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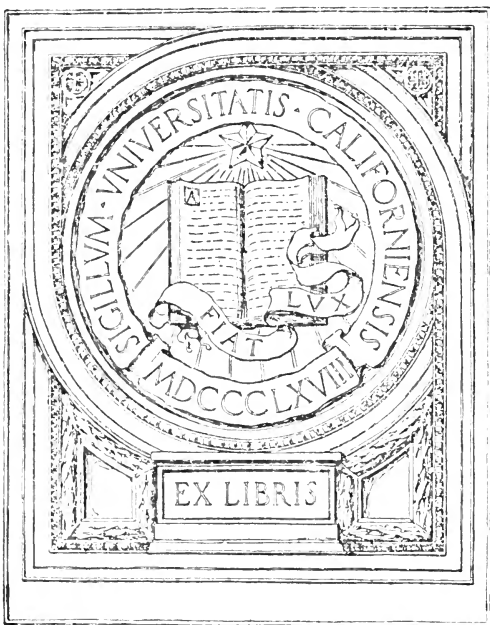

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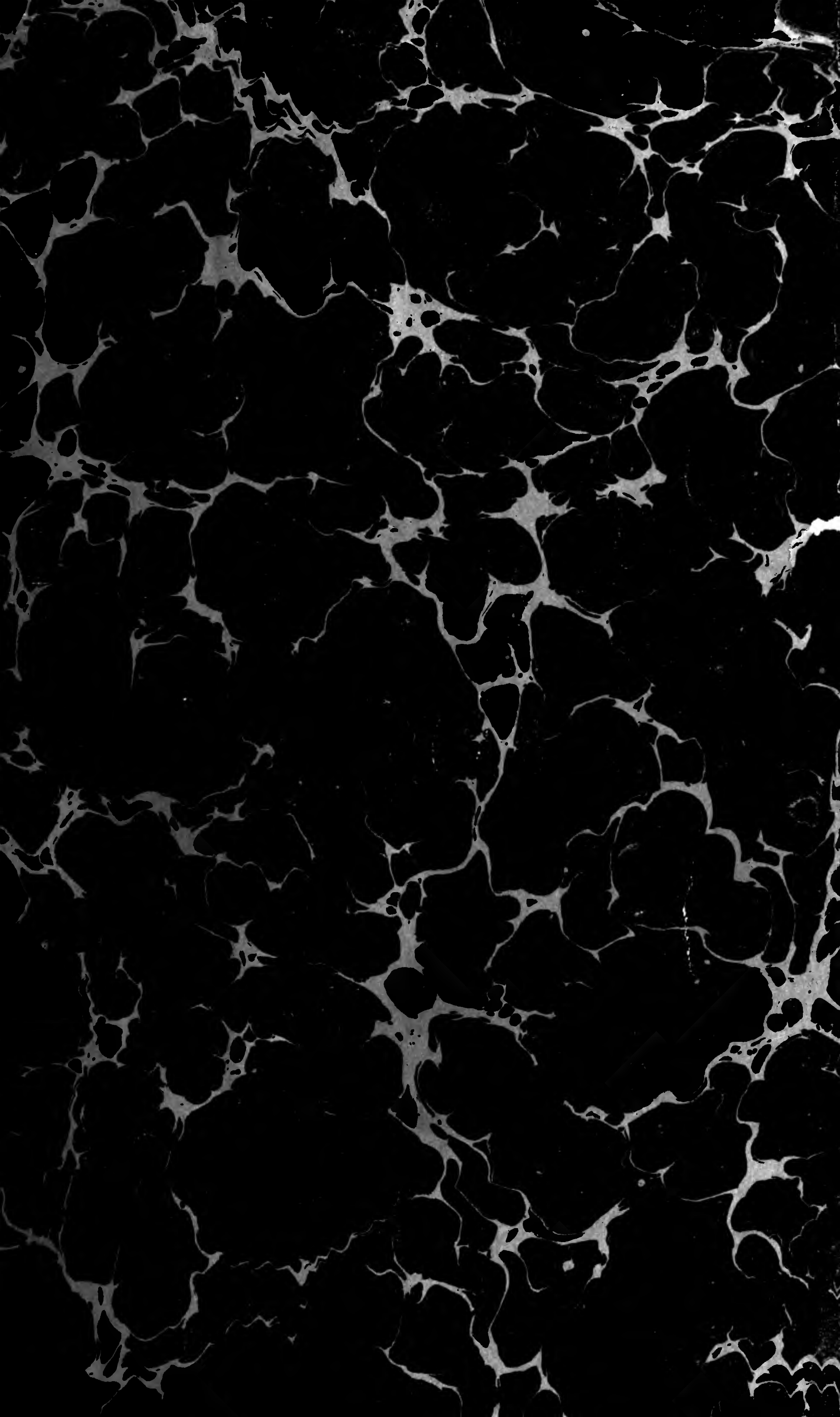

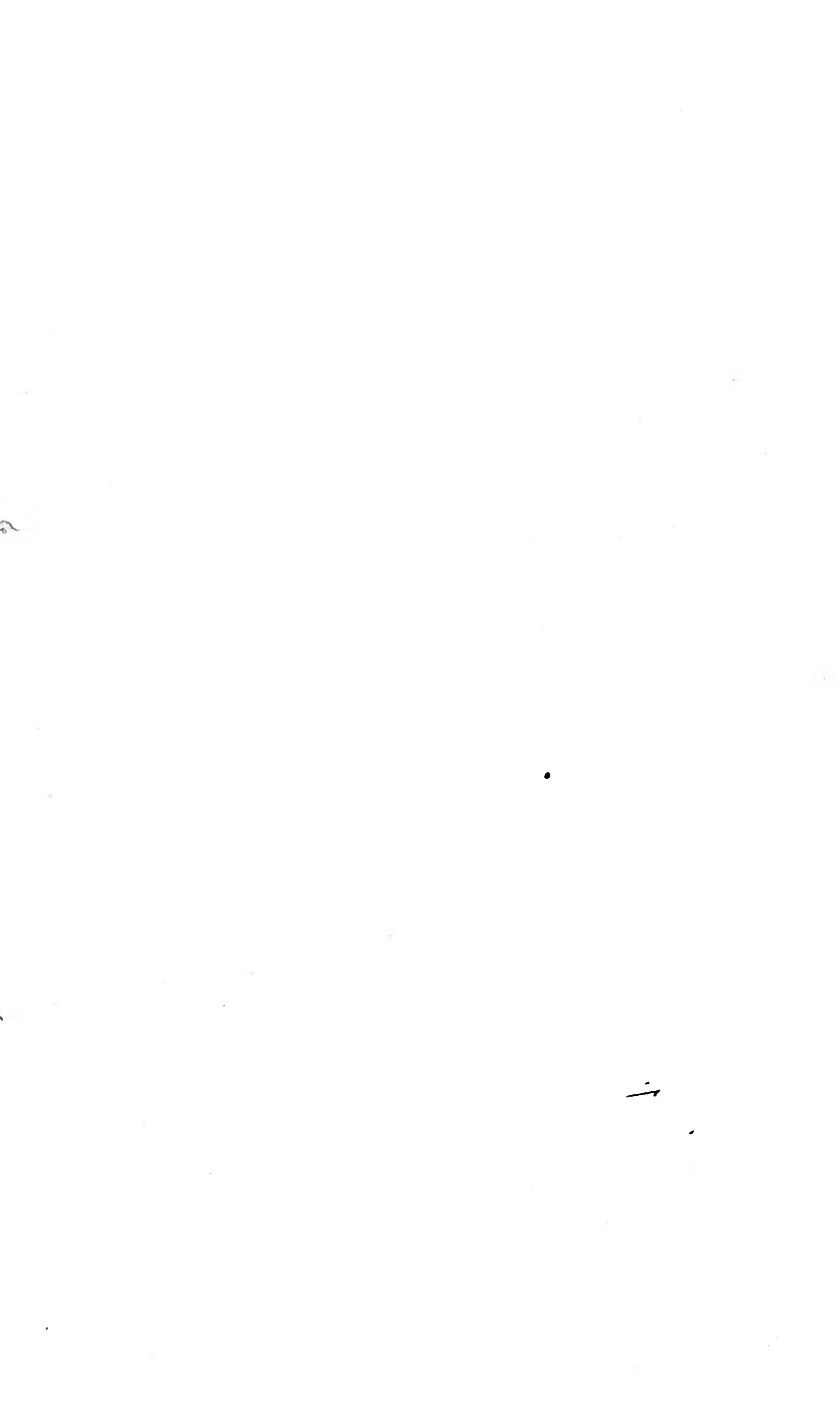

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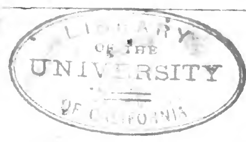

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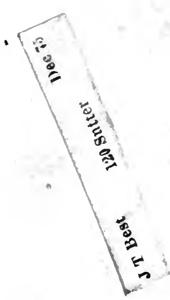

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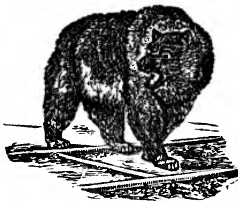

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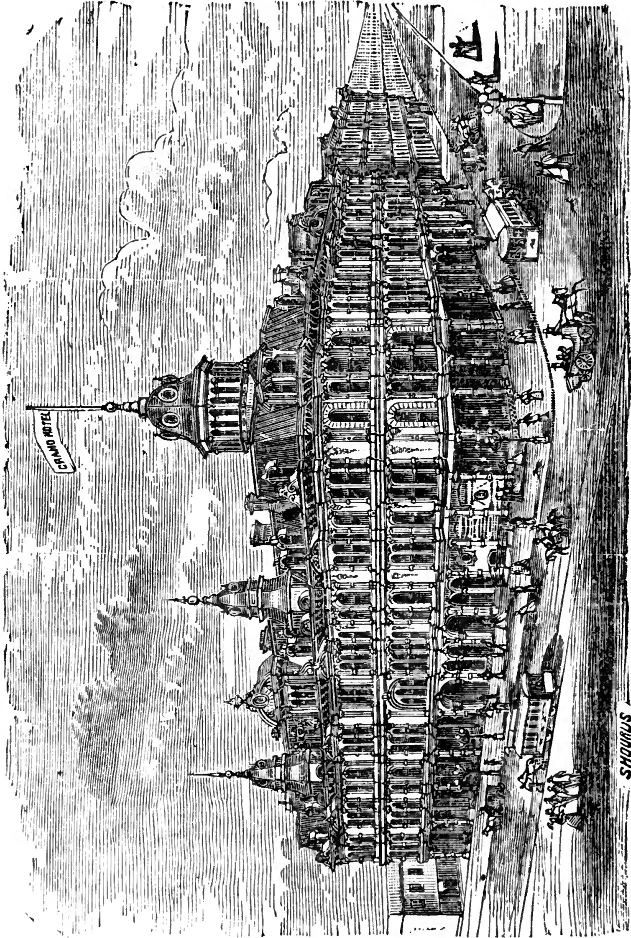

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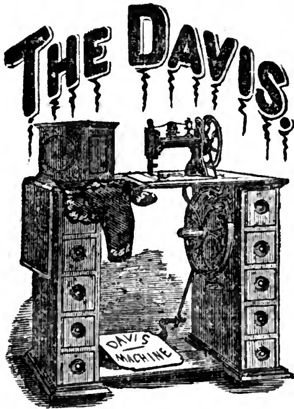

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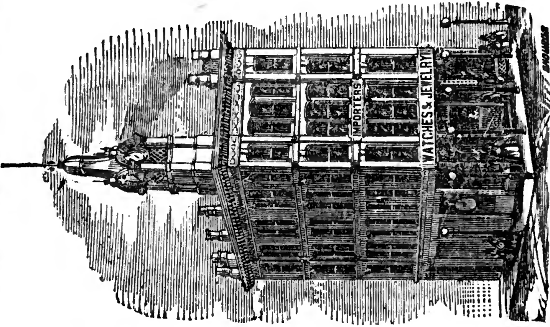

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VOL. 15.—JULY, 1875.—No. 1.

THE CALIFORNIAN DESERT BASIN.

THE Pacific States, being comparatively a new country, contain some large areas but little known, some even only partially explored, and about which very little has been published. Some portions of California are in this condition, especially the great Desert Basin, extending from the head of the Gulf of California northward, embracing the Colorado Desert, the Mohave Desert, and the Amargoso or Death Valley, all connected with one another, and forming a continuous basin, much of which is as low as or lower than the level of the ocean. Dreary and forbidding in character, difficult and dangerous to cross, destitute of water or vegetation except in small portions like the oases of the African deserts, burning under a tropical heat, swept by terrible sand-storms, and only inhabited by strange animals and reptiles, this great extent of country is considered worthless for human habitation, and, by its climatic influences, a curse to the inhabitable and fertile portions of the State, the dread of travelers, and the cause of most of the ills to which farming in California is subject. But the rest of the State is rapidly filling up. Tule-lands are being reclaimed at heavy expense. Railways are projected and building, which will cross the desert basin at several places; and it is a matter of interest to all to find out whether it is possible to do anything to redeem so immense an area from its dreary desolation and bring it into a condition to contribute something to the general good. The following notes, prepared from observations made by the writer during several expeditions into this territory within the past five years, though with no attempt at detailed scientific description, may be found of interest, and to give some new ideas of a region so little known or described. The portion treated of lies in San Diego County, and, for a better understanding of its peculiarities, a few preliminary words may be said in regard to that portion of the State.

The county of San Diego is one of

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the largest in California, extending about 150 miles from east to west and 100 miles from north to south, and containing over 15,000 square miles. In shape it very nearly resembles the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut combined, and is somewhat larger than they are. This immense area can be divided into three portions, differing widely from each other in climate, soil, and productions, as well as in general appearance.

First, the western (extending from the Pacific Ocean back a distance varying from twenty to thirty miles) may be called the "Mesa Division," as it consists largely of sloping table-lands or *mesas*, rising gradually from a level to elevations of from 500 to 1,000 feet. It is generally destitute of trees, but covered with a variety of shrubs, plants, and grasses, many of them furnishing good grazing; and, being cut through by numerous streams running into the ocean, it has many valleys of fertile land, from 500 to 12,000 acres in area, with good soil and some timber along the water-courses. The climate of this region is similar to that of most of the Pacific Coast, though much less cool and damp than farther north. There are no great extremes of temperature, no snow, no ice, very little frost, little rain-fall, and a remarkable uniformity during the whole year.

The second division, which may be called the "Mountain Division," consists of parallel and transverse ranges of mountains, from 2,000 to 9,000 feet high, with deep valleys intersecting, some of them of considerable size. These valleys are always well watered, and most of them well supplied with timber; pine and cedar of large size and several varieties of oak growing on the ridges, and oak, sycamore, cotton-wood, willow, and some other trees, in the valleys. This division extends north and south the whole length of the county, varies in width from forty miles at the south end to nearly 100 miles at the north end, but is in reality divided there into two mountain regions, by the occurrence of the San Jacente plains, an extensive and nearly level region, twenty to forty miles long and wide, and about 1,200 feet above the sea-level. The climate is hotter in summer and cooler in winter than near the coast; the rain-fall is much greater; snow and ice occur, and on the higher peaks remain for several months, it being not uncommon to see them late in May. During the summer the air is remarkably dry and invigorating, and on some of the pine-covered peaks and ridges almost perfectly free from dampness without being very hot.

From the eastern border of this region, at an average elevation of 5,000 feet above sea-level, there is an exceedingly rough, broken, and precipitous descent to the third or "Desert Division," which extends to the Colorado River, an average width of about seventy-five miles, including nearly one-half of the county. This region is one of the most singular in the world, as regards climate, soil, productions, elevation, and comparatively recent geological changes. Its first and most remarkable peculiarity is, that a large portion of this desert is below the level of the sea; the greatest depth, in the bed of Dry Lake, near its northern end, being about 250 feet. The earlier explorers doubted the accuracy of the measurements by the barometer, but recent railway surveys, with accurate instruments, have proved this remarkable fact. This depression gradually diminishes farther south, but a canal from the head of the Gulf of California, thirty or forty miles in length, would let the waters of the ocean in, and overflow an area probably twenty to thirty miles in width and sixty to eighty miles in length.

In the report of the survey for the Pacific Railroad, by Lieutenant R. S. Will-

iamson, of the United States Engineers, in November, 1853, he speaks of a tradition among the Cohuilla Indians, that at a period not very remote this basin was filled with water, and the Indians subsisted on fish and water-fowl caught in it. I heard the same story from an aged Indian of the vicinity, on a recent trip. The occurrence of a plainly marked beach or water-line on the rocks, as well as among the sand and bowlders—the incrustations coating the stones near this, of an appearance resembling coral, and similar to what may be seen near the bay of San Diego—the great quantities of shells which are strewed over the surface of the ground, some of them of fresh and some of salt water origin, and several other facts—all go to prove that at some late geological period this whole region was under water. And there is a good deal of evidence to show that this period was very recent. Besides the Indian traditions, which are usually very untrustworthy, there is plenty of proof that the country is now, and has been for some time, going through a very rapid drying-up process. Springs, that it is known flowed freely fifteen or twenty years ago, are dried up, or only furnish a little water; places where good grazing could be had only show now a little salt grass or bare white alkali ground; hundreds of iron-wood and other trees in some localities are dead or dying, with few young trees to replace them; the stumps and logs of palm-trees are numerous, and were evidently indigenous to the country and quite plenty; and the remains of frail Indian houses and fences are to be seen, where now is nothing but sand. At one point there is a singular pond, circular in shape, about fifty feet in diameter, with its bank some four feet above the surrounding plain. One of our party said when he visited it, fifteen years ago, it was fifty or sixty feet deep, the water clear and fresh, a large palm-tree leaning over it, and good grazing all about it. Now, it is not over eight or ten feet deep; the dead stump of the palm-tree alone remains; the water is alkaline and brackish, and nothing but salt grass grows around it. Yet, singularly enough, it contains fish, of what species I could not ascertain, but numerous, about two inches in length, and shaped like the "pumpkin-seed," so-called, of the Eastern States. No other fish exist, to my knowledge, within one hundred miles. It was probably formerly a natural artesian well; the diminished flow of the water has caused it to dry up, and the evaporation concentrated the mineral salts in solution.

Doctor Widney, in an able article in the OVERLAND MONTHLY for January, 1873, describes the manner in which this basin, which was no doubt part of the Gulf of California, became cut off from it, and gradually dried up; and there is every reason to believe that both his arguments and his conclusions in favor of restoring the ancient condition of things, and the advantages that would probably result therefrom, are correct. Lieutenant Williamson, also, in the railroad report above alluded to, discusses the same subject and arrives at the same conclusions; while a recent survey, by J. E. James, civil engineer, establishes the perfect feasibility of this project.

Few persons probably have attempted, as our party did, in March, 1875, to cross Dry Lake, at a place where it is about ten miles wide. Our attempt was a failure, and we were compelled to go back, after proceeding nearly three miles from shore; but we learned some interesting facts. The surface is a bed of dried mud (clay mixed with small shells), forming a crust about a foot and a half thick; below this is a thin crust of a crystallized white substance resembling salt or alum, but having neither taste nor smell; and under this exists an unknown depth of moist white clay, like soft putty, into which men and ani-

mals sink as soon as the crust is broken. The water this contains is saturated with salt, and round the eastern edge of Dry Lake are many springs and streams of clear cold salt water running into it.

The southern portion of the great desert is quite level, but the northern and north-eastern portions are broken by isolated peaks and ranges of mountains, which seem to be the continuation southeastward of the San Bernardino mountains. They are composed of broken, abrupt, barren rocks, generally almost black from exposure to the weather, though sometimes red, or brown, or of a gray color. They always seem to terminate at the base as if at a shore-line, not only near the depressed basin, but when 1,500 or 2,000 feet higher; the mouths of the gorges and cañons by which they are cut being choked by enormous quantities of gravel, sand, and large bowlders, as though the torrents which brought them down had been met and checked by the breaking of an ocean swell. Lower down frequently occur long slopes covered with flat small fragments of rock, as regularly laid as a mosaic pavement, and almost as black as ink; then slopes of sand and gravel, and, at the bottom of the valley, sand-washes, as they are called, like the beds of ancient rivers, generally quite thickly covered with trees and bushes, varieties of cactus, and other desert growth. These valleys vary from a mile or two to ten miles wide, but all have the same general character: sand-washes, rising by gravelly or rocky slopes to the base of steep broken mountains, absolutely destitute of vegetation.

Some of these valleys are from twenty to fifty miles long, and one can travel in any direction without difficulty by keeping a little away from the foot of the mountains; the sand-washes and the gravel *mesas* being generally hard and compact. The valleys frequently look quite pretty, there being a park-like growth of timber of varieties peculiar to the desert. There are the iron-wood and mesquite (which resemble the acacias), and the *palo verde*, looking at a little distance like a green willow, but having no leaves at all, the small twigs terminating in sharp thorns. The iron-wood is very hard and heavy, about the color and grain of rose-wood. It will not split, and when dry is too hard to be cut with an axe, but can be broken off in slabs by blows with an axe or sledge-hammer, and would no doubt furnish material for very beautiful finishing-work, as it takes a high polish, and is of very handsome color and grain. It is also an excellent fuel, burning into clear hot coals, like mineral coal.

Every vegetable growth on the desert is covered with thorns: the trees, bushes, many varieties of cactus; even a sort of grass called *gallete* by the natives, and which furnishes a rather poor article of hay for stock, though wild animals seem fond of it. It grows around and over small hummocks of sand, is cut with a hoe, and looks as much like old brooms with a few seeds on them as anything else it can be compared to. The varieties of the cactus are numerous: among them the "Turk's-head," as large as a pumpkin; the "prickly-pear," or *puma*, with beautiful crimson flowers; the "*cholla*," with its terrible barbed thorns; the "lace cactus," looking as though it was covered with a lace veil; and many others. There are also the "*mescal*," which sends up a tall flower-stalk; the "Spanish bayonet," with a sheaf of delicate creamy blossoms; and a curious plant resembling a bundle of fish-poles diverging from a common root, growing twenty or thirty feet high, with small green leaves, no branches, but superb crimson flowers, that can be seen for a long distance. And with all this growth of vegetation there is no water to be seen. One may travel for days, may search all the cañons, may dig in

the sand, and finally perish of thirst, while all around are green trees, bright flowers, and plenty of vegetable growth. The trees and plants seem to absorb enough moisture during the rainy season to last them the rest of the year, and to be of such a structure as not to give it off again. It is maintained by some that the juice of the *mescal*, of the Turk's-head, and of other *cacti* can be used to quench thirst. Perhaps it might serve to moisten the mouth in extreme cases, but the experience of the writer, who has tried them all, is that it does more harm than good. The sap is acrid, and causes soreness, even blisters, on the mouth and tongue, and in a short time the thirst is more intense than before.

The air is perfectly dry, day and night; no moisture is perceptible in the morning, and one never catches cold by sleeping on damp ground or in a wet blanket. Yet this region is not entirely destitute of water. There are occasional springs, generally impregnated with alkali, or more or less brackish, but serving to supply the requirements of men and the wild animals of the country. Some of the desert mountains are stratified, and where the dip of the rock is toward the mountains natural cisterns occur, that fill with rain-water during the rainy season and last during most of the year. These can be found by persons acquainted with the peculiarities of the country, by observing the structure of the mountains, and by following the trails of wild animals as they lead up into the *arroyos* by which the mountains are very much cut up. In other places the presence of palm-trees is an almost certain indication of water below the surface, which can be reached by digging, sometimes only two or three feet, where the ground presents on the surface only a dry white sand; and such water is always good and sweet. Yet it is essentially a dry and desert region, and one dangerous to travel in without carrying several days' supply of water for men and animals. Scarcely a season passes without loss of life for want of water, one of the most terrible deaths known.

There are a good many animals indigenous to the country: deer, antelope, and mountain sheep of the big-horn variety, are comparatively numerous. Of the smaller animals there are the Californian hare or jack-rabbit, the common rabbit, the kangaroo-rat, two or three varieties of mice, numerous varieties of lizards (including one called the *iguana*, very good to eat and much prized by the Indians), the Arizonian quail (a different species from the Californian one), and many varieties of small birds, among which humming-birds are very numerous. Insects are also numerous: flies, moths, beetles, a small black bee, gnats, and ants. The distances from water to which these animals range appear to be about as follows: Small birds, one to two miles; rabbits, two to three; hares, four or five; deer and other large animals, ten to twelve; quails, two or three; bees, three or four; while other insects and lizards are everywhere; as are also the kangaroo-rats, which live in colonies, either in crevices in the rock or in holes excavated in the ground. It is very probable that water might be found by sinking wells in any of the sand-washes.

One very interesting animal, of which I have not been able to find any description or plates in the reports of surveys and explorations, is the desert tortoise, or land-terrapin. These animals are very numerous in the northern and eastern part of the desert, and are excellent eating. They are from twelve to fifteen inches long, the shell very much arched, the feet provided with long claws, and the hinder ones very much like those of an elephant. In crawling they raise the body two or three inches from the ground, and can travel quite fast for an animal of

their kind. Under the arch of the upper shell they carry a sack or pouch of water, and, as they live far from water supplies, no doubt they fill this during rains and subsist on it the rest of the time. The shell is covered with plates, that can be separated and used for ornamental purposes. They excavate holes under bushes and where a steep bank favors them, probably by aid of a pointed projection of the under shell resembling a shovel, and with their sharp claws. Into these holes they crawl backward, and can be found looking out, as if admiring the scenery. They appear to live on vegetable food, those that we killed containing the leaves of the grease-wood and other plants.

It is a curious study to examine the number and variety of tracks sometimes met with on the fine white sand. Deer and other large animals, coyotes, rats, rabbits, lizards, birds, beetles, and terrapins, leave evidence of their nocturnal rambles; and their habits, mode of travel, of eating, visiting one another, even their fights, and the way in which the *carnivora* capture their prey, can be studied in characters as plain as the hieroglyphics of ancient nations. And, indeed, hieroglyphics were not used exclusively in ancient times. On the rocks near many of the water reservoirs may be seen modern ones, cut or scratched by the Indians. Several of the figures are plain enough, such as the figure of a man, of a mountain sheep, of a serpent, of a tree; some mathematical figures and others are not so easily understood. Whether these were made simply for amusement, or as records, or for the sake of indicating where water could be found, I had no means of ascertaining.

The climate of this region is of a torrid and desert character. From April to November the thermometer ranges from 90° to 120° in the shade; while the heat of the sun, combined with the reflection from the bare sandy ground, is something terrific. Thunder-storms occur during the summer months, and rains from December to March, but the annual rain-fall is no doubt very small, and the evaporation very rapid. The sand-storms of the region are the dread of all travelers. Any wind, that elsewhere would scarcely be noticed, sets in motion the fine sand that in places is piled up in dunes or spread over considerable areas; and when the wind increases the air becomes filled with the driving sand. On so large an area of open country, subject to such extreme changes of temperature (for the nights are generally cool), wind-storms, of course, are frequent and often very severe; and anyone who has been exposed to an old-fashioned eastern snow-storm can imagine what it would be with sand substituted for snow. It fills the eyes, nose, and mouth, and does not melt as snow does; it cuts the skin so as frequently to bring blood; it sifts into everything—food, clothing, and baggage; and at last, when the storm becomes violent, all attempts at travel must be abandoned, and, seated on the ground with a coat or blanket wrapped round the head, so as to be able to breathe, the traveler must wait until the storm subsides.

Most of this great territory is utterly uninhabitable, though there are valuable mineral deposits, and some mines are being worked for gold, silver, and copper. Fine specimens of iron ore are found, and no doubt other valuable mines will be discovered and worked. There is plenty of timber for fuel, the iron-wood especially making a very hot fire and lasting a long time. Wells can be dug, or cisterns built for the accumulation of rain-water, to supply the needs of men and animals, perhaps enough for crushing and working ores. By a small expenditure of money and engineering skill, great changes could be produced, and a large part of this territory redeemed from its present worthless condition.

Doctor Widney, in the article before alluded to, has well treated this subject, and at the time of the publication of his paper much interest was manifested in it. A large area of the depressed basin could be covered with water from the Gulf of California; the evaporation from this would supply an additional rain-fall, and, by lowering the temperature of the surrounding country, diminish the general evaporation. The springs and streams that formerly nourished palm-trees and grass might be refilled; large areas of country put under cultivation, especially in the New River basin; by a system of irrigation from the Colorado River, crops of cotton, tropical fruits, and other valuable productions raised; and what is now a desert waste, dangerous and difficult to cross, might be made to support a large population. That it did support a considerable number of Indians, not long ago, is shown by various remains, among them fragments of pottery, which are scattered about in many places. Nor are these all the changes that might be brought about. The country west of the mountains, in San Diego, Los Angeles, and San Bernardino counties, which shows in a less degree the same signs of a gradual drying-up process, might be restored or improved. A greater rain-fall, fuller streams, the growth of timber, and crops and means of subsistence for a larger population than the country is now capable of sustaining, would be brought about, probably much sooner than is imagined; and the only drawback now affecting the whole of southern California, its liability to drought, might be mitigated or removed.

It is seldom possible for man to do so much to change the climatic conditions of a large area of country, as might be effected by an expenditure of money and labor so small as compared to the great enterprises of modern times. The New River basin in the southern part of the desert is rendered fertile by occasional overflows of the Colorado River, and in some places, where the Indians have been able to irrigate, the soil yields wonderfully, containing a large percentage of mineral salts. The amount of water carried by the Colorado River would not probably be sufficient to fill the depressed desert basin and compensate for the great evaporation; but if this were filled with sea-water, the Colorado would furnish means for irrigating the surrounding country, and so make it one of the richest agricultural regions in the world.

THE CROSSKEY BOYS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

As yet the young wife felt herself to be almost an interloper, with Charlie Forsyth ruling the culinary department. Her domestic talents were thus hidden in a napkin; needle-work had been prohibited by her physician; she had not the happiness to be devoutly religious. She was simply an idle, inexperienced girl, who had mistaken childish preference for womanly love, left to her own undisciplined heart for guidance.

