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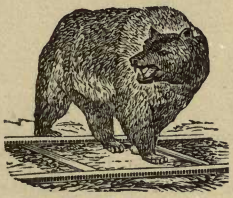
SKETCHES.



BY MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN,

AUTHOR OF

"CAMPAIGNING IN TENNESSEE," "THE SOUTH AFTER THE WAR,"
"SEMI-TROPICAL CALIFORNIA," ETC., ETC.

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TO

CHARLES CROCKER,

AS A

TOKEN OF ESTEEM.

PREFACE.

I submit a preface, more to conform to custom than for any thing else. In it, however, I will take occasion to state that the names of persons and places and situations in "Hill Beechey's Dream," "An Episode of Echo Cañon," "A Midnight Adventure in Nevada," "Three Extinct Citizens," "The Wickenburg Massacre," and "A Sensation in the Orange Groves," are all real and true in each particular respect. In the sketch entitled "Divorced on the Desert," the main facts have been preserved, with the real names of the characters changed to fictitious ones, for reasons not necessary to present. "An Hour with an Antediluvian" is an enlargement of a scene that actually did occur. The other sketches are presented for the general information and entertainment of all who peruse the book.

B. C. T.

CONTENTS.

HILL BEECHEY'S DREAM.

In the Spring of 1863 a Californian pioneer named Hill Beechey lived at a place called Lewiston, Idaho Territory, where he kept a hotel and owned a stage line. Lewiston was at that time the capital of Idaho; it is beautifully situated upon the junction of Clearwater and Snake Rivers, upon the reservation of the Nez Perce Indians, a little more than 500 miles from Portland, Oregon. The reservation is surrounded by lofty mountains, and is one of the most charming and picturesque places in that Territory.

Early in the month of August, 1863, one morning, while at his breakfast, Hill Beechey said to his wife:

"Magruder leaves us to-day, and I dreamed about him a good deal last night. He has some splendid men with him, though; and if they keep together he may get through all right. What, with the Indians and highwaymen, a man carries his life in his hands in these parts. Really, California, at its worst, was never half so bad as Idaho is to-day. By the way, the vigilantes stretched up eleven desperadoes at Bannock City last month—but there are lots of them left."

"I dare say," replied Mrs. Beechey, "and there are several candidates for the gallows about here, if I am not greatly mistaken; I can see three men, now," she added, "who are destined for no good end."

Mrs. Beechey glanced out of the window toward a pile of lumber, just across the street from the tavern, upon which were sitting three desperate and indolent roughs, named Howard, Romaine, and Lowry.

"Jim Romaine, I must say, was a very likely-appearing young man until he got in with Howard and Lowry; they do say that Chris. Lowry and Doc. Howard have both served terms in eastern penitentiaries; you have heard that before, havn't you? Why! what's the matter, Hill?" said Mrs. Beechey, "you don't look well."

"Oh, nothing in particular," replied the landlord, "except that I was thinking about Magruder. He figured in all my dreams last night, my dear, and it troubles me more than a little; I'll tell you: I dreamed that Magruder was killed, and that Howard and Lowry did the killing; I saw them despatch him with an axe; a teriffic snow storm prevailed at the time; I never saw anything real that seemed more life-like. Magruder was sitting at a fire, smoking; and, as plain as I can see you, now, I saw Chris. Lowry creep up behind my friend and kill him with an axe."

"You ought to hunt up Mr. Magruder and tell him," said the wife; "I would."

"Lord, no; that would make me the laughing stock of the reservation. Dreams are but the pastimes of sleep, at any rate, and with me they always amount to nothing; but, at the same time, I——"

"Halloo, in there! Beechey!" ejaculated Magruder, who had just ridden up to the door of the tavern.

"Halloo, yourself!" shouted Mr. Beechey, appearing at the door of his hotel, and signaling the trader to dismount and enter. Mr. Magruder dismounted; and, after having directed his pack train forward, went into the tavern.

Lloyd Magruder was a successful trader of Elk City, Idaho, and was at this particular time on his way to the new mining region in the neighborhood of Virginia City, with about $25,000 worth of goods. He was born and grew up to manhood in Montgomery county, Maryland, in which section many of his old friends and relatives at present live. After half an hour's chat with Beechey, at the expiration of which the latter presented his friend with a Henry rifle, Mr. Magruder examined his pistols, remounted his animal, and started for Beaverhead, 400 miles away, taking what is known as the Nez Perce trail, which lies over the mountains, and cuts off some 17 miles in the first hundred.

The next day Howard, Romaine and Lowry were joined by an old trapper named Bill Page, a miner named Bob Zachary, and three others. Doc. Howard, who was one of the most intelligent as well as one of the best educated men in the Territory, and who was generally looked up to as a leader in almost all matters by his associates and some others in that neighborhood, proposed that the whole party start for the Virginia City mines.

"I think," said Howard, "that we had better make the Lewiston people believe we are going west; and then, if we do make anything, we won't be hounded to death by our creditors."

This plan of action was, of course, agreed to; and

the eight men started a little before dark of that day, taking the Oregon road, and disappearing from Lewiston in an opposite direction from the Nez Perce trail.

That night the party went into camp on the Oregon road; and Doc. Howard, after a good supper had been devoured, made known the plan of movement agreed upon by Lowry and himself, as follows:

"Now, boys, I'll tell you what we'll do: Bear in mind, and don't forget it, that we are hard up; whatever we are, we ain't millionaires. We don't fool assessors much; tax collectors don't trouble our kind to any great extent. Plainly and honestly, we are good men, but we are broke; we are willing to work, but we cannot get work; we certainly cannot starve—God never intended that any of his creatures should starve. To-morrow we will cross over on to the Beaverhead road, and the next day we will overtake Lloyd Magruder and join him. We are all well mounted and well armed, and Magruder will do the correct thing if we go through with him all right. He'll give us all that we can eat, and if he does as well as he calculates to, he'll give us a fresh start. Besides, the mines in Virginia City are the richest in the Territory, and this is the best chance we shall have to go there. We are sure to get there, you know; and, if we don't like the prospects, why, confound it, we all know the road back, don't we? Magruder is well fixed, my good fellows, between you and me, and I think he will do the right thing by us when we get to Virginia. At any rate, we shall secure free grub for a month or two by joining his party; and that's better than hanging half starved around Lewiston, with every man and woman watching you as if you

were a thief or an escaped convict. Come what may, I am going to dust out of this, and if I ever return to Lewiston, I hope I may be hanged."

"I'll be hanged if I do, either," said Romaine; "Doc. expresses my sentiments, exactly."

"And I'll be hanged if I ever return," added Chris. Lowry; "I'm with you, Doc. till the death—how's that, Jim?"

"I'll never leave you, Chris.," replied Romaine; "and Howard—why, I'd go with him to the grave."

"Well, Bill, what do you say?" interrogated Howard, addressing himself to Page; "you'll take the chances of any trip that promises regular rations and easy work, eh, old fellow?"

"That's what's the matter with old Page," responded the trapper.

"And you, Bob?" pursued Howard; "you and your friends are all agreed, of course?"

"Why, yes," said Zachary; "we started with the crowd, and we're going to stick to it as long's everything's all right. I've known Lloyd Magruder ever since he has been in Idaho; he'll treat me well, you bet—and all of us, as far as that's concerned. Agreed! why, of course, we are."

The third day out the party overtook Magruder, and accompanied him as far as Bannock City, where Bob Zachary and his three friends secured employment. They at once withdrew from the party, bade Magruder and his companions goodbye, and the latter proceeded together to Virginia City, at which place they arrived in about a week.

As soon as Magruder pitched his tent, a large crowd assembled from the mines, and a trade commenced, which only ceased to exist on the sale of the last article of goods. This occurred in September, 1863. During his stay in Virginia City, How-

ard and Lowry assisted Magruder in the store, Page attended to the stock, and Romaine managed the culinary department.

Early in October, after having realized about thirty thousand dollars in return for his goods, and between sixty and seventy first-class mules, Magruder signified his intention of departing for Lewiston, and so informed Howard, Romaine, Page and Lowry.

"Now, boys," said Magruder, one night, at supper, "what are you going to do? are you going into the mines, or do you want to return to Lewiston? If you say so," he resumed, "I'll see you all back, with a good outfit, a new suit of clothes, and a clean hundred in each of your pockets. To tell you the truth, boys, I want you to go back with me to Lewiston; I'm going to take a drove of mules along, and I want some good fellows, just like you have proved yourselves to be, to see me through. The mountains are full of Indians and robbers, you know, and a gang of good, brave fellows, well mounted and well armed, is the most desirable kind of companionship. Say the word, and we'll be off in forty-eight hours to a minute. What do you say, Doc.? I consider you the bell-wether of the flock."

"Well, sir, I have never yet left a friend when I believed I could be of service to him; and, in the present case, I must say, the inducement you hold out is good. For my own part, as much as I detest Lewiston, I should like to return, under the circumstances; and I guess we'll all go, far's that's concerned. However, Lloyd, we will talk over the matter to-night and let you know in the morning," said Howard.

"All right," rejoined Magruder. "By the way—

and I almost forgot to mention it—if you all go, we'll make a pretty strong crowd; Charlie Allen, whom you all know, and who has been up here trading since spring, and Bill Phillips, an old friend of mine, are going to join us; and then there are two good boys, brothers, from Booneville, Missouri—I can't think of their names—who have got a little dust, and who want to go along; I rather invited them, in fact; for the more the merrier, you know, especially when the country is overrun with redskins and road agents.

After supper, that night, and while Page was corraling the stock, Howard, Lowry and Romaine loitered out of camp, and canvassed the feasibility of future operations. They sat down together near the spring; and after a brief, running conversation, Howard said, determinedly:

"I tell you what it is, comrades, this meeting is the first act of a thrilling drama; and I will at once assume the character of the heavy man—the leading villain of the play, say. Now, the first and most important thing to be considered, is Magruder's money; he's got at least $25,000, and that must be taken from him. To be sure, I'd rather not kill him, but that may be incidental to the object to be attained. The next thing to be considered is concert of action. Now, I pledge you my word, I'll undertake the management of the whole affair, if you'll stand by me and assist me in every way you can. There may be some bloody work before we get through, but we'll make a splendid clean up in the end, and make new starts in the world, all round—take new leases of respectability, so to speak."

"I'm with you, Doc.," cried Lowry, "right from the word go. I'd rather rob than kill, I think; but,

at the same time, I'll do as much bloody work as anybody, if it is necessary; and so will Romaine—whom I have tested on several occasions; while Jim is a little backward about putting out a fellow's light, and would prefer not to blow a man's brains out, himself, he is behind no citizen of Idaho in reaching for his divy, or in staking out new graveyards on unoccupied quarter-sections. Why, I educated Jim Romaine—he wouldn't have made a first-class horse thief if he hadn't met Chris. Lowry. You see, Doc., he served a regular apprenticeship under me and Charlie Ames—but let the boy speak for himself."

"Well, Jim," said Howard.

"I'm in—be sure of that."

"I told you so," rejoined Lowry.

"But I want to make one remark," added Romaine; "when it comes down to the actual killing of a man for his money, I don't consider myself a complete success. I confess that I can't knock a man in the head, like Chris., just as if he were a steer; but I'm in with you, whatever you do, and I'll perform my part well, so long as it is not striking the fatal blow. Don't think now, Doc., that I want to back out a bit, or ——"

"Oh! that's all right," said Lowry, nervously; "I'm betting on the boy I educated, and that's sufficient."

"Then," resumed Howard, "we three fully understand each other; *and we'll stick to each other until death!*"

"I'm even agreed to that," replied Lowry; "but, Doc., I very much prefer that you would not touch upon so grave a topic. It would shake my constitution a little, I think, if I should discover a gang of vigilantes after me with a rope—which reminds

me, by the way, of my old friend, Tom Walker: They had him up in Denver for stealing a mule, but could'nt quite prove it on him. But the vigies thought more of Tom's room than they did of his company; so they put the jolly culprit on the hurricane deck of an old windlass horse, and told him he might have fifteen minutes to get out of town. Tom took in the whole situation at a glance; then, borrowing a chew of tobacco from the man who held the hemp, he said: 'Gentlemen, I'm much obliged to you for this exhibition of Christian consideration; but, if this aged animile don't balk, I only want five;' and away he went as if a tilt-hammer had given him a kick—but what were you going to remark, Doc.?"

"I was going on to say, Chris., that Page had better be kept in the dark, at least, for the present. While he is too big a coward to blow on us, he might let it out in some way, and then the whole thing would be up."

"That's precisely what I was going to suggest," said Romaine.

"Far's that's concerned," added Lowry, "it may become necessary to send him along with Magruder. I hope not, however. His life isn't worth a pint of cider, to be sure; and I'd as soon drown him as I would a cat, if we didn't need him. You see, Doc., he knows every trail in the country; and if a snow storm should come on, we'd never get out in the world without old Page. The best way is to let him know nothing of our affairs, whatever, until the night of action, and then we can deal with him according to circumstances. I don't believe he ever killed a man in his life; but I'll bet you Bill Page dies with his boots on, nevertheless."

It was further agreed that they should all ac-

company Magruder, Allen, Phillips and the two Booneville boys as far as Bannock City, at which place they would have another consultation. It was arranged that Lowry and Romaine should affect a hesitancy about returning to Lewiston, which opposition they knew would be overcome by Magruder. And so it was; for, on being informed by Howard that they had made up their minds to go into the diggings, Magruder sent for Lowry and Romaine, and promised to give them, and also Howard, two hundred dollars each—and, finally, as he thought, persuaded them to accompany him to Lewiston.

In due time the party reached Bannock City, and went into camp with the agreement that they should remain there three days. Just as they arrived a large party was leaving for Lewiston, to a member of which Magruder entrusted a letter to his wife, in which he wrote that he had sold out his entire stock of goods with perfect success, and would leave Bannock City with a strong crowd in *twelve days*. "There," he soliloquized, "my wife will tell that all over town; and if there are any road agents watching my movements, I'll throw them off their guard and arrive at Lewiston before they start out."

A few hours after his arrival at Bannock City, Howard met Bob Zachary and his three friends, who had remained in that place ever since their arrival; as soon as they met, Zachary, who knew that there must be some questionable scheme on hand, accosted Howard with—

"Well, Doc., what's up, eh? Magruder well fixed? all hands loaded with dust, or would like to be—or *mean* to be? say! can't fool one of the old boys, you know, Doc. How many of you are there?".

"Nine in all," replied Howard.

"Nine! who are they?"

"There's Magruder, old Bill Phillips, Charlie Allen, Chris. and Jim, and Page, and myself, and there's a couple of Missouri boys along—I don't know much about them—they've got two or three thousand dollars in dust, apiece, I believe."

"How much did Magruder realize up there?"

"Oh, he did mighty well. He's got about $25,000 in dust and coin, and as fine a band of mules as you ever laid your eyes on."

"How's old man Phillips fixed?"

"Well, I reckon he's got three or four thousand dollars."

"And Charlie Allen?"

"Charlie's bu'sted—hasn't got an ounce in the world; some of the boys overhauled him at his own camp, a few months ago, and completely cleaned him out."

"Show!"

"Sure."

"Who were the party?"

"Charlie Ames and his boys; they've been doing a smashing business all through here, and are now at Washoe."

"Well, Doc., I won't beat around the bush any longer—what are you going to do with the party you've got in tow?"

"To be brief, Bob, we propose to relieve Magruder of all he's got, get off at the river, make for Portland, and take the first steamer for San Francisco. We are going to meet to-morrow night to make final arrangements, and you are invited. I'll tell Romaine and Lowry that I've met you, and that you are in."

"I'll be on hand promptly."

All of the necessary preparations had been made on the night of the 13th of October for an early start for Lewiston the following morning. And while Magruder, Allen, Phillips and the two Missourians were asleep, and Page was off with his stock, and Howard and Romaine were on guard, the latter were joined by Bob Zachary and Chris. Lowry. The fire was stirred up, as it was a bitter cold night, and the shivering desperadoes got close to each other and discussed their plan of action.

"To commence with," said Howard, "and to be brief, and to the point, we've got to kill Magruder, Allen, Phillips, and the two Booneville boys; I have been scheming in my own mind, unceasingly, and, tragic as it may seem, I can arrive at no other plan."

"I have no objection to that, if it is acceptable to the others," said Lowry; "I have no more scruples about killing a man than I would have in slaughtering a calf—that is, if, in carrying out a plan, killing is necessary. I just want to say one word, right here: Lloyd Magruder will never get to Lewiston with his money; now, we may as well have it as meaner men than ourselves; besides, the world must support us—don't forget that. And I want to say one word more: I'm going to have a few ounces of that dust if I stretch for it; you other boys may do as you please."

"That's the way to talk, Chris.; you're a thoroughbred," cried Howard; "and what do you say, Jim?" he added, addressing Romaine.

"It's a mighty bloody job, it seems to me," he replied, "but I'm going to be governed by you and Chris."

"And you, Bob?" interrogated Howard.

"I shall not join you," responded Zachary.

"But you won't—"

"Stand in the way, is what you were going to say?"

"Yes, you—"

"Doc. Howard, there's honor among thieves. I shall never divulge the secrets of this meeting."

"But, why won't you join us?" asked Romaine, trembling from head to foot at the bare recital of Howard's murderous plan.

"Yes; why won't you join us?" followed Lowry; "or, maybe, you can offer some other proposition?"

"That's so; we are open to propositions," interposed Howard; "so far as I am concerned, I am in favor of the best plan that can be suggested; whatever recognition you extend me as leader, let me assure you that I am neither vain nor set in my notions."

"Oh, you disgust me," said Lowry; "there's only one way in the world to get Magruder's money, and that is to kill him and all the others. I am convinced that Doc.'s plan is the surest and safest—besides, dead men tell no tales."

"Chris. Lowry, did it ever occur to you what kind of an angel you would make?" interrogated Zachary, laughingly. "I should just like to see you when the old gentleman with the pitchfork gets after you."

"Now, do you know, Bob, it's my impression, candidly expressed, that you will not be far away on that melancholy occasion; don't you give yourself any uneasiness on that score, my boy."

"Well, I won't be put into the wholesale murderer's corner, at any rate; however, we won't quarrel. I do not approve of your plan, so I will go to my quarters, and shut my eyes at all you do."

Saying which, Zachary disappeared. And how

well Romaine would have liked to have followed Zachary was told by his longing look and lukewarm heart; but he had inextricably linked himself with Howard and Lowry. He had been their associate in lesser crimes, and it was too late now to withdraw from their companionship. "This is the first and last time I will stain my hands with a good man's blood," he thought. Indeed, Magruder had been so generous and so true to Romaine that he would have gone to him at once and divulged the whole thing had he not feared instant death in consequence. Hardly had the sounds of Zachary's footfalls died away when Howard proceeded to elaborate his plan of murder, which was to kill Magruder, Allen, Phillips, and the two Missourians, on the eighth night from Bannock City, in the Bitter Root Mountains, 190 miles from any settlement. Regarding Page, Howard said he would take care of him upon the night of the murder, up to which time he would keep the old trapper in entire ignorance of the affair.

On the eighth day from Bannock City, along in the middle of the afternoon, Page rode up to Howard, and pointed out a spot in the distance, saying:

"There's one of the best camps on the road; it's up on the top of the mountain, nearly; but there is any quantity of wood, and the water is better than it is in the cañon."

"It is just the place of all others that I want to stop at to-night," replied Howard, dramatically; "and when you go into camp I want you to proceed with your train to a distance of at least a quarter of a mile from the spring. Bill Page," he said, in a cold, low tone, which nearly froze the thin blood of the listener, "we are going to kill Magruder and the other four men to-night."

"And—"

"Be quiet, you coward!"

"But—"

"Hold your tongue!"

"Yes—"

"If you dare to utter another word until I give you permission, you miserable reptile, I'll brain you on the spot. Now, listen: you are to stay with the stock; and you are to have nothing to do with the killing of any one; neither are you to be harmed yourself; you may rest contentedly upon that score; for, really, old man, we could not get along without you; so, you see, you are safe from the force of circumstances."

"But when—"

"Shut up! When I call you, all you will have to do is to take your share of the dust and help us throw the dead men down the mountain."

Page stood like one petrified, and was as silent as the grave.

"What do you say?" continued Howard, his cold gray eye piercing the shriveled face of the poor trapper with stiletto-like keeness and cruelty.

"I have nothing to say," he gasped, in powerless amazement.

"That's all I ask of you—say nothing and do nothing."

Bill Page had lived west of the Rocky Mountains for twenty years, and had never before participated in a robbery, even. The bare thought of the proposed murder terrified him; he would have gone to Magruder and informed him of the dreadful plot against his life, but there were many obstacles in the way. In the first place, Magruder would not believe him, he thought, especially as Howard had made himself such a favorite with all; in the next

place, he knew nothing of the plot, and could extend no information of an intelligible character; besides, Howard had dismissed him by telling him not to be seen again that day except at supper.

Camp was made a little before dark, a stiff snow-storm having set in thirty or forty minutes previously. At 9 o'clock all had retired except Magruder and Lowry, who were on guard from 6 to 12 o'clock, and were sitting at a fire some two hundred feet up the mountain from the main camp, which was pitched within a few hundred feet of the backbone or ridge of one of the Bitter Root Mountains, and under cover of a patch of red-tree and juniper. The two Missouri boys were sleeping together, about sixty yards from the main camp; Page was with his stock; Romaine occupied blankets with Phillips; Howard was ten yards in the rear, and Allen slept in a tent a few yards in front.

It was agreed that the murder should take place at 10 o'clock. At that hour Lowry took up the axe and went into the bushes for some wood. Here he met Howard by agreement, who had ventured as near as possible for the purpose of assisting Lowry in case of failure. At the fatal moment Magruder was sitting at the fire, smoking his pipe, and holding a double-barreled shot-gun in his hands, the caps on which had been previously removed by Howard. Page was sitting up in his corral, almost stark mad, watching every movement. Presently Lowry arrived with an armful of wood, and Magruder commenced to stir the fire. While in a stooping posture his hat fell off, and quick as a flash Lowry struch the fatal blow. Page had got up, in his excitement, and was a witness of the whole scene. Howard darted from his place of concealment like

a doe; and, taking the axe from Lowry, gave the already dead Magruder an additional blow. Then the two murderers proceeded rapidly to where the Missourians were sleeping, and despatched them with a blow each, with the axe, which crushed in their skulls. At the same time Romaine chopped open the head of his bedfellow, Phillips, with a small hatchet, killing him instantly. One of the Booneville boys, at this juncture, gave a loud groan, which awoke Allen, but before the latter could reach his revolver Howard seized a shot-gun and, taking quick but deliberate aim at him, blew his brains out.

Page gazed at the tragedy from beginning to end, and dropped down against his saddle, almost insane with terror and excitement. In a moment or two Howard came down the trail, and shouted:

"Come on, Page, come on—hurry up, and help us!"

Page immediately recovered himself, and at once proceeded to the scene of the assassination. His companions had already commenced to remove all evidences of the murder; and his very bones were made to chatter and his flesh to crawl, as Lowry turned to him and said:

"It's a grand success, Bill—we never made a miss hit!"

The balance of the night was consumed in the attempt of the murderers to cover up their awful crime. Page and Lowry took charge of the body of Magruder, which they tied up in his blankets. Then they took it up to the very top of the ridge, and threw it over a precipice of seven or eight hundred feet. The bodies of the two brothers were wrapped up in their blankets, and also taken up to the top of the ridge and thrown down the other side;

and Allen and Phillips were tied up in the tent of the former and disposed of in the same way. All of the animals except eight horses, including the sixty mules, were taken into a cañon off the road and killed. A large fire was made, and everything was burned, including the entire camp equipage, saddles, strapping, blankets, guns and pistols. After everything had been burned, all of the scraps of iron from the saddles and harness, such as straps, rings, bits, etc., and all of the gun and pistol locks and barrels, were carefully picked up, placed in a bag, and thrown over the precipitous side of the mountain. Morning came, and not a vestige of the murder was to be seen. This would have been the case at any rate, as there were two feet of snow on the ground.

After breakfast the murderers made an equal division of all the dust and money found, giving Page a quarter, and at once resumed their journey. It was agreed that they should proceed with as much haste as possible to Elk City, and when within forty miles of Lewiston to cross the river and go to Puget Sound. The river at all points, however, and especially at the proposed place of crossing, had been swollen to a turbulent height on account of late rains and snows in the mountains, and every attempt to find a safe ford proved fruitless. When within thirty miles of Lewiston, with only one day's rations left, and the river still rising, a meeting was held, in which it was concluded to proceed to that town the next night, steal a boat, and go down the river.

The next night, about 10 o'clock, the four men rode to the outskirts of Lewiston, and Lowry and Romaine went in search of a skiff, while Howard and Page remained with the horses. Hardly had

they arrived when the wind commenced to blow a perfect tornado; the river became fearfully rough and stormy, and all attempts at navigation had to be abandoned. After the return of Romaine and Lowry, the party at once resolved to go into town, put up their animals, leave all their traps in charge of an acquaintance, and take the stage for Walla Walla, which left that night at 12 o'clock, Lowry being selected to purchase the tickets, and requested to disguise himself as much as possible. As the night wore on the storm increased in its violent fury, the rain fell in torrents, and rude blasts of wind howled bitterly through the adjacent cottonwoods.

It was half-past 11, and Hill Beechey had not yet retired. It had been his custom to retire at 9 o'clock for years, this night having been the only exception since his residence at Lewiston. His clerk was preparing the way-bill, when three loud knocks fell melo-dramatically upon the front door.

"Come in at the end door!" shouted Beechey, fairly arousing Judge Berry, who was sleeping soundly in a chair in front of the hearth. A tall, well-built man obeyed the summons, and went directly to the clerk's desk.

"When does the stage go to Walla Walla?" he inquired, in a low tone.

Mr. Hardin, the clerk, replied, "In half an hour."

"Give me four tickets!" demanded the stranger, in a loud tone of voice.

"What names?" inquired Hardin, as he opened the way-bill.

"Jar-ohn Smith!" replied the stranger, with slight hesitation; and then, quickly, "John Smith."

"The other gentlemen, sir; what are their names?"

"Bill Smith, my brother," he said, in sharper and

rougher tones than before; "and Harry Jones and his brother Tom—how much is it?"

"Four of you?—sixty dollars, sir."

The stranger flung three twenty-dollar gold pieces down upon the counter, and said: "We'll get in at the Post-office." And Lowry took his departure without saying another word.

"I'll bet a hundred dollars the stage will be robbed before it gets ten miles from town," remarked the clerk.

"If you'll lend me a hundred I'll bet the same way," laughingly responded Judge Berry. "But," he continued, addressing himself to Beechey, "did you ever see the fellow before? He was so completely disguised, with his hat over his eyes, and his scarf around his face, that I could not distinguish a feature. I noticed one thing, though, that he acted like somebody who knew the place—he is no stranger in Lewiston."

Beechey was lost in thought. The absence of his friend Magruder—and his dream—flashed through his mind. Then he remembered that Mrs. Magruder had received a letter the day before, stating that her husband would not leave Bannock City for *twelve days*. "But," he muttered, through his teeth: "A robbery at least—there are too many members of the Smith and Jones families."

"There's something wrong, sure, Mr. Beechey," said the clerk. "what had we better do?"

Hill Beechey sprung to his feet, and, addressing himself to Hardin, exclaimed: "You go up to the Express office, and tell Tom not to send any treasure to-night. Let that man in the next room sleep; he's got a good deal of dust, and it will be safer for him to lay over. The Judge and I will go up to the Post-office."

Beechey and Berry arrived just in time to see the man who purchased the tickets and his three companions get into the coach. All four were disguised alike, each having a scarf around his face, and a hat slouched down over the eyes. But the quick vision of Beechey detected the features of both Howard and Romaine, and he whispered to Judge Berry, as the stage started:

"*Lloyd Magruder has been murdered!*"

"What makes you think so?" asked the Judge; "did you recognize any of them?"

"Two of them, my friend, as sure as there is a God in heaven—Doc. Howard and Jim Romaine! And they've done away with Magruder! The man who bought the tickets was Chris. Lowry! Why, the whole thing is as plain as day; my God! Mark me, Judge Berry, we'll never see Lloyd Magruder again—those boys have murdered him!"

"Is it possible that you believe it?"

"Believe it! I am sure of it. Didn't you notice that they all had heavy canteens and money belts? But there is no time to lose; I will furnish stock, and you and the Sheriff and I will start off before daylight and intercept them."

"Why, Beechey, you are crazy!" exclaimed Judge Berry; "what would you do?"

"Arrest them on suspicion of having murdered my friend Magruder!" ejaculated the noble Beechey, with flashing eyes.

"Why, Hill, the whole town would laugh at us. Beside, there is no cause for alarm in that quarter. I met Mrs. Magruder last evening, and she told me that she did not expect her husband for *ten or twelve days* at least. Let things remain for the present; you manifest an undue haste in this matter, which is not commendable, and your wife and friends will tell you so."

Mr. Beechey followed the counsel of his friend, and the two walked back to the tavern, Mrs. Beechey at once being made a partner with him in her husband's suspicions, upon his recital of the scenes just described. The next day Lewiston was alive with the adventure of the previous night. In the course of the evening it became known about town that Howard and Romaine were of the party, and that Beechy had remarked that they had murdered Lloyd Magruder, producing much feeling against him by a majority of the residents.

Several days elapsed, and a party of ten men arrived from Bannock City. A great crowd gathered around them as they dismounted in front of the tavern. Hill Beechey was the first to speak.

"Where is Magruder?" he inquired.

"Why, hasn't he come in?" asked one of the traders.

"No!" cried a dozen men, at once.

"Then he must have changed his mind and gone to Salt Lake. He left Bannock City three or four days before we did, in company with Charlie Allen, Bill Phillips, Doc. Howard, Chris. Lowry, Jim Romaine, and Bill Page; and there were a couple of young fellows, who had saved a little dust, also, along—there were nine of them in all."

Beechey stood as one petrified. At last he said, in loud, measured accents, addressing himself to the whole crowd:

"*Gentlemen, Lloyd Magruder has been murdered, and I know the murderers?*"

This remark was received by a majority of the people present with manifestations of disapprobation, as half of the idlers who had assembled at the tavern were men of the same character as Howard and his companions in crime. But most of the citi-

zens of Lewiston, even, had expressed an opinion that Beechey had not only been rather precipitate in his convictions, but indiscreet in giving them frequent utterance.

"Are you sure these men started from Bannock City on the day you say?" asked one of the roughs of the new-comers.

"Why, certainly; we all saw them off."

"Well, how is it that Magruder wrote to his wife that he wouldn't leave for *twelve days*, then? That don't hitch, does it?"

"That's as plain as the nose on your face," said another, dismounting. "He had nearly thirty thousand dollars in his possession, and he wanted to throw the road agents off the track; he left Bannock City the *third day* after writing that letter."

During this colloquy, Mr. Beechey had returned in-doors. The first man he met was Tom Pike.

"Tom!" he shouted, "I'm off to-night for Portland, and I want you to go with me. I'll pay all your expenses, and give you five hundred dollars, beside. We are agreed, you know, as to the fate of our friend; now, for the men who killed him."

"But how about requisitions?"

"I'll have the requisitions all right. I attended to that the day after Howard and his party left, I was so sure they had made away with my friend. What do you say, now?"

"I say I am with you."

"I'm off in an hour, Tom—will you be ready?"

"Yes," replied Pike.

In less than an hour the two men were on their way to Walla Walla, at which point they took a fresh team for Wallula. Here they took the regular boat for Portland, and arrived in that city during the second week in November. Beechey sent

Pike to Victoria, and engaged a detective, who quickly rallied the information that the four men had started for San Francisco the day before, minus some six thousand dollars deposited in the Portland faro banks. As nine days must elapse before another boat left Portland for San Francisco, Mr. Beechey took the stage and arrived at Yreka, at that time the most northern telegraph station in California, in three days. From this point he telegraphed to Captain Lees, the Chief of Police of San Francisco, to arrest the four men whom he was pursuing, sending Lees personal descriptions of three of them; in four days thereafter, Mr. Beechey arrived in San Francisco, and proceeded at once to the office of the Chief of Police, and announced himself as Hill Beechey.

"Your friends are in jail, heavily jeweled;" exclaimed Chief of Police Lees, who at once accompanied Beechey to their place of incarceration.

The prisoners, as might have been expected, were thunderstruck when Hill appeared at the cell, in which they were huddled together, in irons. He shook hands with all of them, during which Page scratched his palm.

"That's a point," he thought, "and I will tell them at once what I had them arrested for." Then, addressing the prisoners, he said, familiarly, but seriously:

"Boys, I have had you arrested upon a charge of murder—the murder of Lloyd Magruder!"

Page turned ashen pale; and seizing Beechey's hand, frantically, he again scratched its palm. Romaine was struck dumb with amazement, and trembled like a leaf. Lowry laughed, and muttered a string of oaths, while Howard looked Beechey right straight in the eye, and said:

"Hill, you *have* put your foot in it, this time; and mind you, my friend, when I get out of this, I'll make you suffer."

"Doc. Howard," replied Beechey, in a distinct, unwavering tone of voice, "you'll *never* get out of this scrape—but you and all the rest of you shall have a fair trial."

The murderers, it seems, after their arrival in San Francisco, took $17,000 worth of dust to the Mint, reserving a thousand dollars' worth each, for the purchase of clothes, and for purposes of gambling, etc.; and, having been arrested on the third day after landing, but little of their ill-gotten money had been squandered.

In the meantime, the people of Lewiston had gone almost wild with excitement; there had been no signs of Magruder, dead or alive; and parties had been and were continually arriving who agreed in their statements that Magruder, Allen, Howard, Romaine and the others had left Bannock City together. Beside, letters had been received from Beechey, from Portland, stating that the four men who created the sensation in the town a few weeks before, were Howard, Romaine, Lowry and probably Bill Page, the guide. Letters were subsequently received from Mr. Beechey, from San Francisco, giving a detailed account of all the circumstances of the arrest—how he nearly lost his prisoners through the technicalities of the law—how, at last, he obtained permission of the authorities to take them to Lewiston, although he at the time had no proof against them regarding the crime for which he had caused their arrest. He again, on his return trip, wrote to Judge Berry, from Portland, and among other things, said that, from statements made to him by Page, not only had Magruder been

murdered, but also Charlie Allen, Bill Phillips, and at least two others.

