiring animals. From his earliest years, as soon as he is able to walk, he is taught how he may with the greatest skill approach the living beast, hough it, and if he has strength, kill it. Such are the sports of his childhood; he pursues them ardently, and amid the approving smiles of his family. As soon as he acquires sufficient strength, he takes part in the labors of the *estancia*; they are the sole arts he has to study, and he concentrates all his intellectual powers in mastering them. From that time forth he arms himself with a large knife, and never for a single moment of his life parts with it. It is to his hand an additional limb: he makes use of it always in all cases, in every circumstance, and constantly, with wonderful skill and address. The same knife that in the morning had been used to slaughter a bullock or to kill a tiger aids him in the day-time to cut his dinner, and at night to carve out a skin tent, or else to repair his saddle or to mend his banjo."

With the *gaucho*, the knife is often used as an argument in support of his opinions. In the midst of a conversation, apparently carried on in amity, the formidable knife glitters on a sudden in the hands of one of the speakers, the *ponchos* are rolled around the left arm, and a conflict commences. Some deep gashes are seen on the face, the blood gushes forth, and not infrequently one of the combatants falls lifeless to the earth; but no one thinks of interfering with the combat, and when it is over the conversation is resumed as if nothing extraordinary had occurred. No person is disturbed by it, not even the women, who remain cold, unmoved spectators of the affray. It may easily be surmised what sort of persons they must be of which such a scene is but a specimen of their domestic manners. Thus the savage education of the *estancia* produces in the *gaucho* a complete indifference as to human life, by familiarizing him from his most

tender years to the contemplation of a violent death, whether it is that he inflicts it on another or receives it himself. He lifts his knife against a man with the same indifference that he strikes down a bullock: the idea which everywhere else attaches to the crime of homicide does not exist in his mind; for in slaying another he yields not less to habit than to the impulse of his wild and barbarous nature. If, perchance, a murder of this kind is committed so close to town that there is reason to apprehend the pursuit of justice, every one is eager to favor the flight of the guilty person. The fleetest horse is at his service, and he departs, certain to find wherever he goes the favor and sympathy of all.

When he is hungry he selects one out of the herd of beeves that cover the plain, pursues it, lassos it, kills it, cuts out of it a piece of flesh, sometimes as much as ten pounds at a meal, which he eats raw or cooks, and thus refreshes himself for the journey of the following day. If murder be a common incident in the life of a *gaucho*, it often also becomes the means to him of emerging from obscurity and obtaining renown amongst his associates. When a *gaucho* has rendered himself remarkable by his audacity and address in single combats, companions gather around him, and he soon finds himself at the head of a considerable party. He commences a campaign, sets himself in open defiance to the law, and in a short time acquires a celebrity which rallies a crowd about him. Then he regards the government as his foe, and proclaims himself a patriot, a liberator, and a reformer.

Artigas was for years the most distinguished representative of this class of patriots.

The governor of Montevideo several times sent such forces as he could collect to put down this modern Cacus. But the royal troops were invariably defeated; as in a country like the Banda Oriental a force like that of Artigas could not be overcome by ten times their number of organized troops. It was not the policy of Artigas to

fight, except with everything in his favor. Were he known to be in one place with a large force, and a body of national troops were sent to capture him, before they could reach his camping-ground he would be a hundred miles or a hundred leagues distant, with his whole band. His followers required no commissariat. If their horses gave out, they selected fresh ones that were to be found in great numbers on the intervening *estancias*; and for food they only had to kill and eat the cattle and sheep they were sure to find grazing on the *estancias* by which they passed. The lasso, the rude saddle, called *recado*, the sheath-knife, were all that the *gaucho* soldier required to secure him against every want. His clothing was such as in his maraudings might fall into his hands, though the true *gaucho* dress was his favorite costume.

This consists, when complete, of a shirt and a square piece of cloth brought around the hips so as to form two loose bags for the legs; and fastened about the waist with a broad leather belt, ornamented with silver coins, usually dollars, having eyes soldered to them, like buttons. Over his shoulders he wears a *poncho*, which is a thick, woolen cloth about six feet long and three and a half wide. Through a slit made lengthwise in the middle of this the wearer thrusts his head, and the garment, falling from his shoulders and about his sides and hips, effectually protects him from cold, wind, and rain. A brigandish hat and huge spurs, with or without boots, complete the uniform of the *gaucho*.

Of such was the army of Artigas composed. His horses cost him nothing but the trouble of stealing them; and beef, the only diet of himself and his troops, cost him no more.

The most wealthy of the *estancieros* would submit to be blackmailed by him, so that his career might have continued for years longer had not a revolt occurred among his own forces, from whom he escaped and fled to Paraguay, and threw himself on the mercy of Doctor Francia. Strangely enough, that cruel dictator permit-

ted him to remain there; and though he lived thirty-four years longer he entirely gave up his former amusements of robbery and murder, and was never heard of afterwards but as a morose hermit, secluded from the world.

A career like that of Artigas is not possible in any country where the greater portion of the inhabitants are not partially *gauchos* in their tastes and habits. He was to a certain extent a representative man, and to this day he is regarded by many as a hero and a patriot. Years after his death the political party in whose name he had committed the most of his crimes caused his remains to be removed with great pomp and ceremony to the cemetery of Montevideo, and there interred in a massive vault, over which stands a high and costly monument, dedicated in high-sounding eulogy to the great robber.

Since the time of Artigas he has had many imitators. Indeed, civil wars have been so frequent that until the last twenty years little progress, as compared with the United States, has been made in the country. If a *gaucho* has made himself particularly obnoxious by his crimes, he sets up for a reformer, and defies the government. Hence, in the more remote provinces, there are still *caudillos* ready to set up a standard of rebellion whenever they become outcasts and have no other means of support. The spirit of insubordination to the laws is almost universal—or at least was so, until within the past few years. They all profess to be ardent republicans, and the different parties put forth their candidates for the presidency. But the defeated party considers itself under no obligation to accept the results. If their candidate feels himself strong enough to inaugurate a civil war he plunges into it, and then the two parties fight it out, and the issue is decided by the result of a pitched battle. Had South American ideas prevailed in the United States twenty-two years ago, the result of the battle of Bull Run would have made Jeff. Davis President of the United States.

The animosities that have grown up as a

result of so many civil wars are so intense and bitter as to be scarcely conceived by strangers. The different parties have no idea of government policy, as affecting the general interests of the nation. Tariffs, banks, free trade, protection, or internal improvements, until recently, have scarcely entered into their political discussions. The quarrels and passions of the times of Artigas, Oribe, and Rosas are perpetuated to this day. Men are put forward for office, not for the ability they possess or the policy they advocate, so much as because their fathers fought on one side or the other fifty or sixty years ago.

When Charles Lamb had written something which was criticised as not being according to the spirit of the age, he replied, "Hang the age: I write for antiquity." So the politicians of South America seldom discuss measures or policy as they shall affect the future welfare of the country; but they argue and quarrel and fight for antiquity: hence the repeated wars and revolutions.

The last of the successful *caudillos* in these civil wars was a thorough *gaucho*, named Florencio Flores. Like Artigas, he was ignorant and illiterate, but distinguished for strength and endurance. He had been brought up as a *vaquero*, and was expert in lassoing cattle and taming wild horses. His prowess in these exercises was such that he could easily gather a following of *gauchos*; and having been a partizan of the Colorado party of Montevideo during the nine years' siege, he gained some military prestige, but was so turbulent an agitator after the fall of Oribe that he was compelled to leave Uruguay, and returned to his vocation of herdsman. In the civil war of 1861, between Buenos Ayres and other provinces of the Argentine Confederation, he rendered efficient service at the critical moment that turned the scale in favor of General Mitre, Governor of Buenos Ayres.

This success emboldened him to make an invasion of Uruguay. To this he was openly encouraged by the government party of Buenos Ayres and by the leading newspaper of the country.

This journal did not advocate open and

manly war against the Banda Oriental, for it was impossible to devise a pretext for that; but it took the ground that the minority of any country, when they could not get what they wanted under the established forms of law, were justified in making a rebellion and overturning the government by force of arms. If outnumbered and outvoted, they were under no obligations to submit. This was the very spirit of *gauchoism*; and as an evidence how strong this element still is, even in Buenos Ayres, no stronger proof is necessary than that such anarchical, detestable doctrines were so popular that the government had no power to resist them. Meetings were publicly called and openly held, for the purpose of obtaining material aid for Flores. In a free country and under a constitutional government the right to assemble thus is admitted. The Fenians exercised it in their foolish appeals in behalf of the Irish republic, and the English exercised it when they assembled to furnish aid and comfort to another republic, whose corner-stone was to be human slavery. But until some overt act on the high seas or within the territory of the menaced country was committed, no violation of international law could be alleged.

There was very little response, however, by the people of the Banda Oriental to these "liberators" who were coming to free them from a government under which they were enjoying a degree of prosperity before unknown; and among those who approved of the invasion there were scarcely any who cared to venture their own safety on an expedition so hazardous, if not hopeless. The government of Montevideo was distracted in its counsels, and taking no effective steps to throttle the invasion, should it be attempted. Of this Flores was well aware. He knew if he could effect a landing with a small force he could easily escape, should he see any energetic proceedings on the part of the government. But if indecision and apathy prevailed, he could gradually gather to his standard the floating *gaucho* population, that takes to marauding as naturally as the young partridge takes to the woods. With such recruits, he could easily keep himself

out of the way of any regular troops sent in pursuit of him.

The *estancias*, with their herds of horses, cattle, and sheep, were numerous; and, if pursued, his followers could, after every day's flight, supply themselves with fresh horses and the needed provisions at the expense of the *estancieros*; whereas any regular troops must move with such means as they could legally obtain.

With this prospect before him, Flores, on the 16th of April, 1863, embarked in a whale boat at Buenos Ayres, with only three attendants, for the Banda Oriental. He landed without opposition, and issued a pronunciamiento, proclaiming to the people that he had come to rescue them from the tyranny of the existing government. But he met with no welcome or response from any one who had aught to lose. Outlaws and vagabonds, however, rallied to his standard, and he was soon ranging over the hills with a considerable force. Arms and munitions of war were supplied to him from Buenos Ayres, with the connivance of the government. The President, Berro, was an old man near the end of his term; and as the country had enjoyed unexampled prosperity during his administration, he disliked to take any action to expel the invaders—perhaps sharing the opinion of James Buchanan that no government had a right to coerce anybody. So Flores was left to his own sweet will; and so completely had he dominated the country, that when an election was held he was made President. Then came the war with Paraguay, and Uruguay entered into the triple alliance with Brazil and the Argentine Republic, from which it did not emerge for five years. In the mean while, however, Flores was assassinated in the streets of Montevideo, and the world was that much better off.

But since the death of Flores the spirit of *caudilloism* has very much diminished in these countries. The soldiers who were conscripted for the Paraguayan war were largely of this class, and they were mostly killed or died there. They had left their country for their country's good, as did so many, some twenty-five years ago, leave California to give

liberty and good government to the benighted people of Nicaragua.

Of late years there has been a great influx of foreigners into these countries: people who take no part in the quarrels of the past; who only want security for life and property, and who give their whole influence to the development of the industrial interests of the country. English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, French, Italians are all flocking in there, and the population is becoming of such a cosmopolitan character that a successful revolution seems now hardly possible. The last attempt of that kind was as signal a failure as was the late "onpleasantness" in the United States. The most popular man in the country was at the head of it, and the one having the most prestige. This man was General Bartolome Mitre, who had been Governor of Buenos Ayres, and then for six years President of the republic. He was a man of varied accomplishments, a scholar, an orator, a historian, and a poet.

He was also an experienced soldier and a man of courage, and for a time was in chief command of the allied forces in the war against Paraguay. At the end of his term he had retired with high honors, universally respected.

Under the Argentine constitution no president can be elected his own next successor; and therefore during the following six years Mitre remained a private citizen. But at the next election he came forward as a candidate. He was not, however, elected, as the interior provinces thought it was time for some other part of the republic to have the president. Then, sad to say, the man was unwise enough, and had so much of the *gaucho* instinct in him, that he attempted to get up a revolution and resist the legally elected president. Large armies were raised on both sides, and there was, at first, promise of a disastrous civil war. But

the spirit of *gauchoism* was broken. The rebels were easily defeated in the first general action, and Mitre was taken prisoner. He was kept in prison in Buenos Ayres for a long time, and though many threats of his partisans were made to liberate him, no attempts were made to do it; and at last, when all excitement had died away, and civilization seemed to have superseded the bad spirit of other days so completely that another revolution was not to be apprehended, his prison doors were opened, and he was allowed to go forth a free man. If a man so popular, and one who had been honored above any other citizen, could only make a ridiculous failure, it is quite clear that a new era has come to the inhabitants of these countries, and the future for them is full of promise. Emigration of the best class is pouring in in vast numbers; and as the valley of the Plata is the finest region in the world, next to the valley of the Mississippi, it is destined to become in a few generations a densely populated country, and one of the greatest nations of the earth. No other section save the Mississippi valley has so fine a climate, and such an extent of rich, fruitful soil. The spirit of improvement there is as rife as in the United States. Railroads and telegraphs are extending in all directions, and factories and ship-yards are being established with an enterprise like that of Boston or Chicago; and to-day the Argentine Republic is one of the most progressive states in the world. As republicans, we should rejoice in their prosperity, and welcome the day when there shall be another great and powerful republic to prove to the world that the day of despotism and superstition is passed, and that the best government is that where all power is recognized as derived from "the consent of the governed." *

CHARLES A. WASHBURN.

* This paper was read before the Geographical Society of the Pacific, August 15th, 1882.

THE BABY ON THE WALL.

I LOOK on the wall at my baby,
The boy of my long ago,
And I say to myself, "Now, may be
The whole thing never was so."

Then I remember the winter night,
In a country far away,
When his dying face in the shaded light
On his mother's bosom lay.

I see her gather him closer still,
And note her drooping head,
And then, with lips that are white and chill,
She moans, "Oh, darling!—dead!"

I see myself next morn going out
From sorrow into the storm;
I scarcely know, as I go about,
Whether I'm cold or warm.

I look for the man who sells the ground;
He marks me a lot in the snow;
He digs me a grave. And we gather round,
We and our friends, you know.

And there with words I never recall—
I heard but the broken moan
Of his mother when clods began to fall—
We left him low and alone.

But his memory comes not o'er me now
As it did in former years,
When his mother would hang his picture low
And look at it long in tears.

One grief over another has grown,
As time has worn me gray,
Till now the mother is dead and gone—
And that's the reason I say:

I look on the wall at my baby,
The boy of my long ago,
And sometimes think, "Now, may be
The whole thing never was so."

THE SIGNOR AMERICAN.

I.

It was in the baptistery at Pisa that Berry first saw her. He had just entered the door as she uttered a few clear soprano notes; and in a moment was awakened that peculiar echo that once heard is never forgot—a seeming multitude of voices of unearthly tender sweetness taking up the strain and wafting it to the highest heavens.

Berry bowed his thanks in recognition of the treat in which he had shared. She glanced uneasily towards her escort, a middle-aged gentleman with bald, shining head and long gray whiskers; slightly inclined her head in return, and spoke two or three words—at least Berry saw her lips move, though he did not catch the words.

The custode of the baptistery, moved with jealousy at being outdone, must just then show what he could do by throwing down upon the marble floor a block of wood, and the blow awakened the most deafening and howling crash-upon-crashing echoes, that finally rolled away like the mutterings of a distant thunder-storm.

Thus it was that Berry lost those words, which, if they had been meant for him, were no doubt some commonplace reply to his thanks; but if his scowl could have consumed that grinning custode, he would have been turned instantly into ashes.

Her escort favored Berry, as they turned away, with a most comprehensive stare, or rather a series of stares.

The custode with his block of wood never knew that he lost three francs for his pains. The five francs that Berry would have gladly given in his happiness was but a begrudged franc in his resentment. However, he relented to the amount of another franc when the stupid old man said, as he placed the fee carefully away in his pocket with one hand and motioned towards the vanishing

carriage of the visitors with the other, "Ah! she did sing from her heart—the madonna-faced."

Madonna-faced! Doubtless, the expression was one that he of the baptistery would have gladly bestowed on any fair five-franc donor, even on Miss Miggs herself; though in this case he had been moved by the power of beauty as well as by a lively admiration for a cheerful giver. She might well have stepped out of some old worshiped canvas, that rare golden-haired daughter of the land of olives, whose bearing was sweetly and nobly majestic, and who, at the most, could not have seen more than eighteen or twenty years.

It was in those days before united Italy was a realized fact, when it was unpleasant and not infrequently dangerous for any one to be there doing much traveling; but the least so for an American, to whom it could matter but little, practically, who might win in the struggle. Armed with a correctly vised passport, and attending strictly to those matters which are supposed to interest a traveler, an American found himself the least harassed of any nationality, and a hundred times less suspected and annoyed than a native.

Berry had passed some time at Florence, but taking alarm at what proved to be some foolish report of an uprising, he took flight to Pisa. All impatient to view those buildings which are the glory of Pisa, he had no sooner seen his baggage deposited at a small hotel near the Ponte di Mezzo than he at once rushed off sight-seeing in the Piazza del Duomo.

The waiter of the hotel "Europe" had solemnly and emphatically denied Berry accommodations, but Berry insisted on leaving his baggage there until his own return and that of the landlord, a M. Molina, who was hourly expected from Leghorn. The

round-faced Signora who kept the excellent pension on the Via del Presto at Florence had given Berry a card of introduction to her cousin of the Europe, which he hoped would plead in his behalf, being well pleased with all he saw about the little hotel.

On returning to the hotel he found that Molina had arrived; but he also denied Berry, accompanied with profound excuse. Berry felt sure of quarters elsewhere, to which Molina offered to send him, as travelers were then but few; but why should the Europe be so crowded?

Molina could or would only shrug his shoulders, and turning his hands helplessly outward, as if beseeching mercy, edge away towards the hotel entrance. Berry paused a moment, even then irresolute to accept the situation, and hearing some light steps behind him, turned and saw the sweet singer of the baptistery, who had just entered the hotel. Berry raised his hat, out of common politeness, as she passed him, and he noticed a sad, uneasy smile play upon her face.

Her gray-whiskered escort had paused near the entrance, conversing with Molina, and Berry caught some words which seemed to apply to himself. Coming forward, the gentleman scanned him over thoroughly, while scrutiny Berry returned as long as the bald head was in sight.

"M. Molina," said Berry, defiantly, dropping into a chair, "I'm going to stop with you, whether you want me or not. You certainly have some little nook where you can lodge me and charge full rates. I'm—I'm very much fatigued."

Molina smiled, though he shook his head in that absurd way of *maitres*, and Berry took hope.

"My cousin, the Signora at Florence, would never forgive me should I ill lodge the gentleman," he said suavely. "It is true, I have one little, very little room, but I could not in conscience offer it."

"Let your conscience rest easy," said Berry, judging to a nicety what an Italian landlord meant when he began to talk in that strain; "the very little room will answer."

It was not the very little room that Berry

expected it to be, scarcely large enough for him to squeeze into; nor did he ever discover that Molina had many others that were much larger, or that he had more guests than the bald-headed gentleman's party and himself.

II.

Three or four days passed without Berry's catching as much as a glimpse of Signorina Bianca Vanni. He learned that much of bland Molina, and that the gentleman was Count Barbensi, her guardian; but beyond their names Molina knew nothing, so he said; though Berry felt that in that particular Molina held but as little reverence for truth as in some others. The count and Molina were too often in conversation to be such entire strangers to each other.

Berry tried to pump the Europe's sole waiter, but he was apparently the most dull of mortals, and knew nothing. Even with the stimulus of ten francs it took this Giulio two days to discover but little more than Molina had told, and he imparted his information as though it was a great state secret, that must be spoken only after a mysterious caution in closing all the dining-room doors.

The count, however, was not chary of his presence, and Berry seldom walked or lounged long in the paved court of the hotel, around which stood some orange trees in boxes, before the gray-fringed shining head also appeared there, apparently to keep an eye upon the windows above. He always quite ignored Berry's presence; but whenever they met elsewhere they scowled at each other right royally, I promise you.

On one side of the court was a trumpery bandbox of a room, labeled over its door with huge letters in grand flourish, "Smoking-room." It was directly under the windows the count watched so jealously. Late one afternoon, before dinner, Berry was waiting there for that important hour to arrive, when there broke on his hearing the low, sweet notes of an Italian hymn, as one would sing to one's self.

Berry knew the voice at once, and forgot

that he was hungry and had just growled at the delay of dinner. When Giulio quietly appeared on the opposite side of the court, arrayed in his spotless apron, and was about to call, "Dinner is served, sir," he was struck dumb by Berry's pantomimic demands for his silence.

The voice ceased a moment, and was beginning a second *aria*, when it was hushed by a great, gruff "ahem!" followed by the heavy tread of that bewhiskered count sounding upon the court pavement. He glared up at the windows about the court, and went into the hotel at a stride. Berry could have numbered the stone steps of the flight that led above by listening to the count's thump, thump, thumping feet, as he ascended.

"It was the Signorina Bianca that sang," said foolish Giulio, as he ladled out Berry's soup.

The table was usually ornamented with a dish of flowers, but on that day the bouquet appeared finer than common; and before the cause could be asked Molina glanced into the dining-room, calling Giulio out. At once Berry heard them in the passageway, parleying in furious tones about some flowers; though directly Molina re-entered, all smiling and suavely, followed by Giulio. Molina explained that he had as usual provided two bouquets, one for the count's table and the other for Berry's; but that stupid Giulio's dog had been allowed to get at one and pull it all to pieces. M. Molina could not say whose bouquet was destroyed, though Giulio had decided that it was the count's. No doubt he was perfectly right. It would be a great disappointment to the Signorina, who loved flowers, and never dined without them; but as she was just about to take her dinner none could be had in time.

Berry was not ill pleased for the opportunity, and handing his flowers to Giulio, ordered him to bear them to Signorina Bianca, with his compliments. He also mentally resolved that Giulio's dog should have a new collar, and regretted having said that very morning, as he had rolled

that animal of low degree over for snapping at his heels, that such curs were only fit to drown.

"And tell them how stupid thou hast been," said Molina, as Giulio left the room with the flowers. Then, turning to Berry, "Ah, sir, you have charmed that Giulio; he will have it that nothing is half good enough for the Signor American."

Molina was out of the room changing the courses when Giulio, in great trepidation, returned, bearing the flowers, which he replaced on the table without uttering a word, and began nervously shifting some of the dishes.

"What does this mean?" Berry demanded, seeing that Giulio had no idea of explaining.

"Sir?—ah, you see, Signorina Bianca does not care for flowers, and when she does, Count Barbensi will furnish them."

"Who said that?"

"The Signorina."

"I don't believe you!" said Berry, indignantly.

Giulio glanced at the doors, and then drawing near to Berry, said in a whisper: "No, it is a great lie; it was the count who said that, and he swore dr—r—r—eafdufully—I'm quite frightened! He is a grand villain, this count, and he bullies the Signorina; her maid, Ninna, told me last night. But I tell you, sir, Ninna can be a great hypocrite! She also bullies the Signorina one half the time, to please the count, and not be sent away, and cries her eyes out the other half, and prays to the madonna because she has to be so wicked. Ninna loves the Signorina, but the count thinks she is a tiger. Ah!"

A step was heard in the passage and at the door, and Giulio again spoke in his ordinary tone. "It is as I tell you, sir, the Signorina says, tell the Signor American that she cares not for flowers, and when she does, Count Barbensi will bring them."

Molina contradicted and denounced Giulio as a blundering pig, sent him from the room, and begged that Berry would pay no attention to what had been reported.

"Though the count is peculiar, I know it is that pig's mistake," said Molina, weeping the driest of tears. "You must know that I rented the whole of my hotel to the count, as he wished to feel as though he was at home. But ah, sir! you came and charmed me too: I could deny you nothing. I told the count that you were my particular friend—such a friend that always I make you no charge; and he growled much, but believed me. Now I shall be ruined if we do not say that Giulio is a blundering pig: I pray you will not refuse me!"

Berry had no desire to be ousted from the Europe, which Molina vowed the count could insist upon for cause; so he said nothing further about the flowers being returned, though mentally resolving various rash projects of revenge.

As Berry went to his room that night, he saw the maid Ninna approaching along the passage. It was the second time he had seen her, the first being an occasion when she had blundered into his dining-room. She was a rather coarse-looking woman of an awkward gait, always appearing with a great ugly hood slouched over her head, though to no loss to the lovers of the beautiful. When Berry and she had nearly met, he slackened his pace to have a better look at her. She hesitated, and without turning her head, said, in a not unpleasant voice, "Signorina Bianca wishes to thank you for your beautiful flowers; it was very kind in you to send them, and she begs that you will not charge her with the rude message with which they were returned."

"Assure the Signorina that I did not for a moment; and that if I can ever do her a service, she has but to command me," said Berry gallantly, as Ninna hastily moved away.

III.

Giulio, as Berry learned to know him better, proved far from stupid when safe out of ear-shot of Molina; and as he and Ninna became acquainted, had always some new bit of revelation in regard to Bianca, until the situation was pretty well understood.

Count Barbensi had been left several years before the sole guardian of Bianca and her considerable wealth; and being a powerful though needy person, he had recently made violent love to his ward, with an eye to her fortune. A gentle repulse, instead of reminding him of his sacred trust, had only caused him to unmask his true character; and having persuaded Bianca to leave her native city of Ferrara, ostensibly to visit the baths of Lucca, he had brought her to Pisa, away from all knowledge of her friends. Once in the hotel of Molina, a creature of the count's, though he loved any one's gold, and in the care of Ninna, a supposed willing tool, the count had given Bianca to either favorably consider his suit or the alternative of a convent life at Rome, where, from the near-at-hand port of Leghorn, she could be easily taken in a few hours. Whenever she went out of the hotel the count was at her side, and she therefore preferred to remain within doors, where, save at meals, she could avoid his presence.

"But the other Signor, the one she does admire—where is he all this time?" asked Berry of Giulio, trying to make it appear by the tones of his voice that it was a matter of indifference to him if there were a dozen or so.

"Ninna says there is none; but then Signorina Bianca hates the count. Ninna, sir, has a little dagger, long and sharp, and says if it must be she will *so*"—tapping Berry lightly but very suggestively on the breast—"but I think she brags; she is afraid of the count."

"The old gray-headed wretch!" said Berry, half to himself. "What a dastardly action, to work upon the fears of a young, tender heart!" Then to Giulio, after a pause. "Why doesn't she appeal to your courts? There are laws that certainly will protect her, troubled as the times are."

"Ah! but, my brave sir, who will tell the law? The next morning he would be missing, and perhaps he would be in the Arno, and perhaps he would be in the sea."

"And has she no friend who will dare this much for her?"

Giulio sorrowfully shook his head. "In England, Ninna says, there are many good friends of the Signorina's; but they tell me England is very far from here, and time is passing. The count is a great man; I would not like to get in his way, I tell you, sir, for he will stop at nothing. Ah, I'm afraid there is no help for the Signorina!"

"There is some help for her," said Berry, slowly, and with significant determination.

Giulio started back in alarm and amazement, and a dish fell out of his hand, but safely upon the table.

"Excuse me, sir, but I think that you do not know this count: he is like the lion that roars! You have the brave heart, and can fence and shoot well, no doubt—I hear that all of Signor's countrymen shoot very fine—but you cannot see in the dark; and—ah, certainly! it shall be as you command. I wish you well, very well, but shall weep much if my brave gentleman comes to harm."

Berry smiled and held out a gold piece to Giulio, who stood by him with his countenance troubled and his hands clasped.

"No, excuse me, a thousand pardons!" said he, stepping back from the coin. "I do not wish pay twice, as Molina; my pay will be Ninna. I have said, don't cross the count, with my lips; but my heart says, yes, yes—you see, sir, how it is with me."

Giulio, however, was prevailed upon to take the gold, with the understanding that he was to spend it in a trinket for Ninna, who was to be warned to watch for an opportunity to speak with Berry.

It was not a pleasant prospect for Berry to contemplate what had been done by unscrupulous Italians; but from a call of distressed womanhood, even though she had not been young, lovely, and free, all the possible daggers of Italy would not have intimidated him. He possessed, as Giulio had said, "the brave heart." The several specimens of the men of Italy whom Berry had become acquainted with at the different cities he had visited rapidly deepened a pre-

conceived and strong aversion to them as a nation, which to Molina, a Frenchman, he chanced to disclose on his first night in Pisa. Molina had at first strongly endeavored to remove this prejudice, and with a persistent zeal that Berry finally told him with considerable warmth was wasted upon him. Molina for some reason was undoubtedly disappointed at his failure, but on the second day, when they exchanged a few words, he admitted with unblushing inconsistency that he, too, really thought very lightly of the Signors; and after that he seemed to take a quiet delight in repeating their shortcomings. Berry's instant repugnance to the count, growing each day, had further increased this antipathy.

That evening he had promised himself a stroll to the cathedral, to note the effect of the moonlight upon its pillared facade. As he stood there, thinking on a very different subject from architecture, he noticed the hooded figure of Ninna cross the piazza and pause in the shade of the leaning tower. Berry was not long in joining her, and heard a corroboration, in vehement language, of all that he had learned from Giulio. If he had entertained the slightest doubt of the propriety of throwing down the gauntlet in Bianca's behalf, it would have all vanished before Ninna's passionately tearful tale. Without a moment's delay, he would have rushed off and implored the aid of the law; but Ninna with sound reason persuaded him of the futility of such a step in Bianca's case, particularly at that time. If the count was to be beaten, it was at his own game of plotting; once given the alarm, and Bianca would be spirited away to where the count was all powerful. Berry scribbled a few lines on a leaf of his note book, offering his poor services in any way that Signorina Vanni might command, and spoke a number of verbal pledges in Ninna's willing ear.

"The fortune of the brave reward you, Signor! We shall now hope," said the joyful Ninna, as she turned away.

"None but the brave deserve the fair," floated through Berry's mind, and somehow was mixed up with his dreams that night.

IV.

Berry's ardor was a little dampened for the moment, when on the next morning there was cautiously handed him this note:

"I am sorry, and should say displeased, that my loving, foolish maid and simple, honest Giulio have, unknown to me, undertaken to be my advocates, and would win a far more worthy champion to my cause. Though I cannot chide them, my poor friends, yet I must decline to draw you, a compassionate stranger, into an unhappy plot that can but bring trouble, perhaps death, for your reward. I fully appreciate the nobleness of your offer, shall always remember it, and now thank you from my heart most earnestly.

"Sincerely indebted,
"BIANCA VANNI."

Berry was not long in sending an answer to this note, but Ninna expressed herself as being half wild from despair because of her mistress's continued refusal to expose him to any risk; or rather, as he judged from repeated language, she hesitated from utter hopelessness. Ninna implored on her knees, Giulio reported. "And I say, sir, 'I believe with all my heart that Signor Berry can outwit the count, and get you to your friends in England.'"

He finally prevailed with Ninna to be granted a moment's interview in Molina's and the count's absence, and spoke with the eloquence of a courageous-hearted man. His words well became him, yet there seemed to be something in his bearing and speech, however praiseworthy, that apparently surprised, if not startled, the poor woman, and she turned towards Ninna, with a questioning look.

"As even walls sometimes have ears," said Ninna, sententiously, "and Signor Berry already knows everything, let us act. Signorina, permit me to introduce you to your brother, Signor Berry."

"We should not accept but cannot refuse your assistance, brave brother," said Bianca, in charming earnestness. There were tears

in her eyes as she endeavored to call up a smile when they shook hands, and a moment later she was strongly affected. But as Ninna calmed her, Berry saw her face light up with hope and courage, and he left their presence with thanks ringing in his ears.

It was running too much danger of a discovery, Ninna thought, to hold another interview with Bianca; but through herself there was always a safe communication, and plans were suggested and gradually matured while waiting for a favorable opportunity to execute them. Berry ventured with success to interpolate the words "sister and servant" after his own name in his passport, which all the powers that be were requested to know was an American citizen's.

A most unexpected opportunity offered when the count confided to his supposed zealous jailor, Ninna, that he would be obliged to be away a few days at Florence, on some political business. In preparation for assisting the plot, Ninna informed Berry that, with her advice, Bianca had seemingly become more gracious towards the count; and when he spoke of his visit to Florence, Ninna urged him to allow them to go for the time to Lucca, as Bianca had so often requested, where she would answer for the consequences.

When the day was fixed for their visit to Lucca, Wednesday, Berry hinted to Molina that he thought of returning to Florence; he pined for the beautiful Signorinas of Florence. On Monday he took a flying visit down to Leghorn, and there engaged three passages in the Valery & Co.'s weekly steamer to Marseilles, that would sail on Thursday evening. Tuesday evening he left Pisa for Florence, and when Molina begged that he would honor him with his hand at parting, he made that double-faced publican wince in his grasp. Arriving at Florence, Berry immediately continued on to Lucca by way of Pistoja.

The agreed signal that all was well was the two candles seen burning in an upper window of a small pension on the Via Pozzotorelli, as Berry strolled down that

street on Wednesday evening. While at Pisa he had emptied one of his trunks, and Ninna had smuggled many of her mistress's valuables and clothing out of her rooms and packed them in it. Another large box of Bianca's had been carried out of the hotel, ostensibly to be repaired against their return to Pisa; but it was really well filled, and Giulio was to see that a friend of his drove with it in good time to Leghorn.

It was an easy matter for Berry to call in the Via Pozzotorelli on the next morning, and, as an old friend, to invite Bianca to take the air with her maid, and afterwards, towards evening, to be standing with his sister and servant at the *douane* at Leghorn. On one spectacled official asking some questions, Bianca must have them explained in English, and Berry translated her words into Italian, not very lucidly I doubt, as the official quickly craved his distinguished silence and fees. Ungainly Ninna was not given a notice, other than the remark of a porter that Tuscany was well rid of such statuary.

On arriving at Marseilles, to Berry's secret anger his most valuable trunk, together with that box of Bianca's, were found to have been left on shore by the porters at Leghorn. However, the hope was held out that the missing baggage might arrive three days later, on a sailing vessel of the company's, leaving Leghorn at a later hour than the steamer's departure.

Ninna, who seemed to be in a consuming state of unrest to have her beloved mistress quickly reach England, then proposed and arranged that they should hurry on to London, while Berry awaited the arrival of the missing baggage to follow. In England all were friends, and they could not too quickly make themselves safe from any pursuit.

After an unusually quick passage the sailing vessel arrived at the end of but two days, and the missing trunks were found on board. Not many hours elapsed after Berry reached Paris from Marseilles before he continued his journey to London, which he reached in the evening. He posted a

note to Bianca at her hotel, announcing his arrival, and that he would give himself the pleasure to call upon her in the morning.

With great promptness to the hour he had mentioned Berry called, was shown into the parlor of Bianca's suite of rooms, and there impatiently waited her appearance.

As she entered, leaning upon the arm of a gentleman, Berry rose, and was startled by something familiar in his already challenged rival's face.

"Yes, it is Ninna—my husband," said Bianca, gayly advancing and frankly offering her hand. She had never looked prettier. "But if you had not known the count's disguise, I am sure you would not now have recognized him."

Berry tried to smile, but having touched her hand and bowed stiffly to the gentleman, he was glad to drop down on a chair.

"My ever-brave good sir," she said warmly, "you have saved my husband's life, dearer than my own. How can I ever repay you? what can we do for you?"

"Do? Ah! nothing, nothing, I'll assure you," said Berry, lightly. Then getting his eyes on his hat, for which he had been looking, "A beautiful day, isn't it? just the season for you to enjoy England."

There was a knock on the door, and as it proved to be a messenger for the countess, she excused herself for a moment.

"Not going!" said Count C—, as Berry aroused himself and immediately rose. "Stay and go dine with us at Richmond"; and the count went on in his smiling, oily way, expressing his thanks for the obligations they were placed under. Berry afterwards recalled that he was induced to reseat himself and listen to something about: "Political secrets betrayed—lose my head if caught—all seaports and roads watched—hiding at Pisa in woman's apparel—Signor Berry's appearance—plans suggested by wife's father, bald headed count—Molina, Giulio, all assisted bravely, but nothing could have been accomplished without Signor Berry—very glad letter was satisfactory—must take dinner with them, and be forever as one of the family."

Berry must have declined the dinner, as late in the evening he found himself wandering about St. James Square; and concluding from his weary feeling that he must have walked miles, he drove to his hotel.

The letter alluded to was one that had missed Berry at Marseilles, but was found forwarded on his return to the hotel. The count had thought well to write and explain that his wife, Bianca, knew nothing of the story that had moved Berry's indignation, nor of Berry's ignorance of what was hidden under Ninna's hood. "We were apprehensive, my good father-in-law and I, that as your dislike to us Signors was so great, you could not be induced to risk your life to save the life of one of us, and our first idea to confide all in you was abandoned. But we early saw that we had done you a great injustice, my brave sir, in doubting your

sympathy, a very great injustice indeed; yet what then could we do?"

It was a pleasure for Berry to know that Bianca was innocent of any deception; but he soon left London to escape the kindnesses that she, seconded by her husband, was anxious to pay him.

Only last week, Berry, who is still numbered among us bachelors, suddenly, and without any good apparent reason, announced that his health—never better in his life—required him to seek a mild climate, such as Italy's, and he posted off without seeing more than half a dozen of his friends. Whether or not Count C——, who did not again enter public life, is sleeping with his fathers, and Berry had learned as much, I have not been able to determine, though availing myself of every source where such a question might be answered.

JAMES B. MARSHALL.

WENDISH CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

A HASTY visit to the Spreewald, an account of which appeared in *THE CALIFORNIAN* for December, 1881, aroused in me so great an interest for the Wends of the Lausitz that I have since that time improved every opportunity that has presented itself to study their traditions, customs, superstitions and general folk-lore.

It is not so much the originality or intrinsic value of this folk-lore that awakens interest, as its vital character—the fact that here a class of superstitions, customs, and traditions, which in almost all other regions have a mere antiquarian existence, are alive, and not only alive, but sufficiently youthful and vigorous to give birth to new generations of myths, legends, and superstitious usages. Witches and witchcraft are matters of everyday occurrence; water-nixies, kobolds, ghosts, and other spooks of a local nature and with local attributes meet you at every turn; flames may at any moment burst from the earth beneath you, and reveal the resting

place of hidden treasures. There is a lively sense of the proximity of invisible and hostile beings, whose attacks must be guarded against. Every little event has its significance as a sign of future welfare or misfortune. The observance of certain forms secures success or averts calamity; the failure to observe certain traditional formalities, even in their minutest particulars, is sure to bring disaster in its train.

The observance of these forms, on which hangs the fate of life, begins before life itself. Should the pregnant mother look through a crack, the child she bears will squint; should she weave, the child will be lame; should she steal wood from the forest, the child will be a thief; should she suffer from unsatisfied hunger, the child will hunger. There are a thousand and one things which she must carefully avoid doing, and another thousand and one which to do is imperative upon her.

The baptism of an infant is an occasion

about which a peculiarly large number of such observances cluster. There must be at least two god-mothers; of these the elder carries the child to church, the younger brings it home. Before the god-parents enter the house on their return, an ax and a hoe are laid before the threshold in case the child is a boy, a broom if it be a girl, over which all must step. This ceremony brings luck. As the god-parent who carries the child steps over she says, "A heathen we carried away, and a Christian we bring back with the proper name, —." Then the child is laid on a table and unwaddled, the god-mother takes a hymn-book, holds it cross-wise over the child, and opens it at random. From the hymn at which it opens a conclusion, more or less definite, is drawn as to the child's prospects in life. A funeral hymn indicates speedy death, but in the case of most hymns of other descriptions a great deal is left to the imagination of the god-parents, or others who are present.

In the popular conception baptism is absolutely necessary to the salvation of an infant's soul, all children who die unbaptized becoming will-o'-the-wisps. But although so important, baptism alone does not appear to be sufficient to rescue the infant from the hands of the Evil One; it is only one charm among many. If a baby is left alone in the house, the Devil may come in and put a changeling in its place. To guard against this, a hymn-book must be placed under the pillow, or some four-footed creature must remain in the room, and this, too, not alone by night, but also in the day-time; for the Wendish Devil does not confine his activity to the night, but takes advantage of the mid-day hour as well. He who has experienced solitude in the fields or woods on a summer's day when twelve o'clock came, and every sound and distant sight of human labor ceased, when the very creatures seemed to vanish, and the trees to fall asleep, and motionless silence reigned over all, disturbed by some uncanny, stealthy movement now and then, whose source remained mysterious and invisible—he who, experiencing this, has felt steal over him inexplicable

dread and apprehension will realize how the Wendish Devil came to roam at mid-day with almost the same activity which marks his midnight rambles. Once having begun to show himself by day, the hour of his power was modified by the analogy of the night to that immediately preceding mid-day.

Between eleven and twelve in the day-time, a woman who has recently become a mother may not leave the house. It is even advisable that she should lie in bed, or, if she does not do that, sit on the bed and repeat the Lord's Prayer. This precaution against the wiles of the Devil she should continue to use until she has been churched, for until that time the danger lasts. It is interesting to compare with this Wendish superstition a superstition prevalent among the remnant of the Parsees still living in Persia. Among them until the sixth day following the birth of a child a constant watch must be kept, or else *Al*, a woman-faced monster, will come and kill the mother and perhaps carry off the child. On the sixth day a still stronger watch is necessary. All the members of the family sit around the mother and keep guard, until the morning of the seventh day, for in the sixth night the bird *Shish* may come, who, if he find the mother unwatched, will murder her and carry off the child. Comparing this superstition with that of the Wends, it seems as though the latter owed its origin, at least in part, to a personification of the special danger which hangs over one that has newly become a mother.

Passing on to the subject of marriage, we find existing Wendish customs reflecting in the clearest manner a period when women were a marketable commodity, and marriage the purchase of a wife; while here and there appears a relic of a still earlier and more unsettled condition of society, when wives were carried off by force of arms. The wooing and betrothal are regulated by custom down to the minutest details, and hedged about by ceremonies and formalities which, if introduced into America, would reduce divorces to a minimum, and probably marriages also.

But to the Wend, accustomed from his childhood to forms and ceremonies, these present no obstacle, or rather, the more numerous the forms the greater appears to be his satisfaction. First comes a ceremonious visit, in which the future bridegroom, attended by a friend, a sort of best man, announces to the young woman of his choice, or perhaps rather to her parents, his intention of courting her.

This is followed by an unannounced visit of the future bride and her parents to the house of the wooer's parents, who are subjected to a scathing cross-examination regarding family affairs and circumstances; not content with which, the invaders pry into every nook and corner, and thoroughly spy out the land. The formal betrothal is a strictly family ceremony, but solemn and binding in a high degree. The bans are published three successive Sundays preceding the wedding; and on the second of the three, the future bridal pair receive the holy communion, followed by examination and instruction regarding the duties of the married state. As a wedding-present, the bride sends to her bridegroom two shirts made by her own hand, and the neckcloth and handkerchief which he is to wear on the day of the wedding; while he, on his part, sends her shoes and stockings, kerchiefs, ribbons, and the like, which she is to use on the same occasion. Two days before the wedding the invited guests send to the house of the bride's parents milk, butter, and cheese. The *towarishki*, or brides-maids, superintend the necessary house-cleaning, decoration, and other preparations for the coming festivities. The evening before the great event which is to revolutionize the whole existence of one of their number, the village maidens gather before the house and sing hymns and songs, some of which would sound to us improperly suggestive, after which they are regaled with cakes, beer, and the inevitable spirits.

Early on the morning of the wedding-day the guests assemble at the house of the bride or groom, according to the source from which their respective invitations proceeded, and partake of a breakfast, the exact character of which, as well as of the meals that fol-

low later, is regulated by custom. Breakfast finished, the bridegroom, with his friends, prepares to go to the house of the bride's parents. But before the procession can start the *pobatreka*, or best man, makes an address to the parents, relatives, and assembled friends, thanking them on behalf of the bridegroom for all their kindnesses, and praying forgiveness for all shortcomings on his part. When the procession, which marches to the accompaniment of instrumental music, ordinarily of the national or doodle-sack order, arrives at the house, the groom waits without, and the *pobatreka* enters alone. He finds the bride's friends assembled about her, and she herself, closely veiled, with her face buried in her hands, as though overcome by grief and fear, seated on the table between her two brides-maids. The *pobatreka* greets the guests, then advances to the table, strikes it with his sword, and demands of the elder of the two brides-maids, "*Towarishka*, how dear is your bride?" The ordinary reply is, "Eighty thalers" (\$60). This the *pobatreka* regards as too dear. Professing to discover first one blemish and then another, he attempts to beat the *towarishka* down. Then, to the amusement of the assembled guests, ensues a duel of coarse wit, which ends in the sale of the bride, after she has been for a moment unveiled, for fifty thalers, five of which are at once paid down. The bride, on her part, now affects a great unwillingness to leave her parents' house, and the *pobatreka*, who, after the price has been agreed upon, is treated with great honor, made to drink a luck glass, and adorned by the brides-maids with colored kerchiefs and flowers, is expected to encourage her to accompany him by depicting the happiness which awaits her as the wife of his friend. Then follows the ceremony of welcome. The elder of the two brides-maids carries out to the expectant groom a wreath, a sprig of rosemary, a white handkerchief, and a glass of warm beer. The handkerchief, which is a present from the bride, he must hold in his hand during the marriage ceremony. The beer he drinks, putting the ornamental glass which contained it in his pocket. The wreath is placed upon

his head, the *pobatreka* taking his hat and wearing it along with his own. The rosemary is fastened in his button-hole. Beer and spirits are then distributed to all the guests, and the immediate friends and attendants of the bride deck the bridegroom's escort with gay-colored ribbons, scarfs, and flowers.

It is now time for the *pobatreka* to lead out to his friend the bride whom he has purchased. He accordingly returns to the house, and presently re-appears, leading by the hand an old hag dressed in rags and decked out with tawdry trumpery, but veiled like a bride. She is made to appear hump-backed by means of a piece of crockery fastened beneath her clothing; and as she advances toward the groom, she caricatures, with grotesque effect, the shamefacedness and bashful unwillingness of a virgin bride. When the groom declares that this is not his bride, the *pobatreka*, feigning surprise at his statement, raises the old hag's veil and examines her face; then, with pretended indignation at the deception practiced upon him, strikes her over the back with a stick, breaking the crockery beneath her dress, and hunts her into the house. The first old woman disposed of, a second is usually brought out and the farce re-enacted. The third time the real bride is at last produced, and after the *pobatreka* has made to her friends and relatives a farewell address, similar to that already held at the house of the bridegroom, the procession moves towards the church.

After the religious rite has been performed, in case the church, as is often the case, is in a different village, the maidens of that village bar the passage from the church-yard with a ribbon, and force the young couple to pay toll, a few *groschen* or a silver *thaler*, according to their circumstances. A similar exaction is made in every village through which they pass. Before the procession sets out homeward, the bridal dance is solemnly performed in front of the church-yard, and the same ceremony is repeated in front of the bride's home on their return. Before entering the house the newly married couple drink beer or milk from a new jug, which is then broken for good luck; and the bride pays a visit to

the stable to conciliate the cattle, in order that she may become a good milker.

Hitherto, we have followed the ceremonies with some degree of minuteness: for the remainder, suffice it to say that the festivities last two or three days, sometimes even a week, the last day's merry-making commonly taking place at the house of the bridegroom's parents. At the end of that time the young couple, with all their household goods and chattels, which, by the way, it is the bride's duty to provide, are moved by the guests into their own home. If that lie in another village, toll is exacted of the procession by the maidens in both places. Arrived at their destination, the young wife lets loose a hen brought with her for the purpose, and in its conduct sees an omen of her future life there. A jar is then broken against the door, the greater misfortune of breach of happiness being guarded against by the lesser one of the breaking of a piece of crockery, on a principle common almost all the whole world over. Then the interior of the house is darkened, and the husband leads his blindfolded wife over an ax laid on the threshold, a ceremony apparently symbolical of the complete trust of the wife in the protection and guidance of her husband, and the severance of her dependence on her parents. Scarcely is she thus installed as a married woman and house mistress, when the village matrons assemble before the house and sing songs of welcome. In return they are treated to beer and spirits, each receives a piece of freshly baked bread, and the young wife has bought herself a matron's rights and privileges. Then begin new festivities, lasting, however, but one day.

There are a great variety of minor superstitions and curious customs, which have been of necessity omitted in the above brief sketch; and indeed, as might be expected among a rude people, some are too suggestive and coarse to permit of notice here. Thursday, not Friday, is the unlucky day. The bride is expected to weep and mourn during the whole period of the wedding festivities; but, on the other hand, on the night of the wedding she must dance, and may

flirt, if she knows how, indefatigably, while her husband is condemned to sit still and look on. During the religious ceremony both the man and woman must have money in their shoes, otherwise they will be in need of money during all their married life. When they kneel before the altar, whichever kneels upon a piece of the other's clothing will rule the house; and much more of the same sort.

Passing on to the usages and superstitions connected with death and burial, one is first struck with the color of mourning, which among the Wends, as among other Slavic peoples, is white. The Wends say that when a man is about to die a star falls from heaven at eventide, and he who rises early the next morning sees it return to its place. If a dead person's eyes open after they have been closed, one of the survivors will soon die—the dead man draws another after him—and a similar calamity results from the falling upon the coffin of earth from the side of the grave. A dying man should not be allowed to lie in a bed, but on straw laid on the bare floor, and afterwards the straw should be burnt or buried in the earth. A window must be opened to permit the soul, which has the form of a white dove, to escape. Once this was forgotten, and the sick man lay a long time dying, but could not die, until at last a white dove came and beat against the window pane from without; then they opened the window, and two doves flew away together. Articles from a dead man's body have peculiar properties. The napkin with which the mouth was bound is efficacious in case of a lawsuit, for which purpose it should be carried to court concealed about the person. The thumb of one who has been hanged enables thieves to open any locks. On the other hand, those whose persons or houses are infested by unpleasant insects may find relief by throwing a specimen of the vermin unperceived into a coffin, that it may be buried with the dead body; the troublesome insects will at once die off.

As was to be expected, the wide-spread superstition that evil-doers cannot rest in the

grave is rife in the Spreewald. Their spirits frequently return in the form of animals. The unaccountable cats which often appear with so mysterious and uncanny an effect in the early evening have given our innocent but nocturnally erratic household pet so bad a reputation, that wise Wendish peasants shake their heads knowingly, and say: "Cats are not all really cats: many of them are the spooks of bad men. One ought never to speak to a strange cat in the evening, or throw anything at it." But it is not only after death that the soul may assume such forms: it has in so far an independent existence that it may during life leave the body, which then lies apparently sunk in deep sleep. Owing to this too great independence, there is a constant danger that the soul may wander too far away and lose itself, or that in its absence some one may seek to awake the soulless body, and actual death ensue. A recent traveler, speaking of this superstition, says that one young woman whom he met placed a vessel of water by the side of her bed, in order that her spirit, if it grew hungry during the night, might refresh itself there, and not wander off and be lost. Sometimes persons possess such power over their spirits that they can of themselves send them out of their bodies. In this case the spirit may be seen to go out of the mouth in the form of a mouse, an insect, or the like, while the body at once falls down as though in deep slumber.

This phenomenon of voluntarily sending the soul out of the body is ordinarily associated with the *Murawa* belief, or with witchcraft. In its usual form, the *Murawa* is the same as the German *Alp*, a malicious spirit which causes nightmare: it is, however, also explained as the momentarily disembodied soul of a living person which, in the form of some small animal or inanimate object, presses upon the sufferer and agonizes his sleep. This form of the nightmare is to be relieved by seizing the creature or object in which the malicious soul is for the moment embodied; and it may turn out that the *Murawa* was one of your friends or neighbors. A young peasant

who was troubled by the *Murawa* seized one night a piece of straw which was just alighting on his breast, and nailed it to the wall. The next morning his betrothed bride hung there dead, with the nail through her head. Another time a wise old woman watched the bed of a neighbor who had long been troubled by the *Murawa*. Soon the unfortunate sufferer began to groan and be distressed in her sleep. Then the old woman drew back the clothing and found a frog in the bed. This she sealed up in a glass jar full of water. Towards morning it died, and at the same time the wife of the next-door neighbor died also; then they knew who the *Murawa* had been. Another time the *Murawa* was a baked pear, which a man bit, and the next morning the mistress of the house was suffering from a severe bite in her ribs. This form of the *Murawa* belief is in reality but one of many varieties of witchcraft, which flourishes luxuriantly among our Wends.

The whole science of witchcraft is contained in the sixth and seventh books of Moses. These mysterious books one meets in Saxon legend as a talisman of the Saxon royal house, the house of Wettin, which the Swedes strove hard to obtain, and which ultimately vanished in a semi-miraculous manner. The great witch-day is *Olpargi*, (German *Walpurgis*) the 1st of May. On the night preceding that day witches enter stables in various shapes, as geese, cats, dogs, rabbits, bundles of straw, and the like, and feed the cows with fodder prepared for the purpose, which gives them power for the ensuing year to obtain the milk and butter which these cows give. On the 1st of May nothing should be lent out of either stable or house, and least of all fire, salt, and dough, for by means of them witches gain power to do injury to the lenders. If a man lights his pipe in your house on that day he must put it out before he leave, for it may be that he is a witch. On the night preceding the 1st of May a man should arm himself with a pitchfork or a sword, and watch in his stable, to drive out whatever may come in.

One time, as two men were keeping watch, about midnight, the stable doors flew open and a goose entered. They caught it, but could not hold it, though they wrenched one wing out of its socket. The next day a neighbor's wife had a dislocated wrist, so they knew she was a witch.

If a witch has once succeeded in obtaining power over the cattle, they are of no more use to the owner. They give him little or no milk, for the witch gets it all. At milking-time she hangs a cord or a cow's tail on a peg in the wall. Through this she milks the neighbors' cows into her own pail. If she milk too long then blood flows, and the cow dies.

A few years ago there was an old woman whom the neighbors knew for a witch, but the pastor would not believe them, and said there were no witches nowadays. Although she had no cows she always had plenty of butter and milk, and went to Cottbus and sold it at the market. When the people still kept on talking, the pastor went to her and offered her money if she would tell him how she got the milk and butter. At first she would not, but when he offered her a great deal of money, perhaps a hundred *thalers*, she hung a cord on a peg in the wall and commenced to milk it into a pail. After a while she would have stopped, but he would not let her. Then blood began to flow from the cord, and the neighbor's cow died. So the pastor saw that she was a witch, and she confessed that she had sold herself to the Devil. Then he prayed with her very often, and gave her the sacrament to save her soul from hell. Before long she died, but before her death the pastor commanded her soul to come back and tell him whether it had been saved. One day a bird flew into his room and sang four times, "Not a finger." Then the pastor said: "Thou bird, I charge thee by God's truth that thou sing the truth. What message bringest thou?" And the bird answered, "I am the witch's soul." So he knew that not even a finger had been saved from hell.

As elsewhere, so also in the Spreewald,

witches smear themselves with toads' fat, ride on broomsticks, (also on magpies) and meet to dance by night. According to some, the place where they meet is a mountain in Bohemia. The ancient political connection between Bohemia and the Lausitz, more especially the Ober-Lausitz, and the national sympathy of race and language, shows itself, among other things, in the tendency to locate stories in Bohemia. One of these, belonging to the category of Sunday myths, hierarchical and allegorical I imagine, in its character, is the following: Once upon a time a Bohemian peasant set out to drag a tree home from the forest of a nobleman on Sunday, when the forester was away and could not see him. His servant said, "That is a sin." But he answered, "The forester is away, and the good God is asleep." Then he sat down on the tree stump and lighted his pipe; but he could not get up again. He had grown fast to the stump, and when

they sawed him off blood ran out of the trunk.

Although slightly altered in form, a large part, if not the majority, of Wendish traditions and sayings are German rather than Slavonic in origin. Any one will recognize something familiar in the saying, when it thunders: "Peter is not at home to-day, his disciples are rolling nine-pins." Similarly, when it snows they say: "Peter's disciples have torn up the bed and shaken out the feathers."

Incomplete as it is, this sketch has already reached the limits of a magazine article; and other customs and folk-lore, if mentioned at all, must at least wait for another opportunity. In conclusion, I will only add the charm most commonly used among the Wends as a panacea against pains of every sort—

"Christ's wounds are three,
They make thee from all pains free."

IS COLOR-BLINDNESS A SURVIVAL?

ACCORDING to the theories of Darwin, many defects or monstrosities now and then appearing in mankind are nothing else than a vestige, a remembrance of old times, where nature, as it were, returns in a freak to some old forgotten habit, some old fashion from ten thousands of years ago. To quote an example: sometimes men are found having on the upper fold of the ear a pointed protuberance, a formation which is normal in some tribes of monkeys. Now, it is claimed by the Darwinists that this point is nothing else than a survival, a reminiscence of the time when our ancestors, in some remote geological period, had pointed ears, like a dog's ear, before they had them folded in the graceful shell-shape of to-day.

Out of every hundred human beings about two or three are unable to distinguish colors properly. This defect of the sight is called color-blindness, and has been known

for a long time to the oculists. Of late years it has acquired public notoriety in consequence of its importance in many practical matters of life. A Swedish doctor, Holmgren, was the man who first saw this importance. In November, 1875, a railroad accident happened in Sweden, caused by a conductor's inability to distinguish the red signal light from the green. It proved to Dr. Holmgren the necessity of guarding against that sort of accidents, by examining the railroad officials, pilots, etc., with regard to their color-sense. The government took the same view, and Sweden was the first country where this control was instituted. Denmark followed; then France, where Dr. Favre stated that out of twenty-four hundred collisions at sea inquired into by him, three hundred and fifty were caused by color-blindness. Even conservative Great Britain joined in the



movement, which spread over most European states, and also has reached America, where, at least in the Eastern States, several railroad companies have had the color-sense of their officials tested.

Although the practical bearings of the question are manifold, and involve much of vital importance to public and private interests, I avoid entering farther into details, as here other sides, the theories of the color-blindness, are to be considered.

Scientific investigations in many countries have shown that the defect is present in about two or three per cent. of mankind, as well in Europe as in America. At the same time they have disclosed the curious fact that everywhere the male sex is much more subject to the complaint than the female. Holmgren found 3.25 per cent. of males, 0.26 of females, color-blind; Magnus, in Germany, 3.5 per cent. and 0.04 per cent.; Jeffries, in Boston, 4.8 and 0.06; in other words, while about four out of every hundred males are color-blind, hardly one out of a thousand females is.

Another result of the investigation was to show that color-blindness is more commonly found among the poor and uncultivated than among the intelligent strata of the population. Fontenay, in Copenhagen, found 3.09 per cent. among the higher classes, and 3.87 among the poorer working-people; Magnus, respectively, 2.65 per cent. and 4.35 per cent.; Holmgren, 3.45 per cent. and 4.54 per cent. Jeffries, in Boston, found amongst two hundred and seven pupils in college only five color-blind, or 1.9 per cent.; while in the public schools from two to six per cent. of the pupils were afflicted. Holmgren found, of one thousand five hundred and twenty-three students at the university, forty-seven, or 3.08 per cent., color-blind; of six hundred and forty-nine factory workmen, thirty-one, or 4.77 per cent.

These results seem to prove that the color-blindness disappears with culture and civilization; thereby explaining, too, why women, who in matters of color are more expert, and for generations have been familiar with the terminology in their occupations,

their dresses, etc., are here decidedly in advance of the stronger sex. In following up this reasoning, we come to the theory, plausible enough so far, that color-blindness is a survival from uncivilized ages; and that it has disappeared as the gradual development and education of our color-sense was progressing, forming new appellations for shades and distinctions of colors not perceived nor noticed before.

The very first who brought out this theory was no less than Mr. Gladstone. He tried, out of the old Greek poems, to prove that the author or authors thereof had been color-blind; and to be sure, the designation of colors is very often lame and incongruous, and not at all as well fixed as we should wish nowadays. With the exception of black, white, red, and perhaps yellow, the Greek appellations hardly cover ours exactly; we find nothing entirely corresponding to our blue and green. Particularly, the last color is hardly mentioned; the word "chloros," now and then occurring, rather indicates the absence than the presence of any definite color, and is better translated by "pale" than by "yellow," as sometimes is seen. Also, Homer's names for intermediate shades of color are used rather promiscuously, and often seem to us somewhat out of place: as an instance, I might take the often-quoted "wine-colored ocean."

Some German philologists, Geiger and others, carried Gladstone's views farther, going back to the old Sanskrit books, and showing that in the Vedas only black and red were properly distinguished, and that only by degrees; as the Indo-German languages developed themselves in their different branches, more and more color denominations were taken up.

Although some rather serious objections were brought into the field against these theories, they were too plausible and too tempting, from a Darwinian point of view, not to be favorably accepted by most scientific men; the more so, as the antagonists had the disadvantage of not being able to try the deductions by crucial, practical tests. The old Greeks and Indians are dead and buried

and out of the way long ago, and now inaccessible to any determination of their real color-sense.

The only rational way left to solve the question is, then, by means of analogies. It is a way not unknown in archæological researches. Find a people in about the same stage of culture and development as the ancients, with a nomenclature in colors as poor and vague as Homer's or the Vedas, and there is all reason to believe that its color-sense must correspond more or less with that possessed by the old dead and gone races. The experiment has been tried, but as yet in a rather sporadic and not very conclusive way. A caravan of seven Nubians, who visited Berlin last year in connection with a show, were examined by Dr. Cohn and Professor Virchow. They wanted correct appellations for most colors, and employed the same Arabian name for blue and green; nevertheless, they showed, when put to the test, a very good color perception. The same result was got by examining some Laponians, also visiting Berlin in a traveling show; and Dr. Almgvist, who was a member of Nordenskjöld's Vega Expedition, found the Tschuktsches, a Siberian nomadic tribe, in possession of a good color-sense.

During a stay in the Sandwich Islands I thought that a competent investigation of the color-sense of the Hawaiians might help to settle the question, particularly as I found the natives, or Kanakas, to be a race well adapted to try the relations between color denomination and color-sense. Although to a certain degree civilized, they still preserve their own language and national characteristics, showing the marked taste for glaring and pronounced colors which they share with other races in a primitive state, and which has been quoted as a proof of the dull and undeveloped color perception those races were supposed to have. Their language is particularly poor in names for colors. *Keo-keo* (white), *eli-eli* (black), and *ula-ula* (red) are the only ones exactly corresponding with our color-scale. *Mele-mele* is yellow, but often used for greenish and other light shades, and is on

other Polynesian islands applied as the name for green. *Uli-uli* means everything from dark green to dark blue. The sky is *uli-uli*, and so are the dark-leaved koa-trees. Grass-green is expressed by *o-mao-mao*, *mao* meaning grass, and the word is hardly a true color-name. Besides these six, no other color denomination is known in the Hawaiian language, and even these are used very vaguely and rather promiscuously, perhaps with the exception of the first three. Intermediate colors, as brown, orange, violet, or mauve, are either given up as having no particular name, or go by the name of black or red. A modern word, *flu*, borrowed from English, is now acclimatized and used for blue, particularly in its lighter shades.

When I went to work trying the color-sense of the Kanakas, employing Holmgren's test with samples of colored yarn, I was first struck with their awkwardness in the nomenclature of colors. Red was almost the only one they were sure of, and even that name was often extended to yellow and violet. Where English was understood, the English names were applied with much more sharpness and distinction than the native ones; but even here there was generally much confusion; blue and green especially being misapplied. So much the more I was surprised by their showing a particularly keen color-sense, as soon as they had comprehended what was wanted of them. Although not able to distinguish green and blue by name, they would pick out all my shades of green, from the darkest myrtle-green to the very palest, as nicely as any lady in a millinery shop; and the number of color-blind persons was also curiously small, as compared with the percentage among the white race.

Out of four hundred and ninety-seven persons examined, five were found color-blind, or about one per cent. But this proportion is particularly small, when we consider that most of those examined were males. The five color-blind were found among three hundred and ninety-four males, giving only one and a quarter per cent. for this sex;

while out of one hundred and three females examined, not one was found color-blind.

I admit that the number is rather small to base an exact result as to the percentage upon; but enough to show what I intended to find out. I think that by this series of investigations it is shown, to evidence, that there is no relation between the development of nomenclature, or denominations of color in a language, and the real, positive color-sense of the people speaking that language.

Even dumb animals are able to distinguish colors, as any mad bull will prove to satisfaction, although it certainly takes a pretty glaring color to act on his nerves. Any theory about color-blindness in our remote ancestors, as based upon their clumsy and faulty application of the names of colors, is inadmissible. The only thing proved by those philological inquiries is, that the colors of longer wave-length, commencing from the red end of the sun spectrum, have been the first to make impression, not on the senses, but on the mind of man, and consequently the first for which he found appellations; by degrees, the colors of shorter wave-length,

green and blue, have been taken into consideration; violet, the last of them, being even nowadays somewhat unfamiliar to uneducated people. But as to the color-sense itself following the same course of development, it is not at all proved; and although it almost seems a pity to destroy and discard a theory so plausible and so fascinating to a Darwinian turn of mind, we must do it. It is most likely that the ancient nations, like the uncivilized races of to-day, have had as sharp a color-sense as eye-sight; and the color-blindness must be ranged, not with the survivals, the casual reminiscences of a former normal state of things, but with any other defect of the visionary organs, as myopia or hypermetropia. The fair sex might find it particularly hard to part with the theory of Gladstone and the Darwinists, because now it cannot claim its relative immunity from color-blindness as a proof of a more advanced development and a higher place in culture. Some other explanation must now be found for the fact. Perhaps physiological experiments and researches will be the way through which we are most like to find a solution of the problem.

E. PONTOPPIDAN.

A SUNSET SONG.

WITH morning's freshness lusty loud we cried,
"O, give us strength to wander wide

Till eventide!"

At noontide heat, with self so deep inwrought,
We panted wildly, gave no thought

To eventide.

The strength of morn, the noontide heavy heat,
Are past. Comes rest to weary feet

With eventide.

Most grateful lights upon the mountain-side,
And tenderest shadows there abide,

At eventide.

The happy days of life their luster bring,
To cheer our moments while we sing

The eventide.

Life's inmost self this latest blossom shows;
And to perpetual morning grows

Our eventide.

B. P. WALL.

THE MUSIC-TEACHER'S SWEETHEART.

I.—THE MUSIC-CLASS.

I WAS slowly pacing the wharf at Mobile, watching the small craft sent homeward by the sinking sun, when I noticed, without looking away from the sea, that a man was walking beside me. Being somewhat scornful and independent—perhaps too proud—I secretly resented the freedom of the man's conduct in presuming to accompany me in my walk without having become acquainted with me. I walked steadily and composedly on, not noticing him, and not even deigning to make any maneuver to be rid of his company. Presently, by way of introduction, he suggested, in a small, timid voice :

"The ships are coming home."

This random remark was evidently addressed to me; but I ignored the speaker, pretending not to hear him. I did hear him, though. That voice, above all others, conveying so timid an appeal, should have sunk into my heart. Failing in this attempt to attract my notice, he grasped me by the sleeve in a manner that conveyed an apology for the liberty he took, and said, in the same timid voice :

"My dear sir, you certainly will fall into the water if you walk too near the edge."

I turned upon him then with a scowl, and with harsh words rising for utterance; but upon seeing his face I checked myself.

Worse than any malady of the flesh; worse than insanity; worse than the rankling of an outraged conscience; worse than bloody writhings under the lash; worse than hunger; worse than the agony that torture brings; worse than death; worse than the damnation hurled in thundering threats from velvet-covered pulpits;—worse than these all, because sadder and more pitiable, stood before me, and appealing more strongly to the heart than all—the wreck of a mind. Imbecility looked placidly out from the calm, patient eyes,

conscious of everything but its own existence; knowing not even the purity and goodness and human holiness that it had; ignorant of the fact that with the mind had gone, also, all selfishness, all avarice, all unseemly ambition, all hatred—all the baser traits that belong to the ripe development of mental vigor, and that crush into the dust those nobler things that make the soul. The shadow cast by mind was lifted, and humanity stood revealed. The woman, with everything gone but her endearing weaknesses and untiring love; the man, stripped of his outward vestment of harshness and unhappiness; the child, with nothing but its artlessness—stood before me in the falling night; while the vessels moored in the dock, and the night-wind came up from the gulf, and shadows stole out upon the water and mingled with others that came up out of the sea.

"I thank you," I said kindly, extending my hand.

He gave me his hand with some hesitation—not, I think, because he feared me, but because of his natural timidity.

"I might have fallen," I added, seeing that he hesitated and was confused.

"Yes," he replied, in his quiet, smooth, musical voice; "and if you had fallen you might have drowned."

I believe I then understood his nature and knew his longings. He was shut out from the great home of humanity. The mad world, rushing by, thrust him aside as useless for its selfish purposes, and left him by the wayside desolate and alone, without a friend to hear his sorrows, without a hand extended in friendship, without a look of encouragement, as he quietly worked out the problem of his life. My heart went out to him that night. I had rather have such a man call me "friend" than be the favorite of a king.

He was shy and cautious, and secretly

and by force of habit mistrusting; but I encouraged him, and soon he spoke to me with some self-confidence.

He was rather a small, slight man, not yet forty years of age; his dress was faultlessly neat, and there was an air of refinement about him, showing itself in the chaste language he employed, and in the shy self-respect he betrayed, that convinced me he had been reared with care. His hands were small and white; and his face, on which he wore a carefully trimmed mustache, was nearly handsome.

We soon became well acquainted as we strode arm-in-arm upon the wharf, and I asked him what his business was.

"I am a music-teacher," he said with a deprecating air, but with absolute honesty.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, unable to conceal my astonishment; for how could such a man teach music?—and who would be his pupils?

"Yes," he said, not noticing my surprise.

"What do you teach?"

"Songs, dances, operatic music, and the like."

"Vocal and instrumental, then?"

"No: simply vocal."

I was at fault as to the proper procedure in fathoming this mystery.

"Have you many pupils?" I asked.

"I have twenty-three now," he readily answered; "I had twenty-four yesterday, but I sold one this morning."

"Sold one?"

"Yes."

"At what price?"

"Fifty dollars."

His answers were so ready, and evidently so honest, that I believed he suffered under an hallucination.

"Is not that rather a low price?" I asked, cautiously feeling my way.

"Why, no!" he exclaimed, with a quick look of surprise. "I don't know any other teacher that can get such a good price. Sometimes I get seventy-five dollars. Surely, you never bought any that could sing well."

I confessed that I had never bought any

at all, and that I thought I would not know what to do with one if I should do so extraordinary a thing as to make such a purchase. It occurred to my mind that this mild-looking and ingenuous creature might in reality be one of those fiends who kidnap children, train them as musicians, and sell them to blind beggars. The suspicion was unworthy of me, but it forced itself upon me.

"Who buy them?" I asked.

"O, people who can afford it."

"Showmen and the like?" I suggested.

"O no! They have no use for them."

"Beggars?"

"No!" and he laughed with quiet glee—the first smile I had seen on his sad face.

"Why, how could beggars afford them?"

"But some beggars are rich," I argued.

"Are they? Then why are they beggars?"

I explained that they sometimes pretended abject poverty; but he could not comprehend such duplicity; nor did he know what I meant when I insinuated that they frequently carried with them, to sing and play for the money of the benevolent, children that had been trained for the purpose. Suddenly he turned upon me with the request, seemingly heretofore overlooked:

"Will you come to my house with me? If you will, I'll show you my pupils."

"Certainly," I responded; and we started. "But do you keep them at your house all night?"

"Yes: I have to keep them locked up, or I would lose them. The whole school would either run away or learn bad habits. I have to be very strict with them, but I try not to be cruel; for I speak kindly to them, and give them everything they want; and I am sure they love me very dearly. O, I like to teach them, although once in a while I have one that isn't as good as he might be." He said this with a very confidential manner, that conveyed an adjuration of the profoundest secrecy. "I have one now—Tom—first-rate fellow, but just a little stubborn. For instance, when I am trying to make him learn a certain song—'Home, Sweet Home'—he will frequently refuse to sing at all. The other day I was trying

to make him sing it, and he would pretend to try, and then he would be quiet a while, and then suddenly he would burst out with some other song he had already learned. Well, of course I have to correct him. I wouldn't seriously ill treat him for all the world; and he has more intelligence and talent than any of the others; so I starve him half a day. That always makes him behave better. What I desire above all things is to have him learn 'Home, Sweet Home,' and sing it correctly. • Tom has sense enough to learn it, if he would; but he seems to be determined not to learn that song. You see, it is very difficult for him, because it is slow and tender. He is young, and nothing pleases him but wild, rollicking songs. That's the kind that people generally want to hear, though; but I want him to sing this for my own gratification, for I wouldn't sell Tom for any price. Sometimes he can catch the notes well enough, but he sadly murders the modulation, and always gets the song too fast. That's the main trouble."

And thus he prattled on in his childish way, and all the time I was trying to solve the enigma. He carried me into a district with which I was not familiar. The narrow streets, and quaint houses with tall, tottering walls, told of the old French town, and of desertion and decay. A few bats flew in and out through small windows innocent of glass. Long grass, wet with dew, lined the narrow walk, and set cunning traps for the unwary step.

The moon shone with unusual brightness. Save the howling of a dog not very far away, no sound penetrated the solemn silence of that deserted street.

We stopped before a house much like the others. My friend carefully drew a great iron key from his pocket, as if afraid it would break, and opened an iron door red with rust. It was very dark within; and it was with many stumblings that I made the perilous ascent of a flight of rotten stairs. We entered a large and gloomy room, which was the humble home of my friend. At my request he did not light a lamp, as the moonlight streamed through the windows,

dimly illuminating the poor appointments. A feeling as if I were in the midnight haunt of spirits bore oppressively upon me, and I drew my chair nearer the window, through which the southern breeze came softly.

I did not see a trace of music-pupils, and I asked my companion:

"Where are your pupils?"

"I keep six in a room, and have them in several rooms. You see, I rent this entire floor."

"No one lives with you but your pupils?"

"No one," he answered sadly. Then two tears trickled down his cheeks. "Perhaps I would not be alone if I had been a better man. Once I had dreams of a happy home, with a bright face to gladden my life—but it was all my own fault. People don't like me," he added in tremulous tones. "They think—they think—" and he hung his head and hid his face from me—"that I am crazy."

"They should not think that," I said.

He looked up at me with a half-reassured expression in his eyes, and pitifully asked:

"Do you think I am?"

I shook my head.

He looked his gratitude, and then leaned back in his old worm-eaten chair, and sighed painfully. He did not speak for a long time. He was far away in that mysterious land of reverie and dreams known but to those who grope in the dark highways of benighted intellect, close upon the outer confines of heaven.

"Are you ever lonely?" I presently asked. He roused himself, and answered:

"Not now—not while you are with me. You are so good to me! Your voice is so kind and tender! Oh, if you could like me only a little, I should be so happy!" and he buried his face in his hands and wept like a child.

I do not know how it was, but certainly my sight was dimmed. I put my arm around him, and told him to trust me and be my friend.

He repressed his sobbing, and then suddenly he straightened himself, raised his hand with a warning gesture, and whispered:

"Listen!"

The glorious song of a mocking-bird broke the stillness of the night—rang through the gloomy corridors like a pæan of wedding-bells; chased out in confusion upon the lonely streets grim ghouls and unseen gnomes that lurked in ghostly corners; poured in through the open windows facing the sea, and lighted the dreary room with the brilliancy of song. It ceased.

"That's Tom," said my friend.

"Your pupil?"

"Yes."

"Then they all are mocking-birds?"

"Yes. Didn't you know that? Why, I thought everybody knew it!"

II.—THE SWEETHEART.

I visited him day after day, and we had long strolls together. It was with great interest that I watched his manner of training the birds and his treatment of them. I do not believe they knew his demented condition; but certainly the attachment they had for him, which was fully reciprocated, was the strongest and most tender that I ever saw between a human being and creatures of a lower order. I account for this partly by the fact of his great kindness toward them, and partly by the other fact that there was less to separate him from them than usually exists: that his unconsciously borne weakness raised them, in his view, to a degree of intelligence reciprocally high; that consequently, occupying more nearly than usual the same plane, there was more companionship between him and them than there would have been had he occupied the natural position of man in dominion over lower animals; and that, as compatible companionship begets love, he and the mocking-birds mutually loved through the mysterious workings of affinity. But there was also much of the father in his manner toward them. He provided them with food, hunting the markets or the fields in summer for choice berries, and buying for them in the winter every delicacy he could find.

Frequently they were very headstrong and unruly; but with untiring patience, and

sometimes with a little severity—such as speaking harshly, or withholding their food for a day—he would bring them into willing submission. He was always kind, but never lenient; always firm, but never tyrannical; always the father, but never the master.

He taught them with a flute. He would play part of a song over and over—hundreds of times—demanding silence while he played, and permitting them to sing nothing else when he finished. With the exception of Tom, on whom he bestowed especial pains, he drilled them in classes of six, these classes being made up with fine discrimination as to the special temperaments and musical powers of the birds. Each class had a separate room, so that one class could not hear the other, with the exception of Tom, who enjoyed considerable freedom. This precaution was necessary, as one class, overhearing the song of another, would instantly seize upon the new melody and tear it to fragments, having not been thoroughly drilled in it. If they too often heard strange notes, these would be wildly and indiscriminately thrown into songs already learned.

My friend was very shrewd, and a close observer. One day he said to me:

"A mocking-bird has no idea of time and system. He learns nothing by method, but everything by practice."

It was eternal watchfulness on the teacher's part that made the birds trained songsters, singing ballads, dances, and operatic songs, instead of the twittering and rollicking *pot-pourri* of the native wilds—a medley of the songs of other birds, themselves outdone in their own performances by the light-hearted minstrel of the woods.

Let a pupil sing at any time a theme that was not his lesson, and a sharp word from the teacher would hush him at once, and a few notes from the flute would start him aright. When one song had been drilled into a class for several weeks and until it was thoroughly learned, another lesson was given. Then came unceasing trouble, as the pupils would sadly mix the two; but patience would conquer it all; and at the

end of two years, when a pupil had sown his wild oats and settled down to a realization of the grave responsibilities of life—when the reckless and exuberant spirit of youth had mellowed into the soberness of manhood, and the enthusiast had merged into the artist—the bird musician could sing four songs, and was worth fifty to seventy-five dollars in the market.

It was not long before I noticed a strange and altogether unaccountable practice of my friend's. He was a miser. This fact, with all the suffering that it entailed in separations from his feathered friends, caused me great wonder, which had its origin in the deep love that he had for his birds, and the great grief that it caused him to part with one. I have known him to pay stealthy nocturnal visits to birds that had been taken many miles away; and once he was shot at for his trouble. Yet he sold them as soon as he could get them ready, and he always had in training as many as he could attend to. His wants were very few. He did his own cooking, washing, and ironing. He was scrupulously neat, but he had no fine clothes. He provided his table with only the cheapest wholesome food, and abstained from luxuries.

The fact that he was miserly contradicted his whole nature, and every other circumstance of his life. There never was a more generous-hearted man; for once, to test him, I pretended great need of five hundred dollars. The next day he placed a thousand dollars in my hand, and was much grieved when I declined to take it, until I told him I had made other arrangements.

And thus the days went by, while our friendship constantly strengthened. The glorious summer had passed, and the vanguard of winter came in the chilling winds of November. One day I found him sick with pneumonia.

"You are very sick," I said; "I must bring a doctor."

"I can't afford it."

"You have money."

"Yes; but I had rather die than spend it. There is enough now for it to do some good ;

but if I squander it on myself it will take so long to make it again!"

But I pleaded with him, telling him that with life prolonged he could greatly increase his hoard; and at last he yielded.

I summoned a physician. Two days afterward he told me that the case was a dangerous one. We did all we could for him. The fever rose and burned him. I watched him day and night, and carefully obeyed his instructions concerning the birds.

At length the physician told me that if there were anything to arrange it should be done without delay. My heart sank at this. Through all his illness the patient sufferer had not once complained, and his helpless condition had drawn me so much nearer to him that I could not give him up.

The time had now come when the secret of his life must be known; when the terrible causes that laid a bright mind in the dust should be discovered; when the object of his hoarding should be found. There was nothing to sustain him in battling with the malady. There was nothing that rendered life dear. There was nothing for which to live, but something to be gained by dying. I hoped and believed that in the solving of the mystery lay the only remedy against death—the only thing that would make him struggle against the disease and fight for life.

"I have not abandoned hope," the doctor said. "You may wait until to-morrow."

I dared not wait. The task before me might be difficult, and I must begin at once. Would it frighten him to know that death was near? Certainly not; and then the knowledge, and what it might develop, might save his life.

I broke it gently to him. He was very thoughtful, but not alarmed. I asked him kindly, "Is there not some one in all the wide world you would like to see?"

The only reply was some tears that trickled down his cheeks, and then a look of intense anxiety came into his face.

"You have been saving your money for some one," I said.

He made no reply.

"If you die we must know whom to give the money to."

The anxious look became intensified as he struggled helplessly against the inevitability of his secret being exposed.

"You know you can trust me," I said.

He pressed my hand, and his breast heaved with sobs; and then he drew my face nearer him, and whispered a woman's name.

I expected it, and it told me all. It told me that a noble life had been wrecked by a heartless jilt, unworthy the touch of his honest hand, unworthy to kiss the hem of his garment, weak only that she might be cruel, cruel only that the malevolence of cruel intent might raze to the ground that which God had set upright—idly malicious and pleasureably mean.

"Where is she?" I asked.

He gave no answer.

"Is she in this city?"

Still no answer.

"Do you think she would like to see you?"

He wearily shook his head.

"Would you like to see her?"

He would not say.

"Have you seen her recently?"

"Not in fifteen years"; and a shudder passed through his frame.

I left him with the doctor and stole away, without letting him know my purpose. I hunted the town from end to end, and sent out two or three of those bloodhounds called "detectives." Nobody knew her. We searched the outskirts. She was not there. We traced back my friend's history, and this gave us the clew.

The night was far gone when, with sinking heart and tottering limbs, I entered, with one of my men, the old narrow streets in the Spanish quarter, where red-handed crime and low debauchery found a hiding place; and there we found her—found her among the lowest of the low, and of them; found her steeped to the eyes in vice; found her with eyes bleared with drink and face seamed with crime; found her as far from purity as my friend was near it;

found her reaping the harvest that she had sown when she strewed his life in the dust.

I bitterly upbraided her as I tore aside the curtain that hid the past. I heaped condemnation upon her, and revengefully triumphed over her in her fallen state.

She fell at my feet, and lay on the floor convulsed with sobs. That one flood of womanly tenderness was enough.

"Let me go to him," she begged most piteously through her choking sobs. "If I can comfort him in his last moments, let me go to him. I will not say a single low word. I will be as gentle with him as if he were a baby, which he is, they say. I would have gone to him long, long ago, before I came to this, if I had thought he would forgive me; but he scorned me after I fooled him. Do you think he will forgive me now?" she asked in piteous tones, as she clung to my knees and tossed the draggled hair back from her face. "Don't you think he would forgive me if I got on my knees to him, and begged him for the sake of the bright, happy days of long ago, and promise to give up the old life? Oh, he knows what I am, and he would not look at me! He has known it for fifteen years. Oh, it was too cruel that he ever knew it! It was nearly two years after my conduct drove him away, and I saw that he was getting weak in his mind, and I told him about myself, and laughed in his face. You should have seen him then. Poor, poor fellow! He turned white, and then staggered, and then fell unconscious to the ground, and a bloody froth oozed from his mouth. Since that time his mind has never been right."

In recounting these scenes the wretched woman had worked herself into a frightful frenzy. Her long fingers clutched my clothing nervously. Her eyes glared wildly. She raved in the delirium of extreme mental suffering.

"Oh, beg him to forgive me! Beg him to let me see him before he dies. Beg him to let me speak to him, and tell him it will give me so much happiness and make me a good woman again. Tell him I would lay

down my life a thousand times to save him a single pain. Tell him that the thought of him, and of all that I have brought upon him, has never quit haunting me through the dreary years of my abandoned life; and that my only aim and hope has been to make some atonement."

I was alarmed at her condition. Madness stared from her eyes—the madness that long years of the suffering, hourly inflicted, that an outraged conscience brings about when a great catastrophe impends as a result of wrong.

"I will take you to him," I said, "not for your sake, but his, in the hope that you can save him."

She bounded to her feet, and eagerly said: "I will go!"

She attired herself hastily and nervously, but with care, and she turned her back forever upon the old haunts of crime. We passed rapidly through the town.

I led her softly into my friend's room, and the doctor went away. My friend was asleep. The woman and I sat in silence near the window, and the first soft light of dawn was just tinting the eastern sky with a glow of warmth, when I heard "Home, Sweet Home" stealing softly through the silence, treading lightly and with gentle step into the room. Ah! it differed from a wild, rollicking song that one night five months ago clattered through the corridors, and drove out upon the street every ghost in the gloomy old house!

There was a slight stir at the bed, and I was by my friend's side in an instant.

"Hush!" he said softly; "that is Tom—God bless him!"

Surely enough it was. Surely enough, Tom, after many months of trial and heart-aches he caused his patient teacher, now sang as never bird sang before. I loved Tom for that.

The woman crept forward in my shadow; and as the pathetic melody of Tom's sweet song poured into the room through the windows as a welcome to her, all the long-hidden womanliness of her nature came to light, and she knelt by the bedside, and took the poor shrunken hand in hers and covered it with kisses, while tears of surprised joy trickled down his cheeks; and while she wept as only one can weep in whom the fountain of human tenderness, pent up by the hardening influences of long years of crime, suddenly wells up grandly and deluges with its outpouring.

"Forgive me," she sobbed.

With all his noble, patient heart he forgave her; and he lived.

Well, it is a queer, queer world; but a very, very bright one withal—bright, because sometimes so dark. When the violets cover the hills, and the mocking-bird sings in the wood, I visit my friends, who are married.

And Tom? Nearly blind with old age, but with "Home, Sweet Home" he welcomes me just the same.

W. C. MORROW.

THE VIGILANTES OF MONTANA.

OF the history of the settlement of the Far West, there is probably no chapter which exceeds in interest that which details the struggle between the better and the worse elements of society—of that strange, incongruous mixture of social elements that was brought together by the all-pervading thirst for gold. The early history of all mining

regions of the West has been essentially similar. The stampede to California in 1849 and '50 was repeated, on a smaller scale, a decade later, in Colorado; and in 1863, '64, and '65 in Montana and Nevada. In each case the community contained vastly more than its normal proportion of the worst elements of society: civil government was

slow in formation, from the fact that men of all classes were too intensely busied with money-getting to attend to other matters. The natural result followed: the baser parts of society asserted themselves, and for a time had free sway. When their rule became intolerable, the better elements arose, and, after a contest of greater or less duration, overcame the lawless element, and drove or stamped it out.

The Vigilance Committee of Montana, or, as the members styled themselves, the Committee of Safety, had a task to fulfill that was in many respects far more difficult and dangerous than that of their *confreeres* in California and Colorado. They had to oppose a regularly organized band of desperadoes, whose number was large, and whose membership was drawn from all classes of society and all trades and professions. This chapter of history has been read by few, as the region in which the scenes were enacted was at the time one of the most remote in our country, its population very sparse, and its means of communication with the rest of the world slow and difficult.

Settlements were first made in Montana at Bannack and Deer Lodge, in the extreme western part, to which points miners were attracted by the rich placers. Thence they spread slowly over the mountain region of the Territory. A few months after the first settlements were made, in 1863, the enormously rich placers of Alder Gulch were discovered, from which were taken, in an incredibly short space of time, between twenty-five and forty millions of dollars in gold-dust. Then the rush began. In a very few months many thousands flocked to this desolate mountain gorge. Men of all ages and conditions in life, of all trades and professions, of all religions and all grades of morals, met and mingled there. The gulch was filled to overflowing with the human tide. Settlements extended in an unbroken line from the mountains at the head of the gulch to the plain at its foot. The principal ones were Virginia City and Nevada; the one now contains a few hun-

dred people, and the other is to-day practically deserted; but at the high tide of their prosperity they contained thousands of inhabitants each. At that time the few settlements of the Territory were widely scattered, communication between them as well as with the outside world being by stage or private conveyance. Nearly five hundred miles of mountain and plain, entirely unsettled, separated them from Salt Lake City, the nearest outside settlement. A more promising field of operations for stage-robbers, or "road-agents," as they were commonly known, could scarcely be imagined; and these gentry, of whom there were plenty in the country, were not slow in discovering its favorable points, and in working it, in mining parlance, for all that it was worth. They soon found themselves in an organized gang, with headquarters at Bannack, and a membership in every settlement of the Territory. The chief of this band was one Henry Plummer, a man of considerable ability and education, but utterly unscrupulous and merciless. He was noted for his quickness and accuracy with the revolver. He was, however, a man of polite address and pleasant manners, and was extremely popular with the people of the Territory, who elected him sheriff of Bannack and Virginia City—being at that time, of course, ignorant of his connection with the road-agents.

The band included, besides the sheriff, a number of deputy sheriffs, appointed, of course, by Plummer. It comprised, also, men of all professions and positions—mail-carriers, hotel-keepers, lawyers, and officers of banks. The whole Territory was kept under constant surveillance. No one was safe for a moment with any considerable sum of money in his possession; and an attempt to get out of the Territory with treasure involved almost certain robbery and death. Murders became of daily occurrence. It was a veritable reign of terror. No less than one hundred and three men are known to have fallen victims to this gang; while many more disappeared, never to be heard of again. Meanwhile, with

the administration of justice entirely in the hands of the leader of the gang, these outrages were committed with the most absolute safety to the offenders.

Although the existence of this gang was well known, yet for some time the people hesitated to act. The band was known to be very powerful, and was made up of desperate men. The inception of a movement hostile to it would involve terrible risks, not only to those directly interested in the movement, but to the entire community, in case it should fail. The organization was so extensive that no one knew but that his friend or neighbor might be connected with it. A man who was known to have proposed the organization of a Vigilance Committee would be marked for instant slaughter.

But, on the other hand, the condition of things had become unbearable. The murder which finally aroused the people of the Territory to action was in itself in no wise more atrocious than many that had preceded it. It was merely the last ounce, which broke the camel's back. A young man by the name of Tballt had sold a span of mules, and having received the money, started to deliver the animals. He, however, did not appear with them, and it was believed that he had absconded. It was several days before his body was found; he had been shot, and robbed of money and mules. This took place in the neighborhood of Dempsey's Ranch, not far from Alder Gulch; and the body, when found, was brought into Nevada. The indignation of the people was at once greatly aroused, and immediately a party of twenty-five men was made up to seek the murderers.

They started late at night. Before daylight they reached their destination—a cabin which was supposed to be a rendezvous of the gang—and there arrested two suspicious characters, who were supposed to be concerned in the murder. One of these was George Ives, who, as was afterwards learned, was not only the murderer of Tballt, but was a lieutenant of the gang, and had been concerned in most of the atrocities that had

been committed. These men, with another who was arrested on the way home, were brought to Nevada. The trial took place on the two days next following the arrest. Counsel was furnished the prisoners, the community being represented by Colonel W. F. Sanders, who immediately afterwards was made chief of the Vigilance Committee. A jury of twenty-four citizens was selected, whose verdict, which was that of a majority, should be submitted to the audience for ratification or rejection. Without going into the details of the trial, it is sufficient to say that in half an hour after the submission of the case to the jury the latter returned a verdict, in the case of Ives, of "guilty"—only one jurymen not concurring. The other two men were acquitted of direct complicity in the crime. This verdict was submitted to the audience, and after a little sharp discussion, was accepted.

Meanwhile, it must not be supposed that the gang was idle. Finding that Alder Gulch was aroused, the members concluded that it would be scarcely safe to attempt forcible measures without reinforcements, so messengers were sent post-haste to Bannack for Plummer, the sheriff and leader of the gang, and to their various rendezvous for absent members. The plan was for Plummer, backed by as strong a force as he could muster, to demand the prisoners in the name of the civil authority, and then to take them forcibly, if necessary.

To forestall this scheme, which had been already foreshadowed by motions to adjourn the court, no sooner had the verdict been approved by the crowd than Colonel Sanders mounted a wagon, and having recited the finding of the court, moved "that George Ives be hung by the neck till he is dead." The motion passed with feeble opposition; and preparations were at once made for the execution. Ives's friends and sympathizers, though present in force, were overawed by the large and well-armed body of miners; and, uninspired by the presence of Plummer, who rightly judged it safest to remain in Bannack, made no attempt at a rescue. The first of the gang was hanged, and with

his death its power was broken. The citizens had openly defied the road-agents, and had beaten them. Almost immediately after these occurrences, in the middle of January, 1864, a Vigilance Committee was formed in Alder Gulch. This had become a necessity. The men who had made themselves prominent as public prosecutors at the trial of Ives were thereafter in the most imminent danger of their lives from the road-agents, and nothing but the most rapid and energetic offensive operations could have saved them. From its inception, it spread very rapidly, and almost immediately was powerful in numbers and in organization. Of course its membership and its deliberations were secret. Trials were conducted in some cases before the arrest of the accused; in any case, he was not present. The verdict was decided by a majority vote of those present, and little time was wasted in the trial or execution. The latter was generally public, although in a few cases circumstances prevented the Vigilantes from emphasizing their acts in this manner.

Thanks to "Long John," one of the men captured with Ives, who turned State's evidence, and made a partial confession, much information concerning the gang was obtained, and the committee had firm ground upon which to stand. A party of twenty-four was detailed at once, although it was in the dead of winter, to go to Cottonwood and arrest, try, and punish the worst of the gang, who were supposed to be living there.

After a difficult and dangerous trip of several days' duration, this party arrived at Cottonwood, only to find that their movements had been watched and reported, and their intended prey had escaped. On their way back, however, they found and arrested two men who were known to be connected with the road-agents—"Red" Yager and Brown. They were taken to Virginia City, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. Before his execution, Yager, who it appeared had been acting as messenger, general informant, and spy for the gang, made a full confession of all he knew, detailing the *personnel* of the band, their posi-

tions, duties, etc. He exposed their secret signs, signals, and pass-words. The names of twenty-four members were given, with the crimes in which each had participated. His confession, while it was much fuller than that of Long John, corroborated it in every important particular.

Their pass-word was "I am innocent." Each member wore a necktie in the form of a sailor-knot, and shaved to a mustache and chin whiskers. These two men were hanged on the night of the arrest, by the party that had arrested and tried them. The deed was done quietly and privately, and was witnessed by few if any besides the Vigilantes.