With firm loyalty to her husband, she never breathed in her long letters to her family a word that could betray her solitary and disappointing life. She wrote of the wondrous beauty of spring and the perfection of the climate; of her increasing botanical collection; of her

progress in German and Latin, under Mr. Forsyth's instruction; of every little episode that varied the monotony of existence, till her mother became half jealous of the heedless home-forgetting bliss of the young exile.

As little did Mr. Gale comprehend the dreary loneliness of her lot. When she ran, flushed and eager, to be lifted to the saddle before him, she forgot the pain of the hours of his absence, and was so arch and piquant in her delight that he felt no compunction at leaving her next morning.

So spring glided into summer. Sometimes a group of half-clad Diggers fished in the turbid brook; every fortnight a brace of them came to wash and iron, bringing a queer baby, tied in a basket; occasionally a bachelor friend of the partners dropped in to dine, curious to see the feminine member of the household; more frequently a gentleman, known as Hog Harry—not, as Daisy artlessly believed, in compliment to his personal habits, but with reference to his being a trafficker in swine—came to drive off a herd of these animals; once in a while the great corral was filled with cattle and horses, and the Crosskey brand was imprinted by Mexican *vaqueros* on the young stock.

Such slight events formed the only variety in Daisy's early wedded months. Fred was at times called away for longer periods than at first, in the effort to dispose of property, to obtain evidence, or to assist in the incipient political campaign of the year. When at home, he was often gloomy or petulant to a degree incomprehensible to Daisy, who was ignorant of the uncertain tenure by which the great rancho was held.

Mr. Gale was feeling sorely aggrieved by fate. His life had hitherto been far from blameless, yet fortune had smiled upon him. Now, when he turned his back upon his excesses and dissipations, and gave hostage to society for his good intentions, his farm was in danger of being snatched away, and with it the accumulations of years of toil. Therefore he execrated his luck in unmeasured terms when out of Daisy's presence. Further cause of grief arose from the supineness of his fellow-ranchers, in regard to contesting the fraudulent claim of Suñol.

August came, arid and oppressive; the sluggish stream near the house, muddy from mining operations, grew stagnant and filled the air with miasma. Mrs. Gale drooped perceptibly; her eyes were heavy, her step languid, and the flush on her cheek was too deep for health. Charlie Forsyth affirmed that she was ill, but she steadily denied the charge. "If I could only see some one from home for a half-hour it would cure me," she whispered to herself.

Business took the two partners both from the premises for a day, and Daisy, with a great show of heroism, made light of their unwillingness to leave her alone. A hysterical storm of tears relieved her as soon as they were out of sight; she washed off the traces, dressed herself with her unvarying scrupulous neatness, and then sat down to write her journal. She religiously chronicled a record of her daily occupations, though the transcript of her inner life was inane and vague. Not even to her diary, open of course to her husband if he chose to read, could she confide the failure of her maiden expectations.

Having discharged this item of regular duty, she proceeded to translate a page of German and to make an abstract of a chapter of Macaulay's history. In this task she was interrupted by the protestations of the mastiff at the approach of a carriage, within which—strange and delightful apparition—was a lady. Daisy rose in a fever of glad surprise, fluttering to the gate.

"Mrs. Gale, I believe? Mrs. James Winn. Allow me to introduce Mr.

Rogers," said the visitor, with a frank smile.

The gentleman — young, handsome, gallant, but sombre-browed—civilly declined to remain, reversing his course in haste; but what cared Daisy for him? Was she not welcoming her first guest of her own sex and race to the Crosskey Ranch?

She ushered Mrs. Winn into the battered adobe with a pulse throbbing with ecstasy, only to be felt by a girl banished from feminine association for months, and now restored to its precious enjoyments.

A woman of the Anglo-Saxon type would have seemed comely in her longing sight, if old and ugly, but the stranger was a youthful blonde; from the crown of fair hair that decked her shapely head to her dainty foot, a thing of exquisite curves and dimples. Her white shoulders gleamed through a lace sacque and her round arms were girt by diamond bracelets. Her movements had the easy grace of a being reared in elegant leisure; her voice the low cadence of a gentlewoman.

As she laid aside her hat, she raised her sparkling blue eyes to the face of her hostess, and, meeting Daisy's eager smile, kissed her feverish cheek.

"Your husband is quite an old friend of ours; I have been half vexed that he hasn't called to ask me to visit you, but I took the first opportunity to come."

What winged hours swept by while the pair chatted merrily! Mrs. Winn was musical, and they sung together; Mrs. Winn was fond of reading, and they discussed their favorite authors.

Daisy spoke of Fred's necessary absence and absorption in business.

"Don't tell me about that, dear—you repeat my experience; James is completely immersed in mining speculations. I often tell him we have only a polite acquaintance with each other. I used to mew myself up at home, until he insisted upon my going out with Norman Rogers—a great crony of his—and I victimize the poor fellow as often as I please. You shall not mope yourself to death here any longer. You shall spend a week with me at once. I have a piano, and Norman will drive us anywhere we want to go. There are some nice people to be found, even in this barbarous country." And the speaker waved her perfect hand with a gay gesture.

How the horizon of the small matron widened with the admission into its sphere of this graceful, charming friend. As Daisy stood in regret to receive the farewell of this lady and her escort, she was enthralled by an irresistible fascination.

"You will come next week, won't you?" cried Mrs. Winn, kissing her hostess warmly.

Long after the carriage whirled away she paced the yard in a tumult of happiness. What a rapturous day had been hers! This lovely gifted woman would be a sister to her, the hopeless yearning for feminine communion and sympathy would be appeased, and her æsthetic tastes, her musical talents, would find appreciation.

In this exaltation of mind she flew to meet the returning partners.

"Hullo, little one, what has happened to make you so bright?" said Mr. Gale, in pleased wonder at her excitement, while Forsyth regarded her with silent fraternal satisfaction.

"I've had a visit from a lady, Fred—the *sweetest* lady I ever saw! Guess who she is?" she cried, joyously.

"A lady of that description, sweetheart—I know of no one but my wife to fill the bill."

"Guess, you foolish boy; she's an old friend of yours," laughed Daisy.

"Give it up, dear," and he reined his horse at the gate.

"Have you forgotten Mrs. James Winn?"

Manifestly he had not; he vaulted from his saddle with a fierce oath and a vile epithet that struck his wife like a blow.

"Has that cursed woman dared to visit you?" he demanded, violently, while she shivered like a leaf in the wind, white and mute, with one slim hand pressed to her lips.

Stamping his foot, he broke into furious profanity; but Forsyth, dismounting, caught him by the shoulder and shook him savagely, crying: "Are you crazy? Can't you see you've frightened Daisy out of her wits?"

Recalled to his senses, Mr. Gale stopped, and gathering the trembling girl in his arms, bore her to the house, laying her down on the bed. She burst into choking sobs, and he said: "Forgive me, darling; I was maddened to think a creature like that should intrude into your presence."

"What has she done, Fred?" tremulously asked Daisy.

"She is James Winn's wife, and Norman Rogers is her lover," was his answer, as he walked out to relieve his mind by a free expression of his wrath to Forsyth.

She wept bitterly in the anguish of her disappointment. Her glad anticipations were shattered like Alnaschar's glass-ware; and, sadder still, the beautiful gracious lady was a thing against which the instincts of a pure wife should have revolted.

The frightful passion of her husband shocked and terrified her. Reared in the decorous self-control of a Calvinistic household, she had never before witnessed an outburst of ungoverned temper, and she shuddered at the remembrance that this unreasonable man was her sole protector.

When he came again to endeavor to pacify her distress, she shrank from him, saying: "She said you were her friend."

"My pretty child, when I was single I liked to talk and flirt with her, for she is handsome and sprightly, but she must not approach my wife. Some people tolerate her on Winn's account, for he is no end of a good fellow; but I could not bear to see her touch your hand," was the soothing response.

After unavailing efforts to calm her, Mr. Gale withdrew, and gave himself up to self-reproaches of the most uncompromising character. Long after midnight he stole in, to find her fallen into a fitful slumber, murmuring, "Mother, mother," in pitiful accents. Throwing himself on the rug he slept until dawn, and, after a remorseful contemplation of her sleeping face, softly betook himself to his usual vocations.

Late in the forenoon Daisy emerged, weak and disconsolate. Charlie Forsyth had awaited her appearance and laid breakfast for her, pitying her heavy eyelids and purple cheeks.

"Fred ought to be caned for losing his temper so, last night," he said, pouring her coffee.

"Charles Forsyth, never dare to blame my husband to me! Fred was right, he always is; but I was half sick and babyish," retorted the wife, with a flash of spirit that amused her loyal friend.

She, however, pushed aside her plate, and barely tasted her coffee. Before night she was in a high fever, the symptoms of which had alarmed Forsyth a week before. The excitement of yesterday had only hastened its development.

Fred, coming home in the depths of humiliation and contrition, hastened after the nearest physician, and gave up his business for days, though his talents did not shine in the sick-room.

Anxious and willing, he was inordinately clumsy and heedless; his boots creaked in an exasperating manner; his tone was changed to an unearthly penetrating whisper; the odor of cigars that distinguished his person nauseated Daisy; if he undertook to administer medicine, he forgot the dose; if he essayed

to watch, he fell asleep on his post; if he gave her a drink, he spilled the contents of the glass over the counterpane.

Fortunately, Forsyth was that rare being, a faultless nurse, and he came to the rescue of the suffering invalid. To his untiring care Dr. Ray averred that her convalescence was due. When she could sit up a few minutes, Fred was overjoyed; but in the hundred-and-one needs of a recovering patient he was utterly at fault; so, after a few awkward efforts, he resigned to his partner the task of carrying her to the lounge in the shaded corner of the yard, and of slowly and carefully disentangling the fine neglected hair.

Now that he could be spared, he rushed off to look after those monetary and political issues endangered by his neglect, thankful that he left his wife in the hands of a tender and faithful guardian.

She did not progress toward health with satisfactory rapidity, spite of Mr. Forsyth's ministrations. She lay for hours with averted face, weeping silently at the memory of her mother's unwearied good offices in her childish indispositions, and turned with disfavor from the delicacies with which Fred sought to tempt her appetite. "I shall soon follow my sisters," she mused to herself. "Fred must take me home and lay me beside them. Poor mamma shall never know I died of heart-break in the very year I thought I should be so happy. Why do girls ever marry and leave home? I know he loves me, but he can not understand me. It is better for me to die than spend a long miserable life." And she fell to picturing the white shaft, with the inscription,

"DAISY,
BELOVED WIFE OF FREDERICK GALE,
Aged 18,"

which might shortly mark her resting-place.

Doctor Ray, lingering beside her for an hour of apparently profitless meandering over fields of desultory gossip, penetrated the root of her malady, and waylaid Mr. Gale a mile from home to express his views with freedom.

"Look here, Fred," he observed, enforcing his statements with forcible expletives, which I omit as not germane to the subject, "your wife is dying of loneliness and home-sickness. What, in the name of idiocy, possessed you to bring such a little sensitive-plant to this rough country? She ought to be under her mother's wing for the next three years. She has a consumptive diathesis, and will slip through your fingers before spring, I am afraid. Take her out, and get her cheered up, or she won't live three months."

Gale was deeply concerned. "I will get a carriage right off, and if I can't drive her out, Charlie can. The fact is, Ray, that I keep the trouble about our land from her, and I must see to that, or have no home for the poor girl. I think the case will be tried soon, and then I can stay at the ranch."

"Can't Forsyth attend to the suit and to the buying and selling of your stock, and let you give a little attention to Mrs. Gale?" was the trenchant query.

"No, he's not of the right turn; and in these land-suits political influence is worth everything, and Charlie's abolition fanaticism won't win. Come and see Daisy as often as you can." And Mr. Gale pursued his way with a clouded brow, while the physician, muttering, "Confound the fool!" sped in the opposite direction.

The husband bought a vehicle within two days, and laid an injunction upon Forsyth to see that Mrs. Gale had gradually lengthened drives every morning. At first, too weak to walk, she was borne in Charlie's arms to the carriage, and lay back on the cushions, so frail in her transparent fairness that she looked like a wind-flower. But the unwonted exercise brought a faint glow to the thin

face, and in a week her small feet could uphold her slight weight.

In the desire to conform to Doctor Ray's views, Mr. Gale was good enough to remain at home on Sundays and listen to Charlie reading the Bible at Daisy's request. He generally fell asleep during the services, but that was to be expected. If he kept awake, he sat knitting his brows and frowning to himself; he was sadly harassed in mind. The flame of his love for his wife still burned as brightly as in the days of courtship, and it galled him to feel unable to surround her with the luxuries befitting her fastidious notions. He wanted to carry her to Ohio for a visit, but his pecuniary uncertainties forbade indulgence of his desire.

In the hope of diverting her, he brought her a canary-bird, a calla lily, and filled his pockets with *bonbons* for her behoof. While the beautiful autumnal weather continued, she made excursions in any direction that pleased her fancy, even attending church twenty miles away, as her strength and animation returned; but with the early rains her spirits sunk again.

Fred was often detained by stress of storm from returning to the Crosskey Ranch, and as the legislature assembled, his services as a member of the "third house" were urgently required. The land-suit was decided by the State tribunal in his favor, but the inert Mexican grantee sold his claim to a shrewd Anglo-Saxon, who carried it to the Supreme Court, and another expensive and wearing delay ensued.

Through the long winter months, Charlie Forsyth's companionship was all that relieved Mrs. Gale's life from utter barrenness. He addressed himself to the task of beguiling her melancholy reveries, he set her to studying Greek, to finishing her drawing-book, to engaging in a course of reading. He encouraged her to confide to him the reminiscences of her home in Ohio, and told her the story of his childhood and of his bitter disappointment. She read to him the dear letters from her family, told him of her fitful religious impulses and mystical speculations; opening her childish confidence to him, save in the one sacred sorrow of the shipwreck of her dream of wedded happiness.

Meeting his thoughtful sympathy, for weeks thrown upon him alone for protection and society, she gradually ceased to miss her husband. She was glad to see him, but his absence brought no sense of loneliness.

Had death stricken down either, the sense of desolation at Charlie Forsyth's loss would have been a thousand-fold greater than at that of Fred Gale. Not that she dreamed of this, or would not have shrunk in shame and horror from the revelation of her own widely estranged affection.

Equally ignorant of his own danger, her friend believed himself only a fraternal guardian, and often addressed her in half-caressing phrases at which her husband smiled approvingly. Between this high-souled Galahad in a red shirt and this vestal-natured child such attachment was eminently proper and wholesome, thought the confiding Southerner.

So winter vanished in spring, and Daisy trod the earth with a new and strange delight. Every leaf and flower was to her and her constant ally a source of absorbing interest. She abandoned her funereal meditations for dreams of journeys over the Pacific slope. Fred exulted in the returning bloom and vivacity of his wife. Her talk sparkled with flashes of wit, her face beamed with the sunshine of content.

Throughout the spring and summer months, the scattering population of the vicinity saw her driving with Charlie Forsyth across the country-side to church, or to the nearest hamlet.

Whatever might have been the senti-

ments of her husband, the bachelor community did not behold unmoved the appropriation of so much youth and comeliness by the celibate partner; and they, in fact, indulged in pithy observations on the dual proprietorship of the "Crosskey boys" in the lady which would have demanded personal satisfaction had they reached the ears of Mr. Gale.

The second autumn after Daisy's marriage brought an unusual event. The local magnate of a little village, arisen like a mushroom on the banks of the Sacramento, fifteen miles from the Crosskey Ranch, took to himself a wife.

Having built a house of preposterous size, and furnished it with hideous extravagance, he bade his neighbors within a radius of twenty miles to a reception. Daisy felt no yearning to mingle in the promiscuous assemblage, but Fred insisted that her attendance was necessary in a political point of view.

Charlie abhorred festivities of all kinds, but escorted Mrs. Gale at the request of his partner. She clung to his arm with diffidence as they entered the parlors. After exchanging salutations with the bride and groom, she looked wonderingly around at the preponderance of masculine guests.

In the centre of a group of gallants stood Mrs. Winn, bewitchingly arrayed in white silk and lace. At a little distance from the admiring circle, Norman Rogers leaned against the mantel with a gloomy and jealous scrutiny of the fair coquette.

Daisy grew sick and dizzy with the recollection of her first vision of the frail beauty. Doctor Ray advanced, offering his arm; she accepted, saying: "I am a little faint, the room is so warm."

He walked to the piazza with her, remarking: "Mrs. Gale, this is not a suitable place for you; your health is not firm enough for dissipation."

"I know it," she replied; "but Fred would make me come."

A gentleman had followed them, and he now craved the doctor's attention, with a respectful bow to Mrs. Gale.

"I've a confounded pain in my heart, Ray; can't you give me something for it?" he asked, indicating the spot.

"That's not your heart, Norman," laughed the physician; "here it lies, the apex in this direction," laying his hand on Mr. Rogers' waistcoat. "You've a little nervous twinge—you don't need medicine."

The questioner expressed his thanks, and withdrew.

"I think I ought to go home at once. I am nearly ill," cried Daisy.

"I'll go and tell Forsyth to bring the carriage," said Doctor Ray. "Go through the hall and sitting-room this way, and your disappearance won't be noticed. I'll apologize for you."

She complied, and had reached the apartment used as a dressing-room for the guests, when a light step in the one through which she had just passed caused her to turn to the half-closed door in expectation of seeing the hostess; instead she saw Mrs. Winn, radiant in her airy evening costume.

Retreating from sight, Daisy paused in embarrassment. A moment later Norman Rogers came in pursuit of his lady-love.

"This is to be the end, then, Clara?" he demanded, hoarsely.

"Yes," she responded, with a shrug of her dimpled shoulders; "James has heard a parcel of rubbish about us, and he says I mustn't appear in public with you any more; so he brought me here tonight himself."

"And you are ready to cast me off in this cruel way after the devotion of the past two years?" he returned, smothering a sob. He was scarcely beyond boyhood, and his first passion had been for the fair shallow woman before him.

"You see, Norman," she answered, twirling her fan, "*it won't do*, people are

so spiteful. You know Fred Gale forbade me to visit his wife on account of the gossip about us. I hope he may know before long how freely her name and Charlie Forsyth's are bandied over the country. James is very angry. Let us part friends, Norman." And she put out her jeweled hands with a smile. He caught her in his arms, kissed her passionately, then pushed her from him with an angry gesture. She fluttered gracefully toward the hall, and there came a sharp report. She turned to see Norman Rogers lying on the gaudy flowers of the carpet, shot through the heart. With a cry of affright and remorse she flung herself beside him, imploring, "Forgive me, my love, forgive me!"

A crowd of men and women rushed in, with Doctor Ray at their head. He bent over the prostrate form, unfastened the vest, and examined the wound. Norman opened his eyes, but made no response to the frantic appeals of the wretched woman who kissed his damp forehead.

"No use, doctor," he feebly muttered. "Don't tell my mother how I died." And thus speaking he vanished into the mysterious realms of the dead.

A grave dignified gentleman with a face as white as that of the corpse stooped over Mrs. Winn, who still groveled beside the clay, and raising her with gentle force carried her from the spot.

Doctor Ray, looking up in grave professional composure, caught sight of Daisy's wide tearless eyes and pinched features. To her, the frightful scene before her had come laden with poignant meaning. As she gazed in mute horror at the tragedy, the *dramatis personæ* had seemed to change, and it was Charlie Forsyth who lay dead at *her* feet. Had she not to-night heard that ribald tongues were assailing *her* matron fame? But for this ghastly warning was not her own misguided heart luring her to a like culmination of shame and anguish?

The physician's searching eyes read in the despair of her face the knowledge that had dawned upon her, and he rose in haste, drawing her into the dressing-room.

Charlie Forsyth, who had been at the stable ordering his horses, heard the shot, and hastened in to inquire the cause. At the incoherent explanation given by the first man he met, he tore through the hall, meeting James Winn bearing his wife, her dress crimsoned with the blood of her lover.

Without a glance at the corpse surrounded by a circle of sobbing women and awe-stricken men, he demanded: "Where is Mrs. Gale?" Flying in the direction of the gesture that answered him, he burst into the apartment whither Doctor Ray had conveyed her; and in his anxiety for her would have taken her to his breast for shelter and comfort, saying: "Daisy, my darling, this shock is too much for you!" But she repulsed him with a look of pain and alarm.

He had been so unconscious of the import of his words and manner that he was stunned and bewildered at her expression.

"Leave Mrs. Gale to me," sternly observed the doctor.

Forsyth looked from one to the other inquiringly; then, with a sudden gasp for breath as the truth flashed upon him, obeyed.

Daisy shivered and sobbed in her distress. "Lie down," said the doctor; "take this"—giving her a few drops of liquid. He covered her with shawls, and returned to where Norman Rogers lay.

"Peters," he said to the host, "you are a justice, and empowered to act as coroner—call a jury at once. Charlie's a good man to begin with"—indicating Forsyth, who leaned against the window with his head bowed on his hand.

The host accepted the adroit suggestion, and the inquest was soon in progress. Doctor Ray rendered all possi-

ble assistance, gave his testimony, and sought Mrs. Gale.

"Are you able to ride home? I can take you now," he said.

"O, yes! I can not breathe in this dreadful house," she answered.

The only door opened on the room where the jury sat, but he hastily raised the window, and, wrapping her in his cloak, carried her to the vehicle. During the drive the calm benignity of the night mocked her fevered remorseful brain.

"Doctor," she cried out, after a silent harrowing hour of self-reproach, "can Clara Winn live with the guilt of this man's blood at her door?"

He divined her thought. "It lies at her husband's door rather than at hers," was the quick reply. "A mature sensible man of the world, he deliberately consigned his beautiful inexperienced wife at sixteen to this boy for gallantry and fellowship, that his own greed for gain might be sated. James Winn has reaped that which he has sown. The saddest feature of the whole is, that in Norman's pocket we found a letter from his mother in Pennsylvania, begging him to return and care for her in her age and feebleness. I have seen a similar bloody drama often before, and I say in nine cases out of ten it was the fault of the husband."

Intense bitterness toward Mr. Gale filled Daisy's heart. "He is to blame," was her unuttered plea for self-justification; "he neglected, he thrust me upon his friend for sympathy and protection. I can not forgive him. I will go back to my mother. The wrong has come of his indifference and selfishness."

They reached the Crosskey Ranch at two o'clock in the morning, arousing Fred from his solitary repose. Doctor Ray briefly explained the terrible event of the night; and Mr. Gale, in pity for the shock to his wife's nerves, would have borne her to the house, but she pushed him aside and hurried in, while he followed in amazement.

"What is the matter, love?" he asked tenderly, as she vehemently tore off her wrappings.

"Only that I have ceased to be your wife!" she cried. "You have not kept your promise to cherish and protect me. You have forced me upon the hands of your partner for kindness in health, for care in sickness, till the world has linked disgrace with my name. Take back your wedding-ring"—she pulled it off and threw it toward him with a scornful laugh—"carry me home to my mother, and never let me see your face again."

Staggering like one who had received a mortal thrust, he picked up the ring, vainly trying to command his voice.

Doctor Ray, entering, laid his hand on Fred's arm. "Don't answer her; she will be delirious in an hour if we can not calm her," he said, quietly leading the bewildered husband into the kitchen.

Daisy was persuaded to lie down and take a sedative, which threw her into an uneasy slumber. When next her conscious eyes opened, it was upon a darkened room. She put her hand to her head; it was covered with ice, and her hair was cut short. A figure at the foot of the bed rose at her slight motion. She languidly wondered who it was; it leaned over her pillow. "Fred," she asked, slowly, "is it you?"

For answer, he bent to kiss her; his tears fell upon her face.

"Raise the curtain; you look strangely," she said.

He complied. Deep lines of fatigue and suffering were on his brow, dark circles were beneath his sunken eyes; he had passed through depths of anguish since she last beheld him.

"I have been ill?" she queried.

"Unto death, we feared, my love; but you are better now."

"Have you taken care of me?" she asked, with a childish smile.

"Doctor Ray and I; but you mustn't talk any more."

She dozed into quiet dreams, and upon her next waking found Doctor Ray at her side. "How long have I been sick?" she interrogated him.

"A fortnight," he briefly replied.

A dull remembrance of her coming home rose in her mind. "Where is Mrs. Winn? Is she insane?"

"O, no; she and her husband went as chief-mourners to Norman's burial, and sailed for New York last week. Her tears are all dried."

She lay silent, looking through the small window at the fleckless blue of the sky, when Mr. Gale came in. "Should you like to speak to Charlie?" he asked, gravely. "He has just arrived; he attends to the business for me while you are sick, and he must go away directly."

She inclined her head, and Forsyth entered, worn, haggard, but with the victory of a great self-abnegation shining in his face. He touched her wasted fingers reverently, murmured a word of congratulation at her hope of recovery, and withdrew. She did not speak, but turned to the wall and closed her eyes.

A week later Fred carried her to the arm-chair in the shade of the weeping-oak. She had never since her delirium attempted to take up the tangled skein of thought, but to-day she essayed to collect her errant faculties.

"Daisy, can you bear bad news?" sadly asked her husband.

She assented dumbly.

"Then, darling, I have kept from you the fact that the title to our land was in dispute, lest it should give you needless anxiety; but the Supreme Court has decided against us. In the contest we have sacrificed most of our personal property; we have lost the Crosskey Ranch, and surrendered the Crosskey brand. It was in the struggle for our place that I was so remiss to you. I did not mean to neglect you, dear, but I forgot your youth and isolation. I am a poor man now—miserably poor, if, in the effort to save my home, I cast away the love of the wife who made it so precious to me. I shall, however, go into the mines, and shall have no fears for the future if you will only share it with me. I have lost Charlie, for he is offered a professorship in the new college they are starting in San Francisco. Can you forgive me for my mistake, and let me prove myself tender and faithful, as God knows I always meant to be?"

She burst into tears. "O, Fred, I have such bitter need of forgiveness myself. I was half-crazed when I said those cruel words. Let us forget the past and begin anew, with none to stand between us."

This was fifteen years ago. I do not aver that from the instant of their reconciliation their widely different natures fused into a homogeneous unit. Their characters were strongly crystallized, and the work of assimilation was tedious. Mr. Gale had long struggles with his hot temper and erratic habits, Daisy with her selfish pinings for early associations and tendencies to idle reverie; but with conscientious effort they grew better, month by month, and fared cheerfully along the difficult path to competence, hand in hand.

Nor was Charlie Forsyth's pilgrimage entirely desolate in his autumnal season. Though never again a constituent member of their household, he became an honored guest and the uncle of their five children. With the first savings from his salary he erected a broken column over the grave of Norman Rogers, and as long as she lived sent remittances to relieve the poverty of the infirm mother of that unhappy boy.

You may see on the streets of Oakland to-day a portly affable gentleman, famous for domestic virtues and as a

promoter of benevolent enterprises; and most likely with him is a lady with a tender, thoughtful face, a matron known for her modest good deeds and mild charity of speech. A white-haired professor often crosses the bay to spend his Sabbaths with his old partner; and Doctor Ray, a frequent visitor at the same house, assures me that young Forsyth Gale, aged fourteen, is named as the prospective heir of the bank account of "Uncle Charlie."

THE SHIP OF SOLOMON.

By Arizona's sea of sand
Some bearded miners gray and old,
And resolute in search of gold,
Sat down to tap the savage land.
They tented in a cañon's mouth
That gaped against the warm wide south,
And underneath a wave-washed wall,
Where now nor rains nor winds may fall,
They delved the level salt-white sands
For gold, with bold and horny hands.

A miner stood beside his mine,
He pulled his beard, then looked away
Across the level sea of sand,
Beneath his broad and hairy hand,
A hand as hard as knots of pine.
"It looks so like a sea," said he.
He pulled his beard and he did say,
"It looks just like a dried-up sea."
Again he pulled that beard of his,
But said no other thing than this.

A stalwart miner dealt a stroke,
And struck a buried beam of oak;
An old ship's beam the shaft appeared,
With storm-worn faded figure-head.
The miner twisted his long beard,
Leaned on his pick-axe as he spoke:
"'Tis from some long-lost ship," he said,
"Some laden ship of Solomon
That sailed these lonesome seas upon
In search of Ophir's mine; ah! me,
That sailed this dried-up desert-sea."

A CITY 180,000 YEARS OLD.

THE novel and somewhat startling hypothesis put forth by the Japanese Consul, Charles Wolcott Brooks, before the Academy of Sciences, Monday evening, May 3d (to which I was a listener), namely, that the Chinese people, said to be possessing hieroglyphs and deified heroes identical with those of the ancient American people who built the pyramids of Peru and Central America, may have derived these from America, instead of the Americans having derived theirs from China, will appear less far-fetched and perhaps really entitled to serious consideration in connection with the following records, which are transcribed from an old book to which I would refer, and which all Californians may read. I allude to the *Geology of the Ancient Rivers.*

The sources of Mr. Brooks' information and inspiration ought to be understood. He was a former resident of China and Japan, and is serving in the capacity of Consul of Japan residing at San Francisco. Several years ago he traveled with the Japanese embassy that first "discovered" us, so to speak, comprising a number of the most intelligent and highly educated men of the East, through America, Europe, and Egypt; and he made it his special business to solicit their attention to the interpretation from an oriental stand-point of the American and Egyptian hieroglyphs. The result is the identifications claimed —which are not involved, otherwise than suggestively, in the conclusions to be drawn from the considerations below.

I presented the California Academy of Sciences with some specimens of the hieroglyphs of California; also, some marine fossils, along with a stone mortar, both of which I obtained recently at Cherokee, Butte County.

The records in this book have several advantages over the sculptured blocks of Central America and Peru. They tell a simpler but a positive and an unequivocal story, of but one possible construction. The record is multiplied and indestructible. It is the original record, unmodified by copy, and it is open and legible to all who will take the trouble to go and look at it.