On the 7th of December Beechey arrived at Lewiston with the prisoners, under a strong guard furnished by General Wright. He was met at the river by more than a thousand of the best people of the place, with four ropes and other implements of execution, who demanded the immediate surrender of the prisoners.

"I shall only surrender them with my own life!" declared the noble and courageous Beechey. "I have promised Governor Stanford, of California, Capt. Lees, the Chief of Police of San Francisco, and the friends of these boys, that they shall have a fair and impartial trial." These words were full of manhood, and produced the desired effect.

The prisoners were kept at Beechey's tavern before, during, and after their trial, four of the citizens of Lewiston taking turns in performing guard-duty six hours out of each twenty-four.

As the day set for the trial approached the most intense excitement prevailed at Lewiston and elsewhere. Page, the trapper, had confessed the circumstances of the murder in detail, and had been accepted as a witness against his associates. The trial was conducted before Judge Park, and lasted several days, during which Page recited the tale of the murder in all of its startling and revolting minuteness. The jury, without leaving its seat, rendered a verdict of guilty, and Howard, Lowry and Romaine were sentenced to be hung on the 4th of March, 1864, which sentence was legally carried into effect.

While upon the scaffold, Howard said that the real murderer or murderers of Magruder would some day turn up, and that his (Howard's) blood

must rest on Beechey's head. He betrayed much emotion when the rope was put around his neck, and had to be held in a standing position. Romaine wept bitterly, and confessed the crime in detail, except that he changed places with Page. "I hope God may forgive us all," he said, and added: "I die with no feeling against Beechey—had I have been in his place, I would have done the same." Lowry, who had betrayed no symptoms of fear or penitence, in response to the question, "Have you anything to say?" replied: "Boys, the Bible says 'cursed be the man that is hung from the branch of a tree;' I've managed to dodge that point, haven't I?" And, again, when all was ready, he shouted: "Launch your boat, now, boys—it's nothing but an old scow, at any rate." The trapper, Page, who turned State's evidence, and who dug the graves for his associates, was shot dead in a quarrel some seventeen months afterward, and was buried by their side.

This tragedy has no exact parallel. Hill Beechey, through whose indomitable courage and energy the murderers of Lloyd Magruder and his four companions were brought to justice, died in 1874, at Elko, Nevada, on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad. He was one of the noblest-minded and best-hearted men on the Pacific Coast; and he was for many years proprietor of stage lines in California, Idaho and Nevada, and in 1872 managed the Lick House in San Francisco for its owner. In a short time after the execution of the murderers of Magruder Mr. Beechey got an order from the late Chief Justice Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, upon the Superintendent of the San Francisco Mint for the $17,000 left at that establishment by Howard and his companions, which he received and turned over

to Mrs. Magruder, who for a long time afterward was a resident of Oakland. Mr. Beechey, himself, was subsequently remunerated by the Legislature of Idaho in the sum of $8,000—money spent out of his own pocket—for his services in bringing to justice the chief actors in "THE TRAGEDY OF BITTER ROOT MOUNTAIN."

DIVORCED ON THE DESERT.

Andrew Jackson Hathaway, in 1849, was a well-to-do young farmer of Iowa, with a wife precisely such as a thriving young farmer should possess; a bright boy of twelve and a sweet-tempered daughter of between ten and eleven years of age constituted the two domestic idols of the Hathaway altar. Their names were, respectively, William Henry Harrison Hathaway and Janet Dalrymple Hathaway. The father of the elder Hathaway had served as a lieutenant under Jackson at New Orleans, and belonged to a prime family of Davidson County, Tennessee, which had formerly lived in Virginia, and had good revolutionary blood in its veins. Andrew Jackson Hathaway's father's helpmeet came from a representative Rhode Island family, and, according to the archives of Providence Plantations, a family renowned for its deeds of valor during the "times that tried men's souls." This little bit of pedigree has nothing much to do with the sketch that follows, although pedigree sometimes helps a man as it almost always does a horse. And, again, it is as well to show that our Hathaway family had a pedigree that any American might be proud of; for Mrs. Hathaway, too, came from good revolutionary stock, with an even divide of Massachusetts and South Carolina in the make-up. Her name was Vashti, she having been christened after an old maiden

aunt of Fall River, Massachusetts. Andrew and Vashti grew up on neighboring farms in Ohio, where both William Henry and Janet Dalrymple were born. It may not be uninteresting right here to state that the young love that existed between Andrew and Vashti was not entirely uninterrupted—on account of the youth of the parties, however; nothing else — and, whether they cared or not whether the "Man in the Moon was Looking," they each kept an eye upon the nocturnal movements of "the old Stormer" (as Andrew felicitously nicknamed his sweetheart's suspecting sire), as night after night they exchanged sentiment, and something else, over the front yard gate.

It was upon one of these delightful occasions that Andrew and Vashti had plighted their troth, as had Lucy and Lord Rutherford almost two centuries before, by breaking a silver coin between them, and had mutually invoked malediction on whichever of the two should be false to the compact.

The reader will perceive now why the Hathaways named their daughter Janet Dalrymple. And it may not be out of place—indeed, it isn't—to state that, of all Scott's heroines, the "Bride of Lammermoor" is perhaps the most widely known. Her sad story, you know, is, in the main, true. The maiden's name was not Lucy, as Sir Walter has it, but Janet—Janet Dalrymple—who was a daughter of Lord Stair. She and Lord Rutherford had plighted their troth, had broken a silver coin between them, and had invoked malediction on whichever of the two should be false to the compact. The parents of Lady Janet vehemently insisted on her marrying Dunbar of Baldoon. The mother acted in the most cruel manner in forcing her daughter to this match. Janet, broken-hearted and helpless,

managed to perfect an interview with her lover, and sobbed out a text from Numbers xxx, 2–5, as an excuse for her obedience to her imperious and unrelenting parents' commands. The lovers parted in sorrow—Rutherford in great anger, and Janet overwhelmed with grief. The former had not in him the spirit of Young Lochinvar, nor the latter the wit to run away with him. The poor thing was, in fact, badly frightened. She was carried to church to be wed in a semi-crazed and more than half dead state. At night a hurricane of shrieks came from her bridal chamber, where the bridegroom was found on the floor, profusely bleeding from a stab; and the bride sat near, in her night clothes, bidding those who had rushed to the scene, "Take up your bonny bridegroom!" Janet died in three weeks, insane. Dunbar of Baldoon recovered, but never opened his lips on the causes which led to the tragedy. Lord Rutherford, the lover, died childless in 1685. It was a queer fancy of the Hathaways; this naming of Janet. Calling the boy after Harrison was entirely proper, and extremely American. It is as well to state, to keep up the connection, that Andrew and Vashti were married at the home of the latter in Ohio, in 1835; Andrew's father and mother both died in 1840, and Andrew inherited the Hathaway farm. In 1846 he and his family moved to Iowa, and here Hathaway farmed it until the winter of 1849-50.

It was a bitter cold day in December, 1849. The snow was piled six feet deep, on a level, and the mercury marked 24° below zero. That day Deacon Hathaway—for Andrew had joined the village church and had been made a pillar thereof—had two logging chains snapped into pieces by the intense cold; and the realization of some other mishaps

made him red hot, although the atmosphere was unmistakably Siberian. Deacon as he was, Hathaway expectorated a multiplicity of Flanders oaths that day, and his arrival home was marked by no distinguishing exhibitions of serenity. Indeed, so exercised was Hathaway, that, while in the act of pulling off his boots, he got enraged and kicked one of them clean through the window. This little episode elicited a broad grin from William Henry, and the remark that he thought that Jackson—a white mule, not the head of the family—had kicked over the corn crib; Janet glanced sympathetically at her mother—who had burst into tears simultaneously with the flight of the boot aforesaid—and then joined that good woman in her demonstration of grief. Andrew took in the domestic tableau at once; and, dispatching William Henry for the boot, patted Vashti upon the forehead, and said:

"I'm not mad at you, my dear, so don't cry."

"I know you're not mad at me, Andrew," responded Mrs. Hathaway, "but you lose control of yourself so much, lately, that you make things very unpleasant at times. You ought to be ashamed of yourself—I say this very feelingly, Andrew, for I love you, oh, so very, very much—but here are Billy and Janny growing up so fast; and, my dear, you ought to at least set them no bad examples. Only a week ago you came home in another just such a fit, and ripped off both your back suspender buttons in your anger."

"But, Vashti——"

"Oh, you always have some excuse. I know things don't go always as you would like to have them; but there's no use in your getting mad—and especially before the children. It nearly breaks Janny's heart to see you in a passion, and Billy, as

you must have noticed, has already commenced to make fun of you. Another thing, now that we are on the subject, let me tell you, Andrew, that you are not only violent, and very violent, too, in your temper, at times, but you are very obstinately set in your ways. You never consult me, either, in any of your movements, and when you make up your mind to do a thing, nothing except disappointment or disaster can change you. Don't you think it would be better, first, to make me acquainted with your projects, or some of them, and let me put my little stock of wisdom and womanly plans together with your hopes and undertakings? Two heads, you know, Andrew, are said to be better than one, and it strikes me that husband and wife should be full partners; and it would be so pleasant, too. I want to share with you, as you ought to know, in all your pleasures and griefs, in all your prosperities and adversities. I want to be a part of you in all things, and at all times and places. I know you love me, and I know we get along *pretty* well, generally. And, were it not for your quick temper and obstinacy, we would be the happiest couple in the world. Now, I say this from the most loving standpoint, Andrew, and I say it for your own good, and for the happiness and future prosperity of you, my dear husband, myself, and our dear, loving children."

During this speech Mrs. Hathaway and Janet had prepared the evening meal; William had plugged up the hole in the window with some cast-off garment, and the family sat down to supper.

The silence which followed Mrs. Hathaway's speech was broken by Janet, who inquired:

"Papa, mamma says we are going to start for California in the spring. Is that really so?"

"That is really so," responded Mr. Hathaway.

"Yes, dear girl, we start for California in the spring," interrupted Mrs. Hathaway. "Your father apprized me of his intention a few days ago, and that settles it. Neither of us know anything about that far-off country, although the St. Louis papers are full of glowing descriptions of the beautiful land of flowers and gold. Lots of Iowa folks are going through in the spring, and I don't mind breaking up and going west once more."

"They tell me that you can pick up gold in the rivers and on the roads out there in California," said William. "I don't believe that, but I do believe it's a better place than Iowa; it is too cold here; I don't like the winters here at all."

"You are right, William," remarked Mr. Hathaway, "The winters in California are as mild as they are in Florida, so Fremont says, and that is one reason why I want to go there. It is an old saying that a rolling stone gathers no moss, I know, and it may be a true one; but I have rolled so long, and so often, that I am going to try it once more. From the little I can glean from the newspapers, and from other sources of information, I am of the opinion that it is just the country for us to go to."

Spring came, and May found the Hathaways, with two good teams and wagons, half a dozen steers, two or three cows, two saddle horses, and a good stock of provisions, on their way to California.

The little party had good luck, losing none of their stock except the cows, and meeting neither hostile Indians nor thieving white men.

From the moment the party crossed the Missouri river, however, Hathaway's mode of action was never interfered with with any degree of success. He consulted neither Mrs. Hathaway nor any other

living person. He made and broke camps when and wherever he pleased; watered his stock whenever he saw fit, and sought advice of no one or no thing except a map and a dial.

Upon leaving Salt Lake Mrs. Hathaway hazarded a suggestion touching a choice of roads, and William Henry rallied to the support of his mother; Janet, however, stood by her father, and the mother and son yielded. But Mrs. Hathaway said:

"As we are evenly divided in our opinion as to which is the best road, Andrew, I will yield, as I always do; but I would like to ask you one question: Suppose *I* had *not* yielded my preference, and suppose Billy and Janny had preferred *my* road, what would *you* have done under the circumstances?"

"What would *I* have done? Why, my good woman, I would have gone right on just as I am—just as if no one were here but myself. I am at the *head* of this expedition, and it *must* go my way. I don't propose to take advice from an old woman and a couple of children in this section of the wilderness—not as the roads are. I don't consider your judgment good in the premises, however much you may consult authorities. I have got a map and a general description of the country through which we are traveling, and I am going to stick to that compass if I never reach California."

"Why, Andrew!"

"No, there's no why, Andrew! about it. It is common sense decision and there can't be any appeal. I'll say this, though: whenever in *your* wisdom, you deem my course of pilgrimage uncertain or unsatisfactory, you can go some other way or take the back track altogether; and you may take the whole outfit with you, except the poorest

saddle horse you can pick out. Now, I want you to remember, once for all, Vashti, that I am infernally tired of your fault-finding and suggestions. I am determined to have my own way. Whenever you want to go contrary to *my* way, let us separate."

"Why, Andrew Hathaway, what a speech!" ejaculated the wife. "Why, the children themselves are amazed at you." And all sobbed bitterly except that obstinate man, Andrew Jackson Hathaway.

It was several days before perfect harmony again prevailed in the Hathaway camp, which, however, when it did set in, lasted until the party arrived at a point on the Humboldt desert, where the Lassen trail intersects that of the Carson.

At this point there had congregated some forty odd persons, all of whom but Hathaway had concluded to take the Lassen trail. Mrs. Hathaway was aware that her husband's map pointed out the Carson road as the one to be followed. She, however, preferred the Lassen trail for the reason that a good crowd was going that way; and, further, because both William and Janet had besought her to prevail upon their father to change his mind. Thus fortified, Mrs. Hathaway approached her husband, who was seated upon a pile of blankets, repairing a bridle.

It was a lovely morning in September, and all things in nature seemed to smile. The imperial orb rode up the eastern sky and flung its splendors upon the majestic Sierra, which rose like battlements before it. There was inspiration in the scene and sublimity in the solitude of that vast landscape untouched by hand of art.

Mrs. Hathaway opened the conversation by saying, in dulcet tones:

"Andrew, I was just thinking, as I gazed upon

those magnificent elevations before us, of the greatness of God. I have been in the most perfect state of enchantment for an hour, not only in surveying the mountains before us and the desert behind us, but meditating upon the conspicuous creations of our Heavenly Father. I never felt my littleness so much before; and, in the contemplation of the mysteries which transcend the scope of earthly penetration, I recall an anecdote of your father's, the effect of which has for many years been engraved upon the tablets of my heart—I mean the one he used to tell of old John Randolph of Virginia. Randolph was walking, one evening, accompanied by a favorite boy, you remember. All at once, arrested by a magnificent sunset in that incomparable section of Virginia known as the Shenandoah Valley, he violently seized the nigger and said: 'Sam, if any man ever tells you there is no God, tell him that John Randolph *says he lies!*' The same sentiment seems to take possession of me as I gaze upon the Sierra Nevada Mountains. By the by, Andrew, there is a man in the party here who has made the trip over the Sierra several times. He calls the mountains before us the rim of the golden valley, but says there is no time to be lost in getting over them, as the snow generally commences to descend in October, and sometimes falls to a depth of twenty odd feet. I wish you would have a little chat with him after you have mended that bridle, as he is greatly opposed to the Carson road. He says it is all dust and alkali.

"He does, eh? Well, you just tell Mr. Knows-It-All that I like dust and alkali, and for that very reason, if for no other, I am going to take the Carson road. I half thought your John Randolph story and other utterances were a blind to get at

the softer part of me, but you can't do it," replied Hathaway, roughly.

"But," said Vashti, feelingly, "Billy and Janet both want to go by the Lassen trail. The whole party, in fact, start off in that direction in an hour."

"All right, let them start; that don't interfere with my plans in the least. My map directs me to go by the Carson road, and I am going that way if I go alone."

"Then you *may go alone*, Andrew Hathaway!" said Vashti, with unmistakable force and composure.

"What! you take the Lassen trail and I the Carson?"

"That is precisely the situation, unless you consent to yield for once in your life, Mr. Hathaway," rejoined Vashti.

"And William and Janet, they—?"

"Go with their mother by the Lassen trail," added Mrs. Hathaway.

"But you will become the laughing-stock of the whole party."

"You are the laughing-stock of the whole party, and I am heartily ashamed of you."

"But this is a serious turn affairs have taken, and you may regret it," said Andrew.

"It is most serious, Mr. Hathaway, and I regret that circumstances force me to act as I do," replied his wife.

"Then do as I want you to. I would rather stay right here all winter than take the Lassen trail."

"And I would remain right here all winter and the summer following before I would go one foot by the Carson road. My mind is made up; I propose to start in an hour. What do you say?"

"I say you go your way and I will go mine."

In less than an hour Mrs. Hathaway and her two children were on the Lassen road, and Andrew, astride of an old saddle horse, moved off sorrowfully in another direction.

Neither party looked back until a gap of many miles had been opened, each expecting that the other would yield. At last, Andrew turned his animal about, and, to his utter astonishment, no living object met his gaze in that vast expanse. His heart sank within him; great, scalding tears chased each other down his rugged cheeks; despair took possession of his soul, and the miserable man cried in agonizing accents:

"*Divorced on the desert! My God! what have I done?*"

Then he wheeled about and pursued his course, the very incarnation of misery. Once he turned and rode a mile or two on a canter the other way. But the mountain breezes blew the dust before him, and he at times became completely enveloped in clouds of alkali sand and other sedimentary matter. With nerves and reason almost shattered he went into camp weary and alone the first night of the separation. In the meantime, Mrs. Hathaway and her children had joined the party that had started in advance of them, and had got along as pleasantly as could have been expected under the circumstances. William firmly believed that his father would join them during the night, and when morning came and found him not, he burst into tears and wept bitterly. The mother was overwhelmed with grief, but only once did she give way to her feelings, and that was when Janet, at breakfast, said:

"I dreamed so much of my papa, last night. Oh, my poor, dear papa; I wonder where he is?"

These words went like daggers to the wife's

heart, and then she wished to God that she had taken the Carson trail. She even went so far as to consult with her son upon the feasibility of returning; but William opposed such a course as adding folly to folly.

In about a month Mrs. Hathaway and her children arrived at Sacramento in good health, and without the loss of an animal. She sold her entire outfit for several hundred dollars; which amount, added to the thousand odd that she had safely tucked away in the lining of her dress, she invested in furniture, etc., and at once set up business as a hotel keeper. By dint of industry and perseverance, coupled with flush times in and about Sacramento, Mrs. Hathaway not only made lots of money, but really amassed a fortune. Up to 1852 both William and Janet assisted her in her household duties. Then she put them both to school, where Janet remained until she graduated with honor. In 1857 William, who had clerked it with success at Marysville, went to San Francisco and engaged in the hardware business for himself, and married a Boston lady the following year. Janet, in 1858, married a rich farmer of Santa Clara County, and has lived to see children and grandchildren grow up around her. Mrs. Hathaway still lives, residing with her daughter at San Jose.

Andrew met with hard luck from the start. The third day after his separation his horse fell down and died, and he footed it into the mines of Northern California, taking out his first dust on the Feather River. Once he accumulated over $5,000, and built a saw mill, which was in a few months after destroyed by a storm. Then he again got together a few thousands of dollars, and commenced merchandising in Grass Valley, but a fire soon

swept all of his property away. Then he went down into Southern California, and from there he drifted into New Mexico. At the commencement of the late hostilities between the North and the South, Hathaway was driving a stage coach in Texas. He at once joined the Confederate army, and was severely wounded at Pea Ridge while commanding a company in a regiment under Ben McCullough. He was again wounded at Chickamauga under Longstreet, and was subsequently taken prisoner in Virginia, and sent to Columbus, Ohio. In 1866, although fifty-one years of age, he joined the Fourteenth United States Infantry as a private, and once more came to California. For twelve long years Hathaway again drifted about on the Pacific Coast, never hearing a word of his family—William having retired from business and gone to Europe a long time before—until one day in September, 1878, when he saw some mention of his wife's name in a San Jose paper.

As may be imagined, he made no delay in ascertaining the whereabouts of his long-lost beloved; and, on the 19th of September, 1878, just twenty-eight years from the day he was "divorced on the desert," his feeble steps carried him to the house that contained his wife. He rung the bell, and old Mrs. Hathaway answered the summons herself. Mutual recognition was instantaneous; and, without explanations, the aged couple hugged and kissed and blessed each other.

Then they rehearsed their histories from the time they broke camp in the Humboldt desert twenty-eight years before. Andrew told in detail the stories of his unfortunate career, and Mrs. Hathaway briefly recited her successes, not forgetting to inform her husband how she had never retired at night

without praying God to return him to her once more.

"And, now that we are reunited," said Mrs. Hathaway, with an affected air of earnestness, "I want to ask you one question."

"What is it, my darling, what is it?" cried the old man, in accents of tenderness and love.

"*How did you find the Carson road?*"

"*Miserable, Vashti, miserable — all sand and alkali!*"

Then they embraced each other again, and were again united, after having been, twenty-eight years before, "DIVORCED ON THE DESERT."

AN EPISODE OF ECHO CAÑON.

On the 8th day of December, 1866, after a trip of four days from Denver, Colorado, I arrived at Fort Bridger, Utah, in company with Mr. William G. Halsey, private secretary of Ben Holladay. Having roughed it in a stage-coach for eleven days and nights, from Fort Riley to Bridger, and having been nearly scared to death half a dozen times by demonstrative Cheyennes, who were on the war-path along the Smoky Hill Fork, I was easily induced by my comrades of "the Atlanta campaign"—Majors Anson Mills and Andy Burt of the 18th U. S. Infantry, and who were on duty at Fort Bridger at the time—to tarry a while at that charming oasis in the heart of what "Peter Parley" termed the "great American desert." Besides, the thermometer showed the mercury 30 deg. below zero; and, notwithstanding the creature comforts in the shape of a splendid buffalo-robe and a two-gallon demijohn of whisky given me by General Ihrie at Denver, I reached Bridger half frozen, and stiff as Lot's wife after her wonderful saline transformation. I was bruised, too, on account of an upset near Church Butte, twenty-three miles east of Bridger. It was the first time in my life that I had been capsized—in a stage-coach. Matt Worth was the driver, and a worthless driver was Matt. Possibly he had pulled too often at my demijohn, although I would have

scorned to have palmed off an excuse for the shrinkage of its superior contents upon him while two such "ardent Bourbons" as Halsey and myself were fellow-travelers.

At Church Butte station a stable-keeper, named Janisse, and family, joined us, having received instructions to take up quarters at the next cabin, eleven miles west. Mr. Janisse's family, besides the head thereof, consisted of his wife, two children, a male cat, a cur of the feminine gender, a coffee-mill, two guns, four bags of grain, and a can of syrup. Mr. Janisse was extremely solicitous about his can of syrup, and talked molasses continually. Mrs. Janisse was full of an old cow which had departed this life a few days previous. The juvenile Janisses whiled way their time in pugilistic encounters; and guns, coffee-mills, cats, dogs, grain-bags, and molasses danced cotillions from one part of the stage to another. Halsey and the writer of this sketch were gracefully doubled up like jackknives on the front seat, and on the whole delighted. Just as Mrs. Janisse was humming "Who will care for mother now?" and while her poorer half had his starboard eye on his vessel of sorghum, the nigh fore wheel went into a deep rut, and over went the vehicle. Great heavens, what a comical sight! Such a mixture of adults and children, cats and dogs, molasses and guns, coffee-mills and gunny-bags, etc., etc., I had never witnessed before. When I recovered my equilibrium, the first object that met my eyes was old man Janisse reaching wildly for his can of syrup, the contents of which were running into his hat. Like the humane captain who mourned the loss of an oar thrown to a drowning sailor, Janisse cried: "There goes my molasses!" absolutely forgetting Mrs. Jan-

isse, who was mashed up into one corner like the last rose of summer, and his two children, who were thrown across the middle seat screaming like a couple of Rocky Mountain antelope kids in distress. We were not long in extricating ourselves, however, and great was our joy in discovering that no biped had been seriously hurt. This joy, I regret to state, subsequently partook of a tinge of grief, occasioned by the discovery of the demise of both the canine and feline pets—the dog having been crushed beneath Mrs. Janisse and another bag, and the cat having met his sad fate by having his head jammed into the coffee-mill. "What a cat-astrophe!" ejaculated the dismal-looking Mrs. Janisse. "I felt sure that syrup would get tipped over, dog-gone it!" murmured the demoralized head of the outfit. "Are you going to stay in there all day?" shouted Matt from the outside, in accents unmistakably un-Christian. "No!" and out we lumbered; right side up went the coach, and on we went to Bridger.

Fort Bridger is about five hundred miles west of Denver, and one hundred and twenty-five miles east from Salt Lake City. It is situated in a beautiful valley on Black's Fork, a tributary of Green River, some twelve miles from the station of Carter on the Union Pacific Railroad. One mile above the fort Black's Fork divides itself into five channels, and, after passing through the valley, again unites its waters one mile below the post. One of these streams, some thirty feet in width, runs swiftly over a pebbly bed through the center of the parade ground, supplying the garrison with an abundance of delicious water free from all impurities. The portion of the valley in which the fort is situated is about three miles in width, and is clothed with luxuriant and nutritious grasses

during the summer season. Fort Bridger was established in the spring of 1858, by Albert Sidney Johnston (killed in action at Shiloh, Sunday, April 6, 1862, while in command of the Confederate army), then in command of the United States troops sent to Utah by President Buchanan. During the winter of 1857 the army occupied Camp Scott, about two miles above the fort. The following spring, however, a party of officers was detailed to select a suitable site for a post, and the present one was chosen. It was named in honor of James Bridger, a celebrated mountaineer, who had settled in the valley and established a trading-post many years before, and who was at the time a guide to the army. The object of establishing Bridger was to form a base of supplies in anticipation of a conflict with the Mormons; and the place was regarded as one of great importance.

At the time of my arrival at Fort Bridger the garrison was composed of two companies of the 18th U. S. Infantry, a regiment that participated in seventeen great battles, under Buell, Rosecrans, Grant, Thomas, and Sherman, and lost more officers and soldiers in killed and wounded than any other regiment in the service during our late civil war. Its casualties at the battle of Stone River, alone, were five officers and sixty men killed, eleven officers and two hundred and twenty men wounded, and only *two* enlisted men missing. Fort Bridger has been commanded by some of the ablest of American officers, conspicuous among whom were Albert Sidney Johnston, Charles F. Smith, Canby, and Philip St. George Cooke. The best known person ever at Bridger, though, was Judge Carter—poet, scholar, traveler and gentleman. Every man of note who crossed the continent previous to the

completion of the Union Pacific Railroad has been his guest. Horace Greeley, on two or three occasions, told him what he knew about farming; Artemus Ward has sat for hours with the Judge and cracked his inimitable jokes; Warren and Jerome Leland have chatted about things gastronomic; Fitzhugh Ludlow has toasted his shins before the Judge's hospitable fire, and presented his theory upon the action of wind and water. Colfax, Bross, Richardson, and Bowles have spent many a pleasant moment at the Carter mansion in the wilderness, listening either to the stories of the Judge, or to the rendering of delicious *morceaux* from Verdi and Flotow by his pretty daughter Ada. So, also, have Burton, the great English traveler and writer, and that "blarsted Britisher," Hepworth Dixon, and many, many others. Judge Carter has been associated with the United States army in Florida, Texas, and the Territories, as sutler or post-trader for nearly fifty years, and he is a perfect encyclopædia concerning it. He has lived at Bridger twenty odd years. He owns large tracts of lands, horses, cattle, stores, saw-mills, etc. For several years previous to the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad he sent his own trains to "the States," annually, and once paid $175,000 cash in St. Louis for a stock of goods.

The next day after my arrival at the reservation, Carter, who was both Federal Judge and Post-master, commenced a term of court, and the first prisoner brought before him was a highwayman and horse-thief named Richard Gardner, *alias* "Obelisk Dick," so-called on account of his hiding-place near what are known as the "Obelisks," at the mouth of Echo Cañon. Gardner was as fine a looking ruffian as I ever laid eyes on. He stood six feet two inches

in his stocking feet, and was large in proportion, without a pound of superfluous flesh. He had handsome short curly black hair, high intellectual forehead, a perfect nose and mouth, moustache and imperial, small ears, and large dark eyes that flashed like diamonds. He had participated in a dozen or more stage robberies, and had stolen and sold nearly a hundred valuable horses and mules during a career of thirteen years. He never, in all that time, so he declared, had pointed a loaded weapon at a person. He professed to be a Mormon, and had one white and two Indian wives, living in separate cabins near the Obelisks. He had a son nineteen years of age, who was the terror of all three of his father's wives, and who boasted that he whipped each of them once a week in order to preserve peace and humility in his father's triangular household. Jonas was the name of this remarkable disciple of Satan, which may possibly account for his *whaling* propensity. He was one of the rioters killed in the fight at Bear City in 1868.

The particular accusation against Gardner at this time was for stealing a saddle horse from the Cummings brothers, two farmers and traders residing in Bear River Valley. The Cummings brothers appeared as witnesses against Gardner, who testified that they "laid for Obelisk Dick and nabbed him with their animal in his possession." This simple testimony closed for the prosecution, and the accomplished horse-thief was asked, as he had plead "not guilty," what he had to say in defense.

"Have you counsel to conduct your case, Dick?" inquired Judge Carter.

"No, sir," responded Gardner. "I concluded that, as I was innocent, it was no use throwing away money on a lawyer."

"Have you any witnesses?"

"No; my son Jonas has disappointed me. He should have arrived in the stage this morning. If that truthful young man could have left the bedside of his mother, he would have come to my relief this morning. He, sir, could swear——"

"To anything!" interposed Hamilton Cummings, the elder of the two brothers.

"—that I was at home the very night these Cummingses accuse me of stealing their horse," concluded Gardner. "You see, Judge, these Cummingses don't like me a bit——"

"You bet we don't!" said Amasa, the younger of the two.

"Order in Court, gentlemen," said Judge Carter, pleasantly, but firmly.

"That's right, Judge; give me a fair show. The Cummingses have had their say, and now it is my turn. I didn't interfere with them when they were getting in their work against me. Now, I want to tell you why the Cummingses are so down on me; I do a little trading now and then with the Snakes, you see, and that riles them. So they got together one evening, happening to see me coming toward them, and they said, 'Here comes Obelisk Dick; let's put up a job on him. He's got a couple of Snake women living with him, and that gives him influence with the tribe, and we must get him out of the way. We'll just drive out *Stonewall Jackson*, and when Dick stops to examine his good points—you know, Judge, I am a great admirer of a good horse—we'll rush out and snatch him, and get out a warrant against him for grand larceny.' Now you see the animus, don't you, Judge?"

"Dick," said the Justice, "I must remind you that you are on your oath. How did you learn of this job, as you call it—can you swear——?"

"Why, of course," said Gardner, "I can't swear to it myself. But my son Jonas, he will swear——"

"Yes, his son Jonas; he will swear that the old man never saw a horse," said Hamilton Cummings, "if necessary."

"Judge," responded Gardner, excitedly, "I see there is no sympathy for me in this Court, and I guess I had better withdraw my plea of not guilty, and confess that I did steal that horse. You see, these Cummings boys are lightning in everything they undertake, and they are bound to convict me. I want to make one explanation, though, before this case is closed. It is simply this: The stealing of that horse was the first dishonest act of my life; and, even then, it was not the paltry value of the horse, sir, that urged me to commit such a disgraceful act, as my noble son Jonas would willingly swear to; it was the name of the animal, sir, that seduced me. I am a Virginian, Judge Carter, and the name of that grand old rebel, sir, thrills me with——"

"Time is precious, Dick," said the Judge, "and I am compelled to cut you off in your little speech. Do you withdraw your plea of not guilty, and plead guilty?"

"I do, sir; and ask the mercy of the Court, this being my first offense, as Jonas would be perfectly willing to swear to."

It being his first offense, Judge Carter sentenced Gardner to serve a term of nineteen years in the Territorial prison at Salt Lake City, and at once made out the necessary papers of commitment.

The next morning the western bound stage arrived before daylight, having only a light mail and no passengers. In the meantime two men, named Jack and Bill Coaster, had been deputized to take

Gardner to Salt Lake City. I had secured an outside seat, and the brothers Coaster and their prisoner occupied the inside of the coach. We left Bridger about nine o'clock in the morning. The weather had greatly moderated, and the sun came out warm and nice. We made about seven miles an hour until we arrived at Quaking Asp Hill, one of the highest spurs of the Wasatch range, from which a magnificent view of diversified country was obtained. Proceeding down the western slope of Quaking Asp Hill, the landscape seemed a panorama of picturesque and long-drawn beauty. All of a sudden the mountains were transformed into huge rocks of grotesque shape and terrific perpendicularity, and the whole network of valleys gave way to gorges or cañons of indescribable impressiveness.

The most remarkable of all these gorges is Echo Cañon, which, next to Yosemite, for rare beauty, grandeur, and sublimity, exceeds any natural picture I have ever seen. This cañon is thirty miles in length, and trends to the south-east. The Union Pacific Railroad runs through it. A tiny streamlet meanders this jagged and irregular avenue, and lends additional charm. As the tourist enters the cañon, the first attraction which meets his gaze is Cache Cave, a subterranean monstrosity upon the right of the road. Then is presented a succession of sights, such as "Swallow's Nest," "Winged Rock," "Pulpit Rock," "Kettle Rocks," "Phillip's Cañon," "Hood Rock," "Great Republic," "Sentinel Rocks," or "Obelisks," as the rugged-looking shafts at the mouth of the cañon are sometimes called.

We reached Echo Cañon about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, and stopped for dinner at the first station. We all finished our frugal meal

at about the same time. Gardner had been closely guarded by the Coasters, but had been permitted to air himself and stretch his limbs both at the eating station and Quaking Asp Hill. The driver had shouted "all set," and I had climbed up to my seat on the outside, when, all of a sudden, out jumped Gardner from the door on the nigh side of the coach, and away he went down the cañon like an antelope. In less than two seconds the Coasters were after him, each one crying "Halt, or I will shoot!"