Upon their return to Virginia City they expected to fight with the gang; but found, to their surprise, that the order of the Vigilantes had been so strengthened by accessions to their ranks during their absence that there was no longer danger of a general outbreak. The news of the uprising of the Vigilantes traveled like wildfire over the Territory, and many of the road-agents took warning in time, and left the Territory without standing upon the order of their going. Others, however, not knowing of Yager's confession, concluded to stay and see the matter through.

The ball once opened, matters were carried forward with the utmost vigor and severity. Measures were immediately taken for the arrest and execution of the principal members of the gang. A detail of four men was sent over to Bannack, to co-operate with the citizens of that place in the arrest of Plummer and such other road-agents as might be there. Upon their arrival they found, at first, no one to co-operate with them. A Vigilance Committee was, however, organized at once, and the orders, transmitted from Virginia, were immediately carried out. Three of the leading spirits, Plummer, Stinson, and Ray, were arrested, the whole thing being so sudden and unexpected that no resistance was made. They were hanged without form of trial, their guilt having been conclusively proved before their arrest was decided upon.

The next victim of the Vigilantes was Joe Pizantha, a Mexican. An attempt to arrest him resulted in the murder of one of the Vigilantes and the wounding of another. The prisoner was, however, secured, and though badly wounded, was forthwith strung up to the nearest tree; and hanging there, served as a target for the revolvers of the maddened representatives of law and order.

Another man, one "Dutch John" (Wagner), known to have been connected with several murders and robberies, was the next victim. Shortly after his latest exploit, when the shadows of the Vigilance Committee began to fall upon the country, he decided to insure his safety by a voluntary exile. He had succeeded in making his way down as far as the Snake River Plains, when he was seen and recognized by Mr. Neil Howie, who at once made up his mind to arrest him and take him back to Bannack. This he succeeded in doing almost unaided, reaching that place with his prisoner about the time of the organization of the Vigilantes there. His case was passed upon by them, he was sentenced to death, and was executed.

The scene of the drama then shifts to Virginia City. On the evening of January 13th, 1864, the Vigilantes in that place decided upon executing forthwith six more members of the gang, against whom the evidence was overwhelming. These were Bill Hunter, Jack Gallagher, Frank Parish, George Lane, Boone Helm, and Haze Lyons. The first of these, suspecting danger, escaped during the night, evading the cordon of pickets which had been stationed around the town by creeping along a mining ditch. The others were arrested quietly and without trouble, on the following morning, and they were forthwith hanged to the beams of an unfinished building, at the corner of Wallace and Van Buren Streets, in the presence of the entire body of Vigilantes and of most of the inhabitants of the gulch.

On January 15th, shortly after the executions above related, a band of twenty-one Vigilantes started off to scour the country,

and pick up certain notorious characters who were known to be in hiding, waiting for the storm to blow over. They traveled with the greatest rapidity, averaging sixty to seventy miles per day, and met no one on the road; yet in most cases they found that the prey had flown, information of their movements having been in some way furnished. However, on the first day from Virginia, they captured the notorious Steve Marshland, and closed his career. At the town of Bighole, where they expected to find a number of members of the gang, they learned that most of them had left, going over to Hellgate. They, however, found two suspicious characters, one of whom was hung at once, the other being set free, as the evidence was not sufficient to convict him.

At Hellgate and in its vicinity they captured five members of the gang—Skinner, Carter, Zachary, Cooper, and Shears—and at Fort Owen, in the Bitter-root valley, a man by the name of Graves. All these were tried, convicted, and promptly executed.

At the time of the execution of Boone Helm and his four comrades in Virginia City, the sixth man, Hunter, whose death had been decreed, managed to escape. It was shortly afterward learned that he was staying at a cabin on the Gallatin River, about twenty miles above its mouth. A party of four men was sent to arrest and execute him. As it was in the dead of winter, the trip was one full of hardship and danger; but it was successfully carried through, and another of the enemies of law and order was no more.

The fate of their companions in crime thoroughly overawed the remainder of the gang of road-agents. A large proportion of them incontinently left, while the few who may have remained did so at the peril of their lives, and have never since appeared to have any disposition to indulge in their former pursuits. The moral atmosphere of the Territory was thoroughly purified; and, since the storm, individual rights have been as safe in Montana as in the oldest and most densely settled parts of the Union.

HENRY GANNETT.

AMONG THE BASQUES.—III.

THE origin of the Basque people is covered with an impenetrable veil. It was believed by the old Spanish historians that the Basques were the first inhabitants of Spain; that it was in the Basque country that Tubal, son of Japheth, established his kingdom, and that from there went out various colonies in different directions that peopled the Iberian peninsula. Mariana commences the first book of his *Historia General de España* by saying: "*Tubal, hijo de Japhet, fué el primer hombre que veno á España.*" But this statement appeared to be upon the authority of Flavius Josephus, the Jewish historian, who wrote at the end of the first century of the Church, and more than two thousand years after the event of which he wrote, without giving his authority. The padre Molino of Estella procured a copy of this work for my inspection. In chapter viii. of the first book of the Spanish edition of the *Antigüedades Judaicas*, "Flavio Josepho" says: "*Thobel señalo asiento á los Thobelianos que al presente son los Iberos.*"

The Basque provinces of Biscay, Alava, and Guipuzcoa were never conquered by the Moors. The latter entered the kingdom of Navarre, but they did not hold possession of any towns beyond Pamplona, and only occupied that place for about twelve years.

When at Castelis in Navarre, I observed around the necks of some persons of fair complexion an almost imperceptible natural ring of a reddish hue. The *cura*, Don Hilario Utego, to whom I applied for an explanation, gave me substantially the following relation:

"The young persons of whom you speak are lineally descended from the defenders of this place against the Moors. It was in the beginning of the eighth century. Castelis was then a walled town of importance. From Pamplona came a great body of the infidel troops, who laid siege to the town. All knew

that within a few days at most the place must fall, and that the men would be butchered and the women and children led into captivity. In this emergency the inhabitants went to the church, and there prayed for two days and nights that the Almighty might tell them what to do. At the end of that time a voice was heard from above the high altar, commanding the men to cut off the heads of their women and children, and then to march against the Moors and die combating them in defense of the Christian faith.

"The first part of the command was literally obeyed, but the fury with which the besieged attacked the infidels surprised and defeated them. The Saracens fled, panic-stricken, to Pamplona. After the battle, the victors returned to the church and prayed for two days and nights that their women and children might be restored to them. This, by a miracle, was accomplished, and the lineal descendants of the defenders of Castelis have borne a ring of red around their throats to this day." The inhabitants with whom I spoke believed this story; it was a part of their faith.

Was this caprice of nature produced by explainable natural causes? It has been noticed that among a superstitious people of deep religious convictions the thoughts, hopes, and fears of mothers' hearts, and their imaginations of things they wait for, with the perturbations of the mind, mark their children, as surely as every man, unless he be a god or a block, has born and bred in him passions and perturbations which he has from his parents by inheritance. *Maxima vis est phantasia*—Great is the force of imagination! The classical reader will remember Persina, that Ethiopian queen in Heliodorus, who, by seeing the picture of Perseus and Andromeda, instead of a black-amoor had a fair white child. In imitation of this, a Grecian, because he and his wife

were both deformed, hung the fairest pictures he could buy in his chamber, "that his wife, by frequent sight of them, might have such children." And one of the women of Pope Nicholas the Third, "*ex viso urso, talem peperit*," by seeing a bear, gave birth to a monster. Jacob the patriarch, by force of the imagination, made speckled lambs by laying speckled rods before his sheep. So I believe that the phenomenon of the red ring must be attributed to nothing else but a false, corrupt, and violent imagination.

In speaking of the Basque country and its inhabitants, it becomes necessary to give some account of the Basque *fueros*: some explanation of those particular rights in defense of which the people have waged many long and sanguinary wars.

Navarre and the Basque provinces were, on the adoption of their *fueros* as a code of laws, divided into the kingdom of Navarre, the earldom of Biscay, the brotherhood of Alava, and the republic of Guipuzcoa.

In the eighth century, the Basques of the high mountains, and a considerable body of men from French Navarre, organized a crusade against the infidels on the north side of the Ebro, and met in the Navarrese valleys. After the battle of Arashuet, Inigo Arista was chosen general. A miracle accompanied the victory of Arashuet. A cross appeared in a tree where Inigo was reposing, and he was proclaimed king of Sobarbe. This was the origin of the kingdoms of Navarre and Aragon. In the ninth century the kingdom of Sobarbe was divided into the earldom of Aragon and the kingdom of Navarre. The kingdom of Sobarbe had from the first its celebrated *fueros*, which were adopted in Navarre.

In the thirteenth century the Cortes of Estella formed these *fueros* into a code of laws, which was submitted to the pope for his indorsement. These *fueros* provided that the king could make no law, or do any important act, without the participation of certain "rich men," military officers, priests, and deputies. When, in the year 1812, Ferdinand the Catholic took possession of the kingdom, he recognized all its *fueros*. A

viceroy was appointed, who presided over the general assembly, but that body would never proceed to business until all their wrongs had been redressed; and the viceroy was obliged to take an oath that he had not intentionally encroached upon any of the rights of the people.

The Biscayans formed with the Asturians and the Guipuzcoans the ancient Cantabrians, but in the eleventh century they acknowledged allegiance to the king of Navarre, as the Guipuzcoans had already done. In the middle of the thirteenth century the Biscayans met under the Tree of Guernica, to provide for the protection of their *fueros* from the encroachments of the court of Biscay. A hundred years later, the Biscayan *fueros* were formed into a regular code of laws. The general junta assembled every year under the Tree of Guernica, and every town was represented by a deputy. Among the privileges secured by the *fueros* were those of nobility, on showing pure Biscayan blood; not to be judged out of the province; to pay no import tax; to have no monopoly of sale; not to have any royal administration but the post-office; to have no Spanish troops upon their soil; and to furnish no soldiers, but to defend their own territory themselves; and they were to judge the agents of the king, who were charged with encouraging vexations or bribery.

Instead of a viceroy, Alava had a deputy general, who was the first dignitary in the province. He was the governor and supreme judge, and presided at the provincial assemblies.

The privileges of Guipuzcoa were like those of Biscay. The provincial junta, composed of a delegate from each town, selected four deputy generals, to be taken from San Sebastian, Tolosa, Aspeitia, and Ascotyia, to sit for three years alternately in those places, and the president was the deputy of the town where the assembly met. No Spanish troops were allowed in the province except for the garrisons of San Sebastian and Irun.

The general deputation of the three Basque provinces was composed of one

deputy from Alava, two from Biscay, and three from Guipuzcoa. They had the power to call together the provincial juntas on important occasions. They were guardians of the Basque *fueros*. Three records of all their acts were made, and each document bore the imprint of a seal, with three clasped hands with the Basque device *Irurac-bat*, three in one, emblem of the Basque brotherhood.

The general junta of Biscay commenced an address to Queen Isabella in 1864 as follows: "There is in your vast dominions a poor corner of territory veiled by fogs and battled by the waves. The straight valleys are cut by high and infertile mountains. It appears as if God had only intended it for the asylum of savage beasts, so avaricious has Nature there shown herself of her smallest gifts. In this barren corner has been established a race of which the origin is an impenetrable mystery to human wisdom; and this race, loving God, liberty, and hard work, found in this unfruitful soil the liberty which others have failed to find in other more favored countries. This territory forms the Basque provinces, and the source of their happiness is in those liberties which, from the most ancient times, have animated and sustained them in their labors and privations."

At the Paris World's Exposition of 1867 there was a jury specially charged to recompense the people, institutions, or country that had been most successful in establishing the moral, material, and intellectual well-being of the laboring classes. The Count of Moriana, the Spanish member of the jury, advocated the claims of the Basque provinces. He explained not only their political and administrative liberties, but also their *esprit de famille*, their domestic authority, the understanding and harmony that prevailed between the different classes of society, and the growing development of industry and commerce. In the distribution of awards, after the return of the commissioners sent into various lands, the Basques stood first among the peoples recommended to the jury whose institutions contributed

most to the happiness and morality of the inhabitants.

I found the political situation of Navarre and the Basque provinces an exceptional one; though this was at one time the normal state of nearly all the provinces of the peninsula: each one had its particular liberties, its *fueros*, more or less vast, guaranteed by the oaths of the kings, and the people held them more or less precious according to their origin, and the restrictions under which they had joined the monarchy.

The monarchy of Aragon was born under much the same conditions as that of Navarre. The king was elected by his peers. It was the same with Valencia, which was conquered by Aragon, and which adopted to a large extent her laws. The primitive code of the Aragonese provided that if the king should ever violate their *fueros*, they might displace him for another king, even though the latter be a heathen. Philip V. undertook to subvert the *fueros*, rights, and privileges of Aragon and Valencia, but these kingdoms resisted his power, and joined his rival, the Archduke Charles, in the great War of the Succession.

For about five hundred years the Spanish Basques have maintained their autonomy against the attacks of absolutism and the central authority. At every abuse of authority, or violation of their *fueros*, Navarre and the Basque provinces united, according to circumstances, with arms in their hands, to resist even the most powerful of the Spanish monarchs. The long series of wars waged against the liberties of the Basque provinces shows, however, that their triumphs were but momentary. The liberal and democratic idea, which inspired them in their struggles with the crown, has been practiced here as in no other country, and the principle of equality and unity has been exercised for nearly a thousand years in a way worthy of imitation.

As an instance of the tenacity with which the Navarrese adhered to their ancient rights, the viceroy, before he could get the Cortes of Navarre to grant him any money,

was required to sign a declaration that all his violations of their privileges had been arbitrary and illegal.

President John Adams, writing upon the American Constitution, said of the Basques, that, "while their neighbors have long since resigned all their pretensions into the hands of kings and priests, this extraordinary people have preserved their ancient language, genius, laws, government, and manners, without innovation, longer than any nation in Europe. Active, vigilant, generous, brave, and hardy, inclined to war and navigation, they have enjoyed for two thousand years the reputation of the best soldiers and sailors in Spain."

Even the Inquisition was never established among the Basque people. I extract the following from a work on Spain, published some years ago in London: * "It is not uncommon, even at this day, to palm off on English credulity the foolish fable about the restoration of the Inquisition in Spain. To disabuse the minds of the uninformed upon this subject, it is only necessary to make a brief reference to the history of the Inquisition itself. It was established at Toulouse in 1229, and was soon thereafter introduced into Aragon. In 1481 it was established at Seville; and Florez, one of the best of the Spanish historians, says that it was introduced as a means to check the errors which had crept into the national faith through frequent intercourse with the Mohammedans and Jews. In the same way it was introduced into Castile by Ferdinand and Isabel, but it was never attempted to force it upon Navarre and the Basque provinces. It had run its career and dwindled into almost nothing, long before it was formally abolished."

Some old memories of glory and riches, an illustrious name in the ancient Spanish chronicles, broken walls and decayed fortifications; and in the center a large plaza surrounded by arcades, deserted palaces, a monument, and a heavy gothic church edifice, cold and damp like a tomb, adjoining ancient walls with battlemented towers;—

such was Orduña as I saw it, a dead city. The advanced sentinel of the Basque provinces, it had for a long time the honor of repulsing the incessant attacks of the invaders. The foundation of Bilbao proved fatal to its glory, and many disastrous conflagrations, like those which lighted up the cities of the Middle Ages, precipitated its decadence. After the Seven Years' War of the first Don Carlos, the establishing of custom-house guards along the frontier, in spite of the *fueros*, and the construction of the railway from Tudela to Bilbao, gave it the *coup de grace*. This ancient city reposes at the bottom of an immense circus; and the summits that surround it are so elevated, and their flanks so abrupt, that the train to reach them is obliged to make a circuit of about twelve miles. From the heights above Orduña, the train descends almost in a straight line, through fields divided by living hedges of wild roses and flowering mulberry trees, and, passing by some small villages and isolated villas, enters the city of Bilbao.

From Bilbao I traveled on foot towards the north. My intention was to avoid, as much as possible, highways and beaten tracks; therefore, I found that traveling on foot was by far the most practicable. It was thus that, following my inclination during the second day, not far from the little village of Munguia, I perceived a dense forest of old oaks and chestnut trees, and in the midst of these deep woods I came upon the ruins of an ancient castle. This was the celebrated chateau of Butron.

Towards the middle of the thirteenth century, following a heated discussion which had been raised during a religious ceremony, a civil war broke out in the Basque country, and all the nobility were divided into two camps—the *Gamboinos* and *Oñecinos*. Like the Guelphs and Ghibelines, each had its own colors, one white, the other black. Whenever there was a public meeting, whatever the object, whether a *fete*, wedding, or funeral, it served as a pretext for conflicts, where blood was spilled in abundance. The family of Gomez, of Butron castle, furnished

* Spain and Charles VII. By Edward Kirkpatrick. London: Burns, Oates & Co. 1873.

the principal chiefs for the *Oñecinos*. It was in vain that the kings of Castile interfered—in vain that Henry IV. gave orders for dismantling the strongholds of the contestants; and the transportation of the principal chieftains to the other end of the peninsula, where they might exercise their warlike prowess against the Moors, caused no interruption to the battles, fires, and massacres, until the lapse of about three hundred years, when Isabel the Catholic put an end to the conflict.

A poor shepherd occupied with his family a part of the first story of the castle; and the immense ground floor, a part of which once served for a banqueting-hall, was used to lodge his sheep. This sole inhabitant of the forest showed me the ruins, and in his humble fashion recounted the terrible events which had been witnessed there.

There was one tower, still well preserved, which was above a deep ravine. One day the lord of the manor of Butron was surprised by two of his mortal enemies, and retired to this tower, which could only be taken by starving out the garrison. Between the tower and wall was discovered a place where numbers of pigeons and other birds resorted. The small quantity of grain which the little garrison had was carefully preserved to catch birds with, and at last the enemy, thinking that the besieged had plenty of provision, raised the blockade and departed.

Ancient history cites many analogous artifices: that of the Romans, among others, who, besieged in the capitol and reduced to the last extremities, in order to deceive the Gauls threw their bread over the walls, and the enemy, believing that the Romans had provisions in abundance, raised the siege. It is a curious fact that one sometimes finds, in a great distance of time and space, a diffusion of fables and legends which establish between minds of different epochs a sort of relationship.

By Plencia to Bermeo I found no road but the mountain paths used by the inhabitants of the country. The dry and rugged mountains were covered with a stunted

vegetation, which was interrupted here and there by rocks made smooth by heavy rains. I followed a small stream along a recess of the mountain until I came to a sharp angle in the chain, where I beheld at a distance, upon a high peak called Mount Machichaco, the hermitage of Saint John of Gastelugache, once an impregnable fortress.

It was a fatiguing climb of three hours, but in presence of the spectacle that I beheld on reaching the hermitage, the fatigue was soon forgotten. To the right and left, separated by the extension of the mountain ridge, vast and tranquil, were the two bays of Bermeo and Baquio.

The fishing village of Bermeo was concealed by a ridge above the town; but, reflected upon the clear water of the bay, could be seen all the houses of the village; and at a greater distance off, at the bottom of the horizon, could be seen, between the milky blue of the sky and the deadening blue of the sea, the flotilla of fishing boats, like a flight of sea-gulls, with their white sails spread, going out to sea.

From Bermeo I traveled along a low range of hills, with their sides covered with fields of wheat and corn, where the farmers appeared to be no less industrious and frugal than the fishermen. I soon arrived at the port of Mundaca, one of the oldest towns in the province. I found families in this district, as in parts of Navarre, who with their ancestors had occupied the same land for more than a thousand years.

I followed the sinuous course of a small river towards the interior, until I came to a plain, which from all sides gradually inclined towards the center; and here was Guernica, a place of no importance in population, for it contained only six hundred inhabitants. But it was the saint city of the Basque provinces. It was here that the Basque congress held its sittings, and here was the palace of the juntas, the building in which the archives were kept, and the basilica of Santa Maria la Antigua, the most venerated of all the Basque churches, the palladium of the liberties of the Basque people. The most

important object, however, was the Tree of Guernica, under which the Lord of Biscay was required to take an oath to maintain the *fueros*. This famous tree, under which the Basque congress had held its meetings from time immemorial, was said to be a thousand years old. People offered up their prayers underneath its branches for the safety of their country, and soldiers in passing rendered it military honors, as the father of their liberties. The eloquence and poetry of the country has done much to make the tree famous. The national hymn of the Basques is called the "Tree of Guernica." I give here a literal translation:

"Tree of Guernica,
Blessed tree,
At the Basque fireside,
Is loved by all.
Throughout the world
Thy fruits are scattered.
We adore thee,
Sainly tree.

"A thousand years ago,
As they say,
God planted
The Tree of Guernica.
Stand upright,
Sainly tree;

If thou should'st fall, we should be
Forever lost.

"Thou wilt not fall,
Blessed tree,
If the congress of Biscay
Does its duty.
The four provinces are united
To sustain thee,
That the Basque people
May live in peace.

"For the blessing of God
Upon the Tree of Liberty,
We prostrate ourselves
On our knees.
Against the tempest,
And against our enemies,
We ask protection
For the Tree of Guernica."

Summer had come and gone, and my time for departure from Spain had arrived. I had spent several months amidst the *débris* of a mysterious race, the first-born of Europe, and learned to speak a strange language, unlike any known tongue; and although the Basques were no longer, as Voltaire once said, *ce petit peuple qui saute et dance au haut des Pyrénées*, I found them a bold and honest people, indefatigable workers, and strongly attached to their families and their country.

EDWARD KIRKPATRICK.

NANNETTE.

ONE burning noon, my girl,
This little shining curl,
That swept my longing lips that summer day,
Was severed from the rest
And hid within my breast;
And laughing lightly then, I turned away
And left you standing there,
The sunshine in your hair.

No more—no more to meet;
For my unwilling feet,
Fate-driven, stand upon the sunset shore;

And you—your radiant brow
 May be dead dust by now;
 For silent years are saying, evermore,
 The light of your dear eyes
 Is lost from my sad skies.

And if I loved you, dear,
 Without or flaw or fear,
 Through all the changes of these shadowed years,
 Alive or dead, Nannette,
 I know you love me yet;
 And if my sorrow is too deep for tears,
 Too sad for sighing, you
 Must sorrow for me too.

If you *are* dead, my sweet,
 And if your shining feet
 God's everlasting hills are mounting now,
 Come in your robes of light
 And touch my lips to-night,
 And breathe your spirit breath upon my brow;
 And, for I know you true,
 I'll know that it is you.

Let whispers of your breath
 Say, Love outliving death
 Is something more than an immortal pain;
 And flashing clear white wings
 Above these sufferings,
 Shall cease his sorrowing and begin his reign;
 That I shall meet you there,
 God's sunshine in your hair.

Ah! little curl, you lie
 So still that you and I
 Might hear her gentle footsteps on the floor.
 But these are dreams, brown curl,
 Of one who was our girl;
 'Twould be less sad to dream them o'er and o'er,
 Ah! mercy, if the waking
 Were not so near heart-breaking!

M. L. PIPES.

MODERN ETHICS AND EGOTISM.

IN these latter days, the place of the world, the flesh, and the devil seems to have been pretty completely usurped by that quality or group of qualities known to ethical exposition as egotism or egoism. Much of the writing and talking on the subject charges the enemy by description, and not by name at all; but it is none the less the same enemy.

As between the two words, "egotism" and "egoism," that are found the most satisfactory for naming him when he is charged by name, the form "egoism" has probably the more claim, not only to etymological correctness, but also to scientific exactness. For "egotism" is a word that has belonged to a less analytic past, which knew no other phase of self-absorption than demonstrative self-esteem, and narrowed the meaning of the word accordingly. And though we now know that this demonstrative self-esteem is only one exhibition—and that far from an essential one—of a vastly more far-reaching quality, the word is not to the general hearer quite freed of association with its limited meaning. On the other hand, the form "egoism" has not made its way. It has a touch of pedantry and affectation; and, on the whole, makes less progress toward establishing itself in the language than the already established form "egotism" makes toward covering the whole ground in meaning.

In a general way, we use the word "egotism" with a fair unanimity of meaning. Words of ethical or other philosophical signification will generally be found to resist the attempt to force them into as precise limitations of meaning as words used for mathematical and scientific purposes: they prefer to retain a certain flexibility to adapt themselves to the different ways of looking at the same thing. In science, there is room only for difference of opinion; in philosophy, for difference of conception also: the words that state the physical nature of the color blue must bear an

exactly common significance to every hearer; but who shall venture to say how widely various may be the conceptions of blueness in different minds?

When a word, however, is inexact enough to cause confusion in conversation, to hamper one in expressing his opinion of the people and acts that come under his observation—thus reflecting back on his thought, as words will do, its own inexactness—it has gone beyond the line of legitimate flexibility, and is open to the reproach of vagueness. And this we find to be the case with the word "egotism"—a sure sign that there is confusion in the mind about the thing that the word signifies.

Those philosophers who have elaborated a distinct system of ethics, and made use of the word therein, have given it exact enough meaning, and we will revert to them later. But the thinking world, whose consensus makes the definition of a word, will not be bound by any one man's system in its use of a philosophical word, as it would be in its use of a scientific word. As nearly as we can approximate a fair average definition of "egotism" as used by thinking people, it means absorption in self, habitual consciousness of self; yet we often hear persons and actions condemned for egotism in a way that indicates that to the speaker's mind it means all thought about one's self, all inclusion of one's self within one's range of vision: the virtuous man, to him, is he who is spontaneously, unconsciously virtuous; love of mankind, love of God, intellectual enthusiasm, never reach perfection until all consciousness of self is gone from them: the ideal worker in any branch of human usefulness should attain a sort of Nirvana in his work; and to all this self-annihilation, egotism is the foe and the obstacle.

My friend assures me that while our acquaintances, Peter and Paul, are young men

of fairly equal intelligence, Peter is really the stronger man, and has the more capacity of intellectual and moral development. For Paul, he says, is an egotist; at a certain point in his growth he will come to limits set by his inability to see anything entirely disconnected with himself; he never loses himself in conversation and becomes perfectly simple and spontaneous; Nirvana in the book he is reading, the study he is pursuing, the aim he is accomplishing, is an experience unknown to him; Peter, on the contrary, has much capacity of single-minded self-forgetfulness. When Peter is interesting himself in the subject of the origin of species, he is thinking of nothing but the origin of species—he is not conscious that there is such a thing as Peter, nor that he is acquiring new ideas, nor what he is going to do with them; when he converses with you, he is not thinking of you nor himself, only of the things that are being said. As to conceit, Peter and Paul both have their full allowance of that; if anything, Peter has the most of it, and of the more aggressive kind; but he has it in an unconscious, instinctive way, while Paul has evidently weighed and measured himself, and arrived at a pretty comfortable conclusion. As to selfishness, there is no comparison between them: Peter, without considering the question at all, pursues his own will and pleasure as a matter of course; Paul has carefully considered his relations with his fellow-beings, and maintains, if merely as a matter of self-respect, an invariable habit of regard for others' rights, large or small—subject to correction with regard to a small class of rights that it is not in him to see and understand. Yet Paul, rather than Peter, is an egotist. Certainly he comes under what I have set down as the average sense in which the thinking world uses the word "egotism"—that of the habit of thinking about one's self and one's own affairs, and being conscious of one's self: for he probably never entirely loses consciousness of himself, and his own affairs are frankly the main subject of his thought.

It would seem, then, as far as Paul and

Peter are concerned, that a man may be an egotist, and yet a better man than one who is not; that the so-called egotism of thinking chiefly of one's self and one's own affairs is either not evil—is a phase of egotism that lies outside of Ahriman's kingdom, in neutral ground—or, if egotism must be judged wholly bad, then not egotism at all in an ethical sense. Suppose, then, we should limit the application of the word to the "egoism" that George Eliot treats as the great enemy—an indifference to the claims of others, an absorption in one's own desires, such as to obliterate the sense of duty toward anything outside of self? Such absorption in one's self as is displayed in injurious conduct, the moral sense of mankind readily grants to be an evil, and the greatest of evils; it does not accept so readily the evil of the large tract of self-absorption that lies outside the obvious limit of injurious conduct.

But the moral sense of mankind is not penetrating; it names that "sin" which it finds morally culpable, and that "virtue" which it finds morally praiseworthy. Moral culpability, however, is too impossible a thing to judge of, to be made any criterion in ethical discussion; the only distinction between Ahriman and Ormuzd that can be here of practical use is the distinction between the things that are in their results against or for the welfare of mankind.

Therefore we must condemn as practically culpable many a thing morally innocent; nay, more, many a thing in itself practically innocent, but not innocent in its tendency and ultimate result.

According to this more rigid standard, a man fulfills not the whole law because his conduct is righteous, as he understands right; for so long as the *ego* occupies a disproportionate place in his consciousness, his understanding of right is liable to obscurity. His "moral culpability" extends only as far as he consciously or recklessly infringes on others' rights for his own gain; while his practical culpability extends as far as any undue preponderance of self in his mental outlook deranges the true perspective of the

world to him. If Paul, by fault of never entirely losing his consciousness of self, and attaining Nirvana in the Forty-seventh Euclid, has failed to realize the relative importance in the universe of mathematics and of his own personal concerns, his standards of action are in some indefinable but none the less real degree deranged; far more if it be the relative importance of Peter's, Matthew's, or Barnabas's affairs and his own that he fails to realize. It is plain that absolutely correct action depends on absolutely correct views of the environment in which one acts; and, as objects of attention tend to seem important in proportion to the amount of attention devoted to them, one cannot have an absolutely correct view of the universe unless his attention is distributed to each object in proportion to its importance. As in most cases the individual's importance, impartially weighed in comparison with all the other facts of the universe, is infinitesimal, such due distribution of attention would reduce to a practical zero the portion bestowed upon one's self.

To all which calculation the obvious response will be, that "a man has *got* to pay attention to himself and his own affairs," else his action will be far worse deranged than by any wrong perspective of the universe. And the philosopher will answer that this is undoubtedly true; but that for right action, that is, such action as is best not only for one's self, but for mankind in general, it is necessary that the excess of space in the retina occupied by the *ego* should be as little as possible; and that one should be capable, on occasion, of so adjusting his vision as to reduce that space to its proper, bird's-eye proportions.

All this brings us back to where we began: granted that all such egotism as makes one reckless of others' well-being is evil; granted, farther, that too much attention to self is evil, as tending to confuse one's keenness of perception or feeling about others' well-being, through lack of attention—the question still remains, At what point does attention to self become "too much"?

Let us stop to consider where the system-

makers draw their line. Herbert Spencer summarizes all immorality as the sacrifice of the greater remote good to the lesser near one—whether the future to the present, or the well-being of others to one's own; and, like all of Spencer's definitions, this will be found easier to ridicule than to refute. Obviously, the sin of egotism, according to this definition, is limited to such magnifying of self as causes injurious conduct—in the plain language of childhood, to *selfishness*. And this selfishness is, observe, only one-half of immorality, the subordination of future to present being quite as sinful according to the definition. The moral sense of our time, of course, attaches a culpability to the sin against others that it does not attach to the sin against one's own future; and though we have waived the question of moral culpability, it is probable that this feeling of something more seriously and irremediably bad in selfishness than in recklessness does have good foundation. For the latter evil tends to work its own cure by the certainty of retribution: a man may escape another's present; his own future he cannot escape.

George Eliot, who is even a greater ethical philosopher than Herbert Spencer, lays far more stress on the evil of egotism than he does, and extends its application beyond mere indifference to others' good; in her system, egoism apparently means literally all thought and feeling concerning self and one's own affairs; and is evil just so far as it numbs one's interest in things outside himself, and one's sensibility in affairs not his own. All egoism short of this point, with its little outcroppings of conceit or unimportant selfishness, she treats as matters for indulgent humor. Further, she demands of strong and eager minds that they shall be so occupied with altruistic activities, as to reduce the egoistic activities to a secondary position; while of the dull minds she demands only that the egoistic shall not, from their primary place, encroach too far on the altruistic.

Carlyle, though he does not make his whole ethical system turn on this point, yet carries the matter farther in his splendid

protest against valuing one's own happiness *at all*. "Foolish soul! What act of legislation was there that *thou* shouldst be happy? A little while ago thou hadst no right to *be* at all. What if thou wert born and predestined not to be Happy but to be Unhappy?" "So true is it, . . . that the Fraction of Life can be increased in value not so much by increasing your Numerator as by lessening your Denominator. Nay, unless my algebra deceive me, Unity itself, divided by Zero, will give Infinity. Make thy claim of wages a zero, then; thou hast the world under thy feet." "Once I was happy, but now I am miserable." My dear fellow, it isn't of the *slightest* consequence."

This brings us to the point of view of the mystic or devotee, in whose creed his own good or ill counts for literally nothing, because of the overwhelming claim upon him of something by its nature deserving utter, self-obliterating devotion. From this point of view, of course, all thought or wish for self becomes sinful, and absolute annihilation of self-consciousness would almost be the ideal. But this devotee spirit is by no means a phase of modern ethics: it is as old as religious belief. Nor is it the extreme form of condemnation of egotism: it arose from no negative pole of condemnation, but the positive one of some belief and allegiance, that by its own force extinguished egotism. It has cropped up in all religions, — more rarely in the religion of humanity than any other; and it has been recognized in all as a sort of higher rule, attainable by a fervid few, and neither required of all nor possible to all. Thus in Tennyson's mystical idyl, Galahad sat in Merlin's chair, and, once for all, lost himself to find himself, and to him the Vision and the power of it came spontaneously and ceaselessly: by one form or another of self-forgetfulness, Bors, Lancelot, and Percivale strained themselves up within reach of the Vision for a passing moment, yet scarcely justified themselves in the quest; and the rest brought ill to themselves and the realm by so much as trying what they were never called to.

In this parable is suggested the limitation to the evil of egotism, or to the application of the word, that I would dwell upon. For note, that, while the philosopher-poet makes Galahad the ideal of one type of human virtue, Arthur is, after all, greater than Galahad: and Arthur never sat in Merlin's chair. This Galahad type, with all its ideal beauty, he seems to imply, is not what we look to for the world's best work. Nirvanas, drownings of self in any religious devotion or intellectual interest, are not merely impossible to any but a few of the devotee temperament; they are not the highest disposition of self.

To make clearer this difference between Galahad and Arthur, let us return to Paul and Peter. When my friend objects to Paul's egotism, I urge, "Is not this egotism an essential element of a complex and sensitive consciousness?" It is true that Peter's consciousness is taken up by any subject at the time before his mind, while Paul is never perfectly out of Paul's consciousness. But is that necessarily an advantage on Peter's side, when one notices that the *ego* is only one of a great many elements that are never lost out of Paul's consciousness, and that hardly enter into Peter's. For Peter is of blunter, rougher, simpler nature. One cannot say that Paul is more intelligent than Peter; but his intelligence is more complex, and cut out with a much sharper instrument. He responds like a girl to a thousand indications that Peter is impervious to; he feels subtle checks in conversation, and hesitates as to whether he shall say a thing that Peter would bring out with the utmost *naïveté* and confidence; he is awake to possibilities in his companion's mental condition, where Peter would see nothing but his own point. Peter comes in and sits down opposite me, and asks me if I am familiar with Browning; and he is thinking of Browning alone, not of himself nor me, nor the phenomenon of my having or not having read Browning. He says Dorcas set him to reading Browning, and he thinks Dorcas is "a nice girl." If I should follow up the subject of Dorcas by attempting to characterize her more analyti-

cally than as "nice" or "smart," he would smile vaguely, and say, "Well, he never noticed that"; he "was thinking of what they were talking about more than of them." Now if it were Paul, he would be thinking of himself, me, Dorcas, Browning, and Browning's ideas, in all sorts of applications and complex relations; and he would be quite equal to a little foray into character-study in connection with Dorcas. Surely, this complex, sensitive state of consciousness is more in harmony with the tendencies of our highest civilization. It is "the baby, new to earth and sky," that "has never thought that 'this is I.'" Nor did the race in its babyhood think so. But the man of highest civilization to-day has a pretty complete assortment of ideas attached to the pronoun *I*. And, repulsive as the man may be who has no ideas attached to anything else but this pronoun, does his converse seem, to our nineteenth-century eyes, altogether up to the full measure of a man? Do we not feel in the mental condition of the spontaneous altruist or devotee a certain naiveness that produces the effect of a lack or crudity? He seems unbalanced and incomplete, like children—beautiful, innocent, and beyond our imitation, as children are; and incomplete, as children are. Who would not rather live in a world of Arthurs than Galahads? Who would not rather be cast away on a desert island with Dorothea Casaubon than with Dinah Morris?

For Arthur is even less a self-seeker than Galahad: his objects in life, his leading subjects of thought and anxiety, are outside himself; yet he is a man fully conscious of himself, and possessed of imperative personal desires. We shall not easily improve upon this ideal. We find it, under the conditions of modern life, in the man who, having full ability to survey himself, does not habitually employ that ability; who can read a book or help a comrade with a simplicity of attention that may even drown his physical consciousness, and yet can carry on a conversation with a boundless complexity of attention; a man in whom a vigorous egotism is inclosed in a larger and stronger non-egotism. There is something

—and that a beautiful something—in the Galahad type that such a man as this can never attain to; but, on the whole, there is more in him that the Galahads can never attain to.

For it is not by adding something to the Galahad type that the Arthurs are made: you cannot take the larger non-egotism and inclose in it the lesser egotism, and have your full measure of a man; you must take the egotism and inclose it in the larger non-egotism. Therefore it is that I bespeak for Paul and his like a suspension of judgment. If they have in them the capacity of sometime receiving into their lives any purpose or feeling strong enough to overcome their egotism, we shall have more fully equipped human beings than we can ever hope for from the Peters. Their egotism is that of self-seeing, not that of self-seeking; and, as we have already seen, this egotism is evil only as a tendency, blurring one's perceptions of others' claims, numbing one's sensibility to them; while it has, on the other hand, a conflicting tendency toward conscientiousness for one's own soul's sake. *A priori*, one would expect the first of these tendencies to outweigh the other by far. Yet the outcome of a good deal of observation is that, on the whole, more selfishness and unscrupulousness comes from self-unconsciousness than from self-consciousness. The world in general is selfish; that hardly needs asserting: but it will probably be granted that the world in general does not spend much meditation on the *ego*. Here is an empirical generalization to be taken for what such generalizations are worth: perhaps nine hundred and ninety in a thousand of our fellow-beings have their eyes fixed on their personal desires; they do not care to think about themselves—they are occupied in gratifying themselves; often, they do not even think much about their own affairs—they take what they want and go along. Then the other ten are thinking of themselves and their affairs; all in an unhealthy mental condition, all dully indifferent to other people's affairs; yet, on the whole, more dutiful to their neighbor's

claim than the majority. Socially, these ten are vastly more offensive than the unscrupulous nine hundred and ninety, who are often very agreeable fellows; but they are less likely to commit downright injury to their neighbor. And a few—too few to count in the estimate—are neither self-seekers nor self-seers; either deliberate choice, or personal affection, or some overmastering interest has thrust them out of the first place in their own minds. And there are ninety-nine possibilities of making such a one out of a self-seer to one possibility of making him out of a self-seeker.

Since it is impracticable to take illustrations from life, let us look at some from the only fiction that attempts to deal with this point. Of George Eliot's beautiful group of "altruists," Dinah Morris alone is of the spontaneously selfless type; Felix Holt, Esther Lyon, Maggie Tulliver, Adam Bede, Dorothea Casaubon herself, were all altruists through a vigorous egotism, mastered by something stronger—an overpowering conviction of duty; or a love of humanity; or even a single absorbing affection. And when once this stronger force had entered in and taken possession, the character was richer and fuller for the very power of personal desire and the sense of importance and significance in one's self, that without such stronger feeling would have made a thorough egotist. And, further, note that the larger non-egotistic feeling only overpowers but does not destroy the egotism; which, indeed, becomes then one element in the complex fullness of character. For how can the man of all-sided, nineteenth-century consciousness omit from the full round the consciousness of so obvious a thing as himself? or how can the diapason of character that our ear craves be complete without the peculiar, intense vibration of the chord of personal joy and pain and desire?

When we would judge, then, of any un-

formed or half-formed character, and find predominant in it the demon of egotism, let us look farther and see whether it is the all but unpardonable egotism of action—the egotism that "seeks one's own gain in another's loss," or the other egotism of thought and feeling. And if one is an egotist only so far as to care absorbingly for his own affairs, and to think much about himself, let us remember that in this evil there are two good sides. One is the tendency to conscientiousness developed by much thought about one's self, and the habit of taking one's self seriously. So much reality and efficacy is there in this that "self-examination" has long been one of the devotional duties urged by evangelical religion. And the other good side is the possibility that this form of egotism may be overpowered by either of the strong forms of altruistic feeling—personal love, human sympathy, or abstract loyalty. If, then, our young egotist possesses, in his undeveloped character, the capacity for such feelings, his egotism may be regarded as a good sign rather than an evil; it will make him all the more of a man when his Lord has entered in. If he does not possess such capacity, hold him worthless, not for having the egotism, but for lacking the capacity of any stronger feeling.

Yet his well-being is not assured because he has that capacity; for in many a one it lies undeveloped forever. A woman finds the thing that is stronger than her egotism when she loves a man, or when she bears children; if there is the capacity of self-forgetfulness in her it finds a narrow but real scope in the natural course of her life. But a man, like our young Paul, may carry undeveloped possibilities of self-forgetting loyalty within him, until he loses them in the selfish ambitions of business or politics. Yet while he is still young there is always the chance that some great and absorbing motive will lay hold upon him, and sweep his character away with it into nobility.

MILICENT WASHBURN SHINN.

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

NIAGARA, AND OTHER POEMS. By George Houghton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

THE DEFENCE OF THE BRIDE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Anna Katharine Green. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

We note above, the names of two small volumes that are among the most important of this year's books of minor poetry. There used to be a distinction much insisted on between "genius" and "talent," now rather obsolete in criticism; the words are too vague for an exact age, and imply too much belief in the inspiration theory of art. The rational doctrine that great writing is done by virtue of possessing in eminent degree the same qualities that in moderate degree produce good writing, is that on which the best criticism is based; and the doctrine is incompatible with such words as "genius" and "talent." Nevertheless, the words and the distinction would come in conveniently sometimes, in expressing an opinion of such books as the two in question. It is curious to note how excellently one may write verse, without ever once, by any accident, touching the higher chords of poetry; how pleasing, poetic, even beautiful, the average of a volume may be, how far above the average of many minor poets, and yet leave the readers hesitating whether the author is entitled to the name even of minor poet. For those whom we generally call the minor poets of any time, group, or school, leave, among much that is worthless, some poems that have more or less of the quality that is vaguely called genius, but that is probably, in fact, nothing but originality—something individual in the poem, not to be found in any other; so that the reader feels he would have sustained a distinct loss, however slight, had the poem never been written. There is much in "The Defence of the Bride," and more in "Niagara," that is better than the worst writing of the great poets; and yet even in the very worst of the great poets there is some suggestion of self-reliant ability, of consciously having something to give the world—the unmistakable touch of the master hand—that the very best writing in these two books does not attain. Not, that is to say, with any sustained strength; a line, a passage here and there, especially in Mr. Houghton's poems, does certainly reach the level of calm strength.

But, putting aside comparison with great poetry, or effort to determine in what grade of minor poetry these verses belong, they are, for their own grade, good, and very good. As intelligent, poetic versifying, they leave no room for any but admiring criti-

cism. The woman's book is all but exclusively love poetry; the man's takes a much wider range. Hers has more feeling and vigor, and is more equal in merit; his has more intelligent and poetic taste, and far less echo of other poets. In both books, especially in Mr. Houghton's, there are poems that are the merest trifles, with no good reason for being. Of the poems in "The Defence of the Bride," the two ballads—the one that gives its name to the book and "The Tower of Boverie"—will linger longest in the reader's mind; but there is a pleasant smoothness of narrative suggesting Tennyson or Miss Ingelow in her blank verse. In "Niagara," the same blank verse narrative facility, with even a stronger Tennysonian suggestion, appears in "Ketill, the Sagaman," and in other poems; the short poems are, with a few exceptions, of very small value—a little dramatic force, and a good deal of picturesqueness of a not very spontaneous sort; but the initial poem, "Niagara," has a great deal of the genuine spirit of the cataract about it. All the poems in this book, even those of lightest weight, have a pleasant accent of intelligence and cultivation about them; and the same is true, to a less extent, of the poems in "The Defence of the Bride."

EYE'S DAUGHTERS; OR, COMMON SENSE FOR MAID, WIFE, AND MOTHER. By Marion Harland. New York: John R. Anderson and Henry S. Allen. 1882. For sale by J. Dewing & Co.

This book is a fitting companion for "Common Sense in the Household." The author of both works is the mother of grown-up sons and daughters, and has, therefore, practical knowledge of the subjects on which she dilates. The first chapter in "Eye's Daughters" treats of the girl baby, on the need of system in its management; then the growing girl is considered. The author says that "girls and boys start even in the physical race," and adds, "Girls cannot too soon be disabused of the low caste contempt of their womanhood, and taught that they should be ashamed to be sickly." One chapter, devoted to "Brain Work and Brain Food," shows the imperative need of wholesome and abundant food for students; and another, entitled "Face to Face with our Girl," has for its text this quotation from Anna C. Brackett: "As to direct physical care of themselves, American girls between fourteen and twenty-one are to be ruled only by their convictions on the side of prudence, for they will not blindly obey what seem to them arbitrary rules, as the girls of some other nations may be made to do." She quotes also Frances Power Cobbe: "A great living teacher once

made to me the curious observation that he had noticed that when a woman was persuaded that anything was right or true, she generally tried to shape her conduct accordingly. But," he added with comic despair, "when I have, as I think, entirely convinced a man in the same way, and expect to see some result of his conviction, behold! he goes on precisely as he did before, as if nothing had happened." Marion Harland does not agree with Dr. Clark's "Sex in Education," that a collegiate course of study has a tendency to break down the health of the female student, and that "the girl who makes the beds can safely work more steadily through the whole year than her little mistress of sixteen." She avers that farmers' and mechanics' wives enjoy no better health than educated women, and gives the result of her own experience as housekeeper with "the girls that make the beds." Having been a housewife for twenty-five years, employing all that time two, and for many years four, girls in her household, she has had ample scope for observation. In all those twenty-five years she has had but *two healthy girls*. She quotes Dr. Putnam Jacobi's statement that "hysterical and amemic women neither think much nor take much physical exercise," and shows that Dr. Beard, in his book on "American Nervousness," supports by statistical evidence the proposition, "that the brain-working classes live much longer than muscle-working classes." After thus proving that "our girl" can safely study, she asks: "How shall she study?" and devotes several chapters to delicate subjects, which she handles in a forcible and delicate manner. She enlarges on the need of congenial and continuous employment for women. "Anxious and aimless," wrote the humane Governor of Massachusetts in recommending California emigration to the superfluous seventy thousand women in his State. "Anxious *because* aimless," pithily rejoins Marion Harland. "What shall we do with the Mothers?" and "Indian Summer," are pleas for the mothers, that they shall not be set aside for their antiquated notions; also for the daughters, that the mothers shall not disgust them by lack of conformity to the demands of the age, showing the importance of confidence between mother and daughter. In "Housekeeping and Home-making," the author states, as a rule without an exception, "No American woman, however exalted her station, or whatever may be her accomplishments, can afford to remain ignorant of practical housewifery." A chapter is devoted to "Dress"; another, headed "Gossip," advises women to "lend neither tray, chopping-knife, nor condiments to help the gossip make her mince-meat." In treating of marriage, the author lays down this axiom: "While husband, home, and children offer a sphere with which the most ambitious of our sex may well be thankfully contented, most pitiable is she who does violence to common sense, nature, purity, and virtue, by marrying one she would never have elected to the highest office in the gift of

womanhood, but for fear if she let the chance slip, she might never marry." In "Married," she says, "There would be fewer careless husbands, if women adopted the motto, 'Better lose my husband's affection than his respect.'" The last chapters, entitled, "Shall the Baby be?" and "Coming," give useful advice to the prospective mother.

It will be seen that this book of four hundred and fifty pages covers a great deal of ground. Its style is simple and direct, enlivened by anecdotes and apt quotations. Homely advice is given in a plain, motherly way. Its subject is timely, and it will prove a useful assistant to the class to whom it is dedicated—"The wives, mothers, and daughters of America."

HENRY D. THOREAU. (American Men of Letters Series.) By F. B. Sanborn. 1882. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

If Mr. Sanborn had begun his life of Thoreau at the one hundred and forty-eighth page, omitting the genealogies, reminiscences, and anecdotes that make up the first five chapters of his book, he would have given us a much clearer, more concise, and certainly more readable account of Thoreau. We should, in that case, have been deprived of some useful information which it is pleasant to have; for instance, the facts in regard to the life and character of good old Dr. Ripley, and of some of his parishioners. But we should also have been spared the long account of Thoreau's rather uninteresting ancestors and relatives, who seem to have been in no wise remarkable people, and who exerted too slight an influence upon the character of their celebrated kinsman to warrant their introduction into his biography. With the sixth chapter begins the real biography, and Mr. Sanborn, having at last settled down to the subject, proceeds to treat it with considerable ability.

The account of Thoreau's early essays in authorship, with the accompanying extracts, is especially interesting, as it shows how early in life those tastes to which he owed his fame were formed. The essays are not, of course, without traces of undergraduate crudeness and exaggeration; and that peculiar breeziness of style that was Thoreau's chief charm is lacking as yet. But already he has been attracted to nature, and begins to write of rivers, woods, and lakes. One passage in particular—a description of Fairhaven Cliffs, written when he was not quite eighteen—reminds one forcibly of his later works. Following this account of Thoreau's early writings, is a chapter on his friends and companions, in the course of which we hear something of Margaret Fuller, something of Horace Greeley, and, as a matter of course, a good deal of Emerson and Channing; but no definite impression of any of these celebrated people is conveyed by Mr. Sanborn's descriptions.

He next attempts to prove that Thoreau's retirement to the hermitage in Walden forest was not due to a dislike for the society of men. It has long been a subject of debate whether Thoreau really was a stoic and an egotist. Mr. Sanborn's attempt to exonerate him from these charges is only indifferently successful. Mr. Page, in his "Life and Aims of Thoreau," quotes a much clearer statement of the hermit's purpose, and one that justifies him in the eyes of many students. In his highly metaphorical style he said of his retreat: "I had withdrawn so far within the great ocean of solitude into which the rivers of society empty, that, for the most part, so far as my needs were concerned, only the finest sediment was deposited around me. Besides, there were wafted to me evidences of unexplored and uncultivated continents on either side."

The remainder of Thoreau's uneventful life is pleasantly sketched by Mr. Sanborn; his literary career, his out-door life, and his early death described; and we lay down the book at last with a kindly feeling of respect for the poet-naturalist of Concord, and only a passing recollection of our vexation at his biographer for allowing a lack of system to detract so much from the value of his materials.

CAMPS IN THE ROCKIES. Being a Narrative of Life on the Frontier, and Sports in the Rocky Mountains, with an Account of the Cattle Ranches of the West. By Wm. A. Baillie-Grohmann. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

The author of "Camps in the Rockies" is already pleasantly known to the public by several books of a similar character, of which "Tyrol and the Tyrolese" is perhaps the best known. The present book is specially one for sportsmen, as the shooting experiences form the basis of its pages; but there is plenty, too, of an enthusiastic picturing of primitive camp life that will be enjoyable to every one, sportsman or not, in whom exists the gypsy instinct for the free life of the camper, the Aryan instinct for a westward plunge into the unexplored, a love of mountain, forest, and wilderness. Mr. Baillie-Grohmann, a member of the Alpine Club, and an experienced mountaineer and sportsman in the Old World mountains, felt his laurels incomplete without some experience in the mountains of the New World; and, accordingly, has made two Rocky Mountain trips. The first was somewhat in English tourist style, and was sufficient to convince him that the proper way to "do" the Rockies was to come down to the rough ways and light outfit of the genuine trapper; accordingly, on this second trip he joined himself to a party of four trappers, and with them penetrated the remote depths of the Shoshoné and Wind River Mountains, much of the ground gone over being unexplored, and some places hitherto untouched by white man's foot. Here he occupied himself with great enthusiasm in making a fine collection

of trophies of sportsmanship to adorn the tapestried walls of a Tyrolese *Schloss*. This enthusiasm is a pleasant trait of the book. It is very evident that Mr. Baillie-Grohmann enjoyed the life, enjoyed the people—the genuine backwoodsmen—enjoyed wild nature, even in some sort enjoyed the dangers and discomforts of "roughing it" in the extreme sense of that expression. This frank appreciation of the mental and physical vigor, and the good moral points of the "Western man," (the "trans-Missourian man," as he more specifically calls him) and a corresponding good nature toward counterbalancing defects of mind or morals, this hearty delight in the experiences of his sojourn, make the book pleasant reading. It is devoid of the customary British condescension toward the "trans-Missourian"; in fact, the author relates with delight that he was "green, very green," when first he went West; and takes great pleasure in telling stories to his own disadvantage and to the advantage of the shrewd, practical folk among whom he found himself. From an explorer's point of view, "Camps in the Rockies" is unsatisfactory, in spite of the map, and much incidental information about the country, its animals and plants, its physical geography and geology, climate, and so on. The information on all these points is merely incidental; and whoever cares for exploration, and not for sportsmanship, had better leave this book alone.

CHARLES LAMB. By Alfred Ainger. New York: Harper & Bros. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

In his series of English Men of Letters, Mr. John Morley has rendered good service to that vast portion of the English-speaking race which is yet to be educated, and to those already educated has given a succession of pleasures. This sketch of Charles Lamb is worthy of a good place in the series. Yet it has nothing which may be called really new, except the discriminating examination and just praise of Lamb as a literary critic, which forms the concluding chapter. It is well that this new matter has been presented; for the gentle Charles, as a poet and prose dreamer, has hitherto caused the just Lamb, as a critic and a powerful instrument in restoring the Elizabethan to English style, to be neglected. But otherwise we find nothing which has not already been so admirably told by his friends, Talfourd and Barry Cornwall. Yet the old story of an infinitely pathetic life, inter-shot with brightness, is well retold by Mr. Ainger, in clear, modest phrase; and the fine picture is obviously so framed by him that the reader's eye shall see in the frame only a bounding, not the gilding, of the picture. Such honest work as this will always commend itself. The book should go into every library, even where Proctor and Talfourd already adorn the shelves. At least, it will always show to boy or man how far forward a genial brain and

clean spirit can carry a life, even with the drags of monotonous business, impeded expression, irregular habits, insanity itself once in youth, and most of all, of the constant care for periodical insanity in one dearer to him than himself. Even if Mary Lamb had been less in herself than she was, it would still be well for the world that she passed her half-crazed life in it, and has enabled Charles Lamb to be more as he was, than if he had married "the fair Alice W——n," and been the father of his dream-children.

ARCTIC SUNBEAMS; OR, FROM BROADWAY TO THE BOSPHORUS. By Samuel Cox. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Senator Cox, during one of the vacations of Congress, made an eight-months tour in the Old World; and as one of the results thereof, publishes the above-entitled work. He says in one of his chapters: "I pretend to describe nothing but the superficial. If I could, I would not be profound." In this endeavor, the honorable gentleman has eminently succeeded. He describes, or rather merely states, what he saw in Holland, Norway, Sweden, Lapland, and Russia. And what he saw, and what he has described, is nothing more than every one of the hundreds that have visited those countries has seen, and that every one who has written of his travels in those countries has described. He seems to have jotted down in his note book, as he traveled along, the most obvious and apparent peculiarities that presented themselves to his eye; he seems to have taken these notes to his printer, to have had them printed on very fine paper, not forgetting to intersperse here and there an attempt at humor and an illustration, to have clothed all this with a handsome cover, and a high-sounding title, and then to have called it a book. However, let us be just. The honorable gentleman needed recreation; he has traveled and has written a book. Now in so far as affording him recreation and pleasure, this book has been of some benefit to the world; further than this, we should say that it is entirely worthless.

THE FISHER MAIDEN. By Björnsterne Björnson. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

THE BRIDAL MARCH, AND OTHER STORIES. By Björnsterne Björnson. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

It is doubtful whether one lays down these peasant stories of Björnson with full conviction of their truthfulness to nature. There is something in them so different from anything our civilization allows, a simplicity in conduct and in conversation, a freedom and an honesty in all mutual relations, and above all, the abruptness and bluntness with which the people

they deal with approach a passion or enter upon a resolve, that puts them without the pale of a society that always thinks twice before allowing itself to perform any social act. The conclusion does not come that they are real and it is good; but that if they are real, then it is good. One thinks of them less as men than as children playing at men. If they should grow up—if they were given time—they might be as other men are; but they have not grown up. Yet this purity and simplicity and innocent ignorance make possible touches of human nature that are very interesting and effective, even where the lines of drawing are broad. Björnson can hardly be called a humorist; yet through these pages and under the lines runs everywhere a quiet vein of sarcastic humor that brightens his work, till at points it fairly sparkles with the oddity of his ideas. This humor, however, is never malicious, and never stings. He pokes fun at individuals and at things indiscriminately, but it is always with a gentle, almost fatherly carefulness. Aside from their literary value, these books are useful as historic pictures. Sprinkled through the text are illustrations done by native artists, which are vouched for as being correct reflections of Norwegian costumes and interiors. At any rate, they are curious and interesting. "The Bridal March" is the last of these peasant stories—the next volume to be issued dealing with Björnson's views of Italy.

ABBE CONSTANTINE. By Ludovic Halevy. LADY BEAUTY. By Alan Muir. AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR. By Annie Edwards. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

These three novels are published in the "Transatlantic Series"; and reading the three in the order above named gives one a downward-graded opinion of the series. "Abbe Constantine" is light, objective, pleasing, and in good taste; the sort of thing to be kept for a weary hour, when the brain is grateful for a pleasant tale to trickle effortlessly over it. There is no character drawing; the characters are all types, as in children's books; no study of life; no strong feeling; but the story is pretty and pleasant, in a fashion that it seems easier to achieve in a foreign language than in English. "Lady Beauty" is an odd reversal of the common occurrence of a moral under mask of a story; this is a story under mask of a moral. The story is a pleasant, unaffected, objective one; the moral, for which the book claims to exist, is in part excellent. That a woman's object in life is to be charming, even her religion being valuable only to that end, is the questionable assumption of the moral; that the way to achieve permanent charm is by gifts of mind and heart more than by beauty, is the excellent part thereof. But when we come to the third book, "At the Eleventh Hour," we cannot give it even modified praise. It is ordinary, marred by affectation and

bad taste, awkward and conventional in the abundant humorous parts. Still, it has much picturesque and some pathos, and is quite skillful in serious conversation.

DICK'S WANDERINGS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

In this pleasantly realistic story of English life, the writer, Mr. Julian Sturgis, has presented his readers with a central figure, whose distinguishing characteristics are naturalness and leisurely consistency.

If this open-hearted young hero, Dick Hartland, is too typically British to be known to us precisely as he is photographed—with his heritage of Claring, his obsequious tenants, and his ambition to educate a constituency—he is true enough, after a particularly charming fashion, to world-wide human nature to arouse much sympathy, and to waken an especial interest. The history of Dick's boyhood days is related at the outset, with sufficient minutness to show him then the father of the man. An affectionate, quick-witted, self-reliant young fellow, he is generous to a fault, and pure-minded as a woman. He grows, studies, and investigates unhurriedly, and finally travels to Palestine, where in his journeyings he meets and falls in love with a pretty American girl, Kitty Holcroft. A series of small misunderstandings keep the lovers apart for many uncomfortable months; but fate is kind at last, and a roseate glow of dawning happiness illumines the final pages of the book, to everybody's satisfaction. As the study of an American girl, Kitty Holcroft is not an entire success; but the growth of Dick's love for her is the honest course of an unforced development, and is really beautifully shown.

HOOD'S OWN WHIMS AND ODDITIES. A collection of funny things, rhymed and unrhymed, pictured and otherwise, from Hood's pen. Published in a twenty-five-cent Pugsley edition, by G. P. Putman's Sons. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Hood's name is suggestive of two opposite characteristics of human nature: pathos and humor. This collection of his Whims and Oddities is almost wholly of the humorous kind. Throughout the book is a plentiful sprinkling of wood-cuts, puns without end upon familiar words, and saws—continually provocative of smiles, often of outright laughter. The rhymes and the "not rhymes" are enjoyable too. Any one familiar with Hood, of course, knows that. An English humorist, and of some time past, to an American reader a few of his witticisms will be necessarily somewhat stale and foreign; but the genuine fun is there, nevertheless, in overflowing abundance. Like a pure, clear foun-

tain, it sparkles and plays, is always bright and refreshing.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT. By Anton Giulio Barrili. From the Italian, by Clara Bell. New York: Wm. S. Gotsberger. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

This is an ingenious and pleasing story, perfectly unsentimental, unambitious, graceful. One cannot find a place for a thrill of suspense or of pathos in it, but plenty of places for a mild smile. The people are agreeable; the narrative is well bred; the incidents and the *mise en scene* (an Italian provincial village, and a brotherhood of lay celibates leading a scholarly life in a deserted cloister) fresh and entertaining. It is decidedly of the better class of light stories.

A COMIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Livingston Hopkins. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., N. Y., London, and Paris. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

A book that does certainly succeed in being quite droll at times; and drollery is a most desirable thing in modern life. The attempt to write funny books is thoroughly laudable, and the man who succeeds in writing one is a benefactor to his race; and perhaps even such a modicum of success as is to be met in the little book in question justifies the attempt. The pictures are, on the whole, better than the text; but they have very little variety.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We have also received the following books: *Catalogue of the San Francisco Free Public Library for 1882*. No. 3. Short titles, containing eight separate lists, namely: 1. Books in English (not including fiction and juveniles) added since November, 1880, with some foreign titles under subjects; 2. English Novels; 3. Juvenile Books; 4. Deutsche Bücher, mit separat liste von Novellen und Romane; 5. Livres un Français, les romans à part; 6. Libros Españoles; 7. Srenska böcker; 8. Books in Latin and other languages. The first of these lists contains about sixteen thousand titles—all added since November, 1880. *The World's Witness to Jesus Christ*, by the Right Reverend John Williams, D. D., Bishop of Connecticut. Two lectures on the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, delivered in the Bedell Lectureship, at Kenyon College, Ohio. *The Wealth of Life and The World*, by William E. F. Krause. Recent Issues of the Franklin Square Library: No. 265, *The Minister's Son*, by M. C. Stirling; No. 266, *Fortune's Marriage*, by Georgiana M. Craik; No. 267, *Egypt under its Khedives, or The Old House of Bondage under New Masters*, by Edwin De Leon; No. 268, *Single Heart and Double Face*, by Charles Reade.

NOTE BOOK.

AFTER the fashion of the children, with their "This is a dog," "This is a girl," under the slate-picture; or of our grown selves, who observe, "It is *very* windy," in the face of the obviousness of that fact on a San Francisco summer afternoon—after such fashion, we say, in greeting to the public, "We bear this month the promised OVERLAND name." The first of the three months of transition thus entered upon, we hope soon to familiarize the public with the fact that their old friend is again on the stage. Several names of the old OVERLAND staff stand on our table of contents this month, and, as time goes on, the remnants of the old group will be gathered about us: several who do not appear in this number are already our contributors; some are scattered now to the ends of the earth—but, fortunately, in these days the ends of the earth are not too far for men to hear each other speak by the written word. Others—some of the best and most faithful of the old guard of Pacific civilization—have gone forever beyond our hearing. Their places must be made good by the on-coming defenders of the faith. It must be remembered that there has grown up about the CALIFORNIAN a new staff of writers, to be united with the surviving portion of the OVERLAND staff. Some of these are young writers, who stood just ready to enter the doors of the OVERLAND four or five years since; many are writers of experience, whom circumstances did not happen to bring into the staff of OVERLAND writers, and have happened to bring into that of the CALIFORNIAN; so that each of the two united magazines has much to offer to the other.

IT may seem strange to readers in the older States that we should speak of the OVERLAND staff, after this brief lapse of years, as scattered, and, in great part, to be traced out and recovered with difficulty. It will not seem strange to our Western readers. They know well the rapid changes of the West. The classes that graduate at Berkeley find, at their periodic reunions, that missing members are reported in Central America, England, China, Germany, Australia, Arizona, Oregon, and the Eastern States; and a class of sixty can hardly collect twenty men together three years after Commencement. But more than any other cause, death has broken in upon the group of those who were the literary and scholarly men of early California. To an unusual extent these men have passed away together; for the sudden settling of the State brought here near-

ly simultaneously a great many men in early middle life: young enough to be ardently hopeful, old enough to be practical and of ripe mind. It was inevitable that the time should come when, within a few years of each other, these men should reach the bound of life.

SINCE our last issue, the death of Mr. B. B. Redding has narrowed by one more the group of men on whom our community has long depended for support in matters intellectual. It is hardly within our province to repeat what the daily papers have already said with regard to the loss sustained by so many different interests; but it is fitting that we should add some mention of our own loss. Mr. Redding was known to our readers as the author of various articles that have appeared in these pages. And it was a noticeable thing that these articles, all good authority on the subjects of which they treated, were all on subjects remote from the business occupations of his life—unless we except those connected with his work as Fish Commissioner, a work which was in itself apart from his every-day business. There have been few men of more various interest than Mr. Redding. In so many different quarters his helping hand was felt, that it is said of him to-day that no other man in San Francisco could have left so wide-spread a feeling of loss behind him. There is something remarkable in the spectacle of a man engaged in as large and absorbing a business as Mr. Redding's—a business that most men would have considered left them hardly time for private reading—and yet having time and energy and interest for a variety of intellectual pursuits. In the last days of his life, there lay in his desk at his office an article, promised to some society or paper, and growing paragraph by paragraph, almost sentence by sentence, as the fragmentary intervals obtained in pauses of business allowed. In this wise were written the articles from his pen that have appeared in our pages; in this wise he stood ready to continue writing for us. And not only have we lost in him a valued contributor, but a sympathetic friend to the magazine in all its aspirations and difficulties. He believed in the literary capacities of the coast; he believed in the importance of the work of a literary magazine here; he believed—as it would have been so easy for a man whose nearest interests were with industrial civilization *not* to believe—in literature, and the bearing of literature on the civilization and growth and ultimate prosperity of a community.

WE hope that in the public thought and talk of Mr. Redding, these outside, intellectual interests of his life will stand out with their due importance as suggestions to the young men of our State. There is, perhaps, not a community in the world of equal population and civilization where the influences around young men tend so overwhelmingly toward the struggle for material success. To take four years of life from this struggle, for college, is not common; and even of those who do take the four years, few spend longer than that in scholarly pursuits. Of the graduates of our University, not one in a class chooses to spend his life in following up any branch of purely intellectual research. There has been, we believe, exactly one who has distinctly chosen scholarship as his line in life; and, besides, three or four chemists, two or three mathematicians, and two or three in literary life. Now this is not altogether because the ideals before our young men are exclusively material: it is largely because, by a not uncommon fatality, the desire for a life of scholarship that has lodged in the breasts of two or three in every class has always chosen the breast of a

man whom pressing pecuniary need forced him into some money-making occupation. Nevertheless, this same perversity of fate is displayed in all colleges, and does not succeed elsewhere in preventing the graduation of more or fewer men each year who choose for themselves the scholarly life. The truth is, that in this State, so fresh from the hand-to-hand conflict with the forces of nature, the brawny toil of laying the foundations of a community, there has been little opportunity for the serene life of moderate ambitions to show its true attractiveness and lure the young towards it—the life in which, with little money, little or no notoriety, little of the fascinating excitement of professional or business struggles, those elements of happiness and true human dignity which alone make money and fame an struggle valuable are realized without these media. These ideals of life, these standards of action, are yet to be established here: once established, they will build up for us a scholarly and literary community; and meanwhile, it is the work of the scholarly and literary of the community to build them up.

OUTCROPPINGS.

NEW ENGLAND AUTUMN PICTURES.

On a high hill-top a single sugar-maple, grand and symmetrical in its proportions, and magnificent in scarlet, gold, and dusky green, stands out in bold relief against the hazy blue of the sky. A white cloud, which as one gazes takes on the form of an ancient argosy, lingers above it as though spell-bound. A gleam of amber is on the slightly imbrowned sward beneath, and now and then a faint breath of air partially raises a faded leaf from its grassy environment, or bears a dead sister from her airy home to rest by its side.

A lone bird alights upon a midway bough, and with abrupt sideways motions of the head investigates the locality; and then, as though perplexed by the mysterious change that has come over its leafy haunts, it utters a tremulous note and flies away.

The head of a gray squirrel suddenly pops up in an angle formed by the projection of a basilar limb from the trunk. One wonders from whence he came, as there has been no previous indication of his presence. He glances about warily, and then darts up into the fork and rests upon his haunches, his superb tail proudly curving upward. He is a princely specimen of his race. He would be likely to prove an irresistible temptation to a sportsman. Perhaps he has some inkling of this, for he seems to be cautiously reconnoitering. Apparently his quick ear has de-

tected some sound inaudible to human ears, but the expression of his countenance is not one of alarm. Presently another squirrel, of slighter proportions, darts up the trunk of the tree directly in front of him. The two give a chatter of recognition, then scamper away, one after the other, along the branches. There is a low rustle of leaves, and more than one scarlet beauty falls to the ground. At length, seeming to have explored the leafy recesses to their heart's content, both pause near the fork of the tree, and giving each other knowing glances, dart down the trunk and scamper off, one after the other, over the brow of the hill. No doubt this connubial pair, for such they evidently are, have in mind some tempting corn stack, or choice sweet apple tree.

The shadow of the tree lengthens to the eastward, and the sun, which at last has struggled through the morning haze, throws a flood of splendor through the gorgeous foliage. The outlines of the shadow pictures on the ground become more distinct, and their tracery, which before was but a filmy tangle, is firmly marked.

The south-east slope of the hill is clothed with a gigantic growth of sugar-maples. Here and there the somber green of a hemlock contrasts with the brilliant hues in which it is embowered. A few diminutive beeches have found foothold near the outskirts; and their forlorn air suggests children lost in the wood. The whole woodland is filled with a mellow,

golden glow. A hush is in the air. One thinks of lotus-land, and almost believes he has found it. The brook, winding along at the base of the hill, loiters unwontedly in every possible cranny and nook.

Near one corner of the sugar-orchard a flock of hens and their nearly grown progeny are busy scratching among the leaves, which give forth a series of intermittent rustles. The young cocks are not so buried in the pleasures of the palate as to be oblivious to their recently-developed lingual powers, and do a great amount of gratuitous crowing. Now and then the dignified patriarch of the flock stretches out his neck and sends his clarion tones ringing through the forest, as though to satirize his feeble imitators. But with a self-conceit almost human, they seem to interpret the sarcasm as a compliment, and only crow the more obstreperously. September and October are the gala months for cock-crowing. As the cold strengthens, they are more chary of their efforts. In the early spring they seem too much elated with their newly acquired freedom from the restraints of winter, and, later, are left too much to themselves by their female partners, who are occupied with their broods, to exercise their voices beyond the bare exigencies of the situation.

On a knoll just below the gallinaceous party a family of children are beech-nutting. The leader is shaking the tree with a long, hooked pole, while his two little sisters look up with blinking eyes as the brown beechen rain descends. The baby, toddling about in a red gown, was doubtless taken along that he might be "out of the way."

Over the brook on a gentle swell of land is a large apple-orchard. On the margin a lad, bare-headed and frockless, is standing on the topmost rounds of a ladder, gathering golden apples into a basket. No doubt they are golden pippins. Just beyond, a man in blue blouse and straw hat is shaking a large tree with a stout pole that has an iron spike in one end. The apples are small and red, and fall to the ground with a muffled, thudding sound. Near the man stands a large cart with a yoke of oxen attached, sleepily chewing their cuds.

The cart is half filled with a promiscuous lot of apples, which indicates that they are for cider. Several rods below the ox-team, on a little plat, is a cider-mill—a genuine old-fashioned cider-mill, with huge wooden screws and nuts. The grinding is done by cogged wooden cylinders, kept in motion by a horse attached to the end of a long beam, the radius of the circle around which he moves. The process is going on. The horse, a fine bay, looks jaded and discouraged. The monotony of the work is telling upon his spirit. A stalwart man is turning the screws, while the golden brown liquid is flowing into a large vat, from which the row of cider barrels just below are to be filled. Their protruding bungs are suggestive of a carefully selected bunch of straws and happy childhood.

Behind some Lombardy poplars on the opposite

side of the road stands an old-time farm-house, unpainted and weather-beaten. The west gable faces the road, and a long, low "stoop" runs along the south side. On the wall hang long traces of corn and bunches of red peppers. A thin streak of smoke is rising from the chimney, and a pair of white doves rest upon the ridge-pole. Behind the house and beyond the barns stretches a broad upland pasture. Here are the dairy cows—graceful, gazelle-eyed Jerseys, buxom Durhams, and several of the old native stock—one black, two red, and a half-dozen others, speckled or brindled. From a brown hill-side pasture in the distance comes the flute-like tinkle of a sheep-bell, and a dozen or more fine Cotswolds are visible on the summit. On the lower ground of the same pasture a half-dozen horses are feeding.

A restful spirit broods over the landscape, and seems to have settled down upon man and beast. Nature's voices are softened and subdued; even the rasping chirp of the cricket has lost something of its incisiveness. The far-away hills are inwrapped in soft haze, as in a veil, and the valleys are flooded with golden light. The willow fringes on the river banks are irradiated, and the frost-singed golden rod has an aureole around its head. The distant mountain-tops, rising one above the other, like pinnacles upon the Temple of God, are encircled in a halo of glory; and one cannot help wondering whether the visible presence of Him before whom archangels veil their faces is not just beyond.

LYDIA E. WHITE.

THE KINGIT'S NOCTURNAL RIDE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF VICTOR SCHIEFFEL.)

And this is night, the dark night in the forest,
That wraps me round on my world-hidden ride,
How different sounds the wind that sweeps the valley!
How different from in day-time steps the horse!
Dark lies the mountain. Only in the branches
Sports here and there a faint uncertain light:
Is 't moonlight? Is 't the midnight elfin-dances?
Onward brave horse—down with thy rising mane.

I know no fear; but chill though wordless horror
Lies on my soul, as nightmare might oppress,
And never, never would I look behind me,
For spirits strange have gathered round my path:
As though from rock and cleft would rise to meet me
What long hath lain and moldered in the gloom.
"Would from my horse ye restless spirits sweep me?
Avant! I know no word to solve your doom."

All that receives its glad life from the day-light
Lies hid in bush and cover, sleeps and dreads;
Creation's spirit bright—I feel it, dreading—
Has given place to darker powers and sways.
My own heart's thinking, as it beats this moment—
Would I reveal it to the sun's bright rays?
There lies, at last, the castle-gate before me;
Onward brave horse—down with thy rising mane.

HYMNS FROM THE SPANISH.

A PERVERTED PUBLIC TASTE.

HIMNO.	HYMN.
En este nuevo día Gracias te tributamos, Oh Dios Omnipotente, Señor de lo criado.	On this new day's advent All thanks to thee we give, O God Omnipotent, The Lord in whom we live.
Tu divina clemencia Se ha dignado sacarnos Del horror de la noche A la luz del sol elara.	Thy clemency divine Has deigned to affright By thy serene sunshine The terrors of the night.
Lleno esta de tu gloria Todo el vasto teatro Del mundo, y cuanto existe Es obra de tu mano.	Replenished with thy love Is vast encircling land, And all that thereon move Are creatures of thy hand.
Por ti nacen las flores Y verdece el campo, Los arboles dan fruto Y el sol nos da sus rayos.	For thee the flowers grow And verdure decks the fields, The trees their fruits bestow The sun his influence yields.
Alabante en las ramas Los pajaros ufanos, Y en el agua los peces Cantan tu Nombre santo.	Rejoicing in the trees The birds of sweetest fame, And fishes of the seas Exalt thy holy name.
Dirige, Dios inmenso, Y guía nuestros pasos Para que eternamente Tu santa ley sigamos.	Direct, great Deity, And hedge about our ways, So that eternally Thy holy laws we praise.
Pues este nuevo día Gracias te tributamos, Oh Dios Omnipotente, Señor de lo criado.	For this new day's advent All thanks to thee we give, O God Omnipotent, The Lord by whom all live.

HIMNO POR LA NOCHE. HYMN FOR THE NIGHT.

Gracias rendidas demos Al Dios Omnipotente, Que sacó de la nada La turba de los seres.	Return of thanks be paid To God Omnipotent, Who out of nothing made The earth and firmament.
El es quien nos da vida, El es quien nos protege, Y a quien su amparo falta De continuo perece.	"Tis he that gave us life, "Tis he prolongs our breath, By him we still survive The ravages of death.
Mi corazón te adora, Oh Protector celeste! Y a toda hora te alaba Mi lengua balbuciente.	My heart would thee adore, O majesty divine! To praise thee evermore My faltering lips incline.
Dame pues los auxilios De tu gracia perenne, Y esta noche descanso Mientras el día ruelve.	O grant me then the light, Of thy perennial grace, And sweet repose this night, The morrow to embrace.
Para en el tributarte Mil himnos reverentes De un pecho agradecido Que te adora siempre.	That so I may impart The thousand hymns of praise Within a thankful heart That thee adores always.

J. G. McMURPHY.

One day I was seized with an idea so bright and luminous my whole future life seemed lightened and cheered by its radiance. Such an inspiration, I thought it must be a direct intervention of Providence in my behalf; and yet so simple, I deemed myself a dullard not to have long ago devoted time and attention to its fulfillment. I would write for the papers. I would become an author. I had long enough wasted my talents on literary societies and in writing amusing letters to friends: I would convert my facile pen into a tool for the amusement of the public. The people wanted to be edified, not instructed; I would write an article and send to the editor of the "Argus," that would precipitate him into convulsions of laughter as he read it. And how his heart would quicken with joy that this bright luminary had risen on his horizon! And he would write an appreciative letter to me, the author, asking a continuance of such bright emanations, and offering an equivalent in the coin of the realm far beyond my wildest anticipations. And how it would tickle the public! How they would hold their sides as they went off into fits of uproarious mirth; and how, between the spasms, they would nod and wink, and exclaim, "The editor of the 'Argus' is the fellow to scent out the bright ones!"

So I wrote with such intentness and fervor my brow was beaded with perspiration, and my arm ached with the strain on its muscles. The words slipped from my pen with lightning rapidity, and the thoughts outstripped the words. Amusing repartee, pointed criticisms, pungent sarcasms, all tumbled over each other upon the paper; and hilarious anecdotes from real life, interspersed with bright sayings and sage remarks of the dear little ones, all went to make up the fullness and completeness of this product of my genius.

I folded and directed it with scrupulous care, and, burdened with many stamps to secure a safe transmission, I forwarded my article to its destination. Then I waited in confidence of heart and peace of mind, secure that a near number would bear on its crisp pages this first fruit of my talent. I dreamed of the applause of the dear ones who would hail my advent into the literary world; I counted the number of papers I would order to send to friends in a distant clime; and in the thankfulness of my heart I felt I had at last found a vocation. I waited, and as each train thundered by my heart leaped for joy, that soon in one of those commonplace leather bags, thrown carelessly and heedlessly to the ground, there would be a letter for me, not perfumed nor on fine tinted paper, but in a yellow envelope, with a business look in its square folds, as becometh a communication from the editor of so popular a paper as the "Argus." I waited calmly and serenely until, in my mind, sufficient time had elapsed for a perusal and digestion of the contents of my article, and then with proud mien

I walked to the post-office and demanded, rather than asked for, my letter. To my surprise, there was none. Ah, well! I could afford to wait for such a grand consummation of my hopes, and to-morrow the paper would be at hand. To-morrow came, and to-morrow's paper. With pulse beating more rapidly than usual, and a hand not quite steady, I scanned it from date to finis. The familiar title and sparkling ideas did not greet me. Strange, but easily accounted for by the arrival of my manuscript too late for insertion in this issue.

The next week I visited the post-office after each train, first with assurance, then doubtfully, then sadly, and then suspiciously: the post-office authorities were in a conspiracy against me and kept my letter.

Finally, as time dragged its slow length along, and each paper was barren of the insertion that should have graced its columns, I became indignant; and " 'Tis ever thus: fools, like oil, rise to the top, and the wise must, perforce, go under."

Then the letter came: after six weeks of weary waiting and watching it came—with the manuscript inclosed. A kind letter, thanking me for my pleasantly written article, but owing, etc., etc.—ending with the suggestion that I should write a story, the literary ware that the public craved.

A story! Shades of the past forbid! Had I not been whipped, shut up in a dark closet in the days of my youth, for telling a story, and lectured at home, at school, and from the pulpit, on its direful consequences, and lived in daily fear of the fate of Ananias and Sapphira when I had experienced a fall from grace? O no, I could not tell a story! But a night's repose brought other views. If the public taste had to be catered to, if in that way only I could gain admission into the elysian fields of literature, I would forget the precepts of my childhood, and weave my web of fancy into a woof, combining wit and romance. I would take a new departure in story-writing, and compose a tale full of bright sayings and deep wisdom, offset by wonderful adventures and marvelous escapes. Surely it would be very easy to write a story—like making a stew: throw in a dash of coquetry, to give a bouquet; sprinkle in sparkling colloquies, to make it spicy; cut up into it a few conundrums or appropriate quotations, and thicken with plenty of love. Or, like building a house; found on fact, support well with a strong plot, mortise together with telling points, drive in a few spikes of sarcasm, plaster thickly with romance, and give a hard finish to the structure, with a final scene at the matrimonial altar.

Then I went into an agony of composition. I knitted my brow and pursed my lips, and became deaf and blind to all around me. I grasped my pen like a weapon of defense, and ran my fingers through my hair till each individual stood on end as though receiving an electric shock, in my attempt to plan a startling plot, and describe a wooing and winning

that, like Jane Eyre, should revolutionize the modern romance.

Shall I tell how I composed and destroyed? How many quires of paper lighted my morning fire, and the gallons of midnight oil I burned? How I first rose with the lark, hoping from the influences of the rising sun and freshness of the morning dew to gain new ideas and quaint conceits, and then tried writing into the wee sma' hours? Shall I write how I took solitary walks, seeking for help in a closer communion with nature, and then in desperation buried myself away from the sound of human voices? How I fasted, that by mortifying the flesh there should be a corresponding activity of the mental faculties; and when no inspiration followed such self-denial, how I feasted, trusting to find the originality I sought in the fullness of a stomach satisfied? In despair, I sent frantic appeals to my imagination; I made furious calls on my inventive faculty; I directed passionate entreaties to my presiding genius, who, by holding out false hopes, had lured me into this Slough of Despond—but all to no avail.

And then, as a last resort, I bethought me of a stimulant to feed my undeveloped bumps. What was good as brain-food? Oatmeal. No sooner thought of than acted upon. Oatmeal was tried in every conceivable form—mush, cakes, pudding, bread. I dipped my cutlets in it before frying; I thickened my gravies with it; I threw it into my bath water, and used oatmeal soap. It was the staff of my life. I was thorough enough, both in internal and external application, to have made my brain equal to Daniel Webster's; and yet, withal, could not work myself up to the proper pitch of frenzy. A friend suggested fish. Of course, fish was the thing! So the fish market became the daily scene of my visitations. I ordered of all sizes and kinds, and had them cooked in all the methods prescribed by Pierre Blot—fried, stewed, roasted, in chowder, broiled, and boiled. We had them salted, smoked, and pickled, until the odor of the house suggested a canning establishment; and still no new intrigues nor startling developments rewarded this diligent search for the genius of romance.

Sometime it may all come to me. I may be able to describe in soul-stirring language how through all the frenzies of despair and hope she won him; how through all the phases of fear and joy he wooed her. The talent of description, the wonderful faculty of developing plots and counterplots, may finally reward patient labor and research; but now I sit in figurative sackcloth and ashes, a victim of the perverted tastes of the age.

J. E. SHERMAN.

All manuscripts submitted for publication in THE CALIFORNIAN AND OVERLAND should be addressed to the Editor, 408 Californian Street; all business communications, to The California Publishing Company, at the same number.

THE CALIFORNIAN

AND

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

A WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.—NOVEMBER, 1882.—No. 35.

A CONTEMPORARY OF WASHINGTON.

[FROM UNPUBLISHED MEMOIRS.]

WHEN a man whose fortune brought him into familiar intercourse with many of the leading statesmen in the early history of our country has had the literary skill to leave behind him a faithful record of his impressions, the interest of his memoirs belongs to a wider circle than his own posterity. For this reason, I am impelled to give publicity for the first time to a portion of the memoirs of Peter Adolph Grotjan, which, in the course of family inheritance, have now come into my hands, and contain descriptions of the writer's acquaintance, and in some cases his intimate friendship, with Washington, Jefferson, Randolph, Burr, Albert Gallatin, Jerome Bonaparte, Andrew Jackson, and others. The memoirs were begun in 1844, and left unfinished in 1846. As evidence of the spirit in which they were written, it is sufficient to give this extract from the preface in which my great-grandfather devoted them to his children:

"The term of my public services has expired, and my present age (nearly seventy years) admonishes me that I have arrived at that period of life at which I may without

censure withdraw from the turmoils of it, My mind remaining still active, and my physical powers unimpaired, it affords me both pleasure and occupation to commence this undertaking. As the events of my life can afford but little entertainment to any but yourselves, I shall attempt to chronicle them, to the best of my memory, and with the help of such documents as I possess, exclusively for your entertainment. I am, besides, impressed with the belief that the various trials I have experienced, an honest endeavor to do right, and a persevering temperament, which, instead of being subdued by adversities, would constantly rise superior to them, may afford you in the course of your pilgrimage some useful lessons."

Peter Adolph Grotjan was born in the Free City of Hamburg, Germany, in 1774. His grandfather, these memoirs tell us, "was an eminent merchant in the Baltic trade, accumulated a fortune, and consequently lived in an appropriate style. He was much respected and beloved, and was for many years, until his death, a member of the Council of Ancients (*Oberalter*)." His

father, having no taste for mercantile pursuits, "received a classical education, and after a course of three years at the University of Jena, received his diploma as Doctor-at-Law." An interesting incident in his father's history I will here transcribe in full:

"After his return from the university, and whilst employed in his professional duties, the celebrated Maria Theresa ascended the imperial throne of the German empire. This event drew forth the greatest demonstrations of respect from all parts of the empire; and the citizens of Hamburg, ever foremost in acts of chivalry and courtesy, determined to send an embassy of congratulation; and my father was appointed as one of the two citizens to perform that duty. Although the authorities had no doubt made such provision for the expenses of the ambassadors during their mission as was deemed sufficient, my father, being a gay Lothario, and perhaps a little intoxicated with the honor conferred upon him, found the appropriation entirely inadequate; and knowing himself to be the son of a wealthy merchant, drew from time to time for considerable amounts on his father. I have often heard him relate what a brilliant career he ran during his stay at Vienna, and I feel convinced that he did not suffer the renown of the Free City of Hamburg to be tarnished.

"One event of his visit I will relate to you. Shortly after his official audience at which he discharged the duties of his mission, a masked ball was given by the empress, to which, besides the court and nobles, all the foreign ambassadors were invited. People of rank, and especially foreigners, seldom or never appear in a masked character, but generally attend in a domino; that is to say, in a suit of black, over which is thrown a long mantle of red or black silk, whilst a partial mask is worn, which sometimes covers only the eyes. My father, thus attired, was in the midst of enjoying this brilliant *fete*, when he was led by one of the ministers of state towards a lady seated at a short distance. The minister whispered in his ear that he should solicit of this lady the favor of dancing a minuet with her. Hav-

ing at that moment no suspicions of the rank of the lady, my father obeyed and was graciously accepted. He was, however, soon undeceived; for on approaching the middle of the saloon he saw everybody giving way, and himself and the empress were the only dancers on the floor. Notwithstanding all his usual democratic principles, he was ever afterwards proud and delighted when he reflected on the event of that night. I myself may fall under a similar censure for relating it. Be it so! It gives me pleasure, and if that pleasure is a folly, it is only adding one folly to the many I have committed in the course of my life."

Of the boyhood of Peter Adolph Grotjan, his memoirs abound in incidents. Some of these are common to all boys; others belong peculiarly to the life in Hamburg one hundred years ago, and present a vivid picture of by-gone manners. Of these I cannot do better than select the quaint description of the way in which the boys of that time assumed their *toga virilis*:

"I have alluded to the prevailing custom in Hamburg for nearly all classes of people to be distinguished by their outer garments. I now mention this circumstance again; because, although children in every country wear garments suitable to their age, until, after having arrived at thirteen or fourteen, they change their youthful attire for a manly dress, still neither in England nor especially in this country is this transition accompanied by the same feelings of importance as in Germany, particularly in the large cities, where, on looking at any citizen, you instantly recognize his occupation or rank in life. Having reminded you of this, you will not feel surprised that I looked with much anxiety to the important epoch which was to produce this transformation in me. The 19th of August, 1788, at length arrived, on which I was for the first time to be admitted into the society of grown persons. Some time previous to this important day the tailor had been put in requisition. Shirts with standing collars and wrist-bands with button-holes had been made, silk stockings and morocco shoes had been obtained,

large silver shoe-buckles and polished steel knee-buckles had been bought, and the three-cornered beaver hat, with a black silk cockade fastened on the right-hand side by a silver-corded loop to the upturned rim, was not forgotten. A dandy walking-cane, a silver watch with steel chain, (then the height of the fashion) had been made a present to me previously.

"So far, everything had been arranged by the 18th of the month. Still one important concern was to be accomplished. Hitherto I had worn my hair cropped and cut short behind, but on the morrow it must be dressed with powder and pomatum, and a queue at least eight or nine inches long must be seen negligently pendent between the shoulders. This ornament of the cranium, being one of the essential parts of the transmutation, gave me considerable uneasiness; for although I had suffered my hair for several months to grow on the back of my head and alongside my ears, the operation had proceeded so slowly that the hair was not near long enough to be gathered and tied into a queue. On the 18th I consulted an artist on the subject, and engaged him in my service to perform all the mysteries. Being eminent in his profession, his time was greatly occupied, and he informed me that, unless I could call at daybreak on the 19th, it would not be possible for him to attend on me. These matters being fixed and all my finery properly arranged, I retired to bed—but not to sleep. The possibility that I might not be aroused at daybreak kept me awake. I rose at one o'clock and seated myself before an open window, watching the approach of morning, which in our latitude at that season is about half-past three o'clock. As soon as I could clearly discern objects, I started for the barber, whom I aroused with much difficulty and manifest displeasure at my early call. I remained under his hands for nearly an hour, being obliged to purchase an artificial queue, which he fastened to my own hair, but which, in consequence of the shortness, he was compelled to tie close to my head, so that the said artificial queue, instead of

hanging tastefully between the shoulders, struck out at an angle of forty-five degrees. At last the long agony was over, and I was permitted to view myself in a mirror. Whatever I might think of the transformation at the present day, certain it is that on that day I thought all was right, beautiful, and fashionable, and I departed satisfied, holding my head (from necessity) very erect.

"I next decorated the outward man, and when that was accomplished, made the following appearance on entering the room: Three-cocked hat and cane in hand; head dressed and powdered in the manner before described; stiffened shirt collar touching the ear and covering half the cheeks; white cambric cravat with pudding cushion covering the chin, and tied in a formidable bow in front; medallion breastpin; vest, of white silk or satin, embroidered with silver sprigs and border, single-breasted, with lapelled pockets; scarlet cloth dress-coat lined with white serge, with steel buttons highly polished and ornamented; yellow nankeen shorts, fitting tight, with buttons at the knees, and fastened above the calf of the leg with steel knee-buckles, in pattern to match the shoe-buckles; white silk stockings, and long quartered black morocco shoes, with silver buckles of a size which left but a small part of the shoe visible at the toe.

"Thus accoutered, I started for my aunt's country seat, where we were all invited to spend the day. On my arrival, I underwent a regular inspection. The elderly males and females looked upon me with approbation. My sister and cousins complimented me, but I thought I perceived occasionally a mischievous smile and wink. My cousin Fritz, who had undergone a similar metamorphosis two years previously, saw nothing uncommon in me; but my cousin John, who was a year younger, and not yet entitled to the privilege, behaved with outrageous turbulence all day. He mocked me in gait and gestures, and made a hundred ironical speeches. Once, when we walked in the garden, he laughingly said, 'Adolph, you walk so stiff-necked that you look for all the world as if a skewer had been driven

down your throat.' These ironical sallies, however, lost their effect, as I felt convinced they proceeded from sheer envy."

Other incidents, equally characteristic of the times, might be cited; but I pass on to that part of the writer's history which connects him with America. He did not, like his father, devote himself to law, but entered the mercantile house of his grandfather, which had passed into the hands of his uncle. As he approached his majority, however, the desire to go to America and start in business for himself became irresistible.

"My brother, having received his degree of doctor-of-medicine at the University of Jena, returned to Hamburg in 1795, and for a considerable time we occupied the same room. The independence and dawning prosperity of the United States and their republican government were a subject of discussion in all the well-informed circles of Europe, but particularly in Hamburg, whose government, on a diminished scale, approached nearer to the democracy of the United States than any other government in Europe. We were both well acquainted with the history of the American Revolution; and the achievements of Washington, the characters of Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Samuel and John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and the intrepid Hancock, as Revolutionary leaders, and the fame of Rush and Rittenhouse, as learned and scientific men, had long reached our shore. These interesting subjects engaged our private conversation for hours, and became the cause of my determination to settle myself in business in Philadelphia as soon as I became of age, and had the disposition of my share of the inheritance from my grandmother."

This plan did not meet with the approval of his family. They urged him to continue in business in Hamburg; and in the hope of persuading him, his uncle made him most favorable offers for a joint mercantile enterprise. But they were made in vain.

"I told him that I could not conquer my desire to settle in the United States, and that I had received great encouragement

from Kroeger, Oppermann, and other respectable merchants, who had offered to make consignments to me as soon as I should be established in Philadelphia. From this period till June, 1796, I matured my plans for a voyage to the United States and settlement in Philadelphia. Being still under age until the succeeding August, it became necessary to have myself declared of age by an act of the Senate, in order to take possession of my inheritance, and obtain permission to withdraw that capital permanently from the city of Hamburg. In this, through the influence of my friends, I succeeded, by paying a percentage into the city treasury."