The mortar is from the hydraulic mines, where from half a dozen to a dozen or two have been found—enough to establish the presence of a large population in the vicinity, taken in connection with all the surrounding facts and circumstances. Several of these mortars I was able to trace through the finders to the particular spot where they were found. They belong to the undisturbed white and yellow gravel of a subaqueous formation, not fluviatile, underlying the volcanic outpourings from the northern Sierra, all of which is seen to have been water-lined by the inland sea of the gravel period to an altitude of not less than 1,500 and probably nearer 2,000 feet above the present sea-level, at the point where these mortars were found.

One of the mortars, found by Mr. R. C. Pulham, of the Spring Valley Mining Company, was taken out of a shaft which he dug himself in 1855, and was found, according to his testimony, twelve feet underneath undisturbed strata, the character of which is still visible in the bank adjacent. He is certain that the mortar was placed there before the overlying gravel.

This mortar was found standing upright, and the pestle was in it, in its

proper place, apparently just as it had been left by the owner. The material around and above it was fine quartz gravel intermixed with a large proportion of sand; in short, just the material of an ordinary sea-beach. This was forty or fifty feet above the bed-rock and about thirty feet above the blue gravel.

About 300 feet east of this shaft Mr. Frederic Eaholtz took out in 1853 a similar mortar at a greater depth. I visited both places with Mr. Pulham, and found several mortars still lying around on the top of the blue-gravel bench which is not yet mined away. The locality is about seventy yards east of Charles Waldeyer's house. Mr. Eaholtz was sent for, and he told me further, that in 1858, while engaged with Wilson and Abbott in mining in the south-westerly flank of the Sugar Loaf, he found in place, forty feet under the surface, a mortar of the same sort in unbroken blue gravel. This blue gravel nowhere comes near to the surface, and it extends with the before-mentioned white and yellow gravel, under the Sugar Loaf and under the Oroville volcanic *mesa*. It appeared only in the bottom of this claim. He was picking the blue gravel to pieces with a pick, when he found the mortar, which was a portion of the mass of cemented bowlders and sand. He picked it out with his own hands.

Both these witnesses are trustworthy men, widely acquainted in the county, and they are willing to appear before a notary to certify to the above.

The fossils are from two different gravel-beds immediately underlying the auriferous gravel formation and the volcanic outflows, at a distance of about one and a half and two and a half miles from Cherokee, in a south-westerly and north-westerly direction respectively. The latter is only about thirty feet underneath the volcanic capping of the Dogtown and Mesilla Valley table-land, in a ravine immediately back of Van Ness' house, on Dry Creek.

I will not enumerate all the additional cases of mortars and Indian relics and hieroglyphics of a comparatively recent date which I happened upon near Cherokee, nor attempt to describe at this time their geological position in detail, on which the conclusions are based. The conclusions are:

1. That there was a village or city on the sea-beach, near Cherokee, before Table Mountain was in its place.

2. That the early and middle tertiary sea-level had receded before that time to the position of the coal-beds underlying Table Mountain, and to fully 1,000 feet below Cherokee.

3. The land then sunk into the sea about 1,500 feet in the Pliocene-tertiary, and about 600 feet after these people of the most ancient town in geological history abandoned their mortars on the beach.

4. This subsidence took place before the volcanic outflows appeared which covered up all the ancient *detritus* of the region, including that of the ancient rivers.

5. The vegetation of that period is extinct. It was determined by Lesquereux, from specimens collected in the survey of the ancient rivers of California, as Pliocene, having retained even some of the forms that are characteristic of the Miocene.

6. The new emergence, embracing the glacial period, and the new eroding period in the Sierra (during which the slates and the hard metamorphic greenstones and the granites of the western slope were eroded to a depth of 3,000 feet), took place after the volcanic period.

7. The time which has elapsed since ancient Cherokee was buried under the sea, calculated by the average rate of two and a half feet per century assumed by Lyell for Europe in his *Antiquities*

of Man, and considered by Darwin as the highest rate we can assume for the western coast of South America, would not be less than:

a. From the abandonment of the mortars to the displacement of the rivers by volcanic matter, a subsidence of 600 feet, 240 centuries.

b. During the erosion of the new cañons 3,000 feet deep, assuming, in the absence of observed data, the same rate for erosion as for subsidence and uplift—namely, two and a half feet per century—1,200 centuries: Total, 180,000 years.

This goes back perhaps nearly twice as far as the glacial epoch; the beginning of which, according to Lyell's calculation, from known oscillations in Europe (testified to by regular and systematically deposited sedimentary formations), can not have been less remote, according to his own figures, than 180,000 years.

Hence I am safe in ascribing to ancient Cherokee the age of at least 180,000 years, as calculated from independent data intended to be under the mark. The glacial epoch in America and in Europe is considered by geologists to have been contemporaneous. If Mr. Brooks can go back 3,500 years before Christ with the Chinese records, and prove that three or more principal radicals of the 246 Chinese ideographs are natives of Peru, and that the hero Tahi Foke was the common property of the Chinese and ancient Americans—if a close and thorough scrutiny can make out *a real case of identity*—it would not be necessary to infer that the ancient Americans of Peru navigated all the way to China, for in going back 180,000 years we traverse geological changes of an astounding character. Elevations and subsidences on a scale demonstrated to have taken place, by the records of the Pliocene and post-Pliocene, show that the South Sea islands and the Chinese coast may have been nearly adjoining.

The migrations of races of a pre-glacial date will have to be studied, of course, from a geological stand-point. We may begin with the fact that all the other mammalians of the period in which the human race originated have become extinct, and that from similar causes all the early races of mammalians most nearly allied to mankind, also became extinct. Only the brightest and fittest, even of the stone age of humanity, were able to hold their own throughout the volcanic and the glacial revolutions which followed the Pliocene. The way they did it was just as all other animals do when they survive natural changes like these—by emigration principally, but partly by adaptation.

The glacial period, in Europe and in California (it is now demonstrated by unequivocal geological evidence), was accompanied by vast continental subsidences and oscillations of level. Geology will probably unravel at an early day the geographical order of these subsidences of land—whether from east to west, or from north to south, or *vice versa.* An impression of the fact of subsidence could hardly fail to come down to us in the traditions of the human race of floods. Archæologists and ethnologists can trace the identities, geologists can trace the order of succession and the direction of these emigrations. The accompanying fauna and flora of ancient drainage systems and their *detritus*, related to and following that of the ancient rivers of California, may be unraveled by the hydraulic miner and the geologist in other countries. Nature has concentrated gold and piled up the inducements mountains high, in the form of auriferous gravel deposits filling ancient cañons, and bordering ancient sea-beaches, not only in California but in British Columbia, in Venezuela, on the Brazilian slopes of the Andes, in Thibet, in the Ural Mountains, in Australia, and in Africa. There are miners,

mining engineers, and geologists in California who have been to all these regions.

If the alleged Egyptian and Hebrew resemblances in the ancient mounds of the Mississippi Valley can be substantiated; if similar identities can be traced in the ideographs of Peru and China, the question will then arise, Which was the older geologically, and where lies buried *the trunk* of our genealogical tree? Of all the ancient races that have become extinct with the extinct mammalians peculiar to the two last-concluded geological epochs, which of the branches was it that grew from the common trunk into the land of the Aryans, our immediate ancestors? In what country did its root find congenial soil and surroundings from which a tree so noble could grow, when kindred rootlets, not so favored, either became extinct or grew only into an ugly apehood? These are all questions that appear capable of satisfactory solution, and the data already collected toward it are very considerable.

The higher organization of the soul evinced in the earliest invention of hieroglyphics; the earliest natural records of the development of articulate speech; its development into the magnificent religious conceptions of Moses and the Hebrews, along with the tracing of the oldest known systems of hieroglyphic writing to Egypt, to the orient, and to Peru; their alleged identities; the fact that oscillations of the sea-level have taken place which must have closed Behring Straits (only 200 feet in depth), and probably connected America and Asia as far south as the Aleutian Islands; and that a Polynesian continent appears to have sunk out of sight since the founding of ancient Cherokee (see J. D. Dana's geological studies of Polynesia); these are a few of the threads of geological and ethnological fact which, if followed up, may lead to the unearthing of the trunk of our genealogical tree down to its very root, and the soil from which it sprung.

It must not be forgotten that there are arrested types of the most ancient forms of creation, as well as of civilization, found still existing, down to the very lowest original planes of organization. But we can readily distinguish the kinds now existing from the more ancient, especially in the higher animal and human planes of organization, by a specific difference—a difference arising from the fact that the types so nearly related to the ancient ones which are still found surviving did not have to undergo, in the course of their history, such schooling and discipline of vicissitude or of necessity as fell to the lot of their contemporaries and brothers, who were thereby gradually raised to a higher plane. Hence it happens that we have typical representatives still existing of every period of extinct civilization and of every past geological age. We have in the older States still living among the stay-at-homes, or among certain classes, the typical representatives of A.D. 1776; in the mines and bogs of old England those of A.D. 1676; in Russia, the typical representatives of A. D. 1076, now living in the monastic caves or painting pictures of saints at Troitska, near Moscow; in Finland, the typical representatives of the reindeer period of France and Germany; and in many parts of America, the typical representatives of the old stone age; in Australia, the marsupials of the tertiary; in the tropics of America, Africa, and the East Indies, the bright and cunning little mammals with hands,* also of the tertiary; in Borneo, a people who live in trees; in Australia, a race that never knew the uses of fire until they learned them from Europeans; all agreeing typically with, but differing in their specific characters

*The Simian has a hand almost as perfect as a lady's.

from, their ancient progenitors and representatives or nearest relatives.

The facts developed in the course of the examination of the ancient rivers of California, and of the ancient beaches and terraces of the Pacific Coast, show that we can no longer consider our continent as having been isolated and separated from the Old World farther back than the recent period; since the depression of land which, as observed, took place at Cherokee just before the glacial period, would have laid bare Behring Straits, and perhaps the larger part of Behring Sea — not mentioning other vast areas that may have been out of water with ancient Cherokee.

I will add that the mammalian fossils so far found along with human relics in the ancient river *detritus* of California (meaning thereby the beds of gravel which extend under the volcanic ridges) are all extinct, but that they are few, belonging to the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, the horse, and the camel families; and that additional specimens, if clearly belonging to this formation, are of infinitely greater interest than the ordinary elephant and mastodon bones which are so frequently reported as discovered. The question to be settled is whether this older formation is really Pliocene, as the forests testify; or, in other words, whether all the rest of creation has become extinct while humanity alone has survived the catastrophes of two geological periods — whether the soul (which grows in a child) has been expanding and growing in the human race from a very insignificant degree of the divine to its present religious and scientific status in a like manner, and simply in consequence of the fact that we have been going to school to the Great Organizer, whom we recognize as the Creator, for 180,000 years.

POOR DOLLY VARDEN.

IT was a horribly lonesome place, that rancho among the hills; full three miles to any neighbors, and still farther to the town. I was alone that night, I remember: no, not alone, for all my children and Laura Matilda were with me; but then I always felt alone when Jack was gone. Our family consisted of two girls nearly grown—Nett, and Florence rechristened Pobby by the two-year old, and familiarly known as Pobby Bartlett all over the neighborhood. Rob was a number-one boy of ten; and after him came the little ones, Willy and Jim. Laura Matilda was a woman who had been with me in the capacity of "help" ever since Nett was born. She was full forty-five years old, I should think, though it was hard to judge her age with any precision, and she was careful not to tell it herself. She looked as old when she first came to us as she did fifteen years later, on this memorable evening, when the romance of her life began. Her skin had always been like well-tanned leather, with the same strained expression in her dried-up face. Her eyebrows were almost white, and long and coarse. Her hair—which was also coarse, and of that nondescript color that never turns gray, for the perverse reason, I suppose, that any change in it would be an improvement—she wore in a tight, hard, unyielding knot on the back of her head: a knot like a city residence, that failed to cover much ground, but made up in altitude for its want of base. It was the most exasperating, unyielding knot I ever saw; and there were times when, being a little out of humor, on gen-

eral principles, the sight of it would be like the last straw that broke the camel's back, and completely upset my equilibrium. I could not help but consider it the aggressive cause of that unnatural "Adam's apple" that appeared so prominently in her throat. It seemed to be some insane attempt of nature to equalize forces, and preserve a true balance. As my husband Jack said, it was not only a knot, but it was the most determined, obstinate, and resolute "not" ever hung out as a sign-board to indicate the wares within. I do not mean to assert that my heroine had a more forcible will than other members of her charming sex, but she had the strongest "won't" of any female I ever had the felicity of knowing.

Laura Matilda's nose was also a singular specimen of nasal architecture. It humped out close up to her eyes to a remarkable height, and then rather subsided as it came to a conclusion. When Pobby was a little thing, she had been heard to observe, meditatively, that if Tildy's nose had kept on as it commenced it would have been a "kuiosity." Her chin and forehead were of that style of beauty known as "retreating;" so that the shadow of her profile on the wall gave you the impression that you were looking at something with ears to it; the bump of hair answering for one ear and the nose for the other. Nett, who is an artist by the grace of God, and the most comical of caricaturists by an infusion of the devil (what a pity that it takes both manufactories to get up a first-class girl), was determined to take Tildy's picture; had taken it, in fact, from every point of view, but not satisfied with that, had always been bewitched to show it to her. I have succeeded in defeating this, however, believing that "if ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise;" and I now think the project has been abandoned. Tildy is a woman of few words, every one of which she jerks out like throwing a bone at a dog; she snaps them off as short as possible, her mouth opening and shutting like a jack-knife. At first I thought she must be cross, but, in the course of a year or two, discovered my mistake. It was only Tildy's way. Poor girl! no sunshine, gentle rains, or sparkling dews had brightened and rendered fruitful the dreary waste of her existence. She was just a poor old maid, whose defrauded life sat in everlasting evidence of it, enthroned in all the lines of her faded cheek and forehead, in the lustreless blue of her patient, waiting eyes. I pitied her, but had I shown it in any way, she would have told me snappishly "to save my fuss and futhers for somebody more culpable of 'preciatin' sech blather;" and I knew enough to keep my tongue still.

The night on which my story opens Tildy formed one of our family circle, but contributed very little to its entertainment. An occasional grin was all we had from her, and even this to persons unacquainted with her peculiarities was delusive. It might mean incredulity—it might mean sarcasm: one thing certain, it was no indication of mirth; for when she smiled, although she reversed the established rule in that matter, and puckered up her mouth and whole face, like the tightly-drawn end of a buckskin purse, yet there was no mistaking it, and there was something so pleasant about it, so suggestive of latent humor, that it caused everyone to smile who saw her. There was not a single action of Tildy's that intimated the possibility of relaxation. Every gesture, even the involuntary play of her muscles, was toward a tightening result. She was the hardest-twisted mortal I ever saw, the closest-geared piece of machinery ever set in motion. One would naturally expect her to be slow-paced, and to creak in her joints, but she did not; and she cut the wind in

walking with the energy and velocity of a little stern-wheel steamer, her dress-tail fairly cracking behind her.

If Tildy's smiles were rare, her tears were rarer still. She had never been known to cry but once, and that was when Nett was lying at the point of death with lung-fever. I had gone down to the kitchen for something, and missed Tildy from her accustomed post. As I stood listening I heard a subdued sniffling in the pantry. I opened the door, and there she stood, the most woe-begone caricature of grief I ever beheld. She was no caricature to me then. As I threw my arms around her all my fortitude gave way, and I wept such tears as I hope never to weep again. She cried in the strangest manner, snapping her tears off as she snapped her words; and ever after she ignored not only all allusion to the circumstance, but all reference to Nett's sickness as well, it being, I suppose, too intimately connected with what she must have considered her weakness ever to be mentioned again.

To return to that memorable night on which Tildy met her destiny. Like all the deeply important events of our lives it came unexpectedly, and in such questionable shape that we never would have received it as such, had we known. There was no warning in our dreams, no heralding of portentous events; no one that I know of had dropped a fork point down, nor had the dish-rag in some unguarded moment fallen from Tildy's hands. The rooster had not come to the kitchen-door to crow for more than a week. We never had known such a dearth of signs before. We were all snugly ensconced in the dining-room; every easy-chair on the place having found its way to this grand family rendezvous, where they were suitably appropriated. Rob was "cross-ways" in his father's "sleepy hollow," his head resting on one huge cushioned arm, and his feet hanging over the other. Asleep do you suppose? That boy never sleeps while anyone else is awake; not for anything would he lose the chance of pumping the last drop of excitement or interest out of each day. He can sleep when he can not do anything else. It was he who was doing the most of the talking, and the best of the listening that night. He is a lineal descendant of Nimrod; and secondary to the interest he takes in scaring all the squirrels and rabbits out of the neighborhood with a rifle that carries buckshot for a bullet, he loves to listen to stories of hunting and trapping. We had exhausted our entire collection of sporting yarns, including those of the distinguished African travelers, and had wandered from this subject into the region of mystery and ghostliness, when we were startled into silence by the sound of a voice at the door:

"Hullo!"

"Hullo yourself!" roared Rob. I was frightened. I did not dare go to the door. No matter, a man in the family is a great convenience. Rob started up, his round honest eyes full of interest, devoid of fear, and went to the door.

[*Mem.*—How I do love a boy! Take him at any age from two hours old to, say, eighty years (I tried to stop several stages short of this number, but could not), and ten chances to one if you manipulate him properly he is a perfect darling, and will do just what you wish.]

As the door opened a man stepped in whose appearance curdled my blood and made even the brave Rob recoil a step with a strange sense of horror. He was armed to the teeth, and looked like a dilapidated pirate who had just stepped out of the first chapter of a cheap romance, before his luck had brought him fame or fortune. He was deeply indented with small-pox, and had a complexion that was quite unnatural in its pallor. How much our sudden fright had to do with our first impression of him I

can not tell; but as I looked at him and my eyes took in the whole detail of his poverty, and the miserable quality of his fire-arms, this feeling passed off, and I saw only a poor sickly-looking creature, with deep-set dark eyes, and every evidence of some constitutional disease—consumption probably—naturally pale, and rendered absolutely livid by the cool night-wind. He was a foot-pad, and claimed to be hunting work. I should have been glad to send him on, but he told us in a loud tone full of ostentatious dignity that he "had expended all his pecuniary resources;" and this of course established a claim upon us not to be denied.

After he had gone up-stairs to bed, and the worn-out and sickly look of his pale face no longer pleaded for him, we took a second fright about him. *Of course* he was a robber, and would murder us all before morning. In secret conclave we resolved to barricade the foot of the staircase, so that when he came down in the night with felonious intent, he should walk into our trap and spring it with such noise as would awaken us, and probably frighten him out of his design. But first we carried down blankets and things necessary to make our beds on the parlor floor; and then on tiptoe in our stocking-feet we carried all the stools and kitchen chairs and made a heap of them on and about the lower steps. Rob was to sleep with his rifle on the bed, to be ready just at the right moment. After all these preparations it seemed a little disappointing to be permitted to sleep as usual all night long. But at the first gray peep of dawn I came gradually to a consciousness that I was still alive and unhurt. In a moment more I heard my hero on the steps, and then came a plunge and a noise that might have aroused the dead. I put on the first articles of apparel that came handy, and ran out to find that he had, after plunging and stumbling, finally put his foot through the back of a chair, from which he pitched head-foremost, knocking out a panel of the door and fastening his head in the hole as securely as if he had been pilloried. It took Tildy and me full ten minutes to saw him out. He was not hurt a particle, either as to his head or his feelings. He seemed to consider it a sort of hair-breadth escape, an adventure that added to his personal dignity. I was glad to have him take it so, for I was heartily ashamed of it. When he was finally released he made us an elaborate apology, accompanied with such a bow as I would not believe any mortal man could twist himself into if I had not seen it. It was just here that I first began to have an insight into the perfectly gorgeous style of his manner and conversation. His conversation was chiefly composed of choice selections from *Webster's Unabridged*, strung together with little reference or adaptation to the ideas he meant to convey; and yet he had ideas, and was far from being a fool, as we discovered still farther on. But his love of big words amounted to an actual mania. He would have "perished ignominiously," I do believe, if he had waked up some morning and found that he had lost this vocabulary of almost incomprehensible lingo. Where he picked it up I can not tell. He was quite illiterate, could read and write a little, and that was all. These particulars I discovered afterward. As soon as he was released from the door he went out and washed at the brook that runs by the house, and stood facing the south while the balmy morning air dried the water from his face and hands. Then he took a stick and pointed it with his bowie-knife and combed his hair with it. His hair was coarse and black, and was parted about one inch from the middle, the lank ends reaching behind his ears. He was so thin he would have been hungry-looking but for an expression of deep repose in his smol-

dering dark eyes. As it was, little Jim, who stood in his night-gown watching him from the kitchen-door, said pityingly: "Didn't look like he never had nothin' to eat in all his life, nor nothin' to wear neither." And, indeed, he was wretchedly dressed. His heels were far back in his tramped-down boots, the toes of which projected three or four inches and turned up like sled-runners. He had attempted to tuck the ragged whipped-out ends of his blue overalls into the tops of them, but they were so subdued from their former high estate that they clung in many wrinkles around his ankles. It was evident that they could not hold themselves up, and were in no condition to accept the additional responsibility of the pantaloons. And those pantaloons! I can not tell to this day by what galvanic attraction they staid on him. To be sure, they were tied with baling-rope, but they gravitated far below his waist, and seemed in momentary danger of falling off. I entertained a kind of insane hope that they were sewed on to the bottom of his shirt, but even this did not prevent me from hitching and straining in my imagination to pull them up higher, until I almost dislocated my back, and made my shoulders ache with the mental effort.

"Mamma," said Nett, one day shortly after he came (I should have mentioned that we hired him to work on the farm), "you haven't the least idea how many different kinds of 'contraptions' I have invented for holding that man's pantaloons on. All sorts of double reflex back-action suspenders, some of them I think of near ten-horse power. And then I have thought of attaching a lot of little balloons filled with rarified air or gas; don't you think I had better apply for a patent?"

"You had better make a practical application of your principles first, Nett. If they work, you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that you saved your mother a spell of St. Vitus' dance. If some special providence doesn't arrest the downward tendency of those pantaloons, I shall go bewitched in a week."

Rob's comments were more to the point. "I wish he'd pull his crupper up," said that refined youth. "The crotch of his breeches is down to his knees, an' his legs don't look longer'n a duck's from behind. But he shan't hurt my feelings much longer with his nonsense. I'm a-goin' to tell him of it."

We all protested against this plan, in consequence of which he did tell him, and there was a manifest improvement from that hour.

[*Mem.*—Notice how to manipulate the masculine element. If we had advised and even entreated Rob to this course, he would have seen objections and refused.]

The stranger had been at our house about three days when I asked him his name.

"Dollicarden," he said.

"I can never remember that. What is your other name?"

"Well, madam," he said, in his loud, pompous voice, with measured words and slow, "if I have any other cognomen, I am not aware of its existence."

"What, only one name?"

"One appellation is all"—in the voice of a school-boy pronouncing a recitation.

And here let me say that, though his voice was loud and pompous, and his words ridiculously measured and slow, he was really the most painfully humble and the most cheerfully obedient fellow I ever saw. He seemed to have some secret source of happiness, and some inward sense of personal importance that he knew could never be understood nor appreciated. He would smile cynically if anyone snubbed him, and retire within himself, as if he there found refuge from all the ills of life. He was of a melancholy turn of mind, and

had, from repeated disappointments, become inured to all sorts of bitter things, and had come to have a strange pitiful endurance; so that it really did not sound absurd when he would say in his grandiloquent way, as he often did, "I laugh at fate." He evidently *did* laugh at fate, and felt that in so doing he baffled his bitterest enemy.

At the time of his advent among us, the Dolly Varden style of dress-goods had just made its appearance in market, and from the belle of the neighboring village down to "Old Miss Sanders'" little Indian maid Jim (diminutive of Jemima) every girl in the whole country had a Dolly Varden dress, not to mention Dolly Varden hats, shoes, gloves, collars, and other articles of wearing apparel. The name became monotonously familiar. All the pied calves, the pinto colts, and speckled chickens and pigs about our place were christened Dolly Varden, irrespective of sex; and just about the time I thought I should go crazy in the confusion of Dolly Vardens, a happy thought occurred to the youngsters. Here was one more chance to pile on the agony. Dollicarden was so near the word they wanted, the change of a few letters would fix the thing just as it should be. I can not tell who first gave him the name, but it was fastened on him firmly before he had been with us a fortnight. He accepted it humbly, of course; and if he pitied the ignorance and want of taste that prompted us in thus rechristening him, his only comment was made to that responsive and sympathetic inner spirit which was the recipient of his communings. He was averse to answering any questions about himself, but eventually gave us his history as he knew it. He came from Georgia, he said. He lived in a deserted cabin in a dense forest with his mother. They lived principally upon berries and roots, but occasionally made a raid upon the neighboring town after night and took such articles of food and clothing as they could find. His mother was darker than he was, and her hair was silky and curly. (She was probably some good-looking mulatto girl seduced by her master and banished by her enraged mistress, but he did not tell us that.) When he was about ten years old, as he supposed, his mother died, and he was shortly after found by some hunters and taken to the settlement. He was a perfect little brute when he was found, and yet he said, "that in that *remarkably* ferine condition he had an intuitive knowledge of all those studies, those moral and intellectual ethics into which he was afterward inducted." What those studies were I never knew, and have no idea that he did; the dictionary was the only thing he ever studied, I fancy. And yet he was a sort of a philosopher, and advanced some opinions that only fell short of the great minds of the day by the insane manner in which he uttered them. This may be accounted for by the fact that he was taken into the family of a very peculiar man of whom the neighbors said, as Agrippa of the apostle Paul, "that much learning had made him mad." He was more than skeptical in his religious views; could not believe in any hereafter. He had found life so hard he considered it a swindle. Though he tried to endure it with fortitude, and had braced his back to bear its ills, yet he fought at every step the encroachment of outrageous destiny and "laughed at fate." He believed he should die like a dog, and in so doing he should cheat that cruel intelligence whose sport man is, and get the best of the joke in the last act. It was only by isolated sentences let fall occasionally that I learned his true sentiments. He was too humble to intrude his opinions upon us at any length; and yet his mania for big words was so great, it was with difficulty that he forbore to repeat our

own ideas after we had spoken them, and clothe them in the gorgeous apparel of his own language. For instance, this is the way the conversation goes on. Jack is telling the story of Joaquin, the famous robber of California. I shall put all of Dolly's observations in brackets, and the reader must imagine for himself the loud measured ostentation of his style. Jack has advanced to that part of the story where the reward of $10,000 is offered for Joaquin's life.

"He was captured by a man named Love," said Jack. "Love and his assistants found the robber and his three accomplices ['Yes, sir'] sitting under some trees. Their horses ['Yes, sir'] were picketed out on some grass near by. ['To masticate, I presume.'] They had the saddles off ['To permit the hosses to rest mo' copiously, of coase'] for the night. The men were all sitting on the grass ['Pawticipating in their evening repast, beyond doubt'], playing a game of cards. ['Ah, I beg youah pawdon, sah; my mind, as you perceive, is remawkably rapid in its alchemical evolutions.'] They dusted from there double-quick. ['I pesume youah mean they extemporized an exhilarating exodus.'] I mean they vamosed the ranch—absquatulated, made tracks, cut dirt, hoed it out of there. ['Yes, sir.'] Joaquin struck out and got on his horse barebacked," etc.

Jack took delight in drawing Dolly out of an evening for the general entertainment, and for this purpose he reduced his choice of words in conversation to the minimum of simplicity. He made many an opening into which Dolly invariably stalked with his gorgeous array of high-sounding words. Now, Tildy, whose use of language was extremely limited, secretly admired this verbose individual; and it would, no doubt, have taken Jack down in his own estimation could he have known how unfavorably she contrasted him with Dolly. I am sure she must have known we laughed at him, and with her plain practical sense she was vexed that he should lay himself open to ridicule. Doubtless she thought he was casting pearls before swine; but she also thought he ought to know that fact, and desist. She was sometimes vexed with him on another score. In private conversation between themselves he often used language she did not understand, when her ire would burn to the surface in some such expression as "that he needn't think *she* was a fool, becase she looked like one." Tildy's education had been of that rigid type in which the three Rs, Readin', Ritin', and Rithmetic, were adjudged not only unnecessary in girls, but absolutely hurtful, unfitting them for the practical duties of every-day life. She had been born in the State of "Pike County," at so early a date that her opportunities were as limited as her inclination. She had heretofore ridiculed persons who made any pretension to elegance in the choice of language, and it appeared strange to me that she had selected Dolly as an exception. It had not entered my head that she cared for him more than for another, and up to this time he had paid her no attention whatever. The first time he took any special notice of her was one evening as we sat in the dining-room; Willy chanced to mention her proper name, Laura Matilda. Dolly caught at it immediately.

"Laura Matilda," he said; "well, that *is* a beautiful name. I read a story in the *New Yo'k Ledgah* that had that name for one of the cawackters. It was Laura Matilda St. Clair. I thought at the time that if—in shawt—as a mattah of coase, that it was the most beautiful, most affluent, and purpureal cognomen I evah read or heard mentioned. Now, I suppose youah sahname is not St. Clair—that would be a reminiscence, indeed?"

"No," said Tildy, quite unconscious of the fact that her destiny was involved in her words, "hit's Southerland."

"Southerland!" he said, nearly bouncing out of his chair. "Is it pawsible? Do I heah auricularly, or do my yeahs deceive me?"

His "yeahs" did not deceive him; Tildy assured him it was Southerland. Anything "mo' beautiful than that melliferous, auriferous, felodious, and incompahable name" he had never heard; from that time she became an object of interest to him. His natural politeness, always excessive, was redoubled from that moment. He rarely entered or left the room without a bow too curious to bear description. In the morning his salute was very elaborate, and even more so his nightly adieu. He pronounced "good-night" in a hard, loud, monotonous voice, with a sudden drop and a strong emphasis on the last word—"good-*night*." The children could imitate him perfectly; and I saw a sudden spasm of pain in Tildy's face only yesterday when my thoughtless little Jim, in going to bed, paused a moment at the door to say "good-*night*" just as Dolly used to say it. For Dolly is gone now, and to hear him speak that word again would be to awaken the dead.