"We may as well follow up and see the fun," said the driver, and off went the team on a clean run. Just as we came up to the scene the Coasters were getting winded and Gardner was gaining on them.

"We had better try and wing him," said Jack to his brother, and both of them halted, drew their revolvers, and commenced firing. Each took deliberate but rapid aim, and, after several shots, Gardner jumped into the air and fell like a dead man.

We all hastened to the prostrate prisoner, and found that two bullets had gone through him, and that he was evidently dying. He lived only fifteen minutes, and spoke but once, gasping out, faintly:

"It was my first offense, boys—ah—ah—it was my first offense—ah—and my son Jonas would swear to it." And then he expired, with his head in Bill Coaster's lap. The latter at once said:

"It is getting dark, and we must do something with the body; we had better cover it up with stones so the coyotes won't get at it, and come back to-morrow and bury it."

As if something had suddenly flashed to his mind, Jack pulled forth the commitment papers and perused them hurriedly and excitedly. At last, after drawing a long breath, he said:

"According to this document, Bill, we have no right to bury the man at all. It commands us to take him to Salt Lake."

"You don't mean to say that you are going to take his carcass to Salt Lake, do you?" said Bill, sneeringly. "Have you ever seen any one transport dead horse thieves far in this section of America?"

"I pretend to say that this document (holding up the commitment papers) commands me to take him to Salt Lake, dead or alive. Let me read you: 'You are commanded'—*commanded!* don't you see—'to take the body'—the *body!* the *body!* mind ye, the *body!*—'of Richard Gardner to Salt Lake,' etc. Isn't that as plain as A B C? Don't make any difference whether he's dead or alive, we are commanded to take his *body.* Am I right, Tom?" added Jack Coaster, addressing himself to the driver.

"Well, it seems to me, pard," responded the driver, assuming an important air, "that the word body is sort o' technical, as it were. They all read that way. I've seen lots of them. I was deputy-sheriff once in California, and had a man taken away from me by some Vigilantes, and we buried him right under the limb of the tree they swung him from. If I had my way I wouldn't pack a dead man. But I'm only the driver, you know, and don't want to take any responsibility. If you boys say pack him, why, let us be in a hurry, for it's getting dark."

"Now, Jack," said his brother, "let me reason with you. The word 'body' in that paper is a legal term. Just let me go to the next station and get some tools, and I will come back to-morrow and bury him; and you keep right on to Salt Lake, and inform the authorities of all the circumstances."

Jack again read his papers: "'You are commanded to take the body'—the *body*—"

"Well, hurry up about it then," said the driver, "for I'm not going to stay here any longer."

So the body of Obelisk Dick was strapped on behind, under the mail bags, and taken to Salt Lake City.

We left the scene of the tragedy just at dark, and made thirty miles in four hours, including two stoppings. It was one of the grandest rides I ever had in my life. The driver was as full of the Old Nick as an egg is of meat. He cracked his whip every few minutes, the reverberations of which sounded like rolls of musketry. We dashed down some of the declines at lightning speed, the thunders of our vehicle creating a din louder than the movements of a battery of artillery. With a dead man behind, and a demijohn of spirits in front, the driver seemed perfectly at ease; he plied the stinging, cracking lash continually, and declared, every once in a while, that he "didn't care whether school kept or not."

Just as we got well into the cañon the magnificent gorge was flooded with light from an incomparable full moon, and each succeeding turn in the road presented, like the kaleidoscope, a new and pleasant sight to the delighted eye. Tremendous rocks, of a diversity of irregularity, towered grotesquely upon either hand, and shade and moonlight fantastically skirmished with each other along their sides for mastery. Every object encountered, from the murmuring rivulet below to the majestic formations above, electrified the senses. Leaving the "Obelisks," as the rugged old sentinels of rocks at the mouth of the cañon were called, we got into the open country watered by the Weber River.

Nothing further transpired until we were within two or three miles of Salt Lake City, when the driver drew up his team, alighted, and took the "body" of Obelisk Dick from the inside of the boot and strapped it to the outside. As Tom took his seat he quietly informed us of what he had done, and said, "Things *will* pop when we get into town."

And "things *did* pop." We arrived at Wells, Fargo & Co.'s office on a clean canter, with at least five hundred men and boys following and yelling. Halsey (who had arrived two days before), Tracy (now Special Agent of the Post-office Department in this city), and Bassett (at present Superintendent of the Northern Division of the Southern Pacific Railroad), will, I think, never forget this "EPISODE OF ECHO CAÑON."

AN HOUR WITH AN ANTEDILUVIAN.

During the month of July, 1879, while on my way to Sacramento from Los Angeles, I was compelled to wait over at Lathrop one morning from eight o'clock until nearly noon—until the arrival of the Eastern-bound train. Always hungry at meal-stations, and voraciously so upon this occasion, I had made up my mind, even before the arrival of the train which dropped me at Lathrop, to indulge in a repast cooked to order so soon as the regular train-breakfast should have been disposed of by the through passengers for San Francisco and Stockton.

I sat down to my breakfast about half-past nine o'clock, and noticed that plates had been placed for two; and I had hardly seated myself when I was joined by an elderly-looking gentleman, closely shaved, cleanly and well appareled, who pleasantly said, as he dropped into a chair opposite me:

"I have taken the liberty, my dear sir, if you have no objection, of joining you this delightful morning—and especially as the waiter has kindly directed me to a seat near you—in the discussion of an ample modern meal; for, my friend, let me assure you, upon my honor, this is the first time in several thousand years that I have sat down to breakfast with a gentleman. If I am not greatly mistaken, indeed, the last time I appeased my appetite it was with one Noah, a distinguished navigator."

Naturally enough, such a speech elicited my attention, and I looked directly into the old gentleman's face; but I discovered nothing except candor and intelligence therein, and I asked, with an affectation of seriousness:

"Did I understand you, sir, to allude to Noah, of sacred history?"

"I referred to that same dear, departed old mariner, with whom I was on terms of exceeding intimacy, and whom I knew just as well as I knew Adam, or Moses, or Solomon. It is true that I was well along in years when all of those historical fellows were boys; but I used to run with them, nevertheless. Why, I made the first kite that Methuselah ever flew; and I kicked foot-ball with Cain and Abel in the Garden of Eden. Noah and your humble servant have spent many a night out together, and what Solomon and I didn't know about the erring gender don't grow luxuriantly in any of your quarter-sections of wild oats to-day."

During the progress of this last irreconcilable utterance, I had concluded that I had "pooled issues" with a lunatic, and I kept one eye upon a new carving-knife lying upon my side of the festive board and the other upon the door, fully convinced that the result of the matinée would be a fight or a foot-race. Thinking, however, that some of the railroad boys might have "put up the racket," and had set the old gentleman on, I encouraged the seance by saying:

"Did any of your old comrades have go-as-you-please walking-matches, hop-bitter base-ball clubs, or *Pinaf*——"

"Sir!" he replied, in accents of unmistakable surprise and indignation; "if you think me crazy, I will depart at once. No gentleman will insult or

ridicule a person of my age and erudition;" and the distressed relic of the antediluvian period wiped his moistening eyes with the back of an aged hand.

I became somewhat embarrassed; but curiosity overcame my momentary perplexity, and I broke a short and unpleasant silence by calling for a bottle of claret, and requesting the sad-faced pilgrim to join me in a friendly glass of wine. He declared that nothing would give him greater pleasure; and, soon after, the waiter returned and filled two glasses with "Chateau Larose." My companion drank with gusto, and remarked, after smacking his withered lips:

"My congenial friend, that wine is as superior as any I ever drank with Noah in his own vineyard, or with Nimrod—when that excellent marksman and your humble servant used to go out after larks."

I was on the point of interrogating my weather-worn companion as to whether he and the other old boys ever went out *on* larks; but, fearing that he might possibly brain me on the spot, I maintained silence—a silence which the old gentleman quickly broke, by saying:

"As soon as we have concluded our repast, sir, I would like to have a long chat with you. By way of introduction, however, I would respectfully ask you your impression touching the creation of this beautiful world. Do you believe that this world was made in six days, and that Adam was the first man, and that during what fictitious writers call the Flood rain fell incessantly for forty days and forty nights, inundating all creation, and that all human beings except Noah and his family, and all other living creatures except those in the ark, were drowned or were otherwise swept from the face of the earth?"

"I spring from old New England, dyed-in-the-wool Puritanical stock," I replied. "I read my Bible daily, and believe all that there is in it. I do not examine the dangerous and polluting writings of Volney, Voltaire, Paine, Draper, Darwin, or Renan, nor do I dare to lend a faithless ear to such heretics and blasphemers as Gladstone, Ingersoll and Beecher. I prefer that holy book, given me by my dear old mother, to telescopes and augurs and all other paraphernalia of scientific innovation. I believe in no laboratories but hell's, and hope for no perfect bliss except that to be found in Abraham's bosom. I—"

"You're about as clean gone as any maniac I've seen since the cunning Iscariot sold his Master on a margin!"

"Pardon me, sir; I will come to the point at once. I *do* believe that this beautiful world and all that in it is was made in six days, and that Adam was the first man; and that, on one occasion, God, in a great fit of anger, ruthlessly destroyed all that he had made except Noah and his family and two birds and two beasts and two rattlesnakes and two mosquitoes and two fleas and two flies, *et hoc genus omne*, two of each kind, for breeding purposes."

"You do?"

"I do!"

"Then you are a first-class idiot!"

"Thank you!"

"It is not necessary," he added, quickly. "However, if you do not wish to listen to *one who knows it all*, without getting miffed, then we had better drink to each other's health and separate."

"Oh, dear, I could not think of letting you go," I exclaimed; "I am getting interested in you. Go on, and I will keep perfectly cool and——"

"Well, then, why was it not just as feasible for the Creator to have made all of these living things over again, if he at one time made them with such ease and perfection as you give him credit for? If it is pleasant for you to believe that the Supreme Ruler of the universe—He who pencils the flowers and marks the constellations — did so far forget Himself, in His inexcusable anger, as to destroy His matchless handiwork, is it possible that he selected a few wretched human beings, a score or two of worthless animals, and a collection of repulsive insects and reptiles as spectators and survivors of so grand a catastrophe?"

I was still all astonishment, and hardly knew whether to assume an air of levity or seriousness. It was plain enough to see that the old gentleman was an unbeliever. He continued:

"You believe in the creation of this world as related by the translators of the Bible?"

"I do."

"You believe that God created the earth, and lighted it up with the sun, moon and stars; you swallow the Jonah business, and that exaggerated story about the flood; you interpret those anecdotes about Daniel in the lions' den, the children in the fiery furnace, the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah by hell-fire and brimstone, and the turning of Lot's wife into a pillar of salt; the immaculate conception; the divinity of Jesus Christ, *et cetera, et cetera*, as cold facts, just as they are related in that wonderful book of yours, which is already being tinkered to pieces by a lot of old theological scrubs and demagogues, who ought to be transported in a gang to the Cannibal Islands! and don't you forget it!"

"Sir, I——"

"Listen!"

"Proceed, sir."

"Herr Kalb, the German savant, in a work recently published, shows that there was a total eclipse of the moon concomitantly with the earthquake that occurred when Julius Cæsar was assassinated, on the 15th of March, B. C. 44. He has also calculated the Jewish calendar to A. D. 41, and the result of his researches fully confirms the facts recorded by the Evangelists, of the wonderful physical events that accompanied the Crucifixion. Astronomical calculations prove, without a shadow of doubt, that on the 14th day of the Jewish month Nissan (April 6), there was a total eclipse of the sun, which was accompanied in all probability by the earthquake, 'when the vail of the Temple was rent from the top to the bottom, and the earth did quake and the rock rent.' (Matt. XXXII., 51.) While St. Luke describes the eclipse in these words: 'And it was the sixth hour (12 noon), and there was darkness over all the land till the ninth hour (3 o'clock P. M.), and the sun was darkened.'" (Luke XXII., 44.) This mode of reckoning corresponds perfectly with the result of another calculation Herr Kalb made by reckoning backward from the great total eclipse of April, 1818, allowing for the difference between the old and new styles, which also give April 6th as the date of the new moon in the year A. D. 31. As the vernal equinox of the year fell on March 25th, and the Jews ate their Easter Lamb and celebrated their *Frib Passoh*, or feast of the Passover, on the following new moon, it is clear April 6th was identical with Nissan 14th, of the Jewish calendar, which, moreover, was on Friday, the *Paraskevee*, or day of preparation for the Sabbath, and this agrees with the Hebrew Talmud.

Thus, by the united testimony of astronomy, archæology, traditional and biblical history, there can be but little doubt that the date of the Crucifixion was April 6th, A. D. 31; and no doubt whatever that any of the wonderful physical events of that time had anything to do with said Crucifixion. So much for that point. Touching the planets, or stars, M. Figuier, a noted French scientific gentleman, in a statement that modern astronomy has demonstrated that there are other worlds than ours, that the earth simply makes a part of a class or group of stars which do not differ essentially, and that there is an infinity of other globes like it, proceeds to consider the internal affairs of the other worlds. Since there is nothing to distinguish the earth from the other planets of our solar system—Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, he argues that we must find in the others as we find here — air and water, a hard soil, rivers and seas, mountains and valleys. There must be found also in them vegetation and trees, and tracts covered with verdure and shade. There must be in them animals, and even men, or at least beings superior to animals, and corresponding to our human type. I happen to know that the physical and climatological connections of the earth and the other planets are identical. On these planets, as on the earth, the sun shines and disappears, and cold and darkness succeed to heat and light. In them, as on the earth, the rich carpet of herbage covers the plains, and luxuriant woods cover the mountains. Rivers flow majestically on to the seas. Winds blow regularly or irregularly and purify the atmosphere by mingling their strata charged in different degrees with the produce of the evaporation of their soil. In quiet nights, dwellers

on these planets see the same heavenly spectacle that delights our eyes, the same constellations, the same celestial visitors. They have panoramic views of the planetary globes with their following of faithful satellites and luminous stars shining like gently-brandished torches. Once in a while there is a sudden luminous trail which furrows the heavens like a flash of silver; it is a star that shoots and drops into the depth of space. Again, it is a comet with a beautiful tail that comes to bring news from worlds millions of miles away. The planetary man corresponds to the terrestrial man. In the planets the process of creation of organized life must be the same as in the earth; the successive order of appearance of living creatures is the same as on our globe. And, like our terrestrial man, the planetary man dies, and that is the last of him, I think. Touching the theory of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, Professor Proctor writes to a friend: "The idea that Sodom and Gomorrah may have been destroyed by meteoric downfall is not altogether a new one. I advanced it, but not very seriously, several years ago, in the *English Mechanic*, and it was taken up quite seriously by an ingenious, though rather fiery correspondent of that journal, E. L. Garbett, the well-known architect. He took up the theory precisely in the form in which I had, half jestingly, suggested it, viz., that the meteor system which produced the destruction of the cities of the Plain was the so-called November system, which, at that remote date, would have been a September system. It can be shown that Temple's comet, in whose track the meteors travel, must have passed near, and may have passed very near, indeed, to the earth, at about the time which tradition assigns to the destruction of

Sodom and Gomorrah. Moreover, there can be little doubt that the comet's meteor train was then far more compact than it is at present. Again, it is certain that among the meteors of that November system are many which far exceed in size those seen during the display of November 13–14, 1866; or during the display of November 13–14, 1833; some of the falling stars were bright enough to cause distinct shadows to be thrown. Supposing the meteors forming the comet itself, or very near the comet, to be larger yet, they would probably be able to break their way through the air as the larger meteorites do, and if strewn with proportionate density, so as to fall in the form of a compact stream, they would descend as a very destructive shower upon whatever part of the earth's surface happened to be most fully exposed to them. Now, it happens, strangely enough, that at the time mentioned in the verse you quote: 'The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar; then the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone from the Lord out of heaven;' the destroyed cities lay almost centrally on that disk of the earth which was turned to the 'radiant' of the November meteors. If ever a special and not very large district of the earth could be so rained upon by meteors that towns in it could be destroyed, the catastrophe would unquestionably be attended by just such circumstances as these; that is, the region would be as fully as possible exposed to the hail of meteors, and this hail would be as heavy as possible, which would require that either the comet itself or a part of its meteor train very close to the comet, should be the source of the meteoric hail. In the case supposed, the velocity you have mentioned would be far exceeded, for not only does the earth herself

speed along around the sun at the rate of 1,100 miles per minute, or more than 18 miles per second; but the November meteors travel with a greater velocity—about 24 miles per second—meeting her almost full tilt, so that we have for the velocity with which the meteors rush through the air something like 40 miles per second. Add to this, that when the meteors of November 13th and 14th, 1866, were examined with the spectroscope, the element which was found to be most largely present was sodium, the chief component of our common salt; whence may be derived a 'naturalized' explanation of the fate of Lot's wife."

"What do you think, now, sir?"

"I think precisely as I did before. You know, I told you, at the start, that I stand by the Bible. I acknowledge its precepts and its laws. I believe absolutely in the existence of an Omnipotent Being, and in the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ. I am willing to admit that science places many obstacles in the pathway to eternity. But I sincerely believe that theology will never be destroyed. Huxley and Darwin and Ingersoll may attack in force, but they can never triumph over the history of human beliefs, nor can they eradicate the convictions of men, or relax the hold of Christian truth, upon the mind. No discoveries and achievements of physical science, says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, can repress religious aspiration, solve the mysteries of being, reduce man to a material organism, and empty the universe of God. It would be strange, indeed, if the triumphs of mind over matter were to result in the identification of mind and matter; and, stranger still, if the issue of critical inquiries into religious truth were to be that —in the highest acts of which our faculties are

capable, the discernment and reception of religious truth—our faculties were to be utterly discredited. But religion has its seat and home in the spirit of man too deeply and securely fixed to be driven out by conjectures as to the date of manuscripts and historic records, or by theories of human descent and speculations as to the origin of life and mind from the mechanism of the universe. The continuance of religion and the perpetuity of the vigor of Christian truth and experience are the continuance and perpetuity of theology; for theology is only the systematic form which religious convictions and ideas are made to assume. Comte regarded the age of theology and metaphysics as past, but he himself brought back religion in spurious guise, and his disciples have brought back metaphysics under cover of a new definition. Theology thus far has not been destroyed. But Professor Huxley, in one of his earlier reviews, says: 'Extinguished theologians lie about the cradle of every science, as the strangled snakes beside that of Hercules.' The expression is graphic and vigorous, but for a disciple of the exact sciences it is singularly inexact. It implies that theology is not a science; it asserts that theologians have not simply been advised to mind their own business, and like other men of science, readjust the foundations of their systems —which would be sound advice—but that they have been extinguished by science; and it incorrectly represents what is the actual state of things with relation to scientific progress. Now, science is, according to the Professor's own definition, 'trained and organized common sense,' or, we may say, knowledge verified and generalized; and as mind, morals, language, religion, and the like, are objects of knowledge, trained and organized common

sense may deal with them; and so there arises sciences of mind, of morals, of language, of religious truth, as well as of material things. Moreover, has there been, so far as history and experience may be trusted, a single theologian, properly so-called, extinguished by science? Athanasius was a theologian, but his views of the Divine Nature physical science does not affect, and subsequent theological science has in great measure endorsed. Augustine was a theologian, but his conception of man and his deepest needs physical science has corroborated rather than destroyed. Luther and Calvin were theologians, but their doctrines of salvation by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, the religious experience of subsequent generations justifies, and modern science has not touched. Nay, more: these great theologians were perusing religious truth in the scientific methods of their age when physical science was verily in its cradle, dreaming vain and foolish dreams, or proposing childish and futile inquiries. Instead of extinguishing theologians as Hercules strangled snakes, science has always, like Cronos, devoured her own children. The Copernican theory of the universe extinguished the Ptolemaic; Sir Isaac Newton's doctrine of attraction extinguished Descartes' doctrine of vortices; astronomy extinguished astrology, chemistry alchemy, electricity magic; and recently the process has been repeated. In natural philosophy, the corpuscular hypothesis of light has been discredited by the undulatory hypothesis; in geology, the convulsionists have been devoured by the uniformitarians; and in natural history, evolutionists are attempting to dispose of the creationists, and the advocates of the theory of the transmutation of species to make short work of the advocates of the theory of the

persistence and immutability of species. It would really be more exact to say, 'Extinguished scientific teachers lie about the cradle of every science,' etc.; for it is Cuvier and Agassiz, not Augustine and Calvin, that Darwin and Hæckel are strangling; and it is certainly M. Comte and Messrs. Congreve and Frederick Harrison, and not Archdeacon Paley, and Bishop Butler, that Professor Huxley extinguishes. Theologians and theology may be largely benefited by physical science, they will not be extinguished by it; nay, rather they will be resuscitated. And may we not ask with all respect whether the scientific method was not first practiced by theologians, and afterwards adopted with such great results by men of physical science? At all events, the kingdom of God had been entered in the spirit of the little child long before the kingdom of man was entered in the same spirit, and the theology of a thousand years ago is a much wiser and truer thing than the physical science of that same age."

"Ah, my friend," he said, "you have to fall back on the same old line of argument. Let us go and take seats in the bar-room." Which we at once did; and subsequently we moved out of the sitting-room, and took chairs on the platform.

As soon as we got satisfactorily located, the old gentleman resumed:

"Now, sir, would you like to have me relate a story from the very beginning down to the present time? Would you like me to present an accurate and detailed account of the commencement and growth of what we call the world, or, to speak more scientifically, the growth of our planet, from its gaseous birth in space, through its process of assimilation, its dark Plutonian periods, its glacial epochs, its

terms of aqueous, ferniferous, reptilian and mammiferous life, to the time when humanity began, some few thousands of years ago?"

I became more and more interested, and while I hardly knew what to say, responded:

"My good friend, I do not entirely understand you. If I intelligently comprehend the tenor of your interrogatories, I should reply by saying that there are no materials for such a sketch. I am quite convinced that——"

"Monuments!" he cried, "exist, by which science has been enabled to mark with surprising probability and accuracy, indeed, the stages of the creative drama; forming a picture in outline, as it were, against infinite space, which, by reason of its very distance, resolves its lines into an apparent juxtaposition, sufficient for comprehension."

This utterance was made rapidly, and I became more and more interested as the old gentleman warmed up; and he grew merry as well as warm—grew as merry as the poor, happy little "Reina Coquina" of the Alhambra, and again interrogated:

"Do you believe, sir, that Deucalion made man by throwing stones over his shoulder? That Jupiter's head burst open to give birth to Minerva? That Venus was born, one fine morning, of the sea-foam? That nothing stopped Saturn eating his own children but cracking his teeth one day on a stone? That Pegasus flew to heaven without a rider?"

Again I was amazed. This violent departure from antediluvian scenes, this scornful raid upon mythological deities, again aroused my suspicions that all was not right. I thought, however, that I would give my eccentric friend one more chance, even if he pitched into Æsop and LaFontaine, and ended off by extinguishing the lamp of Aladdin and

smashing the slipper of Cinderella. But he proceeded no further with his erratic tergiversations; indeed, right at this point he gathered himself up for a tremenduous scientific effort, and said:

"I will commence with the primitive epoch, and propose statements and calculations in support of the gaseous or nebulous theory of the earth's formation, showing that, at the inconceivable heat of 195,000° Centigrade, which is received as the mean temperature of the interior of the earth, our planet could have been, at the first, only a vast puff of vapor, eighteen hundred times as large as its present bulk. Among the agencies which would operate in its condensation, its passage in its great circuit through the frigid planetary intervals, where the temperature, according to the best scientific information of the present day, cannot be less than 100° below zero, must by no means be forgotten. This would gradually form the crust of the earth, which now, by some thirty miles of thickness only, holds us out of the incandescent horrors below. Just think of it! At the same time, the molten mass, operated upon by the attraction of the sun and moon—as it still is, though now so much spent that it only issues volcanically in its throes—would rush up in great waves when the crust was thinner, not only forming those immense wedges of primitive granite which erect themselves in many of the mountain ranges of America and elsewhere, but many of those irregular stratifications which make the sections of rocky deposits look like huge agates for a Titan's ornaments. These eruptive rocks are called Plutonic and volcanic—the former including the granites and the kindred compact rocks formed far below the surface, and cooled under great pressure; and the latter, including trachytes, basalts

and lavas, which are of looser textures, and have cooled nearer to, and upon, the surface. By the way, my friend—and of this you are probably aware—there are about three hundred volcanoes on our planet, more or less active, a number of which, when you for a moment pause to consider what they serve to vent, no one will be disposed to grudge, however wide a birth he may wish to give them."

"Go on, my friend," I said, as the old gentleman drew in a long breath; "I am very much interested."

"The next great epoch," he continued, "is the transition——"

"Proceed with the transition scene; I am all attention."

"When light began to pierce through the deep mists of the exhaling and condensing atmosphere, and the mollusks and primitive vegetables came to life."

"Proceed, sir."

"This epoch is divided into four periods. The Silurian period—isolated projections, only, beginning to gather around the accumulation which slowly formed the land divisions of the present time; shallow and extended seas, under which reefs and rocks were rising; a dim light above, and the simplest forms of vegetable and crustaceous life. In the Devonian (or old red sandstone) period, all things had perceptibly changed and advanced."

"How do you know of all this?" I involuntarily asked.

"I know of all this because I was one of the first men on earth," he replied.

"You were not living at the age of which you speak."

"No, but when I first had my being, the foot-prints of time were fresher than they are to-day, and yet your own scientific men will tell you almost as much as I can. Please don't interrupt me so often. Much that I tell you are truths of my own knowledge and research; and science and study will corroborate whatever I say. I'll make you ashamed of yourself before I get through with you, my young friend."

"Well, don't get vexed, now, old man; proceed with your chronology, and I'll not interrupt you again."

"Well, then, as I said before, during the Devonian period all things had changed and advanced; the primitive Tribolites, with their four-hundred-faced eyes, of whose remains whole quarries were formed, had given way to more perfectly articulated creatures; vertebrated life, as represented by a considerable variety of fishes, also appeared; there had been, as yet, no forests, but now they began to show themselves—first in the shape of gigantic ferns; then in asparagus trees, from forty to ninety feet in height; thus introducing the marvelous carboniferous era, which is divided into sub-periods, those of carboniferous limestone and of the coal measures. These periods were of unknown and incalculable lengths; it is estimated that one hundred and twenty-two thousand four hundred years would be required to form only sixty feet of coal. The astonishing character of these calculations appears when you bear in mind, young man, that the coal measures in Wales are twelve thousand feet by actual trial. The characteristics of this period of wonderful provision for the latter ages were excessive heat and humidity, and an equal and high temperature throughout the world. Owing to the in-

ward heat, there was no perceptible climatic difference between the poles and the equator; vegetation grew with a rankness and a rapidity that baffles conception; but there were, as yet, no birds, no mammifers, no saurians. One or two muddy reptiles of small size appear, the principal of which is the Archegosaurus minor, a queer thing with a head like a pointed shovel. The Permian period was similar in its characteristics, but progressive, a few vegetable and animal species being added; among the latter of which may be noted the Productus Horridus, a nightmare abortion of slimy fertility."

The gentleman again drew a long breath, and I hazarded an opinion, thus:

"This general epoch unquestionably corresponds to that Second Day, as recorded in sacred history, in which God said, 'Let there be light'—the influence of the sun being gradually admitted through the reluctantly-subsiding elemental conflicts of many years."

His only reply was:

"Many years? Many millions of years!"

And again he proceeded:

"Now comes the Secondary Epoch—divided into the Triasic, the Jurassic, and the Cretaceous periods. This epoch introduces many kinds of forest trees, reptiles of appalling size, form, and strength, and crustaceans in such numbers that the greater part of the earth's surface is covered with them, and much of its substance composed of their calcareous remains. The salt and chalk rocks were found—the latter being composed almost entirely of minute crustaceans, as the analysis of any bit of chalk powder under the microscope indicates. The Secondary Epoch is the most marvelous of the chapters of creation. Here are the great saurians—the

Nothosaurus, the Ichthyosaurus, the terrible Pleiosaurus, and the dreadful Pterodactylus, to see only whose bones chill the blood. It was an epoch of ferocious terror. These creatures are found in fossil, with the remains of their own species, as well as of others, within them, as they were overtaken in acts of carnage. Their conflicts in the midst of convulsions of nature must have been fearful. Pleiosaurii and Ichthyosaurii of prodigious proportions filled the seas. Innumerable ammonites floated on the surface of the water—the nautilii of those days—some of them three and four feet in diameter. Turtles and crocodiles of tremendous size crowded about the shores. The pressure of the atmosphere was diminished, the earth was less hot—something like climate was establishing itself. Vegetation increased in forest forms, the palms and other trees appeared; and at last, in the Upper Oolite division of the Jurassic period, the first bird was discovered—the famous bird of Solenhofen—the feet and feathers of which have been found in the lithographic quarries of the present age. A few other birds appeared in the latter part of this epoch, in the Cretaceous period, so-called, because the rocks deposited by the sea during the process are almost entirely composed of carbonate of lime from remains of shell-fish. In this period the great terrestrial saurians, the Iguanodon and Megalosaurus, appeared, preparing the way in the uniformly progressive processes of nature for the gigantic mammifers which were next to grace the swelling scene."

Taking advantage of a momentary pause, I asked the old gentleman if he would not go inside and take a glass of wine, or something stronger, to which he replied:

" The theme cramps my time—I cannot stop."

" Proceed then," I said, " I am all attention."

" The Tertiary Epoch follows, with the mighty Pachyderms. Just observe, my friend, the course of nature: In the Primitive Epoch—chaos, convulsions, darkness; in the Transition—ferns, fishes, light; in the Secondary—trees, succulents, reptiles; now, in the Tertiary, the whole face of the earth blooms, and the mammifers rule supreme—not few nor small, but in countless numbers and of great size. Of the saurians and other reptiles we have only fossil remains; but of the mammifers, some have come down almost to your own time, preserved in Siberian ice, in the skin and sinews which they had in life. There are three divisions of the Tertiary Epoch—the Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene—indicating by their etmyology that they are more or less remote from the Beginning and from the Present. There were plants in these periods which are still represented upon earth. The horse, too, appeared; though, singularly enough, smaller than yours, and the mammoth, the remains of which you have seen in your museums. The mammifers, trees, and flowers, now only found within the tropics, flourished in those periods in what are termed the northern parts of our globe, showing surprising differences of temperature between those days and yours. A great variety of these large-framed mammifers, which fed upon antediluvian forests, have been discovered. Of these the Paleotherium magnum, constructed from many fossils, by Cuvier; the Xiphodon gracilis, for which you are indebted to the same great naturalist; the Dinotherium, the Mastodon gigantus, found in North America in 1705, but fully collected and erected in 1801, by Peale; and the Sivaltherium, or four-

horned stag, about as large as a modern-sized elephant, are among the more important. It is probable that at the close of the Pliocene period the great landed divisions of the world—Europe and Asia especially—had gained very nearly their present outline."

"I should think that your——"

"Don't interrupt me! I now come to the Quartenary Epoch, which is distinguished by a series of European deluges; the Glacial period, and by the appearance of man and the subsequent Asiatic deluge. This epoch is divided into the Past Pliocene, and the Present (or upper) Pliocene periods. It is the era of the Mammoth (*Elephas primogenus*) whose skeleton stands for wonder in the St. Petersburg Museum, grandly rescued from Siberian ice; of the colossal Spelacean bear, tiger and hyena; of the prodigious edentata—the Megatherium, which burrowed in the earth, with limbs that could tear up the roots of great trees like thread; and the Megylonyx and the Mylodon, all of America. Of the deluges, there were two before the Asiatic, distinctly marked by the deluvium which appears north of the fortieth and fiftieth parallels in Europe and America, and in the corresponding southern hemisphere, but is entirely absent from the equatorial regions. This consists of sand and clay, mingled with fragments of rock, angular and rounded. The greater and lesser boulders, and the solitary erratic blocks—some of immense size—scattered throughout the regions, with the marks of glacial and other abrasion, furnish the abundant proofs upon which your geologists rely. These deluges were the results of great convulsions. The first occurred in the north of Europe, and was caused by the upheaval of the mountains of Nor-

way. The second was caused by the rising of the Alps, and inundated the valleys of Germany, Italy, and France. A great destruction of organic life ensued, but the devastation was nothing to what followed: there came a reign of snow and ice, the cause of which, even up to the present age of science and reason, almost completely baffles conjecture and investigation, but which seems to have denuded Europe, and probably all the corresponding belt of the world, with the region north to the pole, equally of vegetable and animal life. The Asiatic deluge, which occurred a long time after the appearance of man, and of which you have somewhat fictitious accounts in your so-called sacred histories, and which is now generally acknowledged to have been local instead of universal in its scope, was occasioned by the upheaval of a part of the long chain of mountains which diverges from the Caucasus. Mount Ararat——"

"Upon which the ark rested?"

"Upon which the ark rested! What are you giving me, young man? Mount Ararat, sir, is itself the monument of this convulsion!"

"What do you think, or know, regarding the fate, or end, of this planet upon which we live?" I then inquired.

"I *know* nothing. I entertain no doubt, however, of its future destruction, or of its return to a vast puff of vapor, or something or other of the kind. Camille Flammarion, the well-known French scientist, thus beautifully expresses himself in La Correspondance Scientifique, regarding the ultimate fate of our globe: 'The earth was born; she will die. She will die either of old age, when her vital elements shall have been used up, or through the extinction of the sun, to whose rays her life is sus-

pended. She might also die by accident, through collision with some celestial body meeting her on her route; but this end of the world is the most improbable of all. She may, I repeat, die a natural death, through the slow absorption of her vital elements. In fact, it is probable that the air and water are diminishing. The ocean, like the atmosphere, appears to have been formerly much more considerable than it is in our day. The terrestrial crust is penetrated by waters which combine chemically with the rocks. It is almost certain that the temperature of the interior of the globe reaches that of boiling water at a depth of six miles, and prevents the water from descending any lower; but the absorption will continue with the cooling of the globe. The oxygen, nitrogen and carbonic acid which compose our atmosphere also appear to undergo absorption, but slower. The thinker may foresee, through the mist of ages to come, the epoch, yet afar off, in which the earth, deprived of the atmospheric aqueous vapor which protects her from the glacial cold of space by preserving the solar rays around her, will become chilled in the sleep of death. As a writer says: 'From the summit of the mountains a winding sheet of snow will descend upon the high plateaus and the valleys, driving before it life and civilization, and masking forever the cities and nations that it meets on its passage. Life and human activity will press insensibly toward the inter-tropical zone. St. Petersburg, Berlin, London, Paris, Vienna, Constantinople and Rome, will fall asleep in succession under their eternal shroud. During very many ages equatorial humanity will undertake Arctic expeditions to find again under the ice the place of Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux and Marseilles. The sea coasts will have changed,

and the geographical map of the earth will have been transformed. No one will live and breathe any more except in the equatorial zone up to the day when the last family, nearly dead with cold and hunger, will sit on the shores of the last sea, in the rays of the sun, which will hereafter shine here below on an ambulent tomb revolving aimlessly around a useless light and a barren heat.'"