With this parting tribute to his native city, the European career of Peter Adolph Grotjan came to an end. After spending some time in farewell visits to relatives and friends, he "invested his capital in Swedish and Russian bar iron, Russian hemp and window glass," and sailed "on board the ship *Cygnat*, Captain John Johnson, for New York, on the 14th of July, 1796." For a young man of twenty-one, with no friends in America and but a slight knowledge of English, the undertaking was daring. But with an educated mind, a moral character of proved integrity, a cheerful and generous disposition, a strong body, and youth—what may not be dared? The very incidents of his voyage show that he was possessed of qualities which would have won him the recognition of strangers in any part of the world.

"My domestic arrangements on board were a complete bar to all species of *ennui*. I kept a journal of the transactions of every day. My mathematical and trigonometrical studies had made me acquainted with the rudiments of theoretical navigation, and I was determined to devote a portion of my time to its practical study. I had provided myself with a sextant, a case of mathematical instruments, a nautical almanac, Moore's Navigator, and a fine sea-chart of the Atlantic. Having conciliated the good will of Captain Johnson, and especially that of our mate, Mr. Taylor, I enjoyed all the advantages

of their instructions in the practical use of my books, charts, and instruments. I daily attended the taking the height of the sun at noon, and soon learned to work my courses arithmetically, geometrically, and by dead reckoning. Three nights in the week I kept a regular watch of four hours on deck with either the captain or the mate. I had, besides, a choice collection of books, chiefly German and French. Not being then very proficient in the English language, I had, besides a grammar and a dictionary, only two books, namely, the 'Life of Numa Pompilius,' and the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' I lost, however, no opportunity to study and to talk. I must also observe that my good and kind brother, shortly before my departure, presented me with a mahogany medicine-chest, the contents of which were prepared by his own hands, with a care and foresight to suit all exigencies, accompanied by a book of ample directions in his own handwriting. This chest procured me many friends on board, as it gave me an opportunity to personate the doctor and surgeon on numerous but generally trifling occasions. Besides dosing and physicking the male and female steerage passengers when sea-sick, I cured the broken head of a shoe-maker after a battle with our steward, an athletic young man. I bandaged, dressed, and cured the leg of a sailor, who fell from the yard-arm in a gale of wind and tore his leg open against the fluke of an anchor, causing a wound more than nine inches long. I also cured the foot of Phillipson, the Jew, who was bitten by a shark we caught, which he approached too near whilst floundering and struggling on deck. I had consequently sufficient occupation, and my time passed pleasantly and agreeably.

"When the 19th of August arrived, I was determined to celebrate my birthday with as much *éclat* as circumstances would permit. I had given notice of the event the day previous to Captain Johnson, Mr. Taylor, and the steward; and as we had plenty of fowls, flour, dried fruit, and sugar, ample provisions were made for an extra entertainment. Independently of my privileges in the way

of cabin fare, my friends had presented me with numerous small stores, such as cakes and comfits, almonds, raisins, and nuts, a hamper of mineral water, and five dozen bottles of various wines. On this day I was liberal with my stores, and so was my worthy captain, who on this occasion furnished extra tidbits, not alone for the cabin, but also for the steerage passengers and crew. At 11 o'clock A. M. we partook of a mammoth bowl of arrack and brandy punch, drank wine, ate nuts and cakes, and smoked pipes and cigars. We subsequently sat down to what at sea may be called a sumptuous dinner, previously to which, and by the permission of Captain Johnson, I had sent the steward, with my respects, to the steerage passengers and crew, requesting both parties to drink my health, and for that purpose tendering each of them a dozen bottles of wine. That day passed in great hilarity.

"A few days after this festivity, and during a continued and tiresome calm, whilst conversing with Captain Johnson on deck, I observed him, from time to time, attentively looking to westward. Suddenly he called for his spy-glass, with which he seemed carefully to regard some object for a considerable time. At length he ordered the mate and steward to bring all the fishing-tackle on deck, observing with a smile, 'There is great sport ahead.' During all this time I saw nothing but sky and smooth water. However, after a while it became apparent that some object was floating in the water, around which for a considerable distance there appeared to be a strong ripple or roughness of the surface. This sight was still several miles ahead of us; and whilst we were very slowly approaching it, and all our fishing lines, hooks, grains, and harpoons were getting made ready for use, Captain Johnson explained to me that some piece of old wreck or mast was floating in the sea, and that the large rippling circle we perceived was caused by thousands of dolphins and other fish sporting and gamboling about it. The nearer we approached, the more astonishing and remarkable became the scene: and when we reached the

object, which was an old mast of a ship covered with barnacles and shells, which we fastened to the side of our vessel, we ourselves became the center of this truly astonishing sport. Picture to yourself the sea as smooth as a mirror, our ship lying almost as still as if at anchor in a pond, surrounded on every side by many thousands of fishes of various sizes and shapes, more than a third of them being dolphins, sporting and leaping on the surface of the water. Picture, too, nearly thirty eager persons intoxicated by this sight, and eager to catch the precious prizes, employed on every part of the deck. Some of them had probably never fished, at least not at sea, and their awkward efforts proved not very dangerous to the finny tribe. Such, however, was the rapacity of the fish, that he who could well fasten a piece of pork to a hook would instantly get a bite, and it was owing to his own want of skill if he did not secure his prize. I was fishing near the taffrail railing, and over the cabin windows, and had already secured two middle-sized dolphins, when one of the largest size I ever saw, more than six feet long, swallowed my hook and ran with inconceivable swiftness. Captain Johnson halloed, 'Play him, Grotjan, play him!' And play him I did, until the skin was nearly chafed from my hands by the friction of the line. I did not, however, let go altogether, but when my dolphin got tired I would gently haul him in, until a new freak would make him take another rapid start. In this manner I amused him until, at length, I got him close under the cabin windows, where the captain had stationed himself, grain in hand, and now struck him through the body, and had him hoisted into the cabin window. We never could have got that fish in any other manner, as my dolphin line was not near strong enough to have supported his weight. Our sport lasted for several hours, and the result of it was twenty-seven dolphins of various sizes, besides a large quantity of smaller fish.

"Nothing of any particular note took place during the remainder of the voyage, except that whilst off Sandy Hook we were

boarded by the officers of a British frigate, who overhauled our papers and mustered our crew, with the ostensible purpose of searching for British seamen. At that infant state of our republic, no naturalization or seamen's protection papers from the United States Government were deemed by British men-of-war sufficient to prevent them from forcibly taking every sailor who either really was, or was asserted by them to be, a British-born subject. Our mate, Mr. Taylor, who was a born Scotchman, made a narrow escape from being captured. When the frigate hove in sight, he was seriously alarmed for his safety, although he was a naturalized citizen and had a seaman's protection. He requested me to administer to him a strong dose of ipecacuanha, upon which he retired to his state-room and went to bed, and I placed a tea-pot and several phials of medicine on his table. Whilst we were boarded the medicine began to operate, and being represented as very ill, he escaped a personal examination, during which his vernacular Scotch accent would surely have betrayed his birth. As it was, his protection was deemed sufficient. I must confess that even at that time I felt the situation of an American seaman to be humiliating, and felt ashamed that a free and independent nation could not protect her seamen more efficiently. Thank God, the times have greatly altered since 1796."

Thus, after a voyage of fifty-six days, Peter Adolph Grotjan arrived in America, and successfully established himself, according to his purpose, in Philadelphia. It is now in order for me to select from his memoirs some of those recollections of American statesmen to which I alluded at the outset. I will, therefore, bring the present article to a close by citing his description of Washington, whose acquaintance he made shortly after his arrival:

"Congress was at that time, and up to the period of 1800, held in Philadelphia, and General Washington had his permanent residence there. Through the kindness of Mr. Muhlenberg, then Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States, I

obtained an introduction to him, which, however, was nothing more than a courtesy granted to all decent strangers who had any acquaintance with officers of government or friends of the General. I will here observe that, although then President of the United States, he was always spoken of as General Washington. As I have seen this great and inimitable man hundreds of times in public and private places, and as his figure and form are as fresh in my memory as if I had seen him but a short time ago, I will give you a concise description of his person. He was rather more than six feet high, of a strong and well-formed body, muscular, though neither corpulent nor clumsy. He walked very erect, with an easy military grace; his step was firm and measured, but without affectation. There was a dignity in his carriage and manners which I have never seen equaled, except in General Andrew Jackson. His face was rather long, and I have always insisted that the famous portrait of Stuart, which has become the standard of Washington's features, is defective in that respect, the face being too much compressed. The best likeness of Washington which I have ever seen is a splendid lithograph from a painting by Peale, which was published many years after his death.

"During this winter (1796) I had two more opportunities closely to observe this extraordinary man. Concerts were in those days of rare occurrence, and not so generally frequented by the public as at present. A grand concert had been advertised to be given at some public saloon, and my fondness for music made me, of course, attend it. I had placed myself on a seat near the front, where I had not remained very long when General Washington, his lady and niece, with some other company, made their appearance. In those times of democratic equality and simplicity, their entrance created no particular sensation. They quietly walked up the middle passage and took their seats immediately in front of me.

I had the finest opportunity in the world closely to observe them, and shall never forget the benign, matronly, and friendly countenance of Lady Washington. The print in which Washington and his family are represented affords an excellent portrait of that lady. My mind during that evening was so intensely occupied with the study of the two chief characters, that I did not take such notice of Miss Custis as to be able to bring her looks and appearance to my mind at the present moment, which certainly was very ungallant in a young man of my age.

"The last opportunity I embraced both to see him and to hear him speak as a public functionary was on that memorable day when he delivered his farewell address to Congress, in the Senate Chamber at the corner of Chestnut and Sixth Streets. Through the kindness of my friends, I had obtained a seat on the floor of the house, immediately behind the railing which separated the hall from the audience, and the place I occupied was not more than eight yards distant from the elevated platform and chair of Washington. At that time it was customary for the President of the United States to deliver inaugural or valedictory addresses in person, which has long since been dispensed with, and these documents are now sent as messages in writing to the Speaker of the House and the President of the Senate, without the personal appearance of the President of the United States. General Washington was no orator, and therefore read his farewell address with a distinct and impressive voice. This document, which you have all read, and which every citizen of the United States ought to know by heart, contains so many valuable lessons, and so much republican advice to strengthen and preserve the Union, that it is held almost as sacred as the Declaration of Independence."

In a subsequent article the recollections of leading statesmen will be continued.

ALFRED A. WHEELER.

THALOE.

CHAPTER XI.

THERE was a wild, ungovernable fury gnawing at his throbbing heart. Farther and farther did it seem as though the remorseless fates were leading him astray; deeper and deeper some avenging Nemesis driving him headlong down a path whose end was destruction and disgrace.

The hours of a single day had thrown upon his mind such a weight of misery and misfortune as he could scarcely have before imagined. The sudden realization of his misplaced affection; the baseless suspicions he had unwittingly cast upon one whom he felt it his duty to protect; his own ill-judged endeavors to divert them, ending in still further complications and misconstructions; a dim, misty, but not the less real forecast of some cruel treachery or vengeance which might ere long be wreaked upon that unsuspecting innocence; and his fast-increasing indifference to one whose very shadow he had so lately almost worshiped; his appointment to march against those whom, were they guilty or not, he would rather, for Thaloe's sake, have spared—what possible ray of light could now be found to cheer and enliven all this gathered blackness?

Throughout the earlier hours of that night, during which he incessantly hurried to and fro, preparing for the speedy departure of his forces, this burdensome weight of misery and despair was ever upon him, distracting his zeal and fettering his judgment; and when at midnight he threw himself upon a couch within the palace precincts, to snatch a few hours of needed rest, those foreboding thoughts still cruelly hovered near, and oppressed him with their presence. Cruelly, indeed: was not the day long enough for the reception of all cares, that the night also must now be disturbed?

It was surely out of place that he who had

so often enjoyed refreshing sleep upon the bare ground, surrounded by the dead and dying, with the torches of booty-seekers flaming before his eyes, and the howling of hungry jackals sounding in his ears, should thus restlessly turn from side to side upon a soft couch. There was now no light to fret him, other than the faint glimmer of a small lamp upon a shelf at the most distant corner of a room; nor any sound except the low breathing of his own familiar and trusty guard, who as before lay across the threshold of the door—nothing to keep him wakeful, in fact, but the uneasy troubles of his mind. But those were very tyrants, and would not be repulsed, strive to drive them away as he might.

At last, however, the faintly glimmering light at the end of the apartment, softly dying down, gave one convulsive spasm of brightness and then flickered out, leaving utter obscurity; the guard at the doorway turned over to an easier posture, gave vent to some low mutterings as he dreamed, perhaps, of his never-forgotten home upon the banks of the Rhone, and then subsided into perfect quietude; not even the baying of a distant dog broke the silence; and then, finally, sleep began to weigh more heavily upon Cleon's eyes. So for an hour or so; and then he was suddenly awakened to see a tall form standing at his side. His mind, colored by its prevailing tortures, for the moment made suggestion of some demon having come to overwhelm him with the story of yet newer troubles, and he started into instant animation and life.

"What now?" he cried; "speak! let me hear it all! What further damning news do you bring?"

"It is I—your faithful freedman, Calcho," was the answer. "My lord does dream. I come to say that at the palace gates stand three cohorts ready for the march."

"Ha! it is true, Calcho, I did but dream. There, it is over now. Tell me, will the day be fair?"

"To all appearance, a bright and pleasant season for the journey. See!"

With that the freedman extinguished a lamp which he had brought in with him; and, with the annihilation of its dim rays, a dull, gray, uncertain tinge from without was seen to pervade the room, showing that the night was already passing away and giving place to the first faint premonitions of a fair and genial dawn. Then pushing back the heavy shutter of the window, Calcho allowed a stronger glow to enter, mingled with the flickering breath of a transient morning breeze. The cool gust of air, circling about the room and blowing upon Cleon's cheeks, seemed for the moment to calm his heated blood.

"So, it is well," he said, rubbing his eyes anew and bounding from his couch. Then, as the freedman departed, another form appeared—that of the page Camillus.

"It is you!" Cleon exclaimed in an angry tone. "Wherefore do you come here? And what new mischiefs do you meditate with your intemperate and slanderous tongue? Are you not content with the troubles you have already set loose? And have you come to boast anew of your fancied triumphs?"

"For no evil purpose do I come hither, Cleon. And I would fain ask your pardon, if you will give it, for what I have so rashly done," murmured the page, hanging his head with confusion. "Do not be too angry with me. Remember that I am young, and not by nature given to much discretion. How should I be so as yet? And when yesterday the wine rose into my unaccustomed brain, did I do more than other men have often done? Reflect—I surely meant no harm."

"Nay, you meant no harm, I know, and therefore I will not chide you further for it," responded Cleon, moved by the supplicating manner of the youth. "What has been done cannot now be undone, except so far as we can counteract it by later words and deeds. Therefore let us not uselessly mourn about it. It would ill become me to quarrel with

you, whose pleasant friendship may some day become my only solace. For if these hideous misconstructions any longer continue to disturb— Well, well, Camillus, let all that pass. Tell me, what further can I do for you, besides pardoning your indiscretion? For I feel that you are not here for that alone."

"I have come hither to ask that you will take me to the battle, Cleon. You shake your head; but am I not man enough for that? And would you wish that I should always remain an idle, empty-minded page, when all the while there is a man's duty to do for any one who has the strength to lift a sword or buckle on a breastplate? Therefore let me go out from this, and fight in the coming strife at your side."

"You are a man in strength, Camillus, I grant it, but for all that, a very boy in judgment. What uneasy spirit has come over you, that you should seek to change your present good for other things, the nature or issue of which you cannot know? Is it ambition? That, in itself, is a deceitful lure, an empty nothing. I have known its power, and the world says that I have followed its beckonings with some success; and yet, if you could look far down into my heart, you would see that I am none the happier for it. Better to remain without repining where you are, and take with gratitude and contentment the goods which the gods have already sent you. Rank, station, pre-eminence—what are all these but instruments that, compelling us to walk in a course from which we would otherwise turn, increase thereby our miseries? Even now, were I a poorer and more humble man, with liberty to choose my own career without attracting the criticisms of the world, I could so arrange my life that—"

"That what, Cleon?"

"Indeed, I hardly know. I was wandering, I presume. Let those words go for nothing, if they have any meaning, which, possibly, they have not. But this present philosophy of mine—is it the less worthy of being cherished because it is newly born in me? It was only yesterday that I first

gained it, perhaps. It was amid that gathering at the bath; and as I looked upon the Senator Vortilian, and the happiness he found in frequent goblets of Setinian wine, and now and then an ode or two from some love-sick, moon-struck poet, I could not but think that it might be, after all, he had chosen a more reasonable part in life than myself. For was he not happier with his gay and gilded trifles than I with my laurels dipped in carnage and earned with years of toil and danger? And what, in fact, is the proper object of life but happiness? And what, further, could the gods themselves object, since they had done and lived the same? Yet still, if you would have me speak the truth, I would not that you should live the wanton, profitless life of the Senator Vortilian. Those doubts I have mentioned were not my own: they were surely put into my mind by some tempting demon, with intent to overturn the fair fabric of my reputation, built up with such long years of prudence and self-denying hardship. Therefore I shake off the thought, and now it has gone, and my true self has come back into its old supremacy. No: I would not have you imitate the Senator Vortilian. His is no life to be praised or sought for. But may there not be a profitable and pleasant path to follow between his course and mine? Though wine and dice and love-tempered elegies may not be the proper sum of life, neither should it be made up of rapine and bloodshed and the battle tumult. There are histories to be written, and the arts to be advanced, and a thousand things to be done which may make life pass smoothly, even while the heart is all the while being ennobled and purified. And this you can attempt where now you are. Would that your chance were mine—that I could grow up calm, content, and unambitious! And would that I could put off these heavy, clanking chains of duty and lofty station, and betake me rather to some rural nook, where, unfettered with care, and unknown to all else than she whom I would choose to keep constant at my side—”

“Alypia, you mean?”

“Alypia, to be sure. Whom else would I name? And why do you so strangely ask that question?”

“Only because it seemed to me, Cleon, that she, even less than yourself, could endure to lead that quiet life of which you speak. You would start away from its corroding rust at the war-trumpet’s earliest blast; and she—you know that she, even now not content with what you have already done, would have you press forward to still greater fame. And would she not be right?”

“Would she be right? Well, it may be so. I know not the contrary. For, after all, a woman’s wit can oftentimes tell that which a man’s spirit craves better than he can himself. At least, it cannot but be said that she knows best whither her own ambition would tend. And so you think Alypia would not be well content with the humble life of which I speak, but would urge me on to still greater things? And now that I consider it further, it may be that she has thus been urging you. She has laughed, it may be, at your page’s plume and dagger, and has told you what noted men you had among your ancestors, and how that at your age they had all done their honorable parts upon the battle-field, has she not? I thought the same. But do not blush, Camillus. I see in the joyous brightness and eager expression of your eyes that which would urge you on to glory without need of persuasion from her lips. And, after all, the blood which is in a man must have its proper flow; and if the shrill war-clarion is pleasing to his ears, he cannot force them to listen approvingly to the plaintive and peaceful lute and pipes. I acknowledge it all. In what I have just said, I have not been speaking in my right mind or from my own earnest judgment. Therefore, forget it all. And since you wish it, you shall go forth to the battle with me.”

“Thanks, Cleon—many thanks!”

“But not at once, Camillus,” added the other, struck with a sudden thought. “In a few days, let it be—a week, perhaps. For I have something here for you to do. You have greatly erred in speaking so heedlessly

as you did yester afternoon, and it is fitting that, inasmuch as in you lies, you should strive to repair the evil. Know, my friend, that my heart grows sad and heavy within me. I fear greatly on account of this young girl. In having spoken so openly about her, we have brought her into sore danger; and since she has so frankly trusted me, it is right that I should now protect her: from perils of what nature, I hardly know; perhaps from the violence of men who might never have heard of her excepting from ourselves, or perhaps from the jealous fury of others. Whatever it may be, I would watch well over her, had I but leave to tarry here. But now I cannot do so. Will you take up the task in my place, Camillus?"

"And the coming battle, Cleon?" pleaded the disappointed page.

"The battle will not take place at once. We have first to find the enemy, and then to ascertain if we are strong enough to make an attack upon them. This will all take time, and at the end we may have to wait for the force of the Tribune Balbus to join us. If you should come to me in a week from now, doubtless you will be in season for the affray. And see to it that the week is well passed in the especial service I have marked out for you. Go daily, as unobservedly as possible, past the house of this young girl, and keenly mark if there seems anything amiss. Listen always to what other men may say about her, in order that you may defeat all schemes contrived against her safety. Listen to what even women may say, for they, perchance, may be at the bottom of any plots that men may undertake to carry out. Attend not merely to words alone: let yourself become acquainted even with the secret whisper, so long as the furtive gaze may be turned at the moment in the direction of this young girl's home. Even a transient look may speak to you about a scheme against her, and so put you upon your guard. Go every day, not openly, as though upon the matter especially driven, but as though merely intent upon a careless stroll, and look upon her dwelling, to see that all is right with her. Yet in

doing so, stand not boldly by, as though watching over her, but rather linger near, in apparent duty elsewhere. Go thither not once only, but as often as your leisure may allow, and go the oftener as your just suspicions may be aroused; still letting neither herself or others mark that you are at all intent upon her. But should you hear any well-defined plot against her, then go boldly to her home. Seek her yourself, or, if you cannot have speech with her, ask for one Corbo, a slave who there lives and who can be trusted. Tell him of the danger, and bid him flee with her. If they have no place to go to, send them to my villa near Calatia. There let them abide, using it as their home until the danger is overpast. And for a token, give to them this ring. They have marked its pattern ere this, and will know it for my own; and so knowing it, they will trust you as its bearer. Do all this; and if at the end of a few days you return to me with no bad news, joyfully I will receive you, and will place you at my right hand in the most honorable place I can supply. So there, that matter now is finished. Calcho, bring hither my armor and my sword."

The freedman again appeared, laden with the arms and armor, and assisted Cleon in buckling the breastplate firmly upon his breast, and fitting the helmet upon his brow, then laid the well-worn sword within his reach.

"And my horse, Calcho?"

"He is outside, my lord, already saddled, and pawing the ground as though from afar he already scented the battle."

"It is well. Let the cohorts know that I will be among them upon the instant. And now farewell, Camillus. In a few days I will see you once more, and then you shall have the wished-for opportunity to achieve brave deeds; while I, let us hope, will find the heavy cloud which envelops me loosening its folds, and so harmlessly passing away. Commend me in fitting terms to all who speak well of me. And so again, farewell."

Then, turning away, he left the room and

passed into the court-yard, where before the open gate stood his war-steed, champing the bit and arching his proud neck with delight, as, with almost more than brutish instinct, he felt that new exploits were at hand. Around, within, and without the court were the three cohorts—all that for the moment could be gathered together, but destined to be reinforced by others during the onward march. These men were mostly veterans in the service, who had carried the eagles from Syria to Britain; and they now stood drawn up in stalwart review, swordsmen and spearmen in their allotted places, all holding their brazen-bound shields before them with military precision, and watching eagerly to catch their leader's earliest glance. In the eyes of some of the younger burned the fire of martial anticipation; but in the greater number the gaze was steady and composed, though the fixed expression of the grizzled jaws showed that the determination to well achieve the work and advance the glory of the empire was present in all its needed force.

As Cleon appeared, the low murmur of welcome flew through the ranks, and the customary salute of swords and spears, clashing sonorously against the shields, was given. Then mounting his charger, Cleon put himself at their head and gave the word; and so they passed out in long file and commenced their march.

CHAPTER XII.

The night was not yet fully spent; for though the dawn of the new day had faintly revealed itself, it was with timid approach and wistful lingering in the lap of darkness. The sky, flecked with drifting clouds, was still partially obscured, with here and there a bright star lending a feeble light, and glimmering in a long, ragged line across the ruffled waters of the bay. The city yet lay wrapped in repose; and through the gloom villas and trees appeared mingled together in a dark and confused mass, hardly to be distinguished apart, except where their outlines

rose in relief against the sky behind. From the sea came the low, dull murmur of waves beating against the rocky shore, but no other sound was to be heard mingled with it, except the steady tramp of the cohorts and the occasional hum of a camp song, as some veteran endeavored to revive his pleasant recollections of other days, and so beguile the monotony of the route.

But gradually the sky grew clearer, and the few stars paled slowly from the sight, and so went out one by one. The water of the bay began to change into a lively blue, and the waves seemed to dash up against the shore in less spiteful mood. The distant mountains which lined the coast came into clearer view. Nearer at hand all objects grew into greater distinctness, and put on new life and animation. The denseness of the city had now been passed, but straggling villas continued to line the road, and these now gleamed with brighter hues from out the close groves of pine and olives which surrounded them. Then, in the east, long lines of radiance began to shoot towards the zenith, and spreading out, flooded the sky with golden light. A moment more, and from behind the green-covered slopes the dazzling circle of the sun peeped forth, climbing quickly into full view, gilding earth and bay with glorious radiance. Upon city and villa, upon dancing billows and rustling groves, fell the liquid brightness. The soldiers, looking into each other's faces, pointed towards the rising orb, and shouted aloud with joy, as shouted Xenophon's men when they first saw the sea; and waving aloft their shining spears pressed forward with a blither, quicker tread.

And Cleon, gazing upon the scene, and gaining martial inspiration from the excited motion of his horse and the grasp of his well-tried sword, hero-like, now glowed with new life, and for the moment felt the weight of past cares being lifted from his shoulders, even as the sun had swept the darkness from the sky. Yes, this was, indeed, the only true career for a manly nature; those were but base heresies of which he had been prating an hour before. What troubles were

there which should depress one who could thus ride with armor on his breast, and half a legion of brave veterans at his back, all watching for one glance of approbation from him, and ready to do and die at his faintest beck?

Let him, then, cast his cares resolutely from him. For of what should he bemoan himself? Of his troubles about Thaloe? Nay, let all concern about that now pass away from him; for he had surely done what must repair whatever error of indiscretion he had committed. He could give full trust to Camillus's energy and watchfulness, now that their need had been so fully pointed out; and before any harm could happen, Thaloe could be far away, hidden from all danger and circumspection, in the lonely villa at the little village of Calatia. Nor was it likely, after all, that Alypia, recovering from her first jealous mood, would think again about the Christian maiden. It could have been but a transient moment of suspicion, indeed; and the next round of court duty or pleasure—the dance, the new fashion of loopings to the chariot, the latest ode, any such little trifle, indeed—would turn the current of her thoughts into some other channel, and so cause forgetfulness of whatever had gone before.

What more could he, then, torture himself about? His own linked fortunes with Alypia? He had seemed to lose his love for her, it is true; but rest and want of action may have made him over-suspicious and fanciful. Let him make one bravely conducted campaign, and with his fresh honors would come back renewed affection for one who could so well appreciate the winning of them.

And was it a misfortune that he of all men should have been sent out against these insurgent Christians? In truth, he fought them not as Christians, but as turbulent assassins who should be put down—disturbers of the public peace, who merited no other fate than death. Even supposing that these men might somewhat be justified in their rebellion by their wrongs, what then? He had fought in his time against Britons and Gauls, who certainly were right in defending

their soil. Had he then stopped to argue the propriety of making war upon them? They on their side, and he on his—each for himself: what other code than that could there be?

Thus, little by little, as he turned the situation over in his mind, he began to be cheered with a hope of better things for the future, seeing that there was a possibility of extrication from each difficulty, and that therefore there was nothing about which a brave man should despair; until, when the sun was an hour high, and he rode into the streets of Puteoli, he felt, if not perfect contentment with his lot, a more settled composure than he had of late known, and a soldier-like resolution to bear whatever fortune might befall him with fortitude, stimulating himself with the consciousness that he had already done whatever he could to avert the evil, and consequently would have the right to stand with folded arms and mock at the decrees of fate.

Re-assuring himself thus, he rode into Puteoli, where the force was joined by the two cohorts of spearmen, all strong, practiced, and resolute-minded veterans, who had fought their way over every province of the empire, and now hailed their comrades with clashing of shields, as though about to march to a festive frolic. Thence through the tunneled spur of the Campanian range, and so at length the gleaming line came to Neapolis. Here three fresh cohorts, hastily gathered, were marched forward to swell the increasing ranks to nearly a full legion; and here, for an hour or two, Cleon tarried for rest, as well as for consultation regarding the line in which to march against the enemy.

For until now there had been only a vague knowledge of the direction in which the insurgents were to be looked for. There had been a battle in the north-east, the location of which was known, it was true; but beyond that all was mere conjecture. The fugitive soldier who had reported himself to Nero had given some disturbed version of their probable intentions, and doubtless his report that they were journeying south-

wardly was correct; but no one could tell how long they might continue in that direction. A sudden panic flight towards the east; a return towards Rome with the hope of taking advantage of the confusion engendered by the late battle, and so collecting the slaves of the whole district into an overwhelming force; a masterly movement towards the west, outflanking pursuit, and so coming down like the rush of an avalanche upon defenseless Campania;—any of these results might be possible with an enemy whose organization was not made up according to the usual military rule, whose objects could hardly yet be gathered, and who were fighting for their mere existences, without any reasonable hope of securing anything besides.

While Cleon here tarried, two fugitive swine-herds from the upper country, coming in within a few minutes of each other, told their several tales. The enemy was again upon the march; upon this they both agreed, though in all else their stories showed confusion and discrepancy; and alternately they belabored each other with angry contradictions, as their separate observations or fears caused them to give different colorings to the picture.

“A large but disorganized force—”

“Nay, nay, not so large, but well disciplined, for all that. And advancing south-westerly in military order, without doing unnecessary damage to the land, or—”

“Not so, indeed, for they had turned to the north; and was it not said that the villa of Nonentius had been burnt? And Nonentius himself, having been taken, had been fastened to a cross, and—”

“Yet stay a moment, for this could not be, since he is never at his villa at this season of the year. And all were said to be well armed, and needed not to—”

“But that surely could not be, however; for you will have heard how they had gathered even the pruning-hooks and sickles from all the country round about Capua.”

So the contest went on, the two boors agreeing in but little, until Cleon, out of patience, sent them both away. And soon

an imperial courier came dashing in upon horseback, and told with certainty how that the enemy were still marching south; and thereupon Cleon, giving the word of command, began to lead his column towards the north.

So passed another day, every hour of which was marked with the accession of new fugitives, each telling the same unwavering tale of a southward march, but disagreeing in all else. Then the signs of the approach of an enemy grew more frequent; and it soon began to be noticed that fewer slaves were seen than before, as though, moved by the ever-active love of freedom, they had hurried off to join the insurgents. And one stolid countryman, who did not yield to the common panic, but remained with imperturbable serenity beside his own vineyard, as though his presence alone could protect it, told how two of his most trusted household slaves had disappeared and taken with them his best horses. But where they had gone he could not tell, only that it had been towards the north, to which, accordingly, Cleon still pressed forward, throwing out his scouts, and in this half-blind manner groping after the foe.

An hour later a Nubian slave was brought in for examination. The scouts had found him clambering in a furtive manner over the hills, still towards the north, and judging his manner to be suspicious, had captured him. He had a sharpened sickle at his side, and was doubtless on his way to join the insurgents. But, with a dull air of brutish lack of comprehension, he denied all knowledge of them, telling his story with a stolid appearance of truthfulness which defied logical contradiction. The slave army? What did he care for that, or why should he peril his life in any such wild enterprise? He had a good master, whom he loved and whom he meant to stay by to the end. He was now on his way to trim the vines. So far from home? To be sure, for his master was a wealthy senator, who had vineyards in every direction, and olive groves as well. So, disbelieving the slave's story, as did all who heard him, but finding no way to dis-

prove it, Cleon directed that he should be passed to the rear, and then dismissed in safety. This, at first, seemed likely to be done, the slave being well treated until he had nearly reached the end of the line. But, being there beyond the immediate notice of the commander, and having, moreover, a glittering pair of golden anklets upon his legs to tempt the covetous, there were many who began to pull him roughly hither and thither, with loud demands for plunder. And as he finally emerged from the end of the line, a spearsman who had strayed behind thrust a weapon through him, an eager little group gathered around, and in a moment more the army had passed on, leaving a naked and despoiled body quivering upon the roadside.

Now, at last, the enemy began to appear; for a small detachment of the legion, wandering off too far in advance, became engaged in conflict with a similar band of insurgents, and were driven back upon the main body with a slight loss. Thereupon Cleon enforced stricter discipline, and ordered his ranks into closer order, and thus advanced, cautiously feeling his way. Nearer and nearer he came into collision with the opposing force as he advanced; but when he finally gained a clearer view of them, they were posted in a position of natural strength too strongly to admit of attack. Therefore, making a feint at retreat, he fell back, drawing them after him in pursuit, still towards the south; during which both forces maintained themselves in unbroken column, and inflicted but trifling damage upon each other.

Two days thus passed, in a slow southward march, interrupted only by occasional halts or diversions of necessary strategy. Some of the younger of the soldiers now began to murmur. It was not for a mere retreat that they had come out, was their sullen whispered remark. At the starting, a quick march and a speedy victory with abundant spoil had been promised them; and now, instead of that, the eagles were in apparent flight. Was the Captain Cleon losing his old skill in warfare, that he should

be acting thus? But the older soldiers, divining a purpose in each delay, simply pressed their lips with grim satisfaction, and made no remark except in reproof of the unwise eagerness of the others. So the close column toiled on, until it reached a point where the rise of the surrounding hills offered a favorable position for battle; and now a halt was made, in order, at last, to engage the enemy.

But here in turn the insurgents, finding that the relative positions had been changed, did not choose to be thus engaged; and passing stealthily to the right, glided past the Roman force, and still pursued their way to the south. Thereupon Cleon again broke up his camp, and being now the pursuer, followed in hot haste, his horsemen hovering upon the flanks of the enemy, and occasionally picking up a man or two. Thus the pursuit was continued for a day or two longer, until they were within a few miles of the bay again, with the rounded crest of Vesuvius only a little way before them.

Then, choosing a good position, the enemy made a stand, from which it would perhaps have taken long to dislodge them. But it happened that, just as Cleon was forming his force into battle array, with some secret doubt as to the policy of present attack, one of those sudden panics to which all armies are liable seized the insurgents. Despite the orders and entreaties of their leaders, they broke up tumultuously and fled, nor did they think to cease in their flight until they came almost exhausted to the foot of the mountain. There, nestling in its broad, dark shadow, they would fain have rested; but the army of the pursuers was close upon them, and allowed no delay. Therefore they were still obliged to press onward, no longer thinking of resistance, but only, in wild and terrible despair, looking around for some avenue of escape. But there was now little choice of routes. To skirt the mountain's base, keeping upon the level ground below, though tempting to a tired force, was not to be thought of, for there the enemy's horsemen would have them upon the flank, and cut them down at will. To

climb the mountain's side, where pursuing horsemen could advance with difficulty and only through the regular paths, was the only hope of safety left. So, gathered into little scattered parties, but as a whole instinctively establishing themselves into something of their former close order, they urged their slow way up the most rugged and uncultivated portions of the ascent, until they stood at last united within the depressed and barren valley upon the then rounded summit.

Thence they should still have urged on their way, and so endeavored to escape down the opposite slope; but faint and weary as they had become, the sloping basin, with its protecting sides, was too tempting to be resisted, and therefore there they gathered and sought for rest. Their leaders could do nothing to urge them forward—all that could be accomplished was to set proper guards around the basin's edge to take advantage of its natural defenses, and so, in present safety, await the developments of the future. And Cleon with his whole force, climbing in turn more slowly the mountain-side, now lapped around and encompassed the insurgent force as in a prison-house.

CHAPTER XIII.

As in a prison-house, indeed: for the gently curving basin, which ages before had been the crater of some fiery eruption, was hemmed in on all sides by steep and craggy walls, with only here and there a broken passage to the open slopes beyond. These places could be easily guarded by a few hundred legionaries, properly disposed; while the others, encamped upon the acclivities of the mountain, could rest at their ease, and gaze down contemptuously upon the foe below.

But none the less was it a position which could not easily be forced from without. For, no sooner had the insurgents found time to rest, than with the instinct of self-preservation they returned spontaneously to their former discipline, and grouping them-

selves into the proper detachments, prepared to make a vigorous defense. Why, indeed, despair? Was not this the place where more than a century before Spartacus with his band had in like manner made his camp, and whence, sallying forth, he had gathered about him an army which had shaken the nation to its center? And even if all were now lost, there was still left the satisfaction of being able to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Therefore, giving by the act renewed evidences of able leadership, at once solid masses of men were stationed inside the few depressed passages which led from the basin, so that, if none could go out without falling upon the Roman spears, the bristling ranks of the veteran cohorts were kept as thoroughly at bay from entering. And as the insurgents could easily move within their circle from one point of attack to another, their opportunities for defense were not to be despised, and the superior discipline of the besiegers was counterbalanced by the defensible position of the besieged. Upon this, Cleon, judging it imprudent to make an instant attack, yet mindful of the cautious orders of the emperor, dispatched a message to demand speedy help from the Tribune Balbus; and disposing his men in proper order, prepared simply to maintain his position, and prevent the escape of his prey.

By the time this had been done, evening was approaching—the evening of the sixth day since they had set out from Baïæ. The sun was nearing the crest of the western hills, pouring floods of dying radiance over mountain, plain, and bay. The tent of Cleon had been pitched upon a gentle acclivity, whence, on the one side, he could look down into the imprisoned camp of the insurgents, and on the other across the whole expanse of landscape and water view which lay spread out below him, even to the distant Mediterranean. Standing with his back to the mountain, and so gazing down upon this glorious panorama, he could see all prominent objects lighted up by the expiring sunbeams into dazzling distinctness, the occasional deep shadows of afternoon

bringing each lofty point into yet greater relief than even mid-day would have given.

In the far perspective was the blue line of sea; then, nearer by, *Capræ* with its shining palaces, and *Baiæ* with its villa-incrusted hills; nearer yet, *Neapolis*; and closer than all, at the head of the beautiful gulf, and seeming to nestle as though for protection at his very feet, lay *Pompeii* and *Herculanæum*. It was almost as though a stone could be thrown from where he stood into their narrow streets, in which could be seen the gathering of excited groups, collecting at the corners, and pointing upward towards the mountain brow; while greater crowds had stationed themselves in the huge amphitheater, which, open to the sky, afforded a more convenient place for observation. And, streaming towards the city, could be noted the downward passage of little families, fleeing with their household goods and treasures from such mountain-side villas as, in the event of the enemy's escape, might be too greatly exposed to pillage. Soon these parties all disappeared, being swallowed up in the protecting arms of the city; while gradually the excitement in the streets seemed to be quieted down as the true state of the situation became better known, and the inhabitants felt their confidence in the imperial power restored.

A few moments later, and the sun touched the horizon; and casting forth a few upward streams of light, as though despairingly endeavoring to cling for a moment longer to the sky, at last released its feeble hold, and sank down behind the blue water. Then the burnished heavens gave up their glow of purple brightness, and faded into dullness. Here and there a star peeped forth, growing momentarily brighter; the pale crescent of the new moon gleamed with a more silvery luster as it neared its own speedy entombment in the waves; distant cities and headlands relapsed from their former individual distinctness into misty incoherency of outline, and from that gradually into nothingness; and even the two little cities below, though basking pleasantly in the white moonlight, like shining jewels

set in the mountain's base, after a few moments lost their symmetry of outline, and lay side by side, mere indistinguishable, straggling masses of marble.

Soon the moon also sank to rest, and then gradually more utter darkness came down and blotted from the sight all objects except the two little camps: the one nestling uneasily within the compass of the ancient crater; the other, in a long curved line, stretched about it, and peering down with watchful gaze, as a hungry panther looks upon the sheep in the crowded fold. In both, a few straggling fires had been lighted, wherever the men could scrape together small piles of dried vines, with which to warm themselves; and groups gathered closely about each, gleaming picturesquely, as the flickering flames shot up and cast their fitful glow upon brazen shields and helmets. From all sides came the ordinary noises of a camp: the sullen challenge, as guards relieved each other; the tinkle of hammers, as armorers inspected the soldiers' weapons or repaired the damages of the march; the half-checked laugh, and the low-muttered fragment of song, a recollection of other campaigns.

Around a smoldering fire near the tent of *Cleon* crouched a group of veteran soldiers, and these were apparently the liveliest of all the camp, even merry in their anticipations of the morrow. These men, bronzed and scarred with the service of years, had no thought of danger or damage to themselves. They had passed through too many campaigns not to believe that their lives were charmed; and now, in the talk of the coming struggle, they spoke only of the spoils of victory to be gathered. These prizes could not be great, to be sure, but there must be something. The runaway slaves—had they not probably stolen from their masters much that should now be surrendered? Had not even the slave who had been captured during the march worn golden anklets? And there must be many others like him in the insurgent camp, not to speak of those who secreted coin or carried valuable armor. What would you

have? One cannot every day sack the stronghold of a Persian king. Let them take, therefore, whatever present trifle the gods might send, and be thankful as for the best. Therefore they laughed, and told wild tales, and gamed away the anticipated booty, and gave cheerful thought to coming revels when they should have marched back to Baia.

Suddenly one of them held up his hand in warning, as a faint sound struck upon his ear, and he pointed to the right, where, above the crest of the natural rampart surrounding the insurgent camp, appeared a single figure—the figure of a short, sturdy man, unarmed, and in the coarse costume of a slave, except that his person had been divested of the neck collar, and such other insignia of servitude as could easily be removed. Climbing alertly into an upright position, he waved his hand up and down, in token of his desire to be met and listened to; a motion which might have cost him his life, since the soldiers, who at the signal from their leader had now all leaped to their feet, might easily have mistaken it for a defiance. But it happened that for the moment they were in a pleasant humor, not yet having had their appetites for slaughter whetted by much blood, and feeling sure of their imprisoned prey, and consequently disposed to play with them as a cat would with a mouse, rather than proceed to summary execution. One of them, therefore, rightly interpreting the slave's gesture, strode forward, seized him by the arm not unkindly, and led him along to the fire.

"Are you seeking to escape from your camp? And do you hope by that means to save your head?" said the soldier, bluntly.

"I seek no safety beyond that which my comrades can receive," was the answer. "All I now ask is to be led to your master."

"Our master, as you call him," responded the soldier, mimicking the unconscious habit of slavish speech which the man displayed, "is the noble Captain Cleon. What would you with him?"

But before the man could answer, Cleon himself, having noticed the incident, appeared

upon the scene, and the soldiers, falling back, left him with the new-comer, who, without further delay, entered boldly upon the object with which he had been commissioned.

"To the Captain Cleon, since such you are called," he said, "our leader sends you greeting, and asks that you would meet him in consultation at some convenient point between the camps, hoping that thereby some method may be happily determined upon for sparing the lives of many brave men on either side."

Having said thus much, he waited for a reply. Cleon for a moment remained in deep reflection. It seemed useless for him to enter into any parley with the insurgents, and his orders for their total destruction were so positive that he felt he had no discretion to make treaties or stipulations with them; why, therefore, speak with them at all? But, on the other hand, the attitude of this man, evidently so lately a slave, was so sturdy and defiant in its nature, appearing rather after the manner of an equal, demanding the customary rights of war, than of a fugitive already hopelessly condemned to death by inexorable law, that Cleon was filled with admiration, and he began to wonder whether there might not be many others like him in the insurgent camp; and if so, whether, after all, some excuse might not be found whereby he could depart from his instructions, and spare at least a few of their lives. At the worst, it could not be wrong, even though useless, to listen to what the other leader might have to say. Some little good might come of it, perhaps. Therefore he raised his head with sudden resolution, beckoned to three or four of his attendants from the neighborhood of his tent to follow him, and stepping over the line where the basin of the crater began to slope towards the center, bade the messenger lead the way.

Almost at the first step, looking carelessly towards the nearest fire in the insurgent camp, he beheld, pictured distinctly in outline against the ruddy flame, a well-remembered form—the form of Gogos, the fugitive charioteer of Olympia, standing armed with lance and helmet, and doing the duty

of a sentry. For an instant Cleon paused, then pointing out to his attendants the sharply defined figure of the slave, he said:

“Look closely at that man! Either lose him not from sight henceforth, or else study him well now, that you may not fail to know him again; and in the storm of battle, forget not, on your lives, to capture him uninjured.”

This he said, not of himself caring whether the man was slain in the tumult of the fight or reserved for the tortures of the arena, but simply from a guilty feeling that his treachery of heart to Alypia called upon him for at least that show of obedience and consideration for her wishes. And though the orders of the Cæsar had been that none of the insurgents should be spared, exception could well be dared in that one matter, so powerful was Alypia at the court, and so surely at her hands would the man be called upon to expiate his crime by a death tenfold more terrible than he could find in the loud storm of battle. Then, striding forward a few paces in front, Cleon found himself in a moment between the two camps, and in the presence of the insurgent commander, who, in like manner separating himself from the few trusty officers who accompanied him, stood ready for the interview.

A man so different in every attribute from any conception which would most naturally be formed of the leader of a rabble of fugitives, that Cleon almost started at seeing him. For in him Cleon had anticipated meeting some gigantic creature, with the limbs and strength of a Hercules, able of himself to fell an ox, and therefore with mere brute force to keep his army of desperadoes in proper subjection: a slave, of course, as well as Christian, for only in that double capacity was it likely that the man could maintain his authority over those two different elements of the camp; scarred with the lash, perhaps, and thereby bearing in his soul the memory of past wrongs and outrages to be atoned for in no other way than with blood and rapine; coarsely clothed, most likely, and with ignobly formed judgment, wearing an undue weight of ill-assorted

armor. But here was a man past middle age, and not above medium height; who, though his frame was well knit and his figure erect and firm, exhibited no peculiar strength of muscle, such as would be apt to curry favor with the lower orders; whose broad, intellectual brow, eyes beaming with intensity of purpose, and lips firmly set, denoted calm, undaunted resolution; whose costume was rather that of a knight of the higher class than that of a slave; while his whole attire was scrupulously in order, even to the trimming of his full-rounded gray beard; and whose equipments of armor, with properly ordered taste, were few and light, consisting merely of the short sword and a well-polished helmet.

Looking upon this person standing in front of him, calm and composed as one who had convinced himself that he was the leader of a proper cause, and needed no artificial assumption of manhood to sustain him, Cleon felt his own heart glow with sudden sympathy. It was the old and natural bond of sympathy, forming itself to link together two brave men who could resolve that the mere cause was little to be considered, but that the personal respect of the contestants for each other was everything; and it was with difficulty that he could resist the impulse to stretch forth his hand and grasp that of the other in cordial amity. But this could not be. That man was not the commander of a properly constituted army, and as such entitled to be met with friendly greeting during the intervals of warfare. On the contrary, he was a proscribed rebel against the Cæsar, with a price upon his head, and with whom a legitimate leader could hold none other than the most necessary communications, to be conducted with the utmost distance and coldness of demeanor. Therefore Cleon restrained himself, and looking his opponent in the face with an assumption of haughty disdain, inquired:

“What would you of me? For here I have come at your request.”

The other did not for the moment answer, but with his arms crossed before him, stood gazing earnestly at Cleon with a faint smile

flickering upon his lips, and seeming to scrutinize him feature by feature in dreamy study, as one who strove to recognize therein some well-remembered expression. So long did this continue, that it was not until Cleon, with some impatience, was about to repeat his question, that the other spoke.

"Yes, you are here, and at my request. For this, thanks. What was my purpose? Only that we might talk for a moment like men, rather than as enemies, and so determine whether we can in any way spare the shedding of blood."

Involuntarily Cleon shook his head, as though to intimate how useless must be the proposition. The other noticed and interpreted the gesture, and in a saddened tone, in which could be read solicitude for others more than for himself, continued:

"Is it so, indeed? Have you, therefore, your orders to spare none? I knew, of a truth, that by the law of the empire we were devoted to death; and I also knew that there is none who would be more unsparing than Nero in the execution of it. And yet I had hoped that some wise discretion had been given to yourself, whereby you might act upon what I shall tell you."

"Go on," said Cleon. "Little may it avail; but in order that no chance may be lost, I will hear what you have to say for yourself."

"Nay, not for myself do I say it," was the response; "for I well know that, as the chief trespasser, I have forfeited my life. But I will speak for those around me, who have committed no fault other than as they have been prompted by their attachment to myself, and by their desire for freedom of faith or action. They should not be punished too severely for one act of rebellion; seeing that, if now spared, the lives of many of them may yet become valuable to the empire. For know now, that among these men about me are many who, like myself, only a month ago had no thought of treason; and who, if suffered to depart from here, will return to their own homes, and be no longer disorderly or dangerous to the public welfare."

"Why, then, are you and they here?" said Cleon. "Has it not always been said that the Christians made no resistance to authority?"

"Ay, it is so. Faithful to our creed, which bids us meekly stretch out our necks to the knife of the destroyer, we have long suffered in silence, and thereby earned our world-wide reputation for lamb-like patience and endurance. So, indeed, for many years past. Do not the whetted sword, the uplifted cross, the blazing human torches in Nero's garden attest all this? What greater fortitude could you desire with which to illustrate the virtues of a creed? So, perchance, it might have gone on for more years to come. But man is human, after all, and there will come times when human passions are so aroused that they seem guided by godlike inspiration rather than by mere earthly motives; when, with long suffering, uncheered with any prospect of coming relief, such passive endurance becomes a crime against manly nature, and resistance a godlike virtue. Shall I go on and tell you more?"

"Tell me what you will," said Cleon. "I will listen while there is time, little service though it may prove to you."

"There is, after all, not much to say," responded the other. "Like yourself, I was a free man, able to go whither I pleased, loyal to the state and to Cæsar, asking only that I might worship in the way I believed to be right. But, while ministering to one of my own people, he was taken away, destined for cruel torture, and it chanced to lie in my power to rescue him. I did so. Call it a departure from the teachings of my creed if you will; but I did so. Would not you have acted the same? And when they would have retaken him, there were others of my faith who came to our assistance. Could you, either, blame them for that?"

"So, little by little, the tumult grew, and fiercely excited passions led to further arming, until my few friends had increased to many hundreds, and the force against us to half a legion. Then, as the word went far and wide that with us was a place of refuge

for all who wished their freedom, there came to us, singly and in scores, the ill-fed and tortured slaves from round about Rome, many of them of our faith, all of them bringing stout arms to our assistance. Needing as they did our aid, also, we could not abandon them, since they had thus put their blind trust in us; and so the hasty, informal mustering went on.

"Then, while I deliberated how to disperse them in safety without further tumult, so that each could go again to his own home, out against us came Lejanus with his few cohorts. Then came the battle, brought on I hardly know how, with unlooked for defeat to the Romans. And after that, this southward march, I all the while still innocent of all intent of further bloodshed, and simply seeking to find some path of safety and escape for my band from the toils into which fatal circumstances had thrown us. Now, I only ask for mercy in their behalf, for they are here, committed to this act of rebellion, not because they have despised the Cæsar or wished to war against his power, but because they have been forced to contend against the tyranny of those who would have robbed them of their Christian faith. Upon myself, if possible, be all the punishment, so shall less blood be shed."

"You speak well, but you must feel that it is to no purpose," replied Cleon, looking with ill-concealed admiration upon the man who, in this spirit of self-sacrifice, thus wished to take the crime of the whole band upon himself. "For when was it ever known that the life of one man could atone for the fault of thousands? Or, as regards the spilling of blood, how can you suppose that the Cæsar would regard more kindly the lives of Christians than of slaves?"

"That, indeed, I cannot suppose," was the quick response. "I know too well the little pity that Nero would feel for us or for our misery. But may he not regard the lives of his own trained veterans? You smile, believing that I am talking vauntingly, as though I could expect to disperse and cut to pieces your beleaguering force. This is not in my thoughts, however, as a thing

possible to be done. I know too well that we cannot hope to conquer in such an unequal strife. But for all that, we will not die unresisting. Though we know that the blood of every man among us will surely be exacted, none the less will we fight to the bitter end when the time comes; and it cannot be but that in the contest many of your choicest soldiers will fall. Will not Nero think of this?"

"Nero has too many soldiers that he should regard the lives of a few," was the answer. "Nay, he will rather rejoice in the sacrifice, if by it he can put down this rebellion with such severity that the memory of his vengeance may endure for ages, and banish all aspiration after further attempts. Therefore thoughts such as you mention will not move him. Nor can they move me, alas! for I am powerless to act. Why should I seek to disguise it? I know that you are looking into my heart, and that you there read my thoughts, and see that I would be sparing if I could. But with me is neither the discretion nor the power to act. I am in authority here but for a few hours at the most. To-morrow will come another to take command over me—the Tribune Balbus—and upon him will devolve all further action in the matter."

"Say you so? Then indeed can nothing further be done, for I know the Tribune Balbus, and how little of the spirit of mercy is in his heart. Ever unsparing to Goth and Gaul, it is certain that he will be even less disposed to show pity to Christian or to slave. Therefore there can now be nothing left for us but to fight to the very last, and die unyielding."

"Yes, it were better so," responded Cleon. "It will prove fully as well for the others; far better for yourself. Let me even now urge upon you to do so. It were preferable for you to die a thousand deaths upon the battle-field than to be taken alive. This caution I may give you, though I may say nothing more."

"I understand you," said the other, with a quiet smile. "The caution you give is well meant, and it takes from me all doubt as to

what I ought to do. I know now what fate is destined for me should I fail to perish here, and how much better it will be to meet my death upon this green battle-field than in the cruel, howling amphitheater. So, therefore, will I strive to have it happen. And for this warning courtesy, which a brave man would never think of giving except to one whose valor he respected in turn, let me now, Cleon, give you my thanks."

"How then is this?" demanded Cleon,

struck not only by the familiar tone in which his name was mentioned, but also by a certain expression of friendly interest which the other at that parting moment fastened upon him. "You speak as one who has known me or mine ere this."

But the insurgent leader, returning no response, fell gradually back; and so, the voices upon both sides growing fainter in the distance, the interview was ended, and Cleon returned to his own camp.

LEONARD KIP.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

FRAGMENTS.

My little child her treasure-trove brought me—
 A last-year's nest, rent by the wintry storm,
 And yet not tenantless, for piteously
 Clung there a half-fledged bird's slight, meager form.

Still on its breast shone down of golden hue,
 Its outspread wings still wore their mottled dress,
 And by these signs, despite the wreck, I knew
 The dear wild linnet's grace and loveliness.

"And why," the child said, "must the poor bird die?
 Does God, indeed, for little sparrows care?"
 What could I tell her? Who can answer why
 These sinless things our pain and loss must share?

But while her soft young eyes with pity shone
 O'er the small breast, which still unsung must keep
 Its summer rapture, and the wing ungrown,
 Which ne'er in bright aerial flight might sweep,

My sadder, older thought roamed far away
 'Mid larger ruin; saw the whole wide earth
 Strewn thick with broken buds to which no day
 Shall e'er give fruit or flower—death in birth.

The air was full of ghosts that sighed and wept—
 Of artist's dreams, of poet's unsung lays,
 Of baffled hopes, of promises unkept,
 And golden dawns that brought no golden days.

But that which made my bitter tears o'erflow,
 With the keen anguish that no respite knows,
 Was a dead baby's face beneath the snow—
 My little songless bird, my blighted rose.

MARY H. FIELD.

HERBERT SPENCER'S POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS.

THE latest publication of Herbert Spencer treats of political institutions, and constitutes the fifth part of his *Principles of Sociology*. It is not my purpose to attempt a detailed examination of the work. I shall rather confine myself to the chapters at its close, which discuss the "Militant Type of Society," and "The Industrial Type of Society," because, as a *resumé* of the general tendencies in political development, which are particularly disclosed or hinted at in the earlier chapters of the book, they teach what I deem to be erroneous views as to the nature of this development.

Mr. Spencer deals in such large generalizations that one can with great difficulty disagree with him in detail, although one may be dissatisfied entirely with the conclusion. Such is my predicament just now. I am not prepared to deny any particular argument, or any particular statement of fact; and yet I think that altogether the chapters in question give a mistaken notion of the character, and more particularly of the direction, of political development.

Mr. Spencer's argument may be, I think, briefly and not unfairly stated thus:

Concerning the militant type of society:

In order to preserve the corporate life of society there must be corporate action. "For purposes of offense and defense, the forces of individuals have to be combined; and where every individual contributes his force, the probability of success is greatest," and as between communities, there will be a survival of the one in which military cooperation is the most complete.

Moreover, that community or group will be militarily the most successful where the non-combatants spend their lives in furnishing maintenance to the fighters. Hence, the most successful community will be the one where the combination of fighters and producers is the most effectual.

"But in proportion as men are compelled to co-operate, their self-prompted actions are restrained. By as much as the unit becomes merged in the mass, by so much does he lose his individuality as a unit; and the same results follow with reference to property. Briefly, then, under the militant type, the individual is owned by the state."

Now we see that military success is dependent upon strict subordination within the corporate body. There must be the chief, or commander, under whom are all the grades of officers, in descending degrees, and all obeying those above them; and not only this, but the non-combatant part must also be subject to the fighting part. Hence, the militant society inevitably acquires a rigidity through this regulative action which characterizes it as *status*; that is, "a society the members of which stand one towards another in successive grades of subordination." In this form of society power becomes centralized in a commander, and compulsion is the rule of action. Not only do the laws merely restrain transgressions by one individual upon another, that is, they are not merely negatively regulative, but they are also positively regulative. They say, "Thou shalt do so and so." Administration becomes centralized, and despotism prevails.

Mr. Spencer further claims that the militant type impresses certain peculiarities upon the natures of the private persons composing the state, which it is not necessary here to consider.

As to the industrial type of society, he asserts that we meet at the outset with the difficulty that militancy is so old, and so persistent, and industrialism has been so long subservient to it, that it is not easy to separate the characteristic marks of the two.

At this point it is necessary to remark that industrialism must not be confounded with industriousness. Industrialism is not

the diligence of the people, but the form of co-operation under which their labors, small or great in amount, are carried on. For instance, some of the hill tribes of India are industrious, but it cannot be said that industrialism exists among them as it is exhibited in its highly organized forms in Europe and the United States.

In the industrial society, corporate action for purposes of self-preservation is not the primary requisite, as in the militant society. Men may buy, sell, and exchange; may combine for purposes of gain; and hence the protection of life, liberty, and property becomes of the first importance. The society in which these are best secured will prosper more, other things being equal, than in the society where they are less cared for.

In the highly developed industrial society the duties of the state are limited to preserving personal rights, and chiefly to the administration of justice between individuals.

The great diversity of interests will naturally lead to a representative form of government. The tendency will be to decentralization in administration.

Such a society, as contrasted with that where *status* is the characteristic, will be found upon *contract*.

Mr. Spencer's deduction upon both branches of his argument starts from the assumed fact that there is already an existing society or community; then, that over against this are other communities ready or disposed to fight it. It then becomes a question of the survival of the fittest; that is, of the most militarily effective. If the original communities were accidental aggregations of individuals, without any other tie than the necessity of self-preservation from a common danger, then we might *a priori* argue, as our author does, that this body of heterogeneous materials would be impelled to corporate action. But there is a query to answer before we reach this point. Why did this particular body of persons form themselves into a community? In the answer we discover the primary error which vitiates the whole of his reasoning.

Recent researches into the conditions of

primitive society teach us that its unit was the family and not the individual. As Sir Henry Maine, in his admirable work on Ancient Law, shows, the elementary group was the family connected by common subjection to the highest male ascendant; and he tells us that "the history of political ideas begins, in fact, with the assumption that kinship in blood is the sole possible ground of community of political functions."

If, as he clearly shows, the blood tie and not the military tie was the original impelling motive to corporate action, then is it not more reasonable to believe that the military efficiency of any particular group was a result of corporate action, and not the cause of it? Was there not a motive for combined and orderly action before the group showed itself to be efficient in war? If there was internal coherence in the family or tribe before it had to fight, is it not more probable that they fought because of this internal coherence, rather than that the fighting made them coherent? As well might one say of a regiment of soldiers, that it was thoroughly organized because of the battles it had won; the truth being that it was because of the previous organization that it won the battles.

If the root, so to speak, of political relations lies in the group originally held together by the actual or supposed blood tie, then should we not seek for the causes of their subsequent growth and expansion through interior rather than exterior impulses? Are not wars merely outside storms, which harden the tree, it is true, but which do not materially change its internal constitution? Mr. Spencer, it seems to me, lays altogether too much stress upon war as a creator of political organization. There was something back of this.

Again: the change from *status* to *contract* was going steadily on before industrialism was known. In archaic society the individual could neither make a contract nor commit a crime. The family contracted, and the family was the criminal. The chronic militancy which has prevailed since those prehistoric days has not, by successive

degrees, more completely effaced the individual, if that were possible. On the contrary, the attritions of countless conflicts have, among the progressive peoples, fused families and tribes into large nations, and, what is more to the point, have gradually evolved, if we may use the expression, the invisible unit of the family into the individual citizen with personal rights and personal obligations. Sir Henry Maine finally sums up the evidence upon this point in these words:

"The movement of the progressive societies has been uniform in one respect. Through all its course it has been distinguished by the gradual dissolution of family dependency, and the growth of individual obligation in its place. The individual is steadily substituted for the family, as the unit of which civil law takes account. The advance has been accomplished at varying rates of celerity; and there are societies not absolutely stationary, in which the collapse of the ancient organization can only be perceived by careful study of the phenomena they present. But, whatever its pace, the change has not been subject to reaction or recoil, and apparent retardations will be found to have been occasioned through the absorption of archaic ideas and customs from some entirely foreign source. Nor is it difficult to see what is the tie between man and man which replaces by degrees those forms of reciprocity in rights and duties which have their origin in the family. It is contract.

"Starting as from one terminus of history, from a condition of society in which all the relations of persons are summed up in the relations of family, we seem to have steadily moved towards a phase of social order in which all these relations arise from the free agreement of individuals."

It is true that the investigations of Sir Henry Maine were entirely directed to legal relations, but these clearly indicate the action of the political institutions of communities and states upon individuals, because it is apparent that every movement from status to contract, that is, every movement which lifted the individual out of the family, or

house, or tribe, must have been accomplished with the consent or active co-operation of the political government, whatever its form may have been, which claimed jurisdiction over the individual, the family, or house, or tribe.

If we examine more in detail, we shall see that it has been during the predominancy of militancy—I am speaking now more particularly of Europe—that the status of lord and slave or serf has changed into that of master and servant. The status of woman has materially changed; and especially the status of the son, as it existed in ancient society, when he was absolutely under the power of the parent, even to the extent of life and death, has entirely disappeared.

Going over into the strictly political relations, we find that all of the present accepted personal political rights have been achieved by fighting, or a readiness to fight, for them.

Let us take the Bill of Rights embodied in our Federal Constitution:

Freedom in religion;

Freedom of speech and of the press;

The right to peaceably assemble and petition the government for a redress of grievances;

The right to keep and bear arms;

That no soldier shall in time of peace be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner;

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures;

Right of trial by jury;

The privilege of *habeas corpus*;

The inhibition against the deprivation of life, liberty, or property without due process of law.

All of these are the fruits of militancy, or, at least, of a militant attitude on the part of those who demanded the establishment of these rights.

Confining our attention to Europe, it is manifest that the mutations of ages have produced two marked results: the one, the enlargement of the primitive groups into nations; the other, the bringing out of the units of these groups into citizenship. It is no doubt

going too far to assert that war alone has been the cause; but, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that almost perpetual wars have been the accompanying conditions.

Why some peoples have emerged from the condition of status to that of contract; why with these there has been progress, while with others there has been arrested development—are questions in sociology which have not been answered. Sir Henry Maine confesses them to be insoluble. He says: "The difference between the stationary and progressive societies is, however, one of the great secrets which inquiry has yet to penetrate." Walter Bagehot, in his *Physics and Politics*, devotes a chapter to prove that in those societies where there has been a government by discussion, the seeds of progress have been sown. It will not suffice to say that the secret lies in industrialism. Phenicia, China, and India prove the contrary.

But the gravamen—to use a lawyer's expression—of Mr. Spencer's case against the militant type of society is, that it produces centralization, and an excess of government; and his plea—so to say—in favor of the industrial type is that it diminishes state activity. He looks upon a society where the main pursuits are organized industries, where the military element is insignificant, where war is the rare exception, as one where the tendency will be constantly in political matters to diminishing activity of government and diminishing interference with the free action of the citizen.

I shall not gainsay the charge against militancy; but I seriously doubt the truth of the plea in favor of industrialism.

At the outset, in order to discuss the matter intelligently, we should always bear in mind that in every political community, even in the most complicated of modern governments, each one of its political institutions is an instrumentality to do one of two things, either to make laws or to enforce them.

In primitive communities customs may supply the larger part of the rules of action; but in time, among progressive peoples, these are gradually superseded by positive or statutory law.

Now the number of laws to be adopted and enforced in a civilized state—and I am confining myself at this point to such an one—depends upon the number, extent, and complexity of the relations, social, business, or others, existing, or which may from time to time arise, between the individuals in the state, and also upon the amount of protection which is needed against the criminal classes.

If every individual stood isolated, no statutory law would be necessary. The necessity for such law arises because of the interdependence of individual upon individual, and of the individual upon the whole social body. Hence it follows, that as the number of relations between individuals increases in any given society, the number of statutory laws increases. This is strikingly evidenced in the vast difference between the volume of legislation in colonial times and to-day in the same States.

Take Virginia, for instance. The colonists at first scattered themselves along the water-courses flowing into Chesapeake Bay, and then by very slow degrees filled up the interspaces. In truth, it is incorrect to say they filled them up, because at no time up to this day has there been any other than the isolated plantation system in eastern Virginia. The principal business of the people was raising tobacco—at first with indented servants, and then with negro slaves; there was very little village or town and no city life. Families lived by themselves on plantations, surrounded by servants and slaves. There was very little government action, because there was little need for it. During the first century the few and simple laws were kept in manuscript, and were read at the courts and churches. As the population increased, the volume of legislation increased. In contrast with this, look at the enormous relative legislative activity in our new State of California. Here, the pursuits of men soon became quite diversified. In Virginia the early legislation is confined to a very few topics, principally concerning indented servants, slaves, tobacco culture and sales, and taxation. By actual count, I have satisfied

myself that in some years more laws have been passed at one session of our legislature than were adopted in Virginia between the years 1619 and 1700, a period of eighty-one years.

Increase in the number of laws means, necessarily, an increased subordination of the individual to the state. In this point of view, it makes no difference whether these laws are made by one man or by a representative body. The primal principle is, that an increase in the density of the population of the state, and especially an increase in the complexity of relations between its citizens, carries with it an increasing subordination to the law-making and law-enforcing powers, wherever they may be lodged, whether in a czar, a parliament, or a congress.

Centralization, as commonly understood, means that the law-making and law-enforcing powers are exercised by one person or one set of persons, and proceed from him or them out to all persons in the community. Such centralization may be concentrated as well in a representative body as in a single monarch. An instance is France during the revolutionary days of 1789 to 1800, during the revolution of 1848, and under the present republic. Decentralization implies subordinate centers of law-making and law-enforcing powers; as in the United States, where the Federal Government and the several States each have their distinct jurisdictions.

Mr. Spencer's supposed highly effective militant state consists of those who fight and those who support the fighters. In such a state, the personal subordination of the soldier and producer to the commander is no doubt rigid; but there is, of necessity, a lack of that flexibility, activity, and multiplicity of interdependent relations that must prevail in an industrial society of the same size. If so, it follows that in the latter legislation will be more active and varied than in the former.

There is a view which does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Spencer: that is, if it be true that in the most effective militant

communities there is a division into the fighters and the producers, and a close co-operation between the two, then the tendency is to kill off the fighters, so that, in the ordinary course, the fighters will diminish in numbers, while the non-fighters will relatively increase. In this way, constant warfare will tend to diminish war and increase industrialism.

Again: Mr. Spencer's own theory of social evolution would lead us, if we adopt his favorite *a priori* method of argument, to the same conclusion. All society, he would say, was originally a collection of homogeneous units. As any particular society became differentiated and compounded, the tendency in the units would be to heterogeneity. Not only would this be the case in all the ordinary pursuits of life, but also in political institutions; simple forms would develop to compound forms; rights and duties would by degrees be more exactly defined. What does this import? Not alone the growth of moral sentiments among the members of the community, but likewise a constantly increasing state of activity; and as this activity only expends itself in some form or other upon the individual citizens, there will be a more continuous infolding of the person, as it were, within state meshes; there will be, moreover, organization, and this implies rigidity and subordination.

Hence, we might justly conclude that an isolated and therefore a peaceful community, by natural processes, according to the general evolutionary theory, would necessarily, in the progress of time, develop at least complexity of organization; and I confess I cannot see how there can be such complexity without increasing the number of points at which the state and the citizen come in contact; and further, as contact of the state with the citizen can only be for regulative purposes in some form or other, we must conclude that as society grows more complex, the state becomes more rather than less regulative, positively as well as negatively. Mr. Spencer's conclusions, however, seem to be to the contrary.

But are not his theories disproved by the development of political institutions, or rather of political activity, in Great Britain and the United States? These two are industrial states. The wars of the former have for over two hundred years been foreign wars, and have not seriously retarded industrial growth: while with us it may be truly said that our development from the first settlement of the country has been in the same direction. The Revolution, it is true, checked the development for a time; the war of 1812-15 made a slight impression; the Mexican War none at all; and the Rebellion may be almost said to have stimulated industrialism. At any rate, the United States and Great Britain are certainly the two countries where for above two centuries militancy has been less the type and where industrialism has been more the type than in any others.

Confining our attention to our own country, let us see whether there has been diminishing state activity and state interference with the citizen.

I have already alluded to colonial legislation in Virginia. If we look at the colonial statute books of Massachusetts, for instance, we shall see that in this colony, where there existed a greater diversity of pursuits than in the southern colony, there was from the outset a greater volume of legislation. Especially was this the case in the town governments, which presented an activity quite in contrast with the sluggishness of parish and county administrations in Virginia. And so, if we compare South Carolina with Connecticut, we shall find the same relation of diversity and complexity of relations to the volume of law-making.

But coming down to the history of the country since the adoption of the Constitution, what do we find? And first as to Federal matters.

The thirteen States came together, each with very large powers in legislation, and, as the expression goes, "sovereign" in most respects. The Federal Government was an entirely new creation. It had no traditions to cramp its movements, no hereditary

"bias" to point its direction. If ever there was an opportunity for the action of political institutions to be a reflection of the tendencies of a nation, here it was. And this nation was peculiarly an industrial one.

William von Humboldt, in his little work on the Sphere and Duties of Government, written as long ago as 1791, but not published until after his death in 1852, formulated the *laissez faire* theory of political government. John Stuart Mill, in his book on Liberty, and elsewhere; Laboulaye, in his essay on the State and its Limits; and Spencer himself, in his Social Statics—have adopted the views of Humboldt. This school of thinkers assert that it is not within the proper sphere of government to busy itself with the positive welfare of the citizen, and that he must be left free to develop his individuality, and to act and combine with others as he pleases. In their view, the sphere of government is simply a negative one—a mere police duty.

They assert that it is *not* the business of government—

1. To enact poor-laws;
2. To directly encourage agriculture;
3. To directly encourage commerce;
4. To directly encourage industry;
5. To interfere with finance and currency beyond the coining and stamping of money;
6. To foster industries through protective tariffs;
7. To remedy or prevent natural devastations.

In short, that every political institution is hurtful which is designed to preserve or augment the physical welfare of the nation.

These writers, and especially Mr. Spencer, go further, and object to—

8. Schools supported by the state;
9. Religious establishments supported by the state;

And Mr. Spencer, so far as to object to

10. Sanitary supervision by the state.

If, as Mr. Spencer asserts, industrialism tends to limit public control to what he terms "negatively regulative" acts; and if, using his own language, (p. 612) "in the

industrial type, administration, becoming decentralized, is at the same time narrowed in its range—nearly all public organizations, save that for administering justice, necessarily disappear." Then we should naturally expect that the United States within a hundred years from its formation would have a governmental system and policy rigidly "negatively regulative," upon the points above enumerated. What are the facts, however?

As to poor-laws:

While it is true that Congress has not established almshouses, yet, under the guise of pension laws, it annually takes out of the national treasury above fifty millions of dollars to be distributed to widows and orphans of soldiers, or to wounded soldiers. Theoretically, the pension is not a reward for past services, but a means of support for those who, through loss of husbands or fathers, or wounds, are objects of the national charity. The Spencerian would say, Let private charity search out and aid the actually needy from whatever cause; it will be done more effectually, more reasonably, and more cheaply than by the Government.

As to encouraging agriculture:

The Federal Government has established a department of agriculture. Its duties are, it is true, only to gather and distribute information and seeds. Still, this is usurping a private function. It is, however, through some features of the protective tariff that the interest is sought to be fostered.

As to directly encouraging commerce and industry:

The Government was only in process of organization when Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, made his celebrated report on manufactures, in December, 1791. In this document he recommends a tariff, so arranged as to protect and encourage home industries. Henry Clay afterwards did no more than elaborate Hamilton's ideas in his *American System*. As we know, protection is now the rule. Every industry is protected against foreign competition. Protection is based upon the affirmation that

it is the duty of government to build up home industries; and it is claimed that this policy, as an incident, elevates the artisan and labor. Mr. Spencer reports that the militant type of society is the one which naturally turns to a policy of protection; but we, here in this country, see a peculiarly industrial type which has gone protection-mad.

As to interference with finance and currency:

We have a national banking system which lends the assistance of the Government to the maintenance of the credit of the private bank, by paying the bill holders of insolvent banks out of securities in the hands of a Government officer. This may be said to be, however, of minor importance. But what is more significant, it has come to be considered a duty of the United States treasury to ease the money market in a time of stringency, or to aid it at the time of "moving the crops," by purchases of bonds with the surplus gold or currency, thus interfering with the natural movements of finance.

As to remedying or preventing natural devastations:

Our government, in part for this purpose, but having more directly in view the aiding of industries and the encouragement of commerce, has gradually, more especially since the war, increased the annual expenditures for river, harbor, and internal improvements.

As to common schools:

The point has been reached that it is seriously urged to adopt a national system. But, aside from that, the United States for many years has given to the new States large quantities of public lands to aid the common schools of these States. This, of course, is an appropriation of the common property of the nation. In the several States, a large portion of the public revenue is, as we know, devoted to educational purposes.

But the catalogue is not yet complete. As soon as the railway system had developed itself, the United States was induced to aid directly by lands and subsidies in the construction of great lines of railroads. Now

it is claimed that because of this aid, and because railroads are in effect toll roads, and because of the power given to Congress to regulate commerce between States, Congress, or if not Congress the States, can regulate fares and freights. It is also seriously insisted that the Federal Government should own all the telegraph lines of the country, and annex them to the post-office department. As soon as any private business enterprise has assumed sufficient magnitude to affect a large number of persons, it is immediately claimed that either the Federal or State government has the right, and should interfere in their management. This was strikingly illustrated in what are known as the Elevator Cases. If any business is purely of a private nature, one would think that building elevators to store grain to load in railroad cars is; and yet the Illinois legislature fixed by statute an arbitrary schedule of charges for it, and on appeal the power to do so was sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States.

Within a quarter of a century a strong tendency has grown up in many States to absolutely prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors; and in this State we have what is known as the "Sunday law"—a statute prohibiting many pursuits on the Sabbath. The question, of course, is not whether these various interferences of Government with the free action of its citizens produce good or evil. We may assume that they are all highly beneficial. The point is, that they all indicate increased rather than diminishing activity, and that administration instead of narrowing is widening its range.

And further: the ulterior effect is that the citizen really becomes more and more the slave of the State. Apparently, we are free; actually, we are restrained of our liberties at every turn. Of what value is a mere constitutional declaration to me that I shall not be deprived of my liberty of movement, or may pursue happiness in my own way, if out of the proceeds of my labor I must contribute a large percentage to maintain the manufacturers of iron, of cloth, of boots and shoes, of

every article that furnishes my house and goes upon my table; and another large percentage to give benevolences to soldiers and the widows and orphans of soldiers; and still another proportion to educate the children of other people; and yet a further fraction to levee the Mississippi or dredge a remote harbor? Am I not deprived of a fund which could be applied to the necessary expenses of government, when the public lands are given to the States for common schools, or as subsidies to build lines of railroads?

What is the effect of these enormous annual drains upon the labor resources of the farmer, the artisan, the merchant, and the professional man? It is that a considerable portion of the life of each one is appropriated by the State, is at its service; and hence the individual is its slave. It is, further, that the pursuit of happiness of every citizen is directly interfered with. He is imprisoned in a fixed social order, of which the Government is the jailor holding the keys.

It is an unmeaning distinction to assert that very many of the laws referred to are merely negatively regulative, and therefore not within the category of those which Mr. Spencer considers especial fruits of militancy. In truth, if we analyze legal conceptions, the supposed distinction between negatively regulative and positively regulative laws vanishes. All laws, in essence, are of the latter character.

It may be true, as already suggested, that the United States would not be so industrially developed as it is, were it not for this constant interference of government; but if such be the case, then is the Spencerian doctrine refuted: for if an advanced type of industrialism brings the citizen more and more under administrative control, then the converse of the proposition is true, that the more he is made subservient to the State the greater the increase of industrialism.

Did space permit, it could be shown, I think, very clearly, that in Great Britain and the United States the tendency is slowly towards centralization: in the former, in the House of Commons; in the latter, in the House of Representatives: and that it is

none the less centralization because the branch of the government exercising it is representative; and moreover, that neither militancy nor industrialism especially, but that all the social and political development, point in the same way.

If this be so, the general conclusion must force itself upon the mind that, after all, militancy and industrialism are only surface forms of human activity, and that at bottom there are more general causes at work shaping states and their institutions.

W. W. CRANE, JR.

THROUGH NORTHERN MEXICO IN '49.

DURING the epidemic of yellow fever and cholera that prevailed in New Orleans in 1848-49, yellow fever opening the saturnalia of death and cholera winding it up, I determined to try to dodge the unwelcome guest by travel. California was the inviting field; northern Mexico the inviting route. A company then forming afforded the desired opportunity. We embarked on a gulf steamer early in February, 1849. In due course of events we arrived in Brownsville, Texas. Here I found my old enemy, the cholera, making havoc: not allowing one to escape, as they informed me. Our company crossed over to Matamoros to avoid the scourge, and get animals for the journey.

Late in the night a delegation of citizens of Brownsville called me up, and begged me, in the name of humanity, to go to their assistance: the doctor had fled, and all were dying. I could not resist the appeal, although the men tried to dissuade me from the desperate venture in my feeble condition. The first case I saw was a Major Kilpatrick. Two persons were by him: one the kind old army surgeon, Jarvis; the other was a young man who claimed to be a physician, but his speedy flight should deprive him of that title, as it was anything but professional. I wrote a prescription for the suffering man.

"Do you think it worth while for me to take it?"

"If you want to live, it is."

"You don't think I can live, do you?"

"Yes: as surely as you take this medicine in time, just so sure will you be relieved."

He breathed easier. "Don't you know all have died who were attacked?"

"All whom I have treated in New Orleans did not die."

He breathes yet better.

"I will try to see you by daylight"—supposing I could see all the afflicted by that time—"and expect to find you relieved."

The young man who called himself a physician requested me to step into the adjoining room, as he wished to turn over a patient to me. It was Colonel Cook's wife; he had just died, and she was dying. When I told the young man of this, he fled the house and the town.

The next morning I found my first patient all right. The welcome news spread over the town that a doctor from New Orleans had come, and could cure the cholera. The panic was over; the great monster fright was subdued, and with it the dreaded cholera. I do not recollect a single death of all those who were timely treated.

In going my rounds I happened to admire a remarkably fine horse. I asked if he could be bought, and was told he could not be had for a thousand dollars; he was the most famous horse on the frontier; had just come in from a long trip to Yacatares, some four hundred miles. Lamenting my poverty and inability to get him, I went my way. On the evening before we were to start, some of the citizens of Brownsville came over and gave me a dinner. While we were at the table a man from Brownsville rushed into the dining-hall, exclaiming, "Doctor, I've got it!"

"Well, just hold on to it until I get through dinner." But by that time I found that he had only got a fright.

After dinner we adjourned to the house of Mr. Belden, a wealthy American merchant. The American consul, Mr. Slemer, had something particular to communicate; he asked me to step to the door; and there I saw the fine horse, saddled and bridled, and a man holding him. I could hardly hold my breath while Mr. Slemer was unfolding a paper—a man holding a lantern, meanwhile, to throw light on the subject. I felt a little indignant, supposing they were going to offer me money, which I had repeatedly refused in Brownsville. But it was only a high-sounding speech on paper, winding up with the very gratifying statement that, as a small token of esteem for services rendered, the citizens of Brownsville presented me with said horse and fixtures. I told them in my speech of thanks that I had been cautioned that the frontier men were as likely to surprise me as the Indians, and that I was indeed very agreeably surprised.

We passed up the Rio Grande, over rich and well-timbered soil—the acacia, commonly called mesquite, being the principal growth. We were induced to abandon the usual route of travel, and take a more direct way to Chihuahua; but found that the longer way would have been the shorter and best. The country, after leaving the valley of the Rio Grande, was dry and sterile, and might well be called a howling wilderness: for the coyotes set up such an incessant howling that at first we could not sleep for them.

Our first adventure occurred at a ranch not far from Saltio. We had arrived after dark. A gun was accidentally discharged by the rope of a pack-animal, which caught the hammer; and, singular to relate, the report of this single shot extended for hundreds of miles—as far as Monterey and Mondova—causing many singular adventures. To begin with, the men on going to the *hacienda* for provisions, in the way of chickens, eggs, milk, etc., were surprised to find that the people refused money for the supplies. The following morning we were

approaching Saltio, and were confronted, at a bridge across an *azanca*, by some mounted lancers, who refused to let us pass. When we inquired the cause of this:

"They had their orders from the comandante."

"Where is he?"

"Not far off."

"Allow me to go and see him"; and I passed without being allowed.

They insisted, however, that the men must not pass. I had proceeded but a short distance when I was confronted by a troop of mounted lancers, and two companies of foot citizen-soldiers, forming three sides of a hollow square. Riding in, I confronted the comandante, and asked the cause of this parade. He told me it was to meet me and prevent my going farther.

"By what authority?"

"By that vested in me."

"I have the right to pass through this country from a higher authority; that of passports from the Mexican consul."

He would like to see them. When they were exhibited, and he had carefully compared the description with my person, he still appeared undecided.

An American who happened to be among the citizen-soldiers came forward to our assistance, by explaining that they had received a courier the night before from the *hacienda* where we camped; he had reported that we were a band of robbers, and would attack the place in the morning; that there were eighteen of us (this was the grain of truth in the measure of fabrication). I felt complimented that they should come out three hundred strong to engage our small, undisciplined force. The commander only became satisfied of our pacific intentions when we had assured him we were bound for the Pacific. He escorted us into the town, where we were told all about the fright we had caused. The women and children were lodged in the churches and fort overnight. They had a joyful deliverance when we were escorted into town.

We learned that soon after the war a party of sixty Texans had received the

hospitalities of the place, and when most of the men were off in the fields at work, had sacked the town, killing many citizens. It was therefore but reasonable to suppose we were of the same sort: consequently all of this hubbub. We learned they had sent for soldiers in all directions, to assist them to fight eighteen men. When we desired to go on our way, they insisted on sending a courier to make known our peaceful intentions, as well as to countermand the order for troops.

We expected to reach a ranch, where we were informed grass could be had for the animals. We sent the courier forward to make the necessary preparations. He rejoined us, and reported that we could not get anything there, and had better go on to the next town, not far distant. It was now quite dark; as we passed through a dark belt of timber my horse fretted, as if alarmed. When we neared the town two men came to meet us, and requested that we would not enter, promising to show us to a good camping place. As soon as we were camped I proceeded to the village, against the earnest remonstrance of the two citizens, and found citizen-soldiers under arms. An Irishman there, who was discharging the functions of doctor, asked me how we passed the soldiers sent to meet and defeat us; they were stationed in that belt of timber where my horse had fretted so, and had orders to fire on us as we approached.

This Irishman proved to be a rich specimen of his nationality. He was fearful that the dreaded cholera would reach there, and he not know how to treat it, any more than he did anything else. He was shrewd enough to know that I knew his deficiencies, and freely told me he was not a doctor.

"But how can you practice without having a diploma, which is required in Mexico?"

"I'll show you." And he showed me a parchment for a sergeant's commission, signed "Andrew Jackson to John Smith." This had satisfied the astute authorities. I gave what information he required, that he might trick the cholera if possible.

Approaching Villdama, we were met by a

couple of officers, who requested that we should not enter the town; they conducted us to a good camping ground. We required hard bread for a long trip to Mondova. The alcalde, to whom we exhibited our passports, sent to the different bakeries, all of which refused, on one pretense or another, to furnish us the bread. The alcalde said he could do nothing more. We must have bread, so I determined to try brag, and told the official it *must* be sent to my camp at a given hour.

The bread came at the appointed time. After a long, dreary journey through a desolate country, we reached Mondova. President Blanco invited me to dine with him, and told me that he was surprised to hear of my arrival; he had received a courier asking for troops to fight us, and afterward a courier informing him that they had fought and defeated us, and that the survivors of the bloody battle were in prison. He could but express his gratification that we had reached there, and hoped we would not be troubled further.

We are now soon to encounter more real and serious adventures. We have to pass over a long stretch of desolate country—a region that has been abandoned to the Apache for many years. A large caravan of traders had just turned back on account of the danger of meeting these dreaded Indians. They had sent a courier or spy out on this wild waste, and had received the report that the Indians were in force at the first watering place. They preferred to make a *detour* of some hundreds of miles, rather than make the venture across, although they were well equipped, and had cannon. We called a council and submitted the matter to their decision. They relieved me by deciding to go on rather than turn back.

At the last village bordering on the debatable ground I had great difficulty in getting a guide: they were all satisfied I could not cross it. The Indians had been seen there in large force. It was only by paying a large sum that I finally succeeded in getting an old guide. The dread of Comanche Indians by these people is painful in the extreme. It

has been instilled into them from infancy up, and fairly amounts to palsy. A village near the border of this Indian rendezvous, though it possessed a company of lancers, allowed six Indians to enter and sack the place, taking six women.

We start out on this dreaded *jornada*. Our suffering for water was so great that I almost perished as I lay prostrate, faint, and feeble. One of the men indiscreetly asked me if I would not like to be in the St. Charles, imbibing a cold sherry cobbler. The thought came near causing convulsions. His intentions were doubtless good; but I could have wished they had gone to pave that place of which this was a prototype. Frank Soulé came quietly to my side, offering a more suitable and acceptable relief in the shape of a bottle of brandy, which he had stowed away for such an emergency.

We found at the first watering place that the Indians had been there in force, to judge from the signs. It was a fine stream of water gushing out of a cleft in the mountain. The cañon, or cleft, was so narrow, the walls so high and so nearly perpendicular, that the sun's rays could only penetrate at meridian; consequently, the water was cool and refreshing to drink and bathe in. It was a delightful place, the more so after the bare, desolate, scorched region just passed over; a wild, lonely place, with saddening associations: for it was here, some two years before this, that a company of soldiers met the Indians and were all killed.

One day's travel thence brought us to a series of adventures. The evening was advancing, and the old guide led toward a mountain bearing on our left, seeking water and camp ground. I discovered a lake of water to our right, and not distant from our line of travel, and determined to go thither. I saw many animals, and by the aid of a glass saw Indian lodges; nevertheless, I called the guide back, and directed our course for the inviting lake. We came quite near without being discovered by the Indians, who were busy, as we subsequently found, herding mules, and killing one for supper. Here the guide saw the Indians, and rode

up to me exclaiming, "*Mucha Comanch!* *Mucha Comanch!*" As I did not stop, he took hold of my bridle rein and tried to turn me from the threatened danger. Failing in this he fled back, still exclaiming, "*Mucha Comanch!*"

We were now within a short distance, and the Indians, seeing us, at once prepared for fight. They formed in the shape of a triangle, the apex towards us. My horse became restive and frightened, so I dismounted, giving the rein to one of the men; and with orders to fire if the Indians raised their guns, walked up towards them. The chief of the band meanwhile made signs to me, which I did not understand, until he pulled his top-knot of hair; that was sufficiently significant, but I did not choose to take the hint, and walked on until I confronted him face to face. He was evidently confused at this singular and unexpected meeting. We were about the same height; his eyes were intently set under straight lines of upper eyelashes—a remarkable-looking man, thus looking me through, and doubtless debating whether to kill me there and then, or wait a more favorable season. My small rifle trailed by my side, thumb on hammer; and the dangerous proximity of the muzzle to him may have caused a delay of my execution.

I had difficulty in being understood, but finally, through the aid of one of his men who understood some Spanish, I succeeded in letting him know that we wanted water. He graciously granted the privilege of procuring it. There was a formidable breast-work surrounding the spring of water, (the lake was salt) built of animals' bones; through the interstices were rifles pointing towards us. We have a confab with the chief, by which it is stipulated that our animals are not to be disturbed, and the same with theirs. The men camp near by. I asked for some fresh meat: some was procured—evidently mule meat. As we were as yet uneducated to that, I asked for deer meat. A bundle was given me, mule and deer meat mixed. I gave it to the men, and told them of the two classes of meat. It

was quite dark, and the men roasted and ate ravenously, having been on dry jerked meat for a long time. One of the men said he had a good piece of deer meat; he could tell deer meat the darkest night. Here he felt something in his mouth harder than meat, and produced the point of a Mexican spur.

This old chief proved to be a distinguished one. I described him to Colonel Jack Hays, who told me he was the famous Apache chief, Santana. In the morning, some of the men traded for mules, getting a good animal for a shirt or part of a blanket. One of the men, who evinced more bravado than discretion, and who up to that time had shown a lamentable want of courage, had made a boast he would take a mule without compensation. He set about it by chasing one, disregarding my commands to desist. Fortunately the chase came near enough to me for me to stop him by catching the bridle rein. I pulled him off and administered a kick of admonition. A tall, vicious-looking Indian, with a small bullet head, who had been sitting on his horse quietly watching proceedings, dismounted and presented me his horse, and all I could do in the way of refusing was of no avail. It was an act that would lend grace to the most refined gentleman of any race. I afterwards practiced it by presenting the horse to our valiant guide, just to see how it would feel.

After we were at a safe distance from the Indians, it was amusing to hear some of our braves giving their opinion about the affair; they would have fought, whipped the Indians, and taken all of their animals. One of this number was the pseudo-Captain Dodge. The brave and conservative ones doubtless entertained a different opinion, and possibly disapproved of my rash act, by which we might have suffered severely. Let me attempt to justify myself for this seeming act of bravado, in thus leading men into apparent danger rather than from it: had we found water and camped near by, at the place sought by the guide, our trail and camp would doubtless have been discovered by some of the scouting Indians, and they would surely

have attacked us in force; we in all probability would have suffered loss of men and of all our animals. These Indians are the best fighters on earth; they are trained and inured to it from infancy up; it is their only education and their glory to be a great brave. Our little band of undisciplined men would have had about the chance of a mouse in a cat's paws.

When we had arrived at Santa Cruz, and presented the letters from President Blanco to the alcalde, he indicated our camping ground, bordering on a stream, and unfortunately on the town. The first night a horse was stolen. The alcalde was sorry, and would do all he could to restore him. The next night two horses disappeared in spite of all our vigilance; proving them to be the most adroit thieves. The alcalde was sorry, and would do all he could to get them. The third night further losses so exasperating one of the men, who lost his sword, that he determined to have blood or restitution. I had to inform the alcalde that if the stolen property was not returned by nine o'clock that night we would have restitution, and our government would not be responsible for the act. The town was thrown into commotion; a company formed in an *asana* in dangerous proximity to camp; but a messenger fortunately arrived with the very gratifying statement that they had recovered two of the horses, and by morning they felt confident of getting all. This honest alcalde kept his word for once.

We arrived at Chihuahua, the old mining city, without further incidents worthy of note. Riding down to the plaza, alone fortunately, I found the populace assembled in front of the cathedral, enacting singular antics, such as kissing the pillars of the edifice. My approach drew their attention to me; this I took at first for nothing more than the admiration due to my appearance and fine horse; but I was speedily convinced that it was anything but approval, for they began hissing and looking for stones. An American by the name of Noble came to my relief, by leading my horse off; he assured me that it was a violation of ordinance

and custom to ride in the city on that occasion. By his aid I found what I desired, a corral for the animals and a house for the men.

We spent some time here in resting and refitting, and attended the bull-fights in the large amphitheater, which had been occupied by Colonel Price at the time of the war. The last night before leaving we came near losing all of the animals: a fellow freed them and unfastened the gate, while the vigilant sentinels were enticed from their post by a couple of women. As there was no prospect of getting justice for an act so common with them, we administered speedy, and it is to be hoped lasting, justice on the culprit.

In leaving, we passed the battle-field of Sacramento, where Colonel Price's command gained a signal victory. The second day we lost an animal, and I went back to look for it while the men went forward; when I overtook them they had halted and were waiting for me: some Indians had passed them, chasing a horse, and they feared I might be cut off by them. After we had started on, a band of them came dashing down towards us. Forming a square, with pack-animals in center, we awaited the onset. They halted, finding we did not stampede. One of them rode towards us; I rode to meet him; he pointed to his horse; I pointed in the direction their horse had gone. With this pointed interview we went on our way.

The second day from this there occurred an instance of courage on the part of some Mexicans. A couple of Indians had driven off a small band of sheep, after inflicting a slight wound by spear on the boy herding them. The authorities appealed to us to go after them, which of course we refused to do: a couple of valiant men accordingly went in pursuit of the depredators, mounted and equipped, the Indians being on foot. They came in sight of them; one dismounted and fired his rifle at the Indians; the horse, taking fright at the report, ran forward; the Indians caught him, and the brave *caballeros* returned, minus horse, accouterments, (including a brace of pistols) and the sheep.

Nothing of note followed until we reached the Gila River. There I met with a great misfortune in the loss of my fine horse. Having traveled over the long desert stretch between Tucson and the river without water or rest, the animals wearied, the men sleepy, I told them to dispense with guard duty, for the first time. There was an encampment of Sonorans near by, and the Pemos Indians below us were honest and friendly. In the morning my horse was gone. I could not realize it for some time. As the faithful creature would not have left by his own free will, I concluded the Pemos Indians were the culprits; some of them had passed the evening before, returning from a raid on the Apaches, and had looked at my fine horse. They assured me, however, of their innocence; and when I sent men in search, it was found that some of the Sonorans had taken the back track, and my horse with others. The loss of my pet made the way dreary to me; he had become my companion and friend.