But before his time came he had wrought great changes in our little world of home, and had left blessings of untold wealth to one poor heart now opening slowly from day to day, and from hour to hour.

It soon dawned on my perceptions that there was an obvious case of "spoons" in the house, and I watched developments stealthily and cautiously. I did not dare take Jack into my confidence; men are such blunderers, I could not trust him. His want of tact might spoil everything. What a pretty little delusion the male part of humanity entertains as to the ability of the female sex to keep secrets! Bah! gentlemen. I wonder what you, sir, know of the pretty head that rested on your arm last night—that has rested there all the nights for a dozen years and more. If you could see beneath the forehead, half-shaded by those innocent, baby-looking curls, and read the thoughts, the dreams, the hopes with which the teeming brain is busy, you would probably stand back in a kind of ceremonious surprise, and with newly awakened admiration begin to hope that some mutual friend would happen along and introduce you to this charming stranger. We live widely-severed lives in this world. Even those of us who are nearest and dearest to each other touch only at far-distant points. It makes one lonesome to feel that the great world of longing in each bosom, while growing upward continually, is constantly rounding into a more compact and isolated individuality. Will it be so in the next world, I wonder?

Dolly had been with us about six months, when one night, after seeing the children snugly in bed, I came into the dining-room and found Jack in the closet that opened with a large door toward us, and with a slide just large enough to admit dishes into the kitchen. He turned as I entered, gesticulating furiously to me to keep still. I supposed he had a rat or a mouse in there and was "laying low" for him.

"O, Jack," I whispered, "do let me see, too."

"Sh-sh-sh," he said. Nevertheless, I squeezed in, and was instantly arrested by the sound of voices in the kitchen. The little door was ajar so that I could see Tildy sitting straight as a poker in one of the rawhide-bottomed chairs, and Dolly Varden kneeling before her with his hands lifted and laid together lengthwise, like the pictures of the infant Samuel. Tildy looked disgusted, and yet I thought I could perceive some latent satisfaction in her eyes. Dolly was rehearsing something it must have taken

him days to compose and commit to memory; for surely no such heterogeneous jumble of dictionary words ever flowed spontaneously from any human lips, even if those lips were Dolly's. I did not hear the first of it, but I heard enough to know that he was asking Tildy to marry him. And she being indignant from the fact of his manifest advantage in their little theatricals, and not quite knowing what was expected of her, was in her most obstinate, unyielding mood. So she only said in her crustiest manner:

"What's the meanin' of all this, anyhow?"

"Meanin', Laura Matilda—I ax youah pawdon—*Miss* Southerland? I imagined I had enunciated my idees with most ebullient lucidity. I observed that having existed solely by the refulgence of youah chawms dewing the six solar or six and a half lunar months that have perspired since I made my *début* upon the threshold of this palatial-ah palace——"

"I don't want to heer no more o' that truck."

"O, Laura Matilda—*Miss* Southerland—do not avert the classical horoscope of your erubescent countenance from him who survives only by your permission—do not exacerbate the limpid tenderness of your contemporaneous heart to a position so antipodal to all my eager and long-cherished desires. Lay thy commands upon me, faiah one. Bid me peregrinate to the most northern extremity of the earth's axletree. Bid me lay down my existence to appease the carboniferous appetite of those northern monsters, the mammoth man-eating saurian of the frozen alpine avalanches of that invincible region of everlasting ice. Bid me incinerate beneath the combustuous horizon of a—ah—sweltering equator, in a clime conducive to the gigantic growth of the huge leviathan, the hi—popper—tamus and the rhinoceros; but don't, I entreat thee, ax me to rise from this—ah—place till thou hast promised to be mine."

"I wish yer *would* git off yer knees, yer simple Josy."

"But what portion of my anatomical corporality so worthy of bearing me in thy supernal presence as my—ah—my—knee-jints?"

"Yander's a cheer. Can't ye sit down, or hev ye forgot how? This is the third time ye've been crawlin' roun' me, talkin' yer lingo, an' I don't more'n half know what yer want. I'm clean beat out" (she was too, I could hear her grit her teeth), "an' I don't know what to do with yer." Here she stretched a long bony hand, and caught him by the hair; but she must have seen something in his face that moved her stony heart, for her hand gradually relaxed and slid down to his shoulder. Then he, with a gesture as stiff and stilted as his language, spread his arms out wide, and brought them slowly together around the immaculate virgin's waist.

Was it the Widow Bedott or Josh Billings that said, "Man is an uncertain critter?" No doubt that he is. And yet, if you want a creature you never know where to find, can never depend on to do as you expect, the last thing in creation to bet on—take a woman. The most ordinary one of your acquaintance will give you more surprises in a week than all your male friends together will give you in a year. Think of Tildy's "settling down," as it were, in Dolly's arms! If all the world had told me she did it, I would not have believed it. Then for as much as two full minutes Dolly hung by the bur of his left ear to the projecting ledge of Tildy's corset-steels. (I know it sounds more elegant to say he rested his head on her bosom, but truth is superior to all considerations, and Tildy had no bosom). He hung so long in that perilous position that I became alarmed for his personal

safety, and began to wish for a change in the programme.

"Why don't he kiss her, Jack," I whispered, "and have done with it?"

"He's afraid she'll scratch him if he loosens her arms. He wants to 'gentle' her a little first." In good truth Dolly was in the situation of the man who had the bull by the tail; he could neither hold on nor let go. How much longer could he maintain his position, I wondered, and what would be the effect of a change. Every moment added to my anxiety. The perspiration started out in great beads all over me; a little longer and the "tears would be running down into my boots," as our Jim described a similar situation—when lo! Dolly lifted his head and essayed the final move. But Tildy reared back as if she had been touched under the chin with a hot poker. Not to be baffled, Dolly rose to his feet and clasped her round the neck; but, in doing this, he gave her the free use of her arms, and she used them to a purpose. There was a regular scuffle for that kiss, and a noisy one—too ludicrous to bear description—which ended in tilting Tildy out of her chair. In the concluding scene they both sat like a pair of stiff-legged dolls on the floor, staring wildly at the dining-room door in momentary expectation of being taken alive.

We fled.

"Are you sure he kissed her, Jack?"

"Bet your life."

"Hurrah for Dolly."

"Three cheers and a tiger for the old gal."

"Come away, quick," I said. And we stole on rapidly and noiselessly, and left the betrothed "alone in their glory."

Now after this little scene, full three weeks must have passed before there was another move in the game that I could perceive. I was getting horribly impatient. There was a certain gobbler on the place, whose antiquity rendered him admirably adapted for the wedding-dinner of this ancient couple; and if there was one gobbler more than another that I thoroughly despised, it was he. He thought he could whip me; he knew he could whip Jim, and I suppose that encouraged him in the belief that he could whip Jim's mother. And the old villain was so mad about my crimson morning-gown, and so envious for fear I'd take the shine off of his beads, he could not sleep of nights for thinking of it. I had become thoroughly disgusted with him, and his pretended rivalry of me was too absurd, so I resolved to sacrifice him at Tildy's nuptials; for I knew that if she did not hurry matters he would die of envy before that interesting event took place. I screwed up my courage several times to talk to Tildy about it; but each time after making a studied and as I hoped an eloquent opening, I was oppressed—yea, verily, and scared too—by the ominous silence that followed, and fell back to the rear in great disorder; from which, even with my invincible courage and well-known tactics, it required time and labor to recover. The situation became so unbearable I concluded to take Jack into my confidence; he might share my misery at least.

"She scares you, does she?" said he. "Well, old woman, you haven't the ability to handle so delicate a matter. You are a good woman, and all that—I give you credit for being a most excellent wife and mother—but this is a case that requires abilities almost statesmanlike. Owing to Tildy's peculiarities, it requires greater tact and delicacy in its management than you are mistress of. It is well that you submitted the thing to me before you blundered any more. Now there really may not be any engagement at all. It is possible that Dolly is a gay deceiver, and don't choose to commit himself to matrimony. You see, old woman, he may have more sense than we give him credit for, and if so, he may

object to putting his head into a noose that only slips one way. And in these doubtful cases one must shoot as Davy Crockett shot in a similar condition of uncertainty. Not quite knowing what his game was, he shot to miss it if it was a calf, and to hit it if it was a deer. Yes, you are right in referring this matter to me. It could hardly be expected that you would have the judgment and wisdom necessary just here."

Merciful Father! I respectfully beg the reading public to fancy my feelings during this harangue. All my married life I had used every precaution to prevent Jack from finding out my great mental superiority over him. I imagined, nevertheless, that he must have some latent conviction of the fact, and feel a corresponding degree of gratitude for my forbearance. But there he stood before me on the hearth, with legs far apart, stroking his massive beard with such entire complacency! I wanted to get up and punch him with something. I doubt whether anything on earth can ever penetrate the crust of self-conceit he carries about him as a snail carries its shell. I wish he knew how small he was in Tildy's estimation as compared with Dolly. For the first time in my life I was surprised into absolute silence. What could I say to him? Words were inadequate to do the subject justice. Words, bah! O, the poverty of our miserable English!

Three or four days passed without further developments. Things were fast coming to a head, however—why will we borrow trouble? I soon discovered that I had been in the situation of the young man who lay awake two-thirds of every night for six months cudgeling his brain to find out how he should pop the question to the lady of his heart, when, one evening, being alone with her and for the moment off his guard—somehow or other, he never knew how—but things being in that state of "ebullient effervescence" (as Dolly would say) essential to good champagne or first-rate yeast, the question popped itself between two pair of lips that trembled together rapturously for the first time. How many an Othello finds his occupation gone in some such way as this. And indeed, if it was not such a relief to the mind, it would be vexatious to find that when you expected to fall at least forty feet, you had but to stretch out your legs and be there. Our relief came through that precious blunderer, dear old Jack.

It will be remembered that Jack's intention was to shoot in such a way as to kill if it was a deer, and miss if it was a calf. And after racking his poor brain (never much more effective than "punkin in-'ards," his own mother used to say), to discover how he should proceed, he at last hit upon an idea that he considered the perfection of human wisdom. He had been in the habit of presenting Tildy with an occasional dress, almost invariably accompanied with the observation that it was to be her wedding-dress. This remark she had accepted with a grim smile, generally saying, that "if ever she was fool enough to need a dress for sich a purpose, all she would ax of him would be, to sew her up in a bag and send her to the loong-tic asylum." So he purchased the dress, a handsome gray alpacca, and with the bundle in his hand sought occasion when she was alone, and gave it to her with the customary observation. The most disheartening silence followed.

"Now, Tildy," said he, "do tell the truth. I want to know if you and Dolly aint going to be married?"

No answer.

"He's a first-rate fellow, Tildy, and no fool if he does—n't look like one. Well, in fact, what I—er—mean to say is—er—he *aint* a very handsome man, Tildy" (swelling like a toad no doubt; all these great six-foot creatures think themselves perfectly killing), "but he is

like a singed cat, better than he looks, and——" Here Tildy turned round from the table where she was kneading bread, and looked at him in such a manner as to freeze the remainder of the sentence in his throat. After keeping him transfixed, like a chicken on a spit, with that stony immovable stare for at least two minutes, she turned to the bread again, which she handled like a well-trained pugilist, apparently putting enough venom in it to poison twenty families. Now here was a pretty fix for a fellow to be in, who had already embarked ten dollars of hard-earned money in a doubtful enterprise. Realizing the situation, and glancing at the open door, he took fresh courage (as she had her back to him) and went on: "And the fact is, as you are getting along pretty well in years, I think it would be a good chance for you to marry and settle. To be sure, marriage is an up-hill sort of life, Tildy, but single cussedness is a devilish sight worse. It is just a choice between two evils, you see. Now it seems to me that Dolly is just as keen for the match as you are, and——" Good heavens! did she mean to throw all that dough at him? She turned round with it in her hands, and turned back again, throwing it on the table with a thud; then she caught up the dress, lying close at hand, and threw that.

"Take *hit*," she said, "an' when I want a weddin'-dress I reckon I kin buy it. An' as for *his* bein' like a swinged cat—well, it's a pity some folks couldn't see 'emselves as other folks see 'em. It *mought* do 'em good—only thar aint no cure on the face o' the yath for a fool." Then she turned back to the table again, putting double-distilled venom into the bread.

"Tildy," said Jack, "I beg your pardon, if I have made a fool of myself."

"Yer didn't do it. *Hit* was done afore ye was culpable o' realizin' the fact."

"At all events," he said, "I hope you will accept the dress. I know that Em will be glad to make it up handsomely for you. Try and excuse my blunders; being a fool, you know, you oughtn't to expect much of me."

And he left the room; let us hope, with a little of the conceit taken out of him.

Out of this blunder came our speedy relief. Tildy was mad, and pretty soon the news spread among the children that the bread was lying on the bread-board just where she had left it at the time Jack emerged from the kitchen; and further investigation proved that she was up in her room packing her trunk. What could it mean? I was frightened. I could no more keep house without Tildy than a Latter Day Saint go to heaven without his ascension robes. Dolly was about a mile from the house, working on a fence. Jack proposed going to him.

"No, indeed," said Madam, firmly. "You see, old man, you haven't the ability to handle so delicate a matter. You are a good man, and all that—I give you credit for being a most excellent husband and father; but this is a case that requires the exercise of abilities almost statesmanlike. Now, since you shot with such miserable aim, I'll tell you how I am going to shoot. I am going to take a crooked gun and do some circular shooting; and I'll hit something before night closes in." Then I put on my hat and went forth in search of Dolly. When I came in sight of him he was working away with great industry. "Dolly!" I screamed—I had walked nearly a mile up hill, and was out of patience and breath both, and really too tired to tell the truth; so the biggest "whopper" I could think of just chimed with my feelings and gave me relief—"Dolly, Tildy has a fit." Here I paused—let us be charitable and say—for breath; but I paused too long, and be-

fore I could add that she was packing her trunk to leave, poor Dolly was pouring out a wail of blasted hopes upon the evening air.

"Laura Matilda Southerland in convulsions? O heavings, my betrothed! She who was to have been my very own by all the bonds of the lawrs in three short weeks! O merciful heavings!"

"She is not dead, Dolly, nor she doesn't intend to die. It's just a mad fit."

"A mad fit? Now may the Lord have mercy! To see my hopes blawsted by this fell stroke! Laura Matilda insane—a raving maniac—chained down to the floor of a dungeon-cell! O, my intellecks—my intellecks, whither art thou, too, wandering?"

"She's not so bad as that, *either*, Dolly. She just got mad at Mr. Bartlett for giving her a wedding-dress, and asking her when it was to be. She didn't wish us to know it, it seems. But I don't see how you were going to be married without our finding it out." There was now a long silence, and I began to think the words I had surprised out of him were all I was likely to get. He had probably been instructed by Tildy to say nothing about it.

"Well, Madam," he said, "seeing that the sucumstance has communicated itself without human intervention, I might as well explain. We had it all planned to leave—to shake the dust of youah hospitable mansion from our pedalic extremities. It was Miss Southerland's suggestion. I observed to her on several occasions that it was my most earnest, most redundant, poignant, and insufferable desire to remain. But my influence was unavailing, and we resolved to depart for fairer climes—at a period, however, more remote than this. It was to have been on the eve of our unitement."

"That was a very foolish arrangement," I said. "How do you know that you can ever find another place where you will be so well treated or so happy as you are here?"

"I have observed, Madam, that it was Miss Southerland's wishes, not mine."

"Why, Dolly, you are not going to let your wife wear the breeches, are you? No man will submit to that; and if he does, his wife soon ceases to respect him. The husband is head of the family, Dolly—the wife is heart. The husband is the oak, and she the clinging vine." (My constituents in the woman's rights organization would have been surprised to hear me, no doubt, and even Jack would have opened his innocent eyes in amazement; but what motive so potent in re-organizing one's principles as self-interest?) "'Wives, be obedient unto your husbands,' is scriptural doctrine," continued this newly fledged politician. "There will be no peace for you in this life, unless you show your authority, and you can not begin too soon. Suppose Mr. Bartlett had allowed me to have my own way when we were married, what sort of a muddle would we have been in now?" I glanced at him, and saw a queer puzzled look on his face. I think he was trying to calculate the difference in his mind between that imaginary muddle and the present state of affairs, and could not, somehow, just see it. I hastened on. "Tildy," I said, "is a very good girl, but she has neither your brains nor your culture. You know, Dolly, you are altogether more intellectual than she is, and therefore it would be doubly absurd to permit her to rule you. You should tell her firmly that you are resolved to stay here where you are appreciated, and where you are better paid for your services than you would be elsewhere; that it will take a good deal of money to make a change, and ten to one you will lose more than you gain in making it. In doing this you will be taking a step in the right direction; you will be starting a whole

length ahead, and I don't doubt but you can then keep ahead." (Dolly was swelling, just as Jack always did when I flattered him. O, these men, these men—they haven't the least idea how easily we control them, nor how we laugh about it in our sleeves; and yet somehow I am fond of them in spite of their silliness.) "Now, then," I continued, "you had better go right up to Tildy's room and talk the matter over with her."

We were nearly home by this time, and I saw him hesitate.

"Suppose, Madam," said he, "that Miss Southerland should resent my interference to the extent of dissolving our engagement?"

"O, she wont do that," I said. "She knows which side her bread is buttered on, you may be sure. She is not going to lose her chance of marrying a man who may one day be in Congress, if brains count for anything. And if she puts on any airs, you can tell her that your capacity will some time place you in a position where the daughters of wealth and opulence will consider themselves honored by your hand." We had reached the porch, and Jack was sitting there, and heard the last remark. Dolly mounted the hall-steps in search of his dulcinea, and Jack, with a profound bow, handed me his hat.

"Take it, old woman," he said, "and wear it, if it isn't too small for you—but after this tip *me* none of your blarney. I'm acquainted with you, now."

Nett and Pobby were getting supper; and in the course of half an hour we sent *little* Jim up-stairs to call the delinquents down. We were all at the table when they entered the room. Dolly made a grand flourish, and announced the fact that they had concluded to remain under our hospitable roof-tree, and be married there. I got up and shook hands with him in the gravest manner. He remarked that all things were arranged in accordance with my wishes, to his infinite satisfaction. He spoke of his attachment to our family, which, he said, nothing but a "suragical" operation could sever. Jack then shook hands with him. Neither of us dared to speak to Tildy—"fuss and futhers" were her greatest abhorrence. She glanced her practiced eye over the table, took in its awkward appearance, and immediately began to change the position of some of the dishes.

"It beats all," she said—"them children never will larn to set the table. Jim could ha' done it better'n this. This table-cloth's on crooked. Mr. Bartlett, sit back a little, and give me a chance to pull hit round. Thar, now, mebbe we kin eat in some comfort. Well, now, I 'lowed to have some plum-jelly to eat along o' them hot rolls. Well, 'taint too late for *hit* yet." And away she skirmished, with a velocity that made her skirts fairly pop. Jack winked at me, and began talking to Dolly about the coming crop.

And so "everything was lovely and the goose hung high." We had a big wedding; the turkey was roasted, after being parboiled for two weeks, more or less, and four ducks and ten chickens were sacrificed; and the neighbors all praised the cake and pies; and the youngsters had a dance in the dining-room, led off by Jack and Nett, and we all had the jolliest time you ever saw. Jim wouldn't go to bed, nor Willy; and both of them were picked up out of our big chair, sound asleep, about three o'clock, and carried off up-stairs.

Tildy's honeymoon was of short duration. Indeed, I saw no honeymoon whatever, but had no doubt that there was such an institution in full operation somewhere about the house. I caught glimpses of it in Dolly's eyes, as they rested on his wife; soft, luminous eyes, expressive of such love as no woman ever forgets. Now all the time since the poor fellow first came to our house he

had been troubled with a cough that gradually grew worse. At times he worked with an effort that was painful to see. Jack begged him to "lay off," but he would not. One day, about six months after the wedding, he came into the parlor where we were sitting, and told us he wanted his wages stopped for awhile, until he should get a little better. There was an awful pallor upon his shrunken features, and death looked out of his face as plainly as if that face had been motionless beneath the glass of a coffin-lid. He said he would try and do enough to pay for his board, but he felt so weak it would be like stealing to take any more money of us just yet. Jack advised him to "knock off" and take a complete rest, but he would not consent to do it; and from this hour commenced the most pitiful struggle a dying man ever made. He could not sit still in the house if there was anything to be done. He must do it. It was on his conscience all the time that perhaps he was not working enough to pay his way. Our remonstrances were in vain. He brought in wood and water, and milked the cow, when the least exertion left him powerless as a babe. There came a deprecating, timid, pleading look into his sunken eyes — eyes that were growing wonderful with the shining of the soul so nearly through. Our hearts bled for him. Our pity and our affection, so far beyond words, must have made themselves manifest, for even the thoughtless little boys were thoroughly softened in their manner toward him.

There came an evening which I shall never forget. We were all in Tildy's room, and by the side of the bed on which poor Dolly's emaciated form was reposing. He had been in awful pain, but was now quiet and apparently asleep, when he opened his eyes and said something about its being so dark. We told him there was a light in the room, and asked him if he did not see it.

"No," he said in his grandiloquent voice, "I perceive no such illumination. I think the hours must be veering toward the period of retirement. Mr. Bartlett ——"

"What is it, Dolly?" asked Jack, tenderly.

"Good-*night*," in his stiffest and most ceremonious tone.

"Good-night, Dolly."

"Mrs. Bartlett, good-*night*."

"O, Dolly, good-night."

"*Miss Southerland, good*-NIGHT."

"Good-night," said Tildy, with a face quite tearless, but tense and strained and frozen.

"Children," he said (the little things were huddled together at the foot of the bed, with their arms round each other, weeping bitterly) — "children—Pobby." She disengaged herself and went to him, calling his name. He raised his head and opened his lustreless eyes at the sound of her voice, and essayed the last words he was ever to speak in this life: "Good-*night*." His head fell nerveless, his face stiffened in the chill horror of death. And this was all we saw. But who can tell the mystery enacted within that room just beyond the pale of our dim vision?

The days came and went. No one ever needed comfort more than Tildy. Was it my fault that I could not approach her with my sympathy? I think somehow that Jack comforted her in his quiet way. His eyes are so blue and honest, and his soul looks right through them, when he is off his guard. But little Jim came nearer to her in her affliction than any of us. He would sit up at the table in his high chair, where she was making bread or pies, with a little piece of dirt-colored dough in his hand, and talk to her about Dolly.

"I loved him lots, Tildy; didn't you?"

"Did you love him, Jim?" she would answer, evasively.

"He was awful good, Tildy; I wish he wouldn't ha' died."

Then Tildy would "Bless its pretty heart!" and give him her thimble to cut his dough into cakes, and actually bake the dubious-looking batch for him.

As the days wore into weeks and months I found out another secret of Tildy's. O, how glad I was then, none but a happy loving mother can know! She would be happy yet. Would she make the little darling any clothes, I wondered, or was she already doing it secretly? Why didn't she tell me, and let me help her? Didn't she know that was my favorite occupation? It had been but one step from making clothes for my doll to making them for my babies; but now I was out of that kind of employment, and would like to be at it again; and if Tildy would let out the job I was anxious to put in a bid. Tildy did not let out the job, nor ever mention the subject to me, until one afternoon, missing her from her post, I sought her in her room, where I found her awfully sick. Then there was no more evasion, no more restraint. Poor girl, she had to submit to the common conditions of womanhood, and pass through hell on her way to heaven. Her baby was a seven-months' child. A little weazened thing, with tiny hands doubled up under its chin, and a queer little face like the face on a cocoa-nut. Jim's remarks on it were to the point. "Mamma," he said, "I'm awful s'prised about Tildy's baby."

"Why, Jim?"

"O, I don't know—somehow—I kind o' thought—I didn't know" (then with a burst of frankness)—"how do you s'pose Tildy knew anything about a baby?"

"What do *you* know about babies?" asked Willy, sternly.

"I know as much as you do, Mister Willy; and I know Tildy's baby aint *finished* yet. There, now. She didn't know how."

But in spite of this drawback, I never saw a child grow so fast and improve so rapidly. When he was six months old he was a beauty, and the pet of the household. He is a year old now, and he walks and tries to talk; and he is the jolliest, the most roistering, happy-go-lucky little scamp in California.

I was afraid Tildy would love her baby as she had loved poor Dolly, stealthily, secretly. But he opened her heart too wide for that. It seemed almost impossible for her to allow him out of her sight; and her eyes grew soft and luminous, and the hard lines of her face relaxed into an expression of smiling motherliness. It was perfectly astonishing how she rejuvenated. When her baby was six months old she looked ten years younger than I had ever known her to look; and she made an impression of good wholesome heartiness on one that was very pleasant indeed. Her poor strayed life had at last come into harmony with nature's laws, and the effect vitalized every particle of her physical and moral being. Indeed, Tildy has grown so *good*-looking that two or three widowers, who had ridden regularly past the place for the last five years without looking in, now not only cast sheep's-eyes in passing, but have suddenly become much interested in Jack and his affairs, and stop to have long conversations with him, staying to dinner frequently, even spending the evening, while their patient nags eat up the redwood fence outside. Jack grumbles a little about the fence, and wants Tildy to "bone 'em" for a collection; but so far, she says, "she has no 'casion to s'pose that she has anything to do with it; but if she finds sich to be the case, she'll do the becomin' thing, shore."

BEACONS AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

THE geographical history of Upper California briefly mentions a cluster of rocky islets lying off the port of San Francisco, discovered by Ferrelo in 1543. But Sir Francis Drake was the first among the ancient explorers to especially describe these islets as lying off the harbor where he refitted his ships in 1579, at which time they were named the islands of St. James. "About 1775," however, they received their present appellation, "Farallones de los Frayles," after the voyages of Bodega and Manulle.

The South Farallon—the largest—is a basaltic cone, whose summit is elevated three hundred and forty feet above the sea, crowned with one of those lights of the first order of the system of Fresnel, which is supported by a tower of snowy whiteness in pleasing contrast with the sombre tinge of its immediate surroundings. Thence to the northwestward are scattered the other members of the group, the largest of which holds the extreme outpost, eight leagues distant. The appearance of the whole chain of islands is extremely forbidding, while the high rumbling waves, as they beat against their shaggy sides, warn the mariner of impending danger. Notwithstanding their desolate aspect from a distant view, it is found that their wild shores teem with animal life. The southern one of the group is in this respect of peculiar interest. When first seen from seaward, it appears like a pyramid emerging from the ocean, and on a nearer approach, the whole mass of volcanic formation changes into fantastic peaks, bluffs, and chasms. When close to the shores, there may be seen, at the summits of two intervening pinnacles, spurs jutting out and leaning forward, like human figures in the attitude of welcoming the approaching ship to the Golden Gate. Another view shows "Seal Rock," whose sharp and slender apex is like a leaning tower. Then at the northern extremity of the island stands the "Sugar Loaf;" its precipitous sides frosted with bird-lime, while its form and color resemble the "Piedra de Mer" of San Blas. Near it is a massive bowlder, known as "Arch Rock;" while on the western shores, rising among the crags, is a lofty rock through which a passageway runs, forming a natural bridge: this is called the "Hole in the Wall."

We have thus delineated some of the striking landmarks of the South Farallon, whose sea-wall boundaries inclose three hundred and twenty acres of crumbling rock. In rough weather, the heavy surf rolling in upon its borders renders landing difficult and sometimes dangerous. The two places of approach are known as the north and south landings, and are merely contracted avenues running into the shelving shores: that on the north is slightly protected by the Sugar Loaf, behind which, the Italian fishermen moor their hoys within the foam-line of the angry waves, as they roll fretfully through gap and gorge. When tossed upon the beach in landing, one feels as though still reeling over the waves, while the giddy surrounding heights, the roaring of the sea as it recoils from the iron-bound shores, together with the howling of sea-lions, and the flutter of water-fowl as they soar in clouds above you, render the whole scene one of confusion. Clambering up the rough ascent, you pass a frail shanty, which is the receptacle of gov-

ernment stores. Thence there winds a well-beaten pathway over the island ridge to the domicile of the light-keeper, which is a substantial stone structure, commanding a distant view of the coast mountains. At the time of our visit it was occupied by the chief with his wife, and their rosy-cheeked daughter who had seen four smiling summers, and could lisp to us that she was "the girl of the Farallones." Two assistant-keepers also dwelt under the same roof. These, with an agent of the Farallon Egg Company, who leads the life of a hermit for the greater part of the year, living in a crazy tenement at the base of "Light-house Peak," make up the whole number of human inhabitants. From the chief's dwelling a narrow road, walled up and graded with great care, takes a serpentine course along the steep sides of the peak, until it unites with the entrance to the light-tower; then mounting the winding stair-way, you reach the lantern. The vast extent of sea and landscape view from this exalted position is quite enchanting. Oceanward may be seen ships all the way out to the horizon, where their loftiest sails just peer over. Looking toward the mainland, broken by the majestic Sierra, with peaks glowing in all the colors of alpine heights and blending with the rich foliage of field and forest, we see the *collados* and *valles*, whose rural scenes are the true ornaments of the Golden Land.