"Astronomers tell us that there will be great falls of rain and snow; and sudden changes of weather; and tornadoes; and earthquakes; and all sorts of disasters by sea and by land, in 1881."

"They tell you correctly. There will be catastrophes without number. I tell you, sir, that if you live through the year 1881 you will see or hear of earthquakes that will lay low hundreds of towns and villages, and destroy thousands of lives. This orb of ours had a very lively time, my friend, about five thousand years ago, and if it pulls through 1881 it is good for another five thousand, and don't you forget what I say."

The old gentleman at this juncture indulged in a lengthy pause, as if he had concluded, and I was about to go for him on earthquake theories, when he continued:

"With but thirty miles of precarious crust between you and the internal fires, the approach to which is attested by a uniform increase of temperature of a degree for every sixty feet you penetrate; with the atmospheric and volcanic changes which are continually working their recondite results—with the progress——"

"Here he is!" "Here he is!" shouted a couple of men; and simultaneously they rushed up to where we were sitting, and secured my companion.

I was amazed at this strange performance, and asked, "What are you doing—what do you want?"

"We want this runaway lunatic!" said one of them.

"He escaped from the asylum yesterday," added the other.

And they hand-cuffed him, and took him back to Stockton.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE IN NEVADA.

For a long time "Baldy Greene" was the favorite stage-driver upon the overland route between Virginia City and Austin, Nevada. This remarkable specimen of a modern Jehu was a thoroughbred in every particular. He was called Baldy on account of his *caput*, which was singularly bare, and he rejoiced in the name. He once drove Ben Holladay from Virginia City to Austin, 185 miles, in nineteen hours. He let himself out some seventeen or eighteen years ago upon Mr. Colfax and party, and upon one occasion drove them forty-five miles in three hours and a half. As a judge of the ambrosial decoction known as punch, Baldy was a success.

The son of Nimshi never found himself in greater ecstacies of glory than has Baldy upon a fine spring morning, with his six-horse team of grays, and a gang of good fellows to draw, and a start from Virginia City promptly on time.

I was one of nine persons who took passage with Baldy Greene, in the month of May, 1867, from Virginia City to Austin. We arrived at a place called Big Ned's, seventy-five miles from Virginia, about three o'clock in the afternoon, almost an hour and a half ahead of time. I shall never forget Big Ned—poor fellow! he's dead now; his own benzine was too much for him. Big Ned was post-

master, sheriff, restaurant-keeper, Indian trader, real estate dealer, lawyer, and justice of the peace.

We arrived just in time to see him officiate in his capacity of justice of the peace. Ah Ching and Hong Sam, two young Celestials, were to be married in "Melican" style. Baldy Greene was invited to act as master of the ceremonies, a position which he at once cordially accepted. The intention of the almond-eyed groom was to have been married upon the Saturday following; but Baldy advised him that the certificate was only good for one day, and, as it cost "fifteen dolla," Ah Ching thought it best to go on with the ceremony. I may add that the purchase of the certificate was owing to the fact that "John" was not posted in the "Melican" custom, and had employed counsel to get it for him. A couple of Shoshone Indians stood up with the Celestials, to impart additional mock solemnity to the ceremony. Big Ned, immediately after titilating his thorax with a glass of torch-light-procession whisky, said, addressing himself to the groom: "Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife, and to——" "Yes; me take-ee him, me keep-ee him, me——" "Well, take-ee *him*, and be gone!" roared Big Ned, in the very agony of indignation. John was then persuaded that all those who officiated in the ceremony should kiss the bride, during which he remarked: "Melican man no good; him too much-ee good look-ee." The ceremony concluded with "chop-sticks," rice, and "China blandy."

I have stated that Big Ned was sheriff. He at that time had two prisoners in charge. Glancing about the premises, and discovering no proper place of incarceration, and learning that the aforesaid sheriff made it a rule of his daily routine

never to go to bed sober, I asked him what he did with his prisoners at night. "Oh," he replied, "I just give them a couple of drinks each of my whisky, and they can't get away."

An hour before sunset, crack went the whip and away we rolled across the akali plains, and up into a deep cañon. The splendor of a mountain sunset in the very wilds of Nevada, says some delightful writer, is almost without comparison. The lingering sun floods all the west with fire, and hangs with golden fringe each passing cloud, and sheds a scarlet hue on all the varied outlines of mountain, hill, and butte. The gathering twilight, spreading her veil over the desert below, shuts from view all minor objects, and long before the expiring day is gone, one can only trace in the east the dark forms of its mountain outlines, and the darker gorges of the cañons beneath. Then follows the magnificence of a moonlight night in these corrugated hills and mountains, the effect of light and shade upon a clear, cloudless evening being incomparably beautiful. On the crests of the mountains, thousands of feet in the air, the dark tops of whose trees seem tangled in a braid of light, rolls a silver flood, while below all is inky night. At the bottom of the deep cañons the gurgling stream meanders its rocky bed 'twixt mingled light and shade. The spectacle in the woods, where from tree to tree run girandoles of icicles—sparkling gems of winter's casket—beggars description. Their branches look like the arms of a constellated luster, and by moonlight transmit a wilderness of dancing colors from the faucets of their prisms. Every shadow seems sentient, reaching out as if with instinct to touch the margin of the moonlight's silver line. There is something impressive in the silence of the

night. All nature sinks to rest—the moon, madonna of her sweet repose, sails off the coast of night, and all is still save when the wood, swayed by the timid breeze, seems whispering back in plaintive answer to the bubbling stream.

I shall never forget the beautiful sunset upon this particular evening. In the dim distance were the grand old Sierra Nevada mountains, lifting their imperishable snow-capped heads to the kissing heavens, which were brilliantly beaming through dissolving clusters of kaleidoscopic clouds. The great orb was just dipping behind their summits, upon which the glittering objects of ice and snow seemed like silver *fantoccini*. The thin, gauzy clouds assumed the most exquisite changes of shapes and colors. First they looked like a vast arc of liquid fire, and then broke into ragged and fantastic transformations with thrice the colors of the rainbow. The slanting rays of the great planet streaked everything with the glitter of gold; fragmentary sections of fleecy clouds darted off in a thousand infinitesimal directions, diffused with misty blue, and purple-edged, and floated off into the thin darkness which was spreading its network of night. The picture below was not without its effect. Seemingly at the base of the detached ranges, and dotting the landscape wherever the eye might wander, were the sinks of the Carson and the Humboldt, looking like miniature lakes of burnished silver as they twinkled in the rays of the parting sun.

I have often been struck with the strange and unexpected characters to be met with while traveling over these long stage routes upon the Pacific Coast. At a well-known station, called Big Meadows, at which place we arrived about ten o'clock, I encountered one of the pleasantest adventures of

my life. Anxious to stretch my legs, and enjoy a near approach to a sparkling fire which sent its light through the chinks of the cabin, inviting the weary traveler to its comforting influence, I entered the premises and seated myself upon a stool near the hearth. Glancing at the interior, I discovered a table near, covered well with books. Opening one, I found Cæsar's Commentaries. Surprised to find such a book in such a place, so far removed from academic shades, I hastily turned to the fly leaf, and found there, in a neat running hand, the name of the owner. Looking further at the collection, I discovered the works of the immortal Shakspeare, the Life of Franklin, Milton's Paradise Lost, and a copy of Tom Moore; and last, but first in importance, a Bible! It at once occurred to me that these books had been left by some weary pilgrim desirous of lessening his burdens in his Occidental wanderings; and I was beginning to speculate upon his history, when the hostler, who was quite a youth, entered and announced that the stage was nearly ready. Resolved upon the penetration of this delightful mystery—this treasure in the wilds of the great interior desert—I asked the young man who was the owner of the books. He modestly said "They belong to me;" and in reply to my rapid questions, he informed me that he was a graduate of a college in Indiana; that, seeking his fortune, he had come to the far West, met disappointment, as thousands had before him; and that, nothing better offering, and determined to earn his own living and to keep his misfortunes from the ears of his parents, he had accepted the humble place of hostler to the stage line. He was cheerful, hopeful; and the keen glance of his gray eyes, the eloquent compression of his finely chiseled lips, gave

all the assurance that success with him was only a matter of time.

What a charming lesson for the curled darlings of languishing ease, raised and existing in luxury and idleness, without a thought beyond the glittering fashions and follies of the day. Here was manhood, stern courage, calm determination to conquer fate and a destiny—a future full of moment to society, and of renown for its possessor. It will not surprise me to meet this boy hereafter in an exalted position. Of such stern stuff are most of our great men made; and from such humble positions have risen many of the noted men of the Pacific Coast.

But to the adventure of the night: As I have remarked above, there were nine of us; seven inside, and two with the driver. Upon the front seat was a Frenchman, named Lamoreux, and Ashley, Ex-Member of Congress from Nevada. On the middle seat were two army officers and a German. The back seat was occupied by myself and a man named Siebler, one of the discoverers of the Belmont mines, the largest of which had just been sold to a New York company for a million of dollars, Horace H. Day and others having been the purchasers. Like Comstock, who once owned the great lode which perpetuates his name, and which has yielded hundreds of millions of dollars, Siebler, was a poor prospector, and parted with his share of the claim for less than a song. The discovery of this section, ninety miles from Austin, was made by four men—Siebler, Billman, Straight and Smith—in October, 1865. Immediately, the four persons named above located their claims, according to law, and subsequently took possession of what is now known as the Highbridge lode. Shortly after,

Siebler sold out his claim to his companions for $200 in currency; and in a few months thereafter, Smith, Billman and Straight sold out their entire interest to the Combination Company for $40,000. Prior to this transfer, Straight, who was the deputy recorder at the time, attempted to defraud his companions and get the whole interest into his own hands. He therefore destroyed the records establishing the true ownership, and in some other book recorded the claim as belonging entirely to himself. The forgery was so apparent that Straight was immediately arrested and taken to Austin. Here, he confessed the deed he had committed, and was allowed to escape the law, and subsequently received $10,000 as his share of the pay. Mortified at the discovery of the base attempt on his part to commit a stupendous swindle, Straight shortly afterward departed for the East, and has not since been heard of. Smith and Billman also went East to spend their money. Siebler, who sold out for $200, snored soundly by my side. Once he essayed a song, and might have kept up his dismal serenade, possibly for some minutes, had I not hit upon the novel method of falling heavily against him at the first chuck-hole, which jammed all of his infernal melody out of him, and closed him up for several hours.

While half a dozen desperate highwaymen, each armed with a couple of six-shooters, and completely masked, were awaiting the arrival of the stage at a proposed place of action, the majority of the party inside were journeying in dreamland. I dreamed I was comfortably at home, until the exclamations, "Halt!" "Stop that stage!" "Throw out those express boxes!" caught my ears, and I then well knew that, instead of being in San Francisco, I

was out on one of the great deserts of Nevada, and at the mercy of the knights of the road.

We were all awake in an instant. We knew the cause of alarm; we knew we were in the hands of the "road agents"—some of us had been there before.

"Driver!" ejaculated the robber-in-chief, a tall, well-masked fellow, "mind you, take good care of that team, and don't move an inch until I give you orders."

"All right," said Baldy; and, addressing himself to his off leader—"*Be*-have yourself, Clara; *be*-have yourself; tut, tut, tut. Clara! be-*have* yourself; these gentlemen won't hurt you, darling—(in a low voice)—but they'll make it uncomfortable for my passengers.

"For God's sake, can't you keep those horses quiet?" roared the leader of the gang; "Now, you man up there with the driver, throw down those express boxes—and be very lively about it, too!"

The man threw down the express boxes as if he had been an adept in the business.

"No. 2!" shouted the chief to one of his accomplices, "you watch the horses; No. 3, go round to the other door; No. 4, stand here with me; Nos. 5 and 6, cover the rear. Get down here, you two men on the outside. No. 2, search them for arms. Hold up your hands, gentlemen, and let this fellow see if you've got any weapons about you. We will not hurt you; but we do not propose to take any chance of getting our own brains blown out for a few paltry twenty dollar pieces."

A few seconds covered this whole performance, so far. The rascals surprised us round a curve, and in the twinkling of an eye we were surrounded, and a dozen six-shooters were leveled at our heads. The

outsiders were unarmed, and taken to the rear of the stage, and placed one behind the other. Then Ashley, who understood the situation perfectly well, was ordered out. He had parted with his last ducat the night before at the intellectual game of "pitch seven-up" and was a picture of composure. Then the poor Frenchman, who hesitated in his movements, was jerked out and placed in the rear of Ashley. I was the last passenger called for. I was searched for arms, and taken to the rear, and placed behind Siebler.

The moon looked down upon a party of nine gentlemen, with their hands up in the air, covered well by cocked revolvers, and *willing to go peaceably home.*

"Now, gentlemen, I'll relieve you of your loose change," urbanely remarked the captain of the crowd; and down went his delicate hand into my breeches-pocket; and up came seven twenty-dollar gold pieces. He went into all of my other pockets, and examined me closely to see if I wore a belt. He also amused himself by taking my watch and chain; and then passed to Siebler, whom he denominated a poor cuss, adding, "Why, you haven't got the price of a drink, have you? Here, I'll lend you two-and-a-half, and you can pay it back to your friend in the rear." Siebler never returned the aforesaid coin, however.

In searching the two army officers, several hundred dollars in currency was captured. Then came the Dutchman's turn, who, upon the approach of the captain, left his place in the line exclaiming, "Vat der teufel for dis peessiness? I don't oondustand dose dings."

"Do you understand *that?*" said No. 4, placing the muzzle of his pistol near the ear of the enraged Teuton, and snapping a cap.

"No!" he replied, savagely; "mein Gott in Himmel, I don't oondustand dese toings;" at the same time knocking the pistol aside with one hand, and quietly tucking a handful of small gold into his boot-leg.

"That's played out, my boy," said No. 1, who was keenly watching the operation; "take that bullion out of your boot, or I'll leave you here for the crows."

Rather than be transformed into food for unclean birds, Mr. Francis Steimle transferred the deposit from his boot-leg to the capacious pocket of the captain.

Mr. Lamoreux, the Frenchman, was next ransacked, and relieved of over $2,000, which he carried in a belt, in $20 gold pieces. He saved more than that amount in greenbacks, however, by cutting a hole in his pocket with his penknife, and letting it and his paper money fall into his boot.

Not a dime was realized from Mr. Ashley, notwithstanding the most careful manipulation of that gentleman's pockets. His funds had gone, as Jim Fisk would have happily remarked, "where the woodbine twineth."

The next gentleman saved his money by putting it upon his hat, while Mr. Simons, the person who threw out the Wells-Fargo express matter, quietly dropped a wallet containing $10,000 in currency into the front boot of the stage.

The robbers then searched the vehicle, but finding nothing that they deemed valuable, the captain shouted "Get your seats, now, and be off, and be particularly careful not to return!" In a few moments we were "all set," to use a stage expression, and our journey to Austin was resumed.

These feats of highwaymanship are of frequent

occurrence upon the Pacific slope, even up to the present time. California, Oregon, Arizona and Nevada have many long stage routes, over which travel some of the richest men of the far West. The treasure boxes of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express are the principal incentive of these raids of banditti, however, while hundreds of thousands of dollars in bars of gold and silver are transport d from the mines all over the Pacific States and Territories in this way.

While almost every traveler goes armed in these sections of sparsely inhabited country, there is hardly an exception to the general rule of yielding gracefully to the demands of these "road agents." They always manage to take you unawares, and as quick as thought, almost, you find yourself surrounded by half a dozen desperadoes, more or less, your every action being dictated by a six-shooter in close proximity to your head.

During the White Pine excitement hundreds of thousands of dollars were forcibly taken from travelers and the express companies. During the past twenty years stages from Salt Lake City to Helena, Montana, have been successfully robbed scores of times; so, also, has the stage from Placerville and Sacramento, California, to Virginia City, Nevada, and the Washoe silver mines. Fourteen years ago three stages were robbed within four miles of Virginia City by ten masked men, nearly forty passengers being relieved of their valuables. The Los Angeles and San Francisco stage was stopped twelve years ago by four highwaymen, only a mile and a half from the former town. In this case the robbers were afterward captured, and one of them, turning State's evidence, convicted the other three, who were sent to the penitentiary for

fifteen years. Charlie Ames, the chief, when sentence was passed upon him, remarked to the sheriff that he would like to play a game of "old sledge" with the judge (Hon. A. J. King) whether he should make it thirty years or nothing.

A SUMMER IN ALASKA.

One morning in July, 1869, I met Captain Kohl (then owner of the steam iron yacht *Fideliter*, and now a member of the Alaska Fur Seal Co.,) in front of the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, who invited me to accompany him to Alaska from Victoria; and, as an inducement, informed me that there would be a good party along and ample stores; naming, as the party, Henry Kinkead, (whom I, as Special Agent of the Post-office Department, had made P. M. of Sitka, and who is now Governor of Nevada); Col. H. B. Reese, Paymaster U. S. A., (now stationed in St. Paul, Minnesota); Col. Neil Dennison, U. S. A., (since resigned, married and settled in Ohio); a splendid specimen of a fellow named Boscowitz, (a Victoria Jew); Charles Kinkead, (since drowned,) and an ex-Confederate officer whose name I do not call to mind, making, counting Captain Kohl and myself, eight in all.

We were to leave Victoria on or about the 25th of July; so, on the 9th of that month, I embarked on the steamer *Oriflamme* at San Francisco, and in four days arrived at Portland, Oregon. We experienced severe northerly winds during the entire trip, which rendered the voyage anything but pleasant to those who realize no poetry of emotion in a "Life on the Ocean Wave," and who would prefer an ottoman at home to being "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

Leaving Portland on the 15th of July, I took a run down the Columbia river—the scenery of which is indescribably grand—and in a few hours arrived at Monticello. Here I engaged the hurricane deck of a Digger Indian's mule, arriving at a queer little place called Pumphrey's, where I put up for the night. Early on the morning of the 16th, after my educated animal had surfeited himself in the exercise of "bucking," I started for Schoopenchuck river, fifty miles, and arrived in time for a dinner of bear steaks and potato salad, served up in an acceptable way by an old Pennsylvania Dutchman, with whom I took up quarters for the night. Before retiring I had quite a cosy chat with my Teutonic friend, who, among other things, related the fact of his once having lost $50,000 in Philadelphia, by indiscreet speculation, and at another time half that sum through the failure of a rich firm in Harrisburg.

On the morning of the 17th I took the stage for Olympia, the capital of Washington Territory, twenty-five miles distant, and on the 20th I left the capital, taking the steamer *Anderson* at 7 o'clock, and arriving at Victoria in the evening, stopping at Port Townsend, Port Madison, Steilacoom, and Seattle, the last named of which will, no doubt, be the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which is to connect Lake Superior with Puget Sound. Victoria, situated at the extreme lower end of Vancouver's Island, is one of the prettiest cities upon the Pacific coast, and has a population of about six thousand souls. Its palmiest days were during the Carriboo and Frazer river gold excitements, some few years ago, when it had nearly thirty thousand inhabitants. Victoria is the headquarters upon this continent of the Hudson's

Bay Fur Company, at which place said company have a number of very large and commodious stores and warehouses. The climate of Victoria is very much like that of New England in its general character, and has four well-defined seasons. Four miles from the town is the harbor of Esquimault, where three or four large British war-vessels generally lie at anchor. For a long time this was the rendezvous of gangs of successful smugglers, who operated between this point and Washington Territory. Eighteen miles from this harbor, which, by the way, is the finest, deepest, and safest upon the Pacific coast, except San Francisco and San Diego, is San Juan Island, from the center of which at that time might be seen on one end the American flag and upon the other end the ensign of the British—both Governments peaceably claiming that small patch in the sea. In company with a number of gentlemen I visited San Juan, and was handsomely entertained by both Uncle Sam's and Her Majesty's officers.

On the 27th of July, 1869, we (the party above named) left Victoria by the steam yacht *Fideliter*, Captain Erksine, and arrived at Nanaimo, a coaling station seventy miles up George's sound, early in the evening. There are large deposits of very fair coal at Nanaimo. We left this town on the morning of the 28th, long before daylight, and arrived at Seymour's Rapids, 160 miles from Victoria, in the afternoon. This is one of the most dangerous places of navigation between Esquimault and Sitka, it being impossible for either sail or steam vessel to stem the current, or proceed with it, (the tide making some nine or ten miles an hour), except at its mean. The water is as black as ink, and is said to be unfathomable. The mountains upon either side lift

themselves to the majestic height of several thousand feet, and in many places are almost precipitous from the water's edge to their tops. There is every variety of mountain scenery to be met with upon either side, while a vessel may tie up with safety anywhere along their precipitous sides. Here and there, every ten or twelve miles, are little indentations, or miniature bays, which serve as fishing grounds for the Indians, who have several settlements and many lodges upon the sound.

At the upper end of Vancouver's Island is a prominent trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, called Fort Rupert, at which we tied up our steamer for several hours. The warehouses and dwellings were substantial looking, and built of logs, and inclosed by a stockade. Near by is an Indian settlement of about 200 inhabitants. Just as we arrived these creatures were at the height of the festivities of their annual twelve days' dance. On this occasion their chief, who is a sort of aboriginal George Peabody, was bestowing a portion of his great wealth upon the poor of his tribe. Having just parted with a large portion of the accumulated wealth of years, among the gifts of which were seventy canoes and nearly 200 blankets, his subjects were in the act of testifying their appreciation of his virtues in song and dance. There were seven men at this post—all Scotchmen—a chief clerk, storekeeper, two traders, and three men of all work. Some good brandy first, and then some coffee, and a lunch of venison, eggs, and roast potatoes were offered us, which we had the good sense to accept, and then a smoke and a chat, and again we were on our journey.

Eighteen miles from Fort Rupert is where the U. S. steamer *Suwanee* had been wrecked only a few

days before. The officers and men must have made a hasty exit, as a large number of Indians were engaged in ransacking the ill-fated vessel when we passed, most of whom had their canoes loaded with plunder. A few miles from where the *Suwanee* was wrecked is a settlement of Nowsitti Indians, numbering a hundred-odd inhabitants, who are noted for their industry and their high display of art. All of their habitations stand on elaborately and in many cases artistically carved posts, while all of their fences and articles of furniture and implements of labor are carved in an elaborate and ornamental manner. The *Suwanee* was wrecked while leaving this village for Queen Charlotte's sound.

Leaving Fort Rupert, we came into Queen Charlotte's sound, where we not only got a glance at old ocean, but a good stiff gale and a tremendous sea. The waves dashed all over our little iron yacht, carrying away one of our life-boats and completely disarranging things in our cabin. I had never before seen the Pacific so utterly undeserving in its name. The waves actually rolled mountain high. We were alternately balancing upon the tip-top of a narrow-looking wave and pitching down furiously into a great hole in the sea. At such an awful juncture the most insignificant thing in the world is what is generally admitted to be God's noblest and greatest work.

After being tossed about many hours, we crossed the sound, forty miles in length, and entered the peaceful waters of Fitzhugh channel. A run of ninety miles and we arrived off Bella-Bella, a small trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, and a settlement of some forty or fifty Indians. The scenery all the way up Fitzhugh channel is indescribably picturesque and beautiful. I have seen

nothing more enchanting. It partakes of the sublimity of the highlands of the Hudson river, the grandeur of the Sierra Nevada mountains, and the exquisite loveliness of the Wissahickon at one and the same time. It has no counterpart except in the straits of Magellan, which may be pronounced Nature's *chef d'œuvre*. One hundred and fifty miles from Bella-Bella is Fort Simpson, the most important and the most northern trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company. Here we stopped for twenty-four hours. The company had ten men employed at Simpson: Mr. Cunningham, the superintendent; a clerk, four traders, and four men of all work—all Scotchmen. The stores, warehouses and dwellings at Fort Simpson are very large and well built. Mr. Cunningham's residence is the best made and most comfortably-appearing log house I have ever seen except that built by Governor McCormick at Prescott, Arizona. There are also large flower and vegetable gardens attached, all of which are inclosed by a stockade. In the neighborhood are two or three settlements of Indians, numbering six or seven hundred inhabitants. Here we found the Hudson's Bay Company steamer *Beaver*, under charter of Her Majesty's Coast Survey Commission, the officers of which were being entertained by Mr. Cunningham. The *Beaver* has the reputation of being the first steam vessel ever in the Pacific ocean, having been built in England and launched in 1835, and at once sailed, brig-rigged, for Fort Vancouver. Cunningham was originally a missionary, and has lived among the Indians at or near Fort Simpson for nineteen years. He has a bright, intelligent looking squaw for a wife, and four children. Mr. Cunningham entertained us in a princely manner. His wines and brandies were old and nutty, and his cigars were of the very best brands and flavor.

Fifteen miles from Simpson is the Federal Fort Tongas, situated on Portland inlet, the dividing water between British America and our own territory, the latter constituting the most southern portion of Alaska. At Tongas was stationed a company of troops, who had already had several quarrels with the Indians. The Hudson's Bay Company have never had a soldier at one of their posts, and up to a very late date have had no trouble with the Indians. Mr. Cunningham said he had had considerable difficulty with some of the Indians since the erection of Fort Tongas, on account of their procuring liquor from the United States troops. From Fort Tongas to Fort Wrangel it is seventy miles. Wrangel was also garrisoned by a company of troops, who had had serious difficulties with the Indians upon several occasions. It is situated at the mouth of the Stickeen river, and is 265 miles from Sitka, at which place we arrived on the 7th of August. The last 300 miles, and especially that portion of the trip through the Duke of Clarence, Chatham, and Peril straits, was like floating through a fairy archipelago. The narrow waters had widened out into lake-like proportions, and were dotted all over with little clusters of rocks and gems of islands. Upon one occasion a most gorgeous sunset lie reflected upon the placid surface of this net-work of waters, carrying one back to the happy days of "Peter Wilkins and the Flying Islanders," as played at the Boston Museum thirty years ago.

Sitka is charmingly situated on Baranoff island, and has a fine harbor. The climate, were it not for the rain, would be a great deal more attractive than the climate anywhere east. There are but two seasons—summer and winter. The summer is warm, but never hot. In June, July, and August

the days are nineteen, twenty, and twenty-one hours long; and, really, there is no night. Mrs. Jeff. C. Davis informed me that at no time during a summer night was it necessary to have an artificial light to read by. In the winter this is reversed; and during some of the weeks in January the bright streaks of daylight are few. The mercury averages forty during the cold season at Sitka, and seldom goes to zero. A few miles from Sitka, into the interior, and the tourist may find winter everlasting. Most of the houses are constructed of logs. The former residence of the Prince was occupied by General Jeff. C. Davis, and was as complete as any establishment in Washington. One of the parlors is 180 feet long by 70 wide, and is elaborately furnished and handsomely hung with paintings and engravings. In one corner there is an organ with a capacity for thirty pieces of dancing music, including quadrilles, les lanciers, and two or more waltzes, polkas, and redowas. The most attractive object of interest in Sitka is the Greek church, which is one of the prettiest edifices of the kind I have ever seen. Its chime of bells is the finest upon the Pacific coast, if not, indeed, in America, the bells being made almost entirely of silver. I had an opportunity of witnessing a wedding ceremony in Greek, the mode of solemnization putting me more in mind of the marriage of Fritz and Wanda, in the "Grande Duchesse," than anything else.

All of the Russians, of whom there are a few left in Sitka, the Kodiakers and the Aleuts, and all of the Indians, in fact, except those of the mainland, worship in the Greek Church, and are controlled by its laws and regulations. Their Christmas lasts thirteen days, during which time the nights are de-

voted to masquerading. After a fine entertainment and ball given us by General Jeff. C. Davis, at which were present a large number of officers and their ladies, we bade adieu to Sitka, and on the 11th of August started for Nutchuck, or Fort Constitution, on Prince William sound, 450 miles away, at which place we arrived on the 14th.

We staid all night at Nutchuck. This island contains 270 Kodiakers—a high order of Indians, or a low order of Aleuts—divided into eight tribes, each tribe having a chief, who brought out his people and introduced them one by one, (reminding me of committees calling upon the President,) to each of whom we gave a stick of candy or a cigar, either of which is considered a gift of munificence, and for which we received the well-known old God-bless-you, so often and so liberally bestowed by the Italian mendicants and the curbstone merchants of New York.

To this point the Copper River Indians come to trade. These Indians are the bravest and most athletic savages in Alaska, and have always made successful war upon any and all Indians who have had the temerity to penetrate their country, and are only at peace with the tribes at Nutchuck.

On the 14th we left Nutchuck for Lower Kany, 210 miles. Owing to a strong head wind and never ceasing fog, (and that is a peculiarity of the climate in this section of the northern waters—that dense fogs prevail during the prevalence of very strong winds,) we did not arrive at Lower Kany until the evening of the 17th. This point of land is the most southern extremity of Cook's inlet, and is known as the place where the Russians expended half a million of dollars in developing coal mines, which proved a failure, as the coal contained less than ten

per cent. of steam, and would exhaust itself as fast as it could be put under a boiler. At this point was wrecked, a short time before, a Government transport, with a company of troops on board and a year's supply of clothing and provisions. A large amount of lumber and a number of wagons and a lot of mules were also lost. The troops were saved by a trading vessel which happened to be cruising off that point, and taken to Kodiac. From Lower Kany to Upper Kany it is 80 miles. We left the former place upon the morning of the 18th, and arrived at the latter point at 3 o'clock in the evening, making the run in seven hours.

Upper Kany is the most northern post on the waters of the Pacific, and is the coldest place in winter and the warmest during summer. The Indians here are honest and generous people, and, with a few vegetables they raise; salmon, which here are very fine; and game, which abounds on the main land of Alaska; deer, reindeer, grouse, and many other smaller animals, the people manage to live exceedingly well. It is at this point that a number of old miners and explorers had been making a great effort to find precious metals, but only very small specimens of gold, iron, and lead had been discovered. From Upper Kany to Kodiac, at which place we arrived on the 20th of August, and the most northern and largest of the Aleutian islands, it is about 200 miles.

Kodiac is the only island, except the small ones contiguous to it, (Woody and Afgnock islands), which has any timber or growth of wood whatever. All the others, from Kodiac to the Siberian coast, are entirely destitute of any vegetation, except grass and such small gardens of potatoes and turnips as the natives plant. Woody island, about two

miles from Kodiac, or St. Paul harbor, as the town or settlement is called, used to furnish most of the ice for the Pacific coast. The ice company of San Francisco, at the transfer of Alaska to the United States, purchased the ice houses and other buildings, and all the paraphernalia for the prosecution of the ice business, pre-empted Wood's island by building a fence around it, and also all the ice ponds upon Afgnock island adjoining. Formerly the Russians collected the ice and sold it to the ice company at so much per ton delivered on board their vessels. The Russians never allowed outside parties to have any control of their people; or, in other words, they owned and controlled every interest in the country. The codfish are so abundant at Kodiac that every day in the year they are caught, which is the case in no other part of the world. The natives go fishing every morning for the day's supply as regularly as a farmer goes to his pork or beef barrel. At Kodiac there were two companies of troops, the company which was wrecked at Kany and the company intended to be stationed thereon, all under the command of Colonel Tidball. The troops, the ice company, and the numerous traders and army followers, which had centered here, made it quite a lively place. The weather is about the same as at Sitka, although at times in the summer the sun shines very hot, and not unfrequently the natives could be seen carrying umbrellas to protect them from the excessive heat.

Going south from Kodiac the first harbor is Unga. On the lower end of the island of Unga, the largest of the Schoomagin group, are the great codfish banks of Alaska. I counted as many as thirty vessels at anchor and their crews fishing over the guards for codfish, no trouble being experienced in obtaining a

schooner full in a very few days. While we were here one vessel took 180,000 cod in six days. The weather is so damp, however, that the fish are salted and taken to California to be dried. Unga, which is 300 miles from Kodiac, has about 150 Aleuts, who have made themselves comfortable by hunting sea otter. Their houses are adobe, and generally dirty at this place. There is quite a handsome church here, under the charge of a native Aleut, who reads the Greek service Sundays and holy days. Here we obtained a good supply of hens' eggs and as many gulls' eggs as we wished. The number of gulls on the rocks at the entrance to the harbor is astonishing, and beyond all calculation. The eggs taste good to those who have a happy imagination or who are very hungry. The water is considered the best in the country, retaining its freshness a long time at sea. At the upper end of this island the Russians made another failure in their attempt to develop the coal interests. Although the coal is of a better quality than at Kany, the quantity would not justify an attempt to get a supply. Just north of the Schoomagin island is the island of Okármook, the penal reservation of the country under the Russians. Aleuts, Indians, and cross breeds were sent there for punishment. Some forty were left there by the Russians, and existed by killing rats or a species of ground squirrel, the skin of which they manufactured into garments, which were exchanged for the necessaries of life by traders. These garments were in turn sold to the Indians of the main land and colder regions.

Mount St. Elias, said to be 16,000 feet in height, may be seen in all its magnificent proportions from the Schoomagin islands, and also Mount Chiginagark, with an altitude of 17,000 feet. Upon a clear

morning may be observed columns of blue smoke issuing from the tops of these mountains, which may be seen plainly two hundred miles away, so clear and ultra-marine is the atmosphere.