Within a day's journey of the junction of Gila and Colorado, I took one man, Frank Stuart, now living in Stockton, in order to make some preparation for crossing the Colorado. Having been informed that there was no grass there, I met some Indians, one of whom spoke enough Spanish to ask me if I wanted to buy "big Mexican horse." As that happened to be my want and weak point, I was thrown off my guard, and beguiled into following them off from the road, and along the bank of the river. Here we came to a party of Uma Indians, against whom the friendly Pemos had warned me to little purpose. I saw no horse, but saw what was to pay, from the gratified looks of the party. I leisurely broke my way out through the dense growth of sunflowers. On reaching the road four of them came bounding out, and ran ahead of me; the foremost, kneeling behind a mesquite bush, drew his arrow on me; but when I covered him with my pistol, he dropped the shaft and tried to make a joke of it. I did not feel like joking, and succeeded in getting rid of them.

At the river we found a dilapidated

raw-hide boat, and concluded it could be used. The next day as we approached the river, we saw a band of Uma Indians about to attack a small party of white men. We dashed up; the Indians fled to the river and swam over. These men told us the Indians had taken their animals, and were then intent on taking their lives with clubs. There were four of them. They had come on in advance of a drove of mules which were being driven from Tepic, Mexico, to Mr. Forbes of the Almaden quicksilver mine.

After some delay the boat was got ready. I had crossed over with a few men and animals. The Indians suddenly made their appearance for the first time after their stampede, and in strong force, a short distance from me, and in dangerous proximity to the few men and animals just above. I hastened to them, linked the animals together, and started them for camp. In doing so they had to pass near the groups of Indians stationed on projecting sand hills. I concluded to practice the same strategy which had been so successful with the Comanches, walked up, and faced the captain. He held an old horse-pistol in both hands, the muzzle persistently turned towards me; my little rifle trailed as before, the muzzle dangerously near to him. He tried to look composed in this novel situation, and finally asked if I wanted to buy a mule standing near by. I took the animal, turned him loose with a kick, and he followed our animals to camp. The captain wanted pay, and I wanted him to go to camp with me, which he would not do; consequently I was enabled to return the mule to the former owner.

These Indians massacred the padres who in early days attempted to establish a mission here, and they have always been bad. The governor of the state (McDougal) sent a company of volunteers against them, on account of their continued depredations on immigrants.

We were now to encounter the dreaded *jornada de monesta*, the most formidable desert on the American continent. We started in the evening, as the excessive heat forbade traveling in the day-time. We took

a trail which soon led us into sand drifts; and as their walls are nearly perpendicular, and as unsubstantial and fluctuating as banks frequently are, it proved an insecure and bad investment. The animals were fatigued and breaking down, which compelled us to halt, and try to find a way out. Climbing to the top of a sand mountain, I found that by going down to the adjacent river bottomlands, we could get along very well. The men, in the mean time, had lain down and gone to sleep, the drifting sands well nigh covering them up. We were some three days, or more properly speaking, nights, in crossing this desert of death, without water, other than what we carried in bags and gourds. As the poor animals had neither food nor water, we determined to push forward through the heat the last day. I got down from my mule to assist two men who had given out, and found myself unable to mount again. I mention it as a singular physical phenomenon, that I felt no distress. Perspiring freely, and deliriously happy, unable to climb on the gentle mule, I lay down beneath her grateful shade until we were relieved by one of the faithful men, who, having reached water, filled a bag and came back afoot to our relief.

A subsequent visit to this Rhadamanthine region revealed many singular and beautiful phenomena. In the delightful, pure, balmy air of morning, you see, suspended in the mid-air, fairy-like structures, pictured above the rose-tinted horizon, assuming all the fantastical shapes in nature and art to your enraptured vision. Now, a castellated structure in all its grand proportion; you turn your gaze reluctantly from the enchanting picture to your sketch book; you look again, alas, it is gone! and in its place another fairy-like structure, equally beautiful and equally evanescent.

Later in the day the weary and thirsty traveler is gladdened with the view of a lake of water. Green bushes bordering it are pictured on the water in cooling shadows. It is just ahead of you, hastening you on with famishing impatience. Hasten as you will, you can get no nearer; you cannot

realize that it is a mere mirage, and yet hasten on after the phantom. The late Dr. Smith, who lived on the border of this desert, saw this lake, and was so rejoiced that he hastened to come in and report the good news, without going to slake his thirst: fortunately, for otherwise he would have found the waters of Lethe. Subsequently, in conversation with the late Major-General Heintzelman, who was stationed at Fort Yuma for some time, he informed me that, among the wonderful and beautiful

phenomena of this desert mirage, he saw the hull of a vessel plainly pictured in the air. It had no masts, but had a capstan or windlass at the stern of the antiquated craft.

There is a story of an antique vessel found there some years since: one may perhaps be permitted to fancy that this mirage was the refracted image of some vessel stranded there in olden times, whose crew were a portion of that people who built the singular dwellings east of that location, and who remain enveloped in mystery.

O. M. WOZENCRAFT.

MISS VESTA'S PRODIGAL.

MR. STEPHEN had possessed his little bit of romance in by-gone days, and had outlived it.

In those old days when he was fresh and rosy, his heart had suffered cruelly from Cupid's pranks, and he had loved and lost. Yes, and he had rebelled, as youth always does, against the bitterness of fate, and railed out in his misery that it had treated him worse than he ever deserved.

Youth, one knows, is always blind in its sublime conceit, imagining in its callowness that all the universe is revolving around its insignificant *ego*, and that it deserves, by simple matter of being, all the goods the gods have to bestow. Middle age inquires more into the inwardness of things; but before it has time to reason the problem out, old age creeps on, and man becomes passively indifferent.

Years passed on, and the fierce flame of love had died down in Stephen Dasset's heart, until it flickered a very feeble gleam, which required frequent puffing up by the bellows of memory to keep it burning at all. He had vowed at twenty-five that its fire should be forever kept alive; but at fifty he found this rekindling and reviving hard work.

One day when Miss Vesta was busy with some household duties, he went to his chest and stealthily took from it a package of

creased, well-thumbed letters, directed in a female hand, with "Mr. Stephen Dasset, Esquire" written in microscopical letter, the "Esquire" ending with an elaborate flourish. He smiled half to himself, as he thought how that writing-master's flourish once caused his heart to throb: poor old heart, that was now too withered to beat quickly, unless it was over an extra good pipe. He gazed at the letters thoughtfully and long, and tried to resurrect the feelings of youth. He sighed, but youth was dead, and his sigh ended in a groan, for a tinge of gout in his foot put an untimely end to sentiment.

He made a neat pile of his papers on the hearth, for Miss Vesta had taught him to be methodical. No one could have lived with her and not have absorbed that all-important quality which to her mind was the first law of existence. When Stephen would forget and hang his hat on the second peg when it should have been suspended on the third, she would reply, in mildest irony to his quiet remonstrance:

"Stephen Dasset, perhaps you would have thought it better if the Lord had made the water and animals before he made the light, and mixed them all up. No, Stephen Dasset, the good Lord began with order. He didn't mix the water and earth, or the

whales of the sea with the birds of the air. The good Lord began with order, and, praise be to his name, Vesta Dasset will live in it and end in it."

To this pressing argument he never ventured a refutation, but meekly removed his offending head-gear to the proper peg; and he was never afterwards allowed to forget that order was the foundation of the world.

He piled his long-cherished love letters into the open Franklin stove which stood in his room, and touched a match to them. The paper speedily ignited, and he sat before the stove watching the burnt fragments fly up the chimney. The paper crackled and glowed like the fiery furnace through which his heart was supposed to have passed. The flourishes to the "Esquire" glistened in splendor of fire, then crumbled into black ashes.

He sat there silently thinking. The sole bond that bound him to his old life was severed; his heart history had perished, and now he sat there, a prematurely old man of fifty, with no ties in the world but his old-maid sister. Nevertheless, he was well content that his heart should rest peacefully, for his day-dreams were over, and fifty enjoys the prosaic of life a deal more than twenty-five. At twenty-five a grand passion exhilarates; at fifty it frets and becomes monotonous.

Miss Vesta entered the little room, sniffing the air.

"Stephen," she said, "I smell something burning. You better see if anything is on fire."

Startled from his reverie, a faint flush crimsoned his wrinkled cheeks as he replied: "I was only burning something, sister."

Miss Vesta eyed him critically.

"Wasting good paper, I warrant. You always were extravagant."

Stephen looked up at her curiously, and asked, in a half-apologetic way, as if craving pardon for questioning her at all: "Sister, don't you ever see any use in wasting anything in this world? The wasting is most times the pleasure of life: one gets tired of always thinking of scraps and saving."

"Willful waste makes woful want, Stephen

Dasset," she answered, quoting the trite proverb in a self-satisfying way, as if she was afraid of wasting words too.

She could never see the use of talking much. Talking makes most of the trouble in the world, she reasoned. "It's a blessed thing to know when and how to keep your mouth shut," she would say to Stephen, when he endeavored to start a conversation of any length; so she generally silenced him, and taught him to keep his thoughts to himself.

Miss Vesta was two years his senior; and by strength of a superior will she had always claimed the right to command, and Stephen meekly gave the reins into her hands. As children, she had always taken the lead—though she had really never been a child, for at six she was as prim and exact as at fifty-two. She had always constituted herself a guardian to Stephen, and when the other children played at school she sat by, working at a piece of patchwork or knitting.

Their father had been a man of stern religious convictions, and Miss Vesta had inherited his tastes and beliefs. She had been taught to look upon life as a time of penance, to be lived through as an atonement for the original sin born in humanity. Stephen had not the strength to rebel against the stern creed laid down for him, even when he secretly opposed it; and he gradually gave up trying as he grew into manhood.

When misfortunes came, Miss Vesta had borne up bravely. Their father and mother both died when they were quite young, leaving them a small pittance for their support. The blow did not crush Miss Vesta, while it nearly killed Stephen, who was not made of as strong a stuff. He trusted everything to his sister, and she decided to move away from their old home to the city, where she rented three rooms in a lodging-house, and found a small clerkship for Stephen.

Stephen had always been dreamy and gentle; as a lad, given to writing rhymes, of which Miss Vesta was secretly proud, but which in public she affected to despise.

"What is the use of writing lines with the

same sound to them, and go all around Robin Hood's barn to say a thing, when you can say it in half as many words in plain English?" she affirmed: but when Stephen had a little poem printed in the home newspaper, she folded a copy carefully away in white tissue paper, and kept it with her burying-clothes.

That was the only piece of sentiment that Miss Vesta was ever known to be guilty of.

Stephen was not very successful in the city. City people didn't appreciate his verses, and he was not clever at working.

Miss Vesta took in plain sewing; and the years went by quietly until Stephen fell in love. Then Miss Vesta protested, and arose in the dignity of her wrath, and told him "that he should be ashamed of himself; and that it was heathenish to make an idol of a human being."

Then Stephen went away, and left her to live alone.

She missed him sorely, but said nothing, only working the harder, until the store of money, hidden away in an old gray-yarn sock, increased rapidly; and she felt very bitterly, in her grim, lonely life, towards the woman who had stolen Stephen's heart away. She did not hear a word from him during his absence; but always at night when she prepared her supper, she placed two chairs at the deal table, and set an extra plate and knife and fork at his place.

Day after day she went through the same routine, never seeing any one but the people for whom she worked. She spent her dreary evenings knitting until the clock struck nine. At that time she pushed the chairs back against the wall, put out her tiny fire, folded her hands, and said a prayer for Stephen. She always prayed for him as for the prodigal son. Then she went to her bed.

One night, ten years after they had parted, it was very stormy. The wind shrieked and moaned around the house, and the pelting rain fell in torrents. The day had been short and dark, but Miss Vesta would not light her candle, for it was not her custom to light it until six o'clock, and that was also the time for her supper.

The gathering dusk filled the room until she could no longer see where to push her needle through the hem of the garment on which she was stitching. She rose from her chair, put the kettle on the stove to boil, and set the table for two, as she had done for ten years past; then sat down before the fire to think. This was an unusual occupation for her. She never allowed herself time to think, any more than she would have thrown a nice piece of bread away in the dust bin. She had a curious way of combining the mental with the practical in living.

"People's minds must be like their hands—working, not wasting," she said; and thinking of anything but work or curtailing expenses was wasteful to her.

As the wind moaned and shrieked, somehow it made her think of Stephen. She seemed to see his face through the dusk, his presence seemed to fill the room, until at last she began to feel a bit nervous—a sensation entirely foreign to her, for nerves were her scorn. A great longing to see Stephen sprung up in her heart. She stepped to the window and looked out.

Outside was blackness, and a steady sheet of rain descended from the heavens. She could not even see the town clock. Her tea-kettle sang merrily on the hob, the only sound within.

Suddenly she heard a step on the stairs. It was a slow, halting step. It came up to the first landing, and then stopped.

The step commenced again, and sounded as if some one was wearily dragging himself up the second flight; then stopped again. (Miss Vesta's rooms were on the third floor.) That step made her nervous, and she could not help thinking of Stephen; so she busied herself with re-arranging the two blue china plates on the table, and commenced slicing her bread. The clock hands pointed to five minutes of six.

She heard the step again, ascending the third flight. It was slow, dispirited, and irresolute, as if it belonged to a person who was tired of life, and was aimless and hopeless. The step came slowly onward to her door. She stopped cutting her bread. The

thought involuntarily crept into her mind and made her shiver, as a fresh gust of wind shook the house, "I wonder if Stephen is out in this storm to-night, and if *she* cares for him as I would."

The step halted at her door. Some one turned the knob. A man stood in her doorway, and came into the darkness. The clock struck six. Miss Vesta did not speak, but lighted her solitary candle. The light flickered and sputtered. The man stood motionless. The light burned clearer and illumed the room, casting its rays upon the figure of the stranger. It was an odd, ill-kempt figure that it revealed—an old, worn-out-looking man, pale and hollow-eyed, whose clothes looked worn out, and long-suffering too. He hesitated. His hand trembled as he held it out towards Miss Vesta.

"Vesta, don't you know me?" he asked in a low voice.

She simply motioned him to a chair which was placed at the table, while she went to the stove, removed the singing tea-kettle, and made the tea in a brown earthenware pot, which had belonged to her grandmother.

The man took off his hat, and hung it on a peg that was driven into the wall; then sank down in a chair, and rested his head on the table. The silence was unbroken, until Miss Vesta looked up from her tea-making, and seeing the hat, said in softer tones than were usual to her, "Stephen, you forget: it is the third peg for your hat."

It was so natural that the man started and lifted up his head as Miss Vesta seated herself at the table. He looked around the room slowly. The table was in its old position, the funny old Dutch clock that had belonged to their mother hung at the same place on the wall; Miss Vesta's work-basket, with its contents neatly arranged, even to the empty spools in the right-hand pocket, stood in the same place; the queer blue china plates, with the Chinese figures painted on them, were arranged on the shelf in the selfsame way; and the china jug, which a sailor friend had brought to the family

some twenty or thirty years before from Liverpool, was turned exactly as it used to be, so that the cracked handle was hidden. His eyes roved to Miss Vesta. He could not detect the slightest change in her appearance. She wore the selfsame lilac print gown, or an exact fac-simile, with the little checked shawl pinned, fichu-like, around her shoulders. Her hair was drawn tightly back from her face, and fastened in the same hard-twisted knot behind, and her face wore the same immovable expression.

He remembered how as a boy this monotony had irritated him; but now as a worn-out man it seemed very restful. He felt loth to break the silence. The room was warm, and he felt a comfortable satisfaction in the quiet and rest. Everything was plain and homely, even to Miss Vesta, and she had always been so. He seemed the only disturbing element in all this harmony. He had been the handsome, debonair one of the family, and there had been a time when Miss Vesta was very proud of his good looks.

At first the silence seemed soothing, then it grew loathsome.

"Vesta," he cried impulsively, holding out his hand across the table, "have you no welcome for me?"

She looked up in surprise at the sudden outburst; then went on pouring out a cup of tea, and answered quietly:

"Brother, I have been waiting for you for ten years." Then she lapsed into silence again.

"Let me tell you, sister," he went on impetuously. "I have led a hard life since we parted. I have wandered around from one place to another seeking work, but I found there was no room for me. I tried writing. They all laughed at my efforts. 'There was no room except for a success,' they told me; and, sister, they never gave me a chance for a success," he said pathetically. "O Vesta, you have waited in your quiet, self-satisfied way for ten years; while I—" he bent his head on his hands again—"I have waited a life-time. I have seen the

world smile on success—success gained by accident—and they never stretched out their hands to help onward the failures, but kicked and cuffed at them as at dogs. You have always been strong; you have no pity for weakness; but my life was cast in a narrow mold from boyhood. I was not fitted to cope with the world, and it has broken me down.”

Miss Vesta sat upright and let him finish; then asked tersely, “Where is she?”

“Gone,” he answered; “I was a failure to her too.”

Miss Vesta cleared her table, went to a medicine chest, took out a vial, and calmly poured out some drops. She touched Stephen on the arm.

“Drink this,” she said laconically. “You were always nervous, as a lad.”

He obeyed her as if he had been a little child, and from that night his trouble was never mentioned between them. She never asked, and he never opened his heart to her.

That night she folded her hands as usual before bed-time, and offered up the same prayer for the prodigal son, never making any difference in her appeal. He started involuntarily; but for all the remaining years of his life he grew accustomed to hear himself prayed for as the prodigal. Such was the force of Miss Vesta’s habit that he did not venture to approach her on the subject. He dared not enter a protest; only, as he grew older, when prayer-time came he would quietly nod in his chair, and the prodigal slept while the invocations were sent upward in his name.

When Stephen returned he seemed broken in spirits as well as in health. Gradually he leaned more and more on Miss Vesta, and she somehow felt as if she must make up to him for the loss he had borne. She felt that her whole sex should suffer for the wrong that one woman had done to him.

His intellect was not clouded, but he aged very rapidly, becoming resigned to be one of the failures. He virtually seemed to have let go of every interest and energy in life; and so the two old people, brother and sister, lived on a quiet, uneventful life together,

he being well content at overcoming his passion of twenty-five.

Time went on. Miss Vesta changed but little, her hair grew a little thinner and whiter, her wrinkles a little deeper, and her heart became more bound up in Stephen, for she was very fond of him in her grim, silent way. Stephen contracted a slight cough, and as the years crept onward he grew frailer.

Miss Vesta fought against his pipe when he returned. Smoking was a bad habit that he had contracted in his absence; but little by little he gained her consent, so he smoked in the evenings while she silently knitted.

Stephen laid the burning paper to a spark from his pipe when Miss Vesta entered, for “it had stood enough sins to be able to bear more,” he thought.

His cough grew worse as the winter months set in cold and severe. He gradually became weaker, and Miss Vesta was forced at last to bring him his tea in bed.

Life had burned long for Stephen Dasset. He had reached sixty years. Love and ambition were extinguished long ago, so he had little left to live for; only as he grew weaker, Miss Vesta seemed to cling to him more, and she seemed loth to part with him. She, too, was old, and it was doubly hard for her to change a habit now; and it had become a habit again for her to care for Stephen. He was an inseparable part of her life.

As the winter winds blew chillier Stephen Dasset’s hold on life waxed frailer; yet he clung to life as he had clung to the old love for many years. He did not care to live, but he cared less to die; and then there was always Miss Vesta, if he had nothing else, and her voice was softer as she prayed for her prodigal now at nights.

Towards the last Stephen seemed younger again. His thoughts wandered back to the old days, and he dreamed of the time when he and Vesta were school-children together, and how his mother had always bid Vesta care for him each morning when they started off to school, and how his father had scolded him for writing verses and playing on Sundays, while Vesta sat demurely

in-doors reading her Bible. He remembered how he always protested, and how it was never of any use.

He thought of the spring flowers, and wondered if he could live until spring-time, and see the apple-blossoms. He hadn't thought of apple-blossoms for thirty years. He longed to be out in the fields again.

One day he called Miss Vesta, and asked her if she knew where the paper was that contained his boyish poem?

She went to her trunk and unfolded the paper from its yellowed tissue wrapping, and gave it to him. Tears ran down his wrinkled cheeks as he read the long-forgotten rhymes.

"I can't see right well, Vesta," he said feebly. "Read it to me. It is like a breath from our old home."

She read the imperfect lines. The old man smiled.

"Vesta," he cried in a low, earnest voice.

"O Vesta, do you think I shall always be a failure—in heaven?" He smiled peacefully. "In heaven," he repeated, brokenly, "there is always room for failures."

For a while all was silent in the little room except the ticking of the clock. It struck six at last, and Miss Vesta moved mechanically to get the supper in readiness.

She stooped over the bed to rouse Stephen, who, she thought, had fallen into a dose. His face looked white and still in the twilight. She could not hear his breathing; his cough was hushed. A great fear filled her heart. She looked at him, and the smile still lingered on his worn face. She laid her hand on his heart; it was still. She could feel no signs of beating.

Stephen Dasset's spirit had gone peacefully from this world of worry and trouble. He had drifted into the Beyond—into the vast, unfathomable Future, where the mysteries of living are revealed.

MARY W. GLASCOCK.

A BIG INDIAN WEDDING.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY Indians are not now regarded with much fear. Those that have their camping-grounds on the rivers of western Washington and the waters of Puget Sound are treated with contempt by most of the white settlers, on account of their lazy, migratory habits. Each tribe has its chief village on the bank of some river, where they can fish, hunt, and have the best bottom-lands for farming. Several times during the year they pull down their matting houses, load their canoes, and go to the salt water for clams and oysters. They dry immense quantities of the larger kinds of clams for home consumption.

From constant intercourse with the whites, and the teaching of employees on different reservations, the younger Indians are becoming civilized, and rarely indulge in any of the old Indian customs. But some of the older ones still cling to the ways of their

fathers, and once in a while have a big *tamanamus*, wedding, *pollatch*, or jubilee of some kind.

Our reservation on the Chehalis, some fifty miles from its mouth, had a big wedding lately, in regular Indian fashion. The groom was of royal family—his father was a chief last year—so the festivities were conducted on a grand scale, and fully realized the prophecy of Jim Walker, the present chief, that we were going to have a "Hias clostke time, hiugh tillicums chaco."

For some weeks previous small squads of Indians, on their sorry-looking horses, had been coming in, always accompanied by one or more precious race-horses, wrapped in the inevitable pink and yellow bed-quilt; a little way behind was sure to be a wagon with supplies: sometimes a white-covered immigrant wagon, drawn by the time-honored old oxen, slowly wended its way

across the little prairie. And still they came, from Cowlitz, Nesqually, Puyallup, Squaxon, Skokomish, Tullalup, Quinault, and the towns near, and the bustle increased until a general din prevailed.

Tents were set in the edge of the woods, convenient to water, and if one kept at a safe smelling distance, the scene was quite Arcadian: the blue smoke curling up among the young firs, horses grazing, dogs lying in the sun, lazily eyeing little copper-colored papooses tumbling about on the short grass.

In the mornings all was quiet until eleven or twelve o'clock, when the lordly Indian came yawning out of his tent, sauntered around to see what his neighbors had for breakfast, finally reaching the boarding-school, where he would like *very much* to borrow a little tea, sugar, or coffee—sometimes all three—then back again to his kettle of fish or dried clams.

In the afternoon racing was predominant, the race-track being a central road, crossing the prairie, about half a mile long. One of the ugliest horses I ever saw, a black and white blotched affair, seemed to win in most of the races. In answer to our questions, they always said that "the betting wasn't heavy, only some old clothes, blankets, guns, and a few horses." Once in a while a man had to borrow his own clothes to wear until he won others, or begged from the whites.

As the day darkened, supper-time came, and a great clatter of kettles and pans was heard among the tents, the women and old *lummei* screaming and laughing as they made preparation for the meal of the day. All sat around the camp-fires jabbering, their guttural tones strangely intermingling with the bursts of laughter, as they watched and turned the roasting salmon, which forms a part of every meal.

Every night we could hear the singing and the beating of gambling sticks, and we went out one evening to see them play. About eight or nine o'clock they gathered in groups outside, built large fires in open spaces, and formed in squares around each fire. In front of each row of kneeling men

a long board was placed, on which they beat time to the music with small sticks or bones. One man had in front of him a small pile of finely shredded inner cedar bark, which he threw and tossed about, finally hiding in it a set of gambling blocks. These ten blocks are round, flat pieces of hazel or arrow-wood, a little larger than a trade-dollar and twice as thick, with a raised edge; the whiter the wood the more valuable the blocks. While he threw his arms back and forth, mixing the blocks, the others joined him in the wild monotonous singing, beating time with their sticks and bones, ending every few strains in a most unearthly groan. Then the player threw up his blocks in the air, catching and tossing for some time, at last throwing them over to some one on the opposite side. After this operation had been gone through with several times, they stopped and counted the money, or handed over the *ictas* and blankets. This gambling was kept up until two or three o'clock in the morning, and some of the Indians grew very much excited, although it would puzzle an outsider to see any cause for excitement.

Meantime, in some of the tents and houses the women and a few men were engaged in dancing. A number of women stood on a long board raised an inch from the ground, so as to spring slightly, their shawls cast aside, or wrapped tightly around them and tied in a knot behind, their eyes cast down, hands hanging by their sides, and feet close together. Facing them, or at one side, the men formed themselves in an irregular kind of line, some standing, some sitting, a number with sticks and bones in their hands, preparatory to helping in the music. Presently there sprung out into the open space an old man, fantastically adorned with ribbons, feathers, and red blanket; in his hand an old tin pan and string of large, flat shells. He commenced a most doleful minor, occasionally introducing lively passages, and danced up and down and around the circle, throwing himself into all possible positions, shaking his shells and beating his pan.

Soon the women began to dance up and

down, lifting their feet a few inches from the board, holding the rest of the body perfectly immovable, then joined in the singing. Then the men struck in with their bones and voices, soon ending altogether with a loud groan on a high pitch, descending to their lowest tones. The whole thing was strange and weird beyond expression, and was kept up all night without change, except in the soloist. Sometimes an old woman takes the place of honor. In one of the tents we found an old *lummei* leading, holding in her hand a saucepan, or rather what was left of one, the handle and all but an inch or two of the bottom being entirely gone.

One day was a sample of all the rest; and soon we began to ask when the wedding was to be, but evasive answers were given: some didn't know, some didn't care to know, and it was put off from day to day, until our patience was nearly exhausted. Finally, one morning, after two weeks' preparation, they sent word that they were all ready, the wedding was to be right away—"Boston folks must come now." So we hurried on our hats and followed the messenger.

Soon we heard the beating of tin cans and blowing of horns, and looking in the direction indicated, saw a large procession coming towards the middle of the ground, where the principal crowd had gathered around the groom. It came slowly onward, headed by several horsemen in flying colors, with small flags and bits of evergreen fastened to the horses' heads. Behind was a large wagon, in which the bride was seated, surrounded by her household goods and a few women in holiday dress. This enviable personage was a young maiden of ten or twelve years, a daughter of Cowlitz Jim. The groom had reached the advanced age of fourteen, and went by the classic name of John Smith; his father was well known as Captain John Smith.

The procession came within a few yards of the others and stopped. Then the *Tyee* rode out on his horse between the two crowds, and delivered a long harangue to both parties, wheeling on his horse to turn

to one, then to the other. As it was in Indian, we couldn't understand much of it, but it seemed to be in reference to the duties of the young couple. A great jabbering ensued on both sides, and much running to and fro of Captain John Smith and friends and Cowlitz Jim and friends. Soon all went back to their places, and two squaws of the bride's party brought some bolts of calico and spread it in a straight line from the bride to the groom, making a carpeted path. Two others had a lot of calico over their arms, cut into pieces a yard and a yard and a half long; these they strewed on either side of the calico path. Two others had strings of beads which they threw along with the pieces of cloth. Then they told the Boston folks to help themselves: it was a free *pottatch*. Several neighbors had come over to witness the ceremony, so we all pitched in with much laughing, scrambling after the pretty pieces of calico and long strings of beads. After we had made our grab, they distributed more things—apples, beads, dishes, pipes, calico, and clothing—and told us we must not take anything, this was the *sivashes pottatch*; so we stood still, looking on at the fun.

While the last *pottatch* was going on, the bride was taken out of the wagon, and a more comical-looking sight we never saw; perfect shouts of laughter went up from our party. After being dressed in all her finery, two or three gay quilts had been thrown over her head, completely enveloping her, so that we could see neither face, hands, nor feet. Two clutchmen took hold of her, one on either side, and led her along the calico trail, Cowlitz Jim and a few *tillicum*s following. Slowly they came, the two fathers halloing some gibberish at the top of their voices. Then they set her by the boy, who had been blindfolded, with their backs to one another. One of the principal clutchmen, who had been flourishing around in white, suddenly blossomed out in a red dress, sat down by the bride, and took off, one at a time, three quilts, five striped and four plain shawls, and seven dresses, leaving only a dingy, tattered, dark calico. On her head

were head-dresses of the long trumpet-shaped shells used as Indian money; around her throat were necklaces of the same, also of beads by the quantity, some of them being larger than a robin's egg; she also had around her waist an apron made of the Indian money and glass beads, and, according to the value of the money, worth perhaps a thousand dollars. In her ears were several ear-rings; her fingers were loaded with rings, and her arms from the wrist to above the elbow were covered with brass and silver bracelets; some, not going clear around, were clinched into the flesh. Over an hour was occupied in taking off her jewelry and superfluous clothing.

Then they commenced on the boy. First he was made to kneel, and one of the *Zyees* put fifteen or twenty dollars on his head; this caused a most outrageous jabber and wrangle. While they were so engaged, one of the young Indians stole slyly up and snatched the money. We fully expected a big fight, but everybody broke out into the heartiest laughing; it seemed to be the joke of the day, and we thought they never would stop and go on with the ceremony. But presently an old woman gave some more money; then Captain John Smith threw a string of beads around the boy's neck, and took the handkerchief from his eyes. One of the young Indians rushed up and made him sit down, another caught hold of his boots and pulled them off, still another grasped the legs of his overalls and pulled

them off, and so until he had on but a simple suit, like unto bride.

The young man and fe were then set side by side, so that theyuld look at one another if so inclined; but tboy was angry, and would not vouchsafe so m^h as a single glance to his bride. He didn^t want to be married; and if his wife's happiness^{depended} on his good behavior, she would c^{idently} have a sorry time. Fortunately, she d^{not} seem to be concerned either way.

The bride and groom being disposed^f, the business of the day commenced, namely the handing over to the rightful owner the purchase-money and *ictas*. A good part of the crowd ran back and forth trying to make a trade. Old clothes were traded, given to the bride, or carried back again; quilts and blankets performed the same journey; horses were brought out, inspected, and made to show their good qualities on the race-track. A general hubbub ensued for several hours. When we left, the two fathers were still shouting their claims at the top of their voices.

The afternoon closed with a big race, nearly all the horses on the prairie taking part; and dancing and gambling made hideous the night. The next morning by noon all had gone. Our little village is now settled down to its usual quiet and peacefulness. The big wedding is a thing of the past, and the uncivilized Indian is already beginning to think of the great Squaxon *potlatch* coming off in the early spring.

S. A. BEATY.

AT ROMAN RUINS.

SHINE over shaft and column,
O moon of Italian skies!
Darkly they stood, and solemn,
Under midnight's scintillant eyes,

Till you in your virginal splendor,
Annihilating time,
Softened their broken grandeur,
And restored their Roman prime.

Here rests the silence of hours;
 How strange is the absence of strife!
 Even the grass-hid flowers
 Hold a more ghostly life.

But soft! To the dreamer, musing,
 A mighty change appears:
 The mind itself is losing
 In the rushing of the years.

Out of the shadows merging,
 With din and clash of swords,
 About the hill are surging
 The dark-browed Roman hordes.

This is the Rome of glory—
 The Rome of victorious wars,
 Whose streets are running gory
 With the blood of her emperors.

But, lo! the haughty faces,
 Dark with intent of crime,
 Whirl to their ancient places
 In the dusty annals of time;

And the night is left unhaunted;
 For, pure as a breath of morn,
 A birdlike voice, undaunted,
 On the midnight air is borne.

A voice and a song that's tender,
 (And foolish, perhaps, we'd say)
 But the haughty hosts surrender,
 As never in Cæsar's day.

The moonlit spaces over
 Reaches here her sweet refrain;
 Singing, perhaps, to her lover
 The idle Italian strain.

Not alone does it vanquish the olden:
 It conjures up as well
 Art's struggles, and triumphs golden,
 And music's lordly swell.

Rome!—Dream not of ancient glories!
 Better the later part:
 Better than warlike stories
 Are the stainless records of art;

Better than martial ringing
 Of fame, or of war's increase,
 Is that fearless girl-voice singing
 At night in the Rome of peace.



SUBURBAN ETCHINGS.

It accords with the folk-lore or traditions of the "Hill," that one must not offer violence to a black cat. Now it happened that in the season of spring chickens—in the very callow time of their existence—a vagrant cat installed himself in the garden. Charcoal was gray in contrast with the depth of his blackness; and his yellow eyes were flanked by jowls indicating that he fared sumptuously. If a cat of this hue is a symbol of evil, why not induce him to move on at once? Bridget was questioned for a satisfactory answer. "Because you mustn't. It is bad luck to harm a black cat." And so this superstition from the heart of the African continent was respected for a time. There might be some occult influence by which the cat propagated the superstition; creating it, and living, as it were, in its very atmosphere. Hoodooing, possibly, is not confined to Africans. It has some relation to blackness, midnight, weird and mysterious eyes. This prowling feline may have in him the spirit of mischief. A symbol of evil may sometimes be the thing itself. It is a strange custom to mourn for lost friends by wearing black. What more natural interpretation than that the wearer also is dead? Whereas, the "heathen" have hit upon a better symbol, wearing white for the loss of friends, signifying that they have entered into light, that the world itself is all luminous for the living.

Now that cat, the spirit and essence of darkness, the forerunner of diabolism, was true to the symbol. What did he do but leap over a high fence every morning, and take from the inclosure the tenderest of spring chickens. Then an hour afterward he would go down the garden walk for a greeting, as if he were not a knave and a hypocrite, arching his back and curving his tail beautifully, rubbing his sleek coat against one, and looking up in the face as much as to

say, "The only honest trades in the world are yours and mine." It is true that the business economy of the world is mainly a system of reprisals. But there ought to be a spiritual economy which should teach something better. It is evident that this cat must be converted with other than spiritual weapons. In a millennial sense, shotguns, no doubt, may become "organ pipes of peace," and even now they may be used to project a sermon to a considerable distance. One by one that brood of chickens disappeared, and another was just coming off. A neighbor was consulted as to the best manner of getting around the superstition that no harm must be done to a black cat. The case was plain enough: he had a beautiful breech-loading shotgun, costing, he suggested, a hundred and twenty dollars. All that was necessary to be done in the premises was to exhort that marauder with that gun. He would show us how to use it. Then followed a drill in its use. The cartridges went in at the breech, an eye was to be squinted along the barrel, and then came the crisis. What a beautiful implement! And how wonderful the contrast with the old queen's-arm, the relic of Revolutionary days, stored in the garret, with its flint-lock, priming-wire, and muzzle, into which went five fingers of powder and shot and one of wads! That gun, the use of which was always interdicted to small boys, had been let down from the garret window many a time by a tow string, manufactured for the occasion; and the first hint which maternal government got of that sleight of hand was a report in the nearest woods, which all the heavens echoed to the old homestead. That honest Revolutionary piece would not lie. It spoke the truth, even if we had to suffer the consequences. The draft made on a clump of hazel bushes near by was the serious part of the business. But it abides in the

memory that no red squirrel running on a zigzag fence was wholly safe when that queen's-arm was pointed at him.

The breech-loader was taken down and stored in the library for an aggravated occasion. It came in a few days. The man of all work came bowling up the walk, red and wrathful. "That old son of perdition has got another chicken!" Now, then, his time had come. He shall be swept with the besom of destruction. Superstitions go this day for nothing. A hundred-and-twenty-dollar shotgun, silver-mounted, and a patent cartridge! "Rest it across my back, 'Squire, and take good aim. Aim for his shoulder, and don't kill the chicken in his mouth.—Did you fetch the cat?" Well, not exactly. The old superstition that day had a powerful effect. That cat dropped the chicken, though, and ran toward the gunner as if to salute him, and then leaped over a ten-foot fence and disappeared. That was not all. There were four chickens feeding in the grass beyond, every one of which was laid out cold, and a fifth was struck in the head and had the blind staggers so that it was counted in with the dead. There had been a little variance in "the besom of destruction," which operated in favor of that mysterious cat. Then there was the salutation of Bridget, "Didn't I tell you that it is bad luck to kill a black cat!" "Well, I haven't killed him, by a long way. But you might go down in the back lot and gather up an apronful of spring chickens." That gun was returned with thanks. It was an elegant piece. But somehow it didn't work like the queen's-arm.

The next day that cat returned as if nothing had happened, and took the regular toll of a chicken a day. For a whole year more these depredations went on at intervals, regulated by the supply of young chickens. Here was enterprise. A hundred-dollar chicken-yard, constructed and arranged on "scientific principles," was just adequate for the supply of one black cat, on which no impression could be made with a breech-loader: while chickens were bought every week in the market to meet the home

demand. In this extremity a new plan was evolved. A cash premium—a new dollar from the mint—shall go for the destruction of this particular cat and all successors. Robert, the utility man, soon claimed the dollar. He had exhorted the sleek old hypocrite with a hoe-handle, and brought him to sudden repentance.

"It is bad luck to kill a black cat," said Bridget the next morning; "and you didn't kill him, neither." Well, I paid Robert a premium of a dollar, and he took him off. "Hang all superstitions."

"But the black cat is down in the garden now."

There was that thieving rascal, or a duplicate, at the old business. Robert offered to show the original underground. The premium business was continued, and went into the monthly statement. No sooner was one taken off than another appeared, provided always that it was not the original vagabond. The same predatory habits, the same midnight and diabolical expression, the same decimation in the chicken-yard. What did it all mean? There was some occult diabolism that could not be explained.

"Didn't I tell you," said Bridget, with an air of triumph, "that you can't kill a black cat!"

No, I can't, with a breech-loader. But Robert is drawing a regular premium. The black-cat premium fund was exhausted. Now state your account, my boy. "Well, I have killed *five*, upon honor, and have my eye upon another one." There was a suspicion that the original was still there. But the superstition vanished in the clear light of day when it was shown that number six had a little fleck of white between the fore legs.

But the depredations still go on, and you cannot convince the honest old house-servant that a black cat has ever been killed; and looking out into the garden just now, as that sleek, black rascal lies in the grass, with a waving motion of his tail, and his yellow eye fixed upon a callow brood, it is clearer than ever before that the succession of black cats is eternal. They do not come in single

file, but sun themselves on the fences by the half-dozen, run over the green-house breaking panes of glass, climb up on the outside to the gable window of the barn, flit across the garden walks at twilight, conceal themselves under the low shrubbery, as if defying all efforts at dislodgment. Then there is the comment of Patrick, our neighbor's utility man, "They know the character you've made with that gun."

Nor was it a mitigating circumstance that a sympathizing friend proposed to regulate the succession of cats by sending over a small half-grown terrier. If well brought up, he would keep the peace in the interest of spring chickens. He did occasionally run the black vagrants to the trees handsomely. But as an incidental diversion, he would lay out half a dozen chickens on any fine morning. Where was the gain? Cats could be exhorted with a shotgun—at least, there was one experiment of that kind. But when Towser was exhorted with a switch, a wail went up from the "Hill." It was as if the spirits of all the dogs in Christendom had united to pierce the heavens. So great a noise for so small a catastrophe! But this elementary education cannot be interrupted on account of noise. There is a Hindoo proverb that you cannot get the crook out of a dog's tail by mollifying appliances. But what was needed in that particular case was to get the crook out of his intellect. It ought to have been settled long ago, as a principle of moral and mental philosophy, that you cannot beat honesty and virtue into men or dogs. And so this young canine rascal will come back to do to-morrow what he has done to-day. Does the boy rob bird's nests or plum trees any the less because he gets a sprouting now and then? He has in his moral system a thousand years of inherited aptitude for such predatory excursions.

The moulting season having come, the "chicken lot" looks as if several feather-beds had been emptied there. There is less crowing, and apparently more time given to meditation and introspection. The old rooster and his harem are now in undress, and a hint has been given that domestic

eggs will be scarce for the next month. A young chick that learned to crow hardly more than a month ago, and eats from the hand with fine audacity, has just begun to balance his accounts. He is in full dress—his first suit, as it were—and is not subject to the moulting process at present. But having been under the tyranny of the patriarch who has now lost his tail, the younger one calls him to account daily. There is a hint of retributive justice here. All tyrants ought to have some part of their accounts settled in this world. By way of example, it might be better if the settlements were very complete. After all, there are very few tyrants who manage to get out of the world without a partial accounting with humanity. Now and then, it is measure for measure, the tyrant having his heaped up a little by way of emphasis. That last reflection is made clearer by the way that young rooster, in his juvenile dress, persists in settling his grievances. He knows nothing of the quality of magnanimity, which suggests that when an adversary has had a sound drubbing he should be let off with a mild regret that any such chastening had been necessary. There is little probability that the quality of mercy will be strained at present. Although when a tramp called at the kitchen door, unkempt, belated, and besotted, the compassionate Bridget set him out a generous breakfast. But when he complained that the coffee was not hot, the quality of mercy was strained which withheld the firing of the poker and coal-scuttle at his head. The asceticism of the modern tramp, and the delicacy and exacting nature of his tastes, constitute the latest problem in sociology. It is strange, too, that his moulting season should last the year round. His laying-off season never ends. His gains are in inverse proportion to his industry. It might be well to inquire whether there is not a secret profit in cultivating incapacity for work. This Christian Bedouin gets all he needs without effort. But daily I see a man who has acquired ten millions, and wants more. I know not which is the better off. The one appears to be going forward to an eternity of wants.

Suppose this capacity for wanting things to increase in geometrical ratio?—it may be necessary to mortgage the universe for his convenience. The other is going back on the track, lightening the dead-weight as he goes, shedding his superfluous clothes by the wayside, getting down to the level of a ruminating animal, rejoicing in the fragrance of hay-stacks at night and the freedom of hospitable kitchens by day. If there is nothing better than to delve for clothes and wooden palaces, it were as well that there should be more moulting. Who knows but the tramp, reposing in the sun, his blood enriched thereby, his person made a little more fragrant by the redolence of the hay-stack, may not gain a fresh stock of vitality, quite needful for this languishing world? The profoundest philosopher of modern times surprised the world with a treatise devoted mainly to clothes. It is not given to know the day on which the profounder philosopher will come and surprise the world by showing the absurdity of clothes worn in conformity to any conventional requirements. Society is forever moulting, putting off and on, and is not happy. But the Patagonian covers his epidermis with mud to protect him from cold, and is happy—at least, there is no evidence to the contrary. After all, there was a savor of health in the cynicism which inspired the sturdy old Greek to live in his tub when at home, and to hunt for an honest man with a lantern in the open day. It is nowhere stated that he found him.

There is an ancient Spanish custom of planting the seed of fruit which has been eaten. It is a way of pronouncing a benediction for the good received: not in empty words, but by a thoughtful and beneficent act. One has eaten of the fruit that another has planted, and he is glad; he will also plant, that another may eat. Were that custom perpetuated the world over, evermore there would be fruit by the wayside. The highways and by-ways would not be cursed with barrenness and dust, but fringed with the mulberry and apple, with silent salutations for every weary traveler who would put forth his hand and eat. What matters it that the

tree planted to-day shall never overarch and protect you from the smiting sun?—shall never drop its golden fruit by your side? Shall we not read by the light of eternal day that every tree thus planted has brought its benediction to the world? Is it little that others have planted for us, that we should forget to plant again? The patriarch entertained an angel unawares. How many angels might be entertained by one goodly orchard? Or at least, such as, by grace of speech, of mind and manner, have already received the divine stamp. The heavens have no message for the destroyer; but they have one of peace for those who plant and build wisely on the earth.

It is a notable fact that all the deciduous trees, as well as the rose bushes, which are within the range of suburban observation have a dormant season about midsummer. Neither the sun, the south wind, nor water at the roots, can wholly prevent this intervening period of rest. In their own time and way they awake, as it were, to newness of life. In this dormant season they are storing energy for a new development. It is drawn from the sun, the atmosphere, and nursing earth. When they have accumulated fresh stores there is a new wealth of blossom and foliage. Something analogous to this divine order reaches over from matter to mind. There are dormant seasons—periods of infertility—when the chemistry of heaven and earth is needed to overcome this barrenness. The artist dreams, and touches not the fresh canvas on his easel. The poet wanders aimlessly in wider pastures, content to see the bees come and go, and the lupins and wild poppies nod to each other on the hillside. It is the ruminant season, when it is needful that one should digest what has been stored up within. Doth not the land lying in summer-fallow gain new fertility? The unclothed land going so near to barrenness shall surely be clothed upon in the coming spring-time.

It is well now if one may lie down and dream that the heavens were studded for him alone; and that the west wind of

autumn, bearing the perfume of a hundred orchards, comes to him from a land of eternal fruitage. Even now the young leaves are starting on the rose bushes; the period of second growth has already begun. The

pear begins to blush under the rays of a September sun; and a strange lily among the ineffable white of the callas has gone all aflame, as if sainthood and bleeding martyrdom were never far apart.

W. C. BARTLETT.

EVIL LITERATURE.

IGNORING the close classical definition of literature, let us consider it as meaning the entire mass of printed material that influences the thought or occupies the attention of human beings. This, I suppose, must mean everything, from St. Jacobs Oil advertising stories to Arnold's last poem. For the purposes of this essay, I want you to think of literature as all that is printed and so made public, in avalanches of white and black, daily and hourly, east and west, by reams and tons and mountainous accumulations. Thousands of newspapers send out their fluttering messages. There are scores of magazines, myriads of books, and legions of literary aspirants. Every street in every city of civilization has its news-stands. Our houses overflow with printed matter. In street-cars and on steamboats men and women read, read, read. It is not the age of iron, nor yet of electricity: it is the age of paper. If the standard of public taste lowers, it becomes harder or even impossible to develop a high and pure literature.

First, let us consider the vulgarian books. The larger proportion of them are novels. By the phrase "vulgarian" I mean those works that, without being absolutely vicious, yet in their tone and style lower morals, weaken character, injure literary judgment, and spoil delicacy of sentiment and feeling. Some of them do much worse than this: they shade towards the vicious class, and sear, as with red-hot iron, the finest emotions and sensibilities of the soul. It is not probable that books of the vulgarian type send people to the insane asylums, but they debase life to a lower level for those that read them.

One may go into Bancroft's and ask for fifty of the latest novels, published by reputable houses, and scarcely five of them will be simple, healthy, and natural. The remaining forty-five will in one way or another be overwrought, and not worth even a passing hour of any intellectual being's attention. I remember five novels that once came into my hands to review in one month, all written with considerable ability. Each one left a bad flavor in the mouth. The favorite heroine was a foundling, the favorite tragedy the struggle against unhallowed love. Suicides, murders, and crimes against purity were described with zest, and punished with regret; while a veil of choice phrases was thrown about compromises with duty and doubtful relations of many sorts. A muddy sort of people obscured things in a murky atmosphere, that wit and dash and eloquence could not redeem.

But perhaps you say that literature has nothing to do with morals. To this I reply, that in written essay, in printed article, in word, and in the secret thoughts of my soul, I wish continually to maintain the doctrine that literature is but handmaid and servant of the good, the pure, and the serene. Only the wise and gentle should dare to analyze the lives of men; it is only such whose words can really increase the value of life, with merriment for happy moods, comfort for sorrow, and strength wrought out of pain. The manhood and womanhood of the world have too infinite an aspiration, too grand a destiny, to be made the scorn of cynics. We must have books that are wise and sincere and sweet. Their

heroes and heroines shall not be too ideal, but the admirableness and charm, as of "the best people we have ever known," shall be there. They may be as strong and as lovely as they can be made; and yet, in great things and in small things, they shall "hug facts" close and firmly. We dare not separate literature as an art from the spirit of its teaching; and if the torrent of weak and vile books continues, the insane asylums and the jails will make an equal division of their readers.

But I must illustrate the vulgarian sort of books. Take the Boston Public Library: During 1880 and 1881, 1,065,081 books were circulated, of which 680,000 were fiction. Among these novels were books by such writers as Florence Marryat, Edmund Yates, Rhoda Broughton, Mrs. Edwardes, Mrs. Braddon, Julian Hawthorne, Joseph Hatton, Mrs. Linton, Messrs. Besant and Rice, the Earl of Desart, and others of equal fame. Now I bring an indictment against each one of these, on the ground of vulgarianism and bad morals. Since I could not venture to inflict upon you lengthy quotations from the books themselves, I will use the New York "Nation," the London "Athenæum," and some other leading journals as authority, merely adding that I have read the books, and cordially indorse the reviews as fair and truthful.

Of Florence Marryat's "Love's Conflict," the "Athenæum" says: "An account of the 'terrible temptation' of a young wife to break the Seventh Commandment." Of her "Confessions of Gerald Estcourt," the same journal remarks: "The most prosperous character of the lot is a bare-faced courtesan; the most religious are two repulsive combinations of heartlessness and brainlessness." Of "The Prey of the Gods," the "Saturday Review" says: "She makes a great parade of religious sentiment, and gives effusive descriptions of the effect which the sight of a crucifix produces on a married woman meditating an elopement with her lover; also on the loss which the same palpitating sinner foresees she will feel when she can no longer go to Holy Communion; while, at the same

time, she revels in the details of a meditated adultery which only just escapes the last actual crime—painting the progress, raptures, and dangers of the situation with odious minuteness." This review closes by calling the book vulgar, nauseous, sentimental, and immoral. Six other books of Florence Marryat's are reviewed by leading critics in similar terms. The London "Graphic," speaking of several writers of this class, says: "The hostility entertained by average lady novelists against husbands is one of the features of modern fiction." The "Spectator" inquires: "Why *will* such writers stick pertinaciously to the hateful subject of adultery?"

The "Athenæum" takes up Edmund Yates, and of his "Black Sheep," a peculiarly disgusting story, says: "It is a book about scoundrels and their ways." The "Rock Ahead" is the same sort, only more so. The fast and worthless people in "A Waiting Race" are dismissed with the statement, amply borne out by the facts, that "the men are bad and the women are worse." The New York "Nation" says of "The Wages of Sin": "According to this austere moralist, typhoid fever is all that need be dreaded by a woman who has been unfaithful to her husband." The "Athenæum" winds up its views of "Two by Tricks" with this: "When we find two adulteries in the first chapter, besides an allusion to a painful scandal of a few months back, we know what is coming. . . . An imaginary state of society, in which all married women are unchaste except one or two who are only vulgar, while all the men may be said to be both."

Rhoda Broughton ought to be pretty well known by this time as an apostle of gross and vulgar views of life, but her books are in general circulation. The "Saturday Review" gives her work a free advertisement by saying: "The great object of books like these is to teach immorality by representing it in an interesting and seductive form, and by making good people who live according to the laws of decency appear tame, stupid, and despicable." The London "Examiner"

denounces her "degrading conception of human nature."

Mrs. Edwardes comes in for about the same criticism from the "Athenæum," which complains that the women in her novel are depicted as recognizing a startling amount of badness and baseness, not as evil to be hated, but with quiet, callous unconsciousness of any moral law.

Mrs. Braddon may be dismissed by the terse comment that her whole work is revolting and unwholesome. There is lawless passion and a dalliance with sins unmentionable. The "Saturday Review" says of her book, "Just as I am": "Any young person who reads Mrs. Braddon's new tale will learn that a bride, a lady of the sweetest nature, may carry on a clandestine love affair with an interesting widower, just when she is on the very point of becoming a mother."

Of Julian Hawthorne's "Idolatry," the "Athenæum" says: "He (the villain of the plot) determines, as the most fiendish revenge conceivable, that this brother and sister shall fall in love and marry. Here the book becomes so painful that the reader revolts against it altogether. Why are we to have these ghastly suggestions of inhuman evil placed before us?" "Bressant," by the same author, is morbid and peculiarly offensive. "Sebastian Strome" is intensely painful, and worse than painful to any right-minded person. As to Joseph Hatton's "Clytie," the "Athenæum" says: "It is an almost literal reproduction of an excessively nasty trial for slander, which was degrading to society. The whole thing is disgusting," etc.

The "Saturday Review," usually very favorable to Mrs. Linton's books, says of "Under which Lord?": "We will not quote a single sentence from the hideous descriptions of imaginary confessionals, or trust ourselves to characterize the ravings which pass for interviews between an English clergyman and his female parishioners." The "Academy" says: "She reminds us sometimes of some of the earlier Romantics, . . . in the delight which she seems to take in smirching her page with blood and cruelty,

and with a certain kind of inarticulate uncleanness."

The "Nation," in reviewing a novel called "My Little Girl," by Besant and Rice, says: "It is a story reeking in its most innocent passages with brandy and soda, and with accounts of black mistresses, mock marriages, illegitimacy, gambling, horse-racing, and every form of evil doing, which cannot fail to have a bad effect upon readers who may mistake its vulgarity for profound knowledge of the world, and its offensive description of human degradation for a valuable picture of human nature and civilized society."

Of the Earl of Desart's "Children of Nature" the "Academy" says: "Everybody is abominably loose, everybody is atrociously vulgar, everybody speaks the wretchedest English, and talks the nastiest nonsense conceivable." And the "Athenæum" remarks: "Every man is either an idiot or a scoundrel, and every woman—well, what one of them is termed, in a moment of excusable irritation, by her own husband."

One could go on in this way, and show how unhealthy and unhappy and immoral, according to the best of critics, many of the modern novels are. I have marked similar reviews of over one hundred books, that could be used to swell the foregoing list, and yet leave the slimy creations of the Zola school ignored. I do believe that in one-third of the novels published in any year the plot turns on criminal or vulgar hinges. I believe also that two-thirds of the rejected book manuscripts reek with vile phrases, and are crowded with questionable situations. The young persons who are trying to write stories now are apt to take as their model such writers as those we have just criticised. The inevitable result is a ten times worse and ten times weaker book than the model. The magazine-writers of the day are too intense, too unnatural. They revel in the morbid and the emotional. Their characters "make scenes" too much. Now, in real life, respectable people do not "make scenes." The more deeply they feel about anything, the less they talk of it. It is one of the peculiar weaknesses of the modern

novel, even when of a better than vulgarian type, that its atmosphere is seldom that of strength, and almost never that of serenity.

A grade lower in morals, and many grades lower in ability and usefulness, than the books we have been considering, are the vicious ones. They are mainly read by young persons, and ruin concentration of thought, demoralize the character, weaken the will, and, I have no doubt, aid largely in filling insane asylums and jails. They lead to peculiarly brutal and sensational crimes. Years ago I knew of a boy at a public school whose desk was full of "yellow-cover novels" of the worst type. Ten years later, this rude, swaggering, idle boy grew to youth's estate, and was hung in Utah for midnight murders—having killed and robbed two men who had welcomed him to the hospitality of their camp-fire and mountain fare.

I went to the news-dealer's lately, and gathered up an armful of rubbish of the sort that makes boys hate work and despise truth and dishonor purity. The yellow-covers of twenty years ago were mild enough as compared with these highly spiced deviltries.

First, there are the five-cent books, of which about five thousand sorts have appeared, in about a dozen libraries. One firm publishes five hundred and eight volumes. Exactly what the sales have been cannot be ascertained, but the profits are enormous on all this sort of publications. One five-cent book I picked up lately relates how two boys of sixteen discover the North Pole, and find an empire there and marry princesses, after building fleets, casting cannon, and defeating whole armies. In a second tale, boys of a similar age find a nation of whites in Africa, and go through with about the same programme. In a third is a Persian prince, millions of treasure, pirates, impossible geography, an average of one murder to each chapter, and one betrayal of womanhood to each three chapters, winding up with the wholesale poisoning of officers and crew of a ship—all this for five cents! These are three of the mildest samples. Is

it any wonder that streets are filled with idlers and the frontier swarms with human wrecks? Some of the telegraph and news boys I know of are in the habit of reading these five-cent books, and it soon gets them into loafing, and lazy and thievish habits. Here are the titles of books I have myself seen in the hands of boys and young men during the past year or so:

Freebooters of California; Dominoes of Death; The Buffalo Demon, or Border Vultures; Roaming Ralph Rockwood, the Reckless Ranger; Panther Paul, the Prairie Pirate; Wild Frank, the Buckskin Bravo; Dashing Nellie, the Road-Agent; Skeleton Gulch; besides six or seven books glorifying the James outlaws.

Then there are the dime libraries of trash, published in series, one a week; and four or five thousand are published in America. Next come the boys' weeklies; such as, "Boys of New York," the "Champion," the "Young Men of America," and others. Each issue contains installments of from five to seven stories. So far as I have examined them, the grade is a notch lower than the average dime novel. A little of it, to a mature mind, is very amusing. In one, I notice, a boy of fifteen invents an electric boat, and wears mail that rifle-bullets cannot penetrate. In another, a girl of eighteen or thereabouts rides wild horses, leads bandits, shoots or stabs half a dozen men, makes love, is betrayed and deserted, vows vengeance, gains it by drugging her foe, carrying him to a lonely place in the mountains, burying him alive, and watching the wolves eat his head off. To wind up this *farraço*, she marries an English lord, and becomes a model of womanly virtues and graces. The "New York Society for the Suppression of Vice" have studied the subject thoroughly, and endeavor to find out what proportion of the enormous increase of crime among young persons is due to the spread of vicious books. They report many cases in which boys of ten have been convicted of burglary, and various felonious crimes, to which they were led by reading these stories. Boys have formed brigand organizations under this

devilish influence; and become highwaymen and murderers before they were sixteen. The facts are frightful. The telegraphic columns of any journal give in the course of a year dozens of cases of juvenile crime, generally developed by reading of this sort.

I have obtained from dealers some figures as regards the sale of these things in San Francisco. During the year which ended in July, 1882, a single company circulated 212,000 copies of boys' papers, and 1,245,000 copies of other story-papers, and 285,000 copies of the libraries, ten-cent and five-cent. During this period there were 33,000 copies of "The Century" sold. It is fair, I am told, to estimate that the mails carry nearly as much more. Practically, the reading of the young Californians is as shown in these estimates. Leaving out the standard republications, such as the "Franklin Square Library," the yearly sales of pen-poison amount to a total of about 1,600,000. If even half as much more comes into the State by mail, the grand total is 2,400,000 copies annually.

Now, who are the people that read them? You and I do not, except for a joke or as a sad duty; but they are read, and worn out by being loaned and re-loaned. First, there are the school boys and girls. Every country teacher finds occasion now and then to confiscate these books. Second, the factory and shop girls, and apprentices of all sorts. Third, the car and hack drivers, bar-keepers, sailors, farm laborers, etc. Fourth, fallen women, and, in general, the denizens of the midnight world, night-owls, prowlers, and those who live upon sin and its wages.

There is a third class of evil literature, unseen of men in any daylight: slimy, dripping poison from every scale, this serpent of uncleanness moves among the sons and daughters of men, and slays their souls, as the black plague and the Asiatic cholera slay their bodies. Priests and ministers denounce these books, and the law forbids them: but they are published, and they are read in secret; and when to this point the soul, wandering through many deserts, has arrived, it descends into the valley of the shadow of death, and is lost from sight, and

almost from hope forever. No one can obtain statistics of this forbidden literature; but catalogues find their way into hundreds of schools and seminaries, and they are sold in every large city. The last report of the New York society for suppressing this sort of thing gives some valuable points. In that State, since 1880, two hundred and eighty-one persons have been convicted of publishing, dealing in, or distributing obscene literature. The years of imprisonment given them form a total of one hundred and fifty-one, and the fines were over \$63,000. Nearly 30,000 pounds of book and sheet stock were destroyed, and over 203,000 obscene pictures. Hundreds of thousands of circulars and newspapers, catalogues, songs, and poems were seized and burned. A list of names of persons and post-office addresses, numbering over 900,000, was captured. These are glimpses of the work of this society. It has prevented the sending of vileness into many a school, academy, and seminary, and its active organization is still at work.

But the subject is too painful and too terrible. Ten years ago, one of the most careful of students of London said that these diabolical books were the direct inciting cause of the ruin of thousands of young persons in that metropolis. He quotes passages that, for simple vileness and total depravity and fiendish suggestions, outdo the worst passages in the worst French and English novels that are allowed to be sold in public. No brother who reads these books can love his sister in the same sweet, unconscious way as of old; no son who reads them can again kneel beside his dear mother, his arms about her waist, her hand in his, with the same pure devotion; no lover can enshrine his princess with chaste thoughts among the stars, and thrill with perfect reverence, and watch and love the beauty of her soul.

Remedy in law, except for the devilish books, there is at present none. Hope there is that all of us may in our lives be apostles of the higher literature, and by word and example help to stay the currents of evil.

There can be no more dreadful indictment brought against a book than that it is a debaucher of public morals. If we punish robbery, murder, and crimes against family relations, shall not we punish the men who write books which incite to such acts? Shall we not more often make warnings out of ruined lives, and gather up more closely the statistics of these things? There are publishers who are more than millionaires from the profits of vulgar and vicious books. If furies followed Orestes, what hosts of mighty demons, think you, would the Greek mythology have let loose upon such as these. The subtle poison even of a merely sensational book, who can measure or combat? Chiefest of reasons for many a wasted life and blighted career; inciting cause of many a withering

sirocco of human passion; dark, wide, and dreadful beyond expression, reach the remorseless sands of this desert of literature, where asps and vipers and monsters not fabulous beset the traveler, and slay all who linger. Far off, looking down on these deserts, the great mountain peaks of true and healthy literature rise serene. To them, we must teach the wanderers in these Death's Valleys and Sahara Deserts to climb. There the forests are, and perpetual springs and deep rivers; and there songs and mirth and strength and beauty abide forever. There the great masters of verse and prose rule their realms, and perpetually guide their children, and feed them with the fruits of wisdom, and quench their thirst with the waters of life.

C. H. SHINN.



THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

THE book was a book of old-time song—
 Songs of passion and love and wrong;
 And I read and dreamed the hours away,
 As youth will read and dream away—
 Read till the lovers' fancied sighs
 Brought tears athwart my foolish eyes.
 When lo! a paper fluttered down,
 With a four-leaved clover dry and brown;
 Its stem was woven in and out,
 And something dim writ round about;
 A closer look sufficed to see
 The day, the date, and trysting-tree.
 Years and years had come and flown
 Since these brown leaves were freshly blown;
 Since sitting 'neath the trysting-tree
 Two lovers talked of joys to be.
 Where now are they whose hopes ran high,
 Who plucked this leaf so brown and dry,
 Whose voices made the music sweet
 Of love's grand harmony complete?
 Where? Ah! who can answer where?
 The eager youth, and the maiden fair,
 I picture them both that summer day,
 And fancy the words that lovers say:
 And think 'tis but a breath, a sigh,
 And life is drowned in mystery.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

QUICA.

I.

THE hot July sun was pouring down its fervid rays, and the quaint old town of Monterey lay basking in the heat and warmth, with that air of quiet repose which only old places seem to assume—as though they were saying: “We have nothing more in common with the conflict going on about us; we have played our part in the arena of the world, and henceforth we are entitled to rest, as monuments of a living past.”

The streets, never bustling at any time, were now almost deserted; it seemed as if the afternoon sunshine had exerted a magician’s power, and touching the old adobe houses, had transformed them, one and all, into sleeping palaces, in which the dark-eyed *señoritas* lay idly dreaming of the prince who should come to break the charm that held them in the realms of slumber. Through all the length and breadth of the old place scarcely a sound was to be heard. Once in a while a mule would go slowly by, ambling along at a pace that seemed to indicate that both he and his rider were determined not to forego their usual afternoon nap, though they had to pass through almost insurmountable difficulties to obtain it. But when the sound of his slow hoofs had died away, stillness reigned again, broken only by the humming of bees or the singing of birds behind some garden wall; while the light summer breeze seemed scarcely to have strength enough to sway to and fro the branches that hung over the walk, covered thickly with clusters of roses—the only sign of the beauty and sweetness running riot within those impenetrable inclosures.

It was four o’clock—an hour, at least, before the *siestas* would be over, and the inhabitants of those cool houses think of leaving their dim shades for the glare without—when Frederick Chester came down the broad

stairway of the Monterey Eagle, and mounting the horse that was already saddled for him, galloped away down the street; the sound of his horse’s hoofs rang out with startling distinctness on the quiet air, so that more than one Spanish maiden, turning uneasily in her slumbers, dreamed of cavalades of soldiers coming to besiege the old town.

When he had left the last house far behind him, and found himself in the open country, he drew his rein, and rode along at a more leisurely pace, as though wishing to enjoy the beauty of the scene in the summer sunshine. But, in reality, he noticed nothing about his surroundings, and might as well have been crossing the alkali plains for any enjoyment that they afforded him. For one thing, they had not the charm of novelty. He had traversed this road many times during the last six months. Usually, his only thought had been, how quickly he could gallop over it; but to-day more weighty matters occupied his mind, and he let his horse jog along in his own time and way, while he pondered over the disagreeable task that awaited him.

He was not a coward, but the duty before him was one that any man might have been pardoned for shrinking from. And it seemed doubly hard to-day, for to-morrow would be his wedding-day, and he was going now to see his lady-love for the last time before they met at the church. And instead of spending the hour as their time was usually passed, he must devote it to telling her that his family were bitterly opposed to his marrying her, and would do all in their power to make her position so unpleasant that she might, in time, regret their marriage also.

Whatever affection he had felt for his kindred—and they had always been bound together more by ties of pride than of love—

seemed to disappear rapidly during his ride. He switched the poor, unoffending flowers by the road-side with a vehemence that showed that he would enjoy venting his anger on something that deserved it more than they.

Perhaps he did not make as much allowance as he ought for the feeling his family had in the matter. He had been in California six months, and during that time had written home only the briefest of epistles, and those principally to his father, on business. So that they really knew nothing about his life there, until they had received a letter announcing that he was just about to be married. They would scarcely have forgiven him under any circumstances; for it had been an understood though tacit arrangement that he should marry Louise Ward, a distant relation, who was deemed in every respect the most suitable wife for him. But when they found that the lady who was to be honored with the name of Chester was some unknown Spanish girl whom he had met in Monterey, their anger knew no bounds.

Fred had written nothing about her except that she was rich and beautiful, and that he loved her. Those reasons seemed not at all cogent to their eyes. They did not care for money, for they had an overabundance of that already. Nor did the fact that she was beautiful soften their hearts towards the girl who was such a barrier to the carrying out of their plans; and after all, Fred's testimony at that time would hardly have been considered valid. And when in the family conclave that sentence in his letter was read aloud in which he said that he loved her, a well-bred smile of derision curled the lips of the eldest Miss Chester. And when she wrote her reply in the few cold words that had given him so much pain in the morning, she had concluded by saying that she hoped that the great affection he felt for his wife would console him for the loss of the society of his family; for of course he could not expect them to regard him quite as one of themselves after he had committed this egregious folly.

Besides that letter from his sister Carrie, there had only been one from his father, who had expressed his disapproval in strong language; but Fred knew he was not likely to derive much comfort from any of the rest of his family, for they were all used to doing just as Carrie said; and when she expressed disapproval, the unfortunate person was not likely to find favor in the eyes of her brothers and sisters. She was the only mother the younger ones had ever known; and while they had been so completely under her control that even now the first thought in any emergency was what Carrie would say, her rule over them had been one of fear rather than love.

The marriage that Fred's family had considered so favorable a one for him he had hitherto regarded with indifference. He liked Louise, and had taken it for granted that they should sometime be married, although there had never anything passed between them that was at all binding. But soon after he came to San Francisco, (whither his father had sent him to transact some business) he had occasion to visit Monterey, and there he saw Quica. Almost from the first moment of their meeting he had felt that she was the only woman in the world whom he could ever love.

He thought over their acquaintance now, as he rode slowly along. He had met her father, Mr. Roberts, in the course of his business; and he, being pleased with the young man's bearing, had invited him to his ranch to dine, an invitation Fred was not slow to accept, for he found the old town rather a dull place. Mr. Roberts was a wealthy Englishman, who had spent most of his life in Valparaiso, and there had married a Spanish lady; she had died many years before; and since her death, her sister, Mrs. Ortez, with her husband, had lived with Mr. Roberts, presiding over his household, and lavishing upon Quica the most tender care and love.

When Fred thought of Quica he forgot all his vexation; he remembered only how lovely she was, and how much he loved her. And at that he quickened his horse's speed.

and soon arrived at Carmel valley, where Mr. Roberts's ranch was situated.

There was no one in sight when he reached the house; but he had not been long in the parlor when Quica came dancing down the stairs and into the room, looking so bright and sweet that he felt that it was positively cruel to have to tell her of the contents of his letters. For a moment the thought crossed his mind that perhaps it was not necessary to do so. Why not wait until they were married, and trust to some softening influence being brought to bear upon his family? But he banished the suggestion, and determined to be so frank that she should never be able to blame him for having concealed from her how she would be received by his relatives. And, after all, why should they care what other people thought or said? They would have each other, and that would be all-sufficient.

It was not strange that Quica should be very much in love with this handsome young fellow whom to-morrow she was to wed. She had never lived anywhere but in Valparaiso and Monterey; and while she had had an excellent education—thanks to Mrs. Ortez's care in procuring good governesses for her—she knew nothing of the world. She had been treated only as a child, and had never thought of herself in any other way, until Fred's coming had awakened her to the knowledge that she was a woman in years, with a woman's capacity to love; and that love she had poured out with all the intensity of her vehement Spanish nature upon him.

They chatted a while, and she told him of the trunks that had just come from San Francisco, describing their contents with girlish glee. He listened, because the very sound of her voice, with its sweet, soft accent, was musical to him; but he could not help his thoughts wandering, and presently she stopped abruptly.

"Fred," she said, "are you not going to tell me what was in your letters?"

"How did you know they had come?" he asked.

She laughed at his look of surprise. "You

need never think you can hide anything from me," she said; "though to-day it did not require much penetration to discover what troubled you. Were they as bad as you expected?"

"Worse," he answered gloomily. He left his seat and began to walk up and down the room. "My darling," he said, "I hate to tell you about them. You do not know anything of such a family as ours, Quica. The one ruling motive with all of us is pride: of such love as you have always been accustomed to in your home I know nothing, and I am afraid you will miss it sadly. They are all very angry with me, and will probably make your position as uncomfortable as possible. I feel as if I were doing wrong to subject you to such treatment, but I cannot give you up."

Woman-like, Quica put aside her own feeling, and tried to comfort him.

"And after all," she concluded, "we are going to marry each other, Fred, not our families. I am very sorry for you, dear, but I cannot feel that this is a sufficient reason for us to part. Perhaps sometime their feelings will change, and until then we shall have to be all the more to each other."

And then by tacit consent they did not again allude to the disagreeable subject, but talked of the morrow and their plans for the future.

When Fred went away, Quica walked down to the gate with him. She had snatched up a crimson shawl from a pile of wedding finery that she had been showing him, and wound it around her head, throwing the ends across her shoulders; its brilliant color made her beauty fairly dazzling. She seemed to have recovered her usual spirits, and laughed and talked gayly; but as he stooped to kiss her good by she drew back suddenly.

"Fred," she said earnestly, "are you sure you will never regret having married me?"

"Why do you ask such a question?" he cried. "Do you not know, my darling, that you are dearer to me than all the world beside?"

And with that answer Quica was satis-

fied; and as he rode away, and she walked slowly back to the house, she repeated to herself:

“For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife.”

Young Mrs. Chester achieved a wonderful social success in San Francisco. Even in that cosmopolitan city, where are found people from every nation and tribe under the sun, she was a novelty. She had never been in society before, and she did the most unconventional things, and made the most unconventional remarks, but all in such a charmingly natural way, that she was simply irresistible. People admired everything about her: her beauty and her style of dress, and her voice, which, with its melodious Spanish accent, was so sweet whether in speaking or singing. She received sufficient admiration to have turned the head of an older and wiser woman.

Perhaps it did make her a trifle vain; but, after all, it was only the most harmless kind of vanity. She enjoyed the flattering attentions—as who would not have done?—but she was too thoroughly sweet to be spoiled. Besides, her heart was so filled with love for her husband that there was not much room left in it for admiration of herself.

So the autumn passed away quickly and happily. Fred was still detained by business—a fact over which he mentally rejoiced, as he was not anxious to meet his family at present; and he enjoyed their gay life as well as Quica, though the chief pleasure that he derived from it was the satisfaction it gave him to see how she was everywhere received. He wished that his father and Carrie were there; if they could only see her now, they might find reason for changing their opinion of the “ignorant Spanish girl.” He thought with satisfaction of their surprise when they should see her in New York.

But Quica, much as she enjoyed all this gayety, thought with a secret longing of the time when they should leave San Francisco. It was not because she was not happy there, but she begrudged devoting so much time

to society. She recalled, half regretfully, the long, quiet evenings that she and Fred had spent together at Monterey; and looked forward eagerly to the time when they should have a house of their own, where they could occasionally be by themselves, for here there never seemed to be any quiet. It was really all she could do to find leisure to write home, and it seemed as if she never had a good talk with her husband; for even when they did not go out in the evening, some one was always sure to interrupt them, just as she had settled herself to enjoy what was to her the greatest pleasure in the world—his companionship. She would have liked to go to housekeeping when they found that they would be in San Francisco all winter, but he did not think it best; and so they stayed on in their pleasant rooms at the Palace, and Quica had to content herself with anticipations of the time when she should be able to have her husband “all to herself.”

No such anticipations presented themselves to his mind. He meant that their life should always be just what it was now—gay, brilliant, and full of excitement. He had no taste for domestic bliss; much as he loved his wife, it was after his own fashion; and I am afraid his love grew stronger the more she was admired by others, which is hardly the surest basis on which love can rest.

However, they were very happy; more so than most people are in the first year of married life, for that is the crucial test of love. After the glamour of the honey-moon is passed, there is, to most young husbands and wives, more pain than pleasure in the first twelve months of their union. The lover is merged in the husband; the wife is regarded with critical eyes, as she never was in the days of courtship; and though their mutual love may be deep and strong, they must each learn many lessons of forbearance before they reach that happy period when, although the old romantic love is gone, there has come in its place a pure affection, so strong that “fire cannot burn it, nor many waters quench it”; a love so great

that they will look back upon those old days, when they fancied they had sounded the very depths, with a smile of pity at their own folly, feeling that their love, which then was a mere spring flower, liable to be tossed about by every wind, has now become a mighty tree, under the shadow of whose branches they may forever rest.

One evening in December, Fred came home earlier than usual, and surprised Quica sitting by the fire, crying.

"What is the matter, my darling?" he said.

"O Fred, how you startled me! I was a little home-sick, that is all; but I should not have indulged in a cry if I had known you were coming so early."

"Would you like to go home for a visit?"

"O, so much—if you could go with me."

"You foolish child, I cannot do that; but I find that I have to go out of town, and shall be away probably a month, so you can improve the time to go to Monterey."

"Can't I go with you?"

"It would be impossible. Traveling in the middle of the rainy season will not be pleasant under any circumstances; and I shall have to go through the northern part of the State, where I couldn't think of taking you."

Quica's eyes filled again with tears; she struggled against them a moment, and then, coming over to her husband, knelt down on the floor by him and buried her face in her hands.

"Why, my dear child," he said, as he heard the sobs she strove in vain to repress; "you must not feel so badly about it. A month will soon pass, and you know, Quica, we must be separated sometimes."

"That is no comfort to me," she said passionately. "I don't want you to go away. I know something dreadful will happen while you are gone, and I would rather never go home than be separated from you."

He soothed her as well as he could, and she confessed that she had been nervous and depressed all day. Although his nerves were in the healthiest condition possible, he

was not unmoved by her forebodings, and he was almost as gloomy as she when he bade her good by next day at the San José depot.

He was gone longer than he had anticipated, and it was the last of January when he once more reached the Palace. In all that time he had only heard twice from Quica, and both those letters had been written soon after her arrival at Monterey. He knew she had written him regularly; but he had traveled so fast, and had been in such inaccessible places, that no mail had reached him, and he felt doubly impatient for the sight of her face. He had written to her the exact date of his arrival, and had suggested that she should meet him in San Francisco, giving as a reason his impatience to see her—though perhaps he also considered his own comfort in the matter.

As he had journeyed homeward on that dreary January day, he had pictured to himself just how she would look, and how eagerly she would welcome him; and when he reached the hotel he could not wait for the elevator, but hurried up the stairs.

Instead of the bright glowing fire that he expected to see, the rooms were dark, cold, and deserted. It was no wonder that his spirits sank to zero; he was cold and hungry and tired, and not only disappointed in the creature comforts which he expected to find awaiting him, but also grieved and a trifle angry that his wife had not followed out his plans. He left his rooms in disgust, and went down to make inquiries, but could find out nothing; and even Quica's friends at the hotel had heard nothing from her.

"She promised to write to me," said Mrs. Cornell, the lady with whom Quica had been most intimate; "but I suppose she was too happy at being in her old home again to think of newer friends."

"You speak as if she had not been happy away from it," said Fred, gloomily.

"My dear Mr. Chester, you know I never said anything of the kind," Mrs. Cornell replied. She was a little woman, with a clear, ringing voice, and an emphatic way of speaking. "I know that your wife is so

fond of you that she would be very happy anywhere with you; but let me tell you that you cannot take a girl away from her home without her having many longings for it. I beg of you, do not say anything of that sort to her."

Her kind purpose was so manifest that Fred could not be offended at her plain speaking. And perhaps it was her influence that caused him to start for Monterey the next morning, instead of telegraphing to Quica, as he had at first thought of doing, to come immediately to San Francisco.

The virtuous resolves with which he started on his journey, however, grew perceptibly less during the day. The weather was raw and chilly, with a drizzling rain that seemed to penetrate through the thickest wrappings; and during the drive from Monterey out to Carmel valley his good resolutions all died away, and he mentally resolved that his wife should feel his displeasure. When at last, however, he dismounted at the gate and walked briskly up the avenue, his heart revived a little. The house looked dark, but he fancied he knew why: Quica was fond of sitting in the fire-light, and he should probably find them all in the library, gathered in front of the great open fireplace. Quica would have on her crimson shawl, and would be talking eagerly while the others listened, and—but here he reached the house, and opening the door softly, crossed the hall and entered the library.

There was Quica, as he had pictured her, on a low stool by the fire. But the light shining on her face made it look pale and worn; she seemed ten years older than when he bade her good by a month ago; and around her was wrapped, not the crimson shawl that he was so fond of seeing her wear, but a plain black one.

She sprung up with a cry of joy when she saw him; but the next moment she burst into a fit of crying, so violent that he was frightened.

"My darling," he cried, "tell me what is the matter?"

But it was a long time before she was calm enough to speak—so long that

Mrs. Ortez came into the room, and from her he learned that Mr. Roberts had died very suddenly a fortnight ago. Letters had been sent him, which he had failed to receive; but Quica, not understanding why she did not hear from him, had been grieved and hurt; and when his letter came asking her to meet him in San Francisco, had declared she would not go.

Fred earnestly wished that she had gone. He had a man's hatred of scenes; and while he had liked Mr. Roberts, had not been with him enough to make his loss felt much, except as he sympathized with his wife. Of course he was very sorry for her; but after all, he felt that she might have been a little cheered by his coming; and when the time passed by, and she still sat there with the tears rolling down her cheeks, he began to feel annoyed. She scarcely spoke all the evening, but when they were in their own room, she said, half timidly:

"I hope you did not care, Fred, because I did not meet you in San Francisco."

"It was rather a cheerless welcome for a man," he said, "to come home and find his rooms dark and deserted, and his wife gone."

"But I couldn't come," she said, her tears starting afresh at the tone more than the words. "I was angry because I did not hear from you. And besides, I could not leave *Tia* now father was gone."

"Your first reason is remarkably poor," he said: "you must have remembered that I told you it would be very uncertain whether any letters reached me. And as to the last, I do not see what good an additional week could do."

She turned then upon him angrily, the first time she had ever done so.

"Have you no feeling for me?" she said. "Was I to consult your pleasure, and not my own at all? How would you feel if your father should die?"

He answered her in that cool tone so peculiarly exasperating to an angry person:

"I should mourn him sincerely, but I hope I should not forget that I had duties to the living as well as to the dead."

Quica's anger never lasted long: it was as

brief as it was violent; and in a few moments she came to him and begged his forgiveness so humbly that he could only take her in his arms and kiss her, feeling repentant himself, though too proud to say so. But, although the peace was thus hastily made, there remained the memory of the bitter words.

Fred was anxious to get his wife away from Monterey as soon as possible. There everything reminded her of her father: and he fancied that once back in the hotel, surrounded by gay society, she would regain her cheerfulness. So he insisted upon leaving on the third day after his arrival.

It would have been terribly hard for Quica under any circumstances, this going away, for it was to be a last farewell to her old home. Mr. Ortez preferred moving into town, so the house was to be sold, and Quica felt that she should never want to come to Monterey again. And then, to her unutterable grief, her husband failed to give her that loving sympathy which she felt she had a right to expect. She did not perhaps appreciate what he did give her, for he had that idea so common among those who have never felt a real sorrow themselves, that the best thing to be done was to divert her. So when she talked about her loss, he changed the subject as quickly as possible. He honestly believed that to be the best course of treatment for her, but she ascribed it to a lack of feeling. For the first time he disappointed her, and she left Monterey with the double misery of grief over her bereavement and the feeling that the first faint cloud had arisen between herself and her husband.

Fred meant to be doubly kind to his wife when they were settled again at the Palace, but unfortunately his kindness was not shown in a way that she could appreciate. He did not, of course, ask her to go to places of amusement or to parties: he had far too much respect for the conventionalities of life to do anything that would cause remark: but he devoted himself to trying to divert her. He took her to drive every day, and brought people to their rooms, and begged the ladies in the hotel to be with her when he was away; so that poor Quica felt that

she had less quiet than ever, though never had she so sorely needed it. She did not want to be amused, and resented the idea that anything could divert her mind from her grief.

If she had been suffered to follow out her own feelings in the matter, she would probably, without mourning her loss any the less keenly, have still soon regained comparative cheerfulness; for she was young, and of a nature that bore grief, like everything else, in the most violent way, and her grief, if it had not been suppressed, would have spent itself all the sooner. But when she saw that her husband devoted himself to banishing it from her mind, she cherished it with all the greater persistency.

After a while, however, there came a change. People grew tired of going where it was so obvious that they were unwelcome; and so it came about that one by one Quica's gay butterfly acquaintances dropped off, until at last scarcely any one ever came to see her but Mrs. Cornell. She did not care at all: she only wanted to be let alone. And when her husband complained of their dull evenings, and reproached her for having driven away their friends, she did not attempt to defend herself, but set it down as a fresh unkindness on his part.

Mrs. Cornell tried faithfully to be a friend to her; but it must be confessed that in those days Quica was a hard person to befriend. She had incased herself in her wounded pride, until she seemed like a frozen statue of her former self. Mrs. Cornell never saw her with her husband except at the table, but there she saw—what no one could help noticing—how entirely their manner toward each other had changed. He treated her with a studied politeness, but had abandoned the effort to understand her, and had come to the conclusion that the most charitable construction to put upon her conduct was that her mind had become affected by her great grief. He had given up expecting to derive any pleasure from her society. When he spoke to her, she answered in monosyllables. She positively refused to go anywhere with him, and

so it came about that he began to seek his pleasure elsewhere, and she was more alone than ever.

Matters were in this miserable state, when one evening Mrs. Cornell came in to see Quica. It was early in the fall again, for they had been detained in San Francisco all that time, but were to leave now in a few days. Quica was sitting by the window idly looking out, nor did she evince any pleasure at sight of her friend. That lady, however, was not easily daunted.

"Are you all alone?" she said. "Where is Mr. Chester?"

"I have not the least idea," said Quica, in a tone that implied that she cared still less.

"Well, you ought to know," said Mrs. Cornell. "I have been married fifteen years, but you may be sure I do not stay alone in the evening without knowing where my husband has gone."

"I am always alone," said poor Quica.

"Your husband ought to be ashamed of himself," said Mrs. Cornell.

Quica's face flushed. No woman likes to hear her husband abused, however much she may enjoy doing it herself. "We will not discuss my husband, if you please," she said.

"Indeed, that is just what I am going to do," said Mrs. Cornell, coolly. "I came in here for the express purpose of abusing you both." Then she changed her tone suddenly: "My dear child, what is the matter with you? What has changed you?"

Quica's pride melted at the other's kindness. She had borne her trouble alone so long, that when she began to tell it she could not stop until she had confided the whole to her sympathizing listener.

Yet while Mrs. Cornell sympathized, she blamed as well, and tried to show Quica where she had failed in her wifely duty. The girl began for the first time to see that what she had considered her heroic conduct was, in reality, something of which she ought to be very much ashamed; and that if her husband had been to blame, she, perhaps, had been still more so.

When Mrs. Cornell finally finished her

lecture, and left Quica to her meditations, these were happier than any she had had in a long time. She waited impatiently for her husband to come in, anxious to commence her new course of conduct at once. When at last he made his appearance, she greeted him pleasantly, instead of waiting in her usual way for him to speak first. He did not sit down, however, but merely saying, "I am going out again," passed into the bedroom. After a few moments, Quica, making a desperate resolve, followed him. He looked at her in surprise, but said nothing, merely thinking that a new whim had seized her. She could not speak at first, for she felt as shy with him as if he had been a stranger. She pretended to be busy searching for something in a bureau drawer. At last she made a bold plunge.

"Where are you going, Fred?" she said.

"To the artists' reception."

"May I go with you?"

"I am afraid your costume would be rather out of place there," he answered coldly.

Quica glanced down at her black dress, which she had taken pleasure in having as plain and ugly as it could possibly be made, and mentally resolved that he should see her in something more becoming to-morrow. But she was determined not to be easily repulsed.

"Fred," she said, "can't you stay at home with me this evening?"

"If you had asked me before, I might have done so, but now I have promised to go with some one; and besides, Quica, it is rather late, and certainly wholly unnecessary, for you to pretend that you care for my society, when for months you have so plainly shown that the less time I spent with you the better you were pleased."

Quica bore even this humbly. Her old love for her husband seemed suddenly to have sprung up again with fresh force.

"I know I have done wrong," she said; "but can't we begin over again?"

"If you had come to that conclusion some time ago, there might have been some hope for it; but I think now the best thing

we can do is to go our own ways, and leave each other alone as much as possible."

To that Quica made no reply, but from that time she made no further effort at a reconciliation.

II.

"What do you think of her?"

The speaker was Louise Chester, and she addressed the question to the other members of the family, who were seated around the breakfast-table which Quica had just made some excuse for leaving.

As usual, Carrie was the one to answer.

"She is just what I expected to see," she replied, in a tone that implied that more could not be said.

"I wonder how Fred ever happened to fancy her," Louise went on; "he said she was beautiful, but I fail to see an evidence of even prettiness."

"I am not so sure of that," said her brother Charles: "she looks to me as if she might have been very pretty; but she has a terribly sad expression, as if she had lost every friend in the world."

"Her dress, too, was very unbecoming; she ought to wear the brightest colors."

"There is one comfort about her being in mourning," said Carrie, "she will not expect to go out with us."

"I hope you will at least ask her to do so," said Mr. Chester, suddenly, from behind his paper, in which he had apparently been so absorbed that they had not thought he was paying any attention to them. "Remember that, after all, she is your brother's wife, and must be treated properly."

Louise could not settle herself to anything that morning; she was naturally a kind-hearted girl, and away from her sister's influence might have developed into a lovable woman; and the memory of Quica's sad face haunted her. At last, evading Carrie's observation, she went up-stairs and knocked at Quica's door.

Quica opened it, and when she saw Louise her face lighted up with a real gleam of pleasure. She felt so terribly lonely that she would have eagerly welcomed any one.

"Come in," she said; "this is very kind of you. Do sit down—that is, if you can find a chair. I am trying to unpack, but it is rather discouraging work."

"Fred ought to have stayed at home to help you," said Louise; but seeing a peculiar look come into her sister-in-law's face, she went on quickly: "But since he is not here, you must let me do what I can."

She staid all the morning, and the two grew quite friendly; and it must be confessed that Louise formed a greater respect for her brother's wife when she saw the contents of her trunks.

"What lovely dresses!" she exclaimed. "What a trial it must be not to wear them!" she added thoughtlessly.

The hot tears rushed into Quica's eyes, and an angry speech rose to her lips; but she had learned self-control since her marriage, and after a moment's pause, she said simply:

"I have never thought anything about them; but I should like to lighten my mourning a little now, as Fred objects to it, if you would kindly go with me to do a little shopping, and then direct me to a good dress-maker.

"I shall be glad to help you in any way I can," said Louise, inwardly relieved that no notice was taken of her remark, for Quica's eyes had flashed in an ominous way.

Then the luncheon bell rang, and they went down-stairs together, at which Carrie, meeting them in the hall, elevated her eyebrows significantly. She showed no such friendly inclinations toward her brother's wife, but treated her with the most frigid politeness, calling her "Mrs. Chester," and in every way making her feel that she was a formal guest in the house.

Louise's sympathies had been enlisted, and she had really meant to be kind to Quica; but she was naturally a little coward, and she was not proof against her sister's sarcastic speeches; and so, when a few days later, at lunch, Quica timidly reminded her of her promise to go shopping with her, Louise, feeling Carrie's eye upon her, stammered out some excuse about another

engagement, and then, feeling ashamed of her own cowardice, said:

"I am very sorry; I will go with you some other time."

But Quica's pride was already up in arms, and she replied coldly:

"Thank you, I will not trouble you. I can no doubt find the stores myself without any difficulty."

In only one respect would Carrie acknowledge that she was agreeably disappointed in her brother's wife. She had expected to see a girl with half-formed manners, devotedly fond of Fred, and displaying her affection in the most open way; but certainly no such fault could be found with Quica. Miss Chester herself was no more dignified in her demeanor; and however she might treat her husband in private, young Mrs. Chester in public was a model of decorum.

If anything, Quica was more unhappy there than she had been in San Francisco. She had hoped that she might make friends of her husband's sisters; but she soon gave up all idea of that. Carrie was about as impressible as a piece of marble; and while Louise was very kind to her when they were alone, in Carrie's presence she was so different that Quica felt that her kindness was a shallow pretense.

Every morning the servant knocked at Quica's door with a message from Miss Chester to know whether Mrs. Chester would go to drive; and every morning Mrs. Chester sent back an equally polite refusal. Occasionally her husband took her out; but she felt that he only did it for the sake of appearances, and therefore disliked to go. She spent her days entirely alone; and after a trial of the evenings in the parlor, usually slipped up-stairs again after dinner. Her husband was seldom at home in the evening, and the rest of the family took no pains to make her stay in the drawing-room pleasant; so she found a quiet evening spent in reading more endurable.

To do Fred justice, he hardly realized his wife's position in the family. He saw that his sisters were polite to her, and saw, too, that she did not seem to respond to their advances;

and he could not half appreciate their treatment of her, which had made it impossible for her to believe in their sincerity. He spent as much time as possible out of the house, and really had so little intercourse with his wife that he did not know much about her—except that he saw, what she could not conceal, that she was very unhappy.

"She is always that now," he said to himself, bitterly; "she seems really to enjoy being miserable, and I don't know what I can do about it."

One evening it chanced that Miss Chester had a dinner-party, the first one she had given since Quica had been in the house. Quica longed to excuse herself from going down; but, not daring to do so, delayed making her appearance until all the company had assembled. They were in the drawing-room, waiting in the usual state of dull expectancy for the announcement of dinner, when she came in. At sight of her, every one in the room stopped even the semblance of a conversation.

For the first time she had left off her mourning. The family would hardly have recognized her in this brilliant-looking woman, whose dress was of creamy satin with garniture of pomegranate blossoms, and rich finishing of lace and diamonds. Her husband was standing with his back to the door, and did not see her until she stood just before him. Then he gave a little start of surprise; but at that moment dinner was announced, and he had no opportunity of speaking to her.

Quica had been assigned to an elderly gentleman, a fact which Carrie rather regretted when she saw the new light in which her sister-in-law appeared. He proved agreeable, however; and Quica found the dreaded party an altogether enjoyable affair. After dinner she had plenty of attention. It reminded her husband of the happy days in San Francisco, to see how bright she looked, and how gayly she talked and laughed. At last she even sang; it was the first time that she had done so since she had been in New York, and her sisters-in-law

were more surprised than any one else at the style of her singing.

Late in the evening she went up to their parlor for a picture she wanted to show some one. When she opened the door, to her surprise, she saw her husband.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "I did not know you were here."

"I had forgotten a letter I had to write, and thought I should not be missed if I slipped off for a few moments. Can I help you?"

"No, I thank you; I only came for a picture. I am sorry I interrupted you."

He scarcely heeded her words, he was so taken up in looking at her; for she seemed not like the dull, cold woman she had been lately, but her own fresh, joyous self.

"My dear child, how well you look to-night," he said, as he rose from his seat to open the door for her.

Quica's heart bounded at the first kind word she had heard from him for so long. For a moment she could not speak; and unluckily just then Carrie appeared in the hall looking for Fred. Her presence sealed Quica's lips. He saw only the hesitation, and did not understand the cause.

"I will not detain you any longer," he said, in his ordinary cool tone, as his sister came into the room. His wife only responded by a bow and went down again.

When they were alone, after the guests had gone, his manner was just what it had been for so long. But Quica's heart felt lighter than for months before. He had spoken kindly to her once: he would do so again; and with hope to cheer her, she could wait patiently.

She felt very happy the next day; it seemed as if an end was coming to this dreadful state of things. Prompted by her unusual feelings, she went out alone for a walk—the first time she had ever done so in New York. The streets were crowded with Christmas shoppers, and the store windows full of pretty things; while the crisp snow under foot, and the bright winter sunshine overhead, lent an additional charm to the gay scene. Quica was so attracted by it

that she prolonged her walk, and when she reached home found the family at luncheon.

To her surprise, her husband was at the table. She had bought a bunch of deep crimson roses at the florist's, and stopped in the hall long enough to fasten them in her dress. The exercise had brought a fresh glow to her cheeks, and she looked very lovely as she came into the dining-room, apologizing for her lateness.

"You need make no excuses," Carrie said, more kindly than usual, as she poured a cup of chocolate for her. "We are lurching early to-day to accommodate Fred."

There was silence for a moment. The sisters looked at each other, and then Louise said:

"I am afraid you will hardly be glad to see him, Quica, when you hear what bad news he has brought. He is going away this afternoon."

"Where are you going?" asked Quica, trying to make her voice perfectly clear as she addressed her husband.

"To Europe."

"To Europe?"