When closely studied, the barrens of the Farallones are found to be replete with features of interest; and while the denizens of the ocean resort by thousands to these shores, where they bring forth and nurture their young, the harmless hare is also found in almost every chink and crevice of the rocks, subsisting upon the tender blades of grass that shoot up from the scanty and sterile soil in shady nooks, and birds of passage find a temporary resting-place among the myriads of their aquatic congeners that hold high carnival during the spring and summer months. Among the numerous species are the sea-pigeons, whose body-plumage is black, with wings of snowy whiteness, and legs and feet of scarlet, giving them rare beauty in their flight. Then there are the tufted auks or sea-parrots, with enormous beaks of fiery tinge, and black plumage with striking marks of white, which distinguish them from all others visiting the islands; they are remarkable for swiftness of wing and activity in swimming and diving. Their social habits, too, show an affectionate constancy between the sexes worthy of admiration. They pair in June, and from the time of their union until their offspring arrives at that state of maturity which requires no paternal care, no others of the feathered tribe exhibit more devotion to their brood. Their habitations are chosen among the most inaccessible recesses of the cliffs, they sometimes taking forcible possession of the rabbit-warrens, where the single egg is laid, which in turn receives due attention from the constant pair during the time of incubation, when the principal duty of the male is to watch at the entrance of the burrow to ward off all intruders. The attitude of this curious bird when alighted is quite erect, and the male, with his graceful plumes and beak of prey, has a defiant bearing well in keeping with his determined disposition; for he will defend the objects of his care at the sacrifice of his own life. While rearing the young, morning and evening or at times of low tide he sweeps down upon the water, dives to snatch the crab or limpet from its slimy bed, and, returning to the nest, crushes the shell with his powerful bill, that the choice morsels of food within may be easily devoured by the downy nestling resting under the watchful care of the mother in her dusty home. Thus the devoted pair foster their off-

spring until full-fledged, when it quits the beetling height and wings its way over the sea or settles upon the waves to gather food, and some day find a proper mate.

Among the several species of black and white auks is one of delicate proportions and graceful flight. As the dusk of evening approaches it retreats to its burrow, where, at the threshold of its obscure habitation, it carols its sweet but plaintive song, as its neighbors seek repose; even the noisy and piratical gull seems fascinated by the melody, and, ceasing its discordant screams, settles in silence upon the weather-worn rocks, half-seen through drifting fog and falling dew.

But the "California murre" *(Cataractes Californicus)* outnumbers all other species of the feathery inhabitants of the Farallones, and its mottled eggs, which are of incredible size when compared with the diminutive producer, have become an article of commercial value. The height of the breeding-season of birds of this kind is in June, when, with the cormorants and puffins, they literally cover the island and neighboring rocks, while in clouds they enliven the air above them, as well as the water for miles around. All the species lay their eggs and hatch their young upon islets accessible to their human enemies, and the eggs of the little swarming murre are sought for as a source of profit. These have been gathered every season since 1851, and at least twenty-five thousand dozen annually have been disposed of in the markets of San Francisco by the Farallon Egg Company, whose judicious management has done much to preserve the murre from utter destruction or banishment. The rookeries where the birds gather in greatest numbers are upon the western end, and are known as the "Sugar Loaf," the "Mizzen-top," and the "Western Bluffs." In the best of the season the Sugar Loaf yields the greatest daily harvest to the "pickers," when they gather ten baskets of thirteen dozen to each basket. All the western bluffs, exclusive of the Sugar Loaf, produce only sixty baskets thrice a week; and from the eastern side of the island thirty or forty dozen are gathered during the same time: all of which are quickly embarked upon a small vessel, which, sailing before the fresh coast wind, soon lands them in San Francisco. The whole party of egg-pickers numbers eighteen adventurous spirits of different nationalities, who, in their habiliments of every cut and color, are frequently decked in addition with feathers shed by the sea-fowl during the season of molting. At the rookeries they pack the eggs within their garments until the space between shirt and body, above the waistband, is distorted into a bloated figure by a burden of eggs. Here and there some solitary gatherer may be seen with a full basket upon his shoulders, and walking staff in hand, wending his way down the declivities to the place of embarkation; and after depositing his freight he returns to join his companions, who are crossing upon frail stagings over deep chasms or clinging to the sides of some precipice, depending, like the bird-catchers of St. Kilda, upon the strength of a line to save themselves from instant death should one misstep be taken or the crumbling rock give way. In the season of 1862, a young adventurer, who had joined the party of egg-pickers for perhaps no other reason than to obey his own impulse, thoughtlessly ventured so far upon the brink of a towering height, that, casting a glance at the waves below, the effect was such as to nearly paralyze him, when he fell, and was dashed to atoms. The whole squad of pickers generally works on the same rookery, by which means the birds of the other rookeries have a time of rest, and opportunity to lay a second litter of eggs after be-

ing robbed of their first production. In this wise the eggs are gathered from the same breeding-places two or three times in the course of one season. After the birds have been repeatedly disturbed, many of them retire to the sea in an exhausted state, or flee to peaks and cliffs inaccessible to their human pursuers; but still they suffer from the depredations of the gulls and puffins, and it is quite a mystery how the helpless birds still multiply, as there is no perceptible decrease in their numbers since they were first driven from their nests more than twenty years ago.

The Middle Farallon is a kelp-covered rock, over which in rough weather the waves are constantly breaking. The North Farallones are a cluster of marine mountain-spurs, rising above the sea, which, when seen from the westward, appear somewhat scattered; but when viewed from the north, one may easily imagine them some deserted castles, whose weather-worn walls fall in fragments when lashed by the winter gales. Yet, like the main or southern islet, the chief of the northern group is covered with animal life, and sea-birds of every feather found upon the South Farallon visit here or seek a home. Around this northern sentinel the pelican "wheels its drowsy flight" and makes its awkward plunges for fish. Upon the summits of these rocks once congregated thousands of fur-seals, where they propagated their kind. Sea-otters, too, after tiring of their gambols about the shores of the main-land, sometimes basked upon the most secluded cliffs; and in the days of Fort Ross the Aleuts in their *baidarkas* followed them thither to ply their murderous spears. Seals, likewise, followed the *Callorhinus ursinus* to this isolated breeding-place, where, during summer, they were captured. Around these rocks the American brig *Eagle* hovered during the season of 1855, and, watching every smooth time, her crew snatched the seals from their rookeries, almost like the bird of prey for which their vessel was named, until thousands of prime skins were added to her valuable cargo. But the herds of fur-bearing animals that in former years added life and wealth to the Farallones and the surrounding waters have nearly all fallen victims to the hunter's club and spear. Occasionally, however, stragglers are still seen, but their restless actions manifest a feeling of insecurity, and at the slightest occasion for alarm they plunge, even from the uppermost cliffs, into the sea. Hence they are no longer pursued in these quarters, and the north rocks are now only visited at long intervals by a few fishermen to gather eggs, while the principal or South Farallon is only important for the beacon-light which sends forth those brilliant rays by night that may be seen at sea for many a dark league.

SOCIETY.

THE earliest existence must be simply struggle. Nature is the first foe. Heat and cold are to be kept off; hunger and thirst to be satisfied; beasts to be overcome, and at all times death to be dreaded. The path trodden in this daily conflict at some time crosses the path of another engaged in a similar conflict. Man confronts man. To each at first sight the other may have appeared another foe. With time would come the thought, "We are both engaged in the same struggle—let us work together." Man the *hostis* becomes to man a *socius*.

Perhaps the process we are trying to fancy was reversed. The man may have welcomed a companion to find later a rival, consequently an enemy. If it were possible to determine the sequence of these relations, it would be unimportant. That either ever existed alone is more than doubtful, and that for ages they have co-existed is certain. The forces of attraction and repulsion between members of the human race have their foundation in the attributes of human nature, which, for the sake of argument, may be considered a constant in the equation. These forces bringing together the atoms of humanity, and with them the elements of dissolution and rupture, comprise the so-called social instincts. The complicated result of the reaction is society. If this view is correct, we are justified in using this word "society" as including individuals, communities, even nations. We have dwelt somewhat upon this, because we believe that much confusion has resulted from a restricted use of the word "social," the word "national" having usurped its functions in describing traits of character, the result of social causes.

To illustrate our meaning. Take a representative of an unfortunately large class of Americans abroad. He spends money foolishly, vulgarly, ostentatiously. He values less the objects of expenditure than the remark it will occasion. His ignorance of art and his confidence in himself make him the prey of the picture-dealer and the manufacturer of antiquities, provided they have sufficiently fathomed his nature to ask enough for their wares. The colossal grandeur of St. Peter's does slightly disturb him. The hoary Coliseum may produce a momentary depression. He finds relief in the pity of a superior mind for the abject superstition of the worshipers. He expresses his opinions audibly, from a sense of their importance. He fortifies his mental constitution by a disquisition upon the decay of effete despotisms. His daughters, with their pretty faces and voices pitched in a high key, are easily recognized by their frank defiance of local conventionalities. With uncultivated tastes and frivolous aims, to them Europe, with its wealth of opportunities, is but a perennial Long Branch. The glories of art and architecture, sites old in story, and scenes consecrated by genius, are passed with indifference or pronounced "sweet." In their eagerness to assume foreign fashions they usually exaggerate them, and bring back to crush their less fortunate sisters toilets which are meant to copy the Princess Metternich, but which usually resemble much more nearly those worn by Cora Pearl. Confident in the innocence of their intentions, they look with amused contempt upon the restrictions with which foreign society has hampered the movements of unmarried women, and in ev-

ery city in which they remain for any length of time expose themselves to impertinence from strangers. If their fortunes are not very large, nor their faces unusually pretty, when they have tried to the utmost the paternal purse and patience, they return reluctantly to their own country, to display dresses, interlard their indifferent English with worse French, and assume in their old sphere a superiority accorded with infinite heartburnings to one who has traveled. Their highest aim is often to marry a title, and if their wealth is large enough they succeed in finding noblemen, bankrupt in fortune if not in character, who are willing to exchange shabby coronets for substantial incomes.

These, however, are only offenses against good sense and good taste. Sometimes an American startles Europe by carrying speculative schemes under the robes of a great office, or stirs corruption to its depths by bringing the venality and jobbery of a caucus to an international exhibition. His likeness is eagerly hit off and held up to view as a national portrait. The time is not very remote when the greatest master of English fiction coolly presented to the world the likeness of the Honorable Jefferson Brick, labeled "an American statesman." What can we do? Deny the facts? Hardly. Most Englishmen have heard of the Emma Mine, and Vienna still remembers the appearance of America in dirty clothes at her exhibition. Nay, it was but the other day that the Legislature of Michigan returned the Honorable Jefferson Brick to private life. Our best plan would be to admit the facts and deny the inference. We can remind European nations of what different and curious elements this American nationality is made up, and that they have each contributed something to the stock. We can suggest that they ought not to expect the smooth and homogeneous character in metal so hastily welded that they find in the product of centuries. Having seasoned our nationality as much to their taste as possible, we can follow the well-known recipe for dressing cucumbers and throw it out of the window—that is, tell them it is not a national matter at all, but a society one, and that their criticisms might be justly directed against the "society" which has fostered such traits.

If we can establish an *alibi* in the case of nationality, the thing that with us calls itself society must take the place vacated at the bar. It is charged with so conducting itself that an inoffensive party having had the misfortune to be mistaken for it has suffered much annoyance. We do not propose to restrict ourselves to the part of either attorney or judge, but to consider ourselves free to present charges and sum up evidence, always keeping in view, however, the traditional desire of the former to retain the good will of the jury—our readers. This double functionary, by the way, is not unknown to French jurisprudence. Prince Pierre Bonaparte, arraigned for the killing of Victor Noir, found in the presiding judge an advocate quite unapproachable in the art of bullying witnesses.

Two charges seem to us to cover most of the offenses for which what is known as American society must be held to answer. These charges are a want of breadth and a want of depth. If we should allege, in addition, a want of length (a thing not without a color of reason, considering that we are talking of our first centennial), the situation would recall Euclid's definition of a point—"position without magnitude." But as we do not wish to reduce the culprit to an airy nothing, in the light of recent failures in "materialization," we will not press this view of the matter.

Let us glance at some of the specifications which properly lie under the charge of a want of breadth. The most obvi-

ous of these is probably intolerance. It is strange that in a country whose dearest boast is that it is the home of freedom, less liberality should be shown to individual tastes than in lands which set up no such claim. There are, in the New England States especially, many communities moderately remote from the large cities, where it would be almost impossible to convince the inhabitants that the practice of breakfasting at eleven and dining at eight was consistent with an unblemished character and sound views upon moral topics. A rather remarkable manifestation of this intolerant spirit was mentioned not long since in a Vermont paper. The judge of quite an important court said, upon the bench, that he felt it his duty to express his disapprobation of the custom of wearing hair upon the face, which he saw with regret obtained among members of the profession of law practicing in his court. He qualified the word custom by an adjective, which we will not try to reproduce from memory, lest we should do him an injustice. We can safely say that it was strong. We know that in England, some years ago, it was considered indecorous in professional men to adopt the military fashion of wearing the beard. Most Americans of forty can recall the time when a mustache was considered the badge of a puppy, and it would require some evidence to-day to remove from the minds of an immense majority of the American people the unfavorable impression created by a man who parts his hair in the middle.

It may be said that such manifestations of the spirit of intolerance, although silly, are comparatively harmless. To show whither this spirit can lead, it is only necessary to recall the ghastly mystery of Kelsey's disappearance, at Huntingdon, Long Island. In a quiet community, presumably law-abiding and reasonably religious, some people chose to consider as objectionable the method adopted by a young man to win the affections of a young woman. We do not deny that probably his attentions were annoying and might have gone far toward justifying her nearest male relative in kicking him. Still we strongly suspect that his heaviest offense consisted in having raised his eyes to one whom the village society deemed his superior. He was waylaid, seized by a crowd which certainly contained some of the most respectable men in the place, stripped, tarred and feathered, and brought before the house where the young lady whom he had annoyed lived with her aunt. These ladies — described by those who best knew them as refined, modest, and Christian women—gazed upon the spectacle, if not with pleasure, at least without a word of pity or remonstrance. Whether excitement, the indulgence of evil passions, and the fatal sense of irresponsibility characteristic of a mob, hurried them into murder, and the horrible thing which the waters of the sound gave up was the mutilated remains of the unfortunate man, may never be legally established. Kelsey was never seen alive again; the whole community was divided upon the question of his fate, and the burial of the remains found in the water was the subject of a printed notice exceeding in brutality, we verily believe, anything in the English language. Remember that this occurred within an hour's sail of the largest of American cities, in a community above the average in intelligence and morality, and in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-three.

From intolerance we naturally pass to prejudice, which differs from it chiefly in its greater scope, having for its province all that lies on both sides of the line of justice. The form which this fault generally takes is the disposition to judge men by their accidents rather than by their essentials. This is shown in our treatment of foreigners. There

is among us a large class to whom an Englishman is the personification of injustice and insolence. His appearance recalls at once such grievances as taxation and repression, the prison-ship and the execution of Hale, the impressment of seamen, and the employment of Indians in warfare. For this our bombastic school-histories are largely responsible, and the impressions which they make on the plastic mind of American youth are deepened by such sentimentalists as Abbott and Headley. To another class the presentation of an Englishman brings visions of coronets and castles. They pronounce his title, if he have or claim one, with a gusto suggestive of the flavor of some rare and luscious fruit. They grovel with such enjoyment of the dirt as to impede the steps of men accustomed to ordinary social homage. Nothing in American society is more humiliating than the spectacle of a nobleman, who, having burst from the chrysalis state of a discharged valet, enjoys the brief sun of a watering-place, and flutters amid beauty and fashion. Washington society affords an opportunity to study both of these forms of prejudice. Many houses are so well known for the lionization of foreigners that Americans rarely obtrude their undesirable presence, while foreigners have quite as much right to complain of the reception they meet with under other roofs. Another form of prejudice is the reaction which in vigorous constitutions is apt to follow the school-history and Abbott-Headley treatment. It shows itself in an iconoclastic and irreverent spirit toward the most cherished idols and the most sacred traditions. It votes Franklin a skinflint, makes the paternal Washington say "he would rather George would tell twenty lies than cut down another cherry-tree," and, without any appreciation of the research of Mr. Bancroft, takes a malignant pride in his assertion, "that if General Joseph Reed ever actually said, 'I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am the King of England is not rich enough to buy me,' the first part of the remark was eminently correct."

Provincialism is a form of narrowness very prevalent in American society. Many causes contribute to this end: the great extent of our country; the distance of large tracts from centres of civilization; the absence of any centre with the unquestioned influence of Paris and London; state pride and sectional jealousy. The only cure for the evil is time, which will bring a change in the conditions, of which at present provincialism is the necessary product. When a Frenchman from the provinces comes to Paris, his first care is to put on a suit made by a Parisian tailor; his next to put off his provincial mode of thought, speech, and action. To be mistaken upon his arrival for a denizen of the capital is a personal tribute which justifies any amount of self-gratulation. We question whether Barère, drunk with noble blood, speaking of the daughter of an empress as "the Widow Capet," felt prouder than when, an obscure barrister from the provinces, he was pronounced by a woman of fashion the only man she had ever known who brought with him to the capital the indescribable tone of Parisian society. In this country, so far are many from being ashamed of provincialism, that they glory in it. We of this generation have reason to know what allegiance the men of the South bear to their States, and how they have testified their devotion. Nor is that devotion confined to political forms, but clings even more closely to social institutions. What Virginian of the old school would veil one feature of the Old Dominion in New York, or acknowledge a higher type of civilization than that which prevailed in his beloved State? Even if provincialism could be brought to the bar of opinion, who would

be the accuser? We are confident that there is society in this country which has outgrown this narrow garment. We believe that most people would admit this much, with the proviso that they were that society. That the claims of any locality would be admitted by other localities, or that its verdict would carry much weight, we utterly disbelieve. In fact the whole question may be illustrated by Rogers' story of the man who, being pressed by his host to try a particularly nice pudding, said, fixing his eyes coolly upon the plate of a gentleman who had just appropriated a large slice: "Pray, sir, which *is* the pudding?"

We must not omit one form of narrowness, namely, the effort to confine social pleasures as much as possible to the young and single. We do not know any feature in American society which has called forth more unfavorable comment. An Englishman, who had gone a round of social events in several large cities, was asked what he thought of American society? "Society! saw very little, you know; no end of dancing girls and boys." Fair as is the sight of youth and beauty, their charms can not replace the experience, tact, and repose of maturity. Indeed, restiveness under the gaze of older eyes is a sure sign of the need of mature influences. The withdrawal of older persons is sometimes voluntary. This is the case in our newer communities. The founders are often men of force and native talent, deficient in education and unequal to the demands of society. Realizing fully their own wants, they give their children every advantage of education. When these young people begin to take their part in society, it is natural that their parents should shrink from apposition and the inevitable contrast, satisfied in their seclusion to hear of their children's success. Sometimes the act of retirement is not a voluntary one, and women, especially, cling to power with the tenacity of a veteran politician. One need only consider the melancholy wallflower — a standing appeal to our sympathies — to realize the pressure which gradually forces the spinster and the matron out of society. The principal agent in this work is the tyranny of youth and beauty. For unmixed egoism, for blissful contemplation of her own supremacy and utter unconcern for the traditions of humanity, commend to us the American belle. With regard to her masculine counterpart, he is in every way worthy of her. He accords her all personal graces; she allows him all intellectual endowments. We can not say that he flatters her. Flattering another implies a momentary departure from self. He simply impresses her with the conviction that he is her supplement, and that they two comprise all above the social horizon. The voice which has held assemblies spell-bound is heard at long intervals in her presence, while the fixed attention with which her chatter is listened to has not always been accorded to the clearer accents of the orator.

We by no means wish to hold up French society as a model, but there are some features in it which might be studied in this country with manifest advantage. We refer to its characteristics of grace, wit, and culture. The influence of woman is probably greater than in any other European society, an influence which is the result of growth and development, and not the product of a night, to wither when the freshness of morning has evaporated. Women may be treated with more chivalrous deference in America, but after all there is an idea of weakness and helplessness underlying this deference. In France she is the central figure around which a brilliant society revolves. The mental equipoise of the sturdy old American philosopher was, we fancy, quite as much disturbed by the powdered beauties of Versailles as by the inquisitorial wis-

dom of the British Parliament. What influence women trained in such a school exert is a matter of history. Bonaparte distinguished two women by his special dislike, and certainly dreaded the witty atmosphere of the *salon* little less than the plots of the royalists. Of these two, Madame Récamier had the universally felt charms of youth and beauty, but her grace and tact outlived them, and were able to enchain Chateaubriand. Madame de Stäel was a power recognized not only by Bonaparte, but by Benjamin Constant, by Europe as well as by France, and yet she was no longer young and never had been pretty. In the pathetic episode of the Gironde, where so much talent, probity, and patriotism were rendered futile by so much weakness, nothing is more striking than the power of a woman who united to Spartan virtues the intellect of Athens.

Many of the peculiarities of American society may be due to the fact that it is founded upon a constantly shifting base. Of the three possible foundations—birth, wealth, and culture—birth, itself an accident, is independent of subsequent accidents, and is for that reason the most stable. Wealth is partly the result of accident and partly of individual effort. Society based upon it must be deficient in stability and solidity. There must be constant change where a financial storm can shake down the fairest fruit, and a speculation bring up an abundant crop of mushrooms. Culture is the proper foundation of society, as it directly qualifies its possessors for the duties and enjoyments of social intercourse. If we were asked which of these was the qualification generally recognized in this country, we should be compelled to say, the possession of a certain share of worldly goods. In some places, family is at least as important as wealth, and every day education and talent are demanding more loudly that they shall pronounce upon social pretensions. The fact remains, that there is little society in America whose doors are not open to wealth, provided that its possessor is not personally offensive. We are not to be understood as inveighing against wealth, or coupling it with the want of birth or education. It is a great advantage and a greater trust. It has placed many brilliant intellects above the reach of sordid temptation, from which, alas! they are not free by reason of their quality. In the hands of a Peabody or a Lick it has been a source from which benefits will continue to flow long after the death of its possessors.

Culture being the true foundation of society, imperfect culture is productive of a condition which we have called want of depth. This deficiency becomes more striking when we compare the culture met with in society with that found outside of it. This seems to us more satisfactory and fairer than a comparison of our society—the product of a couple of centuries—with the outgrowth of institutions whose rise, duration, and succession have marked epochs in history. We are confident that our method of comparison will show that the larger and by far the most valuable part of American culture lies outside of American society. We do not mean that the representative men of science, art, and letters—our Henrys, our Bierstadts, and our Bryants—are either recluses or Bohemians. They enter society, and the wheels of our actual social leaders may even cease for a moment to revolve, while the idea of something higher than their own existence struggles hard to enter their unfurnished heads. They are gazed at with interest and admiration, but they leave no imprint, and when they have been shown to the door with a profusion of bows, society draws a long breath of relief and returns to its buzz and its "German." Such men feel the difficulty of raising the intellectual standard of a class. Numbers and or-

ganization give a power to the dullest. Not willing to live in an atmosphere so chilling to genius, they simply observe the decencies of society, and consent at intervals to play the part of the lion in the menagerie. We doubt if a single man very eminent in any branch of knowledge can be mentioned who exerts any real influence upon society. If the attitude of the intellectual leaders is one of friendly neutrality, that of the mass of artists and literary men approaches hostility. The word "Bohemian" clearly points to outlaw, and the number of clever men in America who receive this name from society, repaying its distrust with hearty contempt, is alarming. We do not believe that the fault lies wholly with society. Men of talent are not free from selfishness, and if society can not amuse them they will not recognize any duties to it. The result is an unfortunate situation, where clever men will not try to instruct society nor society to entertain clever men. The presence of so few men of acknowledged culture has the effect which might be expected from the absence of a high standard. It leaves the field almost clear to shallow pretension. Nothing is easier than to acquire a reputation for culture and cleverness by cramming and flippancy. It must be confessed that the temptation to figure in the lion's skin is almost irresistible, where the chances are so immensely against the ears being detected.

We have avoided instituting a comparison between the culture of America and that of other nations. While but few in this country have attained to the elegance of French and English classical scholarship, and we lack the thoroughness of the German training, knowledge is universally diffused, and in science particularly we occupy a very honorable place. The questions are: Does the culture of our society bear a fair proportion to the general culture of the country? and is this proportion as large as in other countries? We have tried to answer the first question. The second would require too much space and more knowledge of foreign society. We believe that in England, such men and women as Herbert Spencer, Tennyson, and George Eliot do exert a decided social influence, while you can hardly give higher praise to current French literature than to say that it is the reflex of a brilliant society.

We have confined our remarks upon this subject chiefly to men, because we attribute to them a directing influence. Women are wonderfully quick to adapt themselves to the requirements of their situation. Just as soon as men will leave a pretty ignoramus to flock round a plain woman of culture, just so soon will culture be striven for by women.

NO MORE.

Nay, then, what can be done
When love is flown,
When love has passed away?
Sit in the twilight gray,
Thinking how near he was,
Thinking how dear he was,
That is no more, to-day!

How can the day be fair
Love may not share?
How day go by,
Hearing no fond words said,
With no dear kisses shed —
O, how can love be dead,
And yet not I!

LUMLEY'S PARDNER.

I HAVE forgotten the name he brought with him from the States, for nobody here ever called him anything else but "Lumley's Pardner."

We miners have a familiar knack of rechristening, and a name once altered sticks to a man as long as he sticks to the mines; so, even after Lumley had thrown up his claim and left the diggings, a good three years ago, Lumley's Pardner still remained, a finger-post to trace the distance back. After all, John Jones, or Lumley's Pardner, what mattered it, in that doubtful tide of immigration setting in toward the wild regions, where the first confidential question, after intimacy seemed to warrant the liberty, was invariably, "Saay, comrade, *what was your name before you came here?*"

You see, I knew Lumley's Pardner when he first came into the mines. I was up at Wood's Diggings at the time he and a party of two or three more came around prospecting. I remember I thought what a fine stalwart young fellow he was, straight as a young pine-tree, and no foolishness about him either, for he had been roughing it a year or two down on the Texas border. I never saw the boys more downright pleased over a new-comer than when he bought a claim and went in with us. He was not a man to talk much about himself, nor one you would feel free to question; but there was honest square-dealing looking out of his clear gray eyes, for all the trouble and unrest laid up behind them.

Lumley was as different as a man could be. I have often noticed that men take to unlikes in mating among themselves, as well as in choosing mates for life. He came into the diggings a

week or so later, and they somehow fell in together. Lumley was what you might call an extra clever fellow. He looked scarcely more than a boy—these fair-skinned people never show their age—with his handsome womanish face, bright blue eyes, and trim-built figure; but he had confidence until you could not rest, plenty of the gift of gab, and a something about him—I believe people call it magnetism: at least, when you were with him you believed just as he did, and then wondered at yourself afterward for doing it.

Lumley always had a knack of twisting folks round his little finger, for all that the lines of firmness were quite lacking about his mouth. Lumley's Pardner, now, with his close-set lips, and square massive jaw—you might as well hope to move a mountain as him against his will. He would be strong to do, or to bear; you could easily see that.

I do not know as it was exactly fair! I never meant to eavesdrop, but it happened in this wise: one night I went over to Lumley's shanty—it was amazing strange how soon his name got tacked to everything—to see about a broken pick he wanted mended. I used to do the smithing in those days. As I opened the door, I saw there was no one in, and, being tired with my day's work, I dropped down on a log just outside, lit my pipe, and sat leaning back against the pine boards waiting for Lumley to come back. I guess I must have got drowsy and fallen asleep, for the first thing I heard was voices, and Lumley's Pardner speaking out bitter and short, in a way we seldom heard him speak.

"I reckon it's of no use to ask if there's any letters come to my name," he said. "There's no one to write to me."

I rubbed open my eyes and saw two gleams of light streaming out through the open door and the one loop-hole of a window, and then I knew that Lumley and his mate must have passed me by and never seen me in the twilight. Raising myself up, I saw Lumley through the window, sitting down to the pine table beside a tallow dip, with two or three letters lying before him, and one open in his hand. Then it flashed across my mind that one of the boys from a camp beyond had gone in to the station and was due with the mail that night.

Lumley's Pardner sat over the far side of the table with a gloomy look in his eye. Being in the same boat myself, I knew how lonesome it was never to have news from home, and wondered to myself how a manly fine-looking fellow like him should be without wife or sweetheart waiting with a woman's pride in him somewhere.

Lumley was busy reading his letters. I thought I had better stay outside. He was that intent at first that he seemed not to have heard the other's words, but after a moment he lifted his face with one of the proud bright looks that were Lumley's own. "Ay, comrade!" he cried, cheerily; "and don't tell me it isn't all your own fault. Don't dare to envy me my wife and child."

There was no reply; but, looking over, I saw such a bitter sorrowful look on the face of Lumley's Pardner, that, scarcely knowing what I was doing, I stood and watched and pitied him. I heard Lumley read aloud; words of love and trust, watching and waiting, and of happiness in him and the child. I saw his face as he read. He might be a weak man, but he loved the woman and the child. From the last letter there dropped out a *carte de visite*. Lumley caught it up with boyish eagerness.

"Old pard," he cried, "you shall see my two treasures. Here they are—Lulie and the boy!"

He tossed the picture across the table. The other picked it up. I saw a man die once, stabbed through the heart. Just such a look came into the face of

Lumley's Pardner, as he glanced at that picture in his hand. Lumley, bending over his letter, never saw it. When he had finished reading, he held out his hand. The other did not even raise his eyes, but kept them fixedly on what he held.

"I, too, once thought to have a wife and child," he muttered presently, less to Lumley than to himself.

The words, following that look, were a whole book of revelation to me. Happily, Lumley did not notice. His face showed some surprise, mingled with that placid satisfaction the successful man always wears.

"Ah!" he returned, shaking his head knowingly, "is that the way the land lies? I knew you were always close-mouthed, but a disappointment—I never suspected that. She, whoever it was, had precious bad taste when she looked the other way!" and he ran his eye admiringly over the other's splendid proportions and manly handsome face.

"She never refused me," broke in Lumley's Pardner, in a low smothered tone, his eyes still fastened intently on the picture. "I—never asked her; but she knew my mind, and I thought I knew hers. I was sure she would wait for me until I came back. It was for her I went away."

"But you wrote to her?" questioned Lumley, with genuine interest.

"Not a word—not a line. I am a poor scribe. But she knew me well enough to need no written assurance of my intentions. Every day would be lived for her. There could be no doubt of that in her mind."

Lumley made a hasty gesture of dissent. "And there, old man, was precisely where you failed to connect! It don't do, you know, for women to take too much for granted. They like to be well fortified; and then you are the surest to win if you take them by storm. Why, my Lulie——"

"She don't look as though she ever walked over a true heart with her dainty feet, and that glad little smile just curving her lips!" broke in Lumley's Pardner, his white face still bent on the picture. His deep voice trembled a little over the last words.