The Indians hereabouts are great tea-drinkers. Their mode of sweetening the beverage is to place the sugar on the tongue and suck the drink through their teeth. On special occasions they drink beer manufactured from roots and brown sugar. Their meats and vegetables are cooked in whale or seal oil, the latter constituting the butter for their bread. In conversation with them you address the chief, who, in turn, addresses his tribe, who alike signify their agreeableness or disapprobation by a grunt.

From Unga to Ounalaska it is 300 miles, entering the Behring sea through Acutan Pass, the harbor being on Behring sea side, and is considered the best in Alaska, and has for a long time been visited by the Arctic whalers, as a watering place. The settlement, situated on a peninsula between a beautiful mountain stream and the ocean, which is nearly of horse-shoe shape, has a decidedly romantic appearance. Here the natives' houses are adobes, but are clean, and have an air of comfort not to be found at any other place. As at Unga and all of the Aleutian Islands, the people live by hunting sea otter, the islands furnishing no other fur except a few inferior foxes. Horned cattle and sheep thrive on these islands, the priest at Ounalaska being the proprietor of about twelve head of cattle, as fat and as sleek as any I ever saw in Southern California. There is a cave near the village, where we found skulls of enormous size in a perfect state of preservation, with teeth in both jaws. The skulls were very thick and strong, having no apparent thin spot, but a solid bone; even the nose was bone,

showing that the place had been inhabited by a different and larger race than that of the present day. The canoes or boats called bidarkars, are all made of the skin of seal, are very light, and from twelve to twenty-five feet long, and from eighteen to thirty inches wide, coming to a point at both ends, with from one to three hatches or holes, into which the native sticks his legs and sits on the bottom, and with his water-proof garment, made from the membrane of the seal, which is very light, weighing less than two ounces, completely covering him, except his face and hands, and tied around the top of the hatch, he goes through waves and surf, and sits in the rain all day, and comes out dry. From six to seventy-five of these bidarkers, manned with three men each, form a sea otter hunting party; these parties, made up from the most able-bodied of the males, start out in the spring with provisions, etc., for a three months' hunt. When a party is ready to start, the priest, if any, if not, the person who can read church service, and acting as priest, goes down to the water, blesses it and sprinkles each hunter with it by dipping a brush into the ocean, and shaking it over him. The people subsequently join in prayer; then a collation, such as they can afford, is served, then dancing and kissing takes place, and amid the vociferations of joy and grief the party get off for their three months' hunt. All of the other labor is performed by the women, as in other Indian countries.

From Ounalaska to the Seal islands, 800 miles from Kodiac, and where we arrived on the 27th, it is some 235 miles. These small islands, known as the Pribolor group, hundreds of miles from any other land, and almost always enveloped in a dense fog, are the favorite resort of the fur seal. Having been

driven by the ruthless hunter from all other islands in the known world, they have sought refuge here, and have found protection first from the Russian Government, and subsequently from our own.

Long before reaching the islands, and sometimes hours before seeing them, one gets the stench and hears the fearful roaring of millions of these ponderous and clumsy, yet sagacious animals.

St. Paul, the principal and most important of these islands, is small and irregular-shaped, and about sixteen miles long and five miles wide, running lengthwise nearly east and west. The seals haul up only on the southern side, and at difficult points, where the shore is bold and rocky. And, although they sometimes haul up in millions, they never occupy more than forty or fifty acres of land. The peculiar habits of this animal were most minutely and admirably described by Captain Charles Bryant in a report to the Secretary of the Treasury some years ago. Captain Bryant spent most of the summer of 1869 on St. Paul island, and, according to his instructions, devoted his entire time to the study of the seal.

The seals have inhabited these islands, and have been captured for their furs by the Russian Fur Company for seventy years; at one time by their eagerness they nearly exterminated them, but by careful management for the last thirty years of their operations they secured annually a large number without detriment to the supply. These animals have come regularly for a great many years. One old fellow, peculiarly marked, has been known to locate on the same rock for twenty years. About the 1st of May a reconnoitering party, consisting of a few old males, may be seen examining the shore; if all is right they

disappear for a few days, and then return, accompanied by a few hundreds of full-grown animals; these at once haul up on the rocks and locate for the season. The full-grown animals continue to arrive until hundreds of thousands can be seen, and are followed by the four and five-year old males, who are more active, and spend much of their time in the water. This size is followed by the younger males, one, two, and three years old, which come on land and are guarded over by the old males, who never fail to give warning on the approach of danger, at which the young splash into the sea. The full-grown seal weighs about half a ton, and from that size, graduated down to the two-year old, which averages about 150 or 200 pounds. About the first of June the females arrive; these immediately go on land and have their young, and are seized upon by the old males, who huddle them together as fast as secured, some old fellows, Mormon-like, having as many as hundreds of wives. The mothers nurse their young every two or three days, until just before their departure for the winter, when they coax them into the water and teach them to swim. The mode of driving or getting the animals up from the beach, and separating the two and three-year old (or desirable size for their furs) from the others, is the most frightful and animated scene I have ever witnessed. A half a dozen or more natives, each armed with a seven-foot club, go to the leeward, crawl along the water's edge between the water and the seal, until they have cut off as many as they can drive, then raise up, and in the same manner as urging forward hogs, drive and fall back, and dodge about, knocking down by a skillful blow, which stuns but does not injure permanently, the old bulls, until the little ones are away

from the rookeries, when one man and a boy or two can drive thousands. They are driven very slowly, from a half to two miles an hour, to the salt houses, where they are allowed to rest and cool off before being killed, which is done by huddling together fifty or a hundred and running around them until their hind flippers are tangled together, so they can not spring at the man when he reaches over and knocks the desirable ones on the nose a very slight blow; if on the end of the nose, killing the animal instantly. Usually, about one-fifth of the number driven up are killed and the balance allowed to return to the water. The skins are then taken off and salted; the women and children cut the fat from the carcass, and throw it into vats for the future manufacture of oil. If the seals are too frequently driven from the same rookery, they become alarmed and hunt for a more quiet resting-place. Conflicting interests upon these few acres would keep them constantly agitated, and soon frighten them from the islands and from our waters. The natives are more jealous of the manner of killing than of the number killed. These people were born on the islands, and but few of them have been beyond their limits and consider the islands their homes, and sealing, which they alone understand, as their lawful business. The animal leaves in the fall, the female and pups going first; then the two and three-year old, then the four and five-year old, and last, the old bulls who have been from three to five months on land, without eating anything whatever during that time; in fact, it is not known that any of the seals eat during their stay in these waters. I have seen thousands of stomachs opened, and have been unable to discover any appearance of food except a glutinous substance. Some seven

miles from the Seal islands, is a very small island where walrus or sea elephant haul up from the sea; they are not numerous, however, and have not been disturbed for many years, except occasionally, one or two by adventurers. We killed two, and in each of their stomachs found at least two bushels of clams. These animals have been found along the coast, on the main land, at and near Bristol bay, where they are killed for their tusks and oil.

From St. Paul island to Norton sound is about eight hundred miles. St. Michael's station is on the main land; here it is very cold and dreary at all times, and nearly all daytime during the summer, and continual night through the winter. The natives at St. Michael's are Esquimaux Indians, using dogs and reindeer to draw their sledges, and dress mostly in furs. From this point we passed up through Behring straits, and could plainly see the Asiatic coast. The highest point we reached was Kotzebue's sound, where we found nothing of interest; the country is almost a dead level, and has a marshy appearance as far as the eye could reach. From here we proceeded along down the coast to Bristol bay and Naschaka river, where the salmon are considered to be the best in the world, but not as abundant as at many other places in and about Cook's inlet. At Bristol bay the natives are very ingenious, carving from walrus ivory the most beautiful descriptions of cups, spoons, rules, rings, images, thimbles, and various toys. From here we proceeded again to Ounalaska, met with a hearty welcome from the natives, got provisions and a supply of fresh water, and sailed for San Francisco, the whole excursion lasting about three months. We met General Thomas and staff at Kodiac on our return, and Mr. Seward and party at Sitka.

During this trip I took great pains to inquire—of remaining Russian officials, and others "native and to the manner born"—into the nature of the fur seal; and discovered, beyond all doubts, that a check, such as is placed upon its capture by a company, bound by Governmental stipulations such as is the Alaska Fur Seal Company, is the only safeguard against its utter extermination or permanent flight. As it is, there is no diminution of the animals; the market is perfectly supplied, and our Government receives a handsome revenue annually from an agency that honorably pursues its work according to the terms and conditions of its contract and agreement.

THREE EXTINCT CITIZENS.

The murders, homicides, robberies, feats of highwaymanship, etc., etc., which took place in Grass Valley during its early history, would form an appropriate sequel to "Claude Duval." Probably the most tragic affair that ever occurred in that section was the battle in a mine, which took place on the 27th of June, 1867, and which resulted in the death of several men killed and a large number wounded.

The first murder that took place in the township occurred in January, 1851, in which a notoriously bad man, named Jack Allen, was hurried to his last account while engaged in the pastime of an attempt to break up a ball. He was so quietly made to shuffle off the coil spoken of by the great poet, that his assassin was never discovered. Probably no person ever "passed in his checks" so speedily, while it was the "first man" Grass Valley people had ever "had for breakfast." A certain physician, however, who, upon examining the deceased declared that he ought to have been killed years before, came near being perforated with bullets at the hands of the friends of Allen, who had put in an ugly appearance a few moments after the spirit of said ruffian had gone to that undiscovered gulch from whose bourne no dead miner ever returns.

Feats of highwaymanship have been numerous in the vicinity of Grass Valley and Nevada City, many

of which have been more or less tragic, or otherwise. The story I am about to relate, however, constitutes one of the most thrilling of this class of California sketches:

George Shanks, *alias* Jack Williams, the leader; Bob Finn, *alias* David Caton, and George W. Moore, had met in Myer's Ravine, about six miles from Nevada City and ten from Grass Valley, to arrange for the robbery of the stage from North San Juan to the former place. Shanks was an old stage robber, and had served out part of a term in the penitentiary at San Quentin for stage robbery near Sacramento. He was from New York city, and was once a pressman on the *Tribune* and a member of 21 engine. He was generally looked upon as a suspicious character, and had often bragged that his mother had said that he would die with his boots on.

Bob Finn was in early times a messenger in the bank of Page, Bacon & Co., of San Francisco. Subsequently he turned up as a miner in the new Eureka shaft, and at a late day had fallen in with Shanks, the leader of the three.

Moore, the youngest of the gang, came to California from Nashville, Tenn., having been formerly a clerk at the St. Cloud hotel, in that city. He was born in Boston, and has relatives living there, who know of his sad fate. He had only been in California a short time, and was without work, money, and friends. It was just at this time that he was persuaded by Shanks and Finn to join them in making a "raise" by robbing the North San Juan stage, which generally carried to Nevada City several thousand dollars in coin and dust. Penniless and in want, young Moore easily fell a victim, and essayed, for the first and last time, the character of a knight of the road.

The night of May 14th, 1866, had nearly passed, and the stage was due at Nevada City at half past five o'clock the next morning. The three highwaymen had lodged within a half mile of the stage road, and within five miles of Nevada City, each taking his turn on guard two hours at a time.

Shanks was on guard at three, and expected the stage in an hour or an hour and a half. There was a superb full moon, and the desperado looked around him as if to commune with Nature. He was standing at the very mouth of Myer's Ravine, at its debouchre into the Yuba. Titanic walls are all around—second only to Yosemite's imposing architecture in majesty and sublimity. Prodigious halves of colossal boulders stand like grim sentinels on either hand. Desolate hillsides loom up in the distance, bathed in floods of Diana's delicious light. The morning zephyrs chime Æolian minstrelsy through the whispering pines, and the babbling brook meanders its pebbly bed in melodious cadences. The beacon light of Aurora shimmers upon a majestic cliff upon the mountain divide, where the Star of Empire might rest in becoming grandeur after its triumphant course through its orbit from the orient to the occident.

At half past three Finn and Moore were summoned; at four o'clock on the morning of May the 15th, 1866, the three highwaymen were on the Nevada City and North San Juan road, and were soon under cover of a steep hill on the south side of the South Yuba, above what is called Black's Crossing. And there they crouched, like three black crows, in the moonlight; each man wearing a black cap, and a suit of clothes of the same color.

"It's coming!" gasped young Moore, almost choking as he uttered the words.

"So's your grandmother, chicken-liver!" cried Shanks; "you don't pan out worth a cent, my little girl-baby! If you don't like the game, you'd better git; you'd peter out robbing a dead man. Imitate the example of my Christian co-laborer, Robert Finn. He's a gentleman and a scholar—you chance your bottom quarter; he'll go to the bed rock every time—aye, Bob?"

"You bet your life, old man," responded Bob, with a yawn.

"But we won't chafe each other, Mr. Moore," said the leader. "We have not come here to take each other's scalps. The noise you hear is under the left side of your waistcoat, however. But, never mind that; let's understand our business, now, for the last time."

"All right," cried both of the others; "go on."

"Examine your six-shooters, once more, and see that the caps are all on well," said Shanks. "Now, listen!" he continued: "Don't let your cowardly fingers fool with the trigger, as there's no need of harming any one.—They'll all crawl out and behave like lambs, if we do our part of the job in a neat, gentlemanly way."

"Jack, old boy," chipped in Bob, jocosely, "let up on that word gentlemanly—it's too thin—like the cuticle of Georgie Moore. Georgie Moore will—"

"Now, gentlemen, let us behave as such, and have no quarreling. Moore is all right—he's as bold as a lion," interrupted Shanks.

"Yes, a dead one;" murmured the facetious David.

"Shut up, now, and listen—there! doggone my buttons, boys, I swear I heard the crack of Sam Cooper's lash. Quick, now, listen! I am Citizen 1, said Shanks; "Robert, you are Citizen 2, and

George, you are Citizen 3. No names are to be called, and no man utters a word but myself. I'll jump up first and catch the leaders; Citizen 2, you will catch hold of the wheel-horse with one hand and cover the driver with one of your six-shooters; and Citizen 3, you will rush up to the door of the stage, upon this side of the road, and cover the passengers with both weapons and I'll shout 'Don't a mother's son of you stir, on your peril.' That's all; now down! I can hear the horses' hoofs."

In a moment the fine gray team of Sam Cooper had reached the summit, and almost instantly the three highwaymen were at their respective posts. It was just half-past four o'clock.

"Put on your brake and throw off the express box!" shouted Shanks, in unmistakable tones.

On went the brake, and off went the coin chest of Wells, Fargo & Co., containing $7,900 in gold.

Shanks then ordered the driver to dismount and take out his horses and throw the harness into one heap, and "Citizen 2" to cover him the while. He then proceeded to the door of the coach covered by "Citizen 3" and took out the passengers—seven in all—and first searched them for weapons, and stood them in a row with their hands held up in the air, saying to Moore:

"We don't want to harm any of these gentlemen (there were no ladies); but, Citizen 3, if any one of them makes a motion, blow his brains out!"

After the search for weapons, the leader went through the party and relieved the passengers of their money and other valuables; amounting, in all, however, to less than a thousand dollars and three gold watches.

Shanks then turned a lot of powder into the safe, and, upon the second attempt, blew it into pieces. Then he shouted to Finn:

"Citizen 2! Tell the driver to hitch up again, and you come this way."

Finn carried out his instructions promptly and carefully, covering Cooper with his revolver as he moved toward Shanks, backwards. Then Shanks hallooed to Moore, who had performed his part with more than average tact.

"Citizen 3! Dismiss those gentlemen and tell them to get into the stage; and then you follow us."

Moore repeated the order and moved backwards a few hundred yards, covering his movement with his pistols.

The highwaymen hastened from the scene, and were soon out of sight. The passengers assisted the driver in getting his team in order, and soon the coach was rolling over the road towards the first town at a twelve mile rate."

The stage arrived at the door of the National Exchange Hotel, kept by Lancaster & Hasey, Nevada City, at six o'clock precisely. Although it was early morn, the news of the daring robbery spread like wildfire throughout the town, and the greatest excitement imaginable prevailed.

In an hour after the arrival of the stage, the Sheriff of the county (R. B. Gentry) had rallied a *posse*, composed of James H. Lee, Albert Gentry, A. W. Potter and Steve Venard, all of whom had been residents of either Nevada or Grass Valley for several years. Steve Venard, the hero of the occasion, is a man nearly six feet in height, broad shouldered, a dead shot with a rifle, and a man of unparelleled bravery and intrepidity. It was understood that the expedition could hardly fail with Steve Venard as one of its members. At eight o'clock the party had arrived at the scene of the robbery. The two Gentrys and Potter went into

the woods together below the crossing of the stream, and Lee and Venard went down the road on a line parallel with the river. The two latter got on the trail of the robbers, as their path into the depths of the wilderness could be plainly seen. Venard was in the advance. For about a mile, although the road was indescribably rough and at places almost impassable, they managed to urge their animals forward. At last they could get no further except on foot; so Venard directed Lee to go back with the horses and hitch them in some safe place, and to return as soon as possible.

Venard now followed the trail alone, cautiously, with his trusty Henry rifle in a business position. He soon arrived at Myer's Ravine, and discovered slight evidences of a fresh camp. He looked carefully about him, but could see no human being. He halted a moment and listened anxiously, but all was silent as the grave. He went up the ravine to a crossing, and in half an hour found himself in one of Nature's ruggedest spots. He could hardly proceed on account of the profusion of rocks, trees, logs, ferns, and brush, while over the perpendicular walls of granite, which had almost entirely shut out the orb of day, the waters of the Yuba came down in ceaseless cataracts.

In the midst of this jungle he came to a place where the stream forked and then came together, forming a sort of an island within, through the center of which there were two tiers of boulders two or three hundred feet in height. A natural avenue passed between these tiers of rocks, at the head of which an immense slab of granite, hundreds of feet in length, about twenty feet in height, and seemingly a barrier to further progress, and looking as though it might have been hurled there during some brick-bat war of the Titans, interposed.

Venard leaned up against the mossy slab and muttered, "Well, this is the end of the trail, or I'm off the track. Hark, Steve!" he said; "I hear the chatter of thieves and the clink of coin."

He was near the eastern end of the slab, and the sounds came from that direction. He crept along so as to steal a glance around the corner of the boulder. There sat the three robbers, and instantly the eyes of Venard and Shanks met. The latter reached for his revolver, sprung to his feet, and was in the act of firing when Steve sent a bullet whizzing through his heart. One of the other robbers ran behind a rock near by and the other fled up a small cañon tangled with underbrush. Venard maintained his position, and presently saw a pistol pointed toward him from over the top of the rock, at the base of which lay the dead body of the leader. He covered the muzzle of the pistol with his unerring Henry, and presently the head of Bob Finn slowly came up. The exposure was fatal, for in a moment a bullet pierced his brain. Then Venard clambered up through the tangle of the cañon, and sixty yards ahead saw young Moore struggling up the difficult acclivity. He took a deadly aim and fired, the robber reeling up against a tree. Another discharge, and the third highwayman fell dead.

Venard now sought his companions, who had heard the firing, and met them where Lee had left him. He was almost speechless with fatigue and excitement. The first salutation was the announcement from a member of some new squad that:

"Wells, Fargo & Co. have offered a reward of three thousand dollars for the capture of the robbers, dead or alive. The woods are full of peeple!"

"Tell them to go home," said Steve. "The

rascals are all dead—as dead as gunpowder and lead can make them!"

At this juncture the sheriff and his *posse* came up.

"I've got 'em, Gentry!" shouted Venard, overflowing with glee and excitement—"all of 'em—every mother's son of em!"

"Where are they?"

"Scattered about promiscuously."

"Not dead?"

"Yes, sir; dead—every man of 'em—dead as a door-nail—cold as a hammer! And the only thing I regret is that I threw away a valuable shot on one of the scoundrels. I am squarely and fairly a cartridge out."

The news of the summary justice, and of the unexampled heroism of Venard spread like an epidemic through the cities of Nevada and Grass Valley, and exceeded all bounds when, at half-past two in the afternoon, the dead bodies of Shanks, Finn and Moore were brought into the former town, and the full amount of money stolen was deposited at the express office.

The company at once paid Venard the three thousand dollars, and also presented him with a magnificent Henry rifle heavily mounted with gold and beautifully inscribed. F. F. Low, at that time Governor of California, appointed Venard on his staff, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, "for meritorious services in the field."

A RAMBLE WITH FLORA.

"Flora," a renowned Roman goddess, was worshipped in magnificent pomp during and from the very earliest times. As the goddess of buds and flowers and Spring, her mythological achievements were perpetuated in a shaft or temple, which reared its colossal pile near the ruins of the *circus maximus*. Her festive celebrations were annually what now answer to the last three days of the fourth month of our year, or the second of the ancient Romans.

Flora, in strictly Grecian legend, answers to one of the Horæ, named Chloris, who became the faithful wife of Zephros, the genial west Spring wind—a rival lover of Boreas, the mythological function of the rude blasts from the wintry north.

It is the general impression that Florida was so called after its profusion of flowers. This is a popular mistake. It was called Florida because Ponce de Leon, whose was the first foot placed upon its territory, landed at St. Augustine, in 1513, on "Pascua Florida," or Easter Sunday. It is stated, however, that Florida, which means florid or flowery, was the name given the territory aforesaid by Vasquez in 1520, on account of the delightful aspect of the country inland from that famous winter resort of wealthy valetudinarians—St. Augustine. It is a pretty name, and suggests floral munificence.

That the appellation of "Flowery Kingdom," as applied to China, means an abundance of flowers throughout that pagan land, is also an erroneous impression. The words "Flowery Kingdom" constitute a translation of the Chinese classical words *Hwa Kwoh*, a name bestowed upon China by its own inhabitants, and is intended to convey the idea that the Chinese nation is the most civilized, educated and polished in the world.

It is only certain that one place in the world has been named after the flowers that grew in profusion thereon, and this beautiful thought was, no doubt, a piece of assurance on the part of some Portuguese who settled upon one of the Azores Islands, in 1448, and who called their settlement "Flores," or Isle of Flowers.

Now, there is no distinct flowery kingdom on the face of the earth. The Roman goddess is omnipresent, and scatters her exquisite gifts in every latitude. True, plants, trees, grasses and flowers may be cultivated and grown more successfully in some parts of the world than in others. And, right here, I claim California as the home of Flora. Almost everything that "grows in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth," "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," may be made to attain perfection on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains; while, in that garden-spot of our State known as Los Angeles, and termed by tourists the Paradise of the Pacific Coast, almost all varieties of grass, shrub, plant, tree and flower are made to adorn and perfume that land the year round.

A love for beautiful and rare flowers is manifested in every inhabitable part of the globe. Even the savage betrays a reverence for his native flowers, and all modern and ancient languages are full of

eloquent passages where flowers are used as figures of speech to express a sense of beauty or loveliness. In every clime flowers are found—and in almost every clime they are cultivated—in great variety and abundance—even the snowy regions of Greenland presenting some interesting varieties, which blossom in the brief season of Summer vouchsafed to the curious inhabitants of that sterile portion of the earth. Tropical vegetation is overloaded with magnificent flowers, many of which exhale delicious perfumes. Europe, Asia, Africa, and the antipodal islands, respectively, possess many distinct and interesting varieties; South America furnishes a number of rare specimens, and North America is no less rich in the abundance and variety of her floricultural treasures.

In all civilized countries the cultivation of flowers is a universal passion—the rich and the poor indulging in these luxuries according to their means and their tastes. And there is no State in the Union like California in this delightful respect. Almost every house, not commercially used in San Francisco and other California cities, has its garden, while the charming city of Los Angeles seems one vast conservatory, which fills the air with fragrance from January to December.

As I have heretofore stated, all of the countries of the world contribute their quota of floral beauties, the result being a most bewildering array of rare and magnificent specimens. Africa furnishes several stately plants of massive foliage and singular form. Europe contributes those varieties common to every garden, no matter how humble it may be. Asia is called on for notable productions of the floral kingdom. America, herself, does wonders in affording her quota. Most of the inhabitable islands

known are represented in the collections of Flora. The goddess of buds and flowers has rambled throughout the world, and her lap is full of its multifarious offerings.

The Virginia Creeper, Hawthorne, Magnolia, Myrtle, Winter Berry, Trumpet Flower, and Snowdrop, are all natives of the United States and North America. Canada gives us the Arbor Vitæ. China has furnished the world with a select variety, among which are the Camillia, Dahlia, Wax Tree, Heliotrope, and many kinds of Myrtle. The Cape of Good Hope gives us the Arctopus, Milkwort, Giant Everlasting, and Coral Tree. The Bay Royal comes from Madeira; the Bell Flower from the Canary Islands; the Tamarisk plant from Germany; the Carnation, Gilly Flower and Geranium from Flanders; the Tuberosé from Java; the Mignonette and Pink from Italy; the Mock Orange from the south of Europe; the white and yellow Jasmine from Circassia and Catalonia; the Passion Flower from Brazil; while America, China, the Netherlands, Italy, England and France contribute to the family of the Rose; the Honeysuckle is a native of America, China and the Cape of Good Hope—so it will be seen that the same species are gathered from different parts of the world, each country, however, affording a distinct family. Thus, to continue, the Columbine Flower originally came from Liberia, Colorado, Kamtchatka and British America; the Sunflower is a native of California, Arizona, Mexico, South America, Great Britain and the interior of Africa. There are many other examples, though these will serve as specimens, selected at random. In many instances, as will be noted above, a single variety of flower can only be procured from a certain locality. It may not generally be known that

Holland originally gave us seven kinds of Hyacinths, three of Tulips, thirty varieties of the Gladiola, seven of the Narcissi, one Crocus, and two Crown Imperial.

One of the peculiarities of our goddess may be illustrated, thus: The Fuchsia, much cultivated and trained in this country and Europe, is a detested wild plant, (like our artimesia of the Humboldt and other deserts,) of New Zealand, where it annoys the farmer by its abundant and rapid growth. The Calla Lily, which grows in every California garden, is despised in Egypt, its native country. On the other hand, our Yellow Dock, a disagreeable weed, is much prized in England, where it is called the American Velvet Leaf Plant. These instances might be multiplied *ad infinitum.*

There are constant additions, as well as new importations, made annually, and especially to the family of the Rose. The Marschiel Neil, a prodigious yellow rose, is a royal flower, and a great addition. The Bouselin, a delicate pink rose, is a favorite for the button hole and for the hair, and comes from Boston. The Roman hyacinths take the lead in the newly imported plants, while horticulturists are making great improvement in the cultivation of the bauvar dia jasmine, olisviolia, purpenia plena and cerulea plenar, smilax, lady slippers, and double scarlet geraniums.

The largest flower in the world is the Victoria Regina, a native of the Amazon river, and which may now be found floating in hundreds of aquaria, included in which is the aquarium at Golden Gate Park. The first one brought to perfection in the United States was the property of Ex-Mayor Larz Anderson, of Cincinnati, about 18 years ago. The next largest flower, or one of the largest, (and also

one of the most beautiful and fragrant) that grows, is the Magnolia, a native of the Southern States. One of the smallest flowers cultivated is a variety of English Violet. The flower exhaling the most delightful aroma is, to my sense of smell, the orange blossom. The very atmosphere of Los Angeles, during the spring months, is freighted with its delicious odors. But there is a peculiarity of taste (or smell, I may say,) in this respect; and ranges among the pinks, tuberoses, violets, jasmines, honeysuckles and heliotropes. The least odoriferous of all flowers is the Japonica—a cold, waxen beauty without a breath.

The wild flowers of California, Arizona and Mexico are the most profuse in variety, the most gorgeous in colors, and the most prodigal in perfume in the world, north of the equinoctial line. During the months of April, May and June the smiling valleys of California look like an interminable stretch of splendid carpeting, and are rich in all the magnificent colors of an Axminster. During the month of April there are hundreds of thousands of acres of wild flowers on each side of the Southern Pacific Railroad in Merced, Fresno, Tulare, Kern and Los Angeles Counties. I doubt if there is a parallel picture in the world. A remarkable plant is the Cactus, which has its home in Mexico, Arizona and Southern California. Humboldt was almost speechless with wonder at the "Cactus Giganteus," which grows up in columns all over Arizona. There are said to be nearly four thousand varieties of cacti, there being several hundred distinct kinds of that generally termed the prickly pear, or *tuni*.

The symbolism, or language of flowers, is replete with poetical beauty; and is as old as poetry itself. The Greeks, in their graceful fancy, says some

writer upon this subject, made the events of every day life sentimentally blend with the beauty and poetry of the flower world, while the Romans, to some considerable degree, cultivated the language of flowers. England, Ireland, France, Africa—poets, painters—religion—all have been symbolized. In Greece, to this day, palms greet the newly born; laurel announces the illness of a friend; garlands crown the bride, and a cypress is spread over the grave. In the Olympian games the victor was crowned with a wreath of wild olive leaves, while a garland of laurels were in readiness for the winner in the Pythian. Montesquieu says of the Romans, "With one or two crowns of oak they conquered the world." Is there a blacker history than England's war of roses—the "giant of battle" and the "cloth of gold?" Where are there so famous symbols as the violet of Napoleon, the lily of the Bourbons, the palmetto of our own impetuous Carolinians, and the "wearing of the green?" Moses, Solomon, Jesus, Mahomet, Confucius, Shakespeare, Virgil, Horace, Milton, Dryden, Thompson, and all the celebrated bards and law-givers of the world, have left recorded traces of their flower language, which has given a tongue to every leaf and bud and blossom; while the traditions of the Catholic Church assign a symbol flower to every saint and martyr. What symbol is there—unless it be the orange blossoms of a bride—so unspeakably beautiful as the three-leafed lily of France, which is the flower-language of piety, justice and charity? or the common clover, used by Saint Patrick, to illustrate the Trinity—the three in one—Father, Son and Holy Ghost?"

One of the most astonishing of botanical discoveries ever made was that of the great Russian bot-

anist Anthoskoff, who, in 1870, found in Siberia the beautiful snow flower, the seeds of which he took to St. Petersburg, and which flowered in December, 1872, in the presence of the Imperial family. The snow flower is perfectly white, leaves, stalk and flower. It springs up to the height of three feet in less than three days. It possesses only three snow white leaves; and the flower buds, blooms and fades in four and twenty hours. It is in the shape of a star, about four inches in diameter, and possesses petals of great length. It is faintly scented; but if touched with the warm hand, both it, the stock on which it rests, and the leaves instantly melt into pure snow. It would appear that it was a kind of snow fungus; but it produces seeds which can be transplanted, and when sown in the snow they readily come to maturity and produce flowers. This exquisite plant has all the appearance of being composed of snow and ice, and grows abundantly in the sempiternal snows of Siberia. It is frequently mentioned in Tartar, Russian and Norse poetry, but has hitherto been considered fabulous.

We have a companion flower to the above in the Sierra Nevada mountains, a magnificent crimson flower that must have been seen by all persons who have visited the Mariposa grove of big trees when there was snow on the ground. The San Francisco *Bulletin* made mention of this beautiful snow flower many years ago as follows: "One of the grandest objects which meets the eye of the traveler in our mountains is the exquisite plant, the Snow Plant of the Sierra—the *Sarcodes Sanguinea* of John Torrey, the botanist. It is an inhabitant only of the higher Sierra, being rarely found below an altitude of 4,000 feet, and its glorious crimson spike of flowers may be seen early in May forcing itself through the

snows which at that period cling about the sides of our pine forests. The portion of the plant which is visible above the soil is a bright rosy crimson in color, and presents the very strongest contrast to the dark green of the pines and the shimmer of the snow. Its root is succulent, thick, and abundantly free of moisture, attaching itself to the roots of other plants, principally to the species of the pine family. Hence it is among those curious members of the vegetable world which are known to botanists as parasites, and is consequently entirely incapable of cultivation. The deer are extremely fond of it, and it is not an uncommon circumstance to find a number of the plants uprooted and robbed of the fleshy part of their underground growth by these animals. It belongs to the natural order *Orobanchacea*, and is met with through the whole of the Sierra region, becoming rarer as we approach the south."

The real Alpine rose (*Rhododendron ferrugineum*), with the rust-colored hue underneath the leaves, is growing in the Schneisingen forest, near Schneisingen, Canton of Aargau. On starting, of course with a guide, from the high-lying church of the village, in the direction of the Ethal, and going across the wooded plateau of Bowald in about forty minutes, in an open wood of mixed growth, a little garden, or rather preserve of Alpine roses is reached. It is supposed to be the only one in the Jura, and was discovered about five years ago, when the parish of Schneisingen took it under its especial protection, by having the little colony fenced in, and appointing a guardian in the person of the forester, who allows no one to gather the flowers. A correspondent of the New York *Times* lately saw about fifty plants in full bloom, the branches and leaves also looking very healthy.

The *American Naturalist* notes the discovery, in an abandoned drift in a mine in Nevada, of a remarkable fungus. It was growing from a beam 400 feet below the surface of the earth, and was three feet four inches in length, and of a light buff color. It consisted mainly of a three-parted stem, two or three inches in diameter, attached by means of a disk eight or ten inches wide. The stem was divided into short branches, greatly resembling in shape and arrangement the young antlers of a stag, the three terminal ones being much the most vigorous and conspicuous, forming a perfect trident." The plant is called by the miners the "Lily of the Mines," and has been named by the naturalist first describing it *Agaricus Tridens*.

The London *Garden* copies from Palgrave's work on Central and Eastern Arabia, an account of a plant whose seeds produce effects similar to those of laughing gas. It is a native of Arabia. A dwarf variety at Oman, which attains to a height of from three to four feet, with woody stems, has wide-spreading branches and bright green foliage. Its flowers are produced in clusters, and are of a bright yellow color. The seed pods are soft and woolly in texture, and contain two or three black seeds, of the size and shape of a French bean. Their flavor is a little like that of opium, and their taste is sweet; the odor from them produces a sickening sensation and is slightly offensive. These seeds contain the essential property of this extraordinary plant; and, when pulverized and taken in small doses, operate upon a person in a most peculiar manner. He begins to laugh loudly, boisterously; then he sings, dances, and cuts all manner of fantastic capers. Such extravagance of gesture and manners was never produced by any other kind of dosing. The effect con-

tinues about an hour, and the patient is uproariously comical. When the excitement ceases the exhausted exhibitor falls into a deep sleep which continues for an hour or more, and when he awakens he is utterly unconscious that any such demonstrations have been enacted by him. We usually say that there is nothing new under the sun; but this peculiar plant, recently discovered, as it exercises the most extraordinary influence over the human brain, demands from men of science a careful investigation.