"Yes," he went on hurriedly; "I am sorry to tell you so abruptly, but I did not know it myself until this morning, and I have to sail at three o'clock."

Quica said not a word. Mechanically she drank her chocolate; and then rising from the table, went up-stairs and threw herself on the bed, burying her face in the pillow. She could not think; she was stunned by the suddenness of the blow. In a few moments her husband followed her. He came and sat down on the edge of the bed, and took her cold little hands in his own. Still she could not speak; she was paralyzed by the shock she had received.

"I have been meditating this step for some time, Quica," he said; "and last night showed me that there is little hope of our understanding each other—at least, at present. I do not blame you, dear, though there has been fault on both sides; and I love you dearly, and believe that you still love me a little. But we seem to have lost all power of being happy together, and now I am

going away to try the effect of a year's absence. I hope you will be contented here; and at the end of that time we will decide what is our best plan for the future."

He had evidently nerved himself to speak thus, and the effort made his voice sound cold, but at the last it broke.

A servant knocked at the door and announced that the carriage was waiting. Still Quica could not speak. Her husband took her in his arms, kissed her over and over again, while she felt his hot tears upon her face, and then in another moment he was gone. When the door finally closed upon him, she sprung up.

"O Fred!" she cried. "Come back, I must speak to you." But no answer came to her cry: he was gone beyond recall.

It was November, but a lovely, bright summer day, and all Paris seemed to be out of doors, as Frederick Chester walked slowly along on his way to the American Chapel. Eleven months of his year had gone by, and in all that time he had heard not a word from his wife. His sisters had occasionally alluded to her in their first letters, but for months now they had not even mentioned her name.

Whatever changes the time might have wrought in her, in him it had re-created his old love into a passion stronger than anything he had ever believed he could feel. In this long separation from his wife, he had learned that he could never be happy away from her; and their old troubles seemed so slight, and to have been so entirely without cause, that he wondered how they could ever have been disturbed by what looked now nothing but the veriest trifles. Of late he had felt special longings to see Quica; and this last month that he was to be away from her looked so long that he wondered how he should ever live through it.

Thinking thus, he looked neither to the right hand nor to the left. So it chanced that, as he reached the chapel, he did not notice a lady and gentleman who, approaching from the opposite direction, entered just behind him. They saw him, however, and

when the services were concluded, and he was hastening away, as he reached the door he felt a detaining hand laid on his arm. Turning, he saw Mrs. Cornell and her husband. The lady was very gracious, and insisted upon his going home with them to luncheon; and he was only too glad of anything that promised a diversion from his own thoughts—though if he had reflected a moment, he might not have accepted so readily; for Mrs. Cornell was a person who always spoke her mind freely.

No allusion was made to Quica until after lunch, when Mr. Cornell had gone out and left them alone. Then Mrs. Cornell said:

"I saw your wife very often after you went away, Mr. Chester."

"I did not know you were in New York."

"I reached there in January, and until Quica left, we were together a great deal."

"What do you mean? Is my wife not in New York?"

It was the lady's turn to be astonished.

"Is it possible that you did not know that your wife went back to Monterey last April?"

"I know nothing about her. I have heard not a single word from her since I left her last December."

"Does that mean that you do not wish to hear anything about her?"

"No, indeed," he said eagerly; "I am starving for news of her. Tell me everything she said and did while you were with her, and all that you have heard about her since."

Mrs. Cornell looked at him keenly.

"May I ask you a question?"

"As many as you like, if you will only tell me everything."

"Has this year made you feel that you can keep away from her forever?"

"No," he said hoarsely; "it has shown me that I never half knew how much I loved her, or how worthy she was of being loved."

"I am very glad. Then I will tell you all. I went to see your wife as soon as we arrived in New York, and found her in a dreadful state of mind. You did not realize

that, cruel as it was to leave her at all, it was infinitely more so to leave her with your sisters. You see I speak plainly."

"Go on—tell me everything."

"I think she could have borne it herself, but she could not bear the thought that her baby's eyes should open upon unloving faces. And so, as I said, in April she went back to Monterey, and there she passed through her long and dangerous sickness, and there, two months ago, she buried her baby."

Fred could not speak; she waited a moment, and then, as she saw the expression on his face, she said:

"Do you mean to say that you did not know that you would have had a little boy five months old if he had lived?" But as she asked the question she read the answer in his face. She said nothing more—what could be said to comfort him?

He walked away to the window, and stood with his back to her, and she sat there perfectly still for a long time. At last he came and sat down by her again; he looked ten years older than when she had seen him in the chapel, but he was calm and ready for action. Grief for the little dead baby, whom he had never seen; sorrow for his wife and for himself, for what they had lived through apart from each other, the memory of which could never be forgotten—there would be time for all that by and by: now there was something else to be done.

"Did Quica expect to come back to New York before I returned?"

"Yes."

"Do you think she would, now that—" he hesitated.

"My dear Mr. Chester, the loss of her baby would make her long still more for her husband. It is your loss as well as hers."

"Then I have no time to lose. I shall start for Liverpool to-morrow morning, and take the first steamer for home." He rose and held out his hand.

"Good by, and God bless you," she said.

It was one of those lovely mornings that, in California, follow a rainy night; and Fred accepted it as a good sign that on his arrival in Monterey he should be greeted by such auspicious omens. When he left the hotel, and walked toward the house where he had been told Mr. Ortez lived, a feeling of gladness sprung up in his heart; some old words kept repeating themselves over and over to him:

"It is the pleasant shining,
The shining after rain."

As he drew near to the house, he saw some one come out of it, and involuntarily stood still. It was Quica, but he could not meet her there; so he followed her, and very soon saw where their meeting would take place. A lovelier spot could hardly have been found than the little cemetery that morning. The birds sang overhead, the wet leaves of the trees glistened in the sunshine, and the air was sweet with flowers.

He remained concealed from her view until she had covered the little mound with flowers she had brought with her. Then, as she stood looking at it with the tears streaming down her cheeks, he came forward. He did not speak, but held out his arms, and without a word, she came to him; and thus over the grave of their baby he found his wife again.

FLORA M. WRIGHT.

THE AZORES.

OF the Azores, with their wonderful and beautiful natural history, their contented people and patriarchal customs, little has been written. Many who might visit and describe have been discouraged by the marked discomforts of approach and landing. The quiet of the principal towns, save in a few public places, may perhaps indicate that these islands are destitute of interest and pleasure. Only a few have found, in visiting them, such hearty relish as is painted in a sketch written many years ago by T. W. Higginson, inspired by a first visit to a foreign land, and a plunge "without fear or apology into the delicious sense of foreignness."

The Azores lie between 36 and 40 degrees north latitude, and 27 and 34 degrees west longitude; they belong to Portugal, and are a group of nine islands. They comprise Corvo and Flores to the north-west; Graciosa, Fayal, San Jorge, Pico, and Terceira in the center, one hundred and fourteen miles south-east of the last group; San Miguel and Santa Maria, seventy miles to the south-east; together with an islet and bank called Formigas, about twenty miles north-east of Santa Maria.

Arabian geographers describe, beside the Canaries, which are situated eight hundred miles south-east of the Western Islands, nine others in the western ocean; these are undoubtedly the Azores, or Hawk Islands—the latter name from the abundance of hawks there found. The first sight of this group granted any European was claimed by a Flemish merchant named Van der Berg, who, while on a voyage to Lisbon, was driven to its shores. He communicated his discovery to the Portuguese Government, and an expedition was fitted out under its control, which resulted in the discovery of the Formigas, and, a short time after, the island of Santa Maria.

In 1459 Portuguese colonies were established upon the islands; since then they have been under the control of Portugal, except during the period when Philip II. united the crowns of Spain and Portugal.

The islands, save one, are of volcanic formation. Their surfaces are very irregular, ascending from the sea on the south to the central ridge in successive acclivities formed by volcanic deposits. Many of the peaks are craters. Although early discoverers mention the denseness and size of the trees and shrubs, the clearing of the land by the first settlers and the ensuing volcanic eruptions have left no trace of this former wealth, and only young plantations and a few straggling trees remain.

The temperate and equable climate renders the islands most attractive, and materially diminishes the usual despondent effects of isolation. The thermometer near the level of the sea ranges from 45 degrees Fahrenheit, the lowest known extreme of January, to 86 degrees Fahrenheit, the highest known extreme of July. Between these two points, noted in the shade, the gradation from month to month is regular, the increase and decrease amounting to about four degrees.

The soil on the southern and eastern slopes is fertile, producing European and tropical plants luxuriantly. The chief products are wine, cereals, fruits, and vegetables. Cattle are abundant and of good quality. Sugar-cane at one time was produced to a large extent; but the demand having declined, the cultivation of grain, oranges, lemons, and the vine has been substituted, and has proved a profitable source of revenue.

The following quotation from a letter recently received from the Sacramento Valley will show the similarity of climate and growth of the Azores to that of California, and aptly describes some of the delights of the two

lands, separated by so many thousands of miles:

"The climate, the atmosphere, are simply ecstatic, the sunlight constant and bright, and the cool breezes exhilarating. During the days the temperature is like that of our eastern June weather, while the nights are like ours in October, just made to give sleep and rest to weary ones. In beautiful flowers *our* possessions are far surpassed. Roses are wonderful in size, brilliancy of color, and fragrance. Fuchsias in all the fine varieties grow to be shrubs, and are trained about the houses and piazzas. Callas remain out of doors, and bloom all the year, and heliotrope nearly runs wild. Some people have hedges of geraniums brilliant with flowers, and every little house is surrounded with bloom.

"The hills—mountains, in fact—almost surrounding us are a never-ending source of enjoyment; so peculiar are they in shape and color, so beautifully molded and gracefully rounded, that, in their rich tints, they look like great seals and sea-lions basking in the sunlight. Not a tree or shrub grows upon their sides: only smooth, fine outlines; and you can easily imagine the cloud-shadows which drift across their comfortable backs."

Kircher, in his "Mundus Subterraneus," describes some of the very remarkable emersions and submersions that have occurred in these localities. The first recorded was announced by a violent earthquake, which lasted eight days; then a fire broke from the surface of the sea, and shot into the air, accompanied by vast quantities of stones, earth, sand, and minerals; finally, a group of rocks burst forth, and increased until a space several miles in circumference was covered, which, being shattered by a new earthquake, settled into a solid consistency. Another took place in June, 1811, when an island was thrown up about two miles from the western extremity of San Miguel. The captain of a British man-of-war, who witnessed the explosion, in his eagerness to acquire territory for his kingdom, planted the English ensign upon the island, and

named it Sabrina, after his ship. Returning in a few days, he discovered not only the ensign gone, but the island itself nearly a hundred feet under water.

In June, 1867, after a volcanic eruption, an island appeared near Terceira, but in less than two weeks had entirely disappeared: a search to the depth of a quarter of a mile discovered no clew to it.

Earthquakes often occur, and frequently produce great disaster. The news of one of these a few years ago (1862) caused great apprehension on board the bark Azor, a good ship which usually makes the eastward trip from Boston to Fayal in fifteen days. Letters had been received by some of the passengers previous to their departure from Boston, reporting the frequency of earthquakes, accompanied by rumblings, which indicated the center of action under Fayal; that the people were living in tents to escape dangers from falling roofs and walls; that divine intercession was being implored to stay the awful doom; and that there was fearful uncertainty.

The trip was unusually stormy, and though the captain's chronometers had never before been faulty, the distance was run and no island was to be seen. Great consternation ensued, but finally the sun made his appearance, the latitude was found, and a longer run discovered the island still in existence; the chronometer's trick had caused all this terror and anxiety. The calamity had been postponed, and the simple peasants supposed their prayers had averted the disaster, to which conclusion they were greatly assisted by the priests.

Corvo, the most northerly and smallest of the Azores group is seldom visited; its height is 2,548 feet. Like most of the other islands, it contains a caldeira, in which are hillocks and several lakes.

Flores, situated nine and one-half miles to the eastward of Corvo, is larger, and contains high mountains, one of which rises to a height of 3,087 feet. The island is well populated, but very little surplus produce is raised. Beside the manufacture of linen stuffs, and the collection of a moss, *orchilla*,

from which a scarlet dye of fine quality is made, the inhabitants, both male and female, are occupied in agriculture and stock raising, to supply merely their own wants. A legend records the presence on this island at one time of a marble equestrian statue, with the rider's hand pointing to the westward, intended to portray the thoughts of Columbus, who landed here during one of his early voyages.

Graciosa contains very little of interest to the traveler that may not be found on the other islands. It is reported to be the most fertile of the entire group, producing, with very little attention, more than its inhabitants can consume. The surface is more level (or, properly speaking of such mountainous country, less irregular) than the others of the archipelago. Its capital, Santa Cruz, is of considerable size, but the want of an anchorage renders it of little commercial importance. The name of the island is derived from its pleasing appearance, but one writer has strongly remarked its want of attraction to the tourist.

Terceira, so called because it was the third of the group discovered, is one of the most populous, and is the government seat of the Azores. Its capital, Angra, is the finest city in the Atlantic islands. It is well built, has wide paved streets and sidewalks—the latter a convenience seldom seen in Spanish and Portuguese towns. Beside being the governor's seat, it contains an important college and many cultivated residents.

San Jorge, with a length of twenty-nine miles, has a breadth of only three; while the peaks of a mountain range running in the direction of its length rise to a height of 3,498 feet. In 1808 the volcanic eruption of Esperanza brought terror to this island, and to the inhabitants of the fine town of Ursula, who feared the destruction of their homes and themselves. The direction of the principal stream of lava was, however, changed in its course to the sea; and though some lives were lost and much property destroyed, the town and its inhabitants were spared. The only *hope* that the name of the mountain implied was given to the people

of the neighboring islands, who knew that with this outlet for the volcanic fires, their own islands would be spared.

Pico, so named because it contains the famous peak of the group, reaches a height of 7,613 feet; is remarkable for its beautiful scenery and the fine quality of its wine—this last, however, seems to be a tradition, as for twenty years none has been produced, owing to the ravages of the *oidium*, or vine mildew. Oranges, too, are raised in large quantities for export; and on Pico are found many picturesque native costumes. The mountain is quite regular in its conical shape. From the base for about half its height, vines and orange groves abound; the next quarter is covered with bushes, while the upper part is of bare rock and patches of coarse grass. The ascent even of the sugar loaf is possible. The island shows many traces of volcanic eruptions. It has been seen from a distance of eighty miles, and appears like a single mountain rising directly from the sea.

Fayal is the most frequented of all the islands after San Miguel, which is the principal trading place of English vessels. The preference is given to Fayal because it contains the best anchorage. Its commercial importance is almost entirely due to the energy and generosity of the late Mr. John Dabney, whose family for many years have been our representatives in the islands. Whalers put into Fayal for fresh vegetables and supplies, and to ship their oil to the United States. Distressed vessels also come here for repairs.

San Miguel (St. Michael) is the largest and most populous, and absorbs most of the English commerce. A breakwater is being constructed here, which, when completed, will provide the finest harbor of the Azores, and promote the rapid growth of prosperity on the island. The natural history of San Miguel is by far the most interesting, notwithstanding the fame of Pico, and the noted caldeira of Fayal. The undergrowth of heath, cedar, laurel, and other evergreen shrubs upon the high, uneven surface, gives an appearance of rich woodland; and the

heavy rains supply the many lakes and streams in which the island abounds. The medicinal qualities of the mineral waters of San Miguel are quite noted. The abundant springs are used for baths and drinking. While some attain a temperature of two hundred and ten degrees Fahrenheit, and contain so many minerals as to be fit only for the bath, others are sparkling and cool, and are used for drinking, alike by the sick and the well.

The hot springs, or *furnas* (furnaces), are similar to the Californian geysers, their spouting force varying with the quantity of water in the lakes or reservoirs, and the condition of the volcanic center, which appears to be situated beneath this island. "Amidst the wildest scenery, intensely cold and boiling waters issue side by side from the earth and mingle their tides; sulphurous vapors float continually from the mouths of the hot wells, and the not inaptly termed *Boca d'Inferno* (Mouth of Hell), or mud crater, tosses its semi-solid contents, which seldom overflow, about a circle of forty-five feet diameter.

Ponta Delgada is the most important town and the capital of this island. It has many fine buildings, religious edifices being numerous and elegant, and the inhabitants number some twenty thousand.

Santa Maria is one of the smallest of the group, and has been discovered to be of a different geological formation. Though its bed has, no doubt, a volcanic origin, the island itself proves its elevation from the sea by the beds of marine shells.

The Azores are usually reached by the regular line of ships owned by the Messrs. Dabney. Bi-monthly steamers from Lisbon, Portugal, also touch here. The American bark Azor has carried many a fortunate traveler to and from the novel shores of Fayal.

In one of the fastest and most comfortable ships afloat our party voyaged. Out of Long Island Sound we sailed, through the Race, leaving the shores about New London clothed in the loveliest of early July's green and flowers. Scarcely was land

lost, when the wind blew half a gale, and the sea gave a most provoking reception. Owing to the light winds of July, the run occupied seventeen days; but the weather was beautiful, the sea often smooth, and the temperature from seventy to seventy-six degrees, with deliciously cool breezes at night. As we walked the deck on those fine nights, it was wonderful to see the clouds follow the moon, apparently unguided by wind, wrapping their damp folds about her, completely shutting from us her reflected light: then, as if satisfied, they seemed to heap upon each other until, refusing thus to be shut from view, she would cast them from her like seething steam, again to shine forth, proud of her power to loose the bands. How fleeting was her grandeur! soon she was again clothed in mist, which grew heavier, and hurled forth wind upon the earth. Not until one goes to sea can he have a conception of the beauty and importance of the clouds. The sailor becomes acquainted with them as we learn to know our friends of the land. One cloud foretells the gale, another brings fair winds, others rain and squalls.

One afternoon we sighted Flores sixty miles distant, looking little more than one of the many clouds its high peaks attract. Very soon, however, it was lost to us, but, though so far distant, had brought joy to the ship's navigator, as a check to his chronometers. The next afternoon, when some forty miles away, I detected the lofty peak of Pico, dropping apparently from the heavens, and separated entirely from the horizon by the mists hanging over the mountains.

The spectacle of the following morning seemed to have been especially prepared to repay us for the many times we had passed these islands without having seen them. The clouds, hills, sea, coloring, sunrise—all held a *fête* to welcome us. It was certainly a beautiful sight that met and opened our half-closed eyes. The time was four o'clock. A fresh north-east wind had blown most of the vapor from the mountains, letting the rest remain just long enough to receive varied forms and tints from the rising sun.

The weather could not have been more favorable, because the lofty peaks of the islands are clear only when northerly winds are blowing. The ship was heading for the channel between the islands of Pico and Fayal, and on a fresh wind was plowing the water in fine style, rapidly gaining upon a French frigate a short distance ahead.

Pico has a sugar-loaf, which is 7,613 feet above the level of the sea; while the mountains of Fayal attain an altitude of nearly 3,400 feet. In the clear atmosphere the convents, hamlets, churches, roads, and fields of the latter greeted us on the one side; while on the other Pico soared, dividing the clouds that mantled its peaks, and rolling away to be colored by the sun.

As we approached the high and precipitous coast of Fayal, we could discern, with strong glasses, the peasants moving about in the highly cultivated fields, looking like toys among the beautiful and varied shades of green. I have said green, but not grass: no grass will grow there. Mr. Dabney has imported grass seed of almost every variety, but cannot succeed in raising a fine lawn, though great attention has been given to its care.

Nearing Horta harbor the vessels at anchor looked like play ships as they lay under the lofty mountains. The anchor was scarcely down before our good ship was surrounded by native boats, having for sale fruits, vegetables, poultry, baskets, hats, and other products of the islands. With half a dozen men or boys in each boat shouting at the same time, one has to learn by inspection the contents of these boats, even though he be conversant with the language.

In proper season the numerous officials had to be received with due respect, although many were ludicrous with vanity. But can we wonder at this vanity, when we recall the immediate surroundings of the most powerful courts, and even the names of the kings themselves? Many of the rulers of the world have names to distinguish them, not only from their brothers, sisters, and even from each other, but in honor of the

countries which they and their ancestors have ruled, added to those which they hope and expect to govern. The King of Portugal, for instance, has the following: *Sua Magestade Fidelissima El-Rei o Senhor Dom Luiz Filippe Maria Fernando Pedro de Alcantara, Miguel Rafael Gabriel Gonzaga Xavier Francisco de Assis, Joao Augusto Julio de Braganca e Bourbon, Rei de Portugal e dos Algarves, d'aquem e d'alem-mar, em Africa, Senhor de Guiné, e da Conquista, Navegacao e Commercio da Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia e da India, etc.* He is generally known as his Most Faithful Majesty, Dom Luiz I. But, in spite of his name, he is a very good fellow, and has ability and taste for literature and art. He has translated the greater part of Shakspeare into Portuguese, and has the finest picture gallery in his kingdom.

But to return to the Azores, from which in the king's name we have drifted a thousand miles to the eastward. A visit to the queer old town of Horta discovered it built on a sloping plain at the foot of one of the mountains. The streets are narrow, and the gardens inclosed by high walls. The houses are built of lava stone covered with plaster, and decorated with a colored wash or ornamented tiles. The roofs are of Dutch pottery tiles; while some of the more humble cottages are covered with thatched straw. "There is never a pane of glass on the lower story, even for the shops, but only barred windows and solid doors. Every house has a paved court-yard for the ground floor, into which donkeys may be driven, or where beggars or peasants may wait. An English lady, on arriving, declared that our hotel was only a donkey stable, and refused to enter it." The streets are clean, and the peasants not so dirty as they are usually described.

All the implements of agriculture and transportation are similar to those used upon the island during the fifteenth century, or perhaps earlier. From the appearance of many, it was easy to believe they were constructed so long ago. Imagination cannot picture articles more clumsy; the iron-shod

wheels of the carts are sawed from tree-trunks of the size required for the wheel, and are solidly attached to the axle, so that all revolves together; and the absence of grease permits a screeching which would frighten away the most audacious of the greatly feared witches. The peasants think what their ancestors used is quite good enough for them, and do not desire any improved machinery. I saw one American lathe, but it was usually kept under a cover, and only shown occasionally as a curiosity. The drinking water is carried from the public wells or watering places in wooden pitchers, on the heads of peasants. To fill these pitchers (which average about four gallons) a little wooden bucket of a quart capacity is employed, with an attached lanyard for lowering it into the well. If they wish to fill a hogshhead, this same little bucket is brought into use; no argument can convince them that time and labor would be saved by the use of a larger dipper. They seem to have no idea of the value of time. A few cents a day is what they expect for their labor; and day after day they are employed, lazily completing what, when finished, will last centuries.

Donkeys, a few oxen and cows, and two or three pairs of mules assist the peasants of both sexes to transport passengers and freight. The men bear bundles larger than those seen on the backs of donkeys; while the women carry extraordinary weights upon their heads. Yet these same women, principally accustomed to masculine occupations, make some of the most beautiful laces and embroideries that are produced in the world.

The donkeys are driven by men and boys, who are quite as important to one's progress as the animals themselves. One is perfectly helpless on donkey-back; no command from the rider will the creatures obey. Looking about as one rides, it is a surprise to feel the donkey suddenly jump. This surprise vanishes when the cause is discovered, and you do not marvel that an increase of speed has been effected by the application to the animal's body of a steel point in the end of a stick carried by the donkey-boy. This mild

treatment and an occasional twisting of the tail are the inducements offered to produce rapidity of motion.

As far as my short stay would allow me to discover, the cows are the most important animals of the island. In addition to their usefulness as known to us, they are put to the plow in preparing the soil for grain; harnessed to the cart, they carry the grain to the mill; there, are used to thresh and grind it; to the cart again to transport it to market; and before the same cart employed as a carriage to convey the family from place to place. If we hear a school-boy's first literary effort describe the cow as "a very useful animal," we ought not to laugh at his pertinency.

The streets of Horta are paved with square stones, and many of these have been worn smooth by the constant action of the bare feet passing over them. The peasant women are large, healthful, masculine, and erect. No matter how heavy the burden, how old the peasant, the carriage is always erect and graceful. Excepting bright eyes, very little beauty can be found. Flores furnishes the largest proportion of good-looking young girls and youths; but even to these, age brings the deeply wrinkled skin and parchment complexion.

On the day of our arrival a wedding was celebrated, and everything pertaining to it was very odd to us. The marriage was, of course, arranged by the parents, the young lady having no choice in such an unimportant event of her life. The groom was thirty-five, the bride thirteen. I caught a glimpse of her as she rode through the street on her way to the church. Her appearance was that of an American girl of eighteen; rather pretty, but a mere child in manner. When she reached the church and found many people waiting to see the ceremony, she was frightened, and asked to go to another church. On their way to a second church, I saw the carriages containing the bridal party, the gentlemen in one, ladies in another. The mules of the aristocratic conveyances were going at a wondrous speed, certainly as fast as a man could walk. At the second place

the marriage was quietly concluded; a ball followed, and the young lady was happy. Her freedom was purchased, and she no longer had to be kept within the garden walls, lest the profane eyes of man should look upon her.

At the office of our consul, Mr. Samuel Dabney, we were introduced to the military governor, whose authority extended over the immense army of one hundred soldiers. Yet, with all this responsibility, he was very polite and jolly, seemed glad to meet us, and at parting gave a hearty hand-shake to each.

My experience at one of the Fayal hotels was not unpleasant: found a very clean house, two stories high, conducted by an English woman and her Portuguese husband. The floors were bare; there were few ornaments, but everything was very neatly arranged; the rooms were small, and the beds very hard; while there were not a few of Fayal's prevailing joys—fleas.

One of the evenings was pleasantly passed with the Dabneys in their lovely home; and after returning to the hotel we seated ourselves upon the balcony, recalling the pleasure already found, and discussing plans for the future. Everything and everybody were curious. As we talked, it was hard to realize that the ground on which and the stone of which the hotel was built had not long ago been one mass of red and seething lava. The surf roared and beat against the wall built to protect the city from the heavy seas that rush at times against the edge, and the rising spray sprinkled our faces with a cooling mist. Between us and Pico rode our ship and temporary home; while Pico's shadow fell across the deep channel, over the land, until our very feet were bathed in the dark quietude; the wave-washed island, the primitive city, and quaint little hotel, all under the same majestic, peaceful guardianship.

At a dinner given us by the American consul, and laid for some twenty guests, my place was between two delightfully cultured women, who so engaged me in conversation as to nearly prevent proper attention to a tastefully selected, well-prepared, and ele-

gantly served repast. Delicious native wines and fruits (a few of the latter new to me, but most of them similar to our own) added, the former, life to our converse; the latter, beauty to the scene. Upon this very pleasant occasion I learned much of the islands, the people, and their modes of living. After coffee served in the drawing-room, the smokers strolled into the consul's garden. These gardens ("Fredonia") comprise many acres, and contain fruits and flowers from many parts of the world. The climate is so favorable that tropical trees and plants flourish by the side of our own native growth.

Everywhere about the islands can be seen our own flora, but growing in greater profusion and more fragrant. The plants become bushes, and in many instances great trees. About the farms, hedges of flowers are found instead of fences. But I have strayed from the delightful gardens of our host. Here grow side by side the magnolia, dragon, bamboo, cork, and camphor trees; and while the bananas and the palms carried us to the tropics, the roses, so like those we may find in our June gardens, reminded us we were still in the latitude of Philadelphia. The Norfolk Island pine, with its leaves like needles, was beautiful, and proud of its home so many miles away. Having seen the beauties of "Fredonia," we were conducted underground across a street, to the home of a sister of our host. Here we were joined by the ladies, who had arranged exquisite bouquets for us. The "Cedars," quite as beautiful as "Fredonia," contained finer trees but smaller gardens. Another fine seat was to be visited, and "Bagatelle" discovered to us many more beauties. From an interesting fernery I gathered many specimens, which were deposited in my hat for safe keeping. During our return we again met the polite governor. I did not wish to be outdone in courtesy, nor did I want to risk the loss of my precious treasures. What was I to do? I grasped my hat-rim frantically, wrinkled my face into smiles, and doubled my body like a closing jack-knife. The movement was successful, and the gracious governor

returned it with the most elegant and profound of Portuguese salutes.

It was at "Bagatelle" that Professor Agassiz and his friends were entertained when they were in Fayal. Botanist, geologist, and with much knowledge of the most convenient modes of preserving specimens of natural history, the hostess, Miss Olivia Dabney, was a valuable assistant to Professor Agassiz, and has herself made collections which are unusually complete.

Laden with beautiful specimens and flowers, among which was the night-blooming cereus, we returned to our ship, to dwell upon the delights of the day, and the importance of the Dabneys, or *familia* (family), as the people far and near are wont to call them. "Almost every good institution or enterprise on the island is the creation of this family, and their energy and character have made themselves felt in every part of the island."

The time was near at hand when our good ship must return, yet we had neither visited the wonderful caldeira of Fayal, nor made the famous ascent of Pico. Late messengers from our thoughtful consul assured us of the prospects of fine weather. Still the chance of Pico's summit being enveloped in clouds, and our losing both view and caldeira certainly required serious thought. The peak is not always clear, even when the favorable northerly winds are blowing. The ascent requires the greater part of two days; and as our stay was limited, this would occupy most of the time. It was hard to give up a much-desired pleasure, "the best of all—the wonderful ascension of Pico," and the glorious view from the summit, particularly when another chance might never come; but we still coveted the caldeira. One of our Boston friends, who had visited both, decided for us that the caldeira was by far the more attractive, and offered to accompany and guide us. Throughout the day we found him an invaluable friend, sincere and enthusiastic as we. Our party consisted of four beside the donkey-boys, Francisco and George, their four donkeys, and the not least important steel-pointed sticks.

With a shout from the boys, and a mild application of the steel point, we started on our ride, or, as the Portuguese phrase expresses it—"dar um passeio a cavallo n' um burro"—"go to walk on horseback on a donkey." Through the main street, out into the narrower ones, with high garden walls on either side, we walked on horseback on our donkeys, the boys running after us with our great luncheon baskets on their heads. These boys are very strong, and will run up and down the mountains twenty or thirty miles a day.

Two of the party soon dismounted, fearing dismemberment or a toss into the immense ravines that are cut by the winter rains, and along the edges of which our path led. The caldeira was ten miles from the villa, and the mouth of it 3,350 feet above the sea. Our road for the first three miles was bordered on either side by the hedges of pittosporum, lava walls, and a species of cane similar to the bamboo. Quantities of the aloe, or century plant, from the fibers of which lace is made, were also in sight. The second section found us among hedges of box and hydrangea, the latter in full bloom. The hedges separating the farms seemed to be slate-colored walls, but a near approach discovered them to be blue-flowering hydrangeas. Throughout this section we also found ferns and lichens. The third section, or last three miles, presented ferns, lichens, and quantities of low faya bushes (beach shrubs), from which the name Fayal is derived, and which give the appearance of grass.

The weather varied as we mounted higher and higher. For a while the sun would shine; then would follow clouds, that so quickly and completely enveloped us, as to make our party scarcely distinguishable to each other. Occasionally one well charged with rain would give us the benefit of its contents; but our chagrin at this was speedily dispelled when the sun shone forth again, turning into diamond brilliancy the thousands of drops which covered the bushes. The clouds rose and fell like curtains, each time presenting a scene novel and instructive as it was delightful. The neighboring

islands and each part of Fayal were displayed to us under all possible conditions of shadow and light.

Tired and wet, we reached the summit to find everything clothed in fog; even the craters were filled with it. As we sat down to lunch, a grayer day in February could not be conceived. Were we to be disappointed, after all? Was our journey of ten miles for naught? Were our escapes from the deep chasms, and our trudging over slippery lava rocks, to be repaid by the sight of a fog, aided in its dreariness by a cold, damp north-east wind? No: for we were scarcely seated behind a hummock, when our happy George called out, in his broken English, "Oh, look!" We sprung to the edge of the caldeira to meet an enchanting picture. The fog rose from the great pit, disclosing an immense chasm, its top five miles in circumference, and its depth 1,700 feet. The bottom was carpeted with the freshest of spring greens; down the sides were deep ravines gorged out by violent storms. From below came the voices of the peasants as they chatted over their labors of gathering fire-wood, reeds and grasses for rope, and basket making. So diminutive were they, that had they not been moving we could not have distinguished them. Their clouds floated across this mouth, forming fascinating pictures, but so rapidly changing as to almost prevent an impress upon the mind. O, what a rich workshop for some of our painters!

Let me tell here the difference between a crater and a caldeira. "The outflow, whether of mud or lava, is not always limited to a single crater: but several have been known to open in the same vicinity, as around the side of a mountain, and continue in action at the same time. By their falling into each other, or by the enlarging of a single crater, immense chasms are formed, of great depth, sometimes several miles in circumference. These are distinguished from craters by the name of *caldeiras*, the Spanish word for caldrons, and in the base of these appear new craters, which change the shape and add to the dimensions of the volcanic pile."

Strengthened by a lunch and some delicious native wine (a kind of sherry), we commenced the descent, which cannot be better described than by going down three times 1,700 steps. As we descended our serpentine staircase, we stopped from time to time to enjoy enchanting cloud effects, or to pick a fern from some hidden grotto. Each discovered cavern seemed the most beautiful, but was surpassed by others as we approached the bottom. Among the ravines were hundreds of these alcoves, lined with delicate mosses made dazzling by beads of water from the springs above. Hanging from the top and sides were ferns of many varieties, while graceful vines twined themselves artistically among the whole. Little lakes and waterfalls of deliciously cool spring water added to their beauty, forming some of the most exquisite pictures nature could produce.

At the bottom of the caldeira we found lakes of fresh water, very shallow, over carpeting of mint of a brilliant light green. There was also a small volcano about four hundred feet high. Compared with the hollow in which it was situated, it seemed a mere mound of earth; but when we had made its ascent through the closely growing faya bushes that covered its sides, the illusion disappeared. We reached its summit, but did not go down into the crater, which was similar but not so beautiful as the caldeira pit itself.

Through the ravines and grottoes, and over the bottom of the vast cavity, we roamed for hours, until the shadows warned us of approaching night. Ferns, mosses, and vines were gathered for pressing, and roots for growing. In the ascent we often rested, but the top seemed beyond our reach. When, at last we reached our lunching place of the morning, we found another repast served, and the donkeys standing as patiently, and with their ears at the same inclination, as when we left them. It was dark when they rattled us into the paved town.

Some attempts to find good specimens of the beautiful needle-work were not very successful, very little finished work being in the market. The peasants are paid so little for

their work that they will not risk its sale, and await orders in advance. The details of one of our purchases may be amusing. Entering a dry-goods store to buy some linen peculiar to the island, we saw rolls directly in view; but it is difficult to decide whether our pronunciation of the Portuguese was at fault, or whether the merchant desired to sell a particular piece, for he would not show any others. Having decided not to buy without a choice, we went behind the counter and selected. The merchant was surprised at this demonstration of perseverance; but the prospect of a sale sealed his lips, and saved us another attack upon the Portuguese dictionary. When asked if he would sell the entire roll, a meter was handed us to measure the piece, thus insuring an honest sale on his part. The linen measured, paper and string were handed us to prepare our own parcel, and a pencil, to compute for ourselves the amount of the bill. Upon the receipt of the result and the money, the merchant disappeared, returning after five minutes' revision, with the change and a bright face, evidently satisfied with our mathematics. Finally, though half a dozen boys were lounging about, no offer was made to send the package, so off we marched, greatly pleased with the novelty of the transaction.

The orange packers, of whom Mr. Dabney employed many hundreds, proved a great attraction. Of the packing, Colonel Higginson has told us: "One knows at a glance whether the cargo is destined for America or England, the English boxes having the thin wooden top bent into a sort of dome, almost doubling the solid contents of the box. This is to evade the duty, the custom-house measurements being taken only at the corners. It also enables the London dealers to remove some two hundred oranges from every box, and still send it into the country as full. When one thinks what a knowing race we came from, it is really wonderful where we Yankees picked up our honesty."

Calls, and a tramp about the town, finished our last day on the islands, and finally the farewells were reluctantly said; for in Fayal alone each day brought a revelation. Now a wonder in great turreted rocks; an ecstasy in waterfall and stream; then a delight as one tramped about over the loveliest wild flowers and discovered cool, quiet grottoes, curtained with bonniest ferns; drinking health and strength in each breath of the clear, dry, pure mountain air, and reveling in constant sunshine by day and moonlight by night, with never a dream of shadow or dreariness.

W. H. JACQUE^{dr}_a

A DREAM.

OFF to my childhood's pillow, as I dreamed,
 There came a fevered vision. In my sight
 Was shown in glowing color a delight
 That long had filled my fancy, and it gleamed
 So near me, that in ecstasy I deemed
 The winning done; at other times the night
 Was terrible with horrid forms of fright;
 Yet when I tried to grasp, or flee, it seemed
 That, faithless at my need, my limbs were lead.
 In agony I woke, and all my pain
 That instant vanished; for the morning beam
 Revealed my mother bending o'er my bed.
 And shall not they that mourn and toil in vain
 Find death the waking from a dreadful dream?

CHARLES S. GREENE.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

THE subject of this article is in several respects one of the most distinguished men of the age. Beginning life as a newspaper reporter, he has attained to fortune, rank, and title, not because he made them the goal of his ambition, but because they came as the natural reward of eminent services to society. He has been more than forty years a public man and a leader of men; and during all these years he has never swerved from the cause of the people, but always labored for their moral and material improvement.

Of literary pursuits, journalism, in its highest functions, demands perhaps more varied attainments, closer application, more extensive reading, steadier industry, and greater capacity for labor than any other. A newspaper, the subtle influence of which permeates every pore of the body politic, searching, circling, pervading all its parts, until every fiber in the political system feels its potent presence; a journal whose scope is more circumscribed by the confines of party and whose freedom is not shackled by considerations of commercial interest, but which aims high, and is inspired by noble aspirations of incorruptible patriotism; and which, as crowning all, supplies intellectual pabulum that, when tasted, stimulates desire for more, shapes national purpose, and gives direction to political action: this would be journalism of the highest type, such as would command universal respect, and extort admiration from even its adversaries. To take precedence in such a sphere of labor, where only men of talent can be competitors, and to achieve distinction where to win even recognition needs more than ordinary ability, is necessarily to possess a high order of intellect. He who is a journalist of this stamp and character is not only a journalist born, but must also be made; whose genius gives fervor to his pages, and whose industry is equal to his

genius. Such a journalist was Sir Charles Gavan Duffy; and such a journal was the Dublin "Nation," of which he was the founder.

Besides possessing critical acumen and just discrimination, he was a lucid writer of prose and a racy writer of poetry. Though he never made pretensions to poetic genius, some of the best ballads and songs in the "Nation" were from his pen. As a dramatic critic, he was not surpassed; and as a political controversialist, it is sufficient to say that he encountered Carlyle on the Irish problem, and that the controversy terminated in mutual respect and personal friendship: and this when Carlyle was at his prime and when Duffy was not much more than half his years. No journalist was ever more versatile.

His was a paper in which names that have become celebrated in jurisprudence, diplomacy, and literature sought and found literary reputation. Lord O'Hagan; Lord Dufferin; Sir Samuel Ferguson; John Mitchel; Thomas Darcy Magee; Lady Wilde; Mrs. O'Dogherty (Eva) Denis; Florence McCarthy, the friend of Longfellow; Lever; Carlton; and Clarence Mangan, the Edgar Allan Poe of Ireland; besides a host of others, less known, perhaps, in America, but names not less enduring in Irish literature—were contributors in the "Nation." To be admitted, indeed, into the columns of the "Nation" was to acquire literary distinction. Mr. Duffy discovered and brought to light more talent, especially among the peasantry, than perhaps any editor of his time.

He has combined in his person the triple character of journalist, statesman, and author, qualities that, though not necessarily incompatible, are yet rarely united in one man—at least, in their respective excellence. John Stuart Mill did not carry with him into the House of Commons the power he possessed in his study. Thackeray and Dickens were

not conspicuous for success in journalism; and though Brougham, Disraeli, and Gladstone are statesmen and fertile authors, I am not aware that either of them ever attempted the difficult work of journalism.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was born in Monaghan, in the north of Ireland, about sixty-six years ago, and at the age of twenty came to Dublin to seek in the metropolis that opportunity for self-advancement which was not afforded to him in the provinces. With the exception of youth, moral character, an excellent classical education, and more genius than he dared to think he possessed, he had little capital to start on. He obtained a situation as reporter on the "Morning Register," a Dublin daily paper; and as he filled its duties satisfactorily, he was promoted, in due course, to the subeditor's chair, a position he held till the editor, accepting a government appointment, went out to the Cape of Good Hope; when young Duffy returned to his native Ulster, and established a paper of his own, the "Vindicator," in the city of Belfast. By this time he had given proof of rare literary ability, and the result was that the "Vindicator," though a Catholic paper, was read, not by Catholics alone, but also by the cultured of all denominations and classes.

For a provincial paper, the "Vindicator" had a wide circulation; but, though its owner was making money and building up character and reputation, he was not content, and resolved to seek once more in the metropolis a wider stage and a larger audience. As an incentive to this resolve, in the very paper he had left, and to which he owed his literary origin, were appearing from time to time articles of great power and brilliancy, on national subjects, and such as, from his knowledge of the profession, he knew could not have been written by any of the professional writers then on the Dublin press. New and fresh knights had evidently entered the lists; and though their maiden lances were but newly fleshed, he knew by the flash and polish of the steel that they were of the true Toledo temper. Impelled by the kinship of

genius, he determined to know who were the knights-errant thus in quest of literary adventure.

It was early in the year 1842 when three young men of nearly the same age sauntered one day into Phoenix Park for more unre-served conversation on a subject which had been occupying their minds for some time previously. Their personal acquaintance was slight and recent, and, though they knew each other well, and each others' principles still better, this was chiefly through correspondence and their published writings. Two of them were barristers newly called; the third was a journalist and law student. The barristers were twenty-eight and twenty-seven years of age respectively, and the journalist twenty-six. Two were Catholics, one was Protestant. They represented three provinces of Ireland—Munster, Connaught, and Ulster; and all three were well acquainted with the fourth province, Leinster. The alliteration in their names was often noticed by their admirers, as a curious coincidence in connection with their mutual friendship and future enterprise; it was *Davis, Dillon, Duffy*. Davis was the oldest, and the one Protestant of the triumvirate—a triumvirate who are said to "have brought a new soul into Ireland." It is at any rate certain that no literary trio for two centuries have produced such permanent effects on the Irish mind.

Thomas Osborne Davis, who was born in Cork County, and inherited English descent from his father, and from his mother some of the best blood of the Norman and Celt, was of medium stature, with large, open eyes, a broad brow, and jaws that indicated character and power; while his dress and gait bore the air of a student. His reading in the University was vast and various, but of the historical and philosophical sort rather than the light and entertaining; and his career in college, it has been said, was respectable rather than distinguished. He had written and published some essays when a student; but it was reading for the statesman rather than for the general public; and as for light literature, no one was more surprised than

he was himself, when, a few years after, he found fame and immortality as poet and general writer in the columns of the "Nation."

John Blake Dillon, the father of John Dillon, now member of the House of Commons, was in physique very different from his friend Davis. He was tall, of a commanding figure, and very handsome; while his complexion and bearing might have belonged to a Spanish noble. He belonged to a commercial family, and was born and reared in Connaught, among the most unhappy population of Europe. He had been educated in Maynooth for the priesthood; but changing his mind, he went to the University and studied law. He had written some articles in the Dublin papers which attracted immediate attention, and this, perhaps, first inclined him to literary pursuits.

Charles Gavan Duffy, the youngest of the trio, belonged to the sturdy yeoman class of Ulster, and had made, as we see, early choice of journalism as a profession; but was now, however, studying for the bar, to which he was subsequently called. He had been six years a newspaper man—reporter, editor, and proprietor—and was therefore an oracle to his two friends on types, forms, and all the paraphernalia of a printing-office. He is a little under medium height, with liquid gray eyes, and when young wore his fair hair long, according to the fashion among young men of forty years ago. He has the most remarkable forehead I ever saw. It is not alone that it is massive, high, and broad, but the temples project so conspicuously as to make the separating line between the base and the upper part appear a hollow. While Davis and Dillon were versed in legal lore and historic research, Duffy gave preference to *belles-lettres*, for his young imagination had not yet been blunted by the rigid realities of law; thus far he had only gulped down the first dry morsels of codes and statutes; and therefore Greek and Roman literature had not lost for him yet its splendors and attractiveness.

Such were the triumvirate who, before two years, were destined not only "to bring a new

soul into Ireland," but were also to have Europe as well as America for an audience, and astonish England with the boldness of their enunciations.

While sitting in the park, in the shade of an ancient elm, Duffy proposed the establishment in the metropolis of a weekly national newspaper, which all three would own and write. This proposal they were obliged to decline, as they had no money to spare, and would not incur a responsibility which might involve them in debt. Duffy replied by saying that he would find the capital if they would help him in the writing and management; and this offer they gladly and eagerly accepted.

What now should be the name of the paper? Duffy suggested the "National"; Davis objected, as an adjective for such a purpose was contrary to the analogies of the English language. After running over various names, Davis reverted to the suggestion, and proposed the "Nation," which was accepted. They desired to make Ireland a nation, and what name could be more appropriate? It is the first of its name, and the prototype, or at least the predecessor, of able namesakes in many parts of the world.

The following October was fixed for bringing the paper out; and the interval was to be improved by securing contributors of established reputation, a list of whom, with the names of the founders, would appear in the prospectus, which was published in due time. The concluding paragraph of the prospectus, read in the light of transpiring events in Ireland, is curious and interesting, as showing that forty years ago the basis was laid in the new journal of the revolution now going on in that distracted country, and that the young men of the present generation receive inspiration from the young men of the immediate past. Speaking of the founders of the paper, the prospectus says:

"Nationality is their first great object—a nationality which will not only raise our people from their poverty, by securing to them the blessings of a *Domestic Legislature*, but inflame and purify them by a lofty and heroic love of country; a nationality of the spirit as well as the letter; a nationality which may come to be stamped upon our manners,

our literature, and our deeds; a nationality which may embrace Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter, Milesian and Cromwellian, the Irishman of a hundred generations, and the stranger who is within our gates: not a nationality which would prelude civil war, but which would establish internal union and external independence; a nationality which would be recognized by the world, and sanctified by wisdom, virtue, and prudence."

Before separating, Duffy, who was voted editor of the contemplated paper, and who in his journalistic experience had discovered the potency of ballad and song in molding the popular mind, suggested that poetry form a feature of the new journal. But Dillon never wrote a line of poetry. Davis had written reams in college, but destroyed it all as worthless. Yes, as worthless! He would, however, try his hand again, if the editor so desired: would even try poetry or any equally impossible feat for the sake of the sacred cause on which they were embarking. Such was the modest language of the author of "Fontenoy"; of the man who in ballad and song has made the historic names of his race familiar in every house and cabin in Ireland; and whose name to-day is a household word among his countrymen at home and abroad. That, being a poet, he had lived twenty-eight years without knowing it, is something unique, I believe, among the votaries of song.

His national songs, unlike Moore's plaintive muse, were bold and defiant, invoking the spirit of ancient days, when his country was a nation and the home of heroes and scholars; and calling on the descendants of the ancient dead to rouse to union and action.

The young men, becoming aware that public expectation ran high, issued their initial number largely in excess of the circulation of any of the Dublin weeklies; but by twelve o'clock on the day of publication every paper was sold, and as the type had been distributed, no more could have been printed. The office window was actually broken by the news-men in their impatience to get more. The great majority of the people were poor, and even unable to read; but they made up clubs of a dozen or a score, and had the paper read to them on

Sundays and winter nights in some neighbor's house, until all the land became acquainted with its teachings, and its songs were sung and its ballads recited in every home in the country.

The gifted young writers appealed to the passion and imagination of their countrymen by disinterring the traditions of their race, than which nothing is more calculated to stir the enthusiasm of a Celtic people. O'Connell, on the other hand, who had been laboring for eighteen months previously to organize the Repeal Association in Dublin, and could scarcely get more than a score or so to attend his weekly meetings, always appealed to the people on their material interests—the decay of their trade and commerce, and the decline of individual and national prosperity since the union—and yet he failed to attract an audience. But no sooner had the writers in the "Nation" addressed the country than O'Connell's audiences began to swell, until they assumed the magnitude of those "monster meetings," at which six hundred thousand persons sometimes attended, and which at one time threatened the stability of the British empire; thus verifying Duffy's profound observation that "passion and imagination have won victories which reason and self-interest would have attempted in vain."

Properly to estimate the teaching of the "Nation," it is necessary to observe that the Ireland of forty years ago might be said to be, in point of intelligence, as different from the Ireland of to-day as an unlettered hind from a political economist. Statutes had been expressly framed and inexorably enforced prohibiting the education of the people; the national language was suppressed; there were no schools, there was no literature, not even a newspaper to keep alive the national traditions; and so complete was the annihilation of national feeling and pride of country, "that," says Sir Charles, "all external symbols of nationality were nearly as effectually banished from Dublin as they were banished from Warsaw under the Cossack, and from Venice under the Austrian. And this blank," he continues, "existed not

only where the state had control, but more fatally in places where it marked the decay of national feeling in the community." In the sculptors' shops were to be seen Shakers, Scotts, and Homers, but not the bust of one man of Irish birth except that of the Duke of Wellington. The streets were named after English officials; while the great Celtic houses of O'Neil and O'Brien and the great Norman houses of Fitzgerald and Butler, neither Swift nor Sarsfield, Burke nor Goldsmith, Curran nor Plunket, gave a title to a single street, square, or bridge in the metropolis. No school-book of Irish history was in use in any Irish school; while the teaching of English history was carefully provided for. The books that circulated most widely through the provinces were the "Seven Champions of Christendom," the "Life of Freeny the Robber," and the like. These, supplemented with books giving an account of imputed popish massacres, constituted the reading of the people; that is, where any reading was done at all.

To teach a people emerging from this long servitude to appreciate public rights and to assert them, not with the fury and fickleness of slaves, but with moderation and firmness, was the task the young men of the "Nation" undertook to accomplish. They began by urging upon the people, first and above all, the indispensable necessity of self-reliance and self-respect—qualities which had nearly been extinguished among the masses. They said: "The slaves' vice of paltering with the truth clings to our people like the rust of their chains; you must unlearn the practice of boasting and exaggeration, however hard a task to a demonstrative and imaginative people; and you must be prompt in saying, 'This is not true, I will not believe it; this is not true, I will not say it; this is not true, I will not do it.'"

They told the people that education would make them free; that their first want was knowledge, and the knowledge they most needed was the knowledge of other nations. They said that Ireland ought to have a *foreign policy*, but not necessarily the

foreign policy of England, which often originated in feelings in which Ireland had no share; that Irishmen needed the sympathy of other nations, and to obtain that sympathy they must be just to those nations. From England they received insult, but from America and France they got good deeds, good words, good wishes, and respect. In illustration, they said that the merchants of Dublin and the farmers of Down had no interest in the oppression of the Afghan and the Kaffir; that, though they owed allegiance to Queen Victoria, they owed no allegiance in law or conscience to the success of English crime; that the sympathy of foreign nations was not a light thing; that the alliance of Prussia carried England through the wars of the eighteenth century; and that the good will of France rescued the wavering fortunes of America.

Such was the teaching of the "Nation," in articles which were said to be like unspoken speeches by Grattan, and in poems, ballads, and songs which, more than articles and speeches, inspired and stimulated the generation emerging from adolescence.

There was not a public institution or body in Ireland that did not take sides on the doctrines thus enunciated by the national journal, some in favor and some in violent opposition. But there was one organized body which, more than all the rest, paid special attention to those doctrines, and this was the English government. That government could no longer brook the success of the political teaching which swelled O'Connell's Repeal meetings to such unparalleled magnitude; and O'Connell and Duffy, with others, were arrested in 1846, tried in Dublin, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, for sedition. An appeal being taken to the House of Lords, the law lords declared that the trial was "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare," and the state prisoners were released, after spending three months in Richmond prison.

Subsequently, Mr. Duffy entered the House of Commons, as member for New Ross, representing that borough for several years, and writing still for his paper.

The great artificial famine of 1847, 1848, and 1849 had spread its funereal pall over unhappy Ireland; three millions of its people were swept away; and the world witnessed the appalling spectacle of a people dying in thousands of hunger, in a land which, at that very time, was producing more food material than would have sufficed for double the number of its inhabitants. To this day the people of that island have not recovered the mercurial disposition and buoyant spirits which characterized them before that dreadful visitation; but the immediate effect, after the worst was over, was utter indifference to public affairs, and a complete abandonment of national purpose. Like the fever-stricken patient just risen from his couch, and feebly essaying locomotion, the country was prostrate, and the skeleton nation was dead to every impulse save that of recovery.

In this state of national dilapidation, no man, no patriot, could have done more than hope, and bide patiently the time when his country, recuperating from her prostration, and resuscitated by the immortal principle of self-assertion, would put away the habiliments of mourning, and struggle once again for the attainment of nationhood. Animated with this hope, and sustained by the expectancy of his country's future regeneration, Mr. Duffy, having disposed of his paper to its present owners, went out with his family to Australia, and arrived there in 1855 or 1856.

His reputation, and his intention of proceeding to the antipodes, had preceded him; and the two colonies of New South Wales and Victoria had each held forth to him tempting inducements to settle within their borders: fortunately for the latter, he gave the preference to Victoria. On arriving at Melbourne he was met by a deputation of leading citizens with an address of welcome, and his reception was a continued ovation of several weeks. He was subsequently presented with a testimonial of \$25,000 to qualify him for a seat in Parliament.

But while the recipient of honors and hospitalities of which royalty itself might have felt proud, he was subjected to the penalty that celebrity must always pay. A portion

of the press assailed him intemperately for his Irish politics, and denounced him as a "rebel," come to the antipodes with the fell purpose of inciting rebellion, and wresting from her Majesty her precious Australian possessions. To this he replied once only. He said, in substance, that the politics of the Old World should not be imported into the New; for on the virgin soil of Australia all nationalities were equal before the law, and he would ask no more for himself nor for the nationality to which he belonged; that he had received a retaining fee, of which any man might be proud, and would deserve it to the best of his ability, by being a good Australian; but if to rebel against injustice, as Hampden had rebelled, was rebellion, then was he a rebel "to the backbone and spinal marrow."

A general election occurred a few weeks after his arrival, and he was elected to a seat in the lower House, the Assembly. No one at that time could have obtained a seat in the legislature of either Victoria or any of the Australian colonies unless qualified by the possession of a certain amount of property; and the qualification was so high as to be absolutely proscriptive to all but rich constituents.

Immediately on the meeting of Parliament, Mr. Duffy introduced a bill for the abolition of property qualification, and it became the law of Victoria. Soon after, the remaining colonies, if they did not altogether abolish the obnoxious principle, modified it so far as to very much facilitate the representation of the masses. While a private member, he labored for the extension of the franchise, the payment of members of Parliament, and the selling of land (virtually locked up as will be explained presently) in small lots to suit persons of limited means—very difficult work, as the dominant and legislating class was a landed aristocracy, whose exclusiveness had inhibited settlement on the public domain for their own selfish and unpatriotic purposes. It was the first Parliament under responsible government, recently accorded by the home authorities.

Under the new *régime*, the first popular

leader to attain to the office of chief secretary was John (now Sir John) O'Shanassy, who had sprung from the people, and was in sympathy with them. He became prime minister in 1857, and gave to Mr. Duffy the portfolio of Land and Works; but the new ministry was turned out of office in a few weeks. O'Shanassy again attained to power in 1858, and again made Mr. Duffy his minister of Land and Works, but the ministry went out in 1859. A third time the O'Shanassy administration came into power, in November, 1861, and held office till June, 1863, with Mr. Duffy once more at the head of the Lands Department; and it was during this term of office that the Minister of Lands framed and carried the land laws previously adverted to as forming the basis of the agricultural prosperity of the country. Fully to appreciate the Duffy land code, a few words are necessary on the land system that had obtained down to that time.

In the early days of settlement it had been the policy of the governors to encourage and assist persons to "squat" or settle on the public domain, and to occupy as much, almost, thereof as such persons thought fit, provided they did not discommode others who had been accorded similar privileges. So persistently had this policy been prosecuted, that convicts were assigned to the settlers of New South Wales, the mother colony, in proportion to the number of square miles they occupied, for the purpose of tending their sheep and herding their cattle, on the easy condition of feeding and clothing their help. In addition to this, and with a view of still further encouraging settlement, the settler obtained a grant of several hundred acres of land for a homestead; and if he had a family, a similar grant was bestowed on his wife and on each of his children. Persons were thus induced to push into the wilderness, until settlement in the interior began to lose its aspect of isolation, and a community—a very sparse one, to be sure—began to be constructed.

Then, in the judgment of the governors and their councils, the time had come to assert the supremacy of the crown over the

public domain. This was done by imposing a rent of forty dollars a year for each "run," containing no matter how many square miles, or hundreds of thousands of acres. And next, as the "squatters" or crown tenants were growing rich, a tax of a farthing, or half a cent, was levied on every sheep and ox, for purposes of revenue. Grants of land were now no longer made; but the squatter had the pre-emptive right to six hundred and forty acres in any part of his run; that is, the right to purchase that number of acres, without competition, at five dollars an acre.

In availing themselves of this right, the squatters picked up the choicest and best lands, and made their selections in such a way as to render the surrounding territory useless to any one but themselves. For example, their section of six hundred and forty acres was taken up on *both* sides of a river, creek, or water-course, thus shutting out all intending purchasers from the use of water. It would occupy too much space in a magazine article to detail all the obstructions to practical settlement resorted to by the squatters. It will be sufficient to say that they virtually controlled the whole territory of the colony of Victoria; that there were no yeomen proprietors, and but two classes—the squatters and their dependants. This was the state of affairs, in general terms, when Charles Gavan Duffy framed and carried his land laws.

In these laws, all pre-existing land laws of sale and occupancy were repealed. The principles of the Duffy land law are, deferred payments, free selection, abundant commonages, and the concession of the rent as part of the purchase-money.

It had been ascertained that no more than ten millions of acres of prime arable land were still unsold in the colony of Victoria, this being exclusive, of course, of pastoral, mining, and other description of lands; and by a provision in the new law, these ten millions of acres were picked out and placed in store for the intending settlers of the present and of future generations—a provision, by the way, which was then, at any rate, to be

found in no other land law in the world. These ten million acres were divided, according to the new law, into agricultural areas, each area consisting of twenty thousand to forty thousand acres, or about the size of our townships, and each area was surveyed into farms of forty to six hundred and forty acres.

Three months after the passing of the law, one hundred and fifty of these areas were opened for selection, situated near gold fields, railroads, sea-ports, and other centers—in all, four millions of acres. A map was published, showing the position of each farm in an area, and was sold for two cents in every land office, custom-house, and post-office in the colony.

When the intending settler, having first visited the ground, had made his selection, he applied for his lot to the land officer in a printed form, supplied free at the land office accompanied with a declaration in printed form, also supplied free, that he was over twenty-one years of age, was a resident in the colony, and that he selected the land for his own use, and not as the agent of any one else. If the intending settler was a woman, she should declare she was unmarried, or if married was judicially divorced according to laws of the colony—the object being to impede speculators and land jobbers.

Every selector should appear personally at the land office, and if there was no other applicant for the same farm, he was put into immediate possession. If there were one or more competitors who had applied for the *same* farm on the *same* day, lots were drawn in presence of the land officer.

The new selector could pay for his land at £1 (five dollars) per acre, and receive his title forthwith; or he might pay half of it, and the other half in yearly rent, at something like sixty cents an acre for eight years, and the rent was computed as annual installments in the purchase-money. Or, again: if he paid for his forty or six hundred and forty acres down, he could rent as many more acres for eight years, at the above rent, and at the end of eight years the land was his. Virtually, therefore, the extent of farms

would be eighty to twelve hundred and eighty acres, at the option of the selector. It was thought that farms in a new country where markets were scarce ought not to be any less; but this was the limit both ways.

In this country public land is sold for much less; but here the selector must take his chances as to the *quality* of the land. By the Duffy law, *agricultural* land of prime quality was guaranteed to the selector.

When four thousand acres of an agricultural area was selected, double that quantity was granted to the selectors as *commons* for grazing their sheep and cattle, and by this means the farmer was afforded an opportunity of growing his own beef and mutton. The commonages should be under the control of commonage managers, elected by the selectors; and commonage fees should be expended on local improvements, to be appropriated by a majority of the selectors.

The manner in which it was provided that the land fund should be expended is deserving of special attention. In this country, and in British colonies generally, the fund derived from the sale of public lands is added to the general revenue. But by the Duffy land law a moiety of that fund should be expended in bringing to the colony relatives or friends of the selectors, to be nominated by themselves; and for the first nine months of the year the immigrants should be selected from England, Ireland, and Scotland, in proportion to the population of those countries; for the other three months they should be brought from France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, with the view of teaching the colonists the light and genial industries of southern Europe, for which the colony is so eminently adapted. The other moiety, or one-half, of the fund should be expended in the construction of highways of communication, and in making roads and bridges in each district, in proportion to the amount of funds raised by the sale of land in that district, in order to render markets accessible to the new centers of agricultural industry.

District councils, with well-defined constitutions for each, were subsequently created

by the same administration, which district councils had the right of raising and expending their own revenues in their own way for the improvement of their own districts.

A section of six hundred and forty acres was reserved in each agricultural area for churches, schools, savings banks, mechanic institutes, courts, post-offices, public gardens, baths, markets, and other agencies of civilization.

With the view of encouraging new industries, such as vineyards, olive yards, hop plantations, and so on, thirty acres of land might be leased for thirty years; and the lessee had the right of purchase at the end of five years, at one pound sterling an acre, if the industry was a success. Leases of three acres for seven years could be obtained for twenty-five to fifty dollars, for building sites in thinly populated districts, for collecting ballast, for fishermen's residences and drying grounds, and many other useful purposes.

As regards pastoral occupation, the terms for the squatters were put on an entirely new basis. They were assessed, not for the number of stock they pastured as heretofore, but for the number each "run" was *capable* of pasturing. This was rendered necessary, as some of the "runs" were inordinately large—in some cases seventy miles long and thirty wide—and the new provision would tend to their subdivision. The rent in future would be sixteen cents (eight pence) for each sheep and two shillings (fifty cents) for each head of cattle which the run was *capable* of carrying, according to the estimate of a government valuation. The squatters were entitled to compensation for their improvements, whenever an agricultural area was proclaimed on their runs.

The ministry went out of office before the new law could be properly tested; and practical experience in the course of twenty-two years has since caused some changes to be made of more or less importance; but the fundamental principles of the law remain the same as when promulgated by its framer.

This was his great work in that colony—the great work, indeed, of the southern hemisphere. For Mr. Duffy's land law, more

or less modified, was subsequently copied in its fundamental principles by the other Australasian colonies.

Mr. Duffy became prime minister of the colony in 1871, but his ministry was turned out of office just a year later, on the charge of appointing too many Irishmen to office. Almost immediately after the overthrow of his administration he was knighted, at the instance of Mr. Gladstone, in recognition of his public services to Australia, and as a rebuke to the senseless clamor of his political opponents.

I now come to the third and last public feature of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's character, namely, that of author.

In the palmy days of the Dublin "Nation," and while he was its editor, many of the young writers in that journal wrote each a book on some Irish subject of historical interest, with a view of instructing the people in the past history of their country. Mitchel, for example, wrote the "Life of Hugh O'Neil"; MacNevin, "The Irish Volunteers"; and so of the rest. The volumes were designated in general, "The Library of Ireland," and were sold for twenty-five cents each. Duffy, I believe, wrote one or more of those volumes; but as I cannot name them just now, I will confine my notice to his latest work, "Young Ireland."

"Young Ireland" was a name applied in opprobrium by O'Connell to the young writers of the nation and their followers, when they came at last to differ from the procrastinating policy which he was pursuing, and the name in time was adopted as a compliment; hence the title of the book. Two volumes are already published. The third and last volume is going through the press in London. The two volumes, beginning with O'Connell's effort, in 1840, to establish the Repeal Association, and ending with the death of Davis, in 1850, constitute a history of that period as graphic as it is interesting and instructive. The central figure is O'Connell, around whom cluster the leading incidents in the greatest agitation which Ireland has witnessed since 1798, always excepting the overshadowing one of the present.

JOHN MANNING.

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

ANDREW JACKSON. By William Graham Sumner, Professor of Political and Social Science in Yale College. American Statesmen Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

This work is very well written. It is compact, and yet full of all those facts which the general reader wishes to know concerning the subject of the book. The substance of correspondence, speeches, documents, and statutes is skillfully extracted, and given in the proper connection. For a systematic, and one may say philosophical, presentation of the politics of the country between 1820 and 1840, the work is simply admirable.

No public man in the United States has been so bitterly denounced or so unreasonably praised as Jackson. Even at this day—nearly half a century since he retired from the Presidency—it is difficult to speak of him without being infected with a little of the old-time heat. Professor Sumner, however, holds the balance very coolly. He has the happy faculty of looking all around his subject, and thus putting him in his proper relation to surrounding persons and circumstances.

The author shows at the outset how the strong native personality of Jackson was intensified by the rude state of society in which he grew up: how, in Tennessee, then a remote frontier settlement, friendships, alliances, feuds, and animosities grew up, and were intensified—a sort of semi-barbarous condition, where there was a perpetual recurrence of personal collisions. The "code of honor" was stretched to fantastic lengths.

Jackson was a quarrelsome man, and was always ready and eager to fight; and he had in a high degree the barbaric trait of being unable to distinguish between those who disputed his notions and those who violated his rights. All were in the same category—they were his enemies.

The war of 1812-15 furnished an opportunity for his pugnacity to expend itself in Indian skirmishes, and finally in the repulse of the British at New Orleans. This brilliant exploit, coming at the close of a struggle which had not redounded as much to the glory of the army as the navy, made Jackson a popular hero. The battle of New Orleans tickled the national vanity, and, occurring at the very last moment, filled the imagination of his contemporaries more completely than any of the previous battles of the war. In discussing the causes of the war, our author very justly says of Jefferson:

"He showed the traits which we call womanish. He took counsel of his feelings and imagination; he

planned measures like the embargo, whose scope and effect he did not understand. He was fiery when deciding initiatory steps, like the rejection of the English treaty; vacillating and timid when he had to adopt measures for going forward in the path which he had chosen. His diplomacy, being open to the charge that it was irregular and unusual, was transparent and easily turned to ridicule."

Jackson's course in the Florida campaign was arbitrary in the last degree. His success developed the worst traits of his character. He was full of jealousies and animosities, and withal arrogant. "He had become a privileged person, like a great nobleman of the last century. To offend him was to incur extraordinary penalties."

Professor Sumner shows how Jackson's popularity was carefully worked up by a few men, who perceived in it and him an excellent opportunity to float into political power. He does not seem to have been politically ambitious; but he was so constituted that when fairly in pursuit of an object, especially if a real or supposed enemy was to be overcome, he became unrelenting in his efforts to conquer. Intriguing was foreign to his nature. His friends, however, did whatever of scheming they thought necessary, and constantly played upon his peculiarities in furtherance of their plans.

In 1824 Jackson came out as a presidential candidate. Of the four in the field, Crawford, Adams, Clay, and himself, he had the largest popular vote, but the election went to the House of Representatives, and Adams was chosen. Professor Sumner shows that there was a tremendous pressure brought to bear upon Adams to make wholesale removals from office, but that he resisted it, with the result, as he afterwards asserted, of defeating himself for a second term. Jackson is popularly charged with having introduced the spoils system. He only gave way to an almost irresistible demand of the party which elected him.

"His administration is only the date at which a corrupt use of the spoils of the public service, as a cement for party organization under democratic-republican self-government, having been perfected into a highly finished system in New York and Pennsylvania, was first employed in the Federal arena. The student who seeks to penetrate the causes of the corruption of the civil service must go back to study the play of human nature under the political dogmas and institutions of the States named. He cannot rest satisfied with the explanation that 'Andrew Jackson did it.'"

The election of Jackson to the Presidency marks the advent of the common men of the nation in political

control. The Revolutionary *regime*, which restricted the lead to the educated classes, declined when Monroe went out, and disappeared when John Quincy Adams gave way to the hero of New Orleans. Henceforth it is the "unwashed" who are the masters.

The work before us briefly but comprehensively sketches the causes of this revolution; the advance in material prosperity, and the opening up of new stretches of country through steamboats, which were then beginning to be extensively used. Industrial organization had not yet taken the form of wages organization, and hence in the new activity there was considerable play for individuality.

"They [the people] became bold, independent, energetic, and enterprising. They were versatile and adapted themselves easily to circumstances. They were not disturbed in an emergency; and they were shrewd in dealing with difficulties of every kind. The State constitutions become more and more purely democratic under the influence of this character of the people. Social usages threw off all the forms which had been inherited from colonial days. The tone of mind was developed which now marks the true, unspoiled American, as distinguished from all Europeans, although it has scarcely been noticed by the critics who have compared the two, namely: the tone of mind which has no understanding at all of the notion that A could demean himself by talking to B, or that B could be raised in his own estimation or that of other people's by being spoken to by A, no matter who A and B might be."

The two leading questions of Jackson's administration were nullification and the war on the United States Bank. So much has been written and said about them, that it seems a hopeless task to furnish anything new. The grievances of the nullifiers were real. The protective tariff insisted upon by the North and West was clearly at the expense of the agricultural South, but the remedy was a transparent sham. Jackson's energy in the emergency was of great value. It appealed directly to the growing national sentiment, and added to his already great popularity. The various causes which led up to the struggle with the United States Bank are clearly outlined, especially the reckless speculation and loose business notions in the West, which trained Jackson's mind to hate the money oligarchies of the East. The general verdict now is that the destruction of the great bank has led to sounder methods of financial management; but all that can be said of Jackson in that connection is, that he builded better than he knew. With him it was a narrow, personal war. As the author correctly remarks, however: "Jackson's administration unjustly, passionately, ignorantly, and without regard to truth, assailed a great and valuable financial institution, and calumniated its management. Such was the opinion of people of that generation—at least, until March 3rd, 1836. Jackson's charges against the bank were held to be not proven." What really turned the tide of general prejudice against the bank

was the reckless and even criminal management of Biddle after the removal of the deposits.

Professor Sumner masses together with great skill the leading facts connected with the foreign trade and navigation systems; the causes of the growth of the jealousy of the Federal judiciary, which finally resulted in remodeling the Supreme Court, upon the death of Marshall, so as to change the current of constitutional decision; the controversy with France over the spoliation claims, the Indian policy, the land system, and the struggles about tariff and internal improvements. As to all these, the reader will obtain as connected and clear ideas as from any publication we know of.

It was in Jackson's time that the National Convention system came into vogue, superseding the congressional caucus; and then it was also that the party "platform" took the place of the old-fashioned address. Both the new inventions originated with the Anti-Mason party.

At bottom, Jackson was a backwoods dictator. If the times, the people, and circumstances had been propitious, he would have played in a small way the role of Cæsar or Napoleon. He had no real abiding sense of legal methods, or of the true meaning of constitutional representative government. He thought the American people a great democracy, and his idea was that his power came from the majority, and not from the institutions of the land. His feeling—for it was hardly a formulated idea—was, that he was the especial tribune of the people to guard their rights against Congress, the Supreme Court, and all the branches of government. He did not seem to comprehend that *all* the branches of administration together, under our constitutional system, represent the will of the people. As Professor Sumner says, "there is not a worse perversion of the American system of government conceivable," than that held by Jackson. It is to be hoped that the American people are not to be afflicted with many Jacksons. The good qualities of such a man make him a popular hero, and the bad are condoned by his supposed good intentions.

SOCIAL EQUALITY. A Short Study in a Missing Science. By William Hurrell Mallock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

We notice that periodicals of high rank have deemed it worth while to give a long review and a serious refutation to the remarkable medley of clever truths, ingenious sophistries, and outrageous nonsense that Mr. Mallock has entitled a "Study in a Missing Science." It appears to us safer to assume that no one who has not sense enough to see that the outrageous nonsense largely predominates is likely to perform the mental effort of reading the book. Much of what Mr. Mallock has written has been so plausible, so full of what was true, mingled with

much that was only cleverly sophistical—true premises wrested to false conclusions, or made to bear more than legitimate significance—that it was worth while to refute, lest the younger readers of philosophy, with thoughtful and receptive minds, as yet uncritical and unsupplied with fundamental and fixed truths, should waste a few years of life in taking Mallock as a philosophical authority. But the present book is not likely to mislead any one. Mr. Mallock is one of the keenest of satirists on other men's doctrines and systems, and his skill in pulling down is by no means purely sophistical, though he generally, in uncovering a really weak point, makes it appear by unfair means weaker than it is. But in building up a system of his own, he is so weak as to make the reader feel that a man as clever as he can hardly be sincere in writing such trash. It really seems as if he must be consciously acting, when he solemnly announces that he has a new science to produce, which every body else has overlooked, clears the way for it elaborately, explains wherein it differs from all the things that have been said on the subject (for all the things that bear exactly on the point he wishes to bring out have been said incidentally, and not labeled as a science; while all the things that have been formally expounded about social equality do not bear exactly on his point; therefore, none of them really and truly belong to the science of social equality, which it is reserved for him to produce by saying just the right things under the right title)—and then, with all this introduction, leads out by the hand, as the basis of the new science, a few propositions that are partly truisms and partly fallacies. The aggravating part of it all is the multitude of true and shrewd sayings that are scattered through the book, inextricably mixed with the saddest nonsense. There is a class of criticism that sets Mallock down as an unmitigated literary impostor, possessed of no profundity nor ability, and merely keeping his reputation, such as it is, by assuming such an air of profundity as to deceive by its sheer audacity. We cannot dispose so lightly of the impression he has made on the reading public. There is unquestionably great ability somewhere amid his fallacies; and we are inclined to hazard the suggestion that it is largely ability of the sort that would tell in pure literature, and to wonder what Mallock might do as a novelist. His narrative controversies have been criticised severely; but they have suggestions of purely literary power about them: there is much purely literary power expended in making the nonsense of such a book as the present one readable.

BALLADS AND LYRICS. Selected by Henry Cabot Lodge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

A red-line holiday edition of Henry Cabot Lodge's collection published two years ago. The collection,

it seems, has been, as it deserved to be, so successful as to justify this more expensive and larger edition. In thus giving it more permanence, the editor has added a preface, explaining that its purpose is directly educational, and that, in order to meet the wants of children whose literary taste has had no training, as well as of those who are able to appreciate the best, he has been obliged to grade his selections upward from poems of a somewhat *bourgeois*, though really good cast, up to the highest art (keeping, of course, within the lines of what is suitable for children's reading), thus leading the *bourgeois* taste upward. There is so little of this sort of compromise poetry in the volume that the apology was hardly necessary. The expensive dress of the present edition makes it unsuitable for the purpose of the earlier one; i. e., use in public and school libraries; but it will be a very suitable gift to the poetry-loving child, and even older people will find in it a number of good things from authors that they are not likely to find on their shelves; for the most part, however, the poems are selected from volumes that all but children and un-literary men and women are at home in.

CEREBRAL HYPERÆMIA; DOES IT EXIST? By C. F. Buckley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

In this treatise, Dr. C. F. Buckley, "formerly Superintendent of Haydock Lodge Asylum, England," makes a very warm attack on Dr. William A. Hammond's monograph on Cerebral Hyperæmia. Beginning in a temperate tone, with an expression of regret that so widely revered an authority as Dr. Hammond should become responsible for false and injurious notions of their condition on the part of patients, the treatise in question goes on to controvert his statements with increasing indignation and irritation. In a general and literal sense of the word, Dr. Buckley does not deny the existence of cerebral hyperæmia, both the active and passive cerebral congestions—diseases of recognized occurrence—being literally hyperæmias; but he denies the particular "cerebral hyperæmia" that Dr. Hammond claims as a third form, to be added to these two, and defines as "an increase in the quantity of blood circulating in the cerebral arterial vessels." He first argues that it is an impossibility, according to common hydraulic principles, for an active hyperæmia to exist in the arteries without existing also in the veins; while if it did exist in both, it would simply be the recognized "active cerebral congestion." He then proceeds to argue that all the symptoms claimed by Dr. Hammond for "cerebral hyperæmia" may proceed from other and already recognized disorders: to this argument the greater portion of the monograph is devoted. It closes with the very important suggestion that the tendency of Dr. Hammond's book is to make people afraid of using their brains; and that if the hard mental work-

ers of the past "had been taught to dread a giving way of their intra-cranial vessels, how few of the achievements that mankind are proudest of would be transmitted to us." As to moral effort, also, he says, much might be lost "if the individual should accept the theory that by any or all forms of mental effort the walls of his intra-cranial vessels would be likely to succumb; and no doubt much of the hypochondriasis among intelligent persons, who come before us so often, arises either directly or indirectly from the promulgation of doctrines of this quality." Few modern thinkers, he says, "will agree with the formulated rules of Dr. Hammond relative to eight or ten hours' study in general, and that 'mathematics are specially injurious to ladies.' This subject admits of no rules, and the old adage, '*chaque a son gout*,' should be, under proper early training, the guide in all cases, no less in the female sex than in the male. The general principle, . . . with which few observant men will differ, is this: that the hours of study of any healthful, congenial nature can be increased to very extended limits, by effort and training, without injury to the nervous system, just as muscular exercise can be vastly increased by the same means; and that the mental toil which at first readily expresses itself by fatigue, just as in the case of the physical system, will gradually become less and less tiresome as the mind becomes more inured to the form of labor to be undergone."

OUTLINES OF ANCIENT HISTORY. By P. V. N. Myers. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

The scope of this manual covers the time from the beginning of the Aryan migrations to the fall of the western empire. Its plan is admirable in two respects, both of which are announced in the preface as constituting the chief motive for the book. It is, for one thing, excellent good sense to begin a school manual of history with the Aryan migration, and a brief explanation of the ethnographic relationship of the tribes that, at the earliest dawn of even conjectural history, constituted the rudiments of the most ancient nations; and to follow this up with fairly full *resumes* of the results of modern researches in Egyptian, Assyrian, and other pre-Hellenic histories, and the interaction upon each other of these nations: it trains the child's sense of causation, of scientific reasonableness in history, to learn that things did not emerge out of chaos at the first Olympiad, but grew logically into shape from rudimentary beginnings. The other good point in the manual is, that it follows the sensible modern method of making history an account of people and institutions and progressive developments, rather than exclusively of wars and kings and events. It is not, however, blameless in details in its carrying out of these two good intentions: in the filling up of the blank space prior to Hellenic history, the history of the Egyptian and Asiatic nations is compiled

from good authorities, but not so the account of the tribal movements and relationships out of which these nations grew; and mere possible speculation—and that not the best speculation current—is unquestioningly repeated. This is, however, not so much matter, as the confusion is chiefly in the non-Aryan families, who are, for purposes of ancient history, unimportant. It would, perhaps, be right that a manual claiming to be a universal ancient history should give India and China a place in its pages; but the leaving out of these nations does not affect the history of the others, and is therefore no such evil as the leaving out of Egypt and Assyria in the old-fashioned manuals. As to the selection of events or other facts to put in or leave out, the distribution of space between battles and authors, the estimates of men, there are details that might be bettered; yet, on the whole, the condensation of all ancient history into four hundred and eighty pages is discriminatingly done. The style is interesting, without resort to that gushing diction by which the authors of text-books try to avoid dullness. The manual is in length and profundity well adapted to high-school and academy work. The total lack of maps is a serious defect, and would be a fatal one but for the existence of cheap ancient atlases.

VEGETABLE LIFE. Science Ladders Series. By N. Danvers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

The object of this little volume is the instruction of "every child who can read" in the elements of Structural Botany. The author attempts a rather difficult task to give instruction on all the important facts of the subject in a few pages of large print, and at the same time make it interesting to small children. The result is, that the book is overcrowded and necessarily sketchy, so little space being allowed that only bare details can be given and as these details would seem rather abstruse to the childish mind, full supplementary instructions from a teacher would be necessary. If that is the author's intention, the book is very satisfactory, except that in that case its rather labored simplicity is unnecessary.

BEAUTY IN THE HOUSEHOLD. By Mrs. T. W. Dewing. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

A book of the "written to sell" class, with a nucleus of good suggestions, around which is disposed enough padding to swell the treatise to book size. As this is the character of most books of furnishing and decorative art, as the amateur in these matters always expects to pick her few grains of wheat out of much chaff, she will feel repaid for reading, or even owning "Beauty in the Household" by its group of good suggestions and designs. Besides these good points, and much of perfectly harm-

less padding, there are a few suggestions that are silly and in bad taste—chiefly the mottoes for book-cases, etc., the vegetable designs, and the recommendation of life in apartments. Probably it would be impossible to find any book of this class that could be a safe guide in indiscriminating hands, instead of merely a suggestive assistant to a cautious good taste.

AMERICAN PROSE: Hawthorne; Irving; Longfellow; Whittier; Holmes; Lowell; Thoreau; Emerson. With introduction and notes by the editor of "American Poems." Holiday edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

This handsome volume of four hundred and twenty-four pages contains complete essays, or stories, representative as far as possible within such limits, of

some of the higher forms of prose art. The literature of power is more regarded than the literature of knowledge. It is a good book for young students of style to use, and must lead to a desire for the complete work of these authors. "The Snow Image," "The Great Stone Face," "Drowne's Wooden Image," and "Howe's Masquerade," represent Nathaniel Hawthorne. From Washington Irving are "Rip Van Winkle," and "Little Britain." Two beautiful episodes are chosen from Longfellow's "Outre-Mer," "The Valley of the Loire," and "Journey into Spain." Whittier's prose is illustrated by "Yankee Gypsies," and "The Boy Captives." From Holmes we have "The Gambrel-roofed House." From Lowell, "My Garden Acquaintanceship." From Thoreau, his essays on "Sounds," "Brute Neighbors," and "The Highland Light." And from Emerson, "Behavior," and "Books." Each of those articles is prefaced by notes upon the author's literary life.

OUTCROPPINGS.

HO, FOR IDAHO!

Such was the watchword of thousands twenty years ago, hundreds of whom are peacefully sleeping in their graves, scattered over the Pacific Coast from Washington to Mexico. It was a wild rush, that Idaho excitement, following so closely upon the heels of Frazer River and Washoe, and many a participator smiles grimly to himself as he recalls the fever of hope and expectancy that burned so fiercely in his veins. This is the story:

Early in the summer of 1861, faint and indistinct rumors were heard of rich diggings somewhere to the northward. These fleeting shadows were soon materialized into a well-defined and marvelous story of rich strikes having been made in the Nez Percés country, on Salmon River. For several years prospectors had been patiently searching for the golden grains in the mountains of the north; and on Oro Fino Creek, a tributary of the Salmon, marvelously rich ground was discovered late in 1860. In the spring, letters were written by the lucky speculators to their friends in California; the contents of these were passed from mouth to mouth, and given to the public in the columns of the press. The cautious shook their heads, and said this was only another Frazer River swindle, and they were ably seconded by the newspapers in their advice to receive these strange stories with a great deal of reserve and caution.

In this way the summer wore on, while the wonderful tales from the northern wilderness came thick and fast, increasing, as they circulated, to Munchausen

proportions. The contagion spread. The wise ones began to think they had made a mistake, and shook their heads less solemnly, while the newspapers gave the stories more respectful attention, and gradually lent the new miners such countenance that a fever of excitement began rapidly to develop. Such maps as then existed were brought to light and carefully studied, from which it was ascertained that the point of interest was the Salmon River, a tributary of the Snake, or Lewis fork of the Columbia, some four hundred miles east of Portland.

A few adventurous spirits had at once set out for the new El Dorado, as soon as the first rumors began to define themselves, and from these the most conflicting reports were received, some of them confirming the previous stories, while others spoke of the mines as being nothing better than could be found in California. The favorable reports were in a decided majority, and quite a tide of emigration set in from California to the Nez Percés country. In one of his African expeditions, Du Chaillu had a fight with a tribe of natives, in which his dusky warriors killed some half-dozen of the enemy. They had not proceeded fifty miles from the battle-ground before the number of slaughtered natives had increased to two hundred, and fifty miles more made it a thousand, so rapidly were the dead heaped up in the narratives of these breach-clout warriors. So it was with the stories about Salmon River. The newspapers teemed with the most absurd statements, of which the following, from the Oroville "Democrat," is but a fair sample:

"Reliable men say that miners on that river are

taking out gold by the pound; that they don't count by dollars and ounces at all; that they take out from three to ten pounds per day to the rocker; that there are hundreds who have fifty-dollar diggings, which they consider small pay. A man was in my office to-day who informed me he had read a letter from his brother-in-law, stating that he was making six pounds per day."

With such alluring baits, it is little wonder that many were caught. What though hundreds realized how grossly exaggerated these stories were? Thousands more did not; and claims in California that yielded ten dollars per day were abandoned, that their owners might see the place where a day's labor was worth a thousand. The season was getting late, and a certainty of snow, rain and mud, almost if not quite impassable, lay in the path of every one seeking the magic stream that had only to be seen to enrich its devotees; and yet they continued to go. Some went by sea to Portland, and some by land; while others passed up through the mountains and east of Klamath Lakes. Great rivalry sprang up between Red Bluff, Yreka, and Portland, as to which should become the base of supplies and the starting point for Salmon River, each contestant sounding its claims and advantages, and loudly decrying the others.

Some fifteen hundred men reached the mines before the snows of winter laid their embargo upon travel and sealed up the mountain passes with their chilling fingers. Hundreds went as far as Portland, and there, with scarce a dollar or a friend, were compelled to abandon hope of reaching Salmon River before spring. Others were stranded all along the route; but still the fever increased. Great preparations were made to invade this unknown wilderness as soon as returning spring should make the mountains passable.

Meanwhile, those in the mines were suffering great privation. Those who had come early in the season found that the rich ground was confined to a small extent of territory, and had all been taken up. They could neither buy into a paying claim nor take one up for themselves. Shovels sold for twelve dollars, picks and axes for eight, while coffee, sugar, and bacon brought seventy-five cents per pound. Great was the suffering among those who went poorly provided with money or supplies. Then was the time when friendship and humanity were tested, and in many cases nobly stood the ordeal. Little brush cabins were built, in which the shivering miners huddled about their log fires, and became as thoroughly smoked as the bacon they subsisted upon. Snow fell to the depth of thirty feet, and lay six feet deep upon the ground the entire winter. The thermometer frolicked about, occasionally sinking to thirty degrees below zero. Under these circumstances but little work could be done, and the disheartened and disappointed crowd waited impatiently for spring. Provisions were packed in upon the backs of Indians

and cayuse ponies, and were so scarce before May that flour sold at one dollar per pound, coffee one dollar and a half, bacon two dollars, while shovels were held at twenty-five dollars, and dust was rated at only twelve dollars per ounce.

While this was the condition of those so fortunate as to get in before the snow fell, thousands were waiting with great impatience for an opportunity to join them. Tales of suffering and want had no effect upon them. They were oblivious to everything but gold. The cry of swindle and humbug now filled the air, but the fever was at its height, and nothing but a visit to the enchanted ground could allay it. An expedition was sent out from Yreka in March, which made a bold attempt to reach the mines by the way of Klamath Lake and Lost River. From this party and others word was received that it would be useless to attempt the passage of the mountains before May, and yet hundreds started, only to be stopped by the snow many miles from their destination.

In May the impatient throng found its way to the mines, only to realize what had been said again and again, that there were not half enough claims even for the gaunt and hungry crowd that had shivered over them the whole winter. Still the fever raged. Off they went on prospecting trips, scouring the country in every direction, every one ready to believe that some one else had "struck it rich," and to abandon any claim he had to follow the steps of the supposed fortunate one. Every report of a new diggings was followed by a stampede. Many a small party slipped out quietly in the dead of night in search of some new place, the existence of which had been cautiously whispered to them, only to meet others returning from the same place in deep disgust. It even happened that two parties dogged each other for miles and days, each firmly convinced that the other party was on the way to "something rich somewhere."

In this way were western Oregon, Idaho, and Montana prospected, and the diggings on Powder, John Day, Grand Ronde, Snake, Boise, and other rivers discovered and worked, and miners were scattered all over the northern country. Towns sprang up on every hand, and corner lots were a drug in the market. Boise City, Lewiston, and other places became quite populous cities, thronged with the good and the bad, where the scenes of pioneer mining towns were enacted again and again. Soon quartz was discovered, and the fight for claims and the quality of specimens became the absorbing topics of discussion.

The after history of Idaho we do not propose to relate. It is with the first excitement we have been dealing. After their first disappointment, hundreds remained in the new country working claims no better than they had abandoned; while hundreds more came struggling back in the best manner their resources would permit, some by stage, some on cayuse ponies, and some by "Foot & Walker's Express,"

all filling the air with their wailing cries of "Humboldt!" The deserted claims, such of them as had not been appropriated by the Chinese, were again taken up; though the placer mines of California never recovered from their depopulation by the Idaho hegira save by the influx of a horde of Chinamen.

Though for the time allayed by the medicine of experience, the fever still existed in the veins of these restless ones. Like the Wandering Jew, they seemed ever to hear the warning voice of fate crying, "Move on!" And when the next year the Humboldt mines were discovered, away they went again, and once more stampeded to White Pine, Skagit, and a dozen other places. Arizona and Mexico now call loudly to them, and ere long the icebergs of Alaska may beckon them away. The bones of hundreds are bleaching on the desert sands, or lie at the bottom of prospect holes or deep mountain gorges—but what matter? So long as "hope springs eternal in the human breast," so long will these restless spirits flit from place to place, seeking for wealth in some new golden creation of the brain.

HARRY L. WELLS.

TRIOLET.

There under the Banksia rose
 Stands your love, delightfully real.
 In bright eyes the tender light glows,
 There under the Banksia rose.
 But I wouldn't change, God knows!
 Though my love is but an ideal,
 While under the Banksia rose
 Stands your love, delightfully real.

E. C. SANFORD.

THE ANCIENT MARINER AT MONTEREY.

"Come sail with us across the bay,
 Swift will our passage be;
 Our yacht is there, be quick, prepare,"
 Thus spake the mariner free.

"O father, take, for my sweet sake,
 A passage in the yacht;
 The breeze will blow, and we shall go
 Swift as a rifle shot."

Thus spake a stripling of thirteen,
 On seas as yet untried;
 How could I his request refuse?
 Into the boat we hid.

The boat was crank, it almost sank;
 We were a heavy load;
 But soon we to the cutter came,
 And soon were safely stowed.

The west wind blew, the vessel flew;
 We had no time to lose
 If we that night to Monterey
 Would sail from Santa Cruz.

The west wind fell, the west wind staid,
 The sails flapped on the mast,
 The yacht rolled helpless, as the swell
 In smooth pulsations passed.

The silent sea grew full of life—
 Of forms *sans* bones or heart,
 Of shapes that swim withouten fin,
 And kill with barbed dart.

With moving bell they rose and fell,
 Long were their streamers red;
 And streaks of protoplasmic slime
 Over the ocean spread.

The night came on, a pall of fog
 Fell over land and ocean;
 We slept or lay in berths till day,
 Yet still no onward motion.

The early morn was chill and cold—
 O shame, our time to lose!
 While all was gay at Monterey,
 Still close to Santa Cruz,
 With naught to eat and naught to drink—
 Becalmed upon the ooze.

O for a crust of bread to bite,
 A draught of aught to swallow—
 'Twas horrid without food or drink
 'Mong slimy swells to wallow.

"The clouds are breaking in the north;
 We'll have a spanking breeze
 By afternoon, send it come soon,
 You'll camp among the trees."
 "God send it may," quoth Alibert,
 "Or my life's blood will freeze."

The long swell into wavelets split,
 The slime in streaks was driven,
 The wind uprose, the polyps sank,
 The veil of fog was riven.

We all at four were safe ashore,
 And all devoutly pray
 That no more may lie becalmed
 In the bay of Monterey.

W. N. LOCKINGTON.

NOTA BENE.

All manuscripts submitted for publication in THE CALIFORNIAN AND OVERLAND should be addressed to the Editor, 408 California Street; all business communications, to the California Publishing Company, at the same number.

Contributors will confer a favor, and secure much more prompt attention, by writing *in ink*, on one side of half-sheets, about commercial note size, and will please send these *without rolling*, and, so far as possible, without folding.

No communication will be answered, and no manuscript returned, unless stamps are inclosed for that purpose.

THE CALIFORNIAN

AND

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A WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE BANCROFT HISTORICAL LIBRARY.

LOFTY purposes, great achievements, and grand natural or architectural objects require distance to give them the atmosphere essential to a proper view. A thing which is too recent or of too quick a growth fails to impress us as we are impressed by other things made venerable by time, and about which cluster the accumulated sentiment of passing ages. Could the Alexandrian library have escaped destruction until to-day, the wealth of Christendom could not purchase it.

With what veneration does the student regard an ancient manuscript in Hindostanee, Hebrew, Greek, or even in Latin, which was once the every-day topic or literary pastime of the men of its own day! Did we know the history of some of those priceless rolls, we might discover that the ignorance of the masses, or the rivalry of the few scholarly men of the time, made almost hopeless the ambition of the author to be recognized as the benefactor of his race or the historian of his people. Jeremiah the eloquent, whose scribe accompanied him to make copies of his lamentations over the perverseness of his

generation, sold few copies, very likely, as he complains that a prophet hath honor except in his own country. The poet Job desired nothing worse for his enemy than to have written a book; and truly, an author who was obliged to go from door to door reciting his verses, or who must teach to public audiences, very much as a college professor lectures to his class, the contents of his manuscript volume, led a laborious life.

Yet the productions of the world's early brain-workers, which have survived the ravages of barbarian warfare and the vindictiveness of religious persecution—how high they stand! and how crystal clear is our perception of their truths and beauties, seen through the atmosphere of centuries of time, and without the belittling associations of contemporaneous rivalry or each day's needs! So great are the fascinations of objects seen through the rarified air of antiquity, that the modern, unless it be something absolutely new—if such a thing there be—affords us comparatively little pleasure, and elicits little interest. To be recent is to be valueless.

The *littérateurs* of a new State are liable to be snubbed or patronized by the *littérateurs* of the older States. To give interest to the fiction of California, for instance, it was necessary for a Bret Harte to represent its pioneers as a class at once peculiar and *outré*: as if all the men who were pioneers were not from the older States, instead of being indigenous to California; so that now the early Californians have passed into the literature of half a dozen different nations, as a people half-ruffians and half-montebanks: when every one knows that no new State under the sun ever possessed so intellectual, energetic, or educated a population; and that, with the exception of a brief period when a criminal class, following in the wake of the intelligent and industrious, made it necessary for the latter to organize for self-defense, nowhere on the continent was there a better-ordered city than San Francisco.