"Lulie is truth itself," answered Lumley, quickly. "She never loved anybody but me. To be sure, she had admirers—how could she help that and be what she is?—but she loves me truly. You can see it in her eyes!"

Lumley's Pardner turned deathly pale. He caught the table by one hand as if to steady himself, and fairly hurled the picture across to Lumley. It missed its mark and fell to the floor. As he saw it fall, all the fierceness died out of his eyes, and a frightened look crept into them.

"Pick her up," he said, with timid apprehension, as though it were a human being to whom, in a moment of passion, he had committed some act of violence. "I didn't mean to do that—poor little mother!"—that last word seemed to give him a stronger footing with himself. "I was thinking how *my wife* married another man, and never let me know."

"Come, come, old man, don't take it so to heart," said Lumley, soothingly. "There'll be a pleasant home, a dear little woman, and bright-eyed children in the future for you yet."

"NEVER!"

Lumley's Pardner brought down his fist like a sledge-hammer; then he leaned forward in his seat, with a feverish eagerness in his manner which he tried hard to keep out of his voice:

"Tell me, how would you have given up your Lulie?"

Lumley laughed with easy careless good-nature. "You put me in a tight place," he said. "But, supposing the case, the first question I should ask would be, Did she go over to the en-

emy's camp—in other words, forsake me for an old rival?"

"N-n-o!" answered Lumley's Pardner, slowly. "It was some one I had never seen. I've nothing ag'in the man."

"Why, then," went on Lumley—"truth sometimes cuts hard, old fellow—I think it was your fault, and not the girl's. It's a man's privilege to speak his mind; a woman's destiny to fold her hands and wait. She can never be quite sure unless he has spoken out. Then perhaps another, who has learned to love her, does speak. She feels the need of love in her life; women as often marry to be loved as because they love. Then, instead of wasting her life for that which may never come to her, she takes up the fate lying at her feet. Does she go so very much astray?"

Lumley's Pardner dropped his head upon his breast. "Poor girl! I never thought of that," he said.

I do not know just how it was that I remembered all the words so plain. There was no more said, and, feeling guilty-like for stealing a mate's secret which it was not meant for me to know, I crept to my shanty, bunked in, and let the broken pick lie over until morning.

I always felt sorry for Lumley's Pardner after that.

Well, for a time, things went on in the old way. Then Lumley's Pardner came down with mountain-fever, and Lumley nursed him through it. He was as tender as a woman, was Lumley! When I used to drop in of nights, occasionally, to lend a hand at watching, the sick man's eyes would follow him about the room, in a helpless beseeching way that was pitiful to see.

It was only the ghost of Lumley's Pardner that got up from it, but the two were always nigher together after that.

When Lumley got back to the claim, and Lumley's Pardner was just able to crawl about, they came into a wonderful streak of luck. Lumley struck into a big pocket, and there they were, in the turn of a die, rich men. Mining, after all, is a game of chance—you buy your ticket, but it does not always win; there are plenty of blanks to every prize.

It does not matter the exact amount this prize netted, if I had remembered it. Lumley was jubilant over his "pile," anxious to sell out, and leave the mines; so nobody was surprised when his partner bought him out for a good round sum, saying, in his quiet way, that he guessed he'd stay and see the thing through.

It was very quiet in camp the morning that Lumley went away. The boys were sorry to lose him, for he had not any but well-wishers among us.

Well, six months went by, and then came a little white letter, "scribed" in a dainty woman's hand to Lumley's Pardner. The man trembled all over like a leaf when it was put into his hand, took it into his cabin, and shut fast the door. Within the next half-hour he came out again in a desperate hurry, saddled his mule, and rode off down the trail.

"Unexpected business!" was his hasty explanation. Could not say how soon he might be back.

The news came to us at last by a party of traders, stopping to noon in camp. Then I knew what those marks of weakness about his mouth stood for; Lumley had never left the city at all! He had sat down to the gaming-table one night, and gotten up from it the next morning poorer than he had come into the mines. He had first won, then lost, and lost and won, and won again; and then that last total blank stared him in the face.

Lumley could never give up at that. He must win it all back! Luck was surely in store for him yet! He haunted the gambling-hells, playing recklessly, desperately, so long as he could

win enough to keep the ball rolling; pawning his watch, his ring, even his clothing, when other resources failed.

So Lumley's Pardner found him—heavy-eyed, with a seedy flashiness in his dress, marks of dissipation on his fair womanish face—a pretty-nearly played-out individual.

The blood rushed all over his face, for the manliness yet left in him could but feel the shame of that meeting. But there was no backing out now. Lumley's Pardner took him to one side.

"I've heard of you, old man," he said, in his matter-of-fact way, "and I've come to see you out of this! How much do you say will clear you up, and have a trifle ahead?"

Lumley never raised his eyes.

"Old Pard," he answered, choking up, "you're a better friend than I deserve. Don't ask me to take anything from you. I went in with my eyes open, and, thanking you all the same, I'll have nobody's help out."

Lumley's Pardner laid a broad hand on each of the pitifully drooping shoulders.

"Old man, when that fever had me down, I'd ha' gone under if it hadn't been for you. So help me God! I'd rather ha' died than have taken what I did at your hands. Do you dare deny me this small return, now? What's a paltry sum of money between you and me, and the 'little mother' waitin' at home?"

Lumley put down his head upon that, and cried like a baby; the which, if it be not manly, I like him the better for. There are tears, I am thinking, that are far from disgracing even the eyes of a man.

"I'm ashamed of myself, through and through, for what's gone by," were Lumley's next words, "but I can't give it up now. Matters can't be any worse, and there's a chance of bettering. Perhaps to-night I shall win it all back."

There were the old willfulness and pride, and the new fascination of the gaming-table. There was no turning him back, no moving him from that resolve.

Lumley's Pardner took him by the arm.

"Either way, I'm bound to see you through," he said. "Come."

So night after night, as Lumley played, there stood Lumley's Pardner looking on, with never a word of that little white letter, his answering message, or the two passengers on board an ocean steamer bound for California.

Despite Lumley's hopefulness, luck never turned. It was the same feverish unrest and tedious waiting, the sense of degradation by day, and at night the brilliantly lighted gambling-hell, the excitement, the fascination, trembling betwixt hope and uncertainty, the frequent potations to steady his shaking nerves, and, as the night wore on, uncertainty deepening into failure and disappointment; and each morning Lumley's Pardner led him slowly and silently away, until time, wearing on, brought at last this appeal:

"For God's sake, old man, when will you let up?"

"So help me heaven, as soon as I get back two thousand dollars, I swear never to touch cards or dice again." And Lumley was dead in earnest this time. Still, he would accept nothing from his partner.

The night the *Ocean Belle* was signaled into port, Lumley's Pardner beckoned "Monte Bill" aside (I reckon you have heard of Monte Bill, the best brace-dealer and short-card player west of the old Mississippi), and some secret understanding passed between them.

In the midst of a game, Lumley's Pardner left his post, which was something unusual, passing Monte Bill on his way to the door. It was not generally noticed, but as he passed he dropped a small compact package into the gam-

bler's hand; then, slouching his *sombrero* over his eyes, he left the hall.

Pausing in the street, Lumley's Pardner looked anxiously down. It would have been dark but for the street-lamps, for it was full two hours to moonrise; but down by the wharf shone out the gleam of a new signal-light, which, poised at mast-head, glowered through the dark like the fiery eye of a gigantic Cyclops: the *Ocean Belle* was in. Ten minutes later, pushing his way through the bustling crowd that thronged the deck, he hurried across the plank and made his way straight to the cabin.

The past seemed all a dream, as he stood again with wildly beating heart before a once familiar form—familiar still, though bearing the maturer crown of motherhood. Her face was even fairer than of old, blushing with its own wild-rose tints of loveliness, her soft eyes shining up in glad expectation. The broad *sombrero*, slouched over his forehead, shaded his features. She saw only bronzed cheeks and a strong brown beard. The tremor in his voice might have meant diffidence.

"Pardon me, Madam, you are—I believe—that is to say—I am Lumley's Pardner."

She held out a white hand cordially.

"And my husband?"

"Is well. I am to take you to him."

He took timidly the hand she extended, awkwardly the little woman thought, and then let it go.

"Give me the child."

He took the sleeping boy in his arms, and so burdened piloted the way to a carriage waiting close beside the wharf. Putting her inside, he laid the child gently, almost reverently upon her lap.

"We're to drive round and take up Lumley. It is only a few minutes' ride."

One last searching glance from under the protecting *sombrero*, and he closed the carriage-door, mounting to his place beside the driver.

Oddly enough, Lumley had just finished a winning game with Monte Bill when Lumley's Pardner came hurriedly in. As he slipped quietly back to his post, Lumley sat eying the "pile"—twenty-five hundred dollars. He put out his hand to rake it up, paused, drew it back, picked up the cards, and began to shuffle for another stake; not that he had forgotten his oath, or the woman and child he loved, but a long way ahead of anything else was the thought that luck had turned—that he had only to follow it up to win back all the past. Lumley's Pardner stooped to his ear:

"You'd better throw up the game. The 'little mother' and your boy are waiting here, outside."

Lumley started—half-rose to his feet, looked up into his partner's face, then at the cards, then at the door, then wistfully back upon the cards and the gold. As with a heavy sigh he sunk into his seat again, Lumley's Pardner, dashing the cards from his hands, raked up the stakes and forced the money into Lumley's pocket.

"How long will you keep your wife and child waiting alone, at night, in a strange city before the door of a gambling-house?"

The thrust struck home. Like a man awakening from a dream, Lumley sprung up, crushed on his hat, and flew to the door.

Once in the little woman's arms, he was safe. Lumley's Pardner knew him well enough to be sure of that. He never followed him, but slipped out at the side-door, and the next day saw him back in camp, a trifle pale, and sterner than was his wont, but the clear gray eyes dauntlessly honest and brave.

And I reckon, to this day, Lumley never knows how much he owes his old mate, or that his Lulie had one true lover, whom he once knew and appropriated to himself in the person of Lumley's Pardner.

RUSSIAN GOLD-MINES.

IN a scientific work which recently came to my hand, I found some interesting particulars about the gold-mines in Siberia and the Ural Mountains, some main points of which may be worthy to engage the attention of Californians. Before the discovery of the gold-fields on the northern Pacific slope, those mines were the most important and extensive on earth, yielding within the first thirty years they were worked (from 1820 to 1850) over $200,000,000 worth of gold, or an annual average of about $7,000,000—a vast amount at that time, before the world became accustomed to the returns of the mines of California and Australia, and lately to those of Nevada and the western Territories of the United States.

Concerning the history of the Russian mines, it is stated that, as early as 1491, the Czar Iwan Wassiliewitch sent some German miners to the Ural Mountains, to prospect there for silver and gold. They found some silver-ores on a creek called Tsbisna, but their exploration had no substantial issue whatever. A similar expedition of German adventurers left Moscow in 1671, under the command of one Michael Selin, but with no more palpable result than the former one. Only in 1745 work was begun in earnest on several quartz-lodes, discovered on the Pushma Creek, in the neighborhood of Jekatharinsburg. All the surrounding mountain ranges were carefully searched thereafter, with only indifferent success, the mentioned veins and some on the Beresowska River being the only ones yielding workable ores. The entire yield, however, of all these deep gold-mines — mostly worked by condemned political and criminal offenders — was at no time of great consequence.

Of much higher importance was the discovery, at a later period, of the gold-bearing character of some of the diluvial formations. As it frequently occurs that a thing eagerly sought after in the distance suddenly and unawares turns up in the very vicinity, so it happened with these Russian placer-diggings. While hunting after auriferous veins in all directions, the prospectors had no suspicion that the ground they were treading upon in many cases was pregnant with gold, of which the extraction was by far less difficult and much more lucrative than that of those meagre quartz-veins.

The priority of the discovery of gold in the diluvial soil is claimed by several parties. In 1771 the hoisting-gear of a shaft in the Klutchewskoi mine being destroyed by fire, a tunnel was driven into it, in order to draw off the accumulating water. In this tunnel two strata —one of a reddish, the other of a bluish clay—were struck, and next to them two courses carrying some sand along, which, upon closer inspection, proved to contain free gold in diminutive particles. During the farther progress of the tunneling, several similar strata were struck, and it was ascertained that a reddish ocherous clay was the richest in gold, although still not sufficiently rich to create any excitement.

In 1804, M. Ilmann, a superior government officer connected with the mining department, had his attention drawn to the matter, and interested himself so far in its behalf as to stimulate farther investigations. At last, in 1818, a claim was opened, which promised a better

yield than all the previous explorations. In consequence of this discovery an order was issued to all mining captains (governmental agents) to divide their cantons into small districts all over the Ural region, to describe each of these petrographically, and to prospect them closely for gold. This proved to be an excellent measure. The next auriferous diluvial formation of some magnitude was thus discovered at Kushna in 1821, and soon was followed by a number of others, of which the exploration on an increasing scale was vigorously pursued. A special board of commissioners was appointed by the Emperor Alexander I., to take its seat at Jekatharinsburg and to superintend and control the progress of the gold-mining operations. The first notable quantity of precious metal was remitted to the treasury in 1823 from Berezovskoi, consisting of twelve poods (6,346 ounces) of gold-dust, the result of six months' work.

Soon after these discoveries—all made on government lands, and followed up by government officials—similar gold-fields were disclosed on the adjoining domains of private parties—namely, on the vast properties of the Russian princes Demidoff and Butera—where, besides the gold, the first platinum was found in several creek-beds, of which metal the exploration was subsequently extensively developed and made exceedingly profitable.

The formations covered by these diluvial and alluvial deposits are just as varying in the Siberian and Ural mining districts as in the mountains of California. They consist of different schists and slates (chlorite, diorite, clay, hornblende, etc.), of limestone, porphyry, syenite, granite, gneiss, etc. By the contact of the *diluvium* (*seifengebirge*) with the bed-rock formation, the latter appears in many cases altered to a certain depth, so that the gold, originally disseminated through the former, frequently is found accumulated in the bottoms and fissures of the otherwise barren rock. The oxyctognostic, accompanying minerals of diluvial gold, are also the same in the Russian as in the Californian placer-diggings—namely, the universal black magnetic irons and other iron-ores, sulphurets, silica, limespar, amphibale, glimmer, garnets, cirrons, corunods, platinum, iridosmium, etc. Several valuable diamonds were also found since 1829 in some of the Ural mines. The average quality or fineness of the gold produced in Russia comes also near to that of California gold, which is generally quoted at .885 fine.

In the beginning the auriferous soil was not only simply washed, but during a number of years thousands of working days were squandered on indiscriminately crushing all the rocks and pebbles accompanying the sand, under the supposition that the gold is uniformly dispersed through the entire formation. The first washing-machines, of rude and primitive construction, were gradually superseded by others more perfect and fitted to perform a greater amount of work with less loss of the precious metal. The Russian government seems to have at certain times spasmodically spared no expense in making experiments for the purpose of finding out the most profitable and economical method of operation. As a single instance out of many, I may mention the experiments made by Colonel Anossow, superintendent of the mines at Slatonst, in 1835. He took 10,000 poods (about 200 tons) of gold-bearing soil of average richness (no nearer description given) out of the Nicolai Alexewitch mine, and, after carefully mixing the whole mass, to make it as homogeneous as possible, directed:

1. 7,000 poods to be washed in the ordinary way in troughs, whereby 21 12-96 *solotniks* (2 90-100 ounces) of gold were extracted.

2. 500 poods (about ten tons) to be very

carefully washed on small tables, which yielded 2 18-96 *solotniks* (one *solotnik*, 66.1 grains).

2. 2,409 poods were worked with quicksilver in the usual Californian method, which gave a seven-times better result than that obtained by simple washing.

4. 100 poods of "tailings" were saved after the first ordinary washing, and reworked by amalgamation, which produced more than the first original gain from virgin soil.

5. Finally, ten poods were at first repeatedly washed by hand, and the results accurately noted; then the tailings were carefully sampled, and several wet assays with *aqua regia* were made of them, whereby the least particle of gold was extracted from each sample. By this last trial it was proved that those 200 tons of sand contained no less than 131 times more gold than the amount realized by the primitive washing process, or more than eighteen times the result obtained by sluicing with amalgamation.

After this astonishing result, Colonel Anossow was struck by the idea that sand of such richness could perhaps be more advantageously worked by smelting. He first made a series of tests in crucibles, mixed the sand with charcoal in order to reduce the oxide of iron naturally contained in it, and exposed it to a strong heat. The result was lumps of crude iron, in which most of the gold contained in the samples was absorbed. This iron he dissolved with sulphuric acid, whereby the gold was easily saved.

The following were the returns of these smelting experiments:

1. Ten pounds of sand melted in crucibles, with the addition of charcoal-powder and flux, gave buttons of cast-iron which contained ninety-five times more gold than the proportion taken out by the simple washing operation, namely, thirty-seven and one-half *solotniks* to 100 poods.

2. 2,218 poods (about forty-four tons) of similar sand were smelted in a common cupola-furnace. The operation lasted six days, and resulted in fifty poods of auriferous cast-iron, containing 11 4-96 *solotniks* of gold to the pood, and therefore showing twenty-one *solotniks* to the pood of sand. Another 100 poods of the same sand operated upon by the common washing process gave only three-fourths of a *solotnik*. Thus it was proved that by smelting in a cupola-furnace twenty-eight times more gold could be extracted than by simple washing. The smelting of this sand was conducted exactly in the same way as that of common iron-ore, and 189 baskets of coal were used to reduce the above-named quantity.

3. Another trial on a large scale was made in a copper-smelting furnace, which lasted also for six days. Six hundred and ninety-three poods of sand were smelted with 152 poods of fluxes, and forty-eight baskets of coal were used. The result was nineteen and one-half poods of iron, containing, according to several assays—four pounds and fifty-three *solotniks* of gold, a trifle over sixty ounces. Had those 693 poods (nearly nineteen tons) of sand been merely washed, only five *solotniks*, equal to .68 of an ounce, would have been the result. Hence it follows that eighty-seven times more of gold can be extracted by this mode of smelting than by ordinary washing.

Everybody is well aware of the enormous loss of precious metals which, even with the best methods of treatment known to the present day, is absolutely unavoidable. We know, for instance, that the Comstock lode silver-ores are subject to a loss of from twenty to thirty per cent. of their assayed value, and it must be a very well-conducted mill which, assisted by a concurrence of favorable circumstances, is able to give any better results. This is painful enough; but

when we consider that, according to the described Russian experiments, only a small portion of the treasure buried in the Siberian and Ural gold-fields has been secured, we can not but regret the loss to the uses of humanity of so much wealth. And then if we think that just the same must have taken place in the placer-diggings of California, so similar in their character, and where a similar manipulation was carried on, and that consequently, if not 131 or eighty-seven times (as in the above-stated cases) yet perhaps say four times—or, on a general average, if only twice—as much gold as was actually taken out was left behind in the so-called tailings, the first idea suggesting itself will naturally be: Whether and how it could be feasible to remedy the evil, and to recover (if but partially) for the benefit of the world, the treasure which has been so thoroughly and ignorantly neglected and squandered?

It appears very strange that notwithstanding the surprisingly different results of the two ways of working the gold-bearing soil, as ascertained by a series of intelligently and conscientiously conducted experiments, still the old washing process was maintained in Russia, and all the progress made in the metallurgy of gold consisted in the introduction of various improvements on the old rude washing-apparatus. This conservatism, however, may to a certain extent be explained by the fact that these mining-works are mostly managed by government officials—a class not much inclined toward innovation—and that a bureaucratic administration, such as the Russian, is a very clumsy engine, not easily to be altered or amended in any of its parts, even if the usefulness of such an alteration be fully demonstrated.

Some of the newer Siberian gold-washing machines are of a rather complicated structure, and, for all that, do not seem to answer their purpose any better than the Californian long-tom and sluicing system. Since those experiments of Colonel Anossow's were made, up to the date of the publication of the book which furnished the items for the present communication, nobody in the Ural or in Siberia thought of trying again to work auriferous sands by smelting, the chief object of the gold-miners being to pass through their machines the greatest possible quantity of dirt in the shortest possible time.

In monarchical Europe the industry of mining, especially of the precious metals, is principally carried on by the respective governments, while in the commonwealth of the United States this important branch is entirely left to private enterprise. Hence it can not be expected that the political authorities of either the Federal or the State administrations should take any steps toward technically bettering the faults and delinquencies of the prevailing gold-mining system; nor can much be expected in this direction from the efforts of single mine-owners or smaller associations commanding but a limited amount of capital, and whose main object it is to enrich themselves as quickly as possible, regardless of all outsiders. But would it not be a praiseworthy task for some of the great capitalists who amassed their wealth by mining operations, to form a combination, furnishing the means for a close and systematic examination, by practical and professional miners and metallurgists of known ability, into the errors committed in the exploration of the placers of California, especially in early days, when a most reckless and wasteful kind of mining was carried on mostly by unskilled and uncontrolled adventurers—when the poorer soil was not considered worthy to be worked and made profitable by adding to it the richer—when only the "richest dirt" was operated upon, and the remainder was

buried under mountain-high heaps of *débris* and tailings so as to make it in some cases quite inaccessible to future explorers?

To investigate into all this; carefully to examine all such diggings as were renowned formerly for their richness, but are abandoned at present; to experiment as to what methods would be the most suitable for the different localities; to devise plans for the adaptation of an approved new system of work, and to put up one or several model establishments on a large scale—such ought to be, certainly, not only a grateful but also a highly lucrative task to those who possess means and the faculties to take this important matter in hand.

A FANTASY OF ROSES.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

FROM a broken rift of clouds in the western sky a flood of light streamed through a window bearing the farewell of the setting sun, and falling in golden showers upon the easel and the artist sitting motionless before it—herself a fair vision, with blue cloud-like drapery, and crowned with a wealth of hair whose rippling waves borrowed not their gold from the glancing sunbeams, though they shone with an equal lustre. A tender brooding hush as of midnight was in the world without. The sweet April wind held its breath for very rapture, and ceased to whisper its soft murmuring notes to the budding maple-blossoms. The crocus-buds drooped their heads under the weight of light and held them there as if spell-bound by the encircling calm—a calm so intense that you felt the opening of the lilac-buds, the stirring of the sprouting grass. The room was radiant with glory, a fairy-like gleam of paradise. The light shone from walls of softest marine tint, a dream of heaven and the sea blended together; it illuminated with a glow like fire the heavy dead-gold frames which, hanging here and there, embraced paintings that were not paintings only but poems also; it glimmered faintly forth from the coverings of pale-blue damask which invested sofas and chairs alike, and kissed with a warm pink flush the marble statues enshrined in the arches of the corners opposite. The deep bed of coals slumbering in the grate gave to the air a summery warmth and fragrance. At the other window, half-concealed by the drooping folds of the curtain and also bathed in the incoming tide of light, another person was sitting in a dreamy, listless attitude; a half-open book seemed just slipping from her fingers. Very young she looked, and was even younger than she seemed. The exquisite transparency of her face shone purely clear with a brightness colorless but not pale. Of the light and in the light, she seemed to be gazing all the color out of the sky. Its brightness sunk down in the folds of her black dress and lost itself forever in the melancholy darkness of her hair. A face full of meaning, impressing you with a strange contradiction of joyous happiness, of melancholy sorrow. You felt that if she smiled the sunlight might grow pale, the darkness might be illumined, but you doubted if the shadow of melancholy resting in the deep glowing eyes could be lifted. A soft yearning look lingered to the very edge of the long lashes. The intellectual forehead framed in the dark braided

hair was untouched by mark of pain or sorrow, the lips were infantine in their soft sweet curves; and so in vain from lips to brow you would seek to fasten the something impossible to describe—the deep loneliness which ever longs for sympathy, yet asks not for it because of an innate horror of all false feeling or coarse expression.

They were sisters, these two—Roberta and Fay Lingarde—though a careless observer would never have dreamed of the relationship. Roberta—she of the dark hair and melancholy eyes—was tall, with slender rounded form, such a one as the soul of a day-lily might choose to clothe itself in. Fay—the fair-haired girl at the easel—was below the medium height, and when she walked two slender crutches helped her along. Her life had been a continual struggle with suffering, but so shielded by love and care that endurance had left upon her no bitter traces. There was but little more than a year's difference in their ages, and it would have puzzled you to have decided which of right could claim that superiority of age. Roberta had only left the convent a short time before, and in some respects had come away from it as much of a child as when she had been placed there twelve years previously. Fay's education had been conducted in a desultory manner at home, but the greater part of her life had been spent in the effort to obtain health. Perfect health she could never hope to have, but she had been so much better of late that she considered herself quite well. To both of the sisters their relationship had a strange sense of novelty, from the fact of their being separated for so many years. Fay had always lived in an atmosphere warmed and toned by affection, and her heart opened to receive it from everyone as instinctively as a flower-chalice opens to the light of heaven. Roberta had all her life-long thirsted for love. Alone—more alone than if she had been without kindred in the world—the tendrils of her heart had strained themselves and grown weary in the vain effort to bridge the distance which separated them from support; now she was ready to pour out the whole wealth of her nature upon whoever could receive it. Her golden-haired sister, glorified by suffering, had so long been enshrined as a saint in her memory that the very tenderness of her love made of it a something beyond expression.

They sat until the light paled and faded from the sky, and the purple shadows lengthened and darkened upon the earth—until the rift in the clouds closed, leaving the April twilight chill and gray. Then Fay called softly:

"Roberta, are you still sitting there, and so quiet? I thought—indeed, I felt sure—that I heard you leave the room a long time ago. I wanted so much to show you my 'Rebecca,' and now the light is gone."

"Yes; the light is gone," repeated Roberta, regretfully.

There was silence for a moment, and then Fay came and stood by the window. "Of what have you been thinking, dear?" she asked, tenderly, "that you speak in that tone? Do you know I sometimes fancy that you have brought away from the convent a bad habit of thinking too much—of being unhappy, for it is the same thing."

"I was not thinking of the convent," answered Roberta. "Why should I? Those long hopeless days of monotone with nothing to mark one from another are gone now, and I feel as if I had just begun to live. The years there had no seasons, no heat, no cold. As I sat here I wondered if the spring was ever before like this, fresh and fragrant and joyous? With the whole growing life of nature appealing to me with beauty of tone and color, I could not keep my mind upon the book; the life of which I was reading became dim and shadowy.

In vain did my fancy strive to invest with reality the chill figures looming up out of an obscurity reaching through countless ages. I lost myself, and, before I knew it, I was floating away in a land of dreams, and when I awakened the light was gone."

"You ought to paint, Roberta," said the other. "I am not satisfied that you are not as enthusiastic about painting as I am."

"I am, dear, about your work. One can admire and criticise what one would never dream of attempting."

"But you are filled with such sweet poetic fancies. I am sure if you would only try you would learn to like it. It has been my life for so long. Once the doctors thought the smell of the oils and paints was injurious to me, and obliged me to give up my painting. I can not tell you how horrible it was. I used to sit and dream through the long hours of the day, and lie with closed eyes through the longer hours of the night, ever haunted by dim outlines which I could not seize, by shadows of colors blending together in a chaos of tone. I seemed bewitched; I think I should have died had they not brought back my easel and paints. If I should paint a hundred years I could not be more exhausted than I was at the end of those few weeks."

"What did you paint first after that?" asked Roberta, curiously.

"The face of a little child. I meant to have had it surrounded with roses, white roses; but somehow, as I had fancied in my dreams, the rose-petals turned into the foam of the sea, and the sea changed into soft white clouds."

"And then?"

"I did not paint any more; for a long time I was very ill, they told me afterward."

"There is only one face that I should like to paint if I could," said Roberta, musingly, "and that is Sister Agatha. I think the poet must have meant her when he spoke of those

'Souls by nature pitched too high,
By suffering plunged too low.'

It was as if she had been set apart by a great sorrow. I could fancy that she had plucked all the joys of life up by the roots and cast them from her in a blind passionate spirit of renunciation, and that her heart must ever bleed with the memory of their vanished fragrance."

"Tell me what she was like."

"I can not, because you would not understand it. I do not myself. She was so different from all the other sisters; her life seemed as lonely, as isolated as my own. Sometimes when I chafed and fretted under the monotonous routine of our daily life, I fancied that a sympathetic spark of feeling would leap into Sister Agatha's dark eyes, enveloping in quick flames the veil of resignation with which at other times she hid their depth, but only for an instant; for, even as I looked, the veil would darken again, the perfect calm become unruffled."

"Was she beautiful, Roberta?"

"Yes; though you would never think of that when you were with her. She was the only one who understood my varying moods and knew how to draw me out of myself. Reproof or sympathy I accepted alike from her with unquestioning confidence and love."

"I am sure that you could have had very little need of reproof," said Fay, affectionately.

"That is because you do not know me. I often neglected my lessons. Even as a child, I can not remember the time when I did not amuse myself for hours giving musical form to the half-defined vagaries of my imagination; plucking from the wilderness of tone-fancy such wild flowers as I could seize. That was my greatest fault, as well as greatest pleasure."

"A pleasure surely, but I do not see

how it could be a fault. It seems to me that, next to painting, it would be the most beautiful thing to possess, the power of weaving your thoughts into golden threads of harmony."

"Sister Monica, who had charge of the music, used to say, 'It is no evidence of superiority that from instinct you blend together harmonious notes. Nature gives to us all the simple tones, art the grand harmonies; man is the only one of God's creatures who can give reason for what he does.' Then she would say, with such an air, 'Now why, Roberta, in this key did you so-and-so?' and I would hasten to answer the question, 'I do not know, Sister Monica; you know that I do not.' Or I would say—for she was always fond of talking about nature and nature's laws—'I think, Sister, those flowers which are destitute of odor must be the reasonable ones, and have no perfume because they are unable to tell why one should be sweeter than another; for my part, I adore roses.' She would always leave me then, too angry for further words. And why," pursued Roberta, "did you place the expression of thought by music second to its expression on canvas?"

"Did I? I was only thinking of the power of improvising, as you do sometimes. It seems a pity that so much beauty should be wasted on the ear, and it makes me more sad when I think that it can never be reproduced again. It flows from your finger-tips, and then is lost. Ah! if we could only photograph sound."