One of the most exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking, indeed, very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster, with a great many long petals of a light green color, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, but wave about in the water, while the opelet clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it would eat anything grosser than dew and sunlight? But those beautiful waving arms, as you call them, have use besides looking pretty. They have to provide for a large, open mouth, which is hidden down deep among them—so hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty; for the instant a foolish little fish touches one of the rosy tips, he is struck with poison as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn into the huge greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose, and wave again in the water.

Mr. D. M. Berry, editor of the Los Angeles *Commercial*, under date of June 1, 1876, wrote as

follows: "A correspondent in the *Express* speaks justly and enthusiastically of the beautiful Yucca, the supremest flower of the Pacific Coast. But the writer is in error in limiting the plant to the boundaries of the Santa Anita Rancho. That charming locality cannot claim a monopoly of this conspicuous flower. It grows in countless numbers in our picturesque Sierra Madres, and in the numerous Arroyo Secos which lead from the cañons to the plains. The floral wealth of the opulent county of Los Angeles is but little understood. A full description of the same would fill a volume of great size and greater value."

Two great, gorgeous, white blossoms with yellow stamens and rose colored sepals, (says a writer in a late New York *Herald,*) the continuation of a tube a foot in length, formed the crowning glory of an immense, branching cactus that stood just within the open doorway of Dr. Kunze's drug store at 606 Third avenue, last evening. The beautiful flowers, looking something like glorified pond lilies, attracted attention. The plant was the *Phyllocactus grandis rosens,* a native of Central America, and a type of the luxuriant tropical vegetation that requires the rich, damp earth and intense heat of the interior valleys, rather than a dry, arid soil in which plants of its genus are more commonly found. The most interesting feature of this particular cactus is that it flowers only once a year and then only at night. The beautiful calyx, moreover, never unfolds more than once, and then for a few hours only. Those of last night began to open at 8 o'clock, and closed at about 2 o'clock A. M. They were viewed by artists and men of science, who made drawings, and took notes of their peculiarities. The plant, which is five years old, is the finest specimen of its kind ever exhibited in New York.

A flower has been recently described by an eye-witness at Constantinople, which is so great a rarity that one is apt to treat it as a fable, and wait for the confirmation of one's own eye-sight. It belongs to the narcissus kind of bulbs, and bears the botanic name of *Ophyrs Mouche.* There were three naked flowers on the stalk hanging on one side; the underneath one was fading, while the two others were in all their beauty. They represented a perfect humming-bird. The breast, of bright emerald green, is a complete copy of this bird, and the throat, head, beak and eyes are a most perfect imitation. The hinder part of the body and the two outstretched wings are of a bright rose color, one might almost say flesh colored. On the abdomen rests the whole propagation apparatus, of a deep, dark brown tint, in the form of a two-winged gadfly.

In the west of India are found some thorny plants or trees, nearly destitute of verdure, except what appears to be long, shaggy hair, which derives its nourishment from the atmosphere, rather than from the earth.

The "moving plant" is a native of the basin of the Ganges. Its leaves revolve in various directions during the day and night, except on a very hot day, when the plant seems to desist from its habitual motion for temporary repose. A high wind is said to produce a cessation of its motion. At times, again, only certain parts of the plants are noticed to be in motion—a leaf, or, perhaps, a branch; and it seldom occurs that some portion of it is not quite motionless while the remainder is active.

Near the Irrawaddy grows the *Borassuss flabellaformts,* which bears a leaf of wonderful dimensions, and which is said to be of sufficient size to cover twelve men standing upright.

At Timor, near the island of Java, a plant is found, the leaf of which, being of thorny nature, possesses a fatal sting when penetrating the flesh. The victim, if not fatally poisoned, frequently suffers protracted illness. The plant is called "devil's leaf."

There was lately on exhibition at Mr. Spurgeon's store at Santa Ana, (Cal.), a large tropical flower of many petals and striking beauty. It is from the Cameleon vine, imported from Madagascar by Mr. Kendall. The flower possesses the peculiarity of changing color three times in the course of the year, varying from green to red.

The popular tradition, which tells how the name came to be applied to the plant which now is called Forget-me-not throughout Europe, is not generally known. It is said that a knight and a lady were walking by the side of the Danube, interchanging vows of devotion and affection, when the latter saw on the other side of the stream the bright blue flowers of the *Myosotis* and expressed a desire for them. The knight, eager to gratify her, plunged into the river, and reaching the opposite banks gathered a bunch of flowers. On his return, however, the current proved too strong for him, and after many efforts to reach the land, he was borne away. With a last effort he flung the fatal blossoms upon the bank, exclaiming, as he did so, "Forget-me-not!"

Flower legends have been written, both by ancients and moderns—one of the latter of which I will quote, and which will make an appropriate ending to this sketch. It is related of, and firmly believed in by, the inhabitants of the Harz Mountains, and is called the "Legend of the Night-flowering Lily of Lanenberg:"

"Beautiful Alice dwelt with her widowed mother

in a small cottage at the foot of the Harz Mountains. Her principal occupation was that of gathering forest-straw—that is, dried foliage of the pine and fir tribe—which is very much used in certain parts of Germany as a stuffing for beds, etc. Thus was the maiden occupied when the Lord of Lanenberg rode by. With wily words he extolled her looks, and swore that she was too pretty a blossom to be hidden in a peasant's cot, and begged her to go with him, and dwell in his lordly castle, where she would have nothing to do but to command, and where all would obey her. The simple girl was dazzled by the brilliant prospect; but, true to her simplicity, flew to her mother, and related all that had transpired. The mother wept bitterly over her darling's communication, for too well she knew the character of Lanenberg's dissolute baron. Hastily packing up her few household treasures, she carried off her wondering and sorrowful child to the shelter of a neighboring convent, within whose sombre walls she believed poor Alice might rest secure. Not long, however, had the simple country-girl been immured in the holy edifice before the enraged noble discovered her retreat; and, determined to obtain the beautiful flower, assembled his vassals, forced an entrance into the convent, and, seizing the object of his passion, bore her, half dead with fear, to his castle. On arriving at midnight in the garden in front of his dwelling, he alighted with his senseless burden in his arms; but, as he attempted to enter the castle, the guardian spirits of Alice snatched the poor maiden from his arms. On the very spot where her feet had been, sprang up the beautiful Lily of Lanenberg. The annual appearance of the lily at midnight is anxiously looked forward to by the inhabitants of the Harz, and many of them are

said to perform a nightly pilgrimage to see it, returning to their homes overpowered by its dazzling beauty, and asserting that it sheds beams of light on the valley below."

THE WICKENBURG MASSACRE.

Five hundred odd rude graves of pioneers and soldiers scattered throughout Arizona mark with dreadful precision the evidences of the deadly work of the treacherous Apache since the inauguration of the Territorial Government at Navajo Springs, near Zuni, in Northern Arizona, on the 29th of December, 1863. But, thanks to a McCormick in Congress; a Safford at the head of civil affairs; a General Crook in the field; a brave, determined, industrious people, and the advent of the Southern Pacific Railroad, no hostile Indian to-day roams through any part of that Territory, and no more is heard the flight of the poisoned arrow or the whiz of the treacherous bullet.

It is absolutely a fact that no meaner, no more treacherous, no more cowardly, and no more cruel an Indian has ever lived than the Apache. And, yet, while this fact was made known to the Government by its faithful officers, and the press of the far west, Eastern preachers and writers and legislators threw up their hands in holy horror every time an Arizona savage was made to bite the dust, and charged violently upon the sturdy settlers and the Government with "philanthropic cruelty."

Eastern people seemed to listen to every story concerning the alleged wrongs of the Indian, but believed nothing regarding the wrongs of the white

population. Not one man in five hundred in Arizona was in any way responsible for the Indian troubles in that Territory. Hundreds of innocent men, women and children had been murdered; stages had been attacked and their passengers burned at the stake; gallant army officers had been killed, and yet there was scarcely an expression of sympathy coming from the East. McCormick once said in Congress: "I think I am qualified to express a fair opinion upon the subject. I went from the city of New York to Arizona with my prejudices largely in favor of the Indian, but when I came to deal with him I could clearly understand the terrible wrongs against which the people had to contend. Now, the Eastern people seem to fail to comprehend the difference between the various tribes. There are Indians whose tendency is toward civilization, who live in villages and who, while they are naturally inclined to steal and commit occasional depredations, are for the most part friendly and peaceable. Then there are the Apaches, who are wild and of the very lowest order of human beings. They offered to make peace on numerous occasions when hard pressed by the troops, but so soon as the pressure was removed, they returned to commit murders and depredations. My judgment is that if the Chief Cachise has surrendered the fact is attributed to the active aggressive movements of General Crook more than any influence of the Peace Commissioners."

Still, the Eastern press and the Eastern pulpits continued to make war upon the white settlers of Arizona, and to send greeting to the red skins; and, at last, forced the Government to send out a man named Vincent Colyer, who traveled through the Territory under a large cavalry escort, with prayer books in one hand and presents in the other.

Between Colyer and McCormick a very bitter feud grew up. Colyer, it seems, returned to Washington from a thirty-day's trip through Arizona, and claimed that the Apaches could be very easily managed if treated with any degree of justice; and added that they were hunted down like wolves, and "not allowed to be peaceable." McCormick very warmly denied this, and declared: "The Apaches are a thieving, blood-thirsty and treacherous set of savages, who will never be at peace until they are whipped into submission; at present they only use the reservations as places of safety, to which to return when too hotly pursued, and from whence, after recruiting their strength and obtaining supplies, they can again issue forth to commit fresh depredations. Colyer says he passed in safety through the Territory. So he did; but he had a large escort with him for protection, and the Indians came out to meet him because he had a white flag raised, and they knew he was bringing them presents. The very Indians who received these presents would have cut his throat the next day, if it had not been for the troops."

How this all would have ended can never be known. An event transpired in the heart of the Territory, just four weeks after the return of Colyer to Washington, which startled the country, redeemed Arizona, and consigned Vincent Colyerism to oblivion. I mean the massacre near Wickenburg, on the 4th of November, 1871, during which Fred. Loring, of Boston, and five others, were killed, and two (a man and a woman) made their escape. The simple telegram from San Bernardino to the Los Angeles papers was as follows:

"The La Paz stage arrived in town yesterday about twelve o'clock. From Mr. Hank Brown and

passengers from Ehrenberg we get the particulars of an attack by Indians upon the Wickenburg and La Paz stage, on Monday morning at nine o'clock A. M. The stage left Wickenburg early in the morning, with seven passengers for San Bernardino. When about ten miles from Wickenburg, it was attacked by about thirty Apache-Mojaves. At the first fire, the two persons on the outside of the coach with the driver, John Lance (better known as Dutch John), were shot through the head and instantly killed. Inside the coach were five passengers, three of whom were killed. Mr. Wm. Kruger, of Prescott, and Miss Mollie Sheppard were wounded, and escaped to the brush; Mr. Kruger defended himself and Miss Sheppard with his six-shooter. The Indians did not follow them; they succeeded in escaping and reaching Wickenburg, though both were severely wounded. The following are the passengers killed: Fred Shoholm, F. W. Loring, W. G. Solomon, P. W. Hamel, C. S. Adams, and the driver, John Lance. The body of Adams was found fifty yards from the stage. Lance left San Bernardino about four weeks ago, and this was his second trip over the route. One of the wheel horses was killed at the first fire; the others were unharnessed and turned loose. The attack was not made, it appears, for the purpose of robbing the stage, as there was considerable money in Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express box untouched; and the mail bags, although cut open, none of the mail was disturbed. The news of this horrible murder was first conveyed to Wickenburg by the driver of the buck-board, who passed a few hours after the attack on the stage, carrying the mail for Wickenburg. What will the great Washington Sachem think now, when he hears of such barbarities being committed by his

Arizona pets? Only four weeks ago Vincent Colyer passed by stage over this route, under an assumed name, on his return to Washington. Had he been among the unfortunate passengers on this stage, and had fallen a victim, like them, to Indian bullets, but few tears would have been dropped over his lost scalp."

The death of Loring created a great sensation in the East, and at once the press of New York and New England wheeled into line and concluded that the Apache must be treated with less bible and more sword. The Springfield *Republican* said: "By the death of Frederick W. Loring American literature loses an influence which would probably have done much to shed glory and honor upon her. We do not know that anything can be said to dispel the deep sadness of such a death. That consolation which points to a future world, where higher powers may be developed and surer and more useful successes won, is too indefinite and remote to accomplish its aim. The affliction is purely, profoundly and absolutely an affliction, and that is all that the sensitive and hopeless human mourner can feel about it. American literature emphatically needs all the young and strong blood poured into her that she can acquire; and it is especially and irremediably afflicting thus to see a youth of wonderful promise, and of extraordinarily bright surroundings, thus struck down in the very spring-tide of his promise." The *Boston Journal* also commented upon the tragedy: "The papers of the Pacific Coast are very bitter in their denunciations of Mr. Vincent Colyer for his interference in Arizona matters, claiming that the Apaches would have been overcome effectually long ago but for his over-tenderness towards them. The truth seems to be, says *Hearth*

and Home, that these Apaches are a particularly brutal tribe of an especially brutal race, and that nothing short of a cavalry brigade has any influence with them. Mr. Vincent Colyer, however, has a pet theory as to efficacy of presents and the power of wheedling, the exercise of which, these papers think, was merely the encouraging of savages to cut the throats of better men. One thing is certain—the world could better afford to lose the whole Indian race, with Mr. Vincent Colyer into the bargain, than to have one such man as Fred. Loring fall a victim to an Indian outrage, through the sentimental tenderness of a theorist weak enough to trust to an Indian's promise of good behavior." And the New York *Tribune* came to the front with the following editorial paragraph: "Accounts from Arizona are rather unfavorable for the prospects of any lasting peace with the Apaches. The harassed Territory is in a turmoil, and the soothing presence of Mr. Vincent Colyer has resulted in the death of a rising young American whose name is already famous in the literature of our country. It must be acknowledged that the man who has shown a correct appreciation of all the bearings of the much vexed Indian question is Gen. Crook, who, with his great sagacity and shrewdness, has never combined that harshness which is too often characteristic of military men."

In a short time after the massacre the two survivors arrived in Los Angeles, and an interview with them elicited the following description of the affair:

The people occupying the stage at the time of its leaving Wickenburg, were in high spirits, and anticipated no danger of an attack. Their arms had been stored beneath the cushions of the seats for convenience and safety; and wit, wine, and humor

flowed freely; everything going on as "merry as a marriage bell," until the moment of attack. Miss Sheppard and Mr. Kruger and three others sat on the inside. Young Loring rode on the outside, in company with the driver. The first notification the inside passengers had of the presence of danger was at a point about nine miles from Wickenburg, when they were startled by the voice of the driver, calling out:

"Apaches! Apaches! Apaches!"

Scarcely was the alarm thus given, than a volley was discharged from the rifles of the savages into the stage coach, succeeded, almost instantly, by a second one. The driver, Loring, Shoholm, and Hamel, were killed instantly, Loring groaning slightly for a few moments, Hamel and Shoholm remaining upright in their seats. Mr. Salmon received a shot in the abdomen, and, seemingly in his agony, sprang out of the stage. Mr. Kruger received a ball in his right shoulder, and two shots in the back. Upon the firing of the first volley, he grasped Miss Sheppard and forced her under the seat, lying down on the floor of the coach himself, having previously discharged the contents of his pistol into the midst of the savages. Miss Sheppard had been wounded in the right arm above the elbow, and two shots had ploughed through the flesh of her shoulder. After the discharge of the second volley everything remained quiet for a few moments, so still that the dropping of a pin might have been distinctly heard. There being no signs of life in the coach, the savages presumed that they had succeeded in killing all, and with one accord sprang cat-like from their ambush upon the coach. When within almost arm's length of it, Mr. Kruger and Miss Sheppard sprang to their feet and yelled with

all their might, the former holding his revolver in their faces. This was too much for the cowardly red-skins, and they at once retreated pell-mell to cover. The two then sprang from the stage and called out for all of those still alive to follow them. The only response was from Mr. Adams, who was lying on the bottom of the coach. Adams seems to have been paralyzed by the shot he had received, being unable to move anything except his head, which he raised, saying:

"O, God! can't you save me?"

When asked if he could move, he answered in the negative; Kruger then told him that they would be compelled to leave him to his fate. He was then lying face downwards. When subsequently found, he had been turned over and shot through the head.

Kruger and Miss Sheppard then left the stage, and struck through the brush, closely followed by the Indians. The Apaches had apparently expended their rifle ammunition at the first attack, as they had pistols only when following the fugitives. These they discharged at them frequently, keeping, however, at a respectful distance, dreading the revolver in the hand of Kruger, which was leveled at them whenever they attempted to close upon them. Miss Sheppard had also armed herself with an empty wine-bottle, furnished to her by Kruger, which also had considerable effect in intimidating them when they approached, mistaking it for a weapon. Shortly afterward, they regained the road, and plodded along in the direction of Ehrenberg, dogged by four Apaches on the right, and five on the left, Kruger all the while supporting his companion with one hand, and intimidating their pursuers with the revolver in the other. Their

wounds were bleeding freely during the whole time, and when completely exhausted, having traveled through loose sand for a distance of at least five miles, they were greeted by the welcome sight of a cloud of dust, arising from the buckboard conveying mails to Wickenburg. The Apaches were not any slower than themselves in discovering it, and almost immediately vanished. The driver of the buckboard was so frightened when he saw the fugitives, that it was with some difficulty that he was induced to take them on board, and even then not until Kruger threatened to shoot him. They were then conveyed a few miles in the direction of Ehrenberg, to the confines of a barren desert, some thirty or forty miles broad, on the other side of which that city lay. Here the driver concluded to leave them, while he rode across the country for assistance, promising to return by seven o'clock in the evening. An improvised barricade was formed of the mail bags and a trunk, behind which they remained, fearing momentarily another attack from the Apaches. It was not until past midnight that relief came. In the interim, they had suffered fearfully from thirst and cold. At eleven o'clock they saw, in the form of fires, signs on the hills which satisfied them that there was succor coming. A body of about twenty armed men, with an ambulance to convey the dead, had been brought from Wickenburg, and they, with five of the six that had been murdered, were at once taken back to that place. The sixth body—that of Mr. Salmon —was not found until the following morning, as he had crawled some distance away from the stage, where he had fallen into the hands of the savages and had been scalped, the skin being torn off from the chin to the back of the head.

Loring, Lance, Shoholm, Hamel and Adams, were all decently buried at Wickenburg, but Salmon was interred in the middle of the road near where the attack had been made.

The Indians had rifled all the baggage within the stage, taking therefrom all the valuables they contained, in the way of money and jewelry. Kruger's loss was within a trifle of $8,000, and Miss Sheppard's a similar amount. The other passengers also had large sums of money, all of which the savages carried away.

The mail bags were packed in the boot of the stage. A demijohn, containing about a gallon of whisky, six bottles of Jamaica rum, and several bottles of porter, were stowed there also. After ransacking one or two of the bags, it is presumed, the Apaches discovered the liquor, and abandoned everything for it, leaving the balance of the mail untouched in the forgetfulness of intoxication.

The survivors were confident that the murderers were Apache-Mojaves from the Camp Date Creek reservation. They had on the blue pants worn by the reservation Indians, and had the gait, appearance and bearing of the Apaches during the whole time they were under their observation. In addition to this, Captain Winhold, of the Third Cavalry, who had been detailed to find out, if possible, who they were, followed the tracks in the direction of Camp Date Creek. The footprints were round-toed after the manner of the Apaches. On the trail, a reservation hunting bag was picked up, and a pack of cards, with corners cut off, such as are used by the Apache-Mojaves. He declared, in his report to his superior, that it was his firm conviction that the murderers were Camp Date Creek Apaches. Furthermore, subsequent to the commit-

tal of the murder, two of the reservation Indians died of gunshot wounds, but whites were not permitted to see them. The reservation Indians also purchased ammunition from the soldiery, giving greenbacks in denominational value of $10 and $20 in payment therefor. While Kruger was at Ehrenberg he received information that Apaches were offering $20 and $50 greenbacks at La Paz, five miles distant, for $2.50 coin. He repaired thither, and while there was seen by an Apache, who seemed to recognize him instantly, and, with a yell, disappeared. All the Apaches in the neighborhood left immediately afterwards.

The wounded man and woman were taken to Camp Date Creek, to receive medical treatment, Dr. Evans being the only physician nearer than Ehrenberg. The lady carried with her for a long time a relic of the tragedy in the form of a fur cape, which contained nine bullet holes. The old hat worn by Loring at the time of his untimely death was forwarded to his father, that being all that was left of his effects unrobbed or unburied.

In conclusion I reproduce one of the first poetical pencillings of young Loring, entitled "The Old Professor," which every student will appreciate:

The old professor taught no more,
But lingered round the college walks;
Stories of him we boys told o'er
Before the fire, in evening talks.
I'll ne'er forget how he came in
To recitation, one March night,
And asked our tutor to begin;
"And let me hear those boys recite."

As we passed out we heard him say,
"Pray leave me here awhile, alone;
Here in my old place let me stay,
Just as I did in years long flown."
Our tutor smiled and bowed consent,
Rose courteous from his high-backed chair,
And down the darkening stairs he went,
Leaving the old professor there.

* * * * * *

From out the shadows faces seemed
To look on him in his old place,
Fresh faces that with radiance beamed—
Radiance of boyish hope and grace;
And faces that had lost their youth,
Although in years they still were young;
And faces o'er whose love and truth
The funeral anthem had been sung.

"These are my boys," he murmured then,
"My boys, as in the years long past;
Though some are angels, others men,
Still, as my boys, I hold them fast.
There's one don't know his lesson, now,
That one of me is making fun,
And that one is cheating; —ah! I see—
And love them every one.

"And is it, then, so long ago
This chapter in my life was told?
Did all of them thus come and go,
And have I really grown so old?
No! here are my old pains and joys,
My book once more is in my hand,
Once more I hear these very boys,
And seek their hearts to understand."

* * * * * *

They found him there with open book,
And eyes closed with a calm content;
The same old sweetness in his look
There used to be when fellows went
To ask him questions and to talk,
When recitations were all o'er;
We saw him in the college walk
And in his former place no more.

A MATCHLESS ACHIEVEMENT.

The Railway stands confessedly as one of the greatest of all human contrivances—one of the grandest achievements of human ingenuity—one of the proudest conquests of the power of mind over the domain of matter. The restless giant steam, under the curb and control of mind, far outstrips muscle in the march of progress and improvement. The record of the superiority which the one has achieved over the other is as interesting as any tale of the genii of Arabian story. It is the romance of civilization, and grows in interest as the index finger on the dial-plate of time marshals the ages by in grand procession. Railroads have been pioneers of great public improvements, especially in our own country. In their wake have followed individual wealth and national prosperity. Through the length and breadth of our fair possessions they have been missionaries of good. They have built up cities, towns and villages, and diversified landscapes with grainlands, orchards and gardens; they have disturbed the silence of sixty centuries, and made the gloom of the forest and mountain give way to the glory of the vineyard and field. The Railroad is the acme of rapid transit, and has no rival in its method and means of transportation. It opens up waste plateaus and arid plains, and makes deserts blossom as the rose.

It penetrates uninviting hillsides and mountains, and wakes up the raw material which lies slumbering therein. It is a great advertiser—it makes known to the world the natural wealth of the section of country through which it takes its way. It bears its precious burdens over and under and through mountains, and over and under rivers, by night and by day. It opens up vast treasures of mineral and agricultural wealth, and carries its fructifying influences into every land. It traverses alike the summits of the snow-clad mountains of Switzerland and California, and the deserts of Sahara and Arizona. It is the great civilizer of the age—it pushes the Red Man of America and the Sepoy of India out of its way, and brings the prairies of the one and the jungles of the other into the pale of civilization and society. Wherever you find the railroad you behold people who hew out for themselves positions of usefulness in society; people who wrestle with poverty or a sparse inheritance, and weave crowns from the flowers of industry. All along these marvellous thoroughfares you see churches and school-houses—those twin-sisters of civilization—spring up and dispense light, liberty, education and religion all around. Every year are developed more and more among the residents along the lines of these incomparable means of transit the instincts of a higher and nobler manhood. Lands increase in value and homes are yearly improved, adorned and beautified.

Towering over all other railroad enterprises in the world, in majesty of importance, greatness and engineering skill, are the Central and Southern Pacific Railroads of California, and their extensive water and land connections. As far back as 1836, John Plumb agitated the subject of building a rail-

road across our continent, and, in 1837, called a meeting to take into consideration the matter of spanning the Western Hemisphere by rail. In 1846, Asa Whitney enthusiastically advocated a trans-continental thoroughfare, "to control the trade of the Indies;" then Benton, Fremont, McDougall, Latham, Phelps, Sargent, Marcy, Hale, Gwin, Jeff. Davis, and hosts of other famous men, including distinguished travellers, soldiers and statesmen, agitated the subject whenever the circumstances of the occasion would permit. The acquisition and rapid growth and development of California was the culminating argument in favor of a Pacific Railroad. Fremont and, afterward, Judah, demonstrated that the mountains in the way were not impassable barriers to the contemplated highway of rail; and Congress, in 1853-4, appropriated $340,000 for a number of surveys, which should embrace, beside the topography of the country adjacent to the respective routes, its geology, climate, fauna, etc. Gwin gave notice in the Senate of the United States of a bill for the construction of a Pacific Railroad as early as 1851, and Douglas, Chairman of the Committee on Territories, reported a bill on the subject in 1852. This failed, as did all other bills offered in either house for many years. It was the policy of Democratic administrations to acquire all the territory they dared to, but they hesitated, generally, when besought to vote means for its improvement; and it remained for the Congress of the Republican party, and, during a conflagration such as never before had lighted up a country governed by Republican ideas, to enact a law for the building up of what is known to-day as the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads. The general reader is conversant with

what followed; and especially is the Californian, and, indeed, every resident of the Pacific Coast, conversant with the commencement, progress and completion of the Central Pacific; how, through the efforts of Latham in the Senate, and Sargent in the House, and their colleagues from the Pacific Coast, substantial national aid was given it; how, many of the counties, as well as the State of California, made donations; and how Stanford, Huntington, Charles and E. B. Crocker, and Hopkins, gave their hearts and hands and money to the proposed great work; how they encountered and surmounted obstacles in the shape of mountains, rivers, chasms, deserts and snows; and how, on the 10th of May, 1869, the last spike was driven by Leland Stanford, which connected the Central with the Union Pacific, the point of junction being 883 miles from San Francisco, and 1,086 from Omaha.

The object of this sketch is to portray, statistically and otherwise, the incomparable benefits that have resulted at large from the building and successful operation of the Central Pacific Railroad and its connecting lines. I propose to show what the people of California have gained collectively, and of what almost indescribable advantage to the general government has been the great medium of transportation of which I write. It is of the achievement of the railroad itself that I write at this time, and not so much of the achievements of the statesmen and the mechanics and laborers who gave it its existence, and who may be proudly termed its architects. Yet, there is something to be said about its manner of construction, and the aid given the enterprise by the Government during the time of its greatest extremity. It will be re-

membered that there existed in our country the most stupendous civil conflict of modern times. In the face of that collision, when we take into consideration that all government communication with the Pacific Coast was threatened by privateers of the enemy, and that in other ways the building of the Pacific Railroad was a war necessity, it is a matter of the greatest astonishment to a majority of fair thinking men how such an outrage as the Thurman Act could have become a law, and have been sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States. That Pacific Railroad Sinking Fund law is an act of ingratitude, and its authors will some day regret that such a thing was ever put in force; that the time will come when the principles of this law, and the subsequent decision of the Supreme Court, when applied to other cases, will be found to be unsound, and that repeated application will make the unsoundness so apparent that the law will, in the end, be repealed. Indeed, the theory that the Government is not bound by any contract that it may make, but that it may, by the simple exercise of its legislative power, alter or annul any of its contracts either with corporations or individuals, can hardly be characterized as anything else than monstrous. There are those who flippantly applaud this decision, because it touches other pockets than their own. The time may come, however, when those who now exult will be brought to grief. The Government having loaned the Pacific Railroad a sum of money for thirty years, for certain considerations which it has received, and upon certain conditions which have been fulfilled, the Supreme Court decides that the companies may be required to pay the thirty years' loan before it becomes due. This is not in the spirit that inspired Henry Wilson

to say in the Thirty-seventh Congress: "I give no grudging vote in giving away either money or land. I would sink one hundred millions of dollars to build the road, and do it most cheerfully, and think I had done a great thing for my country. What are one hundred millions of dollars in opening a railroad across the central regions of this continent that shall connect the people of the Atlantic and Pacific, and bind us together? Nothing! As to the lands, I do not grudge them."

In January, 1862, Congress being in Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, Sargent obtained the floor of the House and presented the ablest argument in favor of a trans-continental railway ever listened to in that body. He actually fired the hearts of his fellow Congressmen, as he eloquently and forcibly presented the subject as a measure of national safety and military necessity. At the conclusion of Mr. Sargent's speech a meeting of the railroad committee was called, and Mr. Sargent obtained virtual control of the measure; in a few days a bill was reported favorably to the House, and after elaborate debate it passed the House on May 6th by a vote of 79 yeas to 49 noes. On the following day Senator McDougall moved its reference to the committee of which he was Chairman. Subsequently he made several unsuccessful efforts to get the subject before the Senate, and it remained for Latham, on the 11th of June, 1862, to get the measure before the august Senate. After a little debate the bill passed on June 25th, by a vote of 35 to 5, and the House at once concurred in the Senate amendments. President Lincoln gave it his signature on the first day of July, 1862. Thus was accomplished in a few weeks what had been agitated and embodied in political platforms for twenty-five

years. The general features of the law, such as the loaning of the Government credit, land grants, etc., are known to all. On the 9th day of January, 1863, Governor Leland Stanford turned up the first spadeful of dirt at Sacramento, in the work of constructing the western end, or Central Pacific Railroad, and on the 10th day of May, 1869, he drove the last spike at Promontory. The progress of the road was slow, at first, the Company only building 20 miles in three years; then, in 1866, encountering unforseen difficulties and unexpected opposition, 30 miles were built. In 1867, although snow and ridicule rivalled each other in the precipitation of their avalanches upon the struggling civilizer, 46 miles additional road was laid, and the summit of the American Alps was pierced, and during the last eleven months of the work 530 miles of road was built, over ten miles having been laid in one day, at a rate as fast as an ox team travels. Thus was successfully terminated the most colossal undertaking of the age; and all along the route of this magnificent thoroughfare, in ten years after the driving of that silver spike into the backbone of the American desert, have grown up cities and towns and villages, as well in the mountain heights as in the desert wastes, filling the Far West with an enterprising population, carrying with it the wealth, the arts and refinements of the highest order of civilization.

What then, are the achievements of the Central Pacific Railroad? This can best be answered by concisely presenting some of them: Since the completion of the Central Pacific Railroad the population of California has increased, as near as can be computed, not less than 330,000 souls. To contribute to this result, during the period of ten

years, this road has brought into the State, in addition to its first-class travel, emigrants to the number of 179,000. Upon the basis adopted in the United States Census Department, that each new emigrant gives a permanent addition to the general commonwealth of not less than $1,000; and admitting that many of these immigrants might have otherwise come here by sea, and that the railroads cannot claim the unqualified credit of their movement; yet, to a certain extent, the cheap, speedy railroad facilities offered across the continent, and to a State also in full tide of development through its railroad system, gives the managers of the Central Pacific Railroad and its connecting lines and branches the right to claim a share in producing this gross contribution upon the basis of $179,000,000.

Estimates from the passenger department of the Central Pacific Railroad show that, for the ten years ending December, 1879, the passenger movement by rail between the East and California amounted to 625,429, at an average of $95 currency. This passenger travel, if made at the old rates charged by steamer or stage before the completion of the railroad, would have cost in its movement $89,240,000 more than it actually has cost. And from the freight department, for the same period, from calculations showing tonnage and cost of movement which would have been, applying the schedule rates in force at the time of and previous to the completion of the railroad, a saving (in theory) is shown of $70,299,250—an aggregate saving, wholly due to the existence and successful working of the Central Pacific Railroad, of over ($150,000,000) *one hundred and fifty millions of dollars* for transportation of freight and passengers alone. By the old wearisome, vexatious and dangerous route by

sea and by stage, it took from three to four weeks from New York to San Francisco, and cost from $250 to $400; now the trip is safely made in seven days between the two places in palatial equipages, at rates only a little more than half of those presented above. One of the most striking facts in connection with this statement touching passenger transportation may be found in the mortality statistics of the respective modes of travel. Out of the 625,428 men, women and children carried over the Central Pacific Railroad as passengers since its completion, less than 30 have been killed, while out of the same number carried by steamer and stage, nearly 7,000 persons have perished, either from the arrow of the savage, the fever of the Isthmus, drowning at sea or other accident. During the ten years ending December 1st, 1879, upwards of 44,000,000 of people have been carried across the Oakland ferry without a single serious accident for which the Company could be blamed.

By the United States census of 1870 the assessed valuation of all the property within the State of California is marked at about $270,000,000. The last report of the State Board of Equalization shows the assessed value of all property to have increased from that of 1870 by nearly $500,000,000; to which result the operations of the Central Pacific Railroad may justly claim to have largely contributed. At the time of the completion of the road the total valuation shown by the United States census for 1870, within the counties now occupied by the various railroad lines of the State, excepting San Francisco, aggregated but about $122,000,000; they have since increased by over $196,000,000. This is largely due in all cases—and in some counties almost exclusively due—to the influence of the

railroads. The taxable wealth of the city of San Francisco, at the time of the completion of the Central Pacific Railroad was only a little rising $100,000,000; now it is $250,000,000. Indeed, the impetus given by bringing so much larger and more profitable country and interior population practically at the doors of San Francisco, the facility of reaching the markets of the far interior, Utah, Montana, Idaho, and even across the Rocky Mountains —has directly developed the resources of the city of San Francisco to such an extent that the value of manufactured articles alone was in 1874-5, according to the report of the Surveyor-General $18,000,000 greater than in 1871-2, upon which basis the totals of the average yearly increase for the eight years would approximate $100,000,000.