The glamour of the gold excitement passed away with the first fifteen years of marvelous growth, and California was simply a new State, with, for a new State, a large class of wealthy men with the habits of men of business everywhere. Then it became the reproach of Californians that they were money makers and money lovers only; that they expended their millions, more or less, upon fine houses and furniture, fine equipages and good dinners, upon visits to Paris, and fashionable ways in general, without contributing to the intellectual advancement of the Commonwealth. They were called upon to endow colleges, aid in the cultivation of the fine arts, and found public institutions.

While it may be true, since the rapid accumulation of money often bewilders the possessor as to its best use, that many of the rich men of California have been selfishly addicted to their own pleasures and to pleasing their personal favorites, still a comparison of the public institutions of California founded or assisted by private means with those of other States of the same age would probably show a creditable munificence on their part. Our colleges, literary

and special, our Academy of Science, our State Library, our hospitals, libraries, and Golden Gate Park Conservatory, with many other helps to the public intelligence and happiness, refute at least the charge of parsimony.

Nor is California lacking in literary talent, as the fame of some of our authors who have gone abroad and the conscientious work of many who remain at home sufficiently prove. Our scientific men are as alert and enthusiastic as those of the older States; and in the matter of art, it may reasonably be doubted whether any States except Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Ohio have bestowed so liberal a patronage on painters, or sent so many young men to the art schools of Europe.

In the ordinary course of things, it is not expected that men engaged in the active pursuits of business should devote themselves either to art or literature. It is generally thought enough that one generation of men should make a fortune, another should devote themselves to self-culture, and the third should be prepared to contribute something to the world's stock of knowledge. To this rule there have been as many exceptions in California as elsewhere. One of the most notable of these instances of surmounting the obstacles which it usually occupies two generations to remove has been furnished by the founder of the Bancroft Library.

Hubert Howe Bancroft was born at Granville, Ohio, May 5th, 1832, his ancestors being of the staunch and stern New England stock who believed in and feared God, and knew the value of money and brains in the world. In his boyhood he assisted in the labors of the usual western farm, and studied assiduously in his hours of relaxation from labor. Fortunately he possessed an unusually fine constitution, which would bear almost any amount of strain put upon it. At sixteen he went to Buffalo, New York, and entered the employ of his brother-in-law, George H. Derby, bookseller, who sent him, in 1852, to California to establish

a bookstore. The times were propitious, Mr. Bancroft was untiringly ambitious and enterprising, and success crowned his undertaking in proportion to his efforts.

Being endowed by nature with the taste for literature which urges most men similarly endowed into authorship, or at least into a professional career, Mr. Bancroft was wise enough to resist the temptation of risking all in the desire to follow this bent, and set himself resolutely to work to lay the foundation for not only a fortune, but some congenial brain-work outside of his business.

It is natural, perhaps, that, living in the exciting period of California's early annals, and witnessing the fascination which the unique experiences of that time exercised upon all minds alike, he should have his mind drawn toward history—the history of California. In 1856 he commenced collecting authorities on this subject, partly with a view to historical writing in the future, and partly to aid him in the preparation of certain publications issued by the firm.

Once begun, there was no limit to the desire to accumulate further information, and every book added to the collection was another suggestion of the use to which they should be put. Instead of being confined to merely local or Californian subjects, his library soon contained books of every kind of information about the adjacent countries; and then of the whole Pacific coast.

Having gained so much, he saw the value of completing his library with works of greater rarity; and not only himself traveled for that purpose in the Eastern States and Europe, but had his agents in all parts of the world, who watched the sales of private or rare collections, and sent him the catalogues, from which he selected the matter desired for his historical library.

The first great addition in bulk to the miscellaneous mass of books gathered up concerning the history of the Pacific coast was three thousand volumes from the Maximilian Library of Mexico. This lot was selected from the catalogue furnished by an agent; the Maximilian Library being a collection of books on Mexican and Spanish

history and other subjects, which had employed Señor J. M. Andrade a life-time to collect from every conceivable quarter, and which that unfortunate emperor had purchased to found an imperial library for Mexico. On the close of his career they were smuggled out of the country, and offered for sale in Europe.

At a much later date the collection of José Fernando Ramírez, curator of the National Library of Mexico, and author of several important works, was also sold in London; and again Mr. Bancroft's agent purchased a considerable portion of it. Five hundred volumes were also collected in Mexico by Porter C. Bliss, Secretary of the United States Legation, for Mr. Bancroft's library. Among the various collections from that quarter are many venerable and curious books and valuable manuscripts.

To the manuscripts were added many from the Squier collection, as well as from a number of others sold at various times. Anything like a catalogue within the compass of this article would be inadmissible, if it were not useless and tiresome. It is perhaps sufficient to say that some of the manuscripts in the Central American and Mexican departments of the Bancroft Library were written in Latin nearly four hundred years ago; while aboriginal hieroglyphics are of much earlier date. One of the earliest original manuscripts in Latin is a pastoral letter of Joannes de Zumarraga, the first bishop of Mexico, who was appointed by Charles V., the date of which is 1534; though this is not the oldest manuscript in the library.

The historical value of some of these writings is nothing. They only serve to satisfy the curiosity of the reader, to know how certain things were done at a certain period of the world's history, and are simply classed as "rare." One of these is the *Moralia S. Gregorii Pape*, in thirty-five books, in doubled-lined Latin text, the lettering being small, close, and even; the margin bearing frequent references, in the Greek style. The running-title is in blue Roman numerals, with red tracery; the chapter divisions are marked in

black Arabic; and Arabic figures in red are used to number the lines. The books begin with large blue head-pieces, ornamented with a delicate tracing of red and blue; small initials of the same description commencing the rare paragraphs, and every sentence beginning with a red letter: even the index is profusely decorated—all exhibiting the patience and skill of the monkish copyists; the whole being upon vellum, bound in parchment-covered pasteboards, bearing on the cover an emblazoned shield.

Among these illuminated manuscripts are the *Colegio de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe de Zacatecas*, *Escrita de Protestacion*, dazzlingly illustrated in colors, and contained in parchment covers, fastened with thongs. A more beautifully decorated manuscript is the *Angeles, Grandeza y Excelencia de los siete principes*, a series of prayers and allegories on heaven and its inhabitants, with an octo-syllabic ode in triple measure and assonant rhyme; as also the *Sermones, in Festis*, executed in the sixteenth century.

Less ornate manuscripts of the religious class are furnished by the *Obra* of the Canon Conde y Oquiendos, in two volumes, on the apparition of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe; the treatise of Frey Hieroni Baptista on the canons regulating marriage; *Amadei Apocalypsis*, a folio collection of sermons, hymns, and allegories; and *Fray J. de Schevelar, Questiones Sobre la Regla de San Francisco*. The value of these books to the historian is merely in the illustrations they furnish of the religious devotion and bigotry of their age, and of the state of the arts at the same period.

But other manuscripts are of absolutely inestimable worth to the historical student. Of these, the principal ones are four large volumes of the *Concilios Provinciales Mexicanos*, which are the original records of the proceedings of the first three ecclesiastical councils of Mexico, held in the sixteenth century. These volumes contain petitions and communications on civil as well as religious affairs, and the decrees of the church by which secular affairs were regulated in Spanish North America, together with autographs and seals

of sovereigns, church dignitaries, and other prominent men in civil offices.

The autographs contained in the manuscript collections are an attractive and intrinsically valuable feature. Among them are the signatures of Queen Juana, of Philip II., of his viceroy, of the first bishop of Mexico, and other prelates, with very many more historical personages, interesting from association, and curious as to calligraphy and rubrics. Among later autographs is that of the celebrated primate Lorenzana, and his five episcopal coadjutors.

Only less interesting are many specimens of the earliest American printing; such as a Zumarraga *Doctrina Christiana* of 1546, a Papal Bull of 1568, a Molina *Vocabulario* of Castilian and Mexican, printed in Mexico in 1571, and fifty or sixty other works printed in the sixteenth century.

It would be interesting to know through what strange vicissitudes of government, or gross carelessness of the priestly class in Mexico, this national treasure fell into the hands of a collector, and was finally offered for sale in Europe; and perhaps on this point Mr. Bancroft's forthcoming history of Mexico may enlighten us.

That division of the Bancroft Library bearing on the political history of Mexico and Central America is rich in early originals and copies of documents, many of the former having belonged to the Imperial Library, and the latter having been obtained from the archives of Spain and elsewhere. *Zurita, Breve y Sumaria Relacion*, of 1554, in parchment binding, is a dissertation on the tribute system before and after the conquest, addressed to the king by this *oidor*. The *Libro de Cabildo* relates to the municipal acts of the city of Mexico from 1524 to 1529, and includes the names of the early settlers. Duran's *Historia de las Indias de la Nueva España*, in three *tratados*, treats of the ancient history and customs of the natives; as also much of the older *Historia Apologetica* and *Historia de las Yndias* of Las Casas. Another work during the sixteenth century on Nicaragua and Honduras, is a collection of Cerezeda's letters to the

king, dated from 1529 to 1533; to which may be added the historical writings of Muñoz, Velasco, and Coronado, from 1545 to 1562. A large number of documents, consisting of reports and journals by priests and officials, relating to *la Historia Ecclesiastica y civil de la Nueva Vizcaya*, *Materiales para la Historia de Sonora*, and *Documentos para la Historia de Texas*, collected from the archives of Mexico, furnish invaluable material for the history of that portion of the Mexican territory.

Coming down to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the number of historical documents of value is greatly augmented. The *Memorias de Mexico* is a collection on the history of the city of Mexico, especially referring to the foundation of her convents, illustrated with a plan of the city, dated 1618. Another municipal history is *Alcala, Descripcion de Puebla*, carried down to 1769, containing a full account of its edifices, interspersed with odes and sonnets, and illustrated with a map of the district in colors. *Rivera, Diario Curioso* contains the chronicles of Mexico from 1676 to 1696, with a preface by the hand of Bustamante, to whom the librarian of the University of Mexico presented it, with an unaccountable disregard of its value to that institution. Bustamante, however, had the liberality to publish it in 1843, in the *Museo Mexicano*, with a preface by himself. He also wrote a preface to another *Diario* by Gomez, of events from 1776 to 1798. An archive of curious biographies is the *Mexico Archivo General*, which contains, among other histories, the *Vida de Beatriz de Silva*, founder of the order of *Primera Concepcion*.

The *Cronica de la Provincia de S. Pedro y S. Pablo de Mechoacan* from 1522 to 1575, by Beaumont, is the result of extensive research by a man of the world turned friar; and the *Historia de la Conquista de la Nueva Galicia*, by Mota Padilla, 1740, is a manuscript history of those provinces. The original of the latter is said to exist in the Biblioteca del Carmen; but several copies have been made, one of which is in the Bancroft Library; and two printed editions

have been published: one in *El Pais*, a periodical of 1856; and one in book form by the Mexican Geographical Society. The author of *Nueva Galicia* was another man of the world, who, after being fiscal to the Audiencia of Guadalajara, and incumbent of other civil offices, turned churchman, and devoted himself to study.

The *Representacion Politico Legal* of Aumada, advocate of the Mexican Audiencia, is a plea for the free admission of Spanish Indians to secular and ecclesiastical offices. A similar plea is the *Representacion Umilde* of 1771, by the *Ayuntamiento* of the capital. In *Adalid, Causa Formada*, 1815, three volumes bound in parchment, is found the trial of prominent supporters of the insurgents in Mexico. The proceedings of a similar trial are found in *Extrado de la Causa* of Matoso; and other matters concerning the revolutionary period of 1812 to 1821 in Orizaba, is found in *Orizava Libro Noticioso*, an original diary, with a preface by Carlos Maria Bustamante, the most prolific historical writer of Mexico. He was not only a lawyer and editor, but joined the revolutionary party, and was elected deputy from his native province of Oajaca, and at one time president *pro tem.* of the Mexican Congress. From 1836 to 1841 he was one of the five conservadores of supreme power in the republic of which his brother was president. Nearly all the important original manuscripts left by him are in the Bancroft Library.

It was during these revolutionary times that so much of value to the history of Mexico became scattered. The manuscript *Descripcion de Darien*, a report by its governor, Remon, to the viceroy, the most complete statement known, was found among a pile of waste paper in a store in Bogota, and sent to Mr. Bancroft by a friend. Many writings of this kind had been turned over to the cartridge makers.

Of standard works on Spanish history, the library contains, besides those referred to, those of Cortés, Bernal Diaz, Mendieta, Motolinia, Sahagun, Torquemada, Acosta, Peter Martyr, Oviedo, Gomara, Herrera,

Betancourt, Remesal, Beaumont, Cogoludo, Villa Gutierre, Burgoa, Clavigero—all in good editions, either original or copies, and many in several editions and translations.

Of works devoted to the history of the native races, there may be mentioned the writings of Garcia, Ixtlilxochitl, Camargo, Tezozomoe, Boturini, Veytia, and Leon y Gama. Of works on antiquities, those of Kingsborough, Waldeck, Dupaix, Del Rio, Cabrera, Stephens and Catherwood, Bresser de Bourbourg, Nebel, and Charnay. On the early voyages and explorations, with their correlative history, may be cited, first, Grynæus, Ramusio, Hakluyt, and Purchas; and secondly, Churchill, Pinkerton, Aa, Godfriedt, Navarrete, Ternaux-Campans, Pacheco, and Icazbalceta. Of the north-west coast and its early history, the most valuable are by Ribas, Mota Padilla, Alegre, Arricivita, Kino, Salvatierra, Venegas, Clavigero, Begert, Salmeron, Palou, Fages, Mofras, *Voyage of the Sutil y Mexicana*, Cabrera Bueno, Forbes, Greenhow, and others.

In addition to this mass of material, are many thousands of pamphlets—five thousand in a single collection made in Mexico on government and other matters—and periodicals and publications of learned societies, besides the works of such modern writers as Humboldt, Buschman, Prescott, Irving, Alaman, Orozco y Berra, Stephens, and Squier, to which might be appended an almost innumerable list of books of miscellaneous matter, bearing in some degree on the character of history or the natural resources of the vast area of country constituting the Pacific States; and it is doubtful if any library in the world contains more or better authorities on the Spanish states in North America.

The material for the history of California in the Bancroft Library—over and above all the thousands of written and printed books—of a comparatively and of a really modern date is as unique and interesting as the earlier portions. This consists of mission archives, biographical sketches, and early

reminiscences, to the number of several hundred volumes, including the Vallejo collection of original documents, in thirty-seven volumes; the Hayes collection of originals, copies, and maps, in one hundred volumes; documents from the archives of the Bandini, Castro, and Pico families; the Larkin collection of official papers; manuscript histories of California, written from the personal recollection and private memoranda of General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, Don Juan Bandini, Captain Jose Fernandez, Colonel Manuel Castro, Governor Juan B. Alvarado, and Captain John A. Sutter, with historical reminiscences in manuscripts by hundreds of the earliest American settlers in California.

In obtaining these materials, which are of the greatest advantage to the historian, Mr. Bancroft either went himself or sent an assistant to every old mission, and interviewed every prominent family of Spanish or Mexican origin. At some of these places the original documents were easily procured; at others persuasion procured permission to make copies; and at others money proved the open sesame. It was in this personal manner that Judge Hayes, the enthusiastic collector, gathered up the hundred volumes of matter that passed into Mr. Bancroft's hands. The passion for historical research is one that, when it gets possession of an individual, never leaves him, but presses him ever onward.

But it was not manuscripts alone for which the collector plied the possessor of historical material. The vast bulk of unprinted originals was supplemented by a vaster bulk of newspaper files, United States Government documents, and printed matter of every description, including costly reports in now rare sets of quarto volumes. The collection for the history of California is absolutely complete; and it should be regarded as of the greatest importance to the State, not only that such a collection exists, but that there exists in its owner a man with the high ambition to extract from it, with infinite labor and ample resources, a perfectly accurate as well as

thoroughly creditable history of the country from the earliest times to the present—an advantage no other State of any nation has ever possessed.

The same system as above described has been pursued in obtaining material for the history of the other States. The government of Central America has contributed a voluminous amount of matter to that before in the library. Pinart and Petroff have brought to the library, from St. Petersburg, collections of great value to the history of Alaska, which have been augmented by Mr. Petroff's recent labors in examining the government archives at Washington.

For the history of British Columbia, besides every printed book on the subject, a large number of manuscripts have been furnished by gentlemen formerly in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, the earliest pioneers of that region. These Mr. Bancroft obtained by a personal visit to Vancouver's Island in 1878.

For the history of Oregon and Washington Territory he secured the collection of Hon. Elwood Evans, the most comprehensive yet made of historical data for that region, besides the extensive correspondence of Mrs. Victor with the pioneers of Oregon, a partial collection by United States District Judge M. P. Deady, manuscript contributions by Judge William Strong, Judge P. P. Prim, Judge J. Q. Thornton, General Joseph Lane, Hon. Jesse Applegate, Hon. J. W. Nesmith, and sixty other of the earliest settlers and men of affairs in that portion of the Pacific coast. Even Idaho and Montana have furnished some original matter; but that territory is not yet thoroughly explored.

Next comes Utah, from which portion of the field the matter for modern history is complete. By the courtesy of President Taylor and the Council of Twelve, the entire documentary library of the church of Latter Day Saints and the Territory of Utah has been placed in Mr. Bancroft's hands to search and copy at his pleasure; while Mr. Richards, one of the foremost men in the Territory, has been at much

trouble to personally answer questions upon any and all topics, his replies being taken down by a reporter for the shelves of the library.

For each one of the States and Territories newspaper files have been gathered, until they aggregate four hundred in number, and make over four thousand volumes. United States Government documents, numbering two thousand volumes, are here to be drawn upon for the Congressional history of the several States; while scrap-books of choice information, and pamphlets on every subject germane to the history, swell the enormous mass of material, amounting in all to over thirty-five thousand books, maps, and manuscripts.

As the library grew upon his hands, Mr. Bancroft removed, first from Montgomery, near Merchant, to Market Street, in 1869, and again in 1881 to Valencia Street. On Montgomery and Market Streets the books were kept in the topmost story of the building, in which was carried on the business of the bookselling and publishing concern: but on finding himself crowded by the encroachments of a constantly enlarging trade, and being in dread of the possible loss by fire of his costly collections (representing several hundred thousand dollars in money, not to mention their greater value to him as the result of twenty-five years of persistent effort), Mr. Bancroft decided to erect a special depository on Valencia Street, which, being of brick, with iron doors and shutters, and standing in the center of a large lot, surrounded by grass and shrubbery, should be almost absolutely safe from conflagration.

The interior arrangement of the library is good, being well lighted, well ventilated, and cheerful in aspect. The lower floor is devoted to the heavier classes of books, and to maps and newspaper files; the upper floor to a literary work-shop, the walls of which are covered from floor to ceiling with books arranged upon a plan which enables the librarian at a moment's notice to take down any volume that may be called for. On the upper floor, also, are a few private

rooms: one the special study of Mr. Bancroft, another occupied as a study by the only lady assistant, and two apartments for the use of two gentlemen who reside in the building.

The history of the Bancroft Library would, if suffered to end here, leave the reader still uninformed of its most remarkable feature—its success in enabling its founder to carry out his literary aspirations. In the incipiency of his undertaking, Mr. Bancroft entertained the idea of contenting himself with writing upon several minor topics; but when he beheld the value and extent of his material, he was dissatisfied to garble it in the manner proposed, and relinquished that idea. He then withdrew himself from the cares of business as much as possible (though never able to do so entirely), and set himself to write the "History of the Pacific," from Darien to Alaska.

Upon beginning at the first appearance of Europeans on any part of the coast, he found himself invariably confronted by the aboriginal population, whom he could neither ignore nor properly represent without making a special study of ethnology. To the examination of this subject he then applied himself, purchasing all the authorities most valuable on the history, antiquities, religion, manners, and customs of the original inhabitants of the North American continent, and with the help of a number of assistants in reducing to form and established limits an enormous mass of facts, produced in a few years his "Native Races," in five volumes.

The work, which was well received by the learned and students throughout the world, was good training, both for Mr. Bancroft and those associated with him in the labor of extracting from many thousands of authorities exactly the matter required for the greater work of the "History of the Pacific States." By a system of indexing, which has been brought to great perfection, as before stated, anything in the library, from a single sheet to a heavy quarto, is known with certainty to the librarian. By a system of note taking or references, which places all the material on a certain subject in one budget

under its proper date, the writer is enabled to compare at once all his authorities on that subject, and is prepared to judge of the credibility of his witnesses by the weight of his evidence.

It is safe to assert that no historical writing was ever done under better conditions. A large corps of readers has gone over the whole collection. Their notes constitute the indexes just mentioned. The secretary, who first reduces the matter contained to something like form, saves the author considerable labor in that part of the work, the plan being one to which all those doing similar work conform, under his direction. Both references and abstracts pass examination, and are compared with the originals, to prevent mistakes or erroneous inferences.

No history was ever attempted that dealt so much with the beginnings of things, this being one of its most attractive features. The men who made the history of the country, be they ever so humble, have their proper place, and are preserved like flies in amber, for the view of generations yet unborn, who will look upon the pioneers of the Pacific coast with as much wonder as we of the nineteenth century regard the founders of Athens or Rome; but will know a good deal more about them than we do of the early Greeks and Romans, and a good deal more than we do about the early kings of Great Britain or the founders of the New England colonies. In these volumes, the descendants of the native sons of the Golden West in the generations to come may look for their ancestry, and will take the same pride in them that the descendants of the Randolphs of Virginia or the Standishes of Massachusetts take in theirs.

From this point of view, too much importance cannot be attached to the library which Mr. Bancroft has collected, nor to the work to which he is devoting his life, together with the faithful co-workers who deserve well of the public for conscientious application to a really serious, long-continued, and laborious task; albeit, it is with Mr. Bancroft and his assistants a labor of love.

As to the motive which prompts this effort, some call it love of fame, but it is, in truth, love of the work. But if it were for fame? It must be good and conscientious work to bring fame. A man has a just right to take to himself credit for having carried to successful completion a noble enterprise; for having done something which in the nature of things must benefit others. His love of approbation is his *point d'appui*, in undertaking at his own risk that which if he failed in doing would involve him in heavy loss of money and reputation. It is a sort of highwayman's spirit which says to a man who is doing all that is possible to earn the praise of his fellow-men, that he shall renounce the pleasure of fame or the profits of his investment, whether it be in money, or the approbation of the public, or both.

If any man in California who is worth a million of dollars should devote half of it at his death to the establishment of an institution for the development of special talents in the people, the promotion of useful research, the preservation of charities, or the founding of manufactories which should give employment where it is needed, no one would doubt the justice of giving that institution the name of the founder, or of writing him into fame in elaborate biographies; for these things address themselves at once to the selfishness of people.

In a work like that for which the Bancroft Library was created—itself a monument to the intellectual qualities of its founder—there can only be success. The material, talent, culture, and will power are combined to produce the results aimed at. The same good judgment, foresight, and determination which have enabled him to make the handsome fortune that has been invested in the work are important factors in the work itself. The day has gone past when to produce good literary work a man must be only a book-worm, or live in a garret. "Attic salt" does not always come from an attic; and if

Mr. Bancroft has shown us, at his own cost, how to do the work of two or three life-times in one, he has certainly done us an important service.

But it is not the "History of the Pacific States" alone which will be evolved out of the Bancroft collection. If it is desired by any one hereafter to write a book on any one of a hundred different topics, here is the material, with the references already made, the subject indexed, ready to the writer's hand. What a splendid arrangement for a journalist! Do you wish to know about government, soils, climates, agriculture, manufactures, races of man, railroads, routes, Indian affairs, antiquities, church matters, discoveries, explorations, surveys, and a hundred other things—nothing is easier than to get it by the method pursued here. And with every month hundreds of books are being added, which will contribute their share to the mass of matter already annotated.

I have said nothing about a large number of miscellaneous books of travel, adventure, and even fiction, which, because they contain some item of use to the library, are accorded a place on its shelves: but the general reader would find plenty of entertainment without troubling his brain with statistics, or vexing his soul with undertaking to solve a knotty question as to the rights of nations. He may find photographs of celebrated places, and likenesses of California pioneers, with other pictures, and a few curios, accidental adjuncts of the library; but being a working institution, there is not a great deal about it to amuse the idler.

Such as I have described it, a special historical collection, for a special purpose, it is remarkable, and highly creditable to the State which contains it, as a proof of the vigor and intellectuality of its leading citizens, eminent among whom will always be the name of the founder of the Bancroft Library.

FRANCES FULLER VICTOR.

A CONTEMPORARY OF WASHINGTON.—II.

[FROM UNPUBLISHED MEMOIRS.]

THE early life of Peter Adolph Grotjan, his quaint surroundings in the Free City of Hamburg, his unconquerable desire to exchange republican Hamburg for republican America, his arrival and settlement in Philadelphia in the autumn of 1796, and his description of Washington, whom he met a few weeks afterwards, have formed the subject of a previous article. I now propose to follow up his American career, by transcribing from his memoirs certain vivid descriptions of leading statesmen and contemporary life.

A few lines about John Randolph cannot be omitted :

“On the memorable day when Washington delivered his Farewell Address to Congress, in the Senate Chamber in Philadelphia, I beheld for the first time the famous John Randolph, of Roanoke, Virginia. He was then young, not near thirty years of age, but in appearance looked more like a boy than a man. So youthful was his appearance, that, seeing him seated amongst other members, I asked a person alongside of me, pointing at the same time to Randolph, whether the members of Congress were permitted to bring their *sous* on the floor. I was answered, ‘You are no doubt a stranger, not to know John Randolph.’ He was slender in person, of middle stature, and pale visage, very plainly dressed, his light-colored hair combed over the back of his head and tied with a black silk ribbon, leaving a tuft about six inches long pendant beneath. His voice was rather shrill, but his manner of speaking impressive; and he treated every subject with a profundity and in a style that commanded the attention and enforced the admiration of his auditors. His powers and his fearlessness were so great that he became the terror of many of his opponents during successive sessions of Congress. I shall have occasion speak more of him hereafter.”

In the early part of 1797, Mr. Grotjan left Philadelphia for a short time, and went on business to Lancaster, which was then the seat of the State Government of Pennsylvania. There he made the acquaintance of several interesting foreigners with romantic histories, who had turned to America as the land of promise, and were trying, with more or less success, to accommodate themselves to the unexpected realities of American life. One pretended to be connected with the royal family of Denmark, another had been in the service of the Empress Catherine of Russia, a third was a Prussian Count. This gentleman, to judge from the following description of his career, had the same idea of combining business with sport which is attempted to-day, with no better success, by many young Englishmen in our Western States :

“Count von Buelow, brother of the Prussian general who afterwards became so famous in the battles with the French armies, had taken a liberty-and-equality fit into his head, and accordingly emigrated to the United States as a private citizen and trader. I found him located in the borough of Lancaster, with his lady and one son about eight years of age. He had rented and furnished a house, lived in simple style, and was trading off the goods he had brought with him from Germany. He dropped his title of Count, as well as the word *von*, and requested to have himself called only Mr. Buelow. This was all very well; and if he could have divested himself as easily of his innate aristocratic feeling, early prejudices, and ceremonious habits as he had of his titles, this country would have suited him exactly. However, this was not the case. So used was he to the servile deference paid him by the peasantry in Europe, that he found daily causes to complain of what he called the boorish

insolence of our farmers. His wife was a short person, much *en bon point*, well bred, but not over well informed. The son was a spoiled pet, probably in consequence of being afflicted with the king's-evil. Finding that he could not sell his goods fast enough, and being fond of gunning and hunting, he took the singular resolution of turning peddler. He actually purchased a wagon and horses, hired some cunning but poor German as driver and salesman, obtained a peddler's license for him, left his wife and son at his house in Lancaster, mounted his gun, shot-pouch, and powder-horn, and followed by his dog, accompanied this expedition on foot through a mountainous country many hundreds of miles, and for several months. The last I heard of him he had sunk much of his capital, and returned in disgust with wife and child to Prussia."

Leaving Lancaster and its eccentric foreigners, Mr. Grotjan returned to Philadelphia. Six months had barely elapsed since his arrival in America; but during that time the partnership into which he had entered with a Philadelphia merchant was attended by such favorable results that it was now determined to establish at Reading, about fifty-six miles from Philadelphia, a branch of their commercial enterprise. This task was intrusted to Mr. Grotjan, and as the yellow fever, which had not visited Philadelphia since 1793, broke out again in that city in the summer of 1797, he found the seclusion of Reading doubly to his advantage. He was shortly joined there by several friends, who fled in alarm from the city, and for nearly a year Reading became his place of abode. There for the first time the young German republican flung himself into the current of American politics, and his memoirs are full of interest.

"It was at this period that I first commenced my political career, which, being a republican citizen by birth, was then and has ever since been decidedly democratic, on the principle of 'the greatest good and the greatest degree of rational liberty and protection to the greatest number of people'; no sinecures and no exclusive privileges.

"I must here observe, that I have met with no place in the United States which exceeds this beautiful town of Reading in hospitality, liberality, and good-fellowship. Society in cities, towns, and country, no matter under what government, will always subdivide itself. Travelers and temporary sojourners alone, if they possess the qualifications, can sometimes enjoy the society of all. This was precisely the case with myself and friends. Our acquaintance was general and independent, with dignitaries and with private citizens, with rich and with poor, with Federalists and with Democrats. The time I spent in Reading has ever left behind the most pleasing recollections. Were it not that in a few instances party spirit, which at that period ran very high, created some unpleasant feelings, and produced some disgraceful occurrences, I should have nothing to complain of. One of these political scenes of disorder and riot I will relate to you, in order to show to what excesses political animosities will stimulate persons who, on all other occasions, seem to live together on a friendly footing.

"In order that you may understand the temper of those times, it is necessary for me to give a brief statement of the relations of political parties. Upon General Washington receding from the presidency of the United States, there existed two distinct political parties in this country. Many of our wealthy citizens, and nearly all those who had been opposed to the Revolutionary War, together with many whose interests were deeply interwoven with British commerce and British predilections, and who had been highly opposed to the French Revolution, formed one party. They styled themselves Federalists, but were nicknamed by the opposite party Tories. The leaders of this party were the Adamses, Hamilton, Jay, Dana, the Francisés, Harper, the Coxes, Bingham's, Barings, and many other eminent families in other States. The other party, much more numerous but not so well organized at that period, and not quite so wealthy, consisted of those who had been strenuously in favor of the Revolution, who

enthusiastically loved our Constitution and Government, who had divested themselves of British predilections, and bore England little good will an account of former cruelties and oppression. This party was also favorable to the French Revolution, and to the emancipation of all mankind from legal tyranny. They styled themselves Democrats, but were nicknamed by the other party, *Sans-culottes*. The chief leaders of this party at the time I speak of were Thomas Jefferson, De Witt Clinton, Aaron Burr, John Randolph, Albert Gallatin, James Madison, James Monroe, John Tompkins, Judge McKean, and many other great and distinguished citizens of other States.

“With this array of parties, opposed to each other in many essential matters relative to our political government, the election of Washington’s successor took place; and although the most sanguine expectation had prevailed that Thomas Jefferson would be elected, John Adams of Massachusetts became President of the United States. During his administration party feuds ran very high. The Federal party exercised their power with an iron hand. Obnoxious laws were passed by Congress and sanctioned by the President. Among the most offensive of these were an alien and sedition law, a stamp tax, and a window tax. Debates in Congress became very acrimonious, and such scenes as have been recently (1844) enacted in Washington were not uncommon in those times; as is apparent from the fact that Matthew Lyons, a representative, spat in the face of Mr. Griswold, another member, for offensive remarks made by the latter during a debate. John Randolph and Albert Gallatin defended the Democratic cause with much energy and ability, for which the latter, having had the misfortune to be born in Switzerland, was most cordially hated and abused by the whole Federal party.

“Whilst these events were going on in Philadelphia that stormy session closed, and the respective members prepared themselves for home. Mr. Gallatin, who had his wife and children with him, traveled in his own

private carriage. He resided in the western part of Pennsylvania, and his route home passed through Reading. On a pleasant afternoon about five o’clock, I heard the bells ringing a merry peal, and on inquiring the cause was informed that it was done by order of the Democrats, to welcome their champion in Congress, who was expected to stay one night in Reading, and whose coach was then in sight. I went directly, with several of my friends, to Barr’s Hotel, where I welcomed Mr. Gallatin and his family on their arrival. Rooms on the second floor had been prepared, to which they retired. Soon after dark I observed some strange maneuvers amongst the lower class of the members of the Federal party. Many of Captain Keim’s company, called the Reading Blues, were in uniform, and many of the young men were whispering in small parties, apparently discussing some plot or outbreak. I soon got information of their schemes. It appeared that the Federal party had been highly scandalized and irritated at the honor paid to Mr. Gallatin, and that they had determined to be revenged: first, by manifesting their displeasure towards himself and family by playing the Rogue’s March under his window; and secondly, if practicable, by taking him forcibly from the house, and offering him some other personal indignities. The leaders of our party immediately convened, and we consulted about the most proper course to pursue to prevent the execution of these malicious intentions, and to avoid an outbreak and open violence. A committee consulted with Mr. Barr, the landlord, whom we acquainted with the intended violence. This gentleman, one of the largest and most athletic men in Berks County, who weighed upwards of three hundred pounds, and occupied the space of two common men, and was, moreover, on an intimate footing with all the inhabitants, observed, with a good-natured smile, that he would take care and answer for the safety of Mr. Gallatin and family whilst in his house, if we would take measures to protect him when out of it. He advised that some of us should be off and on in the bar-room

during the evening, and as many as possible quietly disperse ourselves amongst the crowd. He added, 'I myself will guard the stairs, and I promise that nobody shall ascend without my permission.' He accordingly fortified himself with a heavily loaded chaise-whip, and took his seat on the stairway to the second story, which his huge body completely filled. There he faithfully remained until the house was shut up. The presence of this formidable man in such a position had no doubt prevented many of the evil-inclined opponents from making an attempt to go up-stairs. But about nine o'clock three of the most determined presented themselves before Mr. Barr, and requested him to move. He got up and said, in a good-natured tone, 'Gentlemen, what do you want?' They answered, 'We wish to see Mr. Gallatin'; to which he replied very civilly, 'Mr. Gallatin is my guest, and I do not suffer any person to intrude on him unless it is by his own desire.' They expostulated, and one of them attempted to pass him. He stretched out his huge arm, holding the whip in a horizontal position before him, and pushing the man at arm's length from him, said, in a most determined though not angry tone: 'Gentlemen, you know me. Be off with you! The first one that attempts again to pass me will find himself in the middle of the street before he is aware of it.' This had the desired effect; no other attempt was made that evening.

"During the whole night, however, the noise, hooting, and music were kept up, in addition to which an image of hideous dimensions, intended as an effigy of Mr. Gallatin, was prepared and stuck upon a pole. It became but too evident that they intended to offer him personal insult on his departure. We called upon him at day-break, and although he had been sensible of the tumult out of doors, he had not been informed that he was in personal danger. This became now unavoidable. Mr. Barr informed him that a horse stood ready saddled in the stable, which was at the end and in the rear of a very deep lot, fronting on a

lane which went all the way to the ferry on the Schuylkill. We persuaded him to avail himself of that opportunity to depart unobserved. I promised him to accompany his wife and children in the coach, and requested him to wait at the Big Spring, about three miles from Reading, until our arrival. We assured him that no danger threatened his family, that at all events we were amply strong to protect them, and that we proposed this plan, not because we deemed ourselves inferior in strength, but solely to avoid a public outbreak, and a scene of greater scandal to the place than already existed. After considerable persuasion, he agreed to our arrangement, and he departed entirely unobserved. At sunrise the carriage was at the door; and surrounded by a number of friends, I led Mrs. Gallatin and her children to the coach. It was probably expected that Mr. Gallatin would follow, but when we entered and the carriage door was shut, great manifestations of disappointment were made by shouting, playing the Rogue's March, and setting the effigy on fire, which was carried on the run for a short distance alongside. The speed of our horses, however, soon got us clear of this shameful molestation. We soon crossed the Schuylkill at Zanzinger's Ferry, and joined Mr. Gallatin at the Big Spring, where he was awaiting us under painful anxiety. During the whole of this trying scene Mrs. Gallatin behaved with much fortitude and prudence; and I feel bound to testify that no personal considerations or fear actuated Mr. Gallatin to adopt the plan we proposed, but that he acceded to it, at our suggestion, solely with the view to prevent a greater increase of tumult than already existed. I returned with the horse Mr. Gallatin rode, and thus ended this disgraceful affair. Mr. Gallatin is still alive (1844), and resides in the State of New York; and although between eighty and ninety years of age, is in the enjoyment of such physical and mental abilities, and his judgment and experience are held in such high esteem, that he is consulted on all great financial questions, without regard to party politics."

This affair with Albert Gallatin was not the only amusing political episode of Mr. Grotjan's visit to Reading. In the spring of 1798 he returned to Philadelphia. He had been there but a few months when the yellow fever again broke out.

"Every one who could make it possible fled from the city, and the deaths amongst the remainder had nearly reached one hundred victims a day. Still I felt no alarm for my own safety. Two of my friends, Mr. Philipson and Mr. Alsop, a Quaker, were seized with the disease at an early period, and I visited them twice a day. At last, the wharves being deserted, all warehouses and counting-rooms in my neighborhood being shut up, the banking houses removing to the neighboring villages, and the pestilence making its appearance next door to our boarding-house, my friends urged me to quit the city. My arrangements were soon made. I engaged a seat in the Reading stage-coach, and presented myself there on the following morning at five o'clock. To my surprise, I found the stage perfectly crowded, and no possibility of obtaining a seat. I left my trunk at the office, with orders to have it secured on board the stage for the following morning, whilst I took lodgings in a neighboring hotel, in order to be in time. I was ready at four o'clock A. M., an hour before the time; but although I saw my trunk secured, there was not the space of a foot to accommodate my body. I found that such was the panic and eagerness to leave the city that the seats had been filled in the evening, and defended by the occupants during the whole night. At that period I was young, vigorous, and full of animation. I had always been a remarkable pedestrian, and was more fond of walking than riding. Seeing my positive disappointment, and knowing that my trunk was safe on board, I determined without hesitation to walk to Reading."

Having arrived there without adventure, he was followed a few days later by three intimate friends. They, too, had been compelled to walk, and one of them arrived in a state of exhaustion. "The moment I

looked in his face," says Mr. Grotjan, "I saw that he was attacked by the fever. His face was highly flushed, his eyes red and quivering, and his strength greatly prostrated. He hardly said anything, except that he felt fatigued and wanted rest, and we soon after placed him in a chamber with a single bed. I called on Dr. Stroebel, and requested him to call that evening, and he had no hesitation in pronouncing it a malignant case of yellow fever." The panic of Philadelphia now seized upon Reading. The hotel in which the sick man lay was instantly deserted. The landlord then insisted on his removal. A room in an outhouse was secured, but in three days the man was a corpse. "I visited him," says Mr. Grotjan, "every day, and was with him when he died. Dr. Stroebel, a German minister of the Gospel, and myself were the only persons who followed him to the grave." Fortunately, the fever did not become epidemic, and the excitement in Reading soon subsided.

Not wishing to remain idle, Mr. Grotjan made a tour into the valley of the Susquehanna. In the course of this journey he fell in with Dr. Priestley, and the few lines about him are not without interest.

"In due time I arrived at Sunbury, where the noble river Susquehanna branches in two streams, on one of which, nearly opposite to Sunbury, lies the town and borough of Northumberland. I had many friends in both places, visited them alternately, and remained there about ten days. Some years previous, when the famous and learned Dr. Priestley was obliged to fly from England for opinion's sake, he came to this country, purchased a tract of land in Northumberland county, and a house in the town, where he resided when I arrived there in 1798. His sons cultivated the farm, one of whom was married and had children. I was introduced to this venerable philosopher, and spent some days with him. He had a splendid library, and his philosophical and mathematical instruments were many and of the first order. During my stay I visited his farm, accompanied by one of his sons, who introduced me to his wife and children. It was remark-

able to observe that, although the doctor lived in a very handsome style in Sunbury, his son lived in a much more primitive manner on the farm. It is true, there was plenty everywhere, but the style and manner had conformed itself greatly to the habits of backwoods farmers. He and his little boys, for instance, would work and run about all day barefooted and bare-headed, without seeming to mind it. I spent my time very agreeably, and should have thought the trouble of my journey well rewarded, by making this interesting acquaintance, if no other business had induced me to undertake it."

Not till the end of October did Mr. Grotjan think it prudent to return to Philadelphia, and he then found on all sides the saddest evidences of the city's affliction. "It was a painful and melancholy scene on my return, to lament with the bereaved the loss of relatives and friends who had fallen victims to the scourging pestilence." Winter and spring passed, and again for the third year in succession the yellow fever attacked Philadelphia in 1799. All citizens who could afford it hastened to leave the city, and Mr. Grotjan with a party of friends started on horseback for an extended tour through Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. The incidents of this journey are set forth at length in the memoirs, but I will merely quote here the description of the appearance of Washington city in 1799:

"We dined at Alexandria, and embarked towards evening in a boat for the city of Washington. This city was at that time in its earliest infancy. The main street to Georgetown, Pennsylvania Avenue, and a few other streets near Capitol Hill were very scantily inhabited, and consisted of blocks of houses of from three to seven buildings, at great intervals. People described their location thus: 'I live in the third house of the seven buildings.' The central building, or rotunda of the capitol, the President's house, the land, war, and post offices, were nearly finished, and were expected to be so far completed as to receive Congress and the officers of Government in the year 1800, which was the time fixed by law for Congress

to assemble in that city. The remaining part of Washington, at that time, was waste ground, fields, bushes, and woods. We arrived a little before dark at the ferry, near where the navy yard is now located, and were put on a road which was said to lead to Capitol Hill. We walked on leisurely until dark, expecting every moment to see the capitol. We met not a living soul, and followed the road until we were certain there was not a vestige of a town or city around us. What could we do? We hunted for a habitation, and at length found a small house, where we procured a guide to conduct us to the hotel at the foot of Capitol Hill, from which we were more than a mile and a half distant. It was amusing to see the politeness with which we were received. The house was large and stately, and the establishment was formed on an extensive scale, in anticipation of the coming year. The landlord asked with great suavity what we would choose for supper, to which I answered that we were not particular, and he might prepare whatever was most convenient. This would not answer, and he requested us to make our choice. I thought this looked too much like mock grandeur; and wishing to punish him, I named, in rotation, about a dozen uncommon dishes, such as pheasants, woodcock, venison, oyster-pies, all of which he had politely to refuse, and ultimately to offer a fricasseed chicken and ham and eggs. On the following day we viewed the capitol and public buildings, and returned by water to Alexandria, where we took our horses and went to Georgetown. From there we returned by easy stages to Philadelphia."

At this period in Mr. Grotjan's history the name of Aaron Burr makes its first appearance on the pages of his memoirs. Chance made him a participator in the secret history of that notorious politician; but it is not so much in the character of a crafty intriguer as in that of a knight-errant defending injured womanhood, that Burr appears in the following episode:

"In the summer of 1800, Messrs. Edward Addicks and Frederick Brower, two particu-

lar friends of mine, rented some rooms at a farm-house on the banks of the Schuylkill, near the Falls, with a family of the name of Culp, in order to enjoy the summer afternoons and evenings at this rural and truly romantic retreat. I often visited them there, and spent many a delightful evening and Sunday. It appeared that a lady of very retired habits also had rooms there, and a permanent residence for the summer. I had not yet seen her, and it appeared that Messrs. Addicks and Brower met her only at the dinner-table. However, I was shortly afterwards introduced to her; and one evening a walk on the banks of the river was proposed. She went by the name of Mrs. Clement, was remarkably handsome, and particularly interesting, in consequence of a shade of melancholy visible in her countenance. She was well bred and well informed, and although of a rather romantic turn of mind, she was free from affectation or pretensions. The acquaintance of this charming person was a great acquisition to our social circle. But notwithstanding the great propriety of her conduct, there was a mystery attached to her situation and lonely seclusion, well calculated to awaken the curiosity of persons of our age. Messrs. Addicks and Brower, who had more frequent opportunities to converse with her than myself, had learned that her history was somehow or other connected with that of Aaron Burr and General Hamilton; but further than that, their knowledge did not extend.

“Having shortly before read a pamphlet published by General Hamilton, in justification of some bitter political controversy between him and Aaron Burr, in which Hamilton exposed the character of a Mr. Reynolds and his wife, but especially traduced the reputation of the surviving widow of Mr. Reynolds in the most glaring manner, the idea struck me that this lady might be Mrs. Reynolds, under the assumed name of Clement. Without communicating my impressions to her or to any one else, I notwithstanding had many opportunities during our conversations to allude to various parts of her history, as if speaking of another

person. I frequently perceived her surprise, and found that she gave me credit for more knowledge of her affairs than I actually possessed. My uniformly friendly and delicate conduct towards her had won her regard; and one evening, when alone, with a flood of tears she begged my friendship and confidence. She said she felt herself irresistibly impelled to make me acquainted with her sad history; and if my advice could not better her condition, my sympathy would assuage her sorrows. She then gave me an outline of her history up to the time of our conversation, which I will endeavor to relate as faithfully as the lapse of forty-four years will permit.

“She informed me that her maiden name was Maria Lewis; that she was born in New York, and was married when very young to a Mr. Reynolds. This person was an active politician of the Federal party, and as such, the friend and coadjutor of Hamilton, deeply initiated in all the intricacies of political maneuvering, and employed by the General in the execution of various plans. In the mean time Hamilton became deeply enamored of the charms of the beautiful Maria, and succeeded in seducing her affections from her husband. His various political maneuvers did not remain unobserved by the sagacious Aaron Burr, who sought the acquaintance of Mr. Reynolds, whom he by some means convinced of his political errors. The consequence was a disagreement between Reynolds and Hamilton, which ended in breaking up their connection, and throwing the weight of Reynolds's secret knowledge into the scale of Aaron Burr. Hamilton and Burr, both men of powerful intellect, both crafty and ambitious, had been for years political opponents, and this new circumstance greatly widened the breach, and increased their personal dislike.

“Mr. Reynolds, however, soon afterwards died, and left his widow with one small child, a daughter named Susan. In due time she consoled herself for the loss of her husband by marrying a gentleman of the name of Clement. Of this person she gave

me very little information, except that he got into great pecuniary difficulties, and left her and the child without protection. She stated that she had never heard of him since. From that moment Mr. Burr befriended her, and extended his support to her and her child for many years. In 1799, some political scheme of General Hamilton having been counteracted and foiled by the tactics of Aaron Burr, and several severe animadversions having appeared in the public prints against the General, he published in pamphlet form a refutation, wherein he exposed his intrigue with Maria Reynolds in colors the most glaring. Depicting the character of Reynolds as base and unprincipled, he accused him of having been privy to his intimacy with Maria, and did not spare Aaron Burr's character as a political maneuverer. This pamphlet created considerable sensation, but was a death-blow to the reputation and prospects of the unfortunate Maria. Dragged so ungenerously before the public by her seducer, pointed at as a vile prostitute, her situation was lamentable in the highest degree. Shame and remorse nearly annihilated her; and but for the assistance of Aaron Burr, she would have fallen an early victim of despair. At this period of her story, which I have greatly condensed, she was so overcome by agonizing feelings that she could not proceed for many minutes.

"Under these dreadful circumstances, Mr. Burr provided a place of education and board for the child in Boston, under her mother's maiden name as Susan Lewis, and advised Mrs. Clement to retire for a while to some other place in the deepest seclusion and privacy. She followed this advice, removed privately to Philadelphia, and lodged with a poor but respectable widow whom she had known in the days of her prosperity, until she accidentally heard of the family of Mrs. Culp, and their retired situation on the banks of the Schuylkill, where she expected to remain secluded and unobserved during the summer. She added that her leisure time had been devoted to writing a pamphlet in answer to that of Hamilton, in which she

had given a faithful history of the arts and wiles employed by him for her ruin. This pamphlet she had placed in the hands of Mr. William Duane, editor of the Philadelphia "Aurora," for publication, and it was her desire and request that I should peruse it. I made several efforts to that effect, but could not obtain it. Mr. Duane stated that in the event of certain political movements it should be published, but before that time he did not wish to communicate the contents to anybody. It was never published. Thus passed the summer of 1800, at the close of which Mrs. Clement returned to the humble dwelling of her friend, and I only heard from her occasionally.

"I discovered, however, at the beginning of the next year (1801), that the situation and pecuniary circumstances of Maria Clement were very embarrassing and precarious, and I offered my services to make her circumstances known to Mr. Burr. This formed the commencement of my correspondence with that celebrated person. Whatever may have been the failings of Aaron Burr, I have always found him to be a man of a humane and generous disposition towards those who suffered. He shortly afterwards visited Philadelphia, and sent me an invitation to see him at the Indian Queen, in Fourth Street. I found him a lively and very agreeable man in conversation. He informed me that the daughter of Maria, then about fourteen years of age, whom he had placed at a seminary in Boston, with the assistance of some of his friends in that city, under the name of Susan Lewis, had informed him that she was very anxious to see her mother; but under present circumstances this could not be with propriety effected, unless she could be respectably introduced into society without revealing her parental history. I was fully impressed with the existence of these difficulties, but still felt desirous to gratify her innocent and natural wish, if it could be done with propriety and safety to the persons immediately interested. Mr. Burr suggested the following plan, which we subsequently successfully executed: He said that on his return to New York he

would address me a letter over the signature of Mr. Brown, member of the House of Representatives, informing me that his niece, Miss Susan Lewis, wished to pay a visit to Philadelphia during his stay in Congress at Washington; that he wished to gratify her, greatly preferring Philadelphia to the new seat of Government, provided board for her in a respectable private family could be obtained, and especially if there should be one or two young ladies of her own age in the family, and I would consent to be her guardian and protector during her visit. On receipt of this letter, I went to Mrs. Vanderpool, an elderly widow residing with her daughter, a charming young girl of fifteen, in whose family I was intimate, and communicated to her the request of my friend Mr. Brown of New York. After a few objections on the score of never having entertained boarders, she consented to receive Susan Lewis in her family, and treat her as a daughter until the return of her uncle. Some short time previous to this event, Maria Clement had consented to superintend the household affairs of a celebrated old French doctor of the name of M——, who had been made acquainted with her history, and her situation was comparatively much more respectable and comfortable than before.

“Matters being all arranged and settled by correspondence, I met Susan Lewis for the first time on her arrival at the house of Dr. M——, and could not help admiring her youthful beauty and polished manners. I soon introduced her into the family of Mrs. Vanderpool, where she was in a short time made acquainted with nearly all my friends, and became the admired favorite of everybody. Her modest and easy conduct won for her that personal respect to which her supposed relationship entitled her. Thus matters proceeded to the satisfaction and delight of all, Susan having unrestrained opportunities to visit her mother without creating the slightest suspicion of any relationship between them, until a circumstance occurred which placed me in a difficult and unpleasant situation, and came near deranging all our contrivances.

“It is not surprising that a young lady so beautiful and interesting should find admirers and conquer hearts. This was the case with Susan; but her youth had made me suppose that a proposal of marriage was out of the question. In this, however, I found myself egregiously mistaken. During her visits to the families of Markland, Heiss, Eckstein, Proctor, Kidd, Bailey, von Phul, and others, she had become acquainted with a number of young gentlemen, one of whom, named McCoy, both handsome and agreeable, became so deeply enamored that he made her a declaration of love and proposal of marriage. Deeply embarrassed as she felt in consequence of her mysterious situation, she had nevertheless the prudence to refer him to me as her temporary guardian, and before he could see me on the subject, appointed me to meet her and her mother at Dr. M——’s. I was greatly embarrassed, but told them there was but one course to pursue, namely: that I, under promise of secrecy, should make Mr. McCoy acquainted with so much of the history of her mother as I should deem proper for the occasion. This I did, and although he desisted from a further pursuit of his courtship, he honorably kept the secret inviolate. It was now near the end of the session of Congress, and according to previous arrangements, I received a letter from my friend Mr. Brown, informing me that he was prevented from returning home by way of Philadelphia, and begging me to inform him whether it was in my power to make such arrangements as to send his niece under proper protection to New York at an appointed time. I communicated this letter to Susan, and of course the Vanderpool family and other friends became acquainted with its contents. My arrangements were made accordingly, and I appointed my clerk, Mr. Niess, as her protector and conductor to New York, of which office he was not a little proud.

“Thus ended this curious adventure, unsuspected and undiscovered by any persons except the few who were originally in the secret. It is true, I was sometimes closely interrogated by Mrs. Markland, a quick-

witted, sprightly, and intelligent lady; but by not pretending to have any secret, I succeeded in satisfying her on every point. I have frequently reflected on the part I acted in this drama, and have asked myself whether the duplicity I displayed on this occasion was honorable or excusable; and I have always come to the conclusion that it was the fault of organized society, which sometimes makes deception necessary for the protection of innocent persons who would otherwise become victims to society's prejudices. Susan Lewis went again to Boston, corresponded with me as a sister would with an elder brother, and was shortly afterwards married to a Mr. Wright. Her mother, as the wife of Dr. M——, lived for many years as a respected married lady, and I remained until her death her true and disinterested friend.

"More than a year after the events just described, in December, 1802, I sent a cargo of about twelve thousand dollars' worth of goods to Alexandria, in the District of Columbia, and I was obliged to leave Philadelphia, in order to attend to the sale of my cargo, for fully three months. During this period of time Congress was in session, and as my business called me weekly to Georgetown, I spent a considerable part of my time in Washington, particularly with Aaron Burr, then Vice-President of the United States. He kept an establishment in Washington suitable to his rank, and professed for me much personal friendship; and as I resided in Alexandria, if I failed to visit Washington in the course of three or four days, I was certain to receive a note from him, requesting me to come over and see him. Being a man of the greatest conversational talents, he entertained me with the most interesting parts of his life, but particularly with those events of the French Revolution, and that of San Domingo, in which he had had an opportunity to be of service to sufferers, especially where ladies were the objects of distress. He showed me a most splendid oil-painting of a very beautiful French lady of rank, whose family were guillotined under Robespierre, for whom he had procured an asylum

with his daughter, Mrs. Alston, whose portrait he also kept by him. I ceased to have any intercourse with Mr. Burr in after years. Like most great men, the traits of his character were prominent in good as well as in highly censurable deeds."

In order to follow this entertaining recital, which brings Mr. Grotjan's history down to the end of the year 1802, it has been necessary to omit some highly interesting pages of his memoirs. I propose, therefore, to turn back a few pages, and transcribe the vivid sketch of Jerome Bonaparte which is included with the chronicles of 1801.

"This was the year when Jerome, youngest brother of Napoleon Buonaparte, visited this country. I met him accidentally one morning at Peale's Museum, where he had been taken by Commodore Barney of Baltimore, who was his constant attendant. Being personally acquainted with the Commodore, he introduced me to him. He was of middle stature, and I judged him then to be about twenty years of age. His face was more of a feminine than manly beauty, his mouth handsome, and his chin strongly marked and round. His person possessed grace without much dignity; in short, there was nothing of greatness or nobleness about it. His manners were gay and his movements quick. A machine had lately been invented for taking profiles, called the physiognotrace, which excited much attention, and was exhibited in the museum. Jerome had a parcel of his profiles taken, and presented me with a copy, which, amongst others, I preserved for many years. In the year 1803 I saw him several times in Baltimore, his permanent place of residence, where he was courted and feasted by all the patrician families; and various schemes of matrimonial alliance were formed by the beauties of the Monumental City. Amongst the most prominent rivals were the daughter of Luther Martin, a very eminent counselor at law, and Miss Patterson, the daughter of a wealthy merchant. When in Baltimore, I used to put up at the Fountain Inn, which was immediately opposite to Luther Martin's house, and I had an opportunity to observe the little

arts of Miss Martin to attract the attention of Buonaparte. He used to take morning drives between ten and eleven o'clock, in Commodore Barney's phaeton, accompanied by that old and notorious gallant. I observed Miss Martin, from my window, make her appearance, for several days, in full dress, at the front door of her house about ten o'clock, occasionally taking a short turn up and down the pavement. Barney's phaeton would come in sight at the corner; Buonaparte, seeing Miss Martin, would naturally alight, having become acquainted with her at all fashionable parties, pay his respects to her, inquire after her health, and promenade with her for fifteen or twenty minutes. But it all would not do. Miss Patterson was the successful candidate, and they were married. It is a remarkable circumstance, which I cannot omit to mention, that at this period, amongst the wealthy citizens of our seaport towns, the rage to cultivate alliances with foreign noblemen was so great that our untitled native young men stood but a poor chance to gain the affections of the stars of society. Not long after this marriage, when on a visit to Baltimore, I was invited, on St. Patrick's Day, to a ball in the Assembly Room, where for the last time I met Mr. and Mrs. Buonaparte. The fashion in regard to the female dress of that period differed widely from the present modest and becoming attire. The hair was artificially curled all around, and the neck and breast exposed to an almost incredible degree. I can safely aver that the garments of Mrs. Buonaparte and others, from the waist upwards, would hardly have been sufficient to furnish materials for a pair of gloves, abating the Brussels lace which covered the lower part of the breast. The party was very fashionable, but agreeable and unrestrained. Mrs. Buonaparte retired shortly after twelve o'clock, but Jerome and the rest of the company danced until after three. This was the last I ever saw of them. They shortly afterwards embarked for Europe. Napoleon repudiated the alliance. Jerome became King of Westphalia, and married the daughter of the King of Wurtemberg. The former Miss Patterson, deserted by her

husband, took refuge in England, where she gave birth to a son, and returned, a few months later, to her father's house in Baltimore."

With no statesman in the early history of the country did Mr. Grotjan enjoy a closer friendship than with Thomas Jefferson; but the necessity of bringing this long article to a close compels me simply to indicate the beginning of this friendship.

"In 1803, through Aaron Burr, then Vice-President of the United States, I made the acquaintance of Thomas Jefferson, to whom he introduced me shortly after my arrival in Washington. In this great, good, and wise patriot I found realized all the expectations I had formed from the veneration in which he was held by the whole Democratic party of the Union, from the merits of his works and writings, from the sublime and sacred spirit which pervades his unequalled Declaration of Independence, and from the bitter enmity and venom which the British Tories and American Federalists poured over his devoted head. He was at that time about sixty years of age, above the middle size, but of spare figure. There was much benevolence and dignity in his looks and conduct, and the simplicity of his dress and manners was truly republican. It appeared to me that every action of his life and every object of his pursuits had a tendency to benefit his fellow-men, to elevate and enlighten their minds, and, in short, to disseminate such principles as would fit the nation for the high purposes of self-government. Such was the kindness and urbanity of his conduct, that, although a young man with no claims upon his attention, I felt myself perfectly unembarrassed in his society."

Passing over the records of many years, I will now bring these extracts to an end, by citing an episode in Mr. Grotjan's intercourse with Andrew Jackson.

"In 1833, General Jackson, then President of the United States, was invited by leading Democrats to visit the city of Philadelphia. The invitation was accepted. At a Democratic meeting held on the subject of his reception, I was appointed a member of

the committee of arrangements, and subsequently, by that body, appointed a member of the committee of reception. He arrived at the navy-yard in the presence of an immense concourse of people. I was nearly crushed to death, with other members of the committee, before we could reach our carriage and form the train of escort that was to conduct General Jackson and his suite to the apartments provided for them at the Indian Queen Hotel, in Fourth Street. The chairman of our committee was my particular friend Henry Horn, who, with myself and others, had battled in the cause of this great warrior and statesman ever since the year 1822. With Chandler Price, Wilson Taylor, Henry S. Hughes, and some others, we were the very first who brought his name forward as a candidate for the presidency two years before the second term of President Monroe had expired; and we unitedly had formed and established the famous Hickory Club No. 1, in the city of Philadelphia, which, with its innumerable branches, proved ultimately a powerful accessory to his success. Every attention was shown him by the committee of reception; and besides visiting all the remarkable places in and near our city, a public procession took place, which, for splendor and enthusiasm, left nothing to be desired. In this procession the old hero chose to appear on a noble horse, simply dressed, and wearing a broad-brimmed gray hat, which, during the whole length of the procession, he held in his hand, waving it constantly to the thousands of ladies who greeted him on the route, as a mark of respect for their courtesy and enthusiasm. He rode immediately in front of the committee of arrangements, who followed him in a long train of barouches-and-four. The weather being very warm, fears were entertained that the fatigue of the immensely long route of the procession would oppress him, and perhaps injure his health. Several proposals were therefore made to him to shorten the published route, which the old hero peremptorily refused, saying, 'Not an inch of the published route must be shortened, as I owe the same civility to my fellow-citizens in the

Liberties and suburbs as I do to my friends in the city.' That day he gained the hearts of thousands who had before opposed him; but the hearts of the ladies he took by storm. Never have I heard more lively expressions of admiration for any man than on this occasion and during the few days he remained amongst us. His suavity, his urbanity, and his majestic but entirely unaffected bearing conquered all opposition, and drew from the ladies unbounded expressions of admiration and filial regard. If this was the case with the majority of the people, the conduct of the authorities of the city—namely, of the Mayor, and of the Select and Common Council—was far different. This body of officers, being genuine Federalists of the John Adams school, were not guilty of one act of public respect towards General Jackson. They neither appointed a committee to receive the President, nor invited him to be addressed by them at Independence Hall, which on all former and subsequent occasions was customary, as a mark of respect to eminent men, but particularly to the Presidents of the United States. The Hall of Independence, however, was obtained by the committee of citizens for one day, for the purpose of general intercourse and manifestations of respect for the chief magistrate of the nation. But the deep hatred of some of the city functionaries did not stop there. On the day of the procession before mentioned, when we passed the house of John Swift, then mayor of Philadelphia, we found him standing at the window, and alongside of him his invited guest, the bloody Indian chief Black Hawk, who had for years past indiscriminately murdered the men, women, and children of our border settlers, until he had been finally conquered by General Jackson, who thus effected a lasting peace with Black Hawk's savages. I do not mention this outrage on decency in malice. I have been personally acquainted with Colonel Swift for many years, and, saving his unmitigated rancor against democracy, have found him in personal intercourse an agreeable companion.

"The evening before the departure of

General Jackson, I took the opportunity of introducing to him my son Thomas Jefferson, then about eleven years of age, who presented to the General the letter of advice received at his birth from the great and wise Patriarch of Democracy, with the request that he would add a few sentiments of his own to that invaluable letter. This was in the audience room of the hotel. General Jackson soon afterwards retired, and in about fifteen minutes sent the original letter back, on which he had written his own sentiments and signature. The paper then read as follows, the first part in the handwriting of Jefferson, the second in that of Jackson:

“Th: Jefferson to Th: Jefferson Grotjan.

“Your affectionate mother requests that I would address to you, as a namesake, something which might have a favorable influence on the course of life you have to run. Few words are necessary with good dispositions on your part. Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself, and your country more than life. Be just,

be true, murmur not at the ways of Providence, and the life into which you have entered will be the passage to one of eternal and ineffable bliss. And if to the dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard. Farewell.

“MONTICELLO, Jan. 10, '24.

“Although requested by Mr. Grotjan, yet I can add nothing to the admirable advice given to his son by that virtuous patriot and enlightened statesman, Thomas Jefferson. The precious relic which he sent to the young child contains the purest morality and inculcates the noblest sentiments. I can only recommend a rigid adherence to them. They will carry him through life safely and respectably; and what is far better, they will carry him through death triumphantly; and we may humbly trust they will secure to all who, in principle and practice, adopt them that crown of immortality described in the Holy Scriptures.

“ANDREW JACKSON.

“PHILADELPHIA, June 9, 1833.”

“General Jackson left the city on the following day, and from that time till his decease I did not see him again.”

ALFRED A. WHEELER.

ARAB SONG.

O my steed, my faithful Fahra,
To my soul than wine more dear,
Draw thou near;
Tremble not, for thou my secret
Need not fear.

Thou dost know, O friend most faithful,
To an Arab heart that love
Is no glove—
Eagle feathers are not shaken
Like a dove.

Something quaffed I at the fountain,
Where we of the water drank
Poison rank—
Fatal love for paltry beauty
Of a Frank.

See! afar lieth the desert;
Bear me thence swift as the deer,
Far from here
Let us die, we and our secret,
No one near.

MARGARET RIETT.

WANDERING JOE.

ONE of my earliest recollections is that of Captain Ease. My family lived at Leavenworth City, two miles from the garrison of Fort Leavenworth, during the most troublous times of the Civil War. Absurd as it may appear, I think every woman at the hotel where we boarded felt a sense of security in the presence among us of several Federal officers. I remember once saying, when a raid by Price was anticipated, "I'll tell Captain Ease to kill old Mr. Price if he comes around here." They laughed, but I think my baby confidence found an echo in most of their hearts.

Certainly the appearance of Captain Ease was calculated to inspire confidence in his valor and prowess. I have learned since that he was rather short than tall; then he appeared to me gigantic, as he went about the piazzas and corridors with martial gait, sword clanking and spurs jingling.

But despite his epaulets and rank, despite his fine bearing and leonine head, despite his unflinching courtesy and his courage, vaunted on every side, Captain Ease was not a popular man—

"For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted."

Men—his brother officers—told strange stories of his moods of gloom and despair; how, at times, night after night his room was empty, while across the Esplanade, over the Reserve, and out for miles along the country roads, forest, and flat, echoed the mad, flying hoof-beats of his black horse Pluto. Again, it was whispered that occupants of apartments near him would sometimes awaken, shivering with the lingering horror of wild cries still ringing from the soldier's room; then all night long heavy footfalls would go wearily to and fro across the floor, bearing a weight of woe or pain.

Some, more curious than courteous, questioned Captain Ease's younger brother; but

fair, frank Lieutenant Charlie was fain to confess an ignorance matching their own, albeit his young face blanched with distress at mention of his brother's sorrow.

Whatever the cause, he bore a curse heavy as the burden of the Wandering Jew—the curse of a troubled and unquiet spirit. If ever officer was needed for a perilous mission, Captain Ease was a volunteer; his men found themselves led into the thick of every fray; his stern face and tawny hair loomed foremost in the speeding of every forlorn hope; but no bullet carried a welcome fatal summons for him, no bayonet-thrust or saber-cut opened a door of escape for the soul that loathed the prison-house. Wounded again and again, he always rallied, to live over the same old horror, to plunge into wild orgies and terrible unmerry revels of excess, seeking ever to drown his trouble.

Years passed: older now, but still a child, I stood in a swallow-haunted doorway in a Mexican port, and heard my kinsman speaking to his wife. His voice blended with the dash of breakers on the near sands and with the rustle of cocoa-palms overhead.

"He may come as a traveler and our countryman; he may come as a sashed and sandaled *arriero*; he may come in the cassock or gown of a French priest; but however he may come, he will make himself known to you, and do you give him of your best."

I approached them with wonder. "Who is coming?"

My kinsman frowned with annoyance. "What? Have *you* heard?"

Knowing my persistency, he replied: "A friend of mine, on a diplomatic mission requiring secrecy and disguise. See that you are silent concerning him. *Who?* O, you don't know him. Well, if you must know his name—Captain Ease."

That afternoon my kinsman took me for a stroll to the *Muelle*, built by the French during their occupation, and falling into disuse since their departure. When we came opposite the long, low, corridor buildings of the *Aduana*, ominous sounds floated toward us from the wharf; shouts went up; shots were fired; dark forms swayed and surged; bronzed arms waved in air the murderous, gleaming *machete*, favorite weapon of the lower orders. Then all the strollers on the plaza—the indolent, ease-loving populace—turned about, and fled up toward us, shrieking, "*Borrego! ay, Dios! un Borrego!*" It was the outbreak of one of the petty revolutions perpetually convulsing that unhappy republic.

Borne along with the rushing crowd, we were pressed against the door of one of the few American houses established at the port. The agent, discovering us, opened the door and drew us in.

"But—but I want to see!" I cried, as he barred the shutters.

He hesitated and laughed.

"I don't know but she may as well," he replied to my kinsman's protest; "pluck, this little lady! Look sharp, though, for a stray bullet or a carving *machete*. *Gringos* are below par in these little transactions."

I pressed close against the iron bars, and looked out on the furious mob, maddened with physical excitement and the sight of blood, like some fierce beast unchained.

Along came a group of *cargadores*—water-carriers, fishermen, what not.

"*Viva Guerra!*"

"*Viva Rocha!*"

"*Plácido Vega a la muerte!*"

"*Ah, que Corona!*"

Something in the intonation of this last cry caught my practiced ear; the accent was not native—it rung false.

The man looked up as he came near the window; the sight of open shutters framing a girl was rare in such times of terror. His embroidered shirt, worn outside the wide cotton trousers, his broad hat, his raw-hide sandals, were like the garb of any lower-class man, and his face was bronzed like theirs;

but Mexican never lived with eyes like his, blue and sharp as the points of fine steel daggers. The rush of incompleting recollection stunned me; I stepped back. My kinsman's face, full of startled recognition, was towards the window.

Then I remembered.

"Ah! *there* is your Captain Ease!"

He lifted a warning hand.

"Hush!"

I was in tribulation; rarely indecision finds me out, but it mocked me here. In my hand was a letter from a friend—the friend of years. He had given me a commission hard to execute. Things had changed since we parted; how was he to know that, of the three people whose testimony he would have me secure, one had come to lie in a felon's cell, and another tenanted one of the vilest dens in the reeking purlieu of Los Angeles? Yet these people must be sought, and now. "I depend on you to do it," he wrote, "knowing your loyalty; for it is a case of more than life or death: it means honor or dishonor."

But what shameful tales of suspicion and scandal might lap about me, if I, a young girl, went into these questionable quarters of the town!

Some one spoke my name, as I swung irresolutely on Temple corner. No one I knew was near. A man crouching on the curbstone rose up, and came and stood before me humbly, hat in hand.

"Dear young lady," he said, "let me do your behest. Give me that paper you want carried into the jail, and I will bring it back to you signed. And I will find Jane Reade, as well."

"But what do you mean," I cried; "what do you know?"

"I know all," he said: "if your friend had known of my presence here, you would have been spared this hard test: I should have had it then; let me do it now. Give me the paper, and give me a piece of money, as well, as if I begged of you, for I am a disreputable figure to stand near you. Nay," he said, with a look at my slender purse, "but a

small coin—a small one. I am not in want, whatever I seem.”

I gave him the paper and the money. He moved away with all the abandon of the tramp's gait. A block away Detective Harris stood. I went to him swiftly.

“Who is that man—quick!—with the old army jacket?”

“That? O, he is a vagrant—his name is Brown. Only here a week; has he annoyed you?”

“No, O no; not at all.”

That night my paper came back thoroughly indorsed.

“Now what can I do for you?” I asked the ragged figure. “I don't know why I trusted you to-day; but then, evidently you knew the circumstances—”

“Yes. I need nothing. Look at me.”

For the first time, he raised his eyes to mine. Intensely blue, with a light like focused sun rays in deep sea-waters. Once more I knew the man.

“No, do not give me your stainless hand. I dare not touch it—now, less than ever. Since I last saw you—Oh, God help me!—I have slain my brother. You remember Charlie—frank, fair Charlie? Listen—I believe you are a Christian woman—pray for him, pray for me!”

He was gone; far down the hard track of the avenue I heard his fleeing footsteps.

After the junction of the Southern Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé railroads, I came into the Territories on the second eastward-bound train. Sick, worn, weary, I left the rail at a station in south-western New Mexico. My escort steadied me.

“Patience a little longer,” he said kindly. “Soon the stage will start.”

He put me into the great lumbering vehicle. Outside, a motley throng clustered about the driver—a broad-shouldered man, facing from me, swearing furiously at the plunging mules. Rough clad, he wore a broad belt, full set with cartridges, balanced by a revolver on either side—the traditional driver of the frontier.

Away we went across the wide, unbroken flat, stretching three leagues beyond the station. The wind sighed drearily over the short, scant grass; bristling plants of Spanish bayonet took the resemblance of squadrons of grisly warriors. The wild mules labored heavily through stretches of sand, or bounded over better bits of road, while the coach lurched and pitched and creaked and groaned dismally.

“I wish we may go safely through,” said my escort. “This driver is not the regular man. George was taken sick suddenly, and this chap volunteered to take his place. I don't know who he is. Very irregular on the agent's part.”

The long lash of the whip was dangling near the wheel; it caught in the whirling spokes, jerked from the driver's hand, and the heavy wheels passed over its stock. Down sprung the driver with frightful oaths.

“Yes, it will,” he answered an outside passenger. “It will make an infernal sight of difference. It will take us two hours longer to go through the Burro Mountains now.”

“Just where the Indians may jump us,” I cried; “can't we mend your whip? Will a string do any good?”

“A string!” Volumes of contemptuous disdain spoke in his face.

He glanced at me derisively. His face changed; he shivered with apprehension. The pseudo-driver was Captain Ease. Unnerved by illness and fear, I still kept his counsel. Seeing I knew and did not betray him, he was re-assured.

“You might try.”

“Hand in your whip.”

I drew out the long strong laces of my high boots; another lady in the coach paid similar tribute; my escort and I wrapped and spliced the splintered stock to usefulness again. Two pairs of boots gaped slatternly, two pairs of hands bore great welts and smarting, blistered fingers; but the whip served, and we came into Silver with never a sight of Indian or road-agent.

“Queer about that driver,” said my quondam escort, a week or two later.

"The agent tells me he disappeared as soon as the stage stopped."

"Did they search the saloons?" I asked disingenuously.

"O, he didn't get his pay."

For years I have heard of Wandering Joe. All over this western country I have connections—relatives or friends. From them all I hear of a strange, mysterious creature, who roams the wilds, solitary and fearless. From humid Oregon they write: "Wandering Joe has been here. You ought to see him—a character after your own heart—'material' worth using. Never sleeps near a house; never speaks to a woman; lives no one knows how; the queerest vagabond trudging." One sends me a photograph of the chieftain Satanta's camp; under a detached figure in the foreground is penciled "Wandering Joe." The picture is dim, and I can distinguish only his outlines. From the isolated valleys of Idaho, from the mining camps of Montana, from villages of Utah, from Texan towns, comes mention of this nomad.

Last week I had a letter from one of the clan at Clifton: "Come over by next stage. Wandering Joe is here, strange as ever. Strangest of all, he knows you are at Silver, and wants to see you. I write at his request." So I took the hard three days' trip into Arizona.

In the gloaming, my clansman went down to the river to fetch Joe. I sat on the doorstep, looking down at the furnaces, where tons on tons of copper ore were smelting. Up the tall chimney shafts rushed volumes of inky smoke, shot with tongues of crimson and yellow, of purple and green and blue, leaping, writhing, lapping. Now and then, when the furnace doors were opened, floods of sparks belched out on the night. Half-naked figures of Mexican workmen darted about, like silhouette gnomes. Ghostly, spectral, demoniac, was that unearthly scene.

All visions and thoughts of uncanny power thronged upon me as I sat, afraid to linger, afraid to go. I screamed when my

kinsman spoke at my side. Wandering Joe had come.

The light streamed full upon him through the open door. His feet were bare and brown; ragged fringes of trousers-legs hung midway between knee and ankle. A hempen shirt alone shielded him from the cold night air of this altitude. Over his hatless head, rough, unkempt, sun-burned hair hung to his shoulders. Out of his bronzed, weather-beaten face the keen blue eyes looked as sharply and as sadly as they had shone in turbulent Kansas. This was the man who had perplexed me for years.

He sat down beside me with the easy grace of a courtier.

"Will you leave us here alone for an hour? I want to confess to your kinswoman. Why do I select her? Ah, well! why do men do various incomprehensible things? Truth to tell, I am impelled to confide in Miss Pinky, by her likeness to the only woman I ever loved: it is striking; I remarked it in Leavenworth, child as she was; although our little friend here has more imperious reserve in her brown eyes. The other woman was all silk, all suavity. Firmer metal here, else I would not trust. I know of old how sternly she can keep a secret. Now, my dear fellow, away with you, lest my babbling mood include you in the conference; that is no part of my desire."

An hour! It was midnight when he left me, touching my hand with tremulous lips that had shut over their sorrowful secret in the mute patience of years. O, sweet heaven! that I had never heard that piteous record! It rends my heart to know how much a man may bear and live, how much of shame and wrong, how much of infamous injustice, of hunted existence, of outcast forlornness. And that truth and honor should hold him silent—loyal to treachery.

He left with me the proofs of his story, the vindication of his innocence in that primary cause that entailed so much of after guilt.

"No, no! Not now!" he replied to my passionate entreaty to set himself right.

"It is too late. Do you know what that means—*too late*? I have done so many crimes since—necessary, but culpable none the less. If no lower court arraigned me now, the nation would, for state reasons. Don't mislay the map that will show you where the diamonds are; I am glad to know you will have untold wealth when I am gone. Have this stone tested, and you will see whence has come my revenue all these years. You will be told when I find death,

and then—use the documents at your own discretion. Who would have thought I would trust the proof of my honor in a woman's hands? But you have been honest and true to others: you will be with me. We shall never meet again. God bless you!"

He was gone. Reflections from the furnace fires glimmered on the worn bundle of papers in my lap, and flashed many-colored gleams from a broken edge of the stone in my hand.

Y. H. ADDIS.

LA CAMICIA ROSSA.

"Prima non eri quale o tu sei,
L'umile veste dei giorni miei,
Eri l'emblema della riscossa,
O, disprezzata camicia rossa!"

THE red shirt which had been laid aside in obscurity for some years has lately been brought out into the light of day, and regarded with a new and pathetic interest. There is nothing now to be hoped or feared from that glorious yet dangerous flag of sanguinary hue. It represented a mighty power in its day, and was a more potent protection to the wearer than a sheet of steel armor. It turned aside the assaults of disciplined troops, paralyzed their arms, and drove them back in confusion; it was said to be the Devil's uniform; swords could not pierce it, and from it even blessed bullets rebounded innocuous. The sight of it, viewed with other eyes, could kindle whole populations to frantic enthusiasm, sustain and support men through unmitigated hardships, and bear them through terrible and unequal conflicts to repeated victory. It not only overturned thrones, but shook altars to their foundations. It could call into existence at a day's notice a large army, and make it vanish again at will.

The Camicia Rossa was an emblem; it represented a principle. It meant patriotism, self-sacrifice, heroic endeavor. There were moments when this flag of liberty

became dangerous to the state its influence had done so much to emancipate, and it was deemed wise to keep it out of the sight of the young members of the community. But that danger has passed away forever; and to-day the Camicia Rossa is gazed upon with the fond reverence due to a sacred relic of national honor and glory.

These reflections suggested themselves to my mind, as, a month after the immortal champion of independence had passed away, I stood in a piazza of Florence in the midst of a body of Garibaldians of every social grade, all arrayed in the simple and beloved uniform in which they had followed their glorious chief, at the first appearance of whom the citizens burst into loud applause, and the bands struck up the Garibaldi hymn.

They had assembled to put a tablet on the front of the hotel where he had addressed the crowd the day before his departure for Mentana, in 1867. The windows were adorned with mourning banners, and a large portrait of the hero hung out in front of the balcony where the authorities were assembled. There were to have been some speeches, but a furious tempest was raging, and thunder, lightning, and rain are not conducive to oratory; so the ceremony was shortened. The water came down in floods, so that the piazza was

like a lake, and the Garibaldians, who had left their mantles at home, as this was an occasion for full dress, had no sort of protection; rivulets poured down their sun-burned faces, and soaked the red shirts through and through. Most of them had nice new ones, bound with green, a little red cap to match, and a white silk handkerchief round the neck.

The crowd had a revolutionary aspect, as we all seemed to be carrying red flags, the *Opinione Nazionale* having come out in the Garibaldi colors for that occasion. As the volunteers did not seem to care about the rain, the citizens would not retreat either, but stood to the end, and escorted them through the streets afterwards.

The following Sunday was appointed for a solemn funeral celebration. This began at four o'clock in the afternoon, the procession starting from the Piazza Signoria, and traversing the town to the Piazza Indipendenza, where a temporary monument had been erected to place garlands of flowers on. The civil and military authorities, in full uniform, put themselves at the head of the procession, which was really very imposing. The prefect had been himself a Garibaldini, and wore mourning on this occasion, as he walked at the head of his old companions at arms; the municipality followed, and then all the trades societies, each one carrying a large banner draped with crape, while the bands played a funeral march.

The whole Piazza presented a strange aspect: every window had a black flag, relieved by silver or tricolor, or a tricolor draped with crape; and almost every house had out the hero's portrait, encircled by laurels and garlands of fresh flowers, with the names of his battles in large characters, and some striking motto. From the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio the city banner floated, and the great bell tolled all day.

The procession, in the course of two hours, reached its destination; they deposited their wreaths, saluted the bust of their departed chief, and after a brief speech or two returned to the Piazza Signoria; at sight of them trooping into the Piazza, the crowd

once more raised a great cheer and clapping of hands, in which the military joined heartily, and began to play the Garibaldi hymn; but the sky, usually so serenely blue, seemed to reserve all its blackness for the Garibaldi *fetes*: down came the torrents as before on the previous Sunday. Cold water, however, did not seem to damp the enthusiasm of anybody present; all held their ground manfully till the shower was over, and then dispersed in an orderly manner.

In every city in Italy similar funeral honors were paid; in Rome a still more imposing ceremony took place. There is little doubt that the Eternal City will be the ultimate earthly resting place of the chief whose soul was cast in the antique mold, and whose ashes ought to mingle with those of Horatius, Brutus, Cassius, and the rest; for he had more affinity with them than with us of the nineteenth century. Neither was he altogether an ancient; though his classicism put him to a certain extent out of tune with his age, it is doubtful if he would have felt at home with those austere pagans who worshiped brute force, where the sweetness and tenderness of his nature would have found no echo. Garibaldi was, in fact, a type of no age or country, properly speaking; but only Italy could have produced a being composed of such diverse combinations; and Italy can never produce a *replica* of that original—nay, perfectly unique—creation. When he was living and talking among us—sometimes talking sublime nonsense—he was a fabulous hero, an incarnation of the spirit of nationality. What will he be when his memory shall have been hallowed by the mist of ages?

It is too soon to criticise, analyze, and study him, but not too soon to collect all available information concerning his adventurous career. That duty has been industriously performed, even before his death; and now we are flooded with a never-ending stream of Garibaldi literature; some of it is useful and authentic as well as interesting; but one has to pick and choose mainly, for much, as is always the case with fabulous

heroes, is apocryphal. The best and most reliable and comprehensive life of him, just now issued from the press, is that by his friend and follower, Guerzoni.

Guerzoni is the author of another biography, which has become very popular—of General Nino Bixio, Garibaldi's lieutenant in the Sicilian campaign, commonly called *Il Secondo dei Mille*. Garibaldi confided to Bixio the most important undertakings which required native genius as well as courage and firmness; and he was acknowledged by all to be second only to the glorious chief, for whom he, in common with the whole troop, cherished an affection and admiration approaching idolatry. The expedition of the Thousand in Sicily was so rapid and daring, and was attended with such brilliant success, that the general impression is that it was an easy conquest; but those who witnessed and took part in it know what a terrible struggle it was, and how hard won were the victories of Marsala, Milazzo, Calatafimi, and Palermo.

Let us take a glance at one. The Bourbons were posted on the bold heights of Calatafimi, where they had determined to bar the road of the invaders. Garibaldi, from a little hill opposite, surveyed, counted them, calculated their movements, and disposed his troops. Unequal in numbers and in arms, the volunteers had no choice but to fight to the death, or disperse as fugitives over the mountains. He made up his mind that that day must decide the fate of Sicily.

With the exception of two old cannon, Garibaldi had no artillery by which to reduce the enemy's strength, and his simple plan was to wrest one position after another from his hands at the point of the bayonet. There were seven positions, and each was protected by a plateau cut down straight like a wall in front, and defended by an enemy four times as numerous as the Garibaldini.

With the disadvantages already mentioned, the volunteers, whose thousand was by this time reduced to nine hundred fighting men, had to contend with thirty-five hundred regulars.

"I do not believe," says Guerzoni, "that

pen or pencil can describe that fight. Garibaldi himself said that it was the most terrible and bloody that he had ever witnessed."

Seven separate assaults had to be made under the enemy's guns. At each attack a desperate struggle ensued, in which the volunteers displayed prodigies of valor. Their blood flowed copiously, dyeing the plain, and making the embankment slippery. But he who gained a palm of ground never receded. Where his bold foot was once planted he died, or advanced to win more. After each post was conquered there was breathing space for a few minutes, and then another desperate charge, with the same terrible losses.

"To say that the captains set the example, would be saying little," says the writer above quoted; "they were all captains, all privates." Among the bravest of the brave were Medici, afterwards general and aid-de-camp to the King; and the brothers Cairolì, one of whom, when he was lately prime minister of King Humbert, saved his life by receiving the assassin's dagger in his own body.

Nearest to the glorious chief, who stood with his grand head bare, picturesque, resolute, sublimely calm, as he always was in moments of danger, was Nino Bixio. He had fought with the strength and courage of a lion; but when he saw the flower of the little army falling, and the remainder gasping with exhaustion under the burning southern sun, his heart was moved, and he ventured a word of advice to his leader.

"My general, I fear we must retreat."

Garibaldi started as if he had touched a serpent; but on recognizing the speaker, he replied serenely:

"What do you say, Bixio? Here we must die!"

"At that look and those words," said Bixio, "I wished myself under the ground; and never again on the field of battle did I dare to suggest a retreat to Garibaldi."

In a few moments more the general raised his musical voice:

"My sons, I want one more desperate charge. Five minutes' repose, and then we all go together."

Each soldier gathered up his strength, sprung to his feet, and with a mental adieu to the persons dearest to him, resolved to follow Garibaldi into the jaws of death.

In five minutes the trumpet voice rang out the order, "*Alla bayonetta!*" and the answer came promptly, "*Alla bayonetta! Viva l'Italia! Viva Garibaldi!*"

Rapidly, but in even step, shoulder to shoulder, and head bent, the volunteers rushed upon the seventh position, where the enemy, dislodged from the other posts, had concentrated all their forces. At the moment of the assault, the two cannon of the Garibaldians opened fire on the enemy's right, and this, being in the nature of a surprise, helped to distract them. This final struggle was the fiercest of the day. The Bourbon troops, maddened by shame at the dishonor of such a defeat, fought resolutely in defense of their guns, which the volunteers would have at any cost. At last they yielded ground, and ultimately fled in disorder.

This was only one of many such bloody days in which "the hero of two worlds" was the ruling spirit; in which he attempted and accomplished what would have been pronounced by any one else impossibilities, and by the magic of his presence and his voice inspired an enthusiasm that worked miracles. Is it any wonder that he became a fabulous hero? He had no honors or wealth with which to reward his followers; hardly bread for them: yet they were not only ready to die at his command, but yielded him as absolute an obedience as if he were a powerful despot. And he was a strict disciplinarian, who never permitted marauding or any sort of dishonesty, robbery being punished by death. His chosen friend and first officer, Nino Bixio, he put under arrest on a public occasion for striking a soldier on parade. Yet Bixio thought himself amply rewarded for his extraordinary services when his chief shook his hand and congratulated him in the presence of the army.

In spite of his efforts, however, Garibaldi could not succeed in keeping the volunteer army what it was when he landed in Sicily with his Thousand. The ignorant, half-

savage, and degraded natives flocked to his standard in great numbers, and the officers had a hard time of it trying to train these raw recruits, who were called *pinciotti*. They were given to the charge of a terribly stern English colonel, who made them advance upon the enemy at the point of the bayonet.

One day he wanted to dislodge a body of Neapolitan troops from a garden where they were annoying the Garibaldian army with a constant fire, while engaged with the enemy at another point. The recruits refused to advance; and not even when he resorted to his usual method of sabering his *pinciotti* right and left would they attack the garden. The powerful Englishman then seized one of the soldiers by the coat tails and flung him over the wall into the garden, then another and another. The Neapolitans thought the demoniacal Red Shirts had the power of flying; they raised a fearful cry, "O, evil hour, they can fly!" and abandoned their position in hot haste, before the astonished Garibaldians had time to pick themselves up.

On this day the General narrowly escaped death, having come unattended round a corner into the midst of a Bourbon corps; the officer cried to him to surrender.

"Surrender you! I am Garibaldi," was the reply, as he drew his sword and defended himself with wonderful skill, till friends hastened to his relief, and shot down the foremost of his assailants.

But I must not be tempted into relating more stories of his feats, for my space is exhausted, and once fairly launched, the subject is an inexhaustible one.

Garibaldi was a republican royalist; and royalists and republicans who love him equally, and never accuse him of party infidelity or inconsistency, will, it is easy to predict, have many a battle for him in the future. He began his career as a Mazzinian conspirator in Italy; he fought for all the republics which needed his services; his watchwords were Liberty, People's Rights, etc.; yet he laid a profound homage at the foot of an ancient throne, and thus addressed the sovereign:

"I did not tell your majesty of my project,

because I feared, with the deep reverence I feel towards you, you might have been able to persuade me to abandon it. Sire, I am your most devoted subject. Our cry shall be: *Viva l'unita Italiana! Viva Vittorio Emanuele!*"

And he helped to make him King of Italy, in spite of the strongest temptations to yield to the clamor of the Mazzinian party. Subsequently he rebelled against the regal authority, and made war on his own account upon the Pope; but though he was a state prisoner, no one ever called it high treason. It is manifest that this republican king-maker was not judged as ordinary mortals. In fact, the world knew that in all his apparent inconsistencies he was always faithful to his ideal of liberty and justice.

We have said Garibaldi belonged to no special era; he was a mixture of an ancient Roman, a mediæval knight-errant, and a modern demagogue, with other elements blended in him which it would be difficult to describe. He had a poetic spirit, and a sort of innocent lawlessness, which one might attribute to Carlyle's child-man, regarding the world as a newly created thing like himself, fresh from the Maker's hand, ignoring its established customs and traditions.

Now that the *Camicia Rossa* has vanished forever from our sight, we cannot help asking ourselves in astonishment, How came this mythical hero of romance into our prosaic, practical, conventional nineteenth century?

G. S. GODKIN.

THE DEAD HERO.

THEY say he died like a warrior—as the bravest of the brave;
When they lay him away for eternal rest they will cover a hero's grave:
That his friends will never forget him, and his country will hold him dear:
But what is all that to me, or to him lying calmly and cold on his bier?

What is it to me that his name will live, if his noble breast stands still?
That his deeds will be writ in history's book, through the throbbing hearts to thrill?
Ay, well was he a warrior great, and a chieftain in the strife;
But the price of his lasting fame for me is a desolate, bitter life!

Ah! great is the nation's sorrow. Is it worthy the sacrifice?
Is it worthy that death should gather your life as its terrible price?
Not one life, but two. Oh, my darling, when you heard the funeral knell,
You gave not only your life alone, but you gave my life as well!

For but one brief smile on your features I could plunge the world into pain!
I would throttle my womanly feelings all, could I open your eyes again!
Come back to me though for a moment, unfamed and despised and poor,
I would follow you now, and forever on, through Heaven or through Hell's door!

MAX A. THEILIG.

THALOE.

CHAPTER XIV.

SUDDENLY, as Cleon entered his tent, there broke out from the center of the imprisoned camp the low hum of song, rising gradually higher and higher, and taking the form of quaint and solemn melody, as voice after voice joined in, until it had swelled into the utterances of many hundreds. Slow and measured as was the meter, it seemed to gain more than its natural effect as it was pealed forth in grandly surging billows into the clear, still night air, and from the center of that beleaguered and doomed company.

Nor could Cleon listen without emotion; for before the first measured line was over he was struck with something strangely familiar in it; and in another moment he recognized the air as the one which Thaloe had been gently singing to herself as she sat where he had first seen her—under the garden wall. She had once sung it since at his request, and he had learned to love the melody for her sake. Now it was being sung by her own people, some of whom she might have met and known—even have united with in that singular worship. Was it strange that it should so strongly move him? It was nothing but mingled words and notes, to be sure; and yet it reminded him, more forcibly than he could have wished, of that pleasant past which might never be renewed. Why did it chance that they should sing that song, of all others, to move his heart to new, vain compassions?

While thus despondingly reflecting, a centurion of one of the cohorts entered and stood in silence, waiting to be questioned.

“What now?” said Cleon.

“Those yonder,” responded the centurion motioning towards the center of the basin, “are singing one of their own songs. And

none know better than I what the singing of it portends.”

“Speak further, then, and let me also know.”

“I was in Syria once, and we had a Christian revolt to put down; and immediately before the battle just such a song as this was heard coming from their camp. There are some of us who say that those men always sing in like manner to their gods before they fight; and if so, it means that we shall come to blows before long.”

“Ay, but what can they do?” remarked Cleon.

“A mouse will make a struggle for his life, if driven into a corner,” said the centurion, with a knowing shake of his head: “and so I suppose that these men would rather perish in an attempt to escape than stay where they are and be butchered.”

“True,” responded Cleon. “Take care, therefore, that your own cohort is ready for any instant service, and let the word be passed for others to stand in like manner alert. And at the first sign of approaching strife let me be summoned.”

The man departed, and Cleon, placing his chin upon his hand, again reflected. The song had now ended, and all was silence again, and he could once more give proper course to his thoughts without the disturbance of obtrusive memories of the past.

Yes; the centurion doubtless spoke the truth: the mouse at bay would fight; and why not the men of this encompassed force? Was is not best that they should do so? Had not their leader threatened a vigorous defense as a more worthy thing than a supine policy? Had not he himself advised that course, as preferable to a base surrender? The contest might therefore come before long; and having now enjoined watchfulness upon his soldiers, there was nothing left but to await the crisis.

Yet he would have been better pleased that it should not come that night. Rather, if possible, would he have it postponed until the morning, when the Tribune Balbus would surely appear and take command. Then, perhaps, he himself could make some excuse and retire from the scene, and return to Baia, where, freed from all responsibility in the matter, he could more calmly await the tidings of the result.

Another form now darkened the door of the tent, and Cleon started to his feet, believing for the instant that the summons to the conflict had already arrived. But it was a slighter figure than that of any of his officers, and at the first tone of the voice he recognized the page Camillus.

"I have come, Cleon. The week is ended, and you said that I might then join you. And I have come in time; for they tell me that the battle will take place to-night."

"It is likely so to be. And you shall be well stationed, so as to take your part in it. But have you fulfilled the trust I commended to you? And do you bring me good news?"

The page twisted about upon his feet uneasily, and looked up at Cleon with a disturbed expression, as though fearing reproof.