Roberta laughed at the pathetic earnestness with which Fay spoke. "But do you not see, dear, the difference? When you have succeeded in portraying your thought—there, do not interrupt me; I know that no one ever does more than shadow it out—it is there for all the world to see, just as it came from your hand; no one in looking at it adds a dash of color here or blurs a shade there. But in written music it takes an artist of equal power to make intelligible the very inmost thought of the writer, or to give the delicate shades of meaning which are to the thought what the flowers and tendrils are to the vine."

"You remember what Mr. Llorente said last night?"

"No; I did not hear him, and I never pretend to understand him."

"He said that as one person can express what another can only feel, so one who is not an artist may suggest the greatest thoughts to an artist. If that be so, why would it not be possible for one to find a deeper meaning in an author's thought than he is conscious of himself?"

"It may be so," answered Roberta; "but what they find is of themselves, and not of the author."

"Why would you not play last night? I have intended to ask you all day. I am sure Mr. Llorente was vexed at your refusal."

"It was not that I would not, Fay, but that I could not. I said truly that it was only in certain moods that I could improvise, and I am much too happy now to have those moods come to me."

"Do you mean, Roberta, that you only play when you are unhappy?" asked Fay, in great surprise.

"Happy or unhappy, I do not know; sometimes I fancy that joy and sorrow in their height and depth touch each other. With what colors would you paint days of light, subdued, tender, and restful?—with what notes could I express the rapture of content that to other ears it should not sound coarse and pretentious? For the first time in my life, I think, I am thoroughly content. Nothing in my surroundings jars upon me. I believe that I am selfishly susceptible in my likes and dislikes; coarse glaring colors pain my eyes as much as harsh grating sounds rasp my ears.

I could not express it more strongly, could I? Sister Monica used to say to me that I enveloped myself in an atmosphere colored by my own moods, and was wretched when, as often happened, it did not prove a favorable medium for the light of the rest of the world."

"I am not sure that I understand that."

"Do not try, Fay; you never would. It is your nature to adapt yourself to the moods of others, to sympathize and enter into them, and thus you are always happy."

"And happiness, some one has said, can have no history?"

"No; unless its very brightness throws a shadow of melancholy over all that is less bright."

"How queerly you talk, Roberta; you make me think of what Mr. Llorente said the first week after you came home. It struck me as so curious at the time that I remember his exact words."

"What were they?"

"He said that one could read every emotion in your face, because your inmost nature was yet locked in deep slumber—that your soul was like an æolian harp, giving back responsive notes to the gentlest breath."

"Did he say that?" said Roberta, shivering. "He should have added that it was the touch of the tempest which alone wrings from the harp the whole passionate cry of its nature."

"Ah! I should not have told you had I known it would have made you sad."

"It does not make me sad; some natures are born for suffering."

While they had been talking, the twilight had settled into a gloom, the prelude of that intenser darkness through which the stars shine. Now the silence was broken by the tramp of horses' feet and the rattling of a heavy vehicle, which stopped for a moment at the large gate of the carriage-road, and then rattled on in the darkness.

"Papa and Louis!" exclaimed Fay, and through the darkness the trembling color leaped to her face.

"How fortunate that they should come just as we were making owls of ourselves," observed Roberta, with sudden gaiety. The bright color rippled also over the fairness of her neck and cheeks, and she lingered for a few moments after Fay had gone down.

IN A CALIFORNIAN EDEN.

CHAPTER III.—WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?

JUST exactly how many days or weeks or even months had blown over the Forks through the long bleak winter since the wedding of Sandy and the Widow, no man knew. These men in the mountains—snowed-up for half a year, where there is no business, where there is no law, no church, nothing but half-wild men hard at work—these men, I say, sometimes forget the day, the week, even the month. Yet *the* day of the week is always kept. Six days they labor in the mines; the seventh, they do not rest, but they at least do not mine.

Certainly there was snow on the day of the wedding, and certain it was that there was a little fall of snow on the high hill-sides and the black fir-tops, as if the great pines were tipped in white, as Sandy hurried from his cabin down to the Forks in search of his now divorced and forgotten Limber Tim. He was pale and excited. He pushed his great

black thick hat down over his eyes as he hurried on along the trail, slipping and sliding upon the worn walk, over the new sprinkle of snow, in his big gum-boots. Then he pushed his hat back so as to get the cool wind of March in his face and even the blustering snow in his beard.

He found Limber at last, standing on one leg by the great log-fire in the Howling Wilderness, lonesome as a crow in March. He pulled his hat again down over his eyes as he approached his old partner, and stooped his shoulders and looked out from under its rim, as if he was half-afraid or half-ashamed.

In all western towns, in all mines, in all cities—great or small as to that matter—there is always one common centre. Here it was the Howling Wilderness. If a man felt sad, what better place than the Howling Wilderness Saloon to go for distraction? If a man felt glad, where else could he go to share his mirth?

Here was happiness or unhappiness. All great extremes run together. Tears flow as freely for joy as for grief. Between intense delight or deepest sorrow the wall is so thin you can whisper through it and be heard.

Here, at fifty cents a glass, you had dealt out to you over a great plank laid up on a barricade of sand-bags, that were put there to intercept any stray bullet that might be making its way toward the crimson-headed vendor of poisons, almost any drink that you might name. And it is safe to say that all the following popular drinks—that is, "old tiger," "bad-eye," "forty-rod," "rat-pizen," "rot-gut," "hell's delight," and "howling Modoc"—were made from the same decoction of bad rum, worse tobacco, and first-class cayenne-pepper. The difference in proportion of ingredients made the difference in the infernal drinks.

If one of those splendid misled fellows who really knew no better felt very sad, he took one of these drinks; if he felt very glad, he took two.

Sandy wheeled on his heel the moment he found his old friend, and went out without saying a word. He stood there in the snow, the wind twisting about his beard, blowing his old hat-rim up and down, and he seemed getting hitched. At length he lifted the latch again hastily, hesitated, looked back, around, up toward his cabin on the hill, and then suddenly pushing his hat back again, as if he wanted room to breathe, he tumbled into the saloon, went right up before Limber Tim, and, bringing his two hands down on his two shoulders, said tremulously:

"Limber Tim!"

Sandy had laid hold of him as if he had determined never to let him go again, and the fellow fairly winced under his great vice-like grasp. He looked at the log-hut on the bank, looked left and right, but did not look Sandy in the face. If he had, he would—for the first time in all his timid experience—have been able to have it all his own way.

"O, Limber!"

Sandy had fished up one of his hands high enough to push his hat down over his eyes, and now nothing was to be seen but a hat-rim and the fringe of a grizzly beard.

Limber Tim looked up. He never before had heard his old partner's voice troubled, and he was very sorry, and began to look (or try to look) Sandy in the face. Up went a big hand from a shoulder, back went the old hat, and then Limber Tim looked to the left at a lot of picks and pans and tom-irons and crevicing-spoons that lay up against the wall, but did not speak.

"Limber Tim! I tell you, my—my——"

Sandy choked. He never had yet been able to call her his wife. He had tried to do so over and over again. His

dear little wife had taught him many things—had made him, in fact, another man—but she never could get him to speak of her to the other miners but as "The Widder." He had gone out by himself and practiced it in the darkness, until he was sure he could say it in the crowd, but somehow just at the moment he tried to say it he was certain some one was thinking about it just as he was—was watching him—and so it always and forever stuck in his throat. How he loved her! How tender he was to her all the time! How little else he did but think of her and her happiness day and night; but he had been a savage so long, had been with the "boys" so much, that he could not find it in his power to say that one dear word. It was like a new convert trying to pray in public in one of the great camp-meetings of the West, or to stand up before all his neighbors and confess his sins.

He stood still only a second; in fact, all this took but a moment, for Sandy was in a terrible hurry. Limber Tim had never seen him in such a hurry before. Up shot the hand, down slid the hat, and Sandy was quite hidden away again.

It was a moment of terrible embarrassment. When an Englishman is embarrassed he takes snuff; when a Yankee is embarrassed he whips out a jack-knife and falls to whittling anything that he can find, not excepting the ends of his fingers; but a true Californian of the Sierra jerks his head at the boys, walks straight up to the bar, knocks his knuckles on the board, winks at the bar-keeper, pecks his nose at his favorite bottle, fills to the brim, nods his head down the line to the left, then to the right, tilts his poison, throws back his head, and then falls back wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, quite recovered from his confusion.

Sandy backed his partner into a corner rapidly, and then, laying his hands again on his shoulders, said:

"Limber Tim! she's sick!"

He had to throw his head forward to say it. It came out as if jerked from his throat by a thousand fish-hooks.

He raised his two great hands, and, reaching out his face, again clutched the two shoulders, and said:

"She's d—d sick!"

Up went the hands, back went the hat, the door was jerked open, a man whizzed out of the door as if he had been a whirlwind, up the trail, up over the stones and snow and logs, and quickly climbed to his cabin on the hill, while the boys followed him with their eyes, and then stood looking at each other in wonder as he disappeared.

Through the cabin burst the man, and back to the little bedroom as if he had been wild as the north wind that whistled and whirled without.

The little lady lay there, quiet now, but her face was white as ashes. The blood had gone from her cheeks like a falling tide; the pain was over, but only, like a tide, to return.

How white she was, and how beautiful she was! How helpless she was down there in that deep hidden nook of the world, away from all friends, away from all kindred, all her sex and kind. She was very ill, so alone was she; not a doctor this side of that great impassable belt of snow that curved almost like a deep white wave around and above the heads of the three little rivers. Sandy saw all this—felt all this. It cut him to the core, and he shook like a leaf.

What a pretty nest of a bedroom! How fragrant it was from the fir-boughs that were gathered under foot. There were little curtains about this bed—there deep in the Sierra. Coarse they were, it is true, very coarse, but white as the snow that whirled about without the cabin. Still you might have seen here and there that there were cloudy spots that had refused all the time to be

quite washed out—rub and soak and soap and boil them as the Widow and Washee-Washee would.

If you had lain in that bed through a spell of sickness, and looked and looked at the curtains and all things as sick people will all the time look and look when they lie there and can do nothing else, you would have at last noticed that these coarse but snowy curtains had been made of as many pieces as Joseph's coat. And lying there and looking and looking, you would have at last, in the course of time, read there in one of the many cloudy spots these words, stamped in bended rows of fantastic letters: "Self-rising flour—warranted superfine—fifty pounds."

There was a little cracked piece of looking-glass on the wall no bigger than your palm. It was fastened on the wall, over perhaps the only illustrated paper that had ever found its way to the Forks. There were little rosettes around this little glass that had been made from leaves of every color by the cunning hand of the Widow. There were great maple-leaves, and leaves of many trees in all the hues of summer, hung up here and there, sewed together, and made to make the little bedroom beautiful. And what a treasure the little glass was! It seemed to be the great little centre of the house. All things rallied, or seemed to be trying to rally round it. To be sure, the Widow was not at all plain.

Plain! To Sandy she was the centre of the world—the rising and the setting of the sun.

The carpet had been finished by the same cunning hand. This had been made of gunny-bags sewed together with twine; and under this carpet there was a thick coat of fine fir-boughs, that left the room all the time sweet and warm and fragrant as a forest in the spring. There were little three-legged benches waiting about in the corners; but by the bedside sat the great work of art in the camp—a rocking-chair made of elk-horns. This was the gift of a rejected but generous lover.

On the little wooden mantel-piece above the fire-place there stood a row of nuggets. They lay there as if they were a sort of winter fruit put by to ripen. They were like oranges which you see lying about the peasants' houses in Italy, and almost as large. These were the gifts of the hardy miners of the Forks to their patron saint—gifts given at such times and in such ways that they could not well be refused.

Once there had been, late in the night, a heavy stone thrown against the door, while the two "turtle-doves," as the camp used to call its lovers, sat by the fire.

In less than a second Sandy's pistol stuck its nose out like a little bull-dog, and began to look down the hill in the darkness.

A man leaned over the fence and laughed in his face. "Now don't do that, Sandy! now don't!" Sandy let his pistol fall, half-ashamed, for it was the voice of a friend.

"Good-by, Sandy," the man called back up the trail in the dark. "Good-by. That's for the Widder. Made my pile, and off for Pike. Good-by!"

When Washee-Washee went out next morning for wood, there he found lying at the door the cause of the trouble in the night. It was a great nugget of gold that the rough Missourian had thrown to his patron saint as he passed.

Once a miner sent them a great fine salmon. The Widow, on opening it, found it half-full of gold. She took all this back to the giver, whom she found seated at the green table at the Howling Wilderness, behind a silver faro-box; for to mining the man had also attached the profession of gambler. She laid this heap of gold down on the table before the individual with the faro-box. The miners gathered round. The man

with the silver box began to deal his cards.

"All on the single turn, Missus Sandy?"

The squire came forward. "Don't bet it all on the first deal, do you? That's pretty steep, even for the oldest of us."

"Bet! I don't bet at all. I bring Poker Jake his money back. I found this all in the fish he sent us. It is his. It is a trick, perhaps. Fish don't eat gold, you know."

"O, yes, they duz, Missus Sandy."

Poker Jake stopped with the card half-turned in the air. The Widow held up her pretty finger, and her pretty lips pouted as she made her little speech to the gambler, and told him she could not keep the gold. The miners gathered round in wonder and admiration. Jake laid down his card.

"Well, can't a salmon eat gold if he likes?"

"No."

"There, Missus Sandy, ye're wrong!" argued the little judge, and then began to tell her the story of Jonah and the whale, and wound up with the declaration that there was nothing at all unnatural in a fish eating gold in "this glorious climate of Californy."

"Will you not take back your gold?"

"Nary a red."

There was a pale, thoughtful young man — half-ill, too feeble to work, to leave, to retreat from the mountains — standing by the fire when the Widow had entered the saloon. It was young Deboon.

She took up the bag of gold, turned instantly around, saw the young man hiding back in the shade, leaning over the bunk, caressing the dog; possibly he was crying. Her face lighted with a light that was high and beautiful, and half-divine.

She turned, and held the gold out to Poker Jake.

"No!"

"And then is it mine? All mine, to do as I like with it?"

"Yours, lady. Yours to take and go home, and git from out the bush, out o' this hole in the ground, and live like a Christian, as yer are, and not live here like a wild beast in a caravan."

The man stood up as he spoke, and was proud of his speech, and the men cheered and cheered, and said:

"Bully for Poker Jake!"

Then the little Widow turned again, went back to the boy leaning over the bull-dog, thrust the gold in his hands as he rose to look at her, and, turning to the men, was gone.

Other and equally ingenious ways, all quite as innocent, had been used by the miners to force their gifts upon the one sweet woman — the patron saint of the camp — until she was almost as wealthy as the good old saint who lies moldering before the eyes of all who care to pay a five-franc note, in the mighty cathedral of Milan.

Nuggets and bars and scales and specimens and dust lay there in profusion. And why did the little woman remain in the wilderness? Why did not this little woman rise up some morning, smile a good-by to those about her leave the business to Washee-Washee, take her great body-guard, mount a mule, turn his head up the corkscrew trail toward the clouds, through the snow, and find a milder clime?

Who could have been this half-hermit, this little missionary, who had in one winter half-civilized—almost Christianized — a thousand savage men without preaching a sermon?

Possibly she knew how rare manhood is where men are thickest, how scarce men are when they stand heaped and huddled up together in millions, and was content to remain with these rough fellows, doing good and receiving their homage.

Possibly there was a point of honor

in it all, too. It might have been she refused to go away and leave those behind her in the wilderness to whom she owed all the camp had brought her, because they would have missed her so sadly.

And yet, after all, had things gone on smoothly, there was no great reason for her to hurry away. But as it was, it was certainly going to blow great guns, and she knew it.

For here she was now — ill, very ill. All this gold was dross. It was nothing to her now. She could hardly lift her hand to the row of golden oranges that lay there before her on the little mantel. She looked at Sandy as he entered, and tried to smile. There were tears in her eyes as she did this, and then she hid her face in her hands.

He went and stood and looked in the fire, and tried to think what he should do. Then he went and stood by her bed, and waited there till she uncovered her face and looked up.

She was very pale. He tried to speak, but could not.

"Is it raining, Sandy dear?"

She asked this, because as she put her hand out some drops fell down from his head upon her own.

"My pretty baby, my baby in the woods, what in the world is the matter?"

He leaned over her, and his voice trembled as he spoke. Then he went down on his knees, and his beard swept her face.

"Is it cold, Sandy dear? Do you think that we—that I—could cross the mountains to-day? If we went slowly and carefully, and climbed over the snow on our hands and knees, don't you think it could be done, Sandy?"

She kept on asking this question, and arguing it all the time, because the man kept looking at her in a wild helpless way, and could not answer a word.

"If we went up the trail a little way at a time, then rested there under the trees and waited for the snow to melt, and then went on a little each day, and so on as fast as it melted off up the mountain, don't you think it could be done, Sandy?"

The man was dumb. He kneeled there, grinding his great palms together, looking all the time, and looking at nothing.

There was a long silence then, and still Sandy kneeled by the bed. His eyes kept wandering about till they lighted on a striped gown that hung hard by on the wall. He fell to counting these stripes. He counted them up and down, and across, and then counted them backward, and was quite certain he had got it all wrong, and fell to counting them over again.

The little woman writhed with pain, and that brought the dreamer to his senses again. It passed, and she—pale, fair, beautiful, with her hair about her like folds of sable-fur—she put out her round white arms to the great half-grizzly, half-baby, by her side. She was quiet a long time; then she called him pretty names, and cried as if her heart would break.

"Sandy, I told you it was not best, it was not right, it would not do, that you would be sorry some day, and that you would blame and upbraid me, and that the men would laugh at you and at me. But you would not be put off. Do you not remember how I shut myself up and kept away from you, and would not see you, and how you kept watch, and sent round, and would see me whether or no?"

He now remembered. And what then? Had he repented? On the contrary, he had never loved her half so truly as now. His heart was too full to dare to speak.

"Do you not remember that when I told you all this would happen you said it could not happen?—that happen what would, no man should mock or

laugh or reprove, and live? Well, now, Sandy dear, it will happen. I have done you wrong. I now want to tell you to take back your promise. That is best."

The man rose up. The place where he had hid his face was wet as rain.

"Sandy, Sandy, can we cross the mountains now?"

The little lady lay trembling in her bed with her hands covering her face.

Then she put down her hands and looked up into the face of her husband.

"Sandy, leave me!"

She sprung up in bed as she said this, as if inspired with a new thought.

"There, take that gold—this gold—all of it!" She left her bed with a bound, heaped the gold together, and turned to Sandy.

"Take it, I tell you, and go. That is best; that is right. I want you to go—go now! Go! Will you go? Will you not go when I command you to go?"

"Not when you're sick, my pretty. Git well, and I will go; go and stay till you tell me I may come back."

"Will you not go?"

"Not while you're sick, my pretty."

"Then I will go."

She caught a shawl from the wall. Her face was aflame. She sprung to the door—through the door—and out to the fence in a moment. Sandy's arms were about her now, and he led her back and laid her in her bed.

She lay there trembling again, and Sandy bent above her.

"Sandy, when all the world turns against me, and laughs at me, what will you do?"

He did not understand; he could not answer.

"When men laugh at me when I pass, what can you say, and what will you do?"

"What will I do?"

The man seemed to hear now, and to understand. He sprung up, spun about, and tossed his head.

"What will I do! Shoot 'em!—scalp every mother's son of 'em!" And he brought down his fist on the little mantel-piece till the bits of gold remaining and the trinkets leaped half-way across the room.

The little woman lay a moment silent, then she threw back the clothes, and, pushing Sandy back as if he had been a great child, sprung up again, and again dashed through the door.

Limber Tim had been standing there all the time, half-hidden behind the fence, against which he had glued his back, waiting to be of some use if possible to the guardian angel of the camp. There was also a row of men reaching within hail all the way down to the town, waiting to be of help, for Limber Tim had told them the Widow was ill.

The man started from his fastening on the fence at sight of this apparition—wild, half-clad, with her hair all down about her loose ungathered garments—and he stood before her.

"I want to go home," the woman cried, wringing her hands. "I want to go home. I will go home. There is something wrong. You do not understand. Sandy is an angel; I am a devil. I want to go home."

The strong man's arms were about her again as she stood there on the edge of the fence, and he bore her back, half-fainting and quite exhausted, into the house.

He laid her down, and stood back as if half-frightened at what he had done. Never before had he put out a finger, said a word, held a thought, contrary to her slightest and most unreasonable whim. Then he came back timidly, as if he was afraid he would frighten her, for she began to tremble again, and she was whiter than before. She did not look up, she was looking straight ahead, down toward her feet, but she knew he was there—knew he would hear her, let her speak never so low.

"When the great trouble comes, San-

dy—when the trouble comes and covers us both with shame—will you remember that you would not be put off? When the trouble comes, will you ever remember that you would not let me go away? that you would not go away? Will you remember, Sandy?"

She was getting wild again, and sprung up in bed as she said this last, and looked the man in the face so earnestly, so pleadingly, so pitifully, that Sandy put up his two hands and swore a solemn oath to remember.

She sunk back in bed, drew the clothes about her, hid her face from the light, and then Sandy drew back and stood by the fire, and the awful thought came fully and with all its force upon him, that she was insane!

Ah! that was what it was. She feared she would go mad. Mad! mad! He thought of all the mad people he had ever seen or heard of; thought how he had been told that it runs in families; how people go mad and murder their friends, destroy themselves, go into the woods and are eaten by wild beasts, or lost in the snow, or drowned in the waters hurrying by wood and mountain wall, and then he feared that he should go mad himself.

"Poor little soul!" he kept saying over to himself. "Poor, noble little soul! Wouldn't marry me because she knew she would go mad." And she was dearer to the man now than ever before.

"Sandy."

The sufferer barely breathed his name, but he leaned above her while yet she spoke.

"Bring Bunker Hill."

"Bring what?—who?"

"Go, bring Bunker Hill."

If his wife had said, "Bring the devil," this man could not have been more surprised or displeased.

Now, this Bunker Hill, or Bunkerhill, was a poor woman of the town—the best one there, it is true, but bad enough, no doubt, at the best. She was called Bunker Hill by the boys, and no one knew her by any other name, because she was a sort of a hunchback.

"Did you say, my pretty, did you say——"

"Sandy, bring Bunker Hill. And bring her soon. Soon, Sandy, soon; soon, for the love of God."

The woman was writhing with pain again as the man shot through the door, and looked back over his shoulder to be sure that she did not attempt to leave the house or destroy herself the moment his back was turned.

Limber Tim was there, waiting silently and patiently. He scratched his head, wondered, and raised his hat-brim, as he ran, and slid, and shuffled with all his speed down the trail toward the town to bring the woman. Men stood by in respectful silence as he passed. They would have given worlds almost to know how the one fair woman fared, but they did not ask a question, did not stop the man a moment. A moment might be precious. It might be worth a life.

There are some rules of etiquette, some principles of feeling in the wild woods, among the wild men there, that might be transplanted with advantage to a better society. There might have been a feeling of disappointment or displeasure on the part of the men standing waiting, waiting for an opportunity to be of the least possible service, as they saw Bunker Hill leave town to return with Limber Tim, but it had no expression. The man who sat behind the silver faro-box no doubt felt this disappointment the keenest of anyone.

When we feel displeased or disappointed at anything, we are always saying that that is about the best that could be done. "What else could she do? The woman's ill; the Widder's sick. She sends for a woman, a bad woman, p'r-'aps, but the best we got. Well, a wom-

an's better as a man, anyways you puts it. What else could she do? A bad woman's better as a good man. What else could she do? I puts it to you, what else could she do?"

The crowd at the Howling Wilderness was satisfied. But the men stood there or sat in knots around the bar-room in silence. The crimson-headed bar-keeper had not seen such a dull day of it since they had the double funeral. What could be the matter? Men made all kinds of guesses, but somehow no one hinted the little woman was mad.

The Roaring Whirlpool, as the Howling Wilderness was sometimes called, drew in but few victims all that night. Men kept away, kept going out and looking up toward the little cabin on the hill. The man with the silver faro-box sat by the table with the green cloth, as if in a brown study. The great fire blazed up and snapped as if angry, for but few men gathered about it all that evening. The little brown mice up in the loft could be heard nibbling at the old boots and bacon-rinds, and their little teeth ticked and rattled together as if the upper half of the Howling Wilderness had been the shop of a mender of watches. Now and then the man behind the silver faro-box filliped the pack of cards with his fingers, and turned up the heels of a jack in the most unexpected sort of way, as though just to keep his hand in; but the mice had it mostly their own way all that night.

One by one the men who stood waiting dropped away and out of line to get their dinners, but still enough stood there the livelong night to pass a message from mouth to mouth with the speed of a telegram into town. Then these men standing there, and those who went away as to that, fell to thinking of Bunker Hill. Somehow, she had advanced wonderfully in the estimation of all from the moment she had been sent for by the Widow. It was a sort of special dignity that had been conferred. This woman, Bunker Hill, had been knighted by their queen. She had been picked out, and set apart and over and above all the other fallen women of the Forks. Even Limber Tim, who stood there on one leg, with his back screwed tight up against the palings, began to like her overmuch, and to wonder why she also should not make some honest man an honest wife. In fact, many men that night recalled many noble acts on the part of this poor woman, and they almost began to feel ashamed that they had sometimes laughed at her plainness, and promised in their hearts never to do so again.

THE GODS OF AMERICA.

THE gods of Greece are familiar to us all, so familiar that we swear by them. In our babyhood their exploits and adventures are narrated to us until we become perfect little polytheists, full of a strong heathenish faith in the beautiful stories; in our boyhood they are thundered at us and whacked into us until we begin to wish that old Saturn's stomach had been strong enough to retain his family after he had once swallowed it; in our manhood they are with us still—not as realities any longer (they long ago went the way of the heroes of the *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Arabian Nights* in that respect), but as old friends, and as sure guides to a true knowledge of the minds of their worshipers. Our ancient faith in them has departed, but even the swift vision of

the descending cane can not make them less dear to us. Valiant Mars and mighty Hercules are myths; with all the bitterness that knowledge brings we know it, but we look for a deeper meaning now. We cling to the idea that in one way they were not so unreal, after all. We will not for a moment allow that they were mere materializations of that desire or necessity for worship, inherent in all mankind, but persistently look beneath the surface for some occult signification, expecting to find in every god and hero the personification of some principle of nature or form of thought.

So we go on, working over the old ground that lies in a little corner of Europe—ground that has been digged over and scrutinized until not one little seedling of thought remains unanalyzed—and all the time close at hand, on our own continent, throughout the length and breadth of it, is a vast mythological field, the soil whereof is almost virgin, swarming with mighty forms, vague enough and multiform enough, God wot, to satisfy the soul of the most rabid mystery-lover.

Let us advance a little way into this almost untrodden land; not by any of the *culs-de-sac*, the no-thoroughfares leading nowhither, that so many adventurous spirits have beaten about the outskirts, but by the broad clear path left by the steadfast tread of one who, with noble perseverance, has traveled from the Dan to the Beersheba of American mythology.

Mr. Bancroft's work on the *Native Races of the Pacific States* has already furnished material for two articles in the Overland; the first, our readers will recollect, was on the "Wild Tribes," the second on the "Civilized Tribes." In a third volume he now places before us the mythology and philology of both the wild and civilized nations. The languages we gladly relegate to the Dryasdusts, but not so the myths. Through them hover forms that are new yet familiar to all of us. New, because they are the mind-creations of races whose history has been slighted; familiar, because the mind-creations of all primitive races bear a strong family resemblance. The phantoms we see here are the effects of the same absolute necessity for worship of some kind that is inherent in primitive man everywhere; the same natural phenomena are at hand to inspire awe, and to give form and substance to ideas; the results are essentially the same. The entire difference is slight; the names of gods and heroes are uncouth, because unfamiliar; climate and general environment have given to the myths strange shapes; conceptions of divinity are somewhat crude and anthropomorphic, though the latter feature should not be strange to those versed in the New World creeds. The gods lack polish, but in this connection it must be remembered that while the divinities of Hellas grew more and more perfect from a human point of view, until by degrees their blue ichor became so thin as to make atheists of such men as Socrates, the gods of America were deprived of their worshipers by one fell blow, as it were—accounted "devils," in fact, before they had time to be so finely comprehended. In the rough they stand before us, terrible and blood-exacting.

To give anything like a complete *résumé* of American mythology within the limits of a magazine article would be impossible. I shall, therefore, confine myself here as closely as may be to its theogonic branch.

Every stage of worship through which the mind of man is capable of passing—from the grossest fetichism to almost, if not quite, pure monotheism—is to be found in the New World, and the divine or supernatural beings conceived are, of course, correspondingly various in their

attributes and characteristics. From the very lowest to the very highest we meet them; from Matlose, the hideous hobgoblin of the Nootkas—whose head is like the head of something that might have been a man but is not, whose uncouth bulk is horrid with black bristles, whose curved claws can rend a prey into morsels at a single stroke, whose very voice is death to the hearer—to the one god of Nezahualcoyotl the poet-king of Tezcuco, Tloque-Nahuaque, invisible, impalpable, supreme, the cause of causes, originator and essence of all things.

Passing, for the present, by the simple faiths of the savage tribes to the complex religion of the civilized nations of Anáhuac, it is with this conception of a monotheistic deity that we have first to deal. There were in Anáhuac two schools of religious philosophy. The more advanced school, which ascribed its origin to Toltec sources, and flourished principally in Tezcuco, under the auspices of King Nezahualcoyotl, taught that all things had been made by one god, omnipotent and invisible. The other and by far more widely accepted doctrine was the basis of the popular religion; it ascribed the creation of the material heaven and earth, though not of mankind, to Tezcatlipoca, and taught the existence of an immense pantheon. In a country where the distinction of classes was so strongly marked as in Mexico, this duality of creeds is not surprising, for, as Read tells us in his *Martyrdom of Man*, "in those countries where two classes of men exist—the one intellectual and learned, the other illiterate and degraded—there will be in reality two religions, though nominally there may be only one."