In the five years preceding the full opening, for commercial purposes, of the Central Pacific Railroad, the total valuation of wheat and flour exports, as shown by the Surveyor-General's reports, was $41,875,000; during the past ten years the valuation of similar exports has been increased by over $50,000,000. This is almost wholly due to the development through railroads of vast areas for agricultural purposes previously not within profitable reach of market; for previous to the commencement of work upon the overland railway wheat growing was confined to a fringe of arable lands bordering the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, and to a few thousand acres here and there accessible by means of bay and ocean transportation. In 1863, with no railroads to speak of, California produced but 4,000,000 bushels of wheat; in 1879, with nearly 2,000 miles of railway, penetrating nearly every agricultural county in the State, the yield exceeded 40,000,000 bushels. In 1863 the total

agricultural product of California was $15,000,000; in 1879 it had reached almost $100,000,000. In 1863 the total assessed value of property was $160,000,000; in 1879 it had grown to $900,000,000. In 1863 there were $8,300,000 deposited in the savings banks of the State; in 1879 there were $69,000,000 on deposit.

Coming right straight from theories to facts, what has the building and the operating of the Central Pacific Railroad directly done for California and the Pacific Coast generally? In the first place, more than $145,000,000 in all have been drawn from abroad for purposes of construction and equipment; more than half of this vast sum was expended in the State of California, and remained here; and may to-day be traced to thousands of happy domestic altars, or to the savings banks and other monetary institutions and enterprises. In the next place, nearly $44,000,000 of the earnings of this railroad and its connecting lines have been disbursed during the past fourteen years in salaries and wages to employees, and for supplies furnished by our merchants, manufacturers and farmers. The actual amount paid out for labor alone in 1876 was as follows: Amount paid for white labor of all kinds to 4,859 men was $4,025,520; amount paid to Chinamen (1,718) $661,728; total amount disbursed in year for labor alone, $4,687,248; amount paid white men over Chinamen, 85 per cent. In 1876 there were 96 miles of steel rails laid, the manufacture of which gave employment to a large number of men, at a total expense for labor of many thousands of dollars. The same year the cost of material and supplies, not including railroad iron, was $1,319,176. During the month of May, 1876, there were on the pay-rolls and indirectly

employed, 8,817 men, 19 per cent. only of which were Chinese; total amount of money disbursed for labor during the month of May, 1876, $487,491, 89 per cent, of which went to white men and others than Chinese. During the three years ending September 30th, 1877, there was a total of lumber cut and used for ties, telegraph poles, piles, shingles, fence posts, pickets, boards, etc., of 157,937,663 M feet. During the year ending June 1, 1877, there was paid out for iron, hardware, oils, paints, glass and miscellaneous articles, $1,330,474.16. The number of men employed by the Company regularly during the year 1878 was 6,846; the amount of money paid out that year to employees, not including officers, $4,568,350.56; miles of railway being operated June 30, 1879, 2,359; miles of navigation upon the Sacramento and Colorado rivers, 659. During the year 1878 there was paid for advertising in California newspapers, $15,238.55; amount paid same year for job printing and stationery, $45,197.43. The taxes paid for 1878-9 were as follows: For California, $473,140.42; Nevada, $119,098.95; Utah, $17,272.38; Arizona, $1,786.19; total, $611,297.94; also school taxes to the amount of $9,695.27.

Proceeding once more upon a line of theory, it is believed, by those who are competent to judge, that at least 75,000 of the western-bound travellers who have come to California during the past ten years, were persons on health and pleasure bent, and who never would have come had they have been compelled to endure the hardships, the loss of time and inconveniences of an ocean trip to get here. It is a low estimate to say that these tourists expend an average of $300 each in this State; but at this figure, even, these Eastern visitors have

added over $22,000,000 to the finances of the Pacific Coast. Proceeding further, a careful statistician estimates that at least 50,000 Pacific Coasters have visited the Eastern States since the completion of the railroad, who would have made the trip by steamer had there been no railroad. Had there been no system of overland transportation, then, according to former steamer rates, they would have had to pay $300 each way, the time consumed by sea being 48 days. Now, as a round trip ticket only costs half as much as it used to cost by sea, and only 14 days are consumed in making the round trip, the saving of 34 days in time, and the amount saved in fares shows $20,000,000 retained in California and elsewhere upon the coast by reason of a Pacific Railroad.

The benefits that have accrued to the Comstock lode by the building of the Central Pacific Railroad are simply incalculable. In 1862, $15,000,000 was paid for the transportation of freight by wagon from Sacramento to Virginia; the year following the completion of uninterrupted railway connection between Sacramento and Virginia, a larger amount of freight than was ever handled by wagon was carried over the railroads for $1,250,000, a net saving of nearly $14,000,000. This immense saving in one year provided mine owners and other operators the means for further risks and explorations. It is eminently safe and proper to presume that at least two-thirds of the gold and silver mines of California and Nevada, now being successfully worked, would have been long ago abandoned, and $100,000,000 of the $250,000,000 of the gold and silver added to the precious metal value of the world during the past few years would have never seen the light of day, or have been disturbed in its

subterranean hiding place, had it not been for the Central Pacific Railroad. What may be termed the equilibrium of the financial world is perpetuated, to a great extent, by the annual production of gold and silver by the Pacific States and Territories of the United States, and which produced, in 1878, $75,000,000, an amount four times greater than the aggregated annual gold and silver production of the world previous to the discovery of gold in California. How much the building and successful operating of the Pacific Railroad had, and has to do, with the annual product of our extensive mining enterprises, and how many hundreds of thousands of people are benefited thereby, cannot be accurately known; it is enough to show that, by the above mathematical facts and calculations, the Central Pacific Railroad is one of the most important factors in connection therewith.

Perhaps the National Government is the greatest gainer, after all, as may be seen by the following statistical information which is presented, without any attempt at apostrophe or embellishment: As Senator Stewart once said in a speech in Congress, "the cost of Government service for the whole period, from the acquisition of our Pacific Coast possessions, down to the completion of the Pacific Railroad, was $8,000,000, and constantly increasing." The cost to the General Government for transportation of mails, troops and supplies for the year preceding the completion of the Central and Union Pacific Railroads was nearly $9,000,000. Since the completion of those roads, the cash amount paid to the Companies for one-half charge of transportation, per year, falls below $1,500,000; add to this the yearly interest paid by the United States Treasury on bonds issued in behalf of the two rail-

road companies of $3,897,129, and there is a direct saving to the Government of nearly $40,000,000.

An able writer upon this subject states that the annual tonnage of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, taken together, and the tonnage that passes through the Golden Gate, is larger now than it was before the Central Pacific Railroad was built; just as more business was done over the Erie Canal and Hudson River after the completion of the railroads alongside of them. So the California system of railroads, while taking to themselves and building up a vast trade and commerce of their own, they have, at the same time, diminished in no way, the aggregate of the freight transported by other channels. It was said of the Erie Railroad, that in five years after its completion it was transporting more local produce than was ever grown in the country through which it passed before the road was built. And this may be said with equal truth of every one of the California railroads; that in five years after their completion the local freight annually shipped over them is more than double all that was produced or required for the country through which they ran any year before they were built. That this extensive interior commerce, built up entirely by our railroads, and which enriches or benefits, in one way or another, every honest and industrious inhabitant in California, will continue to increase, in the future as in the past, no one can doubt who examines the statistics of the older States that commenced building railroads twenty or thirty years ago. The wealth, population and prosperity of these States has advanced in exact ratio to the increase of their railroad facilities. In view of the above, the conclusion is arrived at that there has been no factor so potent to the develop-

ment of the wealth and prosperity of the States of California and Nevada as their railroads; and those men who had the skill and nerve to surmount all the difficulties encountered, and who have managed these stupendous thoroughfares from the first, deserve all the fame and remuneration their success has brought them; for every step taken in the great work was adapted to ultimate perfection, and to secure to the State and to the Nation a grand and complete structure, every way worthy of our country and honorable to the distinguished men who carried to completion so vast an enterprise.

One of the greatest of the late achievements of this Company is the shortening of the road between San Francisco and Sacramento, and the completion of the monster transfer *Solano*, which runs between Benicia and Port Costa.

For a long time the railroad authorities had in contemplation the shortening of their route between San Francisco and Sacramento. To avoid the heavy grades by way of Livermore Pass and the detour necessary to reach the Capital City, via San Pablo and Stockton, had been an object which called for no little study on the part of the Company's engineer. They finally settled upon the route by way of Benicia, which has the advantage of being fifty-five miles shorter than the Livermore route, and sixty-six miles less than by San Pablo and Stockton, besides offering easy grades. The next thing was to cross the Straits of Carquinez. It was finally decided to construct a ferry-boat which would be capable of transporting a large number of freight-cars, or take on board a passenger train.

With this idea in view, the plans for the *Solano* were drawn, and early in February, 1879, her keel was laid, and the work of construction pushed so

rapidly forward that she was launched in the middle of July, following. She is of the same length as the *City of Tokio*, and has the greatest breadth of beam of any vessel afloat. Her dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 424 feet; length on bottom—she has no keel—406 feet; height of sides in centre, 18 feet 5 inches; height of sides at each end, from bottom of boat, 15 feet 10 inches; moulded beam, 64 feet; extreme width over guards, 116 feet; width of guards at centre of boat, 25 feet 6 inches; reverse sheer of deck, 2½ feet. She has two vertical beam engines of 60-inch bore and 11-inch stroke, built by Harlan & Hollingsworth, at Wilmington, Delaware. The engines have a nominal horse power of 1,500 horses each, but are capable of being worked up to 2,000 horse-power each. The wheels are thirty feet in diameter, and the face of the buckets, 17 feet. There are 24 buckets in each wheel, 30 inches deep. She has 8 steel boilers, each being of the following dimensions: Length over all, 28 feet; diameter of shell, 7 feet; 143 tubes, 16 feet long by 4 inches in diameter, each; heating surface, 1,227 feet; entire grate surface, 1,792 feet. The boilers are made in pairs, with one steam smokestack to each pair, 5 feet and 5 inches in diameter. She has 4 iron fresh-water tanks, each 20 feet long and 6 feet in diameter. Among other novelties in her construction are four Pratt trusses, arranged fore and aft, varied in size to meet the strain upon them. These give longitudinal stiffness and connect the deck and bottom of the boat, making her in reality a huge floating bridge. Her registered tonnage is 3,541 31-100 tons. Her hull is scow-shaped, and similar in model to the ordinary stern-wheel river steamboat. She is a double-ender, and at each end has four balanced rudders, each 11½

feet long and 5½ feet in depth. They are constructed with coupling rods, and each has one king-pin in the centre for the purpose of holding it in place. The rudders are worked by an hydraulic steering gear, operated by an independent steam pump. These rudders are connected with the ordinary steering gear, so that in case of any disarrangement of the hydraulic apparatus, the vessel may be guided by it. The advantage of this improvement is that the immense craft can be handled with ease by one man, whereas, if the ordinary wheel and system of steering was used, it would require six men at the wheel. The engines, instead of being placed abreast of each other, are placed fore and aft in the boat. The object of this innovation is to give room for four tracks on the deck. The shafts are sixteen feet from centre to centre. The engines are entirely independent, each operating one wheel. This arrangement of the engines and paddles makes the boat more easily handled entering or leaving the slips, or turning quickly when required, as one wheel can be made to go ahead and the other to reverse at the same time. One wheel is placed eight feet forward, and the other eight feet abaft the centre of the boat. The boilers are placed in pairs, on the guards, forward and abaft the paddle-boxes, and each pair is entirely independent of the other, so that the boat can be run with any number required. There are eleven water-tight bulkheads, dividing the hull into eleven water-tight compartments.. Besides rendering her absolutely secure from all danger of sinking, these bulk-heads tend to strengthen as well as stiffen the vessel. Upon the deck of the *Solano* are four tracks extending her entire length, with a capacity for carrying forty-eight loaded freight cars, or

twenty-four passenger coaches of the largest class. In the hold are commodious quarters for the officers and crew, and on the main deck is a restaurant and bar, besides rooms for the transaction of railroad business at each end of the two houses which cover the boilers.

The pilot houses are 40 feet above the main deck, and afford the helmsman a clear view, fore and aft, of the boat. There are four bridges running athwartships, and another fore and aft, connecting the pilot houses, between which is quite a little journey. There are two anchors at each end. Her draught, light, is five feet; when loaded she will draw six feet six inches. At one time, during her trial-trip, with thirty pounds of steam, she made sixteen and eighteen revolutions per minute, averaging about seven miles and a-half an hour, with a strong ebb tide against her. The boilers have been tested for fifty pounds, and are good for seventy-five pounds of steam. She has two complete sets of officers and two crews—one being on duty one day and the other the next. The aprons which connect the *Solano* with the dock at Benicia and Port Costa are each 100 feet long, with four tracks on each, so arranged that freight and passenger trains are taken on board without being uncoupled from the locomotive. These aprons are each 150 tons in weight, and are worked by a combination of pontoon and counter-weights. The mooring apparatus is worked by stationary hydraulic power, similar in design to that used on board of the boat for steering gear.

In conclusion, I would state that Governor Leland Stanford, President of the Central Pacific, permits no invention nor improvement calculated to ensure speed, safety or comfort in the running of trains, to

be overlooked; steel rails have taken the place of iron ones; all trains are run with the Miller buffer and coupler and Westinghouse atmospheric brake; all train men and yard men and switchmen, as well as engineers and conductors, and all others connected with the running of trains, *must be sober, industrious, reliable* men; the ferry boats and slips and freight transfers, passenger and sleeping-cars are among the best, if not, indeed, the very best in America; and this is not all—Governor Stanford, in the goodness of his heart, has for a long time given attention to the wants and comforts of what are termed second and third-class passengers, and has had manufactured a large number of sleeping cars for the transportation of immigrants and emigrants to and from the East, and which are a great improvement on anything in use elsewhere. These new cars have upper and lower berths, somewhat after the manner of caboose cars. The upper berths swing freely on iron rods, and when not in use can be hung up on the roof of the car, where they are not in the way. The lower berths are formed from the seats, which are made up after the manner of first-class sleepers—by turning down their backs, etc. This is a great convenience to persons traveling third-class; as, generally, they are compelled to sit up or make shift as best they can. The only difference between these cars and the first-class sleepers is that the former is not upholstered.

One of the most costly improvements now in progress is that being made by the Central Pacific Railroad Company, at Long Wharf. The information is obtained from Mr. Montague, the engineer in charge of the work, and may therefore be considered as trustworthy. The causeway, already constructed, has a uniform width of 75 feet on its top.

This width is carried out into the bay for a distance of 5,400 feet from the main land, when it gradually widens until it attains the width of 280 feet at the head, at which point new passenger slips and a new depot (the latter to cost about a quarter of a million of dollars) are now being constructed, and will be completed in a few months. These will be a mile and a-quarter from the main land. There will be four tracks on the causeway—two for local and two for through traffic. When the new slips are built a new arrangement will be made with regard to the local trains. Passengers from the city will not take the train just vacated by passengers from Oakland, as there will be separate trains for each, and thus the jostle and confusion usual at the landing of a boat at present will be avoided. The local trips will be extended via Brooklyn to Fruitvale, where the line will join the Alameda line and complete a circuit embracing Oakland, Brooklyn, Fruitvale and Alameda. I might proceed still further with statements showing the marvellous good faith exhibited by this great Trans-continental Thoroughfare, but the present sketch is enough to give a good idea of what I am pleased to term, "A MATCHLESS ACHIEVEMENT."

A SENSATION IN THE ORANGE GROVES.

There had long been a sensation in the orange groves of Los Angeles county, on account of the presence there of the notorious Tiburcio Vasquez. On the 16th day of May, 1874, at 4:30 P. M. as the Clerk of the City Council of Los Angeles was about to read the last communication to that body, an unusual stir outside attracted quick attention, and in a moment more City Fathers, City Clerk, City Surveyor, City Reporters, and everybody else in the room, were making for the front door. Instinctively I supposed Vasquez had something to do with the hegira, and I was right. Vasquez was lying pale and bloody in a light wagon, in front of the entrance to the city jail. A surging crowd was gathering around. Two men who were taken in his company, at the time of the capture, were hurried into jail and locked up. In a moment after, Vasquez, himself, was lifted from the wagon and was borne into the city prison. Dr. Wise soon after presented himself; and, assisted by several other medical gentlemen of the city, rendered the wounded robber such surgical services as he required. The result of the examination showed a buckshot in his left arm, one in the left leg, one in the left side of his head, one in front of the pectoral region, passing out under the left arm, and one in the right arm. The balls were extracted, the wounds pronounced not dangerous, and

opinion expressed that he would be well in a few days.

During the time referred to, Mr. Charles Miles, who had been robbed by Vasquez near San Gabriel, a few weeks before, entered the room. He was at once recognized by the wounded man—in fact, the recognition was mutual. Mr. Hartley, the Chief of Police of the City of Los Angeles, had taken Mr. Miles' watch into his keeping. It was returned to the proper owner. Mr. M.'s chain was missing, however; Vasquez said nothing about it at the time; but, after Dr. Wise and his associates had dressed his wounds, he requested Dr. Wise to take his porte-monnaie from his pocket. It was done, and Vasquez opened it, and handed the missing chain to Dr. W., and requested him to return it to its rightful owner. He remarked, "it belongs to him, *now*," emphasizing the last word, as much as to say, "he might have whistled for it if they had not caught me." While his wounds were being dressed, Mr. B. F. Hartley, Chief of Police, one of his captors, asked him why he (Vasquez) had asked him (Hartley) what his name was. Quoth Vasquez, "Usted es un hombre valiente lo mismo que yo." (You are a brave man like myself.) He bore the probing and opening of his wounds without a murmur. In personal appearance, this robber chief was anything but remarkable. Take away the expression of his eyes, furtive, snaky, and cunning, and he would have passed unnoticed in a crowd. Not more than five feet seven inches in height, and of very spare build, he looked little like a man who could create a reign of terror. His forehead was low and slightly retreating to where it was joined by a thick mass of raven black and very coarse hair; his mustache was by no means luxuriant, his chin whiskers

passably full; and his sunken cheeks were only lightly sprinkled with beard; his lips thin and bloodless; his teeth white, even and firm; his left eye slightly sunken. He had small and elegantly shaped feet. Perhaps 130 pounds was as much as he weighed. His light build made it an easy task for the horse that bore him to perform forced marches. The reign of terror which he had been answerable for was at an end. No attempt was made to interfere with the law by the crowd which surrounded the jail. A feeling more of relief than of revenge or exultation seemed to be uppermost in the minds of all. The history of the capture of Vasquez forms one of the most interesting chapters that has ever been written. The captured robber had defied pursuit, mocked at strategy, and eluded for months the skill of the bravest and most celebrated detectives on the coast. Once afoot or on horseback, with three hours the start of his pursuers, Cuban bloodhounds would not have compassed his capture. A sudden, well arranged surprise was the only chance to secure him. It had been effected, and in the manner hereinafter related.

After the futile pursuit of the robber up the Tejunga Pass, a short time before, Mr. Wm. Rowland, Sheriff of Los Angeles county, came to the conclusion that any further prosecution of the quest in that manner and direction was a waste of time, energy and money. His subordinates were ordered to desist, and many and loud were the complaints lodged against him for inaction and inefficiency.

Mr. Rowland, however, kept on in the even tenor of his way; and, availing himself of every possible source of information, at length became satisfied that the long-sought-for prize was within his grasp, and he quietly arranged for a capture. On Wed-

nesday night, May 15th, the evening before the capture, he received positive information of the whereabouts of Tiburcio Vasquez. He had kept for some time a list of names from which to choose a *posse* to undertake the arrest. He organized his party as follows: Mr. Albert Johnston, Under Sheriff; Major H. M. Mitchell, attorney-at-law, of Los Angeles; Mr. J. S. Bryant, City Constable; Mr. E. Harris, policeman; Mr. W. E. Rogers, of the Palace Saloon; Mr. D. K. Smith, a citizen of the county; Mr. B. F. Hartley, Chief of Police and Deputy City Marshal, and Mr. Beers, of San Francisco, the special correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. Sheriff Rowland intended to accompany his men, but his informant told him emphatically that, if he left the city and was not seen early in the morning, unless Vasquez was captured at the earliest hour, the game would break cover and be over the hills and far away. The sequel, as shown by the arrest of Greek George, which I will refer to again, proved the soundness of the advice. The horses for the pursuing party were sent, one by one, on Wednesday evening to the corral of Mr. Jones, on Spring street, near Sixth. One by one the above party met at the rendezvous; and at 1:30 A. M. on Thursday the gallant eight were in the saddle and on their way to the spot, which for many years will be pointed out as the scene of a stirring incident.

Greek George's ranch lies about ten miles due west from Los Angeles. It is situated at the base of a mountain, one of a series of semi-detached spurs, between which there are a dozen trails, known only to the *habitues* of that section, which afford egress to the San Fernando plains. The dwelling-house on the ranch is an old adobe, forming a letter L, the foot of the letter facing the mountain range,

the shank lying north and south. Behind the house, and but a short distance from it, runs a comparatively disused road, leading from the San Vicente through La Brea Rancho, and thence to Los Angeles—behind this road the mountains, and in front of the house a small monte of willows grown up around a spring, and beyond these a rolling plain stretching to the ocean. At the northern end of the building was a room used by the robber as a store room and as a lookout. A window facing the north, afforded him an outlook for miles to the east (toward the city), and for a good distance west. There was no chance for an ordinary surprise for armed horsemen from either direction. The middle section of the western part (the shank) of the house, was used as a dining-room, where the bandit was eating when surprised, surrounded and captured. A small apartment at the south end was used as a kitchen, in which there was a small opening through which Vasquez made a leap for life when he found himself in the toils. His horse was staked out a few rods to the northwest of the building when the event occurred. Let us see how the capture was effected:

As before stated, the pursuers left Los Angeles at 1:30, Thursday morning. About 4 A. M., they arrived at the bee ranch of Major Mitchell, one of the party. There they took breakfast, and held a council of war. The bee ranch is up a small cañon, off the usual lines of travel, visited occasionally by neighboring ranchmen for wood. After consultation, Messrs. Albert Johnston, Mitchell, and Bryant left the party and followed a mountain road about one mile and a half, until they came to a point opposite Greek George's ranch. Turning square north they climbed to a point where, with a field glass, they could obtain an unobstructed view

of the covert. A heavy fog rendered satisfactory observations impracticable for hours. When it lifted they saw enough to convince them that their game was at the very point designated. A horse answering the description of that ridden by the outlaw was picketed out as above stated. Twice they saw a man, answering the description of Vasquez, leading him to the monte, and returning, picket him out as before. Another man on horseback went in pursuit of a white horse which tallied with the description given of a horse belonging to the gang. Various plans for the capture of Vasquez were discussed by the trio, but finally it was decided that Mr. Johnston should return to the bee ranch and marshal his forces, while Mitchell and Smith went in pursuit of the horseman referred to, they believing him to be Chaves, the Lieutenant of Vasquez.

Arrived there, unexpectedly, and it almost seems providentially sent, allies presented themselves. A wagon driven by a Californian, and in which there was another man (also a native), was driven up, from the direction of Greek George's. It was a box wagon. It was not long before the plan of capture was decided upon. Six of the party remained. The extra man with the wagon made seven. Mr. Hartley, who spoke Spanish fluently, was instructed to inform the driver that he was to turn his horses' heads, allow all six of the party and his extra man to *lie down in the wagon bed*, and then drive back to Greek George's, and as close to the house as possible; that if he gave a sign or made an alarm, his life would pay the forfeit. In due time the house was reached. In a moment the men were out of the wagon and on their feet with shot-guns and rifles cocked and ready for what might offer. Mr.

Hartley and Mr. Beers went to the west side of the house, the other four to the southern, passing round the eastern end. The foremost of the latter had hardly reached the door opening into the dining-room, when a woman opened it partly. Seeing the armed "quartette" approaching, she gave an exclamation of fright, and attempted to close it. The party burst in, Mr. Harris leading the way, and seeing the retreating form of the prize they sought leaving the table, and plunging through the door leading into the kitchen.

Harris was close upon his heels, and Vasquez, with the agility of a mountain cat, had jumped through the narrow window, or rather opening which admitted the light, when Harris fired at the vanishing form with his Henry rifle, exclaiming, "There he goes, through the window!" The party left the house as precipitatedly as they entered it. Vasquez stood for a second of time irresolute. Whether to seek cover in the monte or rush for his horse, seemed the all important question. He seemed to decide for the horse—doubtless he would have given ten kingdoms if he had had them, to be astride of him—and started, when Mr. Harris fired; turning, he sought another direction, when one after another, shot after shot, showed him the utter hopelessness of escape. He had already been wounded, just how severely I have already told. He had fallen, but recovered himself; blood was spouting from his shoulder and streaming from other wounds. He threw up his hands, approached the party, and said, with a cold, passionate smile wreathing his thin lips, "Boys, you have done well; I have been a fool; but it is all my own fault." He was taken to the court-yard on the southern side of the house, and laid upon an extemporized pallet. Not a mur-

mur, scarce a contortion of the visage, bespoke either pain, remorse, or any other emotion of the mind or soul. Mr. Beers said to me on the evening of the capture: "While looking for his wounds, I placed my hand over his heart, and found its pulsations gave no signs of excitement. His eye was bright, and there was a pleasant smile on his face, and no tremor in his voice. He was polite and thankful for every attention. Although he thought and said that he was about to die—'Gone up,' as he expressed it—his expression of countenance was one of admiration of our determined attack and our good luck."

The house was entered, and a young man was captured in the north room before described. This was the arsenal of the robber gang. Three Henry rifles and one Spencer, all of the latest patterns and finest workmanship, besides other arms, were found there and taken possession of. Major Mitchell and Mr. Smith overhauled the party they went in pursuit of, and brought him back. I have stated that it was well that Mr. Rowland did not start out with the party. Greek George, whose real name is George Allen, was designated as the party who was harboring Vasquez. Vasquez was found there, that is certain. Allen was in town Wednesday night, and while he supposed he was watching Rowland's movements, he was being watched with a degree of wide-awakefulness he could hardly conceive of. He was solicitously attended in his peregrinations throughout the city all that day. Had he attempted to revisit his suburban home before the consummation of Sheriff Rowland's plans, he would have learned the meaning of a writ of *ne exeat* which would unquestionably have been extemporized for the occasion.

As it was, when his distinguished sometime guest had been, by the physicians in attendance, prepared to receive visitors, Mr. Allen was taken into his presence by Sheriff Rowland. He was so much affected by the sight that he forgot to express his sympathy. Had Mr. Rowland not been seen by Mr. Allen Wednesday, the latter would probably have remembered something which required his presence at the ranch. Too much praise can never be awarded to Sheriff Rowland for the quiet but effective manner in which he carried out his well-conceived plans. It would simply be invidious to attempt to particularize any member of the capturing party. All that I was able to learn upon the subject, from any and every source, went to show that each and every man acted with consummate courage, coolness and discretion. To all intents and purposes the approach to the house where the capture was effected was a deliberate approach to a masked battery. That Vasquez was there, was a matter which admitted of no doubt. How many of his fellow desperadoes were with him, no man of the party could know. How well he was prepared to "welcome them with bloody hands to hospitable graves," nobody could doubt; but, determined to capture him, if possible, they "went for him," and they got him.

His coolness in the hour of capture, the fortitude and the uncomplaining stoicism with which he bore his wounds, all went to show that, whatever opinion as to his bravery may have become current with the public, he was a man who would have sold his life dearly if he had had a ghost of a show. I verily believe if he had had a knife or pistol on his person he would have sought and found death rather than capture. No *posse* of armed men could have

approached the well chosen fastness which he had selected. Strategy and a fortunate concurrence of circumstances placed him in the power of the law.

While being carried into town he exchanged notes with Major Mitchell relative to the Tejunga Pass pursuit. He told the Major that twice during the pursuit he was near enough to kill him and his party if he had desired so to do, and convinced Major Mitchell of the truth of his assertion. Vasquez protested that he had never killed a man; that the murders at Tres Pinos were committed before his arrival; but he admitted that he led the party who committed the outrages away from that point. After his capture he inquired who was the leader of the party, and, upon being told that Mr. Albert Johnston was, he delivered to him his memorandum book, and commenced to make a statement to him, not knowing at the time but that his wounds were mortal.

His first declaration related to his two children; when, the preparations for the march to the city being completed, the record was abruptly brought to a close. He showed Mr. Johnston the photographs of the children, and enclosed in the same envelope with them was a wavy tress of black and silky hair, bound in a blue ribbon. This he requested Mr. Johnston to preserve carefully and return to him when he should require or demand it. What secret heart history was bound up with that mute memorial of days when perhaps the outlaw had his dream of home and all that makes life beautiful, no one can tell.

At a late hour I visited him in prison. Lying upon his pallet, to all human appearances a doomed man, a price set upon his head, an outlaw and an outcast, he received me and a number of other

visitors with an ease and grace and elegance which would have done no discredit to any gentleman in the land, reclining upon his *fauteil* in his dressing-room. After answering quietly and politely a number of questions, he requested those present to retire, as he had something to communicate to the Sheriff relative to certain stolen property. His memorandum book, among many other things, contained a great many extracts, clipped from the *Star*, *La Cronica*, and other papers, containing accounts of his various exploits. They went to show conclusively that he had been furnished regularly by confederates with everything that could interest him or keep him informed of the measures set on foot to effect his capture.

On a small scrap of paper, dated April 3d, was a memorandum in the Spanish language, in which the name of Repetto occurred. Whether it was a reminder of his intended visit to that gentleman, or a credit for the amount of the forced loan he exacted from him, I do not know. As soon as Vasquez was safely lodged in jail, all parties agreed that Sheriff Rowland and the actual captors of the bandit, the cool-headed and intrepid Albert Johnston, Under Sheriff; and his brave, energetic, and fearless associates, officers Hartley, Harris, and Bryant, Major Mitchell, and Messrs. Rogers, Smith, and Beers, were entitled to great credit. They had been unceasing in their efforts to effect the capture of Vasquez from the time of the Repetto outrage, and the result is told as above.

William Rowland, Sheriff of Los Angeles county, is a native of the county; was about thirty-three years of age, and was serving his second term. Albert Johnston, Under Sheriff, is a New Yorker by birth, a brother of Geo. A. Johnston, of San

Diego, and had been a resident of Los Angeles for about five years, having held the office of Under Sheriff since Mr. Rowland's election. He came to this State when a mere youth, and went back to the East and remained several years, but, like all good Californians, returned. He was of about the same age as his principal. Officer Harris was thirty-two years old; was well-known in the city, where he had lived for six years, and had been on the police force for four years. He had detective qualities second to no man in the State; was brave, cool, and energetic, and just the man to have associated in such a hazardous undertaking. Officer Hartley was a brave fellow, about thirty-seven years old, and a model member of the police force, upon which he had served efficiently and faithfully for two years. He had resided in Los Angeles for five years. Constable Bryant was also one of the best officers Los Angeles ever had. He, too, was a brave and efficient officer, about thirty-five years of age. Major Mitchell, soldier, lawyer, miner, apiarist, and journalist, was a young man of talent and education. With what valor and intrepidity he followed the flag of the Southern Confederacy may be seen in his persistent and unrivaled pursuit of the robber chief, from the Repetto event until the achievement related. Mr. W. E. Rogers was a young man of thirty-two years of age, twenty-four of which he had spent in San Francisco. He had been associated with the Sheriff's party from the start, and was as brave as he was genteel and unostentatious. Mr. Smith was, I believe, a farmer, and resided outside of the city. When Mr. Smith went to Greek George's house a few days before, to *inquire if he wanted any barley cut*, the latter not in the least suspected that the would-be hay-maker was taking a survey

of the premises for Mr. Rowland, so that, when the time arrived for the attack, it could be made without confusion and without loss of life, if possible, to the besieging party. Mr. Beers, the correspondent of the *Chronicle*, was as gallant as his fellows, and marched up to the scene of attack with rifle in hand, prepared for any emergency.

The next day I interviewed Vasquez. He seemed but little the worse for his wounds. Sheriff Rowland had provided him with a comfortable spring mattress, and the dinner which was brought to him during my stay in his cell, or rather room, was good enough for anybody. He laughed and talked as gaily and unconstrainedly as if he were in his parlor instead of in the clutches of the violated law. In reply to my questions, he gave the following account of himself, substantially:

"I was born in Monterey county, California, at the town of Monterey, August 11th, 1835. My parents are both dead. I have three brothers and two sisters. Two of my brothers reside in Monterey county: one unmarried and one married; the other resides in Los Angeles county; he is married. My sisters are both married; one of them lives at San Juan Baptista, Monterey county, the other at the New Idria quicksilver mines. I was never married, but I have one child in this county a year old. I can read and write, having attended school in Monterey. My parents were people in ordinarily good circumstances, owning a small tract of land, and always had enough for their wants. My career grew out of the circumstances by which I was surrounded. As I grew up to manhood, I was in the habit of attending balls and parties given by the native Californians, into which the Americans, then beginning to become numerous, would force them-

selves and shove the native-born men aside, monopolizing the dance and the women. This was about 1852. A spirit of hatred and revenge took possession of me. I had numerous fights in defense of what I believed to be my rights and those of my countrymen. The officers were continually in pursuit of me. I believed we were unjustly and wrongfully deprived of the social rights that belonged to us. So perpetually was I involved in these difficulties, that I at length determined to leave the thickly settled portions of the country, and did so. I gathered together a small band of cattle, and went into Mendocino county, back of Ukiah, and beyond Falls Valley. Even here I was not permitted to remain in peace. The officers of the law sought me out in that remote region, and strove to drag me before the courts. I always resisted arrest. I went to my mother and told her I intended to commence a different life. I asked for and obtained her blessing, and at once commenced the career of a robber. My first exploit consisted in robbing some peddlers of money and clothes in Monterey county. My next was the capture and robbery of a stage coach in the same county. I had confederates with me from the first, and was always recognized as leader. Robbery after robbery followed each other as rapidly as circumstances allowed until, in 1857 or '58, I was arrested in Los Angeles for horse stealing, convicted of grand larceny, sentenced to the penitentiary, and was taken to San Quentin, and remained there until my term of imprisonment expired in 1863. Up to the time of my conviction and imprisonment, I had robbed stage coaches, wagons, houses, etc., indiscriminately, carrying on my operations for the most part, in daylight, sometimes, however, visiting houses after dark.