"Well, and what have you to say?" continued the other, noticing his hesitation and auguring ill from it. "Have you more bad tidings? It must be so of a certainty, for none others have come to me of late, and I have become unused to hearing or seeing anything pleasant. Only tell me what you know, and make no further delay about it."

"I could not help what has happened," cried the page, terrified at the sudden change in Cleon's voice. "Be assured that I have done all that you directed me. The very first day, when they spoke of taking her away—"

"Who spoke? Give me their names, quickly."

"There were three of them—the Captain Gabius, and two others who were at the bath on that day, and whose names I know not. But they had kept in their minds what we had said about her, and one of them had

gone up and watched until he had seen her; and then they laid a plan to carry her off in secret. They said that, being a Christian girl, the Cæsar would not interfere, and no harm would be done. I overheard them at their plans, Cleon; but how could I interfere? Where should I get the power?"

"Yet, did I not tell you still to keep watch? And did I not give you all the means to—"

"I know it: so you arranged it, indeed; and so did I mean to make use of them. And with that intent, at the earliest hour of the evening—for I could not earlier leave the court—I took your signet-ring that you had left with me, and hurried up the hill to her abode. There I would have made myself known to them as your envoy; would have bidden them to flee; would even have gone with them, and myself have guided them to your villa, though that is more than even you had directed. But I was still too late. Lo! when I went up to the house, it was empty, and they were gone—both she and the old slave who seemed to guard her. Why do you seize me by the arm, Cleon? Could I have helped it?"

"No, you could not," cried Cleon, with a groan, releasing the grasp which he had fastened upon the boy. "It was destined so to be, and that she and I should be the victims. It is but one more buffet of fate. Let me be still a man, and stand up under it. There! there! it is past now, and I can listen to you again. And tell me, did you see no traces of outrage? And could you not ascertain whither they had taken her?"

"I could not learn, for the Captain Gabius and the others all appeared in public as usual: nor did they speak before me again. And what is singular, there were no marks of violence about the house. Might not the two have gone off quietly by themselves, therefore?"

"And whither, Camillus? Nay, it may not be. It is too pleasing a supposition to be true. No marks of violence, did you say? Well, why should there be? Cannot a band of determined men steal into a house at dead of night, and overpower a young girl and a slave without leaving behind them the

evidences of a siege or assault? It was well planned and done: that was all. They have their triumph now: but when I return, I will probe that guilty deed to the bottom. By the gods—if there are gods at all—each one of those who have had part in it shall suffer! Not only Gabius, but also the others who—“Tell me, Camillus, do you think that Alypia could have—”

“Alypia? Could have what?” cried the astonished page.

“Nothing. Of what am I talking? Regard it not. And so you would fight at my side? It is well. After all, the sword is the only occupation for a brave man. Fit yourself, therefore, with what is necessary. Ho, there! what now?”

It was a messenger from one of his officers, who appeared, and brought news that at last there were signs that the enemy were about to commence an attack.

“Right!” cried Cleon. “Let all the cohorts be properly arranged, and in silence. I will be there at once. Take this shield, Camillus, for the present. It will not prove too heavy for you. And this helmet; will it fit you? Well enough for to-night, perhaps. To-morrow you shall be better provided for. Now, then, follow me.”

With a long stride he left the tent, and sought the center of his cohorts: with alacrity and animation, too, for the summons had come to him in a proper moment. Aroused and hardened by the news that Camillus had brought, he felt grateful for the tidings of the approaching onset, though but a few moments before he would have wished to avoid it. But now—now it was a relief from troubled inaction; and the thought came to him that in its results it might prove a relief from all his other troubles forever. He had advised the insurgent leader to fight to the death—no other friendly advice could, in fact, be given—and why should he not do the same? Had he not his own anxieties to be laid at rest? And was there any better refuge from them than a soldier's grave?

Thaloe was gone. Far more than ever before he now felt how much he had loved her; but she was henceforth beyond the

reach even of his friendship. He might avenge her, but he could not restore her peace or good name or innocence. And Alypia—did he not now feel assured that she, with her jealous treachery, was at the bottom of all the mischief? How, then, could he ever meet her again with words of love? And how, on the other hand, could he avoid her, and break the hated tie that bound him to her? These two—the one whom he would have gained now lost forever, and the other whom he had already gained not to be severed from without unnumbered recriminations and scandals—would henceforth, if he survived, be the two black clouds upon his life, the pall of unhappy memories which could never be lifted. Better, most surely, meet death than this. And so, like his brave enemy, he would plunge into the thickest of the strife, and lose all his troubles in the grave.

So, with Camillus at his side, he sought the center of his forces; and now, all things being ready, they awaited in silence the expected onset. It was nearly midnight, and the sky was dark with clouds; only here and there an aperture, through which a few presuming, cheerless stars peeped forth; and even the nearest objects were but faintly distinguishable. Close at hand could be seen the dusky forms of soldiers taking their accustomed places in the closing ranks; and these were all that were clearly visible. In the basin of the crater's slope, where now the few fires had died out or been extinguished, was utter blackness, and silence as well, except as now and then the sound of a hushed command could be heard, too faintly to be intelligibly interpreted by the besiegers.

So passed the next half-hour: the motionless cohorts commanding the several passages, and each ready to fly at the proper moment to the assistance of any other which might be first attacked. Then, from the interior, there became audible a muffled sound, as of hundreds of feet moving cautiously in one direction; but yet for a time there was nothing seen, while even the hitherto lowly uttered words of authority were no longer to be heard.

A moment more of expectation, and then could be dimly detected, like a black, creeping monster, a compact mass of men moving rapidly toward one side of the crater slope; and with that at last came the yell of eager defiance, and the crash of metal as each force plunged wildly forward and clashed against the other.

And so, apparently in inextricable confusion, the battle went on: sword leaping against sword and spear against spear; the ground covered with a closely interlocked mass of struggling, writhing combatants, and the air filled with cries of rage and pain, of exultation and command, and with the tumult of brazen shields dashed together. Hither and thither; the din of conflict now prevailing more loudly to the right, then passing to the left; anon swelling into greater proportions as reinforcements from the rear reached either side; each force at times giving way before the terrific onset of the other, and again urged by wounded pride and ambition to recover its lost ground: the legionaries, with contemptuous ire, as men who fight against wolves, giving no quarter; and the insurgents, in their turn, refusing to spare the vanquished, knowing full well that each enemy slain was one more chance of life: so went the battle.

And in the front, meeting every danger, not striving blindly to throw away his life, but treating it as a thing not worth preserving, stood Cleon, now giving his orders with the calm energy of a watchful commander, and now plunging into the thickest of the fight with the heedless desperation of a common soldier, until it became a constant wonder that each instant he did not fall.

Once it seemed as though he were gone, for a battle-ax in the hands of a gigantic slave came crashing down upon his helmet; but Camillus, who stood by, turned away the force of the blow, and, himself remaining unhurt, saved him.

And once he was about to engage in single combat with one who had been long remarked for the wild energy with which he carried destruction before him in every direction. But ere the swords had fairly crossed,

the shifting clouds let fall a little stronger light from the stars, and in his antagonist Cleon recognized, by the thick, flowing gray beard and the steady glance of the eye, the insurgent leader. It was a mutual recognition, in fact; and, as though urged by some secret feeling of friendship, they gazed for a short moment into each other's eyes, and then, by a simultaneous impulse, lowered their weapons and sought other prey in separate portions of the battle-field.

And at length, through mutual exhaustion, the contest came to an end. The insurgents, having vainly striven to break forth, now fell back, wearied with the unprofitable trial, and abandoned further present effort. But maintaining sufficient of their old discipline, they were still able to guard the rugged entrances to their camp against the legionaries, who, equally wearied out, could not pursue. Therefore, leaving the field heaped up with the dead and dying, both sides withdrew to their former positions, with the claim of absolute victory to neither—except as the boast remained to the Roman arms of having defeated the bold attempt at escape and flight.

CHAPTER XV.

Gradually, with the coming hour, the sky began to pale, as in the east appeared the earliest tints of dawn. The clouds that had partially obscured the night had passed away, leaving fair promise for the approaching morn; and here and there, as the brightness slowly increased, the smaller stars one by one went out, making yet more conspicuous the twin morning constellations which proudly had begun to climb their course, soon, in turn, to be blotted out by the greatest light of all.

A gentle dew had fallen, and the air was cool; and on all sides the same chill seemed visibly to pervade the scene—resting upon the forests, which, lining the mountain in dark and gloomy masses, stood with stiffened branches, as though in mute endurance of an

evil hardly to be borne, and upon the far-off shores and islands, which in the distance appeared gray and moist, as though they had just freshly risen from the sea.

The two little armies were motionless and silent. In the sloping crater the insurgents rested, as before the fight, in compact and indistinguishable but well-arranged mass, with here and there a few outposts to guard the entrance to their camp. They had grievously suffered in the contest just ended; but in that dim light and at that distance none of the Roman force could mark any diminution in their numbers, or hear the half-stifled cries of their wounded. To all outward appearance, there had been with them no battle or loss of men, but all things remained as at the beginning of the night. With the legionaries the effects of the strife were more easily to be detected; for along the edge of the crater's basin and within the borders of their lines were dark piles of slain; and farther back lay a score or two of grievously injured men, whose wounds were being attended to with rough sympathy by their more fortunate comrades.

The straggling camp-fires had here and there again been kindled, wherever withered vine branches could be found; and round them, as in the early evening, clusters of soldiers had gathered to warm their limbs and talk over the late battle. Near the tent of Cleon again glimmered the old fire, now renewed upon its almost expired embers, and about it sat the group who had been there before—all but one, an old and honored legionary, who, having escaped the Gaul, the Briton, and the Scythian for thirty years back, had now fallen near at home, beneath the sharpened sickle of a slave. The others spoke regretfully of him for a time, discussing without envy his brave and companion-like qualities, even while they divided his few poor treasures among themselves, and shared from mouth to mouth a few drops of sour wine which one of them had found in a leathern bottle plucked from the body of a fallen slave.

Suddenly there again appeared among them the man who on the previous evening

had come from the insurgent camp, now, as then, moving his hands meaningly to and fro, in token of truce. The soldiers noticed the action, and recognized both the man and his errand: but, galled by the loss of their comrade, it might have been that now they would have failed to respect the intruder, and in the exasperation of the moment have made a sudden end of him—one of them, in fact, having already leveled his spear, with intent to do mortal execution. But, as before, Cleon had chanced to see the man, and, again springing forward, demanded the purpose of his coming.

It was the same as on the former occasion. The commander of the insurgents desired another interview. Would the request be granted? And, as before, Cleon paused and reflected before answering. That man, then, was still alive. Did he bear a charmed life? Would it not have been better for him that he had died, sword in hand? What, now, could he desire? Would it be proper once more to listen to him? What good purpose could it serve? And yet, where could be the evil? The impulse to refuse the interview was strong upon Cleon; but, on the other hand, his curiosity was too greatly excited with the desire of seeing and learning more about one who had not only seemed to know him, but had called him familiarly after his father's name. There was some mystery here. Could it be unraveled in a short interview of such a hostile character as this? Scarcely; and yet—

“Go on; I follow you,” he impetuously exclaimed to the messenger, calling only Camillus to his side.

Thus attended, he again descended part way into the crater's slope, and passing in advance of his companion, once more stood face to face with the insurgent leader, who, waiting to receive him, stood calm and composed, as though he had lately led his forces to a gay and harmless review rather than to a bloody defeat.

“Welcome once more, Cleon,” said the leader, in a tone of friendly salutation.

“Again you speak my name,” cried Cleon. “You know me, then?”

"Not only know but love you well—it may be for the good which I have heard about you," was the answer. "And it is because I so well know and love you that I have now sent to you that I may ask one parting favor."

"Say on."

"Upon this night just passed, knowing that there was no hope for us, and anticipating too truly what would be my doom if taken alive, I acted as you had advised, rushing into the thick of the fight, with stern resolve to meet, if possible, a brave man's fate. That I have failed in finding it was therefore not my fault. You can tell how earnestly I fought, and into what dangers I impelled myself. Even now it seems to me a passing strange thing that I have escaped through all; and there are moments when some relic of the old superstition which is called fate seems to assert itself, and whisper that I may yet be destined to escape, and use again my powers for the furtherance of our sect. But in my calmer thoughts I feel that this can never be. I know that I am doomed. All men must sometime die, and why, then, should I not recognize my approaching fate?"

"Two weeks ago my master Paul nobly laid down his life in the great cause. I was at his side when the headsman smote him with the ax; and standing there I heard the last words of comfort and of hope. Then, deeming that my mission in this land was ended, I set about returning to my native place. But for this cruel interruption—yes, you may call it destiny if you will—which has intervened and drawn your cohorts about me, I should have done so. Why, now, should I fear to encounter the same death which my master Paul has taken pleasantly upon himself, even as he would put on a garment of the night? Can there be a nobler end? Therefore, for myself do I not dread it. But yet in my thoughts there is present the image of one whom I dearly love, and whom I must leave behind me without protection. Could I only see her safety well assured, I would bare my bosom to your spears with a cheerful smile upon

my lips, and in my heart a longing prayer for a quick and merciful release from life."

"And she of whom you speak—is she your wife? Where, then, can she be found?"

"For years I have had no longer a wife, Cleon. I speak now of my only child; and I ask you to protect her because I have known your father, and because—because of late it has chanced that you have known her."

The blood rushed into Cleon's face as he listened, and his heart began wildly to throb; for, joining into one context the somewhat scattered revelations of the speaker, to whom but one could these allusions refer? Though as yet nothing definite and convincing had been spoken, could there be a doubt? And in tones eager with intensity, yet trembling with sudden depth of feeling, he cried:

"I know you now! You are Philocteres the Cretan, and you speak of Thaloe!"

"Yes, I am Philocteres, and it is of Thaloe I speak. It is into your hands that I would commit her; for I comprehend your truth and kindly sincerity of heart, and I know that you will not abuse the trust. Therefore, when all this present sacrifice is over, take her to such of our Christian friends as she may direct you to, and there watch over her until she can find some way to return to her own land and kindred. This is all I ask before I die. Is it too much?"

"Too much?" cried Cleon. "My life for hers; my name to enduring infamy if I betray my trust! She shall be cared for as my sister—tenderly and discreetly—until I can restore her in safety to her country and her friends. Of this be well assured, for to its strict performance I herewith pledge the honor of my name and office. Only put it into my mind to know where she can be found."

"She is here, Cleon," whispered a soft voice at his side. "And what will you do for him—my father? Can you give promise for his safety, also?"

And Cleon, turning, saw Thaloe standing behind him. She had crept out from among a group who tarried idly near their leader, and gently approaching, accompanied by the

ever-watchful Nubian slave, had overheard Cleon's words. Perhaps at the first she had not intended to address him, but simply to ascertain what was this matter in debate; for she could not but shrewdly suspect that her own fate was somewhat concerned in it, and it was surely fitting that she should be consulted, lest her father, in his unflinching, self-sacrificing devotion for her, might accomplish good for herself, to his own neglect and detriment. Now she found that it was as she had feared; and as she asked the question, she could not help triumphing in her heart, as with the pleasant self-approval of one who has baffled an unworthy conspiracy.

For a moment Cleon could not answer, but gazed upon her with speechless wonderment. Only an hour before he had expected never more to see her; and now, with the suddenness of an apparition, she had appeared before him. Whence and how? It was a mystery which made his thoughts reel, as with a blow.

And, mingled with his surprise, there flashed, during a single instant, a gleam of transport into his heart—so like was she to herself as he had last parted from her at the garden wall. The dark blue eyes, and the waving brown hair, and the gently parted lips were all there: the very posture the same, as she now stood in her white, flowing robes, gently poising herself in expectant attitude, with one foot thrown slightly behind, and her arms hanging gracefully in front. Only the joyous smile, radiant with that former merry sparkle beneath the fringed lids, was gone; and in its place a startled look of uneasy, nervous dread, mingled with fleeting gleams of calm and quiet resignation—the look of one whose soul bade her strive to compose herself to meet unflinching a long-anticipated fate, but whose feeble frame could not but shrink at times with natural dismay from the bitter sacrifice.

Noting this sad change, Cleon almost instantly felt that heavy oppression, as of one recalled to himself and the things around him from a pleasant dream; and as the lightning's flash vanishes, his momentary joy at seeing her fled from his breast. Rather would

he have beheld her anywhere than here, in the midst of that little band so surely devoted to destruction; and he turned towards Philocteres with momentary anger, as though to ask how, in his cruel selfishness, he had allowed himself thus to imperil her.

“Could I prevent it?” cried Philocteres, reading Cleon's thoughts, and now speaking in a tone of almost humble extenuation, so bitter to him was the idea that another, even in heart, should accuse him of wrong. “Had I your superstitious belief in fate, I should almost have thought that it was some purposed destiny which had led my child and myself together, in order that we might die by the same stroke of sword; for in having her here, I have surely been guiltless. There has been nothing at fault except the blind, unreasoning fidelity of our bondsman, who, having heard of some contemplated wrong against her, secretly carried her away from Baiæ, with intent to deliver her to me at Rome. Thither advancing, he chanced to meet our force, and with ignorant indiscretion brought her to me, deeming my presence her best protection. What, then, could I do, inasmuch as within the very next hour your legion had overtaken and was watching us, outlying in every direction, so that none could escape from our camp? Speak, Thaloe, was it not so?”

“It is so, Cleon. Nor, could he have sent me away from him, would I have gone, leaving him behind. Neither now—think it not—will I part from him, for it would be to give him up to death. If I now go away, he must go with me.”

As Cleon looked into her face, and saw by her expression of timorous resolution how surely her soul was gaining the victory in that miserable conflict with her fears, a sickening feeling of despair came into his heart. He knew now the struggle that lay before him: how useless it would probably be to plead with her while thus animating herself with new courage and fidelity; how little all that he could do would avail to save her.

Herself, indeed, he might rescue; for, looking only to the strict letter of his orders,

he recalled that Nero had merely said that no man among them should be reserved alive. And at the worst, Cleon was no butcher of women and children, to have obeyed more explicit orders. But as for this Philocteres, her father, upon whose actions and fate she now so resolutely ingrafted her own, and who had been marked out for especial punishment, as the most guilty of all—what could be done for him? Could it be possible to save him also by using some well-contrived disguise, so that he might manage to glide through the investing lines as a slave of little importance, and so escape?

It was a desperate thought, and even this was sternly stifled by Philocteres at the first mention of it; for how could he thus retire in safety, and leave the little band of men who had thus far trusted in him, and who now looked to him to share their fate? And Thaloë, pressing her father's hand, gazed up into his face in timid approval of his high resolve.

"Do you not see, therefore, that he and I must die together?" she said, forcing a smile into her pale face. "Forbear, then, Cleon, to entreat or beseech me to do otherwise. And it is not a hard or painful thing to die, is it? You who have seen so many die can tell me. When the time comes, I will lay myself in my father's arms, so that, if possible, the same blow will slay us both. Thus we will die together, and neither of us will live long enough to mourn the other. And a very slight blow would suffice for me, would it not? For I am so weak and feeble. Only assure me, Cleon, that it will be done quickly, for I should so dread delay or torture; but as for a speedy death, why should I shrink from the thought of it? Have I not known for years that something like this would be my fate, even as it is, sooner or later, the fate of so many of our creed? To me, therefore, there can be no pain in what I have so long learned to look upon; rather let it be joy, as of a contest properly completed. And is it not proper that it should be so, Cleon, my friend?"

What could he say or do in response? Nothing, at first, but stand silent and motion-

less before her, as though palsied in speech and action. Urged on by feeling and by passion combined, he felt that he could do and dare all things to save her; and yet the words failed with which he would seek to change her purpose. Nay, he saw that, though her frame might tremble, her resolution could not be changed; that she spoke not from any mere impulse of the moment, but from the centering convictions of a life-time; and that, though so few words had been uttered, it was as though a volume had been written in the cause, and stamped with unchangeable energy, fortitude, and strength of will.

Therefore, for the moment he remained silent with despair; feeling that he should say something in contradiction of her purpose, hopeless though it might be, and yet not able to form the struggling elements of his mind into the proper words. If he had had a friend so placed, he would surely have blamed him for not giving vent to passionate supplications and vehement argument—to anything, indeed, which might promise even a bare, feeble chance of moving her; but now, unlike what he would have looked for in another, he stood as if spellbound.

Once he turned and gazed at her father mutely, but with an unfathomable depth of sorrowful entreaty in expression, and with the hope that he, moved with paternal solicitude, would interfere and command in her a different course. But even Philocteres now remained silent, with eyes cast down. Was it that he believed the time to have come when even commands would not avail? Or was he, rather, calmly resigning himself to what was inevitable, with the feeling that he should not ask her to shun that martyrdom which he was so ready to court for himself; and with the consciousness, perhaps, that after all it was true, as she had said, that it was better to die now in his arms than to go forth without his protection, to encounter the dangers of a heartless and deceitful world?

"You do not answer me, Cleon," she said at length. "Speak to me—oh! speak to me a little—if only to tell me that you know I am striving for the right."

"Alas! I cannot tell you so, Thaloe," he passionately exclaimed, as though her words had loosed the spell that bound him, "for I believe it not. Rather let me now strive—"

"Nay, Cleon, do not think to move me with further words, for you must know how useless it would be. From the first I have felt how it would all turn out—even from the moment when I heard my father order that you should be sent for. Then I knew that in his fondness for me he was about to make one last effort for my poor life, though his own should be lost; and I smiled to myself at that useless labor. And I would have prevented him, but that—but that I would fain let you be summoned, so that I could look upon your face again, Cleon; for it is to me the face of a dear friend, and I would not part from you without once more seeing you, and thanking you for what you have already done."

"Oh, Thaloe, my more than friend! what thanks can be due to me for the little aid I have tried to give you? Rather let yourself now be rescued from this gulf, so that in my future life I may better earn your gratitude. Now you would die; but for what can that avail? Have you not once told me that by your creed all things are meant for good? Think, then: what purpose can there be in this?"

"I do not know," she said. "The way is very blind before me, and darkness is around me, so that I cannot penetrate the destined workings of this thing. I confess it all. Yet will I not give up my faith in some great purpose acting throughout the whole. It may be ordered for your good, Cleon; and that, through you, some greater good shall come than I can ever hope to do myself. I am of feeble strength; and though I should live on for many years to come, the good which I could do would be very little. But dying now, you will remember me longer and better, will you not, than if I had still lived? You will go on, greater in power and more prosperous every year. And the time may come when, being in high authority, you will hold beneath your sway very many of our persecuted people. And then, Cleon,

you will remember me, will you not? And thinking upon me and my last words, you will be kind to those poor, humble creatures, forbearing to punish where they do not merit it; and, whenever you can, shielding them from the violence of the greater power of the throne above you? Yes, you will do all this, I know, for my sake, and thereby more of good will be accomplished than if I had lived a hundred lives. This then, after all, may be the purpose of my present fate. Yes, I now clearly see it."

Looking upon her as she thus spoke, Cleon saw that her expression had now at last gained a radiant gleam of triumph, as if with the knowledge of a mystery well and wisely unraveled; and for the moment he felt that he could even forget his pain, in wonderment at her fortitude and faith. Could this be she who had so often passed the hours with him in pleasant converse? Were those the eyes that had so gleamed and sparkled with flashes of careless mirthfulness, apparently unwitting of anything but the transient fancies of the moment?

What could be the subtle influence that had brought this sudden change upon her, teaching her not only no longer to dread the impending death, but even to forget it in her zeal for a cherished cause? It could not be mere physical strength asserting its latent powers, for she was weak and slight of frame, and no very heavy blow would have crushed her to the ground. Was it her faith that thus supported her? If so, it was indeed a marvelous thing. The gods of Rome had never been known to send such support as that. Even Seneca in his bath, pouring out his life through bleeding veins, had not been able to do more than discourse philosophy, and resign himself calmly to the death that was inevitable. But here was one who even seemed to court her fate with joy.

"Could I but feel as yourself, even I might almost be a Christian," he murmured.

Catching his words, new luster seemed to gleam in her eyes, and for the moment she made as though she would have spoken, pleading with him, to encourage still further

those good inspirations. But to what purpose should she now exhort him longer? All that she could in addition say would be but little different from what she had told him in other times. Did she desire that he should profit by her example and constancy? Surely nothing that she could now speak would be likely to give increase to whatever good impression might already be produced.

And time was failing. Already the dawn had brightened into day. And casting her eyes about the circle of their beleaguered camp, she could see that the Roman legionaries were grouped along the edge, surveying them, and wondering, most likely, wherefore the commander so long tarried. Thus the few moments were rapidly passing away in which she might speak a kind farewell to him. Surely, she might turn from more serious things for the moment, and indulge herself in that.

"I hear you, Cleon, and gladly would wish, if possible, to strengthen you in that new thought; but the time now fails for that. Only, therefore, now repeat that you will think upon me in future, as I have desired, and so I shall die composed and happy."

"Whatever I can in future years do for you or yours that will I resolve," he said.

"Thanks, Cleon: I believe it all; and in that trust I will die well pleased. And now, before we part, smile as you were wont to do, even as I now smile. I would not wish that, even for the few hours that are left to me, I should carry in my heart an unhappy memory of you. Think for the moment that we are yet standing by the garden hedge, and under the ilex tree. Those were pleasant hours, were they not? Though even now I find them mingled with some self-reproach for the moments wasted in light discourse, when I should rather have been teaching you of those greater matters about which you wished to learn. And upon that last evening of all, I remember how you turned away with hasty step, as though displeased that I spoke so vaingloriously of my poor descent and birthright. Was it that you did not like to hear me vaunt myself upon a matter so foreign to the teach-

ings of my creed? How poor and empty does it now all seem!"

"Nay, I thought not of—"

"You came again once after that, Cleon. I was behind my lattice, and I heard and saw you, but you did not know it. And I heard how Corbo repulsed you, and would not suffer you to see me. I felt sorry about the harsh way he spoke, for he did not trust in you as I had done; and I was sorely tempted to throw open the window, and call to you in greeting. But then I thought that after all Corbo knew best what was for my good, and that it might be more discreet for a young and inexperienced girl not to expose herself too intimately; and so I held my peace. Do you now forgive me for that, if I thereby caused you pain? And did you ever come again, and feel grieved at finding that the house was closed and I away? But it was all meant for good, Cleon. And now, farewell. You cannot save me; but I know that another leader is coming to take your place, and that therefore it will not be by your order that I shall die. This, at least, is a comfort to me. And so again, farewell."

Thus speaking, she began to move slowly away, first casting upon him one of those long, lingering looks of earnest friendship that burn into the heart, and leave their impress, not for years alone, but through life itself. Despairing, Cleon caught her by the robe, and so for the instant detaining her, cried out:

"Yet for a moment longer listen to me, Thaloe! Let me urge you aright with one last pleading word! Think how that your father does not wish you should thus sacrifice yourself! Even now he will command you to depart with me, if he can be assured that you will obey. You will not at this final moment disregard him? And if that plea will not move you, can I not, with other words, induce you to relent? You have used the tones of friendship with me. They are sweet to listen to: but friendship alone is not all that can satisfy the heart. Let me now in other and warmer words attempt—"

What phrases of love he would have spoken, grown desperate with the fear, the

certainly, of losing her forever—how, wrought into a frenzy of passion, he was about to pour forth all the pent-up feelings of his soul with terrible earnestness, not pausing for choice expression, or caring that Philocteres stood by and heard him—regarding nothing, indeed, but the one fact that the moments during which he could have opportunity to persuade and win her from her purpose were swiftly passing—who can tell? For at that instant there came a sudden interruption to his speech, as from one portion of the Roman camp behind arose the loud shout of many voices, and the clash of spears and shields, extending swiftly in each direction around the besieging circle, until the two currents met in a yet louder acclaim upon the farther side.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was no violent outbreak or alarm, but simply the joyous welcome of the camp extended to a cohort from Puteoli, now newly arriving in advance of the larger force of the Tribune Balbus. But, startled into active watchfulness by the sudden outcry, even in that moment of passionate entreaty, Cleon turned his head; and when again he looked around, he found that Thaloe, taking advantage of the confusion, had released herself from his light grasp, and fled to the nearest of the insurgents, who, receiving her into their midst and closing about her, had concealed her from all outward sight.

It was, after all, a proper parting, and the best that could be given. Whatever words Cleon might have uttered, if allowed to go on in his desperate frenzy, could have been of no avail to change her from her purpose; while they too surely would have given her pain, in revealing how far his thoughts had carried him beyond mere friendship. And this he could not but secretly acknowledge to himself; even while standing irresolute, tempted for the moment to plunge insanely into that dark mass of men among whom Thaloe had disappeared, and struggle to drag her again to his side, and there once

more plead his desperate cause with her. For a moment he thus tarried, gazing in the direction whither she had vanished, and hopelessly longing to catch one parting glimpse of her, even were it but the faintest flutter of her floating white robe. Then in despair he turned away, and leaning upon Camillus's arm, slowly passed from the field to his own camp.

"You saw her, Camillus?" he said. "I would have saved her, but she would not that it should be so."

The page remained silent. He had recognized Thaloe, and with rapid thought had taken a true conception of the scene; not only imagining with some correctness the reason for her being there, but also, from face and gesture, gaining an insight into the condition of Cleon's mind. It was as he had long suspected: the image of this unknown young girl was effacing that of the world-admired physician.

What would Alypia say if she could see and know it all? And what ought he, the brother, to say to Cleon, who thus, in thought at least, was breaking his plighted faith? And yet Cleon was his friend, and such a friend as should not readily be quarreled with. And it might be that some spell or glamour had been laid upon him, confusing his mind with strange perversions of judgment, for which he should not be held responsible, and which of themselves would soon pass away. Meanwhile, it were best, perhaps, that nothing should be said; though it were hard not to show some displeasure. Therefore, biting his lips to repress his speech, Camillus released himself from Cleon's arm, still moving on, however, at his side.

"You are angry with me?" said Cleon, noticing the gesture as well as the downcast, troubled expression of the page. "And you are right, perhaps, in being so. Yet bear with me a little, Camillus. You know not the sore trouble of my mind, nor in how short a time all that has cause to distract me may be over. Have patience, therefore, and if you have rough thoughts in your heart against me, give them not present utterance."

"I know not how to answer," responded the page, holding down his head in dire confusion. "And if I have hard thoughts, I will now keep them to myself. All this, as you say, may soon pass away."

Then he stopped, fearing lest, after all, if he gave his tongue too great present liberty, he might forget his resolution, and speak words to be afterwards regretted. Would that some new event or scene might appear to change this troubled current of their thoughts! And, as though a propitious fate had ordered it, at that moment the opportunity was presented. For they had nearly gained the line of their own camp; and just outside, in a place where the struggle of the preceding night had most terribly prevailed, lay a group of slain insurgents, stretched around in every posture. And among them Camillus recognized the body of the slave Gogos lying upon the back, with the skull and breast-bone beaten in with two ghastly wounds. In that desperate whirl of midnight battle there had been none who could distinguish him to take him alive, and he had fallen, as many a brave man before him.

"See, Cleon!" cried Camillus, pointing thitherward. "Look how, at last, his doom has come!"

They paused for a moment and gazed upon the crushed and mutilated body. One hand was thrown lightly out upon the grass, but in the other was clenched, with a grasp which death itself had not released, a huge battle-ax, gory from edge of blade to handle with the blood of slain legionaries. The slave had evidently well defended himself ere he fell; and even now, as he lay with his face upturned to the sky, there were expressions of passionate hate lingering in the lines of the parted lips, and in the strained and glaring eyes.

Standing there and looking down upon the man, a torrent of strange and contradicting thought swept through Cleon's mind. What would Alypia say when she learned that the murderer had been slain in battle, as bravely as ever a proconsul might be, instead of being reserved for the tortures of the amphitheater? She would be filled with

disappointment, and exhibit anger, of a certainty; and somehow, even in that moment of his mental torture, Cleon almost smiled to himself with grim satisfaction at the picture. So soon in his bitterness of feeling had his love for her turned, not only into indifference, but into dislike. Yes, she would storm and pout, while he—but why indulge in such trivial imaginings as these, when he should dwell only upon the one great thought of Thaloe's doom? Surely, his brain must be bewildered, and he must gaze no longer, lest other singular and inappropriate fancies might arise to trouble him. Therefore he turned away, and descending the ragged sides of the crater slope, stood once more within his own camp, where, on the instant, one of his captains met him with news of what had just transpired.

"A cohort of spearsmen has arrived from Puteoli," he reported.

"I so understand. Under whom?"

"Under command of the Captain Gabius."

"Ha! Of the Captain Gabius?" and Cleon frowned as he heard the name of the profligate Roman upon whom he had so lately sworn vengeance: knitting his brow the more, indeed, as at that moment he saw Gabius himself approaching to report his arrival with due subordinate respect. But what pretense of quarrel could he contrive, now that Gabius, though doubtless guilty of having plotted evil against Thaloe, had been forestalled in its execution, and rendered harmless by her flight? Therefore Cleon strove to compose himself, and with proper dissimulation clearing the shadow from his brow, uttered the customary words of welcome.

"To you and your force, good greeting!" he said. "And what news do you now bring?"

"Nothing of import," was the answer, "except that I bear a message from the Tribune Balbus, saying that he will reach us after nightfall."

"It is well. The sooner he may now come, the better will it be."

"And sending instructions, moreover, that no movement shall be made by us

before his arrival, in order not to fail of the most complete victory."

"So let it be, then. Go now, and dispose your force yonder at the other side, where most we need strengthening. And you, Camillus; will you to my tent with me, to rest there?"

The page twisted uneasily about; willing to oblige, and yet not daring to trust himself too near Cleon, lest new discussion might arise, and so lead to the angry words which had thus far been restrained.

"If I am to fight again in the coming battle, Cleon," he at length responded, "there is much that I should like to learn, and this I can the better do by walking over the camp, and watching the number and disposition of the men. Therefore, if you will allow—"

"Enough; be it as you will," was the leader's quick answer, and his face clouded over with sudden anger.

Then, in an instant, he calmed himself. For, after all, was not this boy acting rightly, and with all proper precaution? It was not becoming, indeed, to nourish rage against him; let it rather be sorrow that such a warm young heart should be trembling in the scale that might incline against further friendship. And Cleon walked sadly and alone to his own tent, there to brood over his distress, and vainly, as before, endeavor to contrive some rescue from his troubles.

Meanwhile, the day wore on, bright, warm, and pleasant. No longer the soldiers crouched around the fires, but instead thereof sought the shade of occasional trees, and there, stretched at full length in little groups, slept, or drowsily talked about the past night and its results. All except a few, who, drawn up in proper array, remained guarding the passages from the insurgent camp, to prevent escape. But it was only the mere form of keeping guard. Except to prevent the stealthy escape of single fugitives, there was no need of any guard at all. No further danger existed of organized attack from the imprisoned camp. The insurgents would not fail, perhaps, to resist, at the end, to the death; but they had already spent the best

of their strength in their former conflict, and would not venture to renew that hopeless attack.

Therefore, these few guards stood carelessly at their arms, interchanging merry words with their more fortunate companions who had no duty to perform, and sinking into easy postures, except when, from time to time, at the approach of their officers, they straightened for the moment into more alert and soldierlike appearance. Indeed, throughout all the camp there reigned an air of pleasant relief, as from duties already well performed; for it was known that the fresh legionaries of Balbus would probably fight the closing battle, should such there be, but that all would share alike in the collected spoils.

The afternoon wore on, all things remaining in the same quiet, listless repose. Then from below came one more messenger from Balbus, with tidings similar to the last; and looking down upon the vista beneath, gleaming far and wide in the rays of the declining sun, could be seen, emerging from Neapolis, the glittering shields and spears of the advancing reinforcements. Then slowly sank the sun, and the darkness again spread over earth and sky. The Roman camp now awakened from its repose into new life and activity, with the prospect of a speedy accession to their numbers and the ensuing wild storm of warfare; and again the camp-fires were lighted and surrounded by eager groups. But no fires appeared in the crater slope, among the imprisoned slaves. Nor now did the swelling notes of the Christian hymns float upon the air. There were silence and darkness—the silence and darkness of despair and assured death.

And still, as throughout all the day, did Cleon gnaw his heart, pondering upon his bitter lot, and vainly torturing himself to find some refuge from it. A hundred times did he almost resolve to give full play to the traitorous impulses which beset him, and with one wild act of desperation throw away the results of the campaign, withdraw his cohorts, and suffer the whole besieged force to escape. But this would be sure

disgrace and death to himself; and could he be certain that, in the quick pursuit which would follow with other forces, it would avail anything to Thaloe? And, one by one, numerous other plans akin to this arose in his mind, each in turn to be dismissed as impracticable.

At times he thought to tell all to the Tribune Balbus, humbling himself in confession, and begging that man to look to it that she was spared. But Balbus was his enemy; and cold, calculating, and ungenerous by nature, would only have smiled in triumph at being able to refuse the request; nay, in his ferocious hate, would probably have taken pains the more surely to defeat all chance of her escape.

Thus tortured with these painful certainties, Cleon passed the hours; now remaining in the loneliness of his tent, now seeking relief by wandering around and watching the ordering of his camp. At last that final hour from which there could be no escape seemed at hand. In the stillness of the night the half-muffled sounds of a moving force, broken now and then by a sharply delivered order, could be heard from below, giving sure indication that Balbus with his forces had begun the ascent of the mountain. In another hour they would be at hand; and almost immediately after that the storm of wild bloodshed and slaughter would break forth.

Listening with helpless misery to these half-stifled sounds, which each moment became more distinct as the reinforcements drew nearer, Cleon once more, with hopeless agitation, began the circuit of his camp, nor stopped in his uneasy, purposeless wandering until he had nearly made its circuit. Then again he paused to listen; but now the sound of the approaching force was no longer to be distinguished. It had passed for the moment in its winding path beneath some overhanging slope, which shut out from above the noise of the march. Nothing now was to be heard except the low muttering of conversation among the nearest soldiers of his own camp, and the somewhat louder sound of two captains of

cohorts gambling at the side of a watch-fire.

A helmet was placed upon the ground between them, and from it they alternately drew forth single pebbles, until it was empty; marking successive passages of good or ill luck with pleased ejaculations or with oaths. The flickering flame cast upon them a ruddy glow, bringing their forms into plain relief, but at the same time increasing by contrast the surrounding obscurity; so that, as Cleon stood at the distance of a few paces, partly shielded by the leafy stump of a broken-down olive tree, he remained unseen by the gamblers, though near enough to overhear the conversation.

"I have won! She is mine!" cried one of them, suddenly leaping to his feet as he saw that he held a majority of the white pebbles; and then Cleon at once recognized him as the Captain Gabius. "Let us now rehearse our bargain, so that there can be no mistake when the time comes for its fulfillment."

"There need be no mistake, surely," rejoined the other. "The matter is plain enough: she is to belong to you, and I am to waive all claim, and to help secure her for you."

"And if in the struggle and confusion of pillage neither of us should chance to secure her—if she should fall into the hands of others?"

"Then must I purchase her for you: that is, if it can be done for no more than twenty-five sesterces, Gabius. If they will not sell her for that, then I give to you the twenty-five sesterces, and you can do further what you please. Is not that the bargain?"

"Exact in every feature," answered Gabius. "And perhaps it may turn out, after all, that the twenty-five sesterces will be the most valuable prize. Remember that I have seen her but little—once from a distance at her garden gate, and now here, from a greater distance; and it may well be that, nearer by, her supposed beauty may be vastly diminished."

"Nay, I can hardly believe that," rejoined the other. "Even across the whole distance

to their camp I could this morning mark her walk and attitude, and the pleasing slope of her shoulders; and I can stand security for her perfection of figure, at the very least. And do you think that the Captain Cleon would have tarried so long and earnestly by her, if there was not some attraction of face, as well?"

"The Captain Cleon is a man in whose judgment in women I would not always care to trust, so little has he ever cultivated it; though I cannot but confess that in the beautiful Alysia he has shown fair taste. Yet even in that matter it may be not so much his taste that is to be commended; for when the whole world is after one prize, it is easy to be drawn into the current of pursuers, and it requires no great discernment thus to yield. But now for a further thought. Cleon himself will doubtless desire to have this girl; for it seems from what has once been said that he has been greatly taken with her. Would you dare to approach him with your twenty-five sesterces, and ask to purchase her from him? And in that case—"

Now softly moving away, Cleon heard not the remainder. He had listened to enough to kindle a consuming fire in his heart. Terrible as had been his reflections before, he had thought of nothing so horrible as this. By some strange omission, he had only imagined Thaloe as given up to death—falling quietly beneath one swift stroke of the sword into her father's arms, and yielding up her breath with the seraph-like smile

of martyrdom upon her face. But now other realities were forced upon him, such as he had never dreamed of before. That she should be saved to become the prey of anybody—much less of this Gabius, whose character was a reproach to the age, even in those days of deep degradation of heart and soul—what should not one who loved her do to avert from her even the chance of such a fate? What sacrifice could be too great to rescue her from such a doom?

Again from below now came the sound of approaching reinforcements, nearer than before. There was no time to be lost. Whatever sacrifice was to be made must be begun at once. And quickened into new activity of thought by the imminence of the emergency, Cleon conceived a plan so wild and desperate, so little likely to be of any avail to her, and so nearly certain to prove his own destruction, that in a saner moment he would have thought twice before adopting it. But time was no longer offered for deliberate reflection, nor was his brain now well poised to weigh the probabilities of success. He only felt that it was, at least, a chance; and rushing back with hasty step, he came again to the two gamblers.

"Ho there, Gabius!" he cried, "go around at once to the rear of the mountain where stands the Captain Burras. Tell him to withdraw his cohort with all haste, and bring the men hither. And let also your cohort be withdrawn from thence, and gathered here in front."

LEONARD KIP.

BY STAGE AND RAIL.

It was not till the Contra Costa hills were passed that I felt sure that it was summer. I had left San Francisco in the morning, and though it was May, the usual rawness of the mist, the bleakness and grayness of the morning air, the monotonous, neutral tint of sky and houses, the dreary quiet of the early walk through the wind-swept streets, the

shiver that the sea-breeze had left tingling in my bones, and the utter lack of light and shade that lay on everything had fairly combined to prevent me from expecting anything of warmth or brightness in the weather.

But once beyond the hills, there came an increasing consciousness of the time of year. The long wet season had just drawn to a

close. Signs of the summer were visible in the clouds of dust and the whiter ripening patches in the fields. But it was not wholly summer. There were clouds still hanging along the horizon to the north, the peaks of the Sierras had no sharpness in the sunlight, the orchards were yet free from their dyspeptic load of dust, and the uplands that climbed to the Coast Range on its eastern flank had as yet none of the dry and leathery look that marks the action of the scorching summer winds.

Yet there was little of poetry in it all. The interminable succession of field on field, the stiff regularity of the orchards and the vineyards, the monotonous similarity of the way-stations, presenting the invariable items of a long red depot, hay-scales, hotel, store, and straggling line of houses and saloons, were all too angular and prosaic to excite much pleasurable emotion; and it was no little of relief to think that I had come into this country on business, and not in search of amusement or of pleasure. Wider view might have removed this impression; but there was no compromise with the size or shape of the rectangular patch permitted by the window, and I had long since lost the energy to seek it from the platform.

With such an outlook, there was little to excite even a passing interest. It grew steadily hotter and dustier all day long, and the setting of the sun left us almost as hot and dusty as at noon. I don't know why, but I had the impression that the sun was still up for a full hour after it had disappeared. The glare of light was the same; the hard practicality of the air was still consistent with the afternoon; and it was the sudden dropping of the darkness only that brought the consciousness of night. The wind rose later, and increased with the coming of the stars. The sweep of valley began to narrow after the brakeman lighted the lamps. An hour's tedious ride brought us to the crossing of the Sacramento; and later on, to Redding—a town so irregular and scattered that, from the appearance of lights in all directions, it seemed at first sight a large and populous place.

My second impression, taken the following morning, was that it had been a town once, but had partly moved on, its scattered houses were so out of keeping with all village regularity. There were no lines of trees along its streets, in which vagrant breezes might lurk to temper the noonday heat to the shorn lambs of Redding: no flower gardens nor spots of green for the eye to turn to, rejoice in, or rest upon; only a rambling line of road along the hill-side, that shambled dustily down at the southern end to the grade of the railroad and the turn-table; and along the upper side of this a row of business houses, with their backs burrowed into the hill like vegetables, and their fronts dignifiedly propped up, as if their effort at level-headedness had set them a peg above their neighbors. The sideling nature of the road had evidently discouraged building on the lower slope; and the few houses facing up the hill presented a ludicrous appearance of constantly bracing themselves, and holding on to keep from slipping down.

An observant person might have found some compensation for this practicality in the wild natural aspect of the neighborhood. Redding is essentially a foothill town. There is a huge blue mountain that towers above it on the west; crumpled country in and all around it; the lower peak of Iron Mountain rising to the north, and farther on the snowy cap of Shasta. There are great gulches in the hill-sides and cuts in the yellow soil that have been swollen water-courses in the winter; and back from the main street are long lines of pines that paint gigantic stripes of black and yellow in the sunlight on the slopes. Off to the east, the land waves that hurried down toward the bluff and river were fresh and green, their crests just flecked with the foam of buttercups and daisies; while quaint, spicy odors were continually in the air.

The town of Redding owes its origin to the railroad. Its first population consisted mainly of the class that follow the fortunes of "the end of the road." Many of its people to-day expect to move on when the

railroad goes. But it has been some years since the terminus was established at this point, and though it has been announced several times that the work would at once be pushed on, Redding remains to-day the end of the line, with no immediate fear of being otherwise. This period of quiet has taken the edge from the restlessness of the migratory class. On the crest of the hill, back from the dusty business street, have grown up clusters of quiet homes. People of less transient purpose, too, have come to locate there, and it has been found that the town is no longer dependent on the fortunes of its pioneers. It has become the business center of the surrounding region, and is the shipping point for the great wool and lumber interests of the hill country to the east.

A fruitful source of income is the supply traffic with the teamsters that haul between Redding and Yreka, and other outlying towns. Almost any time of day one or more mule teams can be seen dragging their long wagons and "back-action" attachments along the street toward the corrals at the southern end of town. Later on, the teamsters themselves can be found about the Railroad House at the foot of the hill. They are a democratic class, and seek this lower level because of a despised refinement and suspected tendency to aestheticism in the dwellers on the hill; to use their own language, it was "too high-toned fur Pikers up there."

To avoid being included in this general condemnation, I descended to the level of the Railroad House, and sat down on the bench that runs along the front. A fat, pleasant-faced German who was sitting there nodded, and without speaking moved slightly over so as to give me room. As I sat down, three teamsters, who were also leaning against the wall, stared inquiringly for a moment, but immediately relapsed into their former listlessness of attitude. There was nothing said to that effect, but somehow I felt that they were waiting for me to speak, and that they expected me to say something. Finally, turning to the German, I briefly stated my business.

Was an immigration agent. Had come there in the interest of an eastern company. Desired to examine the resources of the country, and report on its availability for purposes of settlement. There had been some correspondence with a Mr. Allen, who held land some distance to the north-east. Wished to visit his place, and also to talk with a Mr. Ricksecker, who clerked in a hotel. "Owned de hotel," interrupted the German. Ah, yes—owned a hotel; then this was Mr. Ricksecker.

There was a local color in his voice, almost as florid as the prevailing tint of soil, as he opened into a statement concerning the advantages of the country, with a volubility which, like the people on the hill, might have been objected to at times as rather high-toned in expression. He told me—what I already knew—that the county contained nearly 2,500,000 acres; and that the unoccupied part, about 2,000,000 acres, was largely adapted to the raising of wheat, grapes, and all kinds of fruit; and all open to immigration. I listened with some impatience, and I fear, after a little, rather absently; for my attention was distracted by the teamsters, who were emulating each other in killing flies on the platform in front of them with tobacco juice at long range. He was still expatiating, and the fly contest was still continuing with absorbing interest, when my attention was recalled by a question put directly to the teamsters.

"Look here, poys, how is de best way to get over from here to Allen's?"

There was a general wave of implied ignorance ran over the group, but no further definite answer.

"Is de stage runnin', John?"

"It may be, if it's got out of that slough on the Flat, where I saw it yesterday."

There seemed to be some doubt implied in this, and the landlord addressed another of the three, who was using his knife to pick his back teeth, with an expression on his face much as if his jaw was dislocated.

"Vere's your brown mare, Milt?"

"Fell with me yesterday, and skinned both her knees."

This, too, implying a negative, I turned interrogatively to the third, who spoke of his own accord.

"I got a horse," he said, "if you think you kin find the trail."

"Wot's gone of the trail?" said the second man, shortly.

"We-el, nothin' particular. It's fair as trails go. I've traveled wuss, an' I've seen better."

"Is this horse-trail to Allen's," I asked, "hard to follow?"

"Well, you see thar's three hoss-trails from yere to Allen's. Two of 'em's tollable hard to find, and the other one's tollable hard to find too."

"Would there be much danger in getting lost if I happened to get off the trail?"

"O h——l, no. Only worryin', an' time lost wanderin' round in thet grease brush. Thar's places scattered all over thet country, an' if you take the upper trail most of the way's along the stage road anyway."

It is needless to say that the prospect of reaching Allen's in this way did not present the greatest allurements possible, and I was trying to reconcile my inclination to the necessity of a horse and the "upper trail," when the first teamster who had spoken again lifted up his voice:

"Thar's Pike Gupton a-comin': why don't you ask him? He's goin' out thet way with a load of fruit in the mornin', and might see you up the cañon to Allen's, if ye don't mind stoppin' a while at the widder's."

A broad grin followed this bit of local pleasantry, and in the face of it came a shambling step on the platform, and its victim stopped before us. He bowed slightly to me, spoke to the men beyond, crossed over, and then sat down by the landlord; and shoving his hat to the back of his head, turned toward me, and cast a questioning glance full in my face.

He was tall and rather spare; but for all that, impressed one in his movements with a sense of physical power. His hair and mustache were both long and blonde; and when embarrassed he had the habit of

pulling the latter bashfully. He wore a blue woolen shirt, brown overalls and jumper, heavy boots, coarse buckskin gloves, and a limp felt hat that had once been black. He was not prepossessing in dress, but there was a humorous twinkle in his blue eyes, and a kindly lighting of his face in speaking, that drew me to him from the first; and I ventured to prefer my request for passage, which was at once cheerfully granted. Some one called him, however, and he went into the house.

The conversation flagged listlessly, and succumbing to the general atmosphere, I silently lounged back on the bench, listening to the desultory remarks that bubbled up from the group at my side. As I sat there, with the sleepy figures near me, the hot, sluggish air around, and the torpid town in the dusty sun beyond, I found it hard to remember that I had ever lived a different or more active life; and even the ringing of the supper-bell inside awakened little interest, though it did arouse the group to general movement.

The supper-room was long and low, and had the rare virtue of comparative cleanliness. The majority of its length was taken up by three tables, at the farthest of which a damp-looking young woman on a high stool was engaged in cleaning knives, as she, at the same time, overlooked the general efforts for the comfort of the guests. I think one might have marked it for a dining-room without the sense of sight. There was no distinctive flavor of prior guests about its whitewashed walls, and brown, well-sanded floor; but an uneasy odor of preceding breakfasts and forgotten dinners and long-departed suppers possessed and permeated its atmosphere, and stalked in primal strength along the aisles. There was a certain distinct assertiveness about it too—and I have noticed that it held this in common with other rural hotels—that was full as filling as the food that followed it.

The natives did not seem to notice it, however, and the silence, broken only by the clatter of knives and the noise of busy

lips, told how sincere was the attention given to the fried mutton, rolls, crab-apples, and coffee that made up the meal. The whole affair was marked by the greatest frankness and informality. Every man helped himself to what he could reach with his own knife and fork; and the ministrations of the Chinese cook were chastely veiled from the public by the intervention of a weak-eyed girl who served as waiter.

Later on, conversation flowed more freely, relating chiefly to teaming and statements as to the condition of the roads. And the briskness displayed at table was such an advance on the listlessness of the afternoon, that when a chance word brought up the subject of politics, the interest grew quite exciting. I recollect that one man spoke bitterly against the enforcement of the Sunday law by the "water cranks," as he was pleased to denominate the Prohibition faction. The same ideas have since been often advanced on much more important authority, and it may be interesting to quote them here.

"Look at 'em tryin' to shet a man out of enjoyin' the only holiday he has in the whole week! Whar's the rights to do it? Was it law? Mighty fine law—made so as to hit the poor man, without touchin' them as made it. How was them that made it elected? With votes bought with poor men's stolen money.

"Didn't the saloons ought to be closed on Sunday? Wot for? Did them preachers ever stop eatin' or drinkin', themselves? Talkin' a lot of rot about arrestin' men fur sellin' a glass of lickor on Sunday, an' they settin' back an' preachin' an' workin' just as bad. Them laws 'd never been passed if the legislature had been Democratic.

"It's agin freedom, and it's agin all government," he added. "The law never intended that one man shud be hindered more nor another in eatin' or drinkin' what he liked. That's why it can't never be inforced. God never intended that the man thet worked all week shouldn't go out and enjoy himself on Sunday; an' people as don't like it must look out fur themselves."

He was still talking, and with seemingly

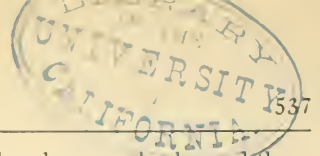
unabated fertility of expression, when I escaped to the bar-room. When Mr. Gupton followed, he sought me by the doorway. "Better not stay up late," he said; "I shall call you so as to pull out pretty early in the mornin'."

I thanked him, and would have warmed at once into conversation, but he excused himself and departed to look after his team.

The old dullness settled down again when he had gone. The teamsters lounged back one by one, and settled themselves around the room. The political discussion was reopened in one corner, but it failed to awaken more than a passing interest. In an hour the majority had shuffled off to their blankets at the corral. Mr. Ricksecker was absent, and I saw nothing more of Mr. Gupton. I sat there silently, until, disgusted and bored, I likewise determined to retire. A breath of fresh air from the doorway attracted me, and I stepped out onto the platform.

It was a lovely night. The cold wind that commonly swept in with the skirts of the darkness was this evening wanting in Redding. The little town was heavy with warm, resinous odors, and a strange incense from the woods seemed to roll down from the hill-sides and hang in the still air. Here and there, against the shadow of the pines, uncurtained windows stood out staringly bright; and down by the corrals lanterns were dancing and moving quickly in the darkness. There was no sound nor motion in ground or trees or sky. The darkness had settled down so quietly upon the town that it had only served to fan its listlessness to quiet with its purple wings. Its slumber was as still and passionless as the white outline of the Sierras that stood distantly etched against the still more passionless stars. No wonder that my feet lingered as I climbed the hill, and that it seemed as if the warm air perfumed my blood, and played about my temples like the laying on of soft and benedictory hands.

I was returning to the hotel, at the edge of the platform, feeling somewhat awed in the stillness, when suddenly, sharply, a shrill shout broke out in the darkness. The hills



caught it, and sent it echoing back and forward across the cañon; the dogs barked all around the town; there was a clatter of hoofs as a horseman galloped away into the shadows; the breeze drew its breath quickly through the pines; somewhere something moved and rustled audibly; a horse whinnied restlessly at the corral. And then the silence fell again, quieter, darker, and more hushed. But the spell of the night was broken, and with cooler face and calmer pulse I sought the house and bed.

I was aroused next morning from a sense of luxurious rest and peaceful slumber by the persuasive voice of Mr. Gupton, who was hammering on the door to remind me of his intention of making an early start. I got up. The wind had risen, and through the darkness I could hear it rattling the curtain at the window. A dash of cold water outside and a cup of coffee within braced me to meet its chilliness. It was only three o'clock, but the moving of lights and an occasional freedom of epithet that came from the corral gave evidence that the teamsters were already busy with their stock. Fifteen minutes later we were on the wagon and moving slowly to the north.

To say that it was dark does no justice to the inky blackness that hung over us. The underbrush was swallowed up completely in the shadow, and only where it overhung the road, and drew cold, leafy fingers across the face and person, was it at all distinguishable. It was not long, however, before our eyes became more accustomed to the darkness. I could see the road outlined by shadowy pines that hid the glimmering stars. I could distinguish, without touching, the driver at my side. Our progress was largely an instinct resting with the horses. For a long time we traveled in silence, and I suspect that I went to sleep. I remember only the crossing of the Sacramento, and the encounter of an endless train of pitchy-hued objects, which seemed to slip away and leave us as we passed. We were on the grade when the stars began to pale. I brightened up in time to see the hard line of the hills grow clear and distinct, the familiar outlines

of the trees and rocks come back; and then, on the point where the road wound round a rocky ridge, we halted the tired horses for a moment's rest, and waited for the coming dawn.

It came with orange blushing into crimson, with crimson paling into silver, with silver warming into violet and flushing into rose. There was the dryness of early summer in the breeze that blew up from the north. We were too close beneath the foot of Shasta to catch the reflection from its white-mitered crest. But immediately at our feet lay the river, yellow and unlovely, and the rapidly opening valley. Its nearer depths were suffused with a blue, transparent haze that rose to our faces in thin, tremulous waves, and flooded the air with its odorous spices. Beyond the hill country to the south a sharply defined line of yellowish white indicated the plains; east and west the foothills rose, strongly bristled with chaparral, making the barrenness of the ridge on which we stood seem more marked by contrast. Above us was the scorched and treeless mountain, with gaunt hollows worn in its red flanks, and here and there a gleaming mass of granite, where the skeleton showed through the wasted flesh. Marks of volcanic action lay all around us; and in the lower flats were occasional odd, compact-looking houses, like other blocks of lava, scattered in the valleys, as if they were the *scorie* blown there by some great eruption.

"Do you see that house yander in the cañon?" said Mr. Gupton, pointing to the north.

"The low one with the white barn and corral?"

"Ya-as. Well, that's the Widder Briggs's, an' we're a-goin' to stop there fur breakfast."

Mr. Gupton's relations to the widow had been so fruitful a theme for wit at the Railroad House, that I confess to a reasonable degree of curiosity as to the lady's personal appearance. I found her tall and fairly comely, but with a carelessness of style in dress that spoke a nature untrammelled by the restraints of society. She cooked well,

however, and was clean—two things that went far to raise her in my estimation. It had been popularly asserted that there was something in Mr. Gupton's person and manner that excited the susceptible nature and stirred a tender sentiment in the heart of this fair widow; but beyond a tendency to hover round him coyly with a larger variety of dishes than that commonly set before the passing guest, a proneness to giving personal attention to his wants, and a disposition to occasionally urge upon him the special virtues of some edible, I saw no ground for the report. A lingering curiosity in the matter made me return to the subject when we were again on the road, and finally I drew him into expressing his views on love and marriage.

"Wot I'd like to know," said he, pulling his mustache, "is this: Kin a man go into this sort of thing, when it gets the drop on him, satisfied that it'll come out as he laid it out to when he started in; an' haz he got any assurance that he'll be findin' what he expected if he does git to make it go? Now them two things is the biggest pints in the whole matter, an' blame my pictur if I'm sure about either one of 'em. Now yere's my brother at Tehamy's been married seven year, an' he thinks it's the biggest thing in

Californy; and yere's me a-looking at the little widder, an' canvassin' myself fur symptoms, and d——n me if I kin tell whether I've got 'em or not. 'Pears to me thet some people takes things fur certain on powerful slim proof. I've lived with my brother, yer see, and it's made me kind o' shaky. When I git up there on the ridge where we were this mornin', and see the sun rise, and look down on the widder's, I say to myself, 'Pike, ye're in love with thet woman'; and then when I get down on the flat, an' stop at the house, I find myself a-sayin', 'Lord bless you, Pike, this yere love's like the chills—a man ketches it in the air—but it's never killed nobody yet. Hold on a bit, an' you'll revider.' An' I've held on."

We had turned into a side path; and as he finished speaking the wagon drew up at the door of a story-and-a-half house at the mouth of a narrow cañon.

"This yere's Allen's," he added.

"But, Mr. Gupton," I said, as I climbed to the ground, "why don't you marry the widow, anyway, and take the chances?"

"Mebbe I should," he answered, "if it wa'n't fur one pint."

"What is that?" said I.

"Thet she's got a husband already, in the mines."

WARREN CHENEY.

FOUR FACES.

FROM out a panel dark upon my wall
Sweet faces plead with me—pure faces all.

This face—its sadness words can never tell;
A face where hope has well-nigh ceased to dwell;
But anger, silent curse for sin, mark not
The lips where patient will still swerves no jot.
Those clear, sad eyes have seen with searching sight
That men will cling to wrong and war with right;
That he who teaches truth with toil and tears
Wins only in the lapse of patient years.
I see in this mute face, as stern as fate,
"How shall the world be made regenerate?"

And this is wan with ceaseless strain of nerve,
 And restless spirit sharpens every curve;
 But hope undaunted lusters bright the eyes.
 No time is there for doubts and tears and sighs.
 The burning soul one thought of worth doth rate,
 "How shall the world be made regenerate?"

This, meek with simple faith and dull of mind;
 No subtle feeling shapes its oval line;
 No question bold of life or God or creed.
 The master's work to do, his truth to heed,
 As taught by mighty strength of greater minds,
 Is all of life this peaceful worker finds;
 Yet heedless works the problem, old of date,
 "How shall the world be made regenerate?"

This face of pureness, upward turned to God,
 In anguish begs of him to spare the rod.
 And tearful, pleading love and mercy sweet,
 So leads some sinner to the master's feet.
 Sweet pleader, striving early, striving late,
 "How shall the world be made regenerate?"

While such sweet faces hourly plead one cause,
 The world rolls round in maze of tangled laws.
 Of heedless parents heedless babes are born;
 A million such for one great soul to warn
 The world and lead her, doubting, striving still,
 A step in upward paths against her will.
 And goodness shackled with a hundred wrongs,
 Her way is wending through the mocking throngs.
 Yet God-ward moves the world, and proves the might,
 The grand, the fearless, deathless strength of right;
 And answer gives, though mocking man and fate,
 That yet the world shall be regenerate.

GREGORY MITCHELL.

THE FACE IN THE PICTURE.

WE were three students of art in Paris, warm friends and constant companions.

Harold Astley was a young Englishman, sturdy, frank, earnest—a real "heart of oak"; an artist from inclination, not necessity, as he belonged to an old and wealthy family.

Arthur Lawrence and myself were Americans, although from different States, and unknown to each other until thrown together in the art galleries of Paris. Arthur Lawrence had a face like St. John's, and a nature so finely attuned that life had for him much more of pain than pleasure. He was the most talented of our trio, but there was something weird about his pictures that I felt would prevent their ever finding the

popular heart. However, he, too, did not need to live by his art, as he had inherited a comfortable income.

I myself, Frank Kenneth, at your service, was a "happy-go-lucky" sort of fellow, the only one of the three who meant to adopt art as a profession. Although I was not reduced to the proverbial "bread and water and a garret" of the continental art student, yet my income was so small as to require close economy.

Ordinary acquaintances considered Arthur Lawrence an odd sort of fellow, and we who knew him well did not quite understand him. Some of his moods were sad and strange, and his beautiful eyes were often haunted by a far-away expression, "as if he saw spirits," Astley said. Ladies voted him "interesting," and adored him accordingly, although he made no effort to obtain their admiration.

Among our acquaintances was a very beautiful girl—well born, well bred, wealthy, charming—with whom Astley and I were more than half in love; but her smiles were all for our friend, upon whom they were utterly thrown away. We were rallying him a little about her one day.

"Do you think I am conceited enough to imagine every woman I meet in love with me?" asked Lawrence.

"Not you, indeed," answered Astley. "But if you would keep your senses about you a little more, you would see what is as plain as the nose on your face. I only wish I stood in your shoes"; and the big fellow heaved a huge sigh.

"In my shoes!" Lawrence's face changed. "Astley, you don't know what you are saying."

After a pause, he got up and went to a cabinet, taking therefrom a portfolio, and from the portfolio a picture. This he brought and silently proffered for our inspection. It was a head in water-colors—a beautiful young girl. The soft eyes, the tender, babyish mouth, seemed to wear an appealing expression. The golden-brown hair was arranged in a quaint fashion, as one sees in old portraits.

"What an exquisite face!" exclaimed I. "Who is she?"

"My dream-wife," was the quiet answer. Astley and I stared at him.

"It is true," he said. "It is a face that haunts my sleeping and waking dreams. Astley says I see spirits, and I think he is about half right. Until I find the living likeness of that picture, no woman's face will have any charm for me."

He put the picture carefully away, and then resuming his seat beside us, fell into a deep reverie. We were used to his moods, and soon began to talk of other matters. After a while he roused himself and joined in our conversation.

Talking the matter over afterward, Astley and I came to speak of strange and puzzling likenesses in general, and Astley said:

"Lawrence's face seemed strangely familiar to me the first time I ever met him. Somewhere I have seen a similar face, and the remembrance haunts me, although I am never able to straighten it out in my mind."

It was early summer. Astley was going home for a month's pleasuring, and Lawrence and myself had been invited to accompany him. We accepted the invitation gladly.

Astley Hall dated from the time of the Tudors. It contained many treasures for the artist and antiquarian; and we Americans looked forward with interest to a sojourn within the walls of the venerable pile.

The carriage waited at the station as, after an uneventful trip across the Channel, and a pleasant ride by rail from Dover, we neared our journey's end. A short drive brought us in sight of Astley Hall, with its towers and wings and stacks of chimneys, standing picturesque and stately in the midst of beautiful surroundings of lawn and park.

The sight made Astley and myself more eager and talkative; but Lawrence, who during the journey had until now been unusually lively, suddenly grew silent, and answered only in monosyllables when addressed.

As we passed into the house, through the paved hall, and up the massive oaken stair, Lawrence's face wore a strange expression

that I could not understand. At dinner, in spite of his efforts to appear at ease before Astley's relatives, I could see that he was restless and absent-minded.

His eyes wandered often to an old painting, a mythological picture, which hung over the high, carved mantel in the handsome, old-fashioned dining-room.

After Astley had seen us comfortably established in our apartments, and bidden us good night, Lawrence came across the corridor, and threw himself into an easy-chair in my room.

For a time he gazed steadily into vacancy; then looking up, he asked abruptly:

"Frank, have you ever felt as if in some past age you had had another existence? Do words that you hear sometimes impress you strangely, as if you had heard them before, and knew just what was to follow? Do certain scenes seem strangely familiar, although you know that you are looking upon them for the first time?"

I confessed to a dim comprehension of his meaning; for what human being has not at some time or other felt as if the veil between the tangible and the intangible were a little bit lifted. However, my impressions were not of a kind to trouble me much.

"The truth is," continued Lawrence, "it seems to me as if I had seen this place before; as if in some other existence I had been an actor in the midst of these surroundings. I don't think I am quite like other people," he went on, after a pause—"a little bit uncanny," with a half laugh that ended in a sigh.

I tried to reason him out of the mood; grew philosophical, and settled the matter quite to my own satisfaction; but as he arose and went slowly from the room, I saw that I had produced little impression on him.

The next morning, after breakfast, we started for a tour of the house.

"Let us go first to the portrait gallery, for that is the key to all the rest," said Astley, to which we willingly assented.

It was a long, narrow room, lighted from above. On the walls hung portraits of many generations of dead-and-gone Astleys. Cav-

aliers with plume and doublet; ladies in ruff and stomacher; the powdered wigs and knee-breeches; the short waists and huge bonnets of the last century; and so to modern times.

I was going leisurely along, listening to scraps of biography of this one and that, when a low exclamation from Lawrence, as he stopped abruptly before one of the portraits, drew my attention.

Astley glanced at the picture, then at Lawrence; then caught my arm excitedly, and whispered:

"Do you see the resemblance? It is his likeness to Archibald Astley that has puzzled me so long."

It was a well-painted portrait of a handsome young man dressed in the costume of the time of Charles the First. The resemblance between the painted face and the living face below it was startling.

Lawrence gazed at the picture earnestly, and drew his hand across his forehead, as if to clear away the cobwebs from his brain. I watched him anxiously, thinking of his strange words the night before.

"There is a strange story connected with the life of Sir Archibald Astley," said Harold. "He was a romantic young fellow, very talented as an artist; a pupil of Van Dyke. That picture over the mantel in the dining-room, which I saw Lawrence scanning, is his work. He secretly married a beautiful girl, and installed her in apartments in this house, entered only by a concealed door. Just what were the obstacles to the announcement of the marriage, I do not know. Many have thought that she was a nun stolen from a French convent, and that he wished to conceal her until the excitement caused by her disappearance had died away. One day she was found dead in her bed. An enemy had discovered her hiding place, and in some way managed to send her an effective dose of poison; but who he was and what was his motive for the deed was never fully made public. This occurred during the civil war, when the alarming state of public affairs caused private occurrences to be overlooked. The whole story is a vague, disjointed tradition."

"And the apartment—can we see it?" I asked eagerly.

"As I said, the apartment was entered by a concealed door. After the tragic death of his wife, the house was shut up, and the owner went abroad, where he soon after died. The two old servants who had shared his confidence he took with him to the continent, and they, like their master, came back no more. The secret of the concealed door died with them. The estate at the death of Sir Archibald passed to a distant branch of the family, and to this day the location of the secret apartment remains a mystery."

Lawrence, who, intently gazing at the portrait, had not seemed to hear a word we were saying, suddenly turned and walked toward the door of the gallery. His face was like the face of a sleep-walker, and much startled, we followed him.

He went rapidly along the winding corridors, like one acquainted with every step of the way, and finally, in the oldest portion of the mansion, entered a room which had evidently been used as a lumber room for generations. Parts of old armor, moth-eaten tapestry, carved chests, spiral-legged chairs and tables, were heaped together—a motley collection that would have gladdened the eyes of an antiquarian.

Lawrence gave one comprehensive glance as he entered, then walked straight across the room, lifted a square of old tapestry, and began to run his hand over one of the panels of the wall. A moment, and it slid slowly back, revealing a dark, narrow passage-way. He sprang in, and after a glance at each other's white, awe-struck faces, Astley and I followed him.

Again we heard him fumbling at the wall. Then a door swung open on creaking hinges, revealing a small but lofty room, dimly lighted by windows far up toward the ceiling, so narrow that they seemed mere slits in the massive wall.

The apartment had been richly furnished in the style of an age long past, but now everything was dusty, faded, moth-eaten, and mildewed. A high, carved bedstead, with

thick hangings closely drawn, stood in one corner. A frame holding some unfinished embroidery was close at hand. Portions of feminine apparel lay on a chair. Evidently a woman had been the last occupant.

At the opposite side of the room stood a portrait, not quite completed, of a beautiful young woman. Lawrence went directly toward it, and with a cry threw himself on his knees before it.

In spite of ourselves, Astley and I both echoed the cry. That face, the soft appealing eyes, the tender, pathetic mouth, the oddly arranged hair—it was the likeness of Arthur Lawrence's "dream-wife."

I was a strong, healthy man, not troubled with nerves, and freer from superstition than most people; but for a moment the room spun around me, and I leaned heavily against my companion, who, though calmer than I, trembled like an aspen. After a while I got back a measure of self-possession.

"Let us leave this accursed room!" I cried.

Lawrence still knelt before the portrait.

I spoke to him; he did not answer. I went forward and touched his shoulder; he did not move.

Thinking he had fainted, we carried him back to his own bright, cheerful room, and applied restoratives, but all to no purpose. He was dead.

We laid him in the family vault of the Astleys, dimly conscious that it was his rightful resting place.

Sir Roger, Harold's father, had the secret chamber immediately torn open and dismantled, and the many strange relics that it contained removed to other parts of the house.

Some letters, yellow and faded, found in an ebony cabinet, revealed a fact in the history of Sir Archibald Astley hitherto unknown. Shortly after Lady Astley's arrival at the Hall, she had given birth to her daughter; and the infant, who could not safely be concealed with the mother, had been secretly conveyed to France in charge of a faithful couple; she was to bear the name of

Cécile L'Estrange, until acknowledged by her father. As the baronet died shortly after his wife's murder, the child's name and position remained unrevealed.

Among the treasures of the secret chamber was a jeweled clasp of curious foreign workmanship. One of the old letters referred to this clasp, and mentioned a duplicate, which, with a few other valuables, had been left with the child. Turning the clasp over in my hand, I touched a concealed spring. A plate slipped back, revealing two locks of hair, and the letters A and C intertwined in a true-love-knot.

My nerves had not recovered from the shock they had previously received in that room, and I dropped the clasp with a shiver of superstitious awe.

Returning to Paris, we found Arthur's affairs in perfect order, as if the idea of sudden death had been no stranger to his thoughts. A will of late date, saying that he was the last of his race, left his property to Harold and myself.

Among Arthur's personal effects we came across a carved box that bore evidence of great age. Within lay a small jeweled cross and a rare old filigree chain. As I lifted the shining coil, something glittered beneath. The bright sunshine streaming in at the open windows seemed suddenly to

grow cold. There lay a clasp, the counterpart of the one I had examined in the secret chamber of Astley Hall.

With trembling fingers I searched for the concealed spring. It answered my touch, and once more I saw two locks of hair, and the letters A and C in a true-love-knot. Among Arthur's papers we afterward found these things referred to as "jewels that once belonged to a French ancestress of mine, named Cécile L'Estrange."

By what mysterious course of inheritance Arthur's ancestor lived again in him, unchanged in face and in all the impulses connected with the great passion of his life, who can guess?

The years that have passed since the events narrated above have brought me fame and fortune. Harold Astley's sister Alice is my dear wife, and we spend much time at the old hall. It has now no mysterious chamber, but the long picture gallery is an eerie place to me.

When I glance at the sweet, girlish face smiling down from the old portrait that now hangs in its rightful place beside that of Sir Archibald Astley, not even the touch of my wife's warm hand or the happy voices of my two sturdy boys can banish the fingers of ice that for the moment seem to clutch my heart.

EMILY BROWNE POWELL.

CARLO GOLDONI.

OF all the figures that stand forth against the background of the decrepit civilization of the Italy of the eighteenth century, none towers higher above the surrounding intellectual littleness than that of the old Venetian advocate and playwright, Carlo Goldoni.

For two centuries Italian literature had wandered ever farther from the plain path of truth and the study of nature. The *accademie* of Rome and Florence had found servile imitators throughout the peninsula. The old robust strength and concentration

of the *cinque-cento* passing through the formal classicism and pedantry of the *seicento* had reached, in the eighteenth century, the lowest ebb of effeminacy and prolific vapidness of production. Literature attempted to supply the place of life, and for lack of other material, turned and wove for itself a shroud from its own vitals.

Italy was led captive by foreign powers, and served as a battle-ground for half the armies of Europe. With the political slavery came intellectual stagnation and social

chaos. The descendants of the mighty warriors and statesmen who had left their mark upon all time were perfumed fops in powder and gold lace, who gambled, and fought mock duels with toy swords, and passed their lives in caressing lap-dogs, and scribbling sonnets in honor of their be-patched, be-farthingaled mistresses. Every meeting of gallants and ladies was the scene of hot literary discussion. Muses in rouge and brocade sipped their chocolate and listened critically to false quantities and ear-grating rhythm. Vice and ignorance grinned like skulls from behind the powder and patches. There was no hope for Italy but in an intellectual regeneration that should keep pace with the political.

This was especially the case in the northern districts, where the influence of the proximity of the French nation had always made itself strongly felt. Venice in particular caught the tone of French circumstance, from the fashion in which her nobles tied their ribbons, the games of chance with which they wore away their trivial lives, and the artificial immorality upon which they prided themselves, to the quick, bright wit, the hot heads and hearts, and the eager, childlike gayety that characterized the people. Venice, like Paris, was the hot-bed of dissipation, the center of artistic merit and appreciation, the seat of pomp and mirth and revelry—not the solid, magnificent revelry of the ages behind, the honest heart-burst of a powerful state, but the languid intoxication of a decayed and broken mind that craves forgetfulness.

The false, pitiful gayety, the pathetic hollowness of life of the Venetian aristocrats, the fresh, simple happiness of the Venetian people, which had rolled down through the centuries from the youth of the republic like a river of sweet waters, were to find a worthy exponent in the person of a man who was to bear the same relation to the city of his birth that Molière and Beaumarchais bore in their several phases to the corrupt, brilliant, haughty Paris of their different epochs. He was to resemble Molière in his portrayal of the burgher and aristocrat life of his city and time.

With the old French playwright, the stage is never forgotten, nor the presence of the royal patron, seated high in his gilded box. The poor, the humble, the neglected, have no place in his heart. Only the keen brilliancy of dramatic analogy and perception, and strong artistic sense of method, are there. But with the old Venetian, every poor, brave, merry soul that toiled for its daily bread among the canals of Venice is brought with large-hearted sympathy into the work of his strong head and tender soul. Molière was a man of the people, who carried his quick plebeian wit to the court-market, and fawned upon his purchasers while he growled gently at them under his breath. Goldoni was a man of the people, who stood firm upon his own individuality, unshaken by the wrath or the friendship of the great, true to his own perceptions of human nature. He was a democrat in the noblest sense. He looked at life with pure, keen, simple, direct gaze.

His resemblance to Beaumarchais occurs chiefly in an analogy of circumstance. The plays that the French poet offered to the tottering court and the inflammable capital kindled the ready-laid fire of the revolution, with the covert sneer at the vices of the French aristocrat. Goldoni's satire, with all its truth and aptness, had no sting of bitterness, no design subversive of the law. It was the keen insight of a man of the world, with a strong perception of the ludicrous, and great natural common sense, who was half grieved and half angry that the vitality and strength of the glorious Venetian state should have produced no worthier results than the rouged and powdered fools who dragged the greatest names of the republic through the mud of effeminacy, dissoluteness, and soul annihilation.

Yet the plays of Goldoni, written for bread and from pure circumstantial observation, unconsciously ministered to the same ends, and aroused the same passions as the designedly wrought satire of Beaumarchais. They showed to the people of Italy, high and low, the home-bred degradation and folly that were drawing on the enslaved and

down-trodden country to extinction, far more than the material tyranny and despotism of the foreign invaders. The lesson sank deep into their hearts, gathered strength year by year, and was brought forth into the daylight of regenerated Italy, one with the teachings of the great poets and patriots of the liberal school. Goldoni might well join hands with Alfieri as one of the great motive forces of the Italian revolution. The spontaneous, objective epigrammatist touched the lighter side of those same lethargic but noble natures that the tragic poet aroused from their shameful apathy with loud soul-cries of truth and freedom.

Goldoni was born in Venice early in the eighteenth century, into easy circumstances, neither high nor low. There was a prophetic significance in the very amusements of his childhood. When he was but four years old his father gave him a puppet-theater, and devoted his leisure hours to teaching his son to manage the miniature humanity of the stage. At the age of eight, Carlo wrote his first comedy, which was pronounced by his mother and tutor to contain germs of decided talent.

Poverty had, in the mean time, overtaken the family. The boy's father, who had been educated to no profession, began thus late in life to study medicine in Rome, and soon removed to Perugia, where he established himself as a physician. He wrote to his wife to send their son to him. In Perugia the boy entered school, and distinguished himself by his quickness in learning. Under his father's guidance, he acted with his school-mates in the theater of one of the great palaces.

He was soon placed at a higher school in Rimini, where he remained some months, wasting his time, he tells us, on uncongenial and useless studies. At last there came to Rimini a company of players, and Goldoni went night after night to the theater. For the first time he saw women on the stage; for in the papal provinces actresses were banished from the scene, and their places supplied by beardless boys. He fell in love, this youth of fifteen, with the collective

assembly of beauty. He was virtually adopted by the company, dined with the manager, hung about the theater whenever he could steal away from home, and lived in an enchanted, roseate atmosphere of illusion and ecstasy.

But there came a day when the manager announced his intention of deserting Rimini for more profitable regions. Poor Carlo's heart was nearly broken. "We are going to Chioggia," said the players, seductively. "Come with us, dear Carlo." The boy's mother was then living in Chioggia, a quaint old fishing-town at the entrance of the lagunes, a few miles below Venice. The temptation was great. He agreed to accompany them to Chioggia, and announced his intention to his guardian and friends, who attempted to dissuade him from it. He embarked with the company, a motley assembly of twelve actors, the prompter, the machinist, nurses, servants, children, dogs, cats, monkeys, parrots, pigeons, and a lamb. "It was a veritable Noah's ark," says the weary old man, writing from his arm-chair afar off in Paris, with a sparkle of mirth in his purblind eyes.

For four days the vessel skirted the coast. There was much feasting and gambling and lute-playing; and now and then a turmoil, occasioned by the flight of a pet bird or the disappearance into the watery depths of some favorite cat.

At last the merry crew reached Chioggia, and the boy begged the manager to accompany him to his mother's house to break the shock of his return. The player went before, and harrowed the mother's heart with a description of her son's sufferings in his Rimini school. "Would that I had him near me!" exclaimed the mother. "Then, signora," answered the player, "behold him!" He opened the door of the ante-room, and Carlo threw himself on his mother's breast. A few days later his father arrived, and feigned great anger and surprise at finding his son although letters from Rimini had informed him of the lad's departure. But he relented at length, moved by the boy's representations of the

ignorance and stupidity of his Rimini instructors, and by a certain personal weakness for the society of players which he saw reproduced in his son's young enthusiasm.

For a time Carlo remained with his father, aiding him in his medical duties. But he soon wearied of this, and the family decided that he should become an advocate. He was entered at the university of Pavia. Here he remained for three terms, reflecting credit upon himself and his teachers, and devouring all the dramatic literature upon which he could lay his hands.

The students had rendered themselves exceedingly unpopular with the young men of the town. These last leagued together, and swore that no one of their number would marry any girl whose family received the students. Goldoni, a boy of eighteen, was prevailed upon by his companions to write a satire, in which all the noble families of the town were treated most cavalierly. They spread it throughout the *caffè* and *conversazioni*, and hinted at the authorship. The most important personages of the town cried out for vengeance. Poor, foolish Goldoni was expelled from the university.

His first idea was to go to Rome, and seek the protection of Gravina, the patron of the rising poet Metastasio, and the friend of all young, struggling talent. But he was penniless, and, worse still, the university authorities had consigned him to the care of the captain of the boat that was to bear him along the Po to Chioggia. The poor mortified lad, heart-sick and despondent, lay crouched in his berth, refused to eat, wept silently, and brooded over his own wickedness and perverse spirit, and wondered where his miserable, wrecked life was to end. Through his agony ran the gay undertone of the memory of the happy days when he journeyed to Chioggia with the dear players.

His first knowledge of the world is dawning upon him. He is experiencing the heart-sickness of all young souls who stand trembling on the verge of actual life with all their fair ideals cast down. From the bitterness of loneliness and distrust, from

the sinking down into the whirlpool of the world, is wrought the stern, hard steel of self-reliance.

But just now young Goldoni is only a poor, broken-hearted lad, filled with a yearning for sympathy. The only other passenger on the boat is a Dominican friar, unkempt and not overclean: but no white-robed angel could have been a more grateful messenger of peace. Here, at last, is a friend in whom to confide. The lad tells his troubles to the worthy friar, who weeps tears of sympathy, embraces the boy, and, when the *padrone* of the bark calls them to supper, advises him to fast and examine his conscience, while he himself devours his companion's portion.

The friar returns and listens to the lad's tearful confession of his heinous crime of satires directed against the worthy patricians of Pavia.

"My son," says the friar, "'charity covereth a multitude of sins.'"

"Yes, my father, I will be charitable. But just now I have only thirty pauls."

"The amount does not matter, my son: the spirit is everything." The boy draws the thirty pauls from his pocket, begs the friar to accept them for the poor, and receives in return absolution for his sins.

When they reach Chioggia, the friar intercedes for young Carlo with his parents and procures their forgiveness, and the four dine together in the odor of sanctity. The friar claims to be a worker of miracles, and interests the elder Goldoni to procure him admission to a convent of his order, from the gate of which he had been turned away because his letters of recommendation had a doubtful air. He appoints a day upon which to perform the proposed miracle; but the evening before, the bishop and the *podesta* interfere, and prove the friar an impostor. Again the ground slides from under young Goldoni's feet. Is there, then, no good, no truth, in all the world?

He soon prepared to accompany his father on a journey through the Venetian states. They visited at the country houses and palaces of great nobles, and went much

among learned and cultivated people. Young Carlo's talent procured for him attention and pleasant flatteries, and his wounded spirit was just on the point of healing, when several unhappy experiences of the perfidy of the fair sex caused him to relapse into his old condition of mortification and self-abasement.

The most humiliating of all was that in which he was swindled out of much moneys and more self-respect by a designing serving-woman, with whose mistress, a beautiful girl of a noble family, he had fallen in love from a distance. He repaid the wily *cameriera* better than she deserved, for he made her famous. The memory of that lost illusion of his youth rankled in his breast for years. It re-appeared in the renowned *cameriere* of his comedies—crafty, quick-witted serving-women, who hold the household in subjection, aid or thwart their young mistresses in their love affairs, pull wool over the eyes of the tottering *pantalone*, carry on their intrigues under his very nose, and are brilliant and witty and full of resources, and perpetually triumphant, and withal fascinating and tantalizing and delicious. He drew *cameriere* of many types, mercenary and disinterested, faithful and time-serving, coquettish or sedate; but the deceiving tire-woman of his mortified youth remained the arch-type of all his characterizations.

All through his life he continued to learn lessons of wisdom from personal experience. His path was beset by rogues and impostors of all kinds. Perfumed cavaliers with borrowed titles were eternally inviting him to games of chance. Beautiful women in distress, with rouge and paste jewels, whose uncles or fathers had deserted them, were perpetually appealing to his sense of chivalry. Rogues of heavier caliber were constantly embarking him upon ruinous financial speculations. And he smiles good-humoredly, and views the matter with philosophic calm, and quietly allows himself to be victimized, and beams benignly down upon the crowd of wasps with Jove-like serenity and unconsciousness. It is as though some hidden instinct of creation whispered to him

that every one of these bitter episodes infolds the germ of a comedy, and that hard experience is the foundation of all worthy exposition of human life. Gil Blas himself underwent no better training in the school of the world than did this child of corrupt Venice; but the Spaniard learned his lesson sooner and more understandingly; and the old Venetian retained to his dying hour a lurking, wistful belief in what was good and true and pure, a tender, large-hearted pity for the outcast and the sufferer and the sinner. He had the clear-eyed faith of genius in the fundamental good of human nature.

His father soon determined to send him to the university of Modena to complete his studies. He embarked on a vessel which bore him along the intersecting rivers to Modena. The captain of the boat was very devout. His example led the impressible Goldoni to ease his bleeding heart with the exercise of religious functions. By the time he reached Modena, he had become so warmly attached to his devout companion that he remained as a boarder in his house. It was a nest of fanatics, and Goldoni had that gift of sympathy, of identification with surrounding circumstance, which is so characteristic of and so fatal to genius.

A few days after his arrival in Modena, he witnessed a humiliating ceremony of public confession by a priest. This produced such an effect upon his overwrought mind, that he then and there determined to enter a convent, as the only means of fleeing the dangers of the world. He wrote to his father of his resolve, and received his consent, but he was requested to return to Chioggia to discuss the matter at length. His parents received him with caresses and indulgent words. His father proposed to accompany him to Venice, nominally to present him to the head of the Capuchins. But when they arrived in the sea-city, he took him to visit his friends, insisted upon his attendance at the theaters, and accompanied him to dances. In less than fifteen days the boy was reconciled with the world.

Goldoni emerged from the struggle strong

and resolute and defiant, feeling the looseness and the changefulness of circumstance, holding himself aloof in spirit from the crowd that swarmed about him, wearing the smile of conciliation on his lips and contempt of his kind in his heart, regarding his fellow-mortals as valuable only in their relation and combination. Life can hold no elements of comedy until the sense of its utter worthlessness has been brought home to the heart. It is this that gives the pathos to all comedy—the vanished illusions argued, the faith in things high and good cast down, the idols of hope and aspiration broken before our eyes. Be sure that without these hard experiences of his youth, Goldoni would never have written those comedies that have the mournfulness of despair behind their cheerful mirth.

At twenty-one the world lies under his feet, and he strides onward to fame across the broken fragments of his young dreams. The impulse to dramatic creation is stronger than ever within him, but as yet no outlet has been offered it, and he has his bread to win. He becomes the clerk of the *podesta* of Chioggia, in which position he picks up crumbs of the law, and studies the habits of the people who are to live again in the famous fisher-quarrels of his comedies. His father dies, and the family poverty demands that he shall adopt some more solid profession.

He obtains a degree at the University of Padua, and enters himself at the Ducal Palace as an advocate. While he is waiting to make his fortune, he writes his first tragedy; and close upon its birth follows his first case, in which he defends the water-right of a mill. Fortune is beginning to smile upon him. But the poor youth, with that picturesque faculty of getting himself into trouble which is peculiar to him, suddenly and simultaneously awakens an affection in the bosoms of a spinster lady and her young niece, who live in different apartments of the same house, and are hereditary enemies, one of the other.

Goldoni is captured by the niece, but the aunt will not believe it, and attributes the ser-

enades with which the canal echoes on moon-night nights to her own superior charms. Goldoni is forced to a declaration by the mother of the younger lady, and the marriage contract is signed without the knowledge of the spinster or of the boy's mother.

By the terms of the contract, the mother is to resign her diamonds to her daughter. The young lady's dowry consists of one of those pensions which the republic assigns to deserving young women, and for which she is the fourth applicant on the list. Goldoni himself is penniless.

The mother, however, refuses to give up her diamonds during her life-time. Goldoni, being rather weary of his betrothed, and foreseeing a long list of ceremonies and costly presents, without which no Venetian wedding can take place, consults with his own mother, and the two agree that he had better leave Venice and seek his fortune elsewhere. So he strips off his lawyer's gown, puts his precious tragedy in his pocket, and starts on a journey among the northern cities. He leaves behind him a letter for his potential mother-in-law, saying that her conduct in the matter of the diamonds has been most dishonorable, and affords him sufficient excuse for not marrying her daughter.

To this experience may be traced the satire and ridicule with which Goldoni unconsciously draws the Venetian women, in their talent for intrigue and matrimonial scheming, no less than the absurd pomposity and ostentation of Venetian marriages. But it was later that he began to weave his immortal fancies from his own hardly earned knowledge of life. He is still an imaginative boy, carrying his head in the clouds, inflicting his tragedy upon any sympathetic ear that is offered him.

In Milan he fell in with an operatic company, to the director of which he offered his tragedy. But when he attempted to read it, the actors behaved so irreverently that he burned his creation in disgust. Soon after, he meets a famous charlatan and strolling player who has been educated for the monastery, and with him he swears

eternal friendship. He follows him about the town, drinking in his marvelous adventures. Love for the stage is the strongest passion in Goldoni's breast. He forgets his ignominious flight from Venice, his disappointment with regard to his tragedy—everything, he honestly confesses, except his love for his mother, in the delight of intercourse with his new companion. He is as happy and as much at home dining with him in an *osteria*, off macaroni and sour wine, as at the sumptuous tables of the Milanese nobles, who welcome him with eagerness.

In connection with his theatrical friend, he undertakes a commission from some of the great lords to form a company of players, and sends word to all the actors he has met at different times to assemble in Milan, promising them a rich harvest. The company formed, he proposes to compose for them another tragedy. Milan is presently occupied by invading troops, and Goldoni is obliged to leave the town. At Verona, in the amphitheater, he rejoins his dear players, places in their hands his tragedy, and attaches his fortunes to theirs.

Fate is determined that he shall return to Venice, for the engagements of the players lead them to the sea-city. On the way, he composes tragedies to be set to music, the subjects of which are drawn from old romances and legends. For months to come he is to follow the fortunes of the players, traveling with them to the different towns of the northern districts, but remaining most of the time in Venice. "The family of the young lady whose dignity I had insulted made no claim upon me," says he, "for I had sunk too low even for abuse by becoming a play-actor."

Through his early manhood and middle age his lot was cast in the city of his birth. He left it at intervals, traveling alone or in company with his dear players. In Genoa he took unto himself a wife. In Pisa he again exercised his profession of advocate for five years, gaining much knowledge of human nature. In Tuscany he remained for some four years, to perfect himself in Italian, for his enemies charged him with

inability to handle the legitimate speech of the peninsula.

In Venice he is attached in turn to the different theaters, writing comedies that reflect back the life with which he is surrounded, of people and noble and player, princess and haughty, high-born dame. All over Italy his comedies are acted. They acquire popularity year by year. The people hail him as the father of Italian comedy, and erect an altar to him in their hearts by the side of the one they have raised to Metastasio.

It is incredible that people so overwrought in intellectual development, so effete literary in their tone of thought as the Italians of the eighteenth century, should have produced no dramatic literature of any importance; should have rendered back no image of the national life and character. The creative and vital forces of the nation must, indeed, have been on the verge of exhaustion.

When Goldoni began to write his comedies, his departure from the established methods was at first received with loud murmurs of indignation. Hitherto, female characters had rarely been introduced on the scene, owing to the stern disfavor with which they were regarded by the papal power. The fundamental characters, of every comedy had been the old Pantalone, the Venetian merchant in his nightcap and red slippers, the learned Dottore, the type of the Bolognese university, and their servants, Harlequin or Arlecchino and Brighella. The first, in his party-colored patches, represented the ragged inhabitants of Bergamo; the second wore a black mask, to indicate the sun-burned complexions of the same merry, witty, light-hearted people. These four personages conducted the representation, which consisted of a bare outline of plot, previously determined. The dialogue was invariably impromptu. The mediæval writers of masques and miracle-plays possessed greater sense of method and keener artistic perception than these latter Italian comedy makers.

Goldoni's boldness in casting off the

trammels of convention, and proposing to himself the faithful study of life, rather than that of the corrupt outgrowths of Italian dramatic tradition, is analogous to that of the old painters, who threw aside the wooden models that religion had consecrated to art, and drew from their own keen insight and strong wills, after the nature that rose about them.

Goldoni wrought into his comedies the people he knew, the friends he loved, the very laughing rabble that jostled him in the street. Every detail of that picturesque, many-colored Venice of a hundred years ago is painted with microscopic fidelity. The figures are strangely foreshortened, and, with all their truth and naturalness, give the beholder the weird, half-uncanny feeling of watching the motions of marionettes—as though the *burattini*, whose pranks the child Goldoni witnessed when his father pulled the wires, there in the old house on the canal, were the gauge of human life that had assimilated itself with his impressive nature, and become the standard of measure for his maturer vision.