The purity of Nezahualcoyotl's monotheism has been doubted by many writers. There can, however, be no question of his tendencies in this direction, though it is likely enough that the wisdom for which he was so renowned deterred him from the folly of attempting to overthrow or even interfere with the deeply rooted polytheistic convictions of the masses, who, although they might, and doubtless did, recognize the existence of a Supreme Creator and Lord of the Universe, would be by no means likely to willingly give up their many gods, and with them the innumerable religious feasts and elaborate ceremonies held in their honor, for a faith so simple. Nezahualcoyotl's creed was, therefore, probably confined to the few more enlightened and reflective philosophers of his own stamp; but, however contracted its sphere, its influence must have been good, and to it is doubtless due whatever is fair and beautiful in the harsh cult of the masses. After giving the opinions of the various writers concerning the monotheism of the Tezcucan monarch, and commenting upon the account given of it by the native and possibly partial historian Ixtlilxochitl, Mr. Bancroft sums up as follows: "Let us admit the honesty of Ixtlilxochitl, and admit with him a knowledge of that Unknown God, whom, as did the Athenians, Nezahualcoyotl ignorantly worshiped; but let us not be blinded by a glitter of words—which we may be sure lose nothing in the repetition—as to the significance of that 'ignorantly;' let us never lose sight of the shadow of that obscure Athenian altar to the Unknown God, of the mighty columns of the Acropolis, and the crest of the Athena Promachos. Nezahualcoyotl seems a fair type of a thoughtful, somewhat skeptical Mexican, of that better-instructed class which is ever and everywhere the horror of hypocrites and fanatics, of that class never without its witnesses in all countries and at all times, of that class two steps above the ignorant laity and one step above the learned priesthood, yet far still from that simple and perfect truth which shall one day be patent enough to all."

Let us turn now to the popular and polytheistic religion of Anáhuac. Foremost in the Mexican pantheon stands Tezcatlipoca—a god of many names and many attributes. Nothing very definite is stated regarding this deity. His influence, however, was very great and far-reaching. In some places we find him identified with the invisible Supreme God. He is prayed to in all manner of emergencies; in time of sickness, pestilence, poverty, war, or oppression; the troubled confide their woes to him; the sinner confesses the error of his ways to him; to him the king prays for direction and support. But Tezcatlipoca's character has another and far less imposing side. Numerous legends recount his travels and adventures on earth, and in many of these he figures in anything but a creditable light. Thus, he avoids losing a game at ball with a god-hero named Quetzalcoatl, who reigned at Tulla, by suddenly transforming himself into a tiger; and, to make matters worse, he persistently persecutes Quetzalcoatl, driving him from place to place, and devising all manner of schemes to work his victim injury. On one occasion, in company with two other gods, he goes to the court at Tulla, and there, under pretense of curing Quetzalcoatl of his infirmities by a magic potion, he makes the old king drunk. Then by a base and cunning artifice he obtains in marriage the hand of the daughter of Vemac, who was the temporal lord of the Toltecs, as Quetzalcoatl was their spiritual ruler; and subsequently, by means of his supernatural powers, he treacherously causes the death of a vast number of his father-in-law's subjects. In his hostility to the Toltecs, Tezcatlipoca was relentless; on various occasions he poisoned them, showered down stones upon them, and massacred them with his own hand.

Of the mysterious Quetzalcoatl I have little to say here. On him alone a great volume might be written. He figures as one of the many culture-heroes of America, as an apotheosized man, as god of the air, as the national god of the Toltecs, and is often identified with the sun. His genealogy is uncertain, and altogether he is a most shadowy problem. His identity has been discussed from every point of view by Mr. Bancroft, to whose work I must refer the reader for further information on this perplexing subject.

Huitzilopochtli was the god of war, and the especially national god of the Mexicans. Some said that he was a purely spiritual being, others that a woman had borne him after miraculous conception. He it was who conducted the Mexicans during their many years of weary wandering, and settled them at last on the site of Mexico, where they afterward erected in his honor the mighty temple so celebrated even by the Spaniards, in which were annually held their solemn festivals, in the fifth, ninth, and fifteenth months; besides those kept every four years, every thirteen years, and at the beginning of every century.

Tlaloc and his subordinates, who all bore his name, were the gods of water, of the mountains, and of fertilization. In their honor and for their propitiation many feasts were made, and many human beings, principally children, slaughtered.

The Mexican god of fire was variously named, but was best known as Xiuhtecutli. He was held by the people to be their father, and regarded with feelings of mingled love and fear. Two fixed festivals were celebrated in his honor every year, together with a movable feast, at which last magistrates were appointed and the investiture of fiefs renewed throughout the kingdom. The sacrifices performed at the first of these festivals were particularly cruel even for the Mexican religion, and differed in their manner of execution from the or-

dinary Mexican sacrifices. Let us quote Mr. Bancroft's vivid description: The victims having been stripped naked, were led to the foot of the temple and there left; "immediately there descended from the *cu* (temple) those that were to execute the sacrifice, bearing bags of a kind of stupefying incense called *yiauhtli*, which they threw by handfuls into the faces of the victims to deaden somewhat their agonies in the fearful death before them. Each captive was then bound hand and foot, and so carried to the top of the *cu*, where smoldered a huge heap of live coal. The carriers heaved their living burdens in; and the old narrative gives minute details about the great hole made in the sparkling embers by each slave, and how the ashy dust rose in a cloud as he fell. As the dust settled, the bound bodies could be seen writhing and jerking themselves about in torment on their soft dull-red bed, and their flesh could be heard crackling and roasting. Now came a part of the ceremony requiring much experience and judgment; the wild-eyed priests stood, grappling-hook in hand, biding their time. The victims were not to die in the fire; the instant the great blisters began to rise handsomely over their scorched skins it was enough, they were raked out. The poor blackened bodies were then flung on the '*tajon*' (stone of sacrifice) and the agonized soul dismissed by the sacrificial breast-cut (from nipple to nipple, or a little lower); the heart was then torn out and cast at the feet of Xiuhtecutli, god of fire."

Mictlan, the Mexican hades, or place of the dead, was presided over by the god Mictlantecutli and his female companion Mictlancihuatl. *Mictlan* was the lowest of the three Aztec abodes of departed spirits, and was provided for those who died ingloriously of ordinary diseases or old age. It is described as a vast pathless place, a shadowy land of darkness and desolation, where the dead after their time of probation are sunk in a sleep that knows no waking. There were nine divisions in *mictlan*, of which *chiconahuimictlan*, or ninth *mictlan*, was the abode of the Aztec Pluto and his Proserpine. It can not be regarded as a hell, but rather as a *nirvâna*, in which the soul is at last blown out and lost. But a terrible journey of four days lay before those who were unfortunate enough to die a peaceful death, before they could attain even this negative happiness. Far more glorious was the destiny of the soul of the warrior who died fighting for his country. In the arms of Teoyaomique, the consort of great Huitzilopochtli, he was borne to the radiant sun-house, "in the eastern part of the heavens, where shady groves, trees laden with luscious fruit, and flowers steeped in honey, vied with the attractions of vast hunting-parks to make his time pass happily." Even *tlaloc*, the second place of future existence—a place provided for those who had been killed by lightning, the drowned, and those whose life on earth was made wretched by incurable diseases—was far superior to the sad *mictlan*.

Mixcoatl, the "cloud-serpent," was the Mexican god of hunting, the dispenser of riches, and the patron of traffic. He appears to have been a favorite deity, and many festivals and sacrifices were made in his honor.

Besides these great gods there were a number of inferior and special divinities, such as Macuilxochitl, god of those that died in the houses of the lords; Ixtlilton, the "black-faced," a god who cured children of certain diseases; Opochtli, the "left-handed," patron god of fishermen; Xipe, god of the goldsmiths, much venerated by the Mexicans, they being persuaded that neglect of his worship would be punished by various painful complaints; Napatecutli, "four times lord," patron deity of the mat-makers; Tezcatzoncatl, "the strangler," the Na-

hua Bacchus; and certain household gods, called Tepitilon. All these had their particular feasts and sacrifices.

First among the Aztec goddesses was Centeotl, goddess of maize, and, consequently, of agriculture and the generative principle of nature generally. She was known under many names and in many aspects; her worship pervaded all ranks; she was the all-sustainer, the original goddess, the mother of gods. Not only in the valley of Anáhuac do we find this great power recognized; every mythology in the world has had need of a Centeotl, differing in some respects, but at bottom ever the same. She it was and none other who appeared to the transformed Lucius on the seashore at Cenchrea, saying: Behold me, who am nature, the parent of all things, the mistress of all the elements, the primordial offspring of time, the supreme among divinities, the queen of departed spirits, the first of the celestials, and the uniform manifestation of the gods and goddesses; who govern by my nod the luminous heights of heaven, the salubrious breezes of the ocean, and the anguished silent realms of the shades below; whose one sole divinity the whole orb of the earth venerates under a manifold form, with different rites, and under a variety of appellations. Hence the Phrygians, that primeval race, call me Pessinuntica, the mother of the gods; the aborigines of Attica, Cecropian Minerva; the Cyprians, in their seagirt isle, Paphian Venus; the arrow-bearing Cretans, Diana Dictynna; the three-tongued Sicilians, Stygian Proserpine; and the Eleusinians, the ancient goddess Ceres. Some call me Juno, others Bellona, others Hecate, and others Rhamnusia. But those who are illumined by the earliest rays of that divinity, the Sun, when he rises — the Æthiopians, the Arii, the Egyptians, so skilled in ancient learning, worshiping me with ceremonies quite appropriate, call me by my true name, Queen Isis.

Much might be learned by a careful study of the character of Centeotl, but space will not allow it here. Many of her sister goddesses are intimately connected with her, but we must also pass them by.

Chalchihuitlicue, the goddess of water, was the sister or mate of Tlaloc, of whom I have already spoken; she was especially connected with certain ceremonies of lustration of children.

The goddess of carnal love was named Tlazolteotl. "She had no very prominent or honorable place in the minds of the people, and was much more closely allied to the Roman Cloacina than to the Greek Aphrodite." She was very beautiful, and her home in the ninth heaven was fair beyond description; but her mind was far less lovely, and she was not ashamed to stoop from her place in heaven to gratify her lust and envy. The following legend, in which she figures in a very characteristic way, is quoted from Mr. Bancroft's work:

"There was a man called Yáppan, who, to win the regard of the gods, made himself a hermit, leaving his wife and his relatives, and retiring to a desert place, there to lead a chaste and solitary life. In that desert was a great stone or rock, called Tehuehuetl, dedicated to penitential acts, which Yáppan ascended and took up his abode upon like a western Simeon Stylites. The gods observed all this with attention, but doubtful of the firmness of purpose of the new recluse, they set a spy upon him in the person of an enemy of his, named Yaotl — the word *yáotl*, indeed, signifying 'enemy.' Yet not even the sharpened eye of hate and envy could find any spot in the austere continent life of the anchorite, and the many women sent by the gods to tempt him to pleasure were repulsed and baffled. In heaven itself the chaste victories of the lonely saint were applauded, and it be-

gan to be thought that he was worthy to be transformed into some higher form of life. Then Tlazolteotl, feeling herself slighted and held for nought, rose up in her evil beauty, wrathful, contemptuous, and said: 'Think not, ye high and immortal gods, that this hero of yours has the force to preserve his resolution before me, or that he is worthy of any very sublime transformation. I descend to earth; behold now how strong is the vow of your devotee, how unfeigned his continence!'

"That day the flowers of the gardens of Xochiquetzal were untended by their mistress, her singing dwarfs were silent, her messengers undisturbed by her behests, and away in the desert, by the lonely rock, the crouching spy, Yaotl, saw a wondrous sight: one shaped like a woman, but fairer than eye can conceive, advancing toward the lean penance-withered man on the sacred height. Ha! thrills not the hermit's mortified flesh with something more than surprise, while the sweet voice speaks: 'My brother Yáppan, I, the goddess Tlazolteotl, amazed at thy constancy, and commiserating thy hardships, come to comfort thee; what way shall I take, or what path, that I may get up to speak with thee?' The simple one did not see the ruse. He came down from his place and helped the goddess up. Alas! in such a crisis, what need is there to speak further? No other deed of Yáppan was destined to be famous in heaven, but, in a cloud of shame, his chaste light went down forever. And thou, O shameless one, have thy fierce red lips had their fill of kisses? Is thy Paphian soul satisfied withal, as now, flushed with victory, thou passest back to the tinkling fountains, and to the great tree of flowers, and to the far-reaching gardens where thy slaves await thee, in the ninth heaven? Do thine eyes lower themselves at all in any heed of the miserable disenchanted victim left crouching humbled on his desecrated rock, his nights and days of fasting and weariness gone for nought; his dreams, his hopes dissipated, scattered like dust at the trailing of thy robes? And for thee, poor Yáppan, the troubles of this life are soon to end: Yaotl, the enemy, has not seen all these things for nothing; he, at least, has not borne hunger and thirst and weariness, has not watched and waited, in vain. O, it avails nothing to lift the pleading hands—they are warm but not with clasping in prayer, and weary but not with waving the censer; the flint-edged mace beats down thy feeble guard, the neck that Tlazolteotl clasped is smitten through, the lips she kissed roll in the dust beside a headless trunk.

"The gods transformed the dead man into a scorpion, with the fore-arms fixed lifted up as when he deprecated the blow of his murderer; and he crawled under the stone upon which he had abode. His wife, whose name was Tlahuitzin—that is to say, 'the inflamed'—still lived. The implacable Yaotl sought her out, led her to the spot stained with her husband's blood, detailed pitilessly the circumstances of the sin and death of the hermit, and then smote off her head. The gods transformed the poor woman into that species of scorpion called the *alacran encendido*, and she crawled under the stone and found her husband."

All the civilized nations of Mexico and Central America had pantheons nearly if not quite as extensive as that of the Mexicans proper. In some of them, indeed, the array of gods was, if possible, greater; as in Oajaca, where almost every feature of the grand wild scenery, every want, every virtue, even every vice, had one or more patron deities, to whom offerings were made on the household altars. Through most of these pantheons the misty form of a Supreme Being hovers with more or less distinctness. Thus in Michoacan, a

First Cause, a Creator of All, a Ruler of the World, was recognized in the god Tucapacha; "an invisible being whose abode is in the heaven above, an inconceivable being whose form no image can represent, a merciful being to whom the people may hopefully pray." But, as usual, the Tarascos needed a less shadowy personification of their ideas, and this they found in Curicaneri, originally the patron divinity of the Chichimec rulers of the country, and by them exalted over the goddess Xaratanga, the former head deity of the Tarascos. But Xaratanga, though second in rank, was first in the hearts of the people, and her image was carried by the side of that of Curicaneri in the van of the army. The Supreme Being, bearing many names, again appears in Mizteca and Zapoteca. Here, too, we find another of those mysterious culture-heroes, so numerous in America, in the person of Votan, whose character and history closely correspond to that of Quetzalcoatl.

The most prominent gods of Oajaca were Pezelao, god of the shades below; Pitao-Cocobi, god of abundance; Cociyo, the rain-god; Cozaana, patron of hunters and fishermen; and Pitao-Xoo, god of earthquakes. Besides these, there was a host of inferior deities, and apotheosis was common.

The religion of the Mayas and Quichés, or civilized peoples of Yucatan and Central America, was essentially the same as that of the Nahuas. In Yucatan the Supreme Being took the name of Hunab Ku, "the only god." His consort, Ixazaluoh, was honored as the inventor of weaving, and their son Zamná, one of the culture-heroes of the nation, is supposed to have given the Mayas letters, as Cadmus did the Greeks. We meet here a striking instance of the "improvements" made by the early *padres* upon the heathen myths of the New World. The inquiries instituted by Las Casas revealed the existence of a trinity, "the first person of which was Izona, the Great Father; the second was the Son of the Great Father, Bacab, born of the virgin Chibirias, scourged and crucified, he descended into the realms of the dead, rose again the third day, and ascended into heaven; the third person was Echuah, or Ekchuah, the Holy Ghost." For this statement we have the authority of Las Casas, Cogolludo, Remesal, and Torquemada. But, even in the face of four such venerable chroniclers, Mr. Bancroft presumes to doubt. "To accuse the reverend fathers," he says, "of deliberately concocting this and other statements of a similar character is to accuse them of acts of charlatanism which no religious zeal could justify. On the other hand, that this mysterious trinity, this Maya Christ-myth, had any real existence in the original belief of the natives, is so improbable as to be almost impossible. It may be, however, that the natives, when questioned concerning their religion, endeavored to make it conform as nearly as possible to that of their conquerors, hoping by this means to gain the good-will of their masters, and to lull suspicions of lurking idolatry." Bacab, "the son," was in reality the name of four spirits who supported the firmament; while Echuah, the "holy ghost," was the patron god of merchants and travelers. The mother of the gods was known as Ixcanleox, who, however, may be identical with Ixazaluoh. Yuncemil was lord of death; Acat was lord of life. Besides these and many inferior deities, the Mayas paid divine honors to several apotheosized warrior-princes. Their devil was named Xibalba, "he who disappears."

The most ancient of the Quiché deities were Hun Ahpu Vuch and Hun Ahpu Utiu, or Xpiyacoc and Xmucane, grandfather and grandmother of the sun and moon, who are represented with big

noses, like tapirs, animals held sacred by the Quichés. Connected with them is the dim figure of the Supreme One, Tepen, the dominator, whose name means grand, majestic, and who is otherwise known as Gucumatz, "feathered serpent," and universally identified with Quetzalcoatl. Connected with these, again, is Hurakan, a god whose personality is much involved. He represented the thunder and lightning. In him are found united the three symbols of the Quiché trinity—for conceptions of a trinity abounded in this Central American mythology, though not in such clearly Christian forms as the worthy fathers would fain have them—and his priests address him: Hail, beauty of the day, Hurakan, heart of heaven and of earth! Thou who givest glory, riches, and children! Thou Tohil, Avilix, Gagavitz, bowels of heaven, bowels of earth! Thou who dost constitute the four ends of heaven!

The Great Father and Mother appear once more in the older worship of the natives of Honduras, who had also a faint idea of a Supreme Being, and a culture-heroine named Comizahual, "flying tigress." The pantheon of the Nicaraguans was sufficiently like those already described to be omitted here.

Would space and the reader's patience permit, we might turn now from those complex forms of belief and review briefly the simpler and far lower faiths of the savage tribes. Far lower, indeed, they are; for they are the first outcroppings of the inherent necessity for worship, the first endeavors of the human mind to comprehend the incomprehensible, the first strugglings of primitive souls from darkness toward the light—light, alas! set so far off, and so strangely hedged about, that the darkness seems to grow darker, as generation after generation approaches it. Awe and ignorance combined can not fail to inspire worship. Worship, to the savage mind at least, calls for definite objects of adoration. Conceptions of the supernatural which are the offspring of such a pair as terror and ignorance will be frightful monsters—and such we find them in savage America. But, after all, who knows? As the author I have so frequently quoted expresses it: Their myths and beliefs are extravagant, childish, meaningless, to our understanding of them, but doubtless our myths would be the same to them. From the beginning of time men have grappled with shadows, have accounted for material certainties by immaterial uncertainties. Let us be content to gather and preserve these perishable phantoms now; they will be very curious relics in the day of the triumph of substance.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PHILOSOPHER.

CHAPTER VII.

THOUGH it was but ten o'clock and the night clear as day, they were all in bed at home, and the jar of the huge wooden yard-gate, as it opened and closed, woke no one but Bounce, who never barked at me. The kitchen door was on the latch, and a cold supper for the men expected from market lay on the great stone table by the window. Eating was out of the question just then, as was sleep. Cooling my hot fingers on the stone table, I looked down the yard and saw a hare cross it, going toward the Wilde. It was just the night for hares, and, forgetting it was not the shooting season, I picked up the heavy Manton that my father had given me the

day I entered college, and wandered aimlessly out. Bounce, in charge of the house, should not have been permitted to follow me, but I could not resist his low whines, and let him come, taking the risk of sharp words from ma, should she find it out in the morning.

Pushing on and on, I somehow brought up at the pool in the heart of the Wilde, at the top of the low cliff from which years before I had first caught sight of the little lake, so beautiful then reflecting the sun, not less beautiful now reflecting the moon. Spreading my great frieze overcoat on the damp warm moss, I lay down beside my gun and watched the water. My mind was overworked, and weary of thinking; it seems to me I fell a-dreaming, when suddenly a movement of Bounce's, bringing his shaggy dew-wet hair against my face, woke me. The perfume of a cigar came strongly up, carried on the faintest breath of air from the direction of the Den. I looked at Bounce; he started forward and growled. I twisted my hand into his collar and forced him down. With no definite feeling, but only a vague hunter instinct, I crouched lower and kept my eyes fixed on the furze in the line of the path to the Den. Bounce struggled fiercely. A command for stillness hissed into his ear and a rude tightening of the collar hardly recalled him to himself. The air stirred again, and it felt as if the cigar were in my own mouth. Low talking became audible; as yet no words, but the cadence of the sentences was peculiar. It recalled the French classroom to me. Whoever the intruders were, they spoke French, or English like Frenchmen. Another fierce struggle with Bounce, and when he was mastered and nearly choked, I could look again. Down the trail to the cattle-landing, arm-in-arm, came a man and woman—the Lagarres, as I saw. They seemed to know their ground. The water was low, and they passed along the bank away from me, walking on the dried reeds till they reached a seat in the shadow of the furze—not so deep in shadow but I could see a kind of rustic bench had been erected, something I had never seen before. My college French, however good for reading, was hardly equal to conversation or to understanding conversation. But for all that, I heard the word "Hoat" distinctly uttered by the man, with a contemptuous epithet. Or was it "*hôte?*" In the one case some one of my family was meant, in the other case it was Mr. Knox. Either way I was interested beyond scruples of eavesdropping. Interested, but not destined just then to be much enlightened, I listened to the fragments of sentences that, especially toward the close of the conversation, reached my ear.

"It is well Etienne came home in time, for all that," I translated from the woman's words, much more distinct than the low deep bass of the man.

He growled something in reply, in which another emphasized contemptuous epithet was the only thing distinct.

The woman's words came low but clear again:

"You deceive yourself. The girl has vulgar prejudices. She distrusts while she admires you. She trusts the student . . . . her father besides . . . . I tell you Paul . . . you must disgust her with . . . . must degrade him . . . . ."

"That I will, by ——!" growled the Frenchman, stamping his foot and rising impatiently, while I clasped Bounce's throat till his tongue lolled on my wrist.

"What is the good of talking? Let us go back and see if Etienne . . . the battered Etienne—how that plowman has disfigured him." And he laughed a great brute laugh.

"You make too much noise," said his sister. "Come, it is too late to talk again with Etienne to-night."

Paul Lagarre threw his cigar out into the water, drew a flask from his pocket, set it to his lips, and laughed again until he nearly choked.

"I will show her the student with just such a face, or worse if I choose." And here his hand, that had returned the flask to his breast-pocket, came out again with something half-drawn, glittering—a knife, apparently, or perhaps a pistol.

"You are not on a stage; will you come, and cease mouthing?" said the woman, peevishly.

"I will have the girl, though," he rejoined, replacing the weapon.

"Quick!" she said, grasping his arm, "we must be ready by the first light of morning."

They were going up the path.

I loosened Bounce's collar, and the faithful half-strangled creature lay gasping at my feet, for I had risen, infected with assassination by the tone and gesture of the Frenchman, and the moon glittered on my leveled gun-barrels as he passed within twenty feet of me. Perhaps the woman with him saved him; perhaps the devil, his master; perhaps God, who had mercy on me. But he saw nothing, and I slowly lowered my hammers with as little sense of acting by my own volition as a machine might have had.

I sat down again, proposing to think. What did it all mean? Perhaps I sat an hour, perhaps five minutes. One thing only I decided upon, that I should be at the Den with "the first light of morning." If I went home and to bed, worn out in all ways and with no one to help me, I might oversleep myself.

Where should I go? I remembered plowman Bruce. He should be sober now. His cottage stood at the foot of the Den yard, about half a mile from where I stood. Bounce would not be left behind, would not go home without me; could I take him with me without rousing Harry Knox's hound? It must be risked. So up the trail, through the Wilde, we went together.

As we approached the house I did not keep to the lane which led directly into the Den yard, but struck into a clover-field to the left. A light still burned in Bruce's cottage. I stole softly on through the heavy wet clover, plucking handfuls of it and crushing the dew into my parched mouth. The Wilde River, here two miles from my father's house, again shimmered before me. It was the boundary between the field I was in and the Den yard. Bruce's cottage threw its shadow on the water. I approached the stream, keeping my eye on the light in the little window on the other side. A plank crossed the river, and as I set my foot upon it a figure moved forward out of the shadow of the cottage.

"Haud up yer gun, Maisther Dan." And I knew it was Gawn Bruce.

"Are you sober yet, Gawn?"

He seemed startled at the tones of my voice.

"O! ay; but ye are na weel yersel; come ben the hoose." We went in. "I canna sleep," he continued. I was e'en doon at the burn weshin' my forehead. Ye hae an eerie glaur in yer ain ee. What's wrang?"

"Nothing," I said, for I was not ready yet to tell anyone what I had heard, worse still what I surmised.

"Least said's suinest mended," Gawn muttered, a good deal puzzled; "but it's gye late tae gae fowlin', eh, Maisther Dan?" And he screwed up his face, and stuck his short clay-pipe against the candle-flame, now sputtering in the socket of the tall iron candlestick, and drew a long draught, half candle-smoke, into his mouth. "No but there's foreign fowl ben the muckle-hoose there I wadna greet sair tae see riddled," he added, with a thoughtful grimace, and a suck at the half-empty pipe that nearly drew the fragment of candle down the stem.

The servant-maid at the Den was Bruce's sweetheart. I knew Lagarre's groom had been paying her too much attention, little to the stout plowman's mind.

"You mean, you dislike Etienne," I suggested.

The poor fellow was badgered to his limit. He turned like a recoil.

"An' dinna *you* dislike onybody?"

"Perhaps," I answered, unable to speak frankly, too cowardly to lay my heart open even to the faithful creature who would have served me so silently and bravely. No man, the meanest of us, need want friends; no man, the greatest, need hope for them if he keep hard locked up his own heart. But as some are born tongue-tied, so are some born dumb at the heart, or can at best only stammer.

Gawn Bruce spoke again:

"Ye ken yer ain affairs best, nae doot. Whaur are ye gaun tae sleep the nicht?"

"Here," I said, walking up to the long settle that lay in the corner, and stretching myself upon it.

"There are only two or three hours to sleep, at any rate. What time will you be up to-morrow?"

"Aboot five," he answered. The cooboy 'ill wauken me. The Lagarres and Miss Mary's gaein' off airly tae some picnic. I hae been ordered tae get the licht jauntin'-ker ready."

He watched me anxiously while he spoke the last sentence. I only replied:

"Very well, Gawn; waken me the first thing you do. Good-night."

CHAPTER VIII.

But a few minutes after five, as it was next morning when I opened the orchard gate and came to walk on my and the old man's favorite path, Mr. Knox was there before me. His back was to the gate as I entered, and he seemed to lean more heavily on his stick than usual. He seemed deafer, too. He did not hear me till I quite overtook him. He changed his staff to his left hand and shook hands eagerly with me, while his deep gray eyes, scanning my face, seemed to ask a hundred questions. Then his shaggy brows fell a little. He pointed to the door-porch. Mary Knox, in charming morning costume, came out with her flower-basket in her hand. She too, was a little early this morning, in looking after her father's library bouquet. Paul Lagarre was by her side. There was no denying that he was a fine man. Tall, deep-chested, with crisp raven hair, and a full neck, chin, and jaws massive and white as marble under the heavy mustache, no wonder Mary blushed as he touched her hand in the eagerness of his morning compliments.

"I don't much like this work, Dan," said the old man, hastily. "I once thought, indeed, that you——"

His eyes were searching my face again. O, if we had been but alone! A minute might have saved me. My back was to the advancing pair; the steps came nearer. I turned and took a step forward. Mary, too, made a quick movement of advance. The Frenchman said something in his own language about me. She looked at my muddy clothes, crumpled linen, and tangled hair, and her lips took the faintest humorous curve. Lagarre's great mustache broadened out and he lifted his brows, while he bowed low, making a burlesque of the salute.

Mary was holding out her hand to me in an instant with a strange look in her face, as if asking pardon for her thoughtless smile. As I touched her hand the Frenchman scowled on me with such pronounced insolence that I pushed her aside as if I had been stung and leaped toward him. But he caught at Mary, who had reeled against the box-edging of the path with a low hurt cry.

It was all in an instant; and Mr. Knox,

who had also started forward, took his daughter in his arms. Then Lagarre turned on me with a growl like a wild beast: "Dog of a peasant's son, you have struck a lady. Now——"

In an instant he was down. I felt my knuckles cutting open that marble jaw of his to the very ear. Then I leaped on him, feeling with one rapid sweep all over his breast for any weapon hid. There was none. Indeed, he did not need one. The instant we grappled on the ground his immense strength made him my master. He had me by the throat; he wrenched me undermost; his blows were raining on my face. I could not free my throat; I was choking to death.

Well—and let me draw a long long breath here, and pause before I write further—that was the last of it, the last I remember, the last I even now know anything about. It was in my own room in my father's house that I finally woke up. Ma was sitting beside the bed. I turned my head and looked at her in a helpless fashion out of my bruised eyes.

"Daniel Hoat, I thank God you are recovered," she said. "Three weeks to-morrow you have raved on that bed like him whose name was Legion. It has pleased God to restore you to reason and partial health; if it should also please Him to grant you in some small measure His divine grace and wisdom, we might hope to be spared a repetition of the folly and wickedness which have made you, and, in some measure, your family, a subject for scoffing and laughter to the whole neighborhood."

Poor woman! she had, indeed, tended me carefully all through the fever that followed my beating, but she was exasperated at the clatter of the gossips of the parish, and perhaps she had cause. She rattled on; it was a characteristic of her tongue that what it gained in velocity