"After my discharge from San Quentin, I returned to the house of my parents, and endeavored to lead a peaceable and honest life. I was, however, soon accused of being a confederate of Procopio and one Soto, both noted bandits, the latter of whom was afterwards killed by Sheriff Harry Morse, of Alameda county. I was again forced to become a fugitive from the law officers; and, driven to desparation, left home and family, and commenced robbing whenever opportunity offered. I made but little money by my exploits. I always managed to avoid arrest. I believe I owe my frequent escapes solely to my courage (*mi valor*). I was always ready to fight whenever opportunity offered, but always endeavored to avoid bloodshed.

"I know of nothing worthy of note until the Tres Pinos affair occurred. The true story of that transaction is as follows: I, together with four other men, including Chaves, my lieutenant, and one Leiva, (who is now in jail at San Jose, awaiting an opportunity to testify, he having turned State's evidence,) camped within a short distance of Tres Pinos. I sent three of the party, Leiva included, to that point, making Leiva the Captain. I instructed them to take a drink, examine the locality, acquaint themselves with the number of men around, and wait until I came. I told them not to use any violence, as when I arrived I would be the judge, and if anybody had to be shot I would do the shooting. When I arrived there with Chaves, however, I found three men dead, and was told that two of them were killed by Leiva and one by another of the party named Romano; the rest of the men in the place were all tied. I told Leiva and his companions that they had acted contrary to my orders, that I did not wish to remain there long. Leiva

and his men had not secured money enough for my purpose and I told a woman, the wife of one of the men who was tied, that I would kill him if she did not procure funds. She did so and we gathered up what goods and clothing and provisions we needed, and started for Elizabeth Lake, Los Angeles county. On the way there Leiva became jealous of me, and at once rebelled and swore revenge. He left his wife at Heffner's place on Elizabeth Lake, and started to Los Angeles to deliver himself up, as well as to deliver me to the authorities, if he could do so. Sheriff Rowland, however, was on my track, and in company with Sheriff Adams, of Santa Clara county, and a *posse* of men, endeavoured to capture Chaves and myself at Rock Creek. We fired at the party and could have killed them if we had wished so to do. We effected our escape, and arriving at Heffner's, I took Leiva's wife behind me on my horse, and started back in the direction I knew Rowland and Adams and their party would be coming, knowing that I could hear them approaching on their horses. I did so, and as they drew near I turned aside from the road. The Sheriffs and their *posse* passed on, and I took Leiva's wife to a certain point, which I do not care to name, and left her in the hills at a sheep ranch, while I went out and made a raid on Firebaugh's Ferry, on the San Joaquin river, for money to send her back to her parents' house. I did so, and have not seen her since. I provided for all her wants while she was with me. I tied ten men and a Chinaman up at Firebaugh's Ferry in the raid above referred to."

[Here I digress a moment, to tell what befell Sheriffs Rowland and Adams and *posse*. They went straight to Heffner's, found their game had broken cover. They found Vasquez' camp, captured

thirty-six horses and the greater part of the goods, clothing and provisions, taken from the Tres Pinos, and then divided, Sheriff Rowland returning to Los Angeles with the horses, all of which had been returned to their owners except two. While at the camp Leiva came up and was arrested by Sheriff Rowland, on suspicion; was by him turned over to Mr. Wasson, the Sheriff of Monterey county. Sheriff Adams and his party kept up an unsuccessful search for the bandit for several days, and finally abandoned it. I now resume Vasquez's narrative where it was left off.]

"After sending Leiva's wife home, I went to King's River, in Tulare county, where, with a party of eight men besides myself, I captured and tied up thirty-five men. There were two stores and a hotel in this place. I had time to plunder only one of the stores, as the citizens aroused themselves and began to show fight. The numbers were unequal and I retired. I got about eight hundred dollars and considerable jewelry by this raid. I went from there to a small settlement, known as Panama, on Kern river, where myself and party had a carouse of three days, dancing, love making, etc. El Capitan Vasquez was quite a favorite with the señoritas. It was well known to the citizens of Bakersfield, which is only two or three miles from Panama, that I was there, and arrangements were made for my capture; but the attempt was not made until I had been gone twenty-four hours. Then they came and searched the house in which I was supposed to be concealed. When I left Panama, I started for the Sweet-water mountains, and skirted their base, never traveling along the road, but keeping along in the direction of Lone Pine. I returned by the way of Coyote Holes, where the robbery of the

stage took place. Here Chaves and myself captured the *diligencia* and sixteen men. Chaves held his gun over them while I took their money and jewelry. We got about $200 and some pistols, and jewelry, watches, etc.; also a pocket-book, belonging to Mr. James Craig, containing about $10,000 worth of mining stock, which I threw away. One man was disposed to show fight, and to preserve order I shot him in the leg, and made him sit down. I got six horses from the stage company, two from the station. I drove four of them off in one direction and went myself in another, in order to elude pursuit. I wandered around in the mountains after that until the time of the Repetto robbery.

"The day before that occurrence I camped at the Pietra Gordo, at the head of Arroyo Seco. I had selected Repetto as a good subject. In pursuance of the plan I had adopted, I went to a sheep herder employed on the place, and asked him if he had seen a brown horse which I had lost; inquired if Repetto was at home, took a look at the surroundings, and told the man I had to go to the Old Mission on some important business, that if he would catch my horse I would give him $10 or $15. I then returned by a roundabout way to my companions on the Arroyo Seco. As soon as it was dark I returned with my men to the neighborhood of Repetto's and camped within a few rods of the house. The next morning about breakfast time we wrapped our guns in our blankets, retaining only our pistols, and I went toward the house, where I met the sheep herder and commenced talking about business. Asked him if Repetto wanted herders or shearers, how many sheep could he shear in a day, etc.; speaking in a loud tone, in order to let Repetto hear us and throw him off his guard. I had left

my men behind a small fence, and being told that he was at home, I entered the house to see if I could bring the *patron* to terms without killing him. I found him at home, and told him I was an expert sheep shearer, and asked him if he wished to employ any shearers; told him that my friends, the gentlemen who were waiting out by the fence, were also good shearers, and wanted work. All were invited in, and as they entered surrounded Repetto. I then told him I wanted money. At this he commenced hollering, when I had him securely tied, and told him to give me what money he had in the house. He handed me eighty dollars. I told him that that would not do; that I knew all about his affairs; that he had sold nearly $10,000 worth of sheep lately, and that he must have plenty of money buried about the place somewhere. Repetto then protested that he had paid out nearly all the money he had received in the purchase of land; that he had receipts to show for it, etc. I told him that I could read and write and understood accounts; that if he produced his books and receipts, and they balanced according to his statements, I would excuse him. He produced the books, and after examining them carefully, I became convinced that he had told me very nearly the truth. I then expressed my regrets for the trouble I had put him to, and offered to compromise. I told him I was in need of money, and that if he would accommodate me with a small sum I would repay him in thirty days, with interest at 1½ per cent. per month. He kindly consented to do so, and sent a messenger to a bank in Los Angeles for the money, being first warned that in the event of treachery or betrayal his life would pay the forfeit. The messenger returned, not without exciting the suspicions of the

authorities, who, as is well known, endeavored at that time to effect my capture, but failed. But you know all about the Arroyo Seco affair."

I do, and present it as follows: Mr. Repetto, fearing that his life would be taken, despatched a boy to Los Angeles with a check for the above amount. The boy went to town as quick as ever man flew over the old Mission road, and proceeded at once to the Sheriff's office and gave a detailed description of the robbers and the affair. Mr. Rowland and Under Sheriff Albert Johnston at once made arrangements for a pursuit, entertaining no doubt but that it was Vasquez and his gang of freebooters. In less than a quarter of an hour a number of fleet horses had been procured and saddled, and a party, composed of officers Sands, Harris, Hartley, Redona, and Benites, and Mr. Rogers and Chantes, led by Mr. Rowland, proceeded out toward the neighborhood of the outrage. In less than half an hour the pursuing party arrived within sight of Mr. Repetto's house, and quick as a flash five men mounted their horses, and galloped in the direction of the upper Arroyo Seco, the Rowland party giving hot pursuit.

While all this exciting work was going on, Charles Miles and John Osborne, who had been hauling some piping material out to the lands of the Orange Grove Association, were quietly jogging on toward home. Now, if you had told these two gentlemen that Vasquez was within gunshot of them they would have laughed in your face. But all of a sudden, up dashed two men, each armed with a Henry rifle and a six shooter, and, in English, demanded a halt. Osborne thought it was a joke, and carelessly dropped the rein on his sorrel, so as to increase its pace. In doing so he drove right into three more of

the bandits, who gave him to understand that he proceeded further at great peril. Vasquez, quick as thought, made his appearance on the near side, and covered Osborne with a Henry rifle, which little maneuver caused the smiling face of Miles to elongate a trifle. Then he smiled again; and then, as a Henry rifle, seemingly as big as a Dahlgren gun, fooled around his left ear, he drew on that Platonic countenance again, and began to view the scene from a "business" standpoint. Two of the highwaymen dismounted, while Vasquez and the two men who did not dismount covered the victims in the wagon with their rifles and six-shooters. "Hand out your money!" said Vasquez, "and hurry up, for there are a dozen men coming this way." Mr. Miles declared that he hadn't got a cent with him, which elicited from the accommodating knight of the road, "Then I'll take that watch!"

At this juncture the urbane City Water Collector looked first at his own English hunting lever, and then at Osborne's, because, you see, he didn't know exactly which chronometer suited the fancy of the California Duval. But the latter, in order to create no hard feelings or misunderstanding in the matter, took both of them. About three dollars and a half in United States silver coin, also, was donated, and then the outfit was permitted to depart, the robbers, in the meantime, perceiving the Harris and Sands party at the top of the hill about a thousand yards off, dashing off in a different direction.

Los Angeles was wild during that afternoon, and all sorts of rumors gained credence, among which was that "Jeemes Pipes, of Pipesville," had been killed.

About three o'clock Rowland, after locating his forces as best as he could, returned to town for re-

inforcements, believing that, with a proper number of men at his command, he would succeed in effecting a capture. In a few moments General Baldwin and two other men, and Constable Bryant and three others, were equipped, and in the line of pursuit.

To continue Vasquez's account: "After my escape I wandered for a while in the mountains; was near enough to the parties who were searching for me to kill them if I had desired so to do. For the past three weeks I have had my camp near the place where I was captured, only coming to the house at intervals to get a meal. I was not expecting company at the time the arrest was made, or the result might have been different."

The foregoing is a very fair paraphrase of the recital made to me by Vasquez, in the presence of Sheriff Rowland. Almost all of it, except his version of the Tres Pinos affair, is known to be true. Only the leading events of his long career of brigandage and outlawry are described. But my readers can draw their own conclusion as to what manner of man Tiburcio Vasquez was. He protested frequently throughout the interview that he had never killed a man in his life.

To complete this sketch, I would state that during the September following his capture Vasquez was arraigned in the Twelfth District Court, San Jose, for the murder of Leander Davidson at Tres Pinos. A continuance was granted until Jan. 5th, 1875. On that day the case was called, Judge Belden presiding. Charles Ben Darwin and Mr. Tully were retained for the defense. Darwin withdrew, and in his place Judge Belden appointed Judge W. H. Collins and Judge J. A. Moultrie. Attorney-General Love, District Attorney Briggs, of San Benito county, Hon. W. E. Lovett and District At-

torney Bodely, of Santa Clara county, appeared for the people. After a four days' trial Vasquez was found guilty of murder in the first degree. On the 23d day of January, 1875, he was sentenced to death, and by the execution of that sentence California got rid of one of the bloodiest scoundrels of the century.

THE RENAISSANCE OF MONTEREY.

The reader is now invited to accompany the author to an Arcadian scene, where sea and sky and sunshine and sylvan surroundings majestically meet, and where a rare equability of temperature and healthfulness of climate beckon alike the seeker after recreation and recuperation—I mean Monterey —the QUEEN OF AMERICAN WATERING PLACES.

Monterey has long been known for its equable temperature and for its health-giving atmosphere and breezes. It was founded 110 years ago by the Franciscan missionaries, whose land-marks of civilization dot the Pacific Coast here and there, from the Mexican border to San Francisco. It was the first capital of California, and has always enjoyed, amongst old Californians, the reputation of being the healthiest and most delightful spot in their State; and it is, undoubtedly, the most perfect place for the invalid and the valetudinarian to winter in, and for the seeker after pleasure and recreation to summer at, upon the Pacific Coast, and, perhaps, in the world. Fully realizing these facts, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, some two years ago, built a road from a point on their main coast line, and now run two trains daily each way, between San Francisco and this charming city by the sea.

There is probably no place upon the Pacific Coast

so replete with natural charms as Monterey. Its exquisite beauty and variety of scenery is diversified with ocean, bay, lake and streamlet; mountain, hill and valley, and groves of oak, cypress, spruce, pine and other trees. The mountain views are very beautiful, particularly the Gabilan and Santa Cruz spurs. That which will the quickest engage the observation of the visitor, however, is the pine-fringed slope near town, and the grove that surrounds the "Hotel del Monte."

As some requirement of the public at large has always had a hand either in pointing out almost every well known spot of picturesque beauty in the world, or at least in developing it, so it was the fact that San Francisco needed a fashionable seashore resort that brought Monterey into celebrity after it had swung around the circle of civilization almost into oblivion. As I have spoken of it as a resort, it is not difficult to prove its claims. It has an ideal atmosphere and temperature—it is in California, and is not that enough?—in a section of country where winter never visits, and where summer, too, is forgotten; and in their place the lucky inhabitants have that blissful climate which contains all the attractions of the fickle element and none of its drawbacks. It is a purified, idealized climate; never cold, never hot; always balmy, never enervating; and possessing, in its moderation, the rare quality of being bracing. Too dry for malaria or fever, too mild and even for pneumonia and its near blood relation, consumption, cannot one forgive any amount of enthusiasm upon such a climate? But Monterey is not all climate; it is scenic as well. It is a spot to inspire poets, and to nerve the artist's hand; and it is also an all-the-year-round resort, as the thermometer only varies about

six degrees from January to June. It was California's first capital city, but, its situation being hardly adapted to that honor, it was stripped of that prominent position and became simply Monterey. But its thousands of happy visitors can support its loss of political importance, and perhaps be thankful that its beautiful location was not monopolized by business, or its fine bay and sea view marred by the inevitable disfigurement of traffic and its adjuncts. Beside being climatic and scenic, Monterey is likewise historical. We were all taught at school, if you will recollect, that many parts of the Pacific Coast were made picturesque by ruins; but in this instance they are not the ruins of barbaric splendor, indicative of a prior possession of the country by the superior beings who made Peru and Mexico famous, and linked them by romance with the mediæval and chivalric ages. These ruins date no further back than the close of the last century, and are only another land-mark of that persistent church that so early placed its standard over this land, and is still patiently struggling on and awaiting results. The Spanish Government then, as now, one of the most devout of the Catholic dominions, established at Monterey a presidio for the protection of the settlement. Father Junipero Serra and his coadjutors landed there June 3, 1770, and the Carmel Mission was at once built by the Missionaries themselves. A large wooden cross still marks the spot where these pioneer priests landed, and is one of the many objects of interest within the limits of the pueblo. The architecture of the Mission challenges admiration. It is vast, solid and dignified, bearing, intentionally, a decided resemblance to the Syrian Mount Carmel; the mound-like effect is arrived at by a general gentle slope of the walls

of the compact main buildings from the ground to the roof. It is a noble edifice, even now, and fitted well to its surroundings. In no land in the world does verdure reach a higher state of perfection than in California; trees and plants alike grow to fabulous sizes, while the coloring in the landscape effects and the hues of ocean and sky rival the tropics, and in the midst of this is Monterey; and four miles away through pleasant roads and bewildering groves of cypress is the picturesque Mission, framed in a landscape unlikely to mar the thoughts which this stately ruin will inspire, as one looks upon its noble towers, its ruined, grass-grown stairs, all the handiwork of this little body of men, who left their own country, not to mend their fortunes or earn riches, but true to a principle, and in a spirit deserving of devout respect, however antagonistic it may seem to many. In those narrow cells they said their *paternoster;* up and down those moss-encrusted stairs they went upon their daily rounds of work and prayer; and, to whatever duties their successors in faith may now devote themselves, that drooping structure demands for the co-workers of Father Junipero Serra profound respect.

The Bay of Monterey is a magnificent sheet of water, and is twenty eight miles from point to point. It is delightfully adapted to boating and yachting; and many kinds of fish (and especially rock-cod, barracuda, pompino, Spanish mackerel, and flounder,) may be taken at all seasons of the year, and salmon during portions of the summer months. For bathing purposes the beach is all that could be desired—one long, bold sweep of wide, gently sloping, clean white sands—the very perfection of a bathing beach, and so safe that children may play and bathe upon it with entire

security. There are also great varieties of sea mosses, shells, pebbles and agates scattered here and there along the rim of the bay, fringed as it is at all times with the creamy ripple of the surf.

To those who resort to Monterey as a fashionable watering place during the summer, or as a health resort during winter, the "Hotel del Monte" is looked upon as one of the greatest of all the attractions, not only on account of its being the most magnificent structure of the kind on the Pacific Coast, but because it is one of the largest, handsomest, and one of the most elegantly furnished sea-side hotels in the world. Indeed, no ocean house upon the Atlantic approaches it in its plan of exterior, while its interior finish, accommodations and appointments are much superior to those of any like establishment in the United States. It is built in the modern Gothic style, and is 385 feet in length and 115 feet in width, with wings; there are two full stories, an attic story, and several floors in the central tower or observatory. Its ground floor in some respects resembles that of the Grand Union at Saratoga; and, as in that and other Eastern summer hotels, the lady guests have access to all the public rooms, and especially to the office or lobby in the front center of the building, which is 42x48 feet; connecting with the lobby is a reading room, 24x26; then a ladies' billiard room, 25x62; then a ladies' parlor, 34x42, and then, with a hall or covered verandah between, a ball-room 36x72. There is a corridor extending the whole length of the building, 12 feet wide. The dining room is 45x70; a children's and servants' dining room is attached, and aparments for parties who may prefer *dejeuners a la fourchette*. The kitchen is 33x40 feet. There are 28

suites of rooms on this floor, each with bath-room and all other modern improvements. There are three staircases, one at the intersection of each of the end wings, and a grand staircase leading from the lobby. In the second story there are 48 *suites*, or about 100 rooms, and all other modern improvements. There is also a promenade the whole length of the building, 12 feet in width. In the attic story there are 13 *suites* and 29 single rooms, 65 apartments in all. The central tower or observatory is 25x30, and about 80 feet in height; there are 10 rooms in the observatory; the end towers are about 50 feet in height. The hotel is lighted throughout with gas made at the works upon the grounds, and supplied with water from an artesian well upon the premises. No pains were spared in its erection to provide against fire, both in the perfect construction of flues and in the apparatus for extinguishing flames. The house is elegantly furnished throughout. The ladies' billiard parlor is one of the largest and most elegantly appointed in the United States. Adjacent to the hotel building is a bar-room and bowling alley and smoking rooms for gentlemen. At a short distance from the hotel is a stable and carriage house, large enough to accommodate sixty horses and as many carriages; there is telephonic communication between the hotel and stable. There is hot and cold water throughout the hotel, and all other modern appliances and improvements. The grounds, consisting of about 126 acres, are entirely enclosed and are beautifully wooded with pine, oak, cedar and cypress. There have been about 1,200 young trees added, most of which are English walnut. Croquet plats, an archery, swings, an enclosure for lawn tennis, etc., are provided, and choice flowers, shrubs

and grasses are growing under the eye of an experienced gardener. The hotel accommodates four hundred people; it is only a stone's throw from the station, which is connected with it by a wide gravel and cement walk. The Company also own 7,000 acres of land, through which there are many excellent drives, and over which roam an abundance of game, including innumerable deer. There are also several trout streams near by, from which the gamey fish may be taken at all times in the year, except when the rivers are swollen by rains.

The beach is only a few minutes' walk from the "Hotel del Monte," and is a very fine one. Mr. W. H. Daily, the champion swimmer of the Pacific Coast, and who has made himself well acquainted with the character of several of the most noted beaches from San Francisco to Santa Monica, says, in a letter dated *Monterey, December 15, 1879:* "I have made a careful examination of the beach at this place, as to its fitness for purposes of bathing. I find it an easy, sloping beach of fine sand; no gravel, no stones anywhere below high water mark. I waded and swam up the beach a quarter of a mile, that is, toward the east, and also westward toward the warehouse, and found a smooth, sandy bottom all the way; no rocks, no sea weed and no undertow. The whiteness of the sand makes the water beautifully clear. I consider the beach here the finest on the Pacific Coast. *I was in the water an hour yesterday, and found it, even at this time of the year, none too cold for enjoyable bathing.*" The bathing establishment is the largest and most complete on the Pacific Coast, and contains warm salt water plunge and swimming baths, 400 rooms, and a swimming tank, 150 feet by 50, varying in depth from three to six feet, heated by steam pipes

and supplied with a constant flow of water from the sea; and in addition thereto a number of rooms for those who prefer individual baths of hot and cold salt water—with ample *douche* and *shower* facilities.

The drives over the new macadamized roads throughout the seven thousand acres owned by the Company, and elsewhere about the old city, reveal countless attractions of shore and grove. Civilization and modern ingenuity and wealth of means have aided nature; and not only invalids, tourists and artists flock to Monterey, but the fashionable have claimed it as their own under the impression, as usual, that the best of this world's pleasures is fashion's birth right—indeed, if one would but think of it, it is probably very fortunate that health resorts are usually capable of being made attractive, or else the great giddy world would be in danger. And thus Monterey's long dream has been permanently broken. As Mr. W. H. Mills, editor of the *Sacramento Record-Union*, in a letter to his paper, about a year ago, said: "Her destiny is not that of a trading center. She will produce no millionaires. No stock exchanges will establish themselves in her peaceful old streets. It is her lot to be the fashionable and favorite watering-place of California; the resort of invalids from less genial climes; a winter as well as a summer haunt for people in delicate health; in fact, a Sanitarium of the prosperous kind that has received the *imprimatur* of Fashion. The Hotel del Monte has settled this question, and the possibilities of the place. It has lifted it out of the rut in which it had lain so long and so contentedly, and has, in conjunction with the railroad, brought it within easy reach of everybody. Its pleasant climate, its interesting asso-

ciations, its natural beauties, its fine bathing, will all combine to render it more popular from year to year, and we may be sure that in a little while its claims will be recognized by that steady extension of country-house building in the neighborhood which always attends such revivals." MONTEREY HAS THUS REACHED HER RENAISSANCE.

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The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the center of San Francisco, and is the Largest, Completest, Most Comfortable, and

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All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors, leading from the glass covered court in the center of the building.

The central court illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies around it on every story, its carriage-way and its tropical plants, is an attractive feature; one hitherto unknown in American Hotels.

Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The Restaurant is an adjunct to the Hotel, and

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Room with Board, - - - Three Dollars per Day,
Room with Board, - - - Four Dollars per Day,
Room without Board, - - One Dollar per Day and Upwards.

Lines of horse-cars connecting directly with all principal streets, business centers, leading places of amusement or resort, and all notable localities, constantly traversing the entire city, even to its remotest suburbs, run directly by or within a minute's walk. At the neighboring foot of the City's Grand Central Avenue, which passes directly under its northern front, are the stations and docks of the Great Overland Railway Terminus, with the piers and slips of the principal steam ferries, which swiftly bridge the broad Bay in every habitable or pleasurable direction. A few blocks south lie the immense docks and basins of the P. M. S. S. Co., with their grand fleet of Trans-Pacific Mail Steamships for the Sandwich Islands, China, Japan, Australia, India and the nations of the Orient.

Within and without, in all approaches, appointments and belongings, the kingly structure, far surpassing, not only in size but in grandeur, all the hotels of Europe and America, richly justifies the propriety of its happily chosen name—The Palace Hotel.

The salubrious and equable character of the climate, (the thermometer at San Francisco, in Summer, ranging from 60 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit, and in Winter from 50 to 60 degrees) extends such an inviting welcome to travelers, that every endeavor has been made to have the PALACE fully harmonize with it in its attractive features, by combining the comforts and conveniences of American and European Hotels, with the greatly prized luxuries of Oriental Life.

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THE MOST CHARMING

SUMMER AND WINTER RESORT

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IS OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND

For the reception of permanent guests and transient seekers after recreation and health.

THE MAGNIFICENT "HOTEL DEL MONTE"

Is about four hours by rail from San Francisco and is reached by the

SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD

(NORTHERN DIVISION)

Via SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOSE.

The "HOTEL DEL MONTE" is one of the most elegant seaside establishments in the world, and is handsomely furnished throughout, and provided with all modern improvements, such as hot and cold water, gas, etc., etc. It is picturesquely situated in a grove of 126 acres of oak, pine, spruce and cypress trees, and is within a quarter of a mile of the beach, which is unrivalled for bathing purposes.

There are many beautiful drives to places of great interest, such as Cypress Point, Carmel Mission, Point Lobos, etc.

THE BATHING ESTABLISHMENT IS UNSURPASSED.

SPACIOUS SWIMMING TANK,

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ELEGANT ROOMS FOR INDIVIDUAL BATHS WITH DOUCHE AND SHOWER FACILITIES.

MAGNIFICENT BEACH

OF PURE WHITE SAND FOR SURF BATHING, ETC., ETC.

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MONTEREY, CAL.

[☞ SEE OTHER PAGE.]

THE

CLIMATE AND HEALTHFULNESS

OF

MONTEREY

THE

MOST DELIGHTFUL SUMMER PLEASURE RESORT

AND

WINTER SANITARIUM

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The weather at Monterey is not so warm either in summer or winter as in other parts of California further south, but there is an even temperature that can be found nowhere else. From January to December, year in and year out, there is neither summer nor winter weather. Indeed, the weather at Monterey, from one year's end to another, partakes of that delightful interlude known in the East and South as "Indian Summer." The same balmy zephyrs breathe a delicious atmosphere all the year round, and summer and winter so-called, serenely face each other and exchange compliments.

It will be seen by the annexed table that Monterey has only one rival (Honolulu), in equability of temperature. It must be understood, however, that there is a good deal of hot, disagreeable weather on the islands, and a multiplicity of drawbacks which Monterey does not possess. There are seldom any high, cold winds at and around Monterey, and never any hot ones.

The following carefully prepared table presents the

Average Temperature of Monterey

AND

MANY OTHER HEALTH RESORTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Place.	Jan.	Jul.	Diff.	Latitude.	Place.	Jan.	Jul.	Diff.	Latitude.
	DEGS.	DEGS.	DEGS.	DEG. MIN.		DEGS.	DEGS.	DEGS.	DEG. MIN
MONTEREY.	52	58	6	36 36	New York	31	77	46	40 37
San Francisco.	49	37	8	37 48	New Orleans..	55	82	27	29 57
Los Angeles ..	55	67	12	34 04	Naples.....	46	76	30	40 52
Santa Barbara	56	66	10	34 24	Honolulu.....	71	77	6	21 16
San Diego....	57	65	8	32 41	Funchal.....	60	70	10	32 38
Santa Monica .	58	65	7	34 00	Mentone.....	40	73	33	43 71
Sacramento...	45	73	28	38 34	Genoa.....	46	77	31	44 24
Stockton	49	72	23	37 56	City of Mexico.	52	63	11	19 26
Vallejo.....	48	67	19	38 05	Jacksonville ..	58	80	22	30 50
Fort Yuma ...	56	92	36	32 43	St. Augustine.	59	77	18	30 05
Cincinnati....	30	74	44	39 06	Santa Cruz....	50	60	10	37 00

THE GALINDO, Oakland, Cal.

TUBBS HOTEL, East Oakland, Cal.

The above Houses have just been thoroughly refitted and refurnished, and offer extraordinary inducements to parties in search of health and comfort.

THE GALINDO

Is a most delightful and accessible resort for business men or others who wish to take their families away from the summer winds and dust of San Francisco, it being a charming ride of 40 minutes, while trains leave for the city and return every half hour all day and up to midnight.

THE TUBBS HOTEL

Is situated in the midst of a beautiful flower garden, surrounded with fruit and ornamental trees, and is one of the most charming and healthful family homes on the coast—provided with all the modern improvements—25 suites with hot and cold baths, closets, etc.

THE COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL,

Los Angeles, Cal.

The Most Thoroughly First-Class Hotel in Southern California,

AND THE BEST HOUSE IN LOS ANGELES, AND KEPT OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

HAMMEL & DENKER, Proprietors.

THE COSMOPOLITAN is wanting in nothing necessary to the comforts of transient or permanent guests. It is situated in the center of the city of Los Angeles, contains nearly a hundred spacious and airy rooms, newly furnished in the most comfortable style. Rooms in suites for families and parties on every floor, with hot and cold baths.

THE TABLE is always furnished with the best supplies that can be procured in the market.

A FREE COACH is always on hand to convey guests to the house.

No pains spared to make guests comfortable in every way.

A LARGE READING ROOM open night and day.

HENRY HAMMEL,
A. H. DENKER.

Silver King Mining Company.

LOCATION:

PIONEER DISTRICT, PINAL COUNTY,

ARIZONA TERRITORY.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE:

SAFE DEPOSIT BUILDING, 328 MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - $10,000,000

DIVIDED INTO

100,000 SHARES OF $100 EACH.

Directors:

JAMES M. BARNEY, B. A. BARNEY,
WILLIAM H. STANLEY, GEO. L. WOODS,
J. L. JONES.

Officers:

GEO. L. WOODS.....President.
B. A. BARNEY.....Vice-President.
JAMES M. BARNEY.....Treasurer.
AARON MASON.....Superintendent.
JOSEPH NASH.....Secretary.
JAMES M. BARNEY.....General Manager.

AMERICAN COLONY,

Los Angeles County, California.

CALIFORNIA IMMIGRANT UNION,

ROOM 3, CHRONICLE BUILDING,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The demand for small farms, with complete irrigation and ready market, has induced the owners of the "Los Cerritos" Rancho, near Wilmington (21 miles west of the city of Los Angeles), to place the same in the Land Department of the CALIFORNIA IMMIGRANT UNION for subdivision and settlement.

The tract, fronting immediately upon the Pacific Ocean, contains 10,000 acres, and will be sold in farms of 10, 20, 40 and 80 acres each, at $12.50, $15 and $20 per acre; one-third cash, one-third in two years, and one-third in three years.

The object of the Union is to dispose of these lands to actual settlers at low prices and upon easy terms; promoting their interests in every way, and establishing an enlightened and energetic community of good citizens, who will do honor to themselves, as well as to lay the foundation for a happy home and a moderate fortune.

Artesian wells can be had upon any portion of the land. There are over two hundred artesian wells in the valley.

Oranges, Lemons, Limes, Figs, Olives, Almonds, Walnuts, and all semi-tropical fruits grow abundantly. Arrangements can be made to plant any number of acres of Orange trees, three to four years old, four to five feet high, seventy trees to the acre, and guarantee them for $100 per acre; also for planting other fruit or shade trees at a reasonable cost.

WOOD.

Firewood and fencing in the hills at a very moderate cost.

EDUCATION.

Great attention is given in the county to the subject of education. Some of the best public as well as private schools are located here—accessible at all seasons.

MARKETS.

The markets for grain, vegetables, fruit, poultry and dairy products can be found at Wilmington and Los Angeles.

WATER.

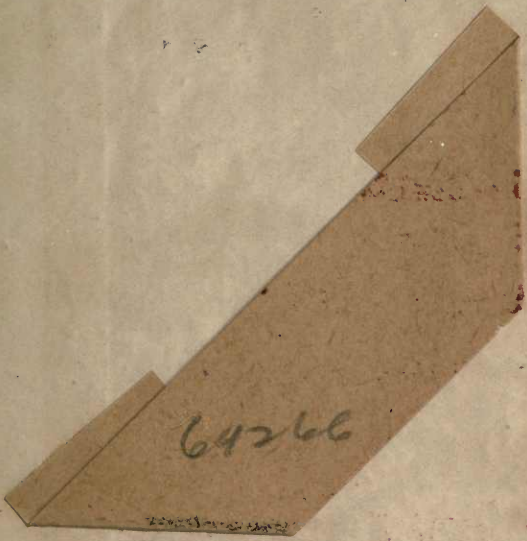
While the moisture from the ocean thoroughly irrigates this tract for the productions of cereals, etc., ordinary wells 20 to 30 feet deep, produce all water necessary for household purposes, and that necessary for irrigating young trees, plants and vines. Artesian water, which will undoubtedly be used by over one-half of the settlers, can be obtained at from 100 to 200 feet.

COMMUNICATION

By sea, as well as by land, renders the "American Colony" (Los Cerritos Rancho) more desirable than any other tract of land offered in Southern California. Steamers from San Francisco arrive at Wilmington every 4 or 5 days. Sailing vessels ply between the two ports, and the railroad to Los Angeles and San Francisco, as well as the railroad to Arizona, passes the Colony every day. The completion of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, and the Southern Pacific Railroads, at once establish direct communication with all Eastern and Southern cities. Direct travel is now open with Chicago and St. Louis, and an excursion party will soon be arranged to visit the Colony tract.

WM. H. MARTIN, Gen. Agent.

ROOM 3, CHRONICLE BUILDING, San Francisco, Cal.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