He drew the Venetian cavalier, gay and careless, in powder and ribbons, playing the *servente* to the bejeweled lady in her hooped petticoat, and ogling the dark-eyed women of the people, with faces hidden behind their black *zenda*. He drew the *marchesa* in rouge and paste, pledging her jewels to the Jew for *zecchini*, to be played away at the *ridotto* through the night, where she sits at the *tre-sette* table with her wan features hidden by the mask and veil. He shows us the *lustrissimi*—the struggling aristocratic poor, in their wigs and red cloaks, boasting of their long pedigrees, begging a dinner where they can, and cheating their stomachs in order to make a show at the carnival ball or in the theater-box. He opens the doors of the houses, and shows us the niggardly old pantaloons with their daughters, intriguing or innocent—the lovers who steal like thieves through the windows or hide in closets, the gay, all-knowing *cameriere*, the gossiping friends and relations.

He is at his best when he draws his characters in his own soft, plastic, expressive Venetian. Then the stage is forgotten; the red cloaks and wigs, the masks and black veils that look down from the boxes, vanish from before our eyes, and in their stead comes the dear, loved, common life of Venice. All the people who pass him in the street have left their trace on his soul, and he gives them all a place in his great heart. He has lived much with aristocrats, he has lived much with artists, the learning of many universities is in his genial head. He turns from them all to clasp in his generous embrace the poor, merry, cheerful humanity of the Venetian streets. He draws the gossiping, quarreling old women who crouch on the thresholds in the narrow streets with their bead-trays on their laps; the dark-eyed girls with their heavy braids coiled about their heads, casting shy glances at the stalwart young gondoliers. He draws the gondoliers themselves, drinking and swearing, battering their ungainly craft one against another, quarreling for the right of way, talking over the follies of their *padroni*, just as they do to-day where they lie against the *rive* in the sun.

He drew the red-capped fishers and their bright-kerchiefed wives, and the girls whispering over their lace pillows, and the young sailor lads paying them bashful court. He drew the sellers of old clothes and pottery, and roasted squash, and the hosts standing at the *caffè* doors. The very servant women who toil throughout the year, and have their one holiday in carnival time, he drew, full of their follies and freakish malice. He drew the maidens, sitting high on their painted terraces under the vine-leafage, and the idling people, young and old, playing their noisy, quarreling games on the open spaces before the houses.

He paints vain, peevish youth that would be gay and attractive, while its parents toil and slave to supply its wants, touching the grotesque realism of the situation with genuine pathos. Now and again he strikes a deep chord, as in his portrayal of the young wife, the girl of the people, whose devotion

to her drunken husband finds its parallel to-day in the wan, sad women who linger about the wine-shops in which the gondoliers sit, screaming their noisy songs. We marvel much at the true, tender nature of the old poet, which had known so much of the deceit of life and had yet primroses and violets of feeling springing from its hard surface. We know, then, that he is a great artist, though he himself never laid claim to the title. He had the genuine self-depreciation of a man of the world.

In his pictures of the carnival he bubbles over with glad merriment and grotesque fancy. In his characterizations of the gay, high-born ladies who flock through the streets in mask and domino, intriguing with unsophisticated strangers; of the poor working girls who borrow their neighbors' clothes for a day's disguise, and coax their adorners to treat them to coffee; of the maskers who lean from their balconies and drop *confetti* into the crowd from behind the iron-barred windows in the narrow, dismal streets—epigram after epigram flashes from the page. Quick retort, keen mother-wit, good-humored pranks, follow one another so closely that the very printed page becomes a vision of grotesque, party-colored, bright-robed figures flashing their motley in the sunlight.

His very method of composition argues spontaneity and quick delight of creation. His habit, in the year when he pledged himself to produce sixteen comedies, was to walk alone through the streets, observing the people, from the fishermen on the *riva* to the jugglers in the piazza, and to seize upon some one prominent episode, some accidental grouping of human life, as the nucleus of a comedy. Thus the Venetian streets teem with suggestions of the musty printed pages that are yet so full of embalmed freshness. When I pace the narrow ways, I meet personages whom I know by name through old Goldoni. The sweep of a garment, the gleam of powdered hair, the flash of brilliant eyes, some quick, affectionate greeting or picturesque ejaculation, call up for me memories that are like the scent of dried flowers between the yellow leaves of forgotten books.

Venice has not changed in the hundred years that have elapsed since Goldoni drew into his great wise soul the external life of the city. It is that very aroma of sudden appropriation, that spontaneous adjustment of parts, that objectivity of method, that render his creations such living portraits of the Venetian people.

In the mean time, his fame had crossed the frontier of the peninsula. His comedies had been acted in Paris, and had created an intense desire in the minds of the people to behold their author. Voltaire had written flatteringly of him to his correspondents in Italy. In his middle age a proposition was made to him, by the director of public amusements in the brilliant capital, to attach himself to one of the theaters. Goldoni felt, like all artists, an instinctive impulse towards that great home of the intellect. His genius was essentially French in its workmanship and insight. He entertained a deep admiration for French men of letters, intellectual productions, and social combinations. He set out for Paris, accompanied by his wife, with the intention of remaining two years. But Paris held him a prisoner in its charmed embrace, and he died there, an old man of eighty-six.

His life in Paris was one long triumph. The people hailed him as the Molière of the time, and flocked to witness his creations. His society was sought by the best of intellect and rank that the gay capital could offer. He found favor with the Dauphiness, and became master of Italian to the daughters of Louis XV., and, later, to the sisters of Louis XVI. He was present at every festivity, at every solemnity, that graced the brilliant, tottering throne. He may have contributed his share to the convulsion that followed, but he was unconscious of it, as he shows in his judgment of Beaumarchais, to whom he accords greater natural genius and insight than artistic method, and in whose satire he recognizes no ulterior purpose.

He is no vulgar sycophant, no parasite upon royal favor. He accepts the honors that are lavished upon him with grace and dignity, sorrows and rejoices with his royal patrons,

but holds fast by the sturdy independence of his republican birth. Men of letters crowd about him. His presence is courted in every *salon*. He is received by Rousseau, who welcomes no one, and finds the philosopher copying music for his bread. Voltaire, during his stay in Paris, whither he comes from his Ferney home, greets the white-haired playwright with words of brotherly affection. The brilliant, impetuous Alfieri, then in his prime, takes the patriarch by the hand and hails him as the regenerator of Italian comedy, all unknowing that the time will come when their names shall stand side by side in the record of their country's liberators.

The true Bohemian spirit is in Goldoni. In his youth he passed as merry an hour with the poor charlatans and jugglers of the Italian highways as with the high-born damsels of Venice, or the noble officers of the imperial army. In his old age, with princes for his scholars, and courts held spell-bound by the magic of his creations, he spends his days among the merry crowds on the boulevards—the showmen and petty theaters and learned beasts and talking heads—scraping acquaintance with the actors at the door of the booths, and worming himself into the secrets of the profession.

An overpowering activity gnaws at the old worker's heart. He created in his youth with such feverish haste that he can never resign himself to passivity and repose. In the brilliant streaming vitality of Parisian life, he finds an outlet for his own restless strength. He loves the French people as he loved the Venetian, and he sees deep into their brave, bright hearts.

Of the dread, silent forces that were at work under all the gay spectacle of court and boulevard, he knew nothing. He lived and wrote on the surface, and whatever of prediction escapes from his works is but the essential and intrinsic condition of their origin. His memoirs offer a most brilliant, faithful, and deeply fascinating picture of the Paris in which he dwelt. He helped to arrange the festivities for the marriage of Marie Antoinette, and the birth of her

children. He attended literary gatherings in the Pompadour's palace. He lived at Versailles, by the side of his royal pupils; and dwells, with the delight of a fantastic Italian taste, upon the wonders of the great park.

Fresh, genial, merry, keen-eyed, and kindly philosophic to the last he remained—this typical democrat of the eighteenth century. He did not trouble himself with politics, but the state of society into which he had fallen showed through his every word. An old man of eighty, he sat in his arm-chair in his cheerful French home, living fairly on the pension the court assigned to him, and wrote, with bright, clear perception and undimmed memory, the record of his colorful, many-sided life.

He finished it before the great crash of the revolution cast down the brilliant idols of Paris from their pedestals. When the directory abolished the civil list, Goldoni's pension was stopped, and he was left penniless. André Chenier interested himself to procure aid from the republic for the old democrat of letters; and three years later a small pension was allotted to him. But the day following the assignment, Goldoni died, and was laid to rest in the heart of the Paris he loved with the love of a poet and of a man of the world.

He had seen more of the world's vicissitudes than is apportioned to most lives. He had been cradled in expiring, effete republicanism; he had grown to manhood in the air of the new, fomenting democracy, and of the old aristocracy, dying of inanition. He had, unknown to himself, upheld the truth, the bravery, the strength of the people, as opposed to the cowardice, the vice, the weakness of the nobles. It was just and right that death should have waited to grasp him until he had beheld the bright, young phoenix of humanity rise strong and bold, and free from the ashes of the old bloodless corpse of caste and oppression.

It is in Venice that the soul of the old master lingers most gladly. You may feel it as you pace the streets, smiling from the eyes of the women, speaking from the

mouths of the merry gondoliers, lurking in the dark picturesqueness of the narrow by-ways. There the bright, fresh soul of the man is at its purest and best, face to face with the humanity of all time; the great, all-embracing love of a master spirit transfiguring the lowly and the humble with immortal light.

The people think tenderly of him. The theater which called into life his noblest creations bears his name; and in the days to come a monument to his memory will rise

upon the Rialto, among the cheerful, hurrying feet of the market wives. But his worthiest monument is an old dark house that frowns upon the glittering canal, with carved arches above the lintels of its windows, and flowers growing among the griffins of its balconies. A well, carved with angels, stands in its court-yard, and a winding stair leads up to the small low room where the boy Goldoni dreamed out his firstling of comedy.

CHARLOTTE ADAMS.

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

IN the winter of 1880 we started to revisit some parts of the South that we had not seen since before the war. Our plan of travel was to strike the Mississippi at Memphis, and thence proceed down the river. We were prepared to see ruin and desolation; and on reaching Memphis our gloomy anticipations were realized. But we were not prepared for the stinging cold weather we found there, though it was December.

The east banks of the Mississippi are much higher than the western banks, consequently nearly all the towns on the east side are built upon the bluffs. Memphis, therefore, is high above the level of the river, though the city itself is flat. It is one of the most important cities in Tennessee, having about twenty thousand inhabitants.

Mules and darkies struck us at first as the predominating features of the place. The mule is the special prerogative of the darky; it seems incongruous to think of one owning a horse. It seemed as though Joseph's coat of many colors had been brought to light by our numerous scientific explorers, and, undiminished in brilliancy of hues and multiplied in numbers, decked the figures of Ham's descendants, so grotesquely were these poor negroes arrayed: some in blankets festooned over their naked shoulders; some in sheep-skin coats; some in coats so patched that the original texture and color

were lost in the new combination: often an ebon elbow poked through a tattered sleeve; and shivering, with hands in their pockets, they lounged around the street, stamping their feet to keep out the cold. In their minds freedom seems to be synonymous with doing nothing. A few of the enterprising ones own hacks, and one of these we employed to drive us around to see the sights of the city.

The points of interest are few and far between, though Memphis is now the brag city on the river from New Orleans to this point. It has recuperated since the war more than any other town. We were driven to the cemetery first, as strangers usually are in any place. It lies two or three miles back from the city, and is a large, picturesque place, well kept, with good roads winding through. On the right, a little past the entrance, are rows and rows of graves close together, each with a tiny marble cube at the head—"the yellow-fever patients," our driver said. Near by is a beautifully carved white marble monument, which testifies that Mattie Stevenson had laid down her life in the cause of humanity. The story is too fresh in all minds to repeat: how the noble girl left home and friends in her youth and beauty, and, going on her errand of mercy among suffering strangers, in her heroic self-forgetfulness fell a victim to the ravages of that dire disease—yellow fever.

We told our driver to take us past the house where Jeff. Davis had lived while in the city.

"Tain't worth seein'," he growled out; "tain't nothin' but an ole shanty."

We surmised that the ex-Confederate chieftain was not held in awe by this contraband of war, at any rate. The house is not anything out of the usual run—a three-story brick house, with green blinds. Mr. Davis's daughter Maggie, married two years ago to the cashier of a bank there, is comfortably located in a pretty brick house on one of the principal streets.

The river at this season of the year is usually low, and navigation, therefore, very uncertain, not only on account of sand bars, but also from the ice floating down from higher up the river: we considered ourselves very fortunate to find a small boat running—the last to go for three weeks, as we afterwards found out—so we took passage on the James Parker. At five p. m. we scrambled down the steep, rough hill to embark, (none of the towns on the river have convenient landings; the continual caving in of the banks is one reason) and were soon on board and settled.

Supper was announced at six, and at the table we looked around to see what sorts of *compagnons de voyage* we were to have. The ubiquitous commercial traveler was there; a rebel captain, who, we later found out, "gloried in being defeated even"; a gay bevy of girls, going to spend Christmas on a plantation a short distance down the river; the mournful poetical contributor to the "Memphis Appeal"; an antiquated widow, a relic of Southern aristocracy; drovers and judges: all classes were on board. It is really curious, the varied assemblage one meets on a steamboat trip.

Supper over and the tables cleared away, the waiters, now in the capacity of musicians, brought out their violins and banjos, and dancing to their old-fashioned tunes was the order of the programme. It is the current belief that Northern people are most rudely and uncivilly treated by Southern people, the bitter feelings engendered by the war

still prevailing. We did not find that to be the case in their treatment of us. We found ourselves received into their midst with great politeness and cordiality; and the first we knew we were bowing politely in response to an introduction to an ex-Confederate captain, and accepting his hand for the next quadrille. That we originally hailed from the South, they did not know; the "New York" on our trunks was the only knowledge of us which they had. A social game of cards finished the evening; and we went to bed impressed that life on a Mississippi boat was very delightful.

On awakening next morning, we saw that but little progress had been made during the night, owing to a heavy fog and the great danger of getting aground on a sand bar in the darkness. Lying by at night met with our approbation, as making all the journey by daylight would enable us to see all the country.

The first view of the Mississippi is disappointing, particularly at low water; it is only after one grows accustomed to the sight that its grandeur and vastness can be appreciated. Its muddy waters flow on in a sullen, silent stream, steadily onward, as inexorable as fate. The average width is a mile, but in many places the river bends and curves so often that it seems to form a huge lake, and then the expanse of water is awe-inspiring. S. S. Prentice says of the river: "It is the anaconda which holds nations in its coils."

The banks at this season of the year are dreary and desolate. As far as the eye can reach one sees a low, level tract of land, devoid of all verdure now, with the ugly, yellow soil exposed to view, principally cotton-fields; when the cotton bolls burst open, and the pure, white fleece droops down, the scene must be a beautiful one. Some of the banks are covered with huge, gnarled old trees, leafless now; occasionally a log hut or two nestle under their spreading branches.

The boat wheels slowly round, facing up stream, and we are at a landing. A few men stand round to get their welcome mail

and news from the outer world. (The river is the only means of communication these landings have with the rest of creation; railroads and telegraphs are known of by hearsay only.) A passenger gets on or off, the gang-plank is drawn in, the boat turns once more, and down we go again. These occasional signs of life make the prospect all the more dismal and lonely. Often these small landings are dignified by the most pompous of names. Now and then a pretty little town appears: Friars' Point, the home of Senator Alcorn, whose pretty house, surrounded by trees, can be distinctly seen from the river, is a tidy, well laid out, and flourishing village. On the Arkansas side, Helena and Arkopolis are the principal points.

Our first stopping-place was to be Greenville, the most thriving town on the river, about two hundred and fifty miles below Memphis. After a protracted journey, lengthened by our nocturnal detentions, we finally reached here at daybreak of the fourth day. We shivered and nodded on the wharf-boat till sunrise, and then mounted the steep bluff upon which the town is located, by means of a ladder-like arrangement laid upon the ground. We wondered, as we climbed up, if our Saratogas could be gotten up by any human means.

On reaching the Grand Central Hotel, the very imposing name of a very insignificant wooden house, we drummed up the proprietor, and asked for a carriage to take us to our destination—Locust, a well-known plantation lying four miles back from the town. We could only obtain a vehicle from him by boarding there; and nobody else in the town could send us out in the style he could, we were informed. Style was a secondary consideration to us, and we would compromise the boarding business by taking breakfast there.

Our equipage was finally driven up to the door, and we sallied forth to ensconce ourselves therein. The vehicle was a light lumber wagon, which had been laid up for repairs, mine host said; but if we sat perfectly still, and rode slowly and carefully, it

might not break down. Cheered by this latter suggestion, we guardedly stepped in, and each sat as though a poker had been a part of the matutinal meal. With numerous injunctions to our small darky driver, who didn't know the way, we rattled and jolted over the frozen ground. As other turnouts passed us on the way, we felt very stylish indeed; for while most of them had oxen or mules for steeds, we outshone them: we had horses.

Greenville is a thrifty little place of three or four thousand inhabitants. Old Greenville, or Greenville before the war, has caved into the river. The river, perpetually making land on one side and taking from it on the other, alters the location of many of the towns on its banks materially. Levees are thrown up all along, but these often break, and the waters pour in, flooding the country. Most of the business in Greenville is carried on by Jews, who have flocked thither in great numbers. They, with their usual foresight, saw that this would be a good field for operation. The town is flat and square, none of the homes pretentious, but all cosy and comfortable, with a little plot of ground attached, studded with pretty trees.

Like all small places, it is overrun with lawyers and doctors, who fare rather badly. Loads of people get sick and employ the doctors, and loads of people belligerently inclined employ the lawyers; but they are all so hard up that the "cash" is not forthcoming for them to show their gratitude with. Often they pay in chickens, butter, eggs, etc.; and their shepherd receives his salary in the same way, and is thankful to get it at all.

Greenville has its besetting sins; the old men drink and gamble to a fearful extent, and the young men follow faithfully in their footsteps.

Nearly all the plantation houses are built for summer comfort only. They are rambling and roomy, with innumerable windows and doors, and the huge fireplaces allow all the heat to pass up the chimney; while one's face would scorch, his back would freeze. We were astonished on awakening one morning to find snow on the ground, and be-

fore the storm ceased, it lay two feet deep. The darkies were bewildered at the sight, and have dated everything since from "dat ar big snow." Snow in such huge quantities was most unprecedented there, and the cold weather which followed the storm very unusual. We suffered from it as we never had in the North, owing to the lack of heating apparatus. Some of the more enterprising individuals improvised sleighs out of dry-goods boxes, and for several days enjoyed the rare treat of a sleigh ride.

The China tree attracted our attention especially among the trees. It is a gnarled, ungainly-looking tree; its branches die perpetually, and have to be lopped off, so the tree presents a most scarred appearance. Though deprived of its foliage at this season of the year, the waxen, shriveled, yellow berries still clung. The mocking-birds devour them eagerly, until they fall in a sort of a drunken stupor, which soon passes off, and with renewed vigor they make another meal of them. In our vicinity the mocking-birds were very numerous, but they are rapidly becoming scarce, such large quantities are taken while young from the nests, caged, and sent north. There is a fine now imposed upon any one who captures them, but it is not very strictly enforced. What made our northern hearts ache was to see our pets, the robin red-breasts, ruthlessly killed and made into pot-pies.

A number of rich plantations adjoin each other in all directions. Cotton is the chief production, though corn and sweet potatoes are plentifully raised. Swamps abound, filled with cypress-knees, a curious formation, which grow three or four feet tall, having bare, round tops. These are sold for ship-building purposes, and are very valuable.

The planters now try the system of renting out parts of their lands to the negroes, who raise the crops as they please, paying their rents when the crops are gathered. They find this more profitable than hiring out and out; if the tenants shirk, the loss is their own. The planters say this method is irksome though, as when the crops are taken in to market they have to follow the negroes

in, and be on hand to receive their dues from the hand of the merchant, as the darky's sense of honor is such that he can get through a very small loop-hole to avoid paying. During the year previous to the gathering of the crop, the negroes, in their usual improvidence, are out of money; and unless the planter promises to see that the merchant gets paid when the time comes, poor Sambo has a struggle for groceries and tobacco.

At first we were disposed to be rather alarmed lest at night the negroes might attempt to rob or murder us, for the papers had been full of terrible crimes of this sort. Our location was rather isolated, and the negroes greatly outnumbered our household. So at night we barricaded windows and doors, looked under the bed and in closets, put the poker in the fire to heat in case of an emergency, and for a few nights slept with one eye and ear open. After a week's sojourn, we relaxed our precautions, and slept the sound sleep of the righteous.

The negroes around us seemed very humble and docile, and overjoyed to see somebody from "way up north." So we set out on a visiting tour. Our first call was upon Aunt Debby, who lives in a little office behind the kitchen. She was sitting in a rocking-chair close to the fire, and held out her bony, shriveled black hand to us, staring up with her big open eyes.

"Well, Aunt Debby, how fares the world with you?"

"O missus, de Lord's berry good to dis chile. Miss Ebeline gibs me a home here, and all de terbacker and grub I want, and Aunt Jane here libs wid me, and takes me to de Methodis' meeting-house every Sunday when it don't rain."

"What do you do week-days, Aunt Debby?"

"O, in summer I shells de pease and strings de beans; and winter I sorts de beans and pease to plant, and picks de chickens; and all de hands comes in to talk to me. Miss Ebeline, she's mighty good to me; de Lord knows what 'ud become of me if she went 'way off, for, missus, I'm stone-blind."

Old Uncle Bob came in to get rested and have a chat, (he was always getting rested) so our conversation was broken off. We had heard of Uncle Bob's habit of kleptomaniac, and read him a lecture from the Good Book—how he must keep his "hands from picking and stealing," and not take all the good watermelons as soon as they get ripe.

"Law, missus, I'll neber take no more. Dis nigger, he's turned ober a new leaf, and he wouldn't touch anything that didn't b'long to him for de kingdom come."

The fact is, the last watermelon hadn't agreed with Uncle Bob. Knowing his weakness for the biggest, ripest melon in the patch, somebody had been there before, and inserted under the smooth green rind just enough tartar-emetie to make Uncle Bob think he was taking a sea voyage.

Leaving the cabin, we met Henry going in—a bright young mulatto of twenty-one.

"What's this we hear, Henry? They say you are going to get married to Aunt Jane. Why, she's sixty—old enough to be your grandmother."

Henry doffed his cap, and pulling his curly forelock, said, "Well, missus, dar's nothing like a young boy's getting a settled 'ooman in life."

The events of the week in Greenville are the arrivals of the mail-boats; and a most welcome sound is their whistle, which blows one long, two short, and a long sound. At that signal all the planters flock in from miles around for letters and news. Often, when the river is low, three weeks pass without a breath of what's going on in the world. They get used to it; but to us the feeling of utter isolation was stifling. Within the year, a railroad twelve miles in extent has been constructed, and a telegraph office established there, and an old lady, with her eyes starting in surprise, said to us, "What do you think?—yesterday we telegraphed to Eugene in California, and have actually gotten an answer to-day."

Some of the steamboats on the Mississippi are floating palaces. Chief among these was the Grand Republic—a tremendous

boat three or four hundred feet long, the cabin beautifully inlaid with different woods, furnished in the most luxurious way, the state-rooms numerous and comfortable, the table liberally supplied with all kinds of delicacies, the china and service unique and dainty, and the attendance all that one could wish. A band of colored musicians discoursed sweet music always during dinner, and time flew by on lightning wings, as delightful people are always to be met. Traveling in this way is not only more comfortable, but much cheaper than railroad travel; one is not only transported to his destination, but a pleasant room and excellent meals are furnished for less than the transportation alone would cost by cars. We regretted to see by the papers that several years ago the Grand Republic was burned to the water's edge while lying at the wharf in St. Louis. In olden times, gambling was carried on on board to a frightful extent, professional gamblers fleecing the passengers fearfully; but a very strict regulation has put a stop to all that. Racing was carried on too, there always being a great deal of rivalry between the captains; but that is also a thing of the past, accidents were so liable to happen.

Vicksburg is the next important place after leaving Greenville. The river has washed away the banks there to such an extent that it seems to form a huge lake in front of the city. There are about fourteen thousand inhabitants. The situation of the place is high on the bluffs, and the streets leading up from the river are very steep. One of the features of the place, entirely destroyed during the war, was the "Castle," a beautiful structure with turrets and towers built on the crest of the hill by Mr. Joe Davis, elder brother of the ex-Confederate president. The grounds, once beautifully laid out, are laid waste now, the magnificent building destroyed by fire; and embankments thrown up in all directions give evidence to its use during the war as a camping ground for soldiers.

We noticed the long, gray, southern moss for the first time in profusion now. It clings to all the forest trees, especially to the

live-oak, and droops a yard or so from the branches. On a moonlight night the trees look like so many gaunt old specters holding open their bony arms, their outline seen through the weird gray moss, which sways to and fro in the breeze like a loose-fitting shroud. We brought some of the moss north, and placed it upon some trees, where it grew all summer. The negroes find it very useful: they place it in water for a day or so; when it turns black, they remove it, dry it in the sun, and make very comfortable beds.

Leaving Vicksburg, we dropped down the river a couple of hundred miles to Natchez—aristocratic old Natchez—but O, how changed! The streets, once alive with throngs of richly dressed people and magnificent carriages with liveried servants, remind one of the "Deserted Village" now. Not a hotel is to be seen in Natchez; boarding-houses, kept by people who not long ago rolled in luxury, take their places. The glory of Natchez-over-the-hill and the opprobrium of Natchez-under-the-hill have alike disappeared. The relentless river has consumed the latter, kindly leaving the only redeeming features which were under the hill, the wharf and Brown's Gardens. It is not satiated yet, and before many years the gardens will be taken into its capacious maw.

Brown is an English gardener, who left his country and wife many years ago, and coming over here, made a little Garden of Eden under the hill. At one end of the grounds he built a picturesque, rambling house, constructed rustic arbors and summer-houses here and there, threw up little mounds, planting trees in the center of each, and laid out beautiful walks, which now lead into a sheltered nook, and anon bring you out on the bank of the broad and silent river. Clusters of japonica bushes eight and ten feet high were grouped together, and studded the grass like so many huge bouquets, some blushing with the faintest rose tints, others pure and waxen in the creamy whiteness, and still others brilliant with ruby hues. Thickets of the wild plum and cherry trees beckoned you away from this tarrying place,

nodding their delicate, feathery heads. A little farther on, the magnolia trees reared their stately buds high above the fresh green leaves, soon to make the air redolent with their heavy perfume. Into this paradise the serpent crawled; and Brown was tempted to forget his English wife and marry again. His English children came out to seek their parent, and found others in their stead; but an amicable arrangement was made to get along together; and the second wife soon dying, all difficulties were swept away.

Stagnation and the gloomy inactivity of despair seem to have settled over the whole town. Nearly all the stately old mansions situated in the suburbs of the place are deserted and fast going to decay. Taxes have swallowed them up; the owners, relinquishing them and going into town, take little cottages, which they can keep up better. The elegant house built by Admiral Dahlgren stands in a plot of twenty acres of ground—a grand old house with wide piazzas on all sides, and floors supported by massive columns. Majestic trees add a grandeur to the scene, pleasant walks and roads wind under their branches, and a beautifully carved iron fence incloses the grounds. This place was then to be bought for \$10,000—what the fence alone cost. A little beyond this place we come to the beautiful residence of the Duncans, still in the family, where a few years ago the celebrated beauty, Mrs. Henry Duncan, queened it. Paris now has this fair jewel in its crown.

In a little solitary graveyard we see the last resting place of S. S. Prentice, one of the most brilliant lawyers who ever graced the Natchez bar. He came thither from Portland, Maine, thirty years or more ago, married there, and soon identified himself with the place. Maine sent out other notable representatives, who likewise united the pine with the palm; and soon Judge Boyd and Judge Winchester became prominent citizens.

Of all dreary sights, the city burying-ground is the saddest. Weeds, vines, and trees have all grown up in the most wild confusion. The graves, sunken and mis-

shapen, in many cases having no head-stones, are barely distinguishable from the unhalloved ground. A favorite kind of monument is that which lies like a hollow box over the grave. Many of these have caved in, and on others the dead leaves of seasons lay heaped together, perfectly concealing the inscription; and again, where the rain had had full sway, the names were obliterated by the pattering drops.

In marked contrast to this is the Union cemetery, where the northern soldiers lie buried. A carriage would not find here, as in the other, difficulty in keeping the road, so smooth and free from grass is the well-kept drive. Not a leaf is to be seen on the velvety green sward, not a weed nor a vine where it ought not to be. A mound is thrown up in the center, upon which cannon and cannon-balls are piled. In every direction, as far as the eye can reach, little white head-stones are placed in semicircles, economizing ground; a very few with names upon them, the majority merely numbered. This is kept up at the expense of the Government, and four bits were given for every body brought there. The negroes turned it into a matter of speculation, and all kinds of bones are interred there: yellow-fever and cholera patients from the pest-houses, the bones of negroes, even the bones of mules. Each head-stone cost the Government \$15; a third of that would more than buy it; the surplus has gone into the pockets of officials; so the more mule bones brought there the better. The cemetery is not only a swindle, but a sacrilege.

The old Marine Hospital is the most appropriate tomb in Natchez—a tomb to the city. It stands in bold relief against the sky, facing the river; it has long been abandoned, and, with its windows gone, its walls defaced, like a haunted house, invites none to approach.

The few men of fortune in Natchez, with but one or two exceptions, were, in its days of pristine glory, poor, briefless lawyers. The wheel of fortune which once ground them in the dust has turned half-way, and they find themselves on the upper tire.

The bluff, which rises one hundred and fifty feet above the river, has been for many years the favorite promenade ground. The people assemble there in large numbers for a twilight talk and walk. Rustic benches have been placed here and there for their accommodation, and occasionally the band goes down to let the sweet sounds steal over the water.

Across the river lies Vidalia, a little sleepy hollow of a town now, but once made animated as the favorite resort of the northern people. Fayette, a flourishing little inland town, is connected by railroad with Natchez, a distance of twenty-five miles. This road is distinguished principally by its accommodating engineer, who doesn't object to waiting half an hour for a passenger if he hears he's coming. In fact, the passenger would feel aggrieved if he didn't.

The postmaster of the town is a colored man, who performs his duties well. It is rather a come-down to one of the scions of the old aristocracy to be actually craving the place.

The scenery is extremely interesting from this point down the river. The banks in some places are densely lined with impenetrable cane-brake and forests. Clumps of mistletoe look as though they had been dropped from above, and had lodged in the tops of the trees, while the lower limbs are festooned with the weird gray moss. The scene shifts, and a beautiful plantation-house comes into view, with its broad cotton and sugar fields. So the panorama alternates: first nature, and then culture. There are numerous islands in the river, of all shapes and sizes; some are mere sand bars, while others are often mistaken for the mainland.

All are numbered instead of named. No. 10 was famous during the Rebellion, and upon No. 95 Joe Davis located his beautiful plantation "Hurricane." The river winds in and out with such innumerable curves and bends that the water distance between places is much greater than the land distance.

While on deck, when a landing was being made, we noticed a dandified colored gen-

tleman, with a plug hat, jaunty cane, and excessively tight pantaloons, wandering on the banks—a State senator, the captain told us. Among the freight he spied a box belonging to him; immediately his airs and graces were forgotten, and regardless of good clothes and senatorial dignity, he toted off his box on his shoulder, like any other dorky.

As one approaches New Orleans, the city impresses him as lying below the level of the water. It is situated on the concave side of a bend in the river, and thence gets its name of Crescent City. The Mississippi is fairly teeming with life here; little skiffs are paddled around, darting quickly over the paths of the steamboats as they come puffing and blowing along; huge ships lie quietly at anchor, as "idle as a painted ship," but not upon a painted ocean; and a landing is made amid bustling excitement. The wharves are lined with the dusky-eyed Cubans, displaying huge bunches of tempting bananas for a dollar, six bits, and four bits a bunch.

Canal Street, the principal thoroughfare, runs back from the river; north of it lies the French part of the town; south of it, a few miles, Carrolton is situated. Street-cars connect the two places; and about half-way between the two a college for freedmen has been lately organized.

A magnificent life-size statue of Henry Clay stands in the center of Canal Street. Near this is the starting point of some queer little steam-cars, which run hourly out to

Lake Pontchartrain. The celebrated shell road, leading to the same place, is parallel to the railroad beyond the cemetery. Over it, in *ante-bellum* days, magnificent equipages bowled along, filled with beautiful, richly dressed ladies; while gay cavaliers cantered along by their sides.

Greenwood is the principal cemetery, and the dead are buried in a very queer way. The water lies so near the surface of the earth that they are unable to dig a foot down without coming to it; so the dead are either placed in vaults, or else laid upon the ground and earth heaped over them.

The market is one of the chief features in New Orleans, and every stranger leaves his couch at six o'clock Sunday morning and visits it, in company with thousands of people. Every vegetable and fruit imaginable can be procured, shrimps and artichokes being the characteristic delicacies.

New Orleans shows that it has been "through the wars" the least of any of the southern cities. We will give General Butler the credit of being partly the cause of this; for his military discipline prevented mobbing and devastation. The execution of Mumford and his celebrated woman order are the principal grudges the people bear against him.

The naturally admirable location of the city makes it too important a site ever to lag far behind its sister cities; and we trust ere many years to hear it called again the "Paris of America." W. W. W.

SIMON KINGLEY OF SAN MINETOS.

WHEN people said that Mr. Kingley fairly lived in his orchard, they did not mean so much that the little cabin where he ate and slept stood in a corner of that same orchard, as that all his pride and enthusiasm, and of course all his thoughts, were centered in his fruit trees and vines.

He had commenced setting out his or-

chard as early as the fall of 1854, when there was not much fruit grown in California. He had been accustomed to slow-growing eastern trees; and when his wee peach-trees lifted themselves in their might, and grew so rapidly and luxuriously, bearing fruit so much sooner than he had dreamed would be possible; when his apple-trees shook themselves

and laughed in their leaves at his astonishment, as they stretched as high and broad in two years as he had expected them to do in six—they took his heart by storm. How could he help being delighted?

Year after year he increased the number of his trees as he heard of new varieties, for he could not hear of one without a desire to try it. His nectarine, apricot, orange, almond, and walnut trees were wonderfully fine; his fig trees and grape vines bore fruit of high renown. But how could anything be otherwise than of the best when so zealously cared for, so judiciously dug about, irrigated, thinned, trimmed, pruned, budded, and grafted?

Any one meeting Mr. Kingley in the street would notice a far-away, absorbed look in his eyes; and if they knew anything about him, they knew he was studying some new plan for improving his pets. If they spoke to him, that "inside look" quickly vanished, and he responded heartily; if, however, the new plan was of more than common importance, he would very often "turn in again" at the first pause, and one might go on talking for half an hour, while his "yes" and "no" would come in at random, if they came at all; and, perhaps with some justice, Mr. Kingley was called absent-minded.

One morning his friend Mr. Colcoth happened to be passing the little picket gate which led into "Kingley's Eden," as the grounds were sometimes called, and he thought himself to go in and find out what had become of the owner, whom he had not seen down town for a day or two. He discovered him on the outskirts of his orchard, just finishing the work of setting out a new row of peach-trees.

"Ah, Kingley," said he, "this is the reason you have not been down to the post-office for your daily paper. I thought perhaps you might be sick."

"O no, not sick; only very busy budding and setting out trees," replied Mr. Kingley, picking up his garden tools; "I am through now, so come into the house, and I'll soon be ready to walk down with you."

His little house, on the outside, looked

something like a bower of roses, for the roof was so low that the cloth-of-gold, as well as the regular climbers, had soon reached its top, stretching themselves about in loving content. What enthusiasm Simon Kingley had to spare from his fruit trees, he spent on flowers—oleanders, pinks, violets, and other fragrant varieties.

On entering the house, Mr. Kingley set out a dish of pressed figs and one of nuts for his friend's entertainment, and then took down his ledger, and turned to a leaf on which was a plan of his orchard.

"So your neighbor Mr. Evans has moved away," said Mr. Colcoth, beginning to talk as well as eat.

"Has he? I knew he was going, but did not know he had got away yet," answered Simon, as he sharpened his pencil and began to make a row of crosses, taking great care that they should be exactly three-quarters of an inch apart, for they represented the new row of peach-trees he had just set out.

"O yes; Evans has gone, and the persons who bought his place have moved in. And what do you think? They are ladies, mother and daughter, and both widows. Curious, ain't it? But Mrs. Franklin, the mother, has been a widow for a long time; while her daughter, Mrs. Denma, was married just before they started from the East, and her husband was killed by an Indian over the mountains, where they first stopped and intended to settle. Awful, wasn't it? After that, the women would not stay there, of course, so they came over and have been living near the Merced until now. The daughter has secured the place of assistant teacher in our school. My wife ran in there last night to offer a neighborly turn, and she likes them very much. She thinks Mrs. Denma—Beatrice, her mother calls her—will make a splendid teacher. Mrs. Franklin says little children always take to her daughter, and she shows very plainly that she thinks there is nobody in the world quite as good as Beatrice."

"Good as Beatrice," repeated Mr. Kingley, coming out of his meditations just in time to hear the last three words. "Well,

perhaps there are many varieties just as good; but then the Beatrice is early, and I want the earliest peach in market. The Early Crawford, now, is a delicious, rich peach, of lovely color too. I think very highly of the Crawford—very highly, indeed; but I wish I had secured the Beatrice two years ago.”

“I wish you had, Simon,” said Mr. Colcoth, smiling very broadly as he began to take in the situation.

“You will see in two years from now that I have reason to think as well of the Beatrice as I do of the Crawford,” continued the unconscious Simon, as he glanced affectionately at the row of crosses which represented peach-trees, and wrote at the end of them the name, “Beatrice.”

Mr. Colcoth stepped hastily through the open door, shaking with suppressed laughter; and as he would not allow his risibilities to take their natural course, he was seized with a severe fit of coughing.

“Dear me, Colcoth, you must have the epizootic—you cough like it,” said Simon, coming out and locking his door. “I have heard that it is very prevalent all over the country, among people as well as horses.”

“I may have a touch of something like it,” admitted Colcoth, chokingly, as he moved away with a very red face, and wondered within himself if he could keep so good a joke a profound secret.

There was a reservoir situated just beyond Mr. Kingley’s orchard, and the lane leading to it was all that separated his land from the Widow Franklin’s late purchase. The lane was not much used, though Mr. Kingley passed through it quite often when going toward the west end of town, as it was a little nearer that way.

There was also a gate from the widow’s grounds leading into it, and each side of the gate was a row of blackberry bushes growing near the fence. Mr. Evans had neglected to tie up and prune these bushes properly for a year or more before he went, so they had tangled themselves together in every direction; and Mrs. Franklin, being very fond of the berry, determined that she

would trim them herself, and get them into such shape as she had seen her neighbors do on the Merced. She took good care, however, not to tell her daughter what she intended to do, as Beatrice would be sure to wish to hire a gardener, instead of letting her have her own way about it.

So one morning after her daughter was safely away at school, Mrs. Franklin took her pruning-shears and began her task. Now she had a habit of talking aloud when by herself, especially if anything bothered her, and these blackberry briars did torment her immeasurably. They scratched her hands, tore her sleeves, lifted her sun-bonnet from her head, and then caught in her hair in such a way as made it seem almost impossible to free herself.

“O, what nasty briars! I might have known better! How can I get out? I ought to have tied my bonnet tight. What shall I do? What shall I do?”

Mr. Kingley, coming through his gate into the lane in his preoccupied way, supposing the voice addressed to him, responded hastily:

“I don’t know, I’m sure, madam,” and then he saw a tall, slender woman with a flushed face, and hair caught up at various points by various points. “My goodness, madam, let me help you; that is such vexing work for a lady. But I would really like to trim them for you, it’s just the business I like”; and in the kindness of his heart my simple Simon began to unlatch the gate, ready to rush to the rescue, like a good “knight of the nineteenth century.”

“No, no, no!” cried the woman, vehemently. “Don’t come in. I don’t want your help; I wasn’t talking to you. Haven’t you any sense?”

Simon opened his mouth to expostulate, but a second look at her face showed him that really the best way he could serve her was to leave her to her own devices; so he hurried away, without once looking behind him.

For several weeks after this he avoided the lane, feeling when he thought of it as though that woman were still held there fast

by her hair, and growing desperate for fear of being seen. When, in fact, the poor woman, as soon as he turned his back, had cut off the clinging branches, worn them into the house, and by the aid of a looking-glass had detached them without much further trouble.

Finally the incident faded from his memory, and he passed in and out of the lane as usual. So it happened that as he was going by the widow's gate one April day his attention was attracted by some of her peach-trees having the curled leaf, and he paused to look at them, thinking how different they would have appeared if he had had the care of them; how different they were from his trees.

As he glanced along the rows his eyes were caught by the figure of a young lady standing at the farther end of the path near the little back porch.

"What in the world can be the matter?" exclaimed Simon; "she is beckoning to me quite frantically; maybe the house is on fire."

Without more ado, he rushed through the gate, looking quickly this way and that for flame and smoke as he ran; but seeing no such sign, he instinctively slackened his pace, and glanced again at the lady. She was standing erect, her eyes fixed on the swaying branches, her hands still flying about with almost incredible swiftness. Her fingers touched her shoulders, then flew into the air at right angles; then one hand smote her breast, then the other hand, then both together.

Mr. Kingley suddenly remembered how he had played "bean porridge hot," when he was a boy. Perhaps this was some kind of a play; anyway, he must get away without attracting attention if possible. He tried to move without the least noise, but it was too late. She saw him, and her hands dropped by her sides, while her wide, gray eyes were fixed upon him inquiringly.

"Good evening, madam; I—I thought—" he stammered, and then he hesitated; it would never do to tell her he thought she had beckoned to him. His face grew hot, and he felt as awkward as a boy. "I

thought," he began again, "that—that it might be Mr. Evans left his garden tools here; and he used to have a rake just right to pass between strawberry-vines—I would like to borrow it."

"Certainly, sir; you will find it in the shed there, near the door."

Her clear, steadfast eyes seemed to read and question his pretense.

"You are sure you will not want to use it before to-morrow evening?" he asked.

"Quite sure," she answered politely.

He passed on mechanically toward the shed, feeling very insignificant indeed. To think that he should appear before her in the character of a borrower! He disliked borrowers. Why could not he have thought of something else as an excuse for being in the garden? Then he called himself "idiot" and "fool," and other mild names.

"Thank you, madam; I will return it to-morrow evening," said he, lifting his hat as he passed her again, and assuming the air of a man who had secured the one article he most needed in this weary world; though I am privately certain that the rake seemed as heavy and unmanageable as a horse-rake ought to have done.

"What must she think of me?" he said to himself over and over again, as he went through his orchard without seeing a single tree; and carrying the rake into the house, he put it into a corner, and sat himself down in his big arm-chair.

Then he began to think that he should have to carry it back the next day, and so tried to comfort himself with the hope that he could, on that friendly to-morrow, so acquit himself as to be redeemed from any charge of idiotism. His strawberries were just ripening: how would it do to carry the ladies a box? Would it not be a neighborly act? What would she think of it?

There is no need to tell just what work he accomplished the next day among his flowers, vines, or trees; suffice it to say, he did not use the rake; he had plenty of his own, so why should he use his neighbor's? But the next day, after the scholars had gone shouting by from school, and he was sure

Mrs. Denma would have had time to get home, he took it over his shoulder, and a box of strawberries in his hand, and crossing the lane he went down between the rows of peach-trees, looking eagerly for Mrs. Denma; for he rather hoped to meet her in the garden again.

As no one was in sight, however, he placed the rake in the shed, and then knocked at the door, which was opened by a tall, elderly lady, whom he suddenly remembered to have seen caught in the blackberry bushes. This was not very re-assuring, though she gave no evidence of recognition.

"I have the honor of addressing Mrs. Franklin, I suppose," said he; "I am your neighbor Kingley. I borrowed a rake yesterday from a lady—your daughter, I think—I have just returned it to its place in the shed. Here are some strawberries which I hope you will allow me to present you."

"Thank you; they are very fine; I am quite fond of strawberries, and so is my daughter Beatrice. Please take a seat while I empty your box," she said pleasantly.

Just at that moment Beatrice entered, and Mrs. Franklin gave Mr. Kingley a formal introduction to her, for which he was very thankful. They praised his fine berries, and he began to inform them as to his mode of culture. From strawberries he was soon led into a dissertation on other fruit, and from fruit to flowers, which proved an agreeable theme, as Mrs. Denma was quite a botanist. So an hour flew quickly away, where he had hoped he might possibly stay twenty minutes.

At last my simple Simon went home wonderfully elated with the idea that he had acquitted himself in so sensible a manner as should eradicate that first impression from the mind of young Mrs. Denma. At least, he supposed that was what made him so happy.

"Her mother called her Beatrice; it is a lovely name, and I quite like it that my new trees are named for her," said he magnanimously, as he was carefully inspecting his latest acquisition.

That evening when he opened his ledger

to make some entry, he turned to the plan of his orchard, and almost before he realized what he was doing, he had written "Beatrice" over every cross representing the new row of trees.

Mr. Kingley was quite right the day before, when he thought Mrs. Denma had distrusted his pretense of borrowing. She had seen his unaccountable embarrassment; and the sudden relief expressed in his countenance when he thought of the rake had made her almost certain that it was a new thought just entering his mind. But if so, what had he come for? That mystery often brought him into her thoughts, till he came again to return the rake; and immediately after he was gone, she went out and gave that useful utensil a very careful inspection.

"There is the same fine red rust covering the teeth that was there when I first noticed it. I remember just how it looked, because I had never seen an iron rake before. He has not used it at all; if he had, the rust would have been worn off. So what did he come for?"

That is what she said to herself as she replaced it and went into the house to prepare the tea.

"He is a man of some education and considerable intelligence, I think, Beatrice," said her mother, as she sat complacently hulling the strawberries. She had never told her daughter of that episode among the blackberry vines. Talking aloud when alone was one of her weaknesses, and she devoutly hoped that Mr. Kingley had forgotten all about it, and about her being caught by the hair in that ridiculous fashion; and as his manner that evening had given no hint that he had the faintest recollection of the incident, she was disposed to be well pleased with him.

"He has plenty of common sense, I dare say," responded Beatrice, sedulously buttering the toast, and thinking, "What did he come for, then?"

Mr. Kingley continued to call occasionally on his lady neighbors; but the reason of his coming was always quite apparent. Sometimes he brought a rare flower for their

garden, or a wild flower to be analyzed; even a book or magazine served as an excuse, so that Beatrice never needed to puzzle herself again as to why he came.

At the close of the school there was an amateur exhibition given by the pupils. Mr. Kingley attended it, and was much interested in all the exercises, for happy faces are as pleasant to look upon as choice flowers; but there was one exercise which he seemed to find peculiarly attractive, judging by the profound attention he gave it.

Mrs. Denma's class in calisthenics was called, when twenty little girls all dressed in white came upon the stage. One, as leader, stood alone at one end of the stage, while the others formed a half-circle opposite her. Mrs. Denma sat at the piano and struck the chords of a lively little tune, when out flew the arms of every small lass—"about, above, across, over, against, along." How can one

describe the motions of a class in calisthenics?

"O, that is what she was doing," thought Mr. Kingley; "what a fool I was."

But why should I chronicle minutely the events of two years. Mr. Kingley's peach-trees grew apace, and he was delighted when at the end of a year he could carry a few of those earliest peaches to their namesake across the lane. The next year they bore so many there was more than enough for home use; for Simon had a real home. The little cabin was torn down, a new house stood in its place, and Mr. Colcoth was repeating an old joke to every one who would listen.

From the "Stockton Independent" of that date we clip the following:

"In this city, June 3rd, by Rev. L. G. Flock, Simon Kingley, of San Minetos, to Beatrice Denma, formerly of Mt. Holyoke, Mass."

L. J. DAKIN.

IN ARCADIA.

AH! sweet it is, far from the rude world's bustle,
 To eat and drink, and have no thought of care:
 For toil is pain. And not for us the tussle
 Of Isthmian games. Let others guide the share
 That tills the glebe. For O, the vine leaves rustle
 Kissed by the breeze, that, toying in our hair,
 Bids us to sleep. By clear Alpheus' side
 Idly we'll lie, and watch the drifting tide.

Lying at rest, beneath the drooping willow,
 Breathing the air so heavy with the smell
 Of thyme and rue; with heads upon a pillow
 Of flowered sod, we see the asphodel
 Waving a-field; and from the far-off billow
 Ever we hear the low-toned, rhythmic swell
 Of seas, that murmur to the summer sun
 A song not hushed since years were first begun.

And O, the sleep that comes to eyelids drooping—
 Drooping to slumber, while the reeds of Pan
 Pipe in the wildwood, to the merry trooping
 Of dancing satyrs, hid from eye of man

By trailing leaves, beneath the old oaks stooping
 With weight of vines; the satyrs, with the tan
 Of far-blown spice winds on their dimpled cheeks,
 And laughter like the gurgling of the creeks.

And what to us the glory of the battle?
 Let others wield the sword and cast the spear,
 And lash the steeds amid the chariot's rattle
 On bloody plains. Let others know the fear
 Of storms a-sea; or tremble to the prattle
 Of driveling priest. For O, the skies are clear
 In Arcady; nor toil, nor troubled breast,
 Nor battle-cry may come to break our rest.

What care we that beyond the restless motion
 Of purple waves, within the western seas,
 Are wonder lands, as seen of wizard's lotion,
 The Golden Apples of Hesperides?
 Or that within the ever-circling ocean,
 Beyond the rocky gates of Hercules,
 Atlantis lies? No other land can be
 Fairer to us than vine-clad Arcady.

J. P. WIDNEY.

THE STUDY OF SHORT-HAND.

SHALL I study short-hand? is a question over which young men often ponder. There is no study about which disinterested advice is more important, and none about which it is so hard to get. If a candid answer has ever been given to this question, I have never seen it. Nearly all, if not quite all, of the advice upon the subject comes, on the one hand, from those having text-books to sell, or new systems to introduce; and on the other hand, from persons embittered with disappointment and the waste of time and labor because they had no idea of the task they had undertaken.

Whether it will repay the student must depend upon the circumstances in each individual case. I am speaking entirely to those not intending to become reporters. It will always reward the reporter. And there probably will be no invention or discovery that can wholly supplant it. It is, of course, foolish for any one in this age

to say what can or cannot be done. But as we can feel quite positive that no one can find or invent anything to cut off gravitation, so we may feel equally certain that no one can discover or invent anything that will enable a person to play *any* piece of music at sight, or to speak a language in a day. And so when we see an article going the rounds of the press, as we have seen this year, that "a machine has been invented in Italy by which a young girl at the first trial took down the speech of one of the most rapid speakers, and afterwards read off the same with fluency and ease," we can safely pronounce it pure nonsense. Machines can of course be made to write short-hand. But at least one-half of the work of learning to write it, and all the immense labor of learning to read what one has written, will still remain as formidable as ever, until some change takes place in the human mind, eye, and hand.

The first great difficulty with short-hand is that any low or ordinary degree of proficiency is absolutely worthless. We all accomplish all the purposes of life and business on a mere smattering of mathematics. Thousands pass for great linguists on a mere smattering of a few languages; and thousands of clerks and others find and retain places because of a mere smattering of some one language beside their own. Mere smatterers in law and medicine earn their living, and pass for fair lawyers and doctors; and even the best of them are far in the rear of their subject.

But in short-hand this is entirely different. Any fair penman can write in long-hand thirty words a minute, and can read the same "when cold" at the rate of two hundred words a minute, and often much faster. Here is an average of two minutes' work spent in using two hundred and thirty words, supposing no further use to be made of them. It is evident that if short-hand is to be of use to any one as a mere time-saver, and where there is no demand for rapid writing, this average must be far exceeded. To be able to write sixty words a minute in short-hand, and read them at the same speed, and do it all accurately, is a higher degree of proficiency, comparatively, than is attained in languages by most persons who earn money by the use of them. This is about the highest degree of proficiency ever reached by those who become wearied or discouraged with the labor of learning short-hand, and fall by the wayside before the journey is half finished. Yet this degree is absolutely worthless for any practical purpose.

Another disadvantage of short-hand is that it involves no mental discipline. Nearly all other studies reward the student, though never applied to any practical use. Short-hand brings no such recompense. To learn it requires little more brains than setting type. It makes the least draft upon mental resources of all studies in the world. Once in a while a person is met with who says he gave it up because he "could not get the hang of it." But ask him how long he per-

severed, and you will find at once it was lack of energy and purpose, and not lack of brains, that caused the failure.

The learning of short-hand of any kind involves only drudgery, pure and simple. And the amount of this is enormous, far more so than one would suppose who has never been obstinate enough to continue the fight after discovering that he made a serious underestimate of the opponent's forces. Dickens, in "David Copperfield," has estimated the work of mastering short-hand as equal to the work of mastering six languages. If he means simply the power to read six languages readily, he has not overdrawn it. The perfect and rapid *reading* of rapidly written short-hand is itself fully equal to this. But the power to learn to *speak* languages is largely a matter of natural gift, as well as of study and practice. Many persons of a fair grade of intellect could never learn to speak six languages after passing the age of twenty-five. Many others could do it in six years, even after passing the age of forty or fifty. On the whole, it may safely be said that to write and read short-hand as easily and accurately as a fair penman writes and reads long-hand is fully equal to learning to read, write, and speak German, French, and Spanish well enough for all social, business, political, and traveling purposes, or well enough for all purposes but purely scholarly ones.

To learn to write short-hand as fast as long-hand, and read it as fast as written, is a matter of only a few weeks, and often makes the student's heart dance with enthusiasm. To double that speed is the work of months, and makes nearly all hesitate, and the greater number despair. To double upon that speed is the work of years, unless the student's practice be excessive, and even then it will take a year or more. But to reach the speed of one hundred and eighty words a minute, about the highest average ever attainable for sustained work, and be able to read it as rapidly as long-hand: to be able to run the eye over it, and pick out at a glance any portion of it you wish—requires long years of incessant toil. The reporter can afford to

do it, because it is his business. But no one using short-hand as a mere subordinate or convenience can afford any such time and toil.

Such rapid writing as one hundred and eighty words a minute is, of course, not necessary for anything but reporting a speech. For composing, making first drafts of papers, making private copies, etc., a much lower speed will do. But the labor of reading remains the same, and you will save nothing by the swift writing, unless you can read it accurately and quickly. To learn to do this requires even more work than to learn to write at the highest speed. A mere reporter might think otherwise, as in looking over his notes while writing and transcribing, etc., he does a vast amount of reading, of which he takes no account, and of which he is hardly aware. But any amateur can bear ample testimony to the labor of learning to read, even as fast as a twelve-year-old boy can read a letter written by a lawyer. Nor can this be avoided by any care in writing legibly. Such care is of course important. But you must be able to decipher with a mere glance thousands of outlines, differing often very slightly in appearance, and at least half of which may each stand for any one of about thirty different words. And you must be able to read dozens of these at a glance, as you do words in print. For until you can read *by the context*, your reading will always be too slow as well as too unreliable.

Many persons will think this estimate of the difficulties too high. There are many who are not reporters who claim to be able to write short-hand, and actually can do so. But not one in fifty amateurs can write one hundred words a minute, and read them as fast as written. Their proficiency rarely exceeds that of those learners in stenography who are used by first-class reporters to transcribe their notes, by having them read slowly to them, writing them down in their own hand, and transcribing at their leisure. Time the average amateur, and it will be found hard work for him to write sixty words a minute, and read them a week afterward half as fast as he wrote them. And it will

be easily seen that this estimate is not overdrawn, if we consider the time required to learn to write and read even long-hand rapidly. That time is spread over years of school-days in childhood, boyhood, and early manhood, so that we can hardly appreciate it. But it is, in fact, immense. There is here, as in short-hand, much difference in the natural facility of persons with the pen. But for the average of people, the time required even for long-hand is very great, and for short-hand far greater.

The time will never come when short-hand will be a substitute for long-hand as a means of general communication. Long-hand may be, and probably will be in time, somewhat shortened. But there is no immediate danger of the long-hand writer being left behind the age. And the time will never come when business can be safely transacted in the reporting style of short-hand—the only kind that has speed enough to be of any real advantage over long-hand.

But short-hand, when thoroughly acquired, is a grand thing for the lawyer, the editor, the author, and all who do much writing to be read by themselves. It tends, indeed, by its facility, to diffuseness; and if a person has a tendency toward bad spelling, it will often make sad havoc with his long-hand. But these difficulties are soon outgrown by the careful writer.

Long-hand is a constant brake upon the train of thought, a mere dead resistance of the worst kind. Short-hand, when perfected, fairly runs away with thought. It snatches it hot and sizzling from the furnace, and strikes it into shape before it has time to cool. Anything thus composed will require revision and correction, as a hastily delivered speech does before being fit to go into book form. But such work is mere play, and will doubly repay the toil.

On the trial of a case a lawyer can take notes of the testimony, notes for cross-examination, and prepare a brief, all at the same time, and without any of that distraction of attention that results from using long-hand, even for the briefest notes on a trial. But to do this requires high proficiency.

It will be seen that the great drawback to short-hand is the time spent in its attainment. But this can be so distributed as to be nothing compared with what will be gained in the rest of one's life.

The best plan for one not intending to be a reporter is to make no attempt to hasten proficiency. Like proficiency with the violin and piano, it cannot be hastened beyond a certain point. Time is a far more essential element in its acquirement than it is even in the acquirement of languages. One hour a day for five years is infinitely better than five hours a day for one year. In fact, it cannot be mastered in one year by any amount of practice and study, unless in very rare cases of natural gift. And even then the reading would be very defective.

The beginner should at the outset make up his mind that he has a tremendous and tedious task before him; that it can be accomplished only by obstinate perseverance in distasteful drudgery; but that this drudgery can be much lightened by making it regular and systematic. Hardly a day should be allowed to pass without practice in either reading or writing it, the one being just as important as the other to practice on. A persevering and systematic person can thus use up a vast amount of *scrap time*—waste minutes spent in waiting around court, or in tiresome company, at a dull lecture, etc. For after you have reached a certain grade of proficiency you may sit at your desk, keep up a conversation with some one, and holding a pencil at arm's length on your desk, or on a book in your lap, may, without looking at it, write down what the other person says, and be apparently only playing with the pencil. While practicing law, I utilized many an office loafer in this way, writing all the time upon one spot of paper. Nearly all the practice by which I raised my speed from seventy to one hundred and fifty words a minute was of this kind.

For practice in reading, I followed another plan to utilize time. I always took care to write for this purpose something that would *per se* repay the trouble of the person reading to me, as well as my trouble in reading

my writing. If at home, my wife read aloud from Shakspeare, or some other English classic that pleased us both. If at the office, a younger brother who was studying law read to me from the law book he was reading. If I had to depend upon copying anything myself, I copied from the digest of our State reports. By such means, a large part of the time can be saved, and the study made far less irksome.

If one will study in this way perseveringly for five years, averaging one hour a day at least, he will be able to write and read short-hand as well as many who pass for reporters. And if he practice two or three hours a day, he may master it completely in that time, though this is highly dubious. But in five years he can use it as accurately as long-hand, can read it nearly as fast, or fast enough, and write it four or five times as fast. And by continuing in the same way, he may in ten years equal very good reporters. I know there are those who will say, "Why, so-and-so learned it in a year," and "What's-his-name is a court reporter, and has only been at it two years," etc. It is all like the old story of the man to be found in almost every town who learned a language "perfectly in three months," and "speaks eight or ten languages perfectly."

There are now various systems that profess materially to shorten the labor of learning short-hand. No system can do any such thing. The very essence of good short-hand writing is to possess a familiarity with thousands and thousands of word-characters—a familiarity so perfect and certain that they can be written and read again *without an instant's hesitation*. The hesitation is what it requires so many years to get over. And no system can prevent this. Whether the words be built up of arbitrary signs for the letters, as in stenography proper, or of arbitrary signs for the sounds only, as in phonography, the work is the same. The *word itself* must be known instantly as an entirety, and half a second's stopping to think of what a single word is composed of at once cuts down your speed one-half for that second. Hesitate an instant on five words

out of one hundred and fifty, and your speed is reduced almost to that of long-hand. The same is the case in reading short-hand.

Therefore, allow no one to delude you with the idea of a new system. They may call it stenography, phonography, tachigraphy, calligraphy, edeography, or what they like, it is all the same for you. All short-hand writing is stenography, tachigraphy, etc. Phonography is a peculiar kind built upon the sound. Stenography, in a limited sense, is short-hand *not* built upon the sound. In this sense, about all stenography is stolen from Gurney, as all phonography is stolen from Pitman. All the new systems in vogue are new systems just as a Roman alphabet with *a* turned upside down, *b* laid sidewise, *c* turned around so as to open the other way, *d* with half the top cut off, *e* with a tail attached, etc., would be a new alphabet.

A person's ability to master short-hand depends far more upon his natural skill with the pen, and his perseverance, than upon his system. The very best reporter in New York City seven years ago was an Englishman of about forty, who wrote Gurney's old system of stenography. He kept the official report at the great trial of Tilton *vs.* Beecher; and out of seventy odd reporters on hand there was no one that could keep pace with him. Even his companion who relieved him every hour, and who was the best of the Brooklyn court reporters, was far behind him. The Englishman scribbled like a perfect demon, running often to two hundred and fifty words a minute for several minutes. Such was the estimate of the other reporters present.

The labor of learning short-hand may, however, be considerably shortened by discarding much of the mere flummery found in all systems. Whatever is unnecessary in any business or work is a nuisance. A large part of the wisdom of life consists in knowing what is unnecessary. As a frequent visitor at the court-room during the Beecher trial, I made the acquaintance of all the best reporters, and during recess conversed with and compared notes with them. My attention was drawn at once to the Eng-

lishman's work. He wrote in a small notebook of rather rough paper, and without any ruling. He used an old stubbed pencil, which he was never seen to sharpen. His notes were as much like a dilapidated picket-fence as anything that can be conceived of. There was not a vowel sign to be found in pages. There was no such thing as position or shading, but all words were written in a line, and all of the same breadth of stroke. There was little phrase-writing, but almost every word was written separately. There was scarcely any distinction of straight line or curve, hooks, twirls, or anything else. Yet he could turn back page after page, when called on to read what a witness had previously said, could find it as quickly and read it off as rapidly as the most rapid reader can find and read anything from a printed book.

I afterward found that nearly all the best reporters (except Mr. J. B. Munson, who, being the author of a "system," is a trifle priggish about his writing, though very fast) did very much the same thing. Mr. William Walton, Talmage's reporter, and Mr. Edward Ackerman, official reporter of the Surrogate's Court of Brooklyn, were then helping the reporters for the Brooklyn "Eagle." Each one wrote Pitman's system; yet neither one could read a line of the other one's notes, and Pitman himself would have wondered what on earth they were writing. Yet both were rapid writers and readers. I found the same difference all through the rest, and nearly all but Mr. Munson wrote the merest skeletons of words, without regard to position, vowels, or anything else.

From these reporters I learned some things quite important to the learner :

1. That most of the niceties laid down in text-books on short-hand are mere trash, and a waste of time.
2. That the context will alone furnish the means of accurate reading; and that until one can read by the context, one's reading is too slow anyhow for anything but transcribing.
3. That the system used has little or nothing to do with a person's proficiency.
4. That one can best make one's own

abbreviations, can shorten any system to suit himself, and can shorten one system about as much as another.

I have, in accordance with this, discarded all vowels, especially all use of "position," which is a useless nuisance, and causes more hesitation than anything else; nearly all phrase-writing; all use of *the, of, a, and,* etc.; and all such terminations as *ing,* etc.; all attempts to make everything the exact length, breadth, curve, etc.; though it is quite easy when using a pencil to keep up shading. This change at once increased speed fully twenty per cent., and after two or three months' practice, the legibility was as great as ever.

On the whole, the only candid advice that can be given an inquirer about learning shorthand is this: Do not attempt it at all, unless you expect to be a reporter or follow some business that will require much writing that is to be read only by yourself. Do not at-

tempt it even then, unless you thoroughly know your own character, and know that you will adhere to it if you once undertake it: otherwise, you will waste a deal of time and patience for no earthly benefit. Do not work over three hours a day at it, but let time have its effect. And if you are not learning it as a profession, do not attempt to hasten it even that much, but take a longer time to it. Do not waste any time on the "corresponding style," as it is called, but go at once to the shortest and simplest outlines by which a word can be made out, relying upon time and practice to bring legibility. This will surely come in time, and your speed of both writing and reading will be far greater in five years than if you stop and dally at any half-way house; though at the end of one year or so, one who is practicing the so called "corresponding style," or half-shortened hand, may be ahead of you in both reading and writing. T. S. VAN DYKE.

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

A FAIR PHILOSOPHER. By Henri Daugé. New York: George W. Harlan & Co. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

Bancroft Library

We find this a pleasing book, and one that recommends itself for truth and good taste and thoughtfulness among a hundred novels. Let no one allow himself to be prejudiced by the first chapter, which is not without a touch of both flippancy and pedantry; and the startling piece of Latinity, "*Exit me!*" in this chapter prepares one to distrust all the learning that follows. But this prepossession is unjust: the book turns out to be sincerely thoughtful, and the philosophizing, the familiarity with serious authors, and the like, to be no pedantry, but simply the unaffected habit of thought and speech of that society which is in a true sense the *best*. As a story, "A Fair Philosopher" is nothing: it is gracefully constructed, and the narrative does not lag; still, it makes no point of what is technically known as "narrative interest," nor has it any special originality. What we value it for is the picture, at once charming and true to nature, of the sisters Drosée and Jo; of the tone of thought and feeling and the attitude toward the world in which they lived. Novels stay with unaccountable una-

nimity in the regions of fashionable life; and we do not remember to have ever read before a novel that kept its scene entirely inside one of those little groups of American life that lie—and are glad to lie—entirely outside the world of fashion: the groups where books are read and written, where the words of philosophical discussion are commonplaces of chat, and all without any sense of importance or effort to stand on intellectual tip-toes. The charm of this intellectual life, its freedom from conventionalities, its character of sweetness and purity, its unanxious earnestness, its liability to unnecessary, painful contact with a society of different standards:—these are all well brought out. The book is like a picture of the two sweet and strong sisters, (whose superficial variation on a type intrinsically the same is an exquisite piece of truth to nature, as well as good art) upon a background whose "atmosphere" is excellently well done. The "quietism" that runs throughout makes a harmonious element in this atmosphere. The characters all have a peculiar sketchy life-likeness that strongly suggests that they have been copied from nature, instead of created: there is an unconsciousness of handling, a sort of off-hand throwing off of suggestions, about them, that gives the impression that the author

builded better than he knew, as one always does in copying instead of designing. In the "philosophizing" of the book there is no particular originality, and no pretense of it; but there are many good things said. Perhaps the best are the following:

"A man may very well afford to let others make remarks about him, but he cannot afford to make remarks about himself. It were better to have two men speak ill of me than to speak well of myself once."

"And what have you besides love to go upon?" the mother asked.

"Is not love enough?" said Jo, happily.

"No, my child; not enough. To make married life happy there must be sympathy, understanding, and trust; similar aims and beliefs."

"That I call love," Jo said. "The—the attraction between us includes all that."

Not the least of the virtues of "A Fair Philosopher" is this high conception of love—a relief, indeed, to the reader after the monotony of caprice and passion that make up love in most novels. It cannot be said that there are not in this novel slips of taste; there are several, in humorous conversation; few indeed are the authors that are not at their best in grave discourse; but these lapses are rare, and do not seriously mar the gentle, light seriousness of the whole picture.

SPOLIING THE EGYPTIANS. A Tale of Shame. Told from the British Blue-Books. By J. Seymour Keay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882.

No. VII. of G. P. Putnam's Sons' series of "Questions of the Day," is a one-hundred-and-twenty-page pamphlet reprint of a recent English tract. It makes out a very serious case of duplicity and oppression against England, more through her support of "carpet-baggers" in Egypt than through deliberate governmental act. It is not strictly "told from the blue-books," for the narrative is chiefly in Mr. Keay's own words, backed at every point by extracts from the state papers, and emphasized by much comment of his own. Extracts, apart from their context, are notoriously misleading; and there is probably a long *per contra* to be written out of these same blue-books. That England has always been obtuse toward the rights and good of weaker and less civilized races is no new story; but her behavior has for the most part, in the impartial light of history, appeared to be rather a stupidity than deliberate tyranny; an incapacity to realize that anything could be better for a conquered, or in any way dependent, country than submission to England's wish and interest. It is probable that every average Englishman in the empire honestly believes that no better thing could happen to the native of any race or country than to submit implicitly to England's will; and cannot understand that anything but innate wickedness can make the rebellious subject think otherwise. It has no doubt been a matter of benevo-

lent satisfaction to these average Englishmen that the Egyptian fellah was now so fortunate as to be under the rule and protection of the British carpet-bagger, and released from the misery of life without British help. That they should feel thus ought certainly to be no ground for blame or satire from an American, who has heard for fifteen years the benevolent satisfaction of the average Northerner, over the good fortune that had befallen the South, in exchanging native for carpet-bag rule; especially as the Englishman has this most weighty point in favor of his view: that it is in great part true. Instances are not wanting in which England's compulsion has been calamitous to weaker peoples; yet, on the whole, the chance is always that in countries possessed of such a home administration as Egypt, English officials will prove more endurable tyrants than native ones.

ELFIN-LAND. Designed by Walter Satterlee. Poems by Josephine Pollard. New York: George W. Harlan & Co. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

Among the most charming of the Christmas books from year to year are always to be found the Publications of George W. Harlan & Co. "Elfin-land" is frankly a "picture book," for the verses accompanying each picture are the merest trifles, and exist only for the sake of the pictures. The designs are, some of them, very graceful, and all are pleasing in color. Children that are not satiated with the lavishness of pictorial beauty poured out upon them within a few years will dwell with inexhaustible delight over "Elfin-Land"; and older people will find much pleasure in turning its beautiful pages.

DIDDIE, DUMPS, AND TOT; OR, PLANTATION CHILD-LIFE. By Louise Clarke Pyrnelle. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

In this pretty child's book, a Southern lady relates what are evidently recollections of her own childhood, though she wisely gives them a fictitious dress. The rambling narrative of childish experiences will be charming to any properly constituted child; but it is of interest beyond merely that of a child's story, for it is evidently a faithful and cleverly managed reproduction of the life it deals with, that of the best class of plantations some ten years before the war. The portion of this life covered by the story is merely that in which the children of the household and the negroes came in contact: the experiences with the "Mammy," with the little serving-maids, with the various "Uncles" and "Aunties" who had tales and traditions to relate; the sight of weddings, games, religious meetings, and merry-makings among the plantation hands, and the like. It is become already a curious, far-away sort of life to our conceptions, the relation of these little white children as mistresses

and proprietors to the slaves of their father seems more far-away from American life of to-day than any such relation between grown persons could seem. Now that, even in the South, the memory of that peculiar un-modern life is passing away, all such books, written by those who know whereof they speak, (whether serious social studies, or, like the present book, merely intended to preserve from oblivion some of the lighter aspects of the life) have a real and permanent value. The time is ripe for such books. It will hardly be twenty-five years till the generation that remembers *ante-bellum* times has passed away; and it is hardly two or three years since the bitterness of feeling passed away that kept such writing in the region of controversy and out of the region of candid literature and veracious history.

A RED-LETTER DAY, AND OTHER POEMS. By Lucius Harwood Foote. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

This little collection of some thirty poems does more credit to its publisher than its author: for it is what is colloquially known as "handsomely gotten out," while the contents hardly justify the getting out at all. Perhaps three poems besides the long initial one are up to magazine standard. The rest range downward, through mediocrity to crudity. "A Red-Letter Day" is very fair verse, and relates not unfittingly the calm pleasure of camping and shooting in the mountains by way of rest from business life; but, though fairly poetic, it is slow, and one does not feel impelled to read it through. "Hulda" is the best in the collection. A number of the poems are Californian, though it seems queer to read of the Californian sportsman throwing himself on the "moorland"; of birds falling beneath his rifle on the "heath"; of the Sacramento River flowing past "croft and thorp."

ELEMENTS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Robert Ellis Thompson, M. A., Professor of Social Science in the University of Pennsylvania, and a Member of the American Philosophical Society. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

In his preface, the author tells us that the purposes and aims of his work are: first, to furnish a readable discussion of the subject for the use of those who wish to get some knowledge of it, but have neither the time nor the inclination to study elaborate or voluminous works; secondly, and more especially, to provide a text-book for those teachers—in college and elsewhere—who approve of our national policy (protection), as in the main the right one, and who wish to have set forth the principles on which it rests, and the facts by which it is justified. The author sets out to accomplish two objects, in their very natures incompatible: to be interesting to the general reader, and at the same time to inculcate the broad principles of

political economy; to be specious and to be profound; in this he fails, as must every one fail who attempts the impossible. As a text-book for schools and colleges, where it is desired to initiate the student into the principles of the science, the book is not a success. As a text-book for the protectionists, and as a cursory view of the history of many economical theories and economical writers, the work is worthy of attention. Had the book been entitled "The History and Economy of Protection, with an Introductory Essay on Political Economy and Economists," the true nature and scope of the work would be disclosed, and then we should have been able to compliment the author on having done well what he had attempted.

THE BODLEY GRANDCHILDREN, AND THEIR JOURNEY IN HOLLAND. By Horace E. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

To those who have laughed and learned with the parents and grandparents of these bright book-children, no formal introduction is necessary. It is enough to say that they are the children of their parents, and have inherited the power of seeing beneath the surface of things. To them, Holland is not merely a country of windmills, canals and dikes: it is the soil where the Pilgrim Fathers rested before venturing on their long flight across the seas; it is the land whence came the Knickerbockers and the hard-headed Peter Stuyvesant; and on every hand they find links of history binding Holland to their own native America. The many fine illustrations and the spicy dialogue of the book will recommend it to children; while those of riper years will appreciate the deeper meaning, and will enjoy tracing back, with the Bodley grandchildren, the foot-prints of their ancestors.

FLIP, AND FOUND AT BLAZING STAR. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

Without knowing that Mr. Harte could do better work than he has done in this book, one might doubt whether he could do worse. There is so much that is cheap and tawdry in the handling, such clap-trap and straining after effect in many of the situations, that the tone of the stories often sinks to the level of very commonplace work. It is a pity that the author did not have some one at his elbow as he wrote, to tone down the impossibility of the character lines, and to cut out altogether the "squaw" episode in Flip. Yet there are many touches, in the stories, of the genius that has made Mr. Harte great. There is the old felicity of expression in the descriptions of California scenery, and the same quaint handling in Flip that made the story of M'Iss such delightful reading. The action

is brisk, but improbable—a thing that is true, however, in many of his better tales. The plane of both the stories falls in the ideal California, on which Mr. Harte is supposed to have the copyright; but it is not too much to say that they are very much less clever than anything else that is western to which his name stands attached.

THOSE CHILDREN AND THEIR TEACHERS. A Story of To-day. By Byron A. Brooks, A. M. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons. 1882.

A tract in favor of the kindergarten and "Quincy" systems of instruction, in the guise of narrative. It is written in the character of a well-disposed and perhaps not incredibly stupid father, who relates the hopelessness of his efforts to find a good school, public or private, for his children, until the Quincy system comes like an angel of deliverance to his knowledge. Before this, however, the schools have killed one son with brain-fever, barely missed ruining the future of a daughter through an elopement with a music-teacher, and stupefied the brains of the other two children. Nothing could be more vital than the importance of the subject herein treated, and the inferior literary merit of the book may be passed over as an entirely unimportant matter; the soundness of the objections to education as at present administered, and of the remedies proposed is the main consideration. And on these points the critic can only repeat the dictum of all experience since education existed, and call the author right in so far as he agrees with it, and wrong in so far as he differs from it; namely, that the only way to have good schools is to have wise and thoroughly, liberally educated teachers; that any system or patent device, kindergarten or Quincy method, that looks to arranging machinery by which the lack of such teachers may be obviated, or by which any one may make himself such a teacher, is a delusion and snare; that no earthly substitute has ever yet been found for education and common sense in enabling parents to select a good school for their children. The parents in the book before us, when they find their children are learning little besides lying in one school, take them out and put them in another, the next that comes handy. To investigate and find a good school never seems to occur to them. It is implied that such a thing does not exist in New York. Now, however slight the caricature may be in the description of the New York public schools, it is of no use for an author to assume that there are not academies available to New Yorkers—for both their sons and their daughters—that are neither superficial, demoralizing, nor over-stimulating; and a little investigation and sense is what is needed to find them. The parents in "Those Children" moralize on the superficial nature of their girl's teaching, compare it with the training received by her brother in college, lament the impossibility of

having her taught likewise, and then—send her to one of the worst of pretentious boarding-schools; while Vassar and its tributary preparatory schools stand at their door, and colleges and semi-colleges, academies, private classes conducted by competent persons, all are waiting with open arms, trying to get parents to take their girls from the flash and ornamental institutions, and put them where real education is to be had. The political abuses, the machine work, the strain upon good teachers, and the encouragement to bad ones of the public schools are fairly enough burlesqued, and have their lesson for other places than New York; the frightful over-work and excitement imposed on the children is unfairly burlesqued, according to the fashion of all advocates of the Quincy system in its extreme. It cannot be too emphatically repeated that hobbies and systems are dangerous to education; that you must find a good teacher and let him make his own system. The "ideal school," found at last by the perplexed parent of our narrative, is in the very extreme of the Quincy system; in other words, it is a kindergarten for lads of a dozen years or so. They are not to know they are learning; lessons are to be sugar-coated, and to be coaxed down their throats under the pretense of play; the words "teacher" and "school" are forbidden, and the boys are led to suppose that they are visiting the institution, while their parents are secretly paying for all this. We do not hesitate to pronounce this spoon-fed institution as far from the ideal school in one way as the narrow, iron-bound public school routine is in another. Both are to a great extent honest mistakes; the inefficient private school is worse: it is a fraud and a swindle. That the ideal school exists is doubtful; it does not, unless the ideal teacher exists: that good schools exist is as certain as that there are good teachers. And while the problem of bettering the public schools remains appallingly important and complex beyond the average parent's or the educational dabbler's conception, the only problems fairly opened for consideration by the book under review are, How shall the average parent be taught to select the best among the schools as they now stand? and, How shall the respectable citizen get any hold on the political machinery that controls metropolitan schools?

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

The complete works of the sisters, Alice and Phoebe Cary—or, at least, the greater part of all they have written; all that it has been deemed desirable to preserve—were some months since for the first time collected by their present publishers. There have been several previous partial collections, but this was the first complete one. Houghton, Mifflin

& Co. now issue the collection in a "Household" edition, in the style of their prettiest books, with the charming designs for cover and back that add to the pleasure of reading some classes of books. The vignette of a butterfly on a thistle is one of the prettiest we have ever seen in this style of binding; but it would have been prettier on a plainer background.

CESETTE. A Story of Peasant Life in the South of France. Translated from the French of Emile Pouvillon by Charles William Wolsey. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

This little story is about as full of local color as could well be, and full, too, of the habit and feeling of an ignorant, childlike, rough-and-ready peasantry, thrifty and industrious beyond all else. Neither English nor American stories can picture any such peasant life as these simple tales of all the continental countries so frequently do.

UNDER GREEN APPLE BOUGHS. By Helen Campbell. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 1882.

The author of "Under Green Apple-Boughs" is so pleasantly associated with the "Ainslee Stories," dear to the childhood of many who are now young men and women, that it is a pity she should prove so inadequate to more serious work. There is nothing about "Under Green Apple-Boughs" so laudable as its cover, which is one of the very prettiest to be seen in any bookstore. There is much in it that will pass for profundity of thought, but it is not the genuine thing; the opening tirade of the Professor against the spread of general information is about the

only really good thing between the covers, except the very pretty frontispiece.

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourn & Co.

This is a new, revised, and enlarged edition of an earlier collection of Mrs. Whitney's ingenious if unwarrantable paraphrases of Mother Goose. Whatever they may be as paraphrases, with their highly transcendental meanings, some of them are decidedly pretty as poems—and some are not. The whimsical conceit of basing philosophical poems on Mother Goose texts is at all events unique.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We also note *Miss Leighton's Perplexities*, by Alice C. Hall, a mild, inoffensive, and uninteresting novel; *Through a Thermometer*, a Christmas Romance, by Erle Douglas; *The Convict, and Other Poems*, by Edwin Mays. Recent issues of the Franklin Square Library: No. 269, *The Knights of the Horse-Shoe*, by Dr. Wm. A. Caruthers; 270, *A Strange Journey, or Pictures from Egypt and the Soudan*; 271, *Self-Help*, by Samuel Smiles; 272, *Kept in the Dark*, by Anthony Trollope; 273, *A Short History of the Kingdom of Ireland*, by C. G. Walpole; 274, *Weighed and Wanting*, by George Macdonald; 275, *Allerton Towers*, by Annie Thomas; 276, *An Adventure in Thule*, by William Black; 277, *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, by Besant and Rice.

OUTCROPPINGS.

AN OLD SETTLER'S REMINISCENCE.

We were camped on the San Jose road, near the Seven-mile House, in the year of grace 1851. We had hired out to go somewhere down the coast to work on a farm. Our employer had done some little farming in New England, had, in fact, been one of the projectors of the Brook Farm experiment, but as California suggested a better field, had concluded to try his luck on this fertile western shore; and for this purpose had made arrangements to cultivate a large tract of land, since become famous for its fertility. I will call him Don Molino.

We had finished our breakfast, and were preparing to start, when the Don asked me if I could ride.

Now it had been the ambition of my life in school-days to own a horse, one that I could ride, and be the envy of all the other boys; but I never enjoyed the opportunity of displaying any equestrianism, much to my disappointment. So when the Don asked me if I could ride, I said "Yes" at once, without hesitation, little dreaming how far I was expected to travel.

"Mount this horse, then, young man," said the Don, pointing to a not very pretentious steed which stood already saddled and bridled.

I say saddled, if the curious-looking concern on his back might be termed a saddle. This, I learned very soon afterward, was a *fusta*, and a very useful piece of furniture—in fact, one of the household gods

of the native Californian. After placing my blankets on this uncouth-looking arrangement, I mounted, planted my feet firmly in the large wooden stirrups, and away we went on a canter, or lope.

Almost fresh from a voyage round Cape Horn, with the atmosphere of the salt water and the surroundings of the ship still clinging to me, the prospect of a ride into the country on a real live horse was very agreeable. The transition from sailor life to that of a farmer was pleasing to contemplate. No more "watch and watch," no more cry of "all hands on deck," but a constant "all night in." This was my idea of the change I had in view, little dreaming that this ride was to make of me an argonaut, an old resident, and old settler, entitled to all respect from those who arrived much later in the history of this State.

We halted for a while at Angelo's, a hostelry on the road, that probably lingers in the memory of some of the old settlers of San Francisco, and then settled to our ride. There was not much time lost in conversation; we loped along at a pretty good pace; occasionally I had to stop, much to the annoyance of the Don, to fix my blankets, that were frequently inclined to slide off. Not being accustomed to this kind of sailing, my rigging got out of gear oftener than was pleasant. We met no one on the road: travel at this period was limited. Where now are well-inclosed farms, thrifty orchards, neat dwellings, churches, school-houses, and other evidences of improvement, at the time I first passed over this now well-traveled route scarcely a human habitation was to be seen. Cattle roamed at will. Occasionally a coyote would dart across the road, but neither cattle or coyotes seemed to be disturbed by two horsemen riding along.

On the Pulgas Ranch, if I recollect correctly, there was a primitive shanty, with some occupants. Here another man was "shipped," and joined us. This young man, whose name was Charley, (surnames were not asked for and seldom used in those days) and the Don struck up a conversation at once. They could both talk horse, ranch, cattle, and other bucolic matters; so they rode together, and I kept up as well as I could navigate.

We reined up at a blacksmith's shop, which I think comprised the whole of Redwood City at that time. Inquiries were made about the trail over the mountains, and the information furnished being satisfactory, we started on. Accustomed to obey orders, I asked nothing about the distance we were to travel, supposing that at the proper time we would drop anchor somewhere, and rest for the night.

Leaving the main road this side of Santa Clara, we headed for the coast range of mountains. After traveling some distance we reached a house near the base. As the sun was about to sink, I supposed we would probably stay here for the night. I was getting a longer ride than I had anticipated. But "On" was the order given, and we prepared to ascend the trail.

As night overtook us before we reached the summit, and the track was not very distinct even in daylight, my difficulties increased, and my ignorance of mountain travel added to my troubles. It was hard work for me to dodge the branches of the trees; harder still at times to keep my seat for drowsiness. We finally reached the summit and got on the down grade. In some places there was barely room for horse and rider; how I ever got through is a mystery to this day. At that time it was considered quite a feat for any one to pass over this route. In after years a turnpike road was built over this trail, and now the Dumbarton Railroad runs on the same line.

I need not dwell longer on my trials during the remainder of the trip. If Christian in Pilgrim's Progress had as rough a time in climbing, he is entitled to my sympathies.

We arrived at the City of the Holy Cross about one o'clock in the morning, having ridden about one hundred miles. Dick Turpin may have done better in his day, or John Gilpin, but I am inclined to believe that they were both more accustomed to that kind of locomotion than I was. By hard knocking we aroused the landlord of the only hotel in the place, and a sorry spectacle I presented. My hat gone, my face scratched by the trees that would get in my way, clothes torn, and, in fact, used up generally. Mine host eyed us rather suspiciously. I was afterwards told that he suspected us of being horse thieves. He let us in, however, and showed us to a bed. I dropped asleep immediately, and might have been taken out and swung up by Judge Lynch without being conscious of the operation, nor objecting to the proceedings in the least.

My ambition in horsemanship had been fully satisfied, yet another ride was in prospect the next morning before we were to reach our destination. Like a victim on the rack I submitted. We traveled slowly and reached camp the same evening. It was a permanent one for me.

Don Molino became at one time a "bloated land owner," but dry seasons and short crops ruined him. Then he became interested in mining stocks, got rich, failed again; and where he is now or what doing I have no idea. Probably he will come to the front again. Charley left his bones to bleach in the arid soil of Arizona about a year since; and I am still an old settler.

A WRECKING INCIDENT.

On blustering days, sitting now by a comfortable fire, my wandering mind will often recur to the scenes of the experience of my younger days; and foremost always are the thrilling times when I served as a wrecker on the northern coast, clad in oil skins, rubber boots, and sou'wester hat. Possessed of a hardy constitution and robust health, and with a

natural desire for adventure, I found that appetite appeased in attending to my duty as a wrecker. Perhaps it was irksome on long acquaintance; yet while new, it had for me a great charm.

Our rugged coast seemed made to harvest the most fearful wrecks ever cast upon a shore. Only one among many was the noble ship, storm-tossed and dismantled, that we saw raised on the crest of a towering wave and hurled shoreward with terrific force, to rise on the next foam-crested billow, revealing to our gaze, as she came nearer, a haggard and ghastly crew, doomed to destruction. Lashed to ring-bolt or rigging remnant, washed by each succeeding wave as it boarded her amidships, or swept her deck from stem to stern as she plunged head on, some were dead in their lashings; others we could see, through the pelting rain and whirling mist, feebly calling, or gesticulating eagerly, in vain beseeching our aid. The terrific force of storm and wind and falling night had tied our hands. We heard in the dead of night the crash as some giant sea, rolling in, had deposited its load, and guessed that all was over. Morning brought a clear and sunny day, void of storm; and all that remained to tell the tale was the once majestic ship as she lay on the rocks, half submerged and rent asunder, and the ghastly bodies that occasionally dotted the shore.

To depict the expression on faces seen thus would fill volumes. Some seemed peaceful and happy in death, as though they had found a haven of rest long sought. Others looked distorted and wrenched out of all human shape, the white, unseemly lips half open, the tightly closed teeth showing beneath, and hands clenched to tell of life's battle fought hard and lost. Had we had hearts like adamant, these scenes would have left an impression upon us. It needed but the cry of "Ship off shore, drifting in!" to rouse us to a man, ready and eager to rescue from a watery grave the meanest cur, did occasion offer.

It was in the latter part of February, 18—, that we were roused from our slumbers by the sound of a distress whistle. We were alive at once, and on the scene of our labors in a twinkling. A worse night was never seen. The howling blast seemed bent on ridding us of every vestige of clothing. We fought and tussled with it at every step. The driving rain seemed bent on washing us away, while the sea piled mountains high on our rocky beach, and conjectures were running wild, old-salt theories multiplying thick and fast.

The powerful blast of a deep-mouthed whistle came to us at every lull in the storm, distinct and clear. The air seemed to be filled in every nook and cranny with it. It seemed to be reaching out for and grasping us, like a huge octopus with its long arms, striving to draw us on to the rescue.

"Ah! I am sure I saw it, sir," said Jack Reddling, as hardy a tar as had ever crossed the stormy main. "A steamer, sir: I saw her lights as she raised. I'm afraid she's done for, she's whistling so."

All eyes were bent seaward, but in vain. The driving rain and sleet shut out all sight of over two hundred yards. In vain we strained our eyes to catch another glimpse of her. Every scream of her whistle thrilled us through and through. It seemed to wail and cry in the tumbling racket of the furious storm. Again we stood, unable to give assistance, visions flashing through our minds of the ghastly handiwork of old ocean which we would once more have to view. 'Twas almost useless to try to talk, our voices being hurled away on the breeze as it whistled past and played sad havoc among the pines and redwoods on the range back.

"I wish 'twere morning, sir; she's driving on fast, and I pray God we may give a helping hand."

It was a long night, but we would not quit our posts. Visions of women and children that possibly crowded her decks and would soon need our succor thronged our minds. We knew that strong men would soon be struggling for life, and we must stand by and give them a helping hand. Most we thought of the anxious crowd we should behold when we first sighted her.

"She's bearing now, sir, about sou'west, sir, from the sound."

"It's queer, sir," said Sandy Marble, "she must be clear drowned out, or we could now see her lights."

Slowly and surely she was drifting in, the sound was coming nearer and nearer, and at last the dark began to abate with the storm and the night.

"I see her, sir!"

"Where away?"

"Dead south, bearing in fast. She's down by the head, and seems to be sinking. They be jumping overboard, sir."

At this we were on the dead run for the place where we expected she would strike, about half a mile below where we had stood our watch.

"They must have tied the whistle down, sir," panted Reddling, as he ran; "she toots all the time."

We had taken a route around a pile of rocks, hiding the wreck the whole way from our sight; and now we rounded in full view of where it lay, wedged in between two bowlders—the whistling buoy from Columbia River bar, which had got adrift the day before, and had come in on us thus!

We turned and wended our way homeward, tired and wet, and I cannot say whether it was with thanks to the Almighty for a catastrophe averted, or with curses on the luck which had cheated us of a good night's sleep.

W. B. CURTIS.

TRANSLATIONS.

IN DER FREUDE.

(From the German of Ei-hendorff.)

I hear the rush of streamlets

In the woodland, running free;

In the wood, in the sounds of waters,

I know not where I may be.

Here in the loneliness round me
Voices of nightingales chime,
As if they would tell me something
From the beautiful by-gone time.

The shimmer of moonlight wavers,
As if beneath me there lay
The castle down in the valley,
And yet it is far away.

As if in the garden yonder,
With its roses white and red,
My love must be waiting for me—
And yet he is long since dead.

MILICENT WASHBURN SHINN.

TROOPERS' SONG.

(From the German of Herwegh.)

The anxious night still lies around;
We silent ride, ride without sound;
We onward ride to death.
The morning wind blows cold and chill,
Come, hostess, quick our glasses fill,
Before my dying breath.

O, fair young grass, why stand so green?
Ere long upon you will be seen
My blood like roses' bloom.
This first deep draught, with sword in hand,
I drink in honor of our land;
For her we seek the tomb.

Fill to the brim your glasses up,
For freedom be the second cup,
This fiery draught of wine!
The little left—whose shall it be?
O, Roman Kingdom, 'tis for thee
We pledge you with the vine.

Now to my love—but hold, the glass
Is dry—the long bright lances pass—
The bullets whistle by,
Like thunder-bolt upon the foe!
The troopers' wish—to work them woe,
And then at dawn to die.

TWO SEPULCHERS.

(From the German of Kerker.)

In the dome of the old cathedral
Two sepulchers stand alone:
In the one is King Ottmar lying,
And the singer rests in one.

The king once sat in grandeur
On his ancestral throne;
The sword lies in his right hand,
And on his head the crown.

But near the haughty monarch,
There rests the singer low;
Still in his hand the watchers
The gentle harp do show.

The strongholds round are fallen,
And war-cry sounds through the land;

The sword it rises never,
There in the monarch's hand.

Blossoms and gentle breezes
Murmur the valley along;
The harp of the singer soundeth
In an everlasting song.

MILICENT WASHBURN SHINN.

NEW YORK, October 10th, 1882.

EDITOR CALIFORNIAN: I notice in your October number an article entitled "Reminiscences of the Gold Period," in which the names of Ned Irwin, Jake Schoonmaker, and Frank Pinto appear in connection with an incident at Mormon Gulch; and as a sequel to the story of the rifle purchased by Ned Irwin, would say that about two weeks after its purchase by Irwin, it fell out of his hands and broke the shaft the chambers revolved on, and as he prized the rifle very highly, it almost broke his heart, there being no possibility of repairing it in those days: and as another proof of the high prices for which fire-arms sold, would add, that Frank Pinto sold a five-chambered "Colt's" pistol, one of the first made, and which he had carried in the Mexican war, (he being a lieutenant in Colonel Burnett's regiment of New York Volunteers) to a Mr. Pardee, clerk on a Stockton steamboat, for \$150, gold.

Speaking of the steamer "Mint," friend O'Meara is in error. She ran between Stockton and San Francisco as the "Mint," and not under the name of "San Joaquin." I remember the crank craft well. The steamer "Captain Sutter" also ran on the same route, and at this late date it is a disputed point at Stockton as to whether the "Mint," or "Captain Sutter" reached the embarcadero of Stockton first; one or the other of these boats was the first to put in an appearance in the slough.

General Francis E. Pinto and Jacob J. Schoonmaker are still alive and well, the former in Brooklyn, New York, the latter at Vineland, New Jersey; while Ned Irwin has passed out of sight these many years. Yet he may still be around.

In the spring of 1849 salt pork sold on the Stanislaus at five dollars a pound; grain black pepper at the same figures; and shoes worth one dollar a pair in the "States" sold for \$32; while \$20 was cheap for a mixture called cognac; for the writer was *thar*.

F. D. C.

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No communication will be answered, and no manuscript returned, unless stamps are inclosed for that purpose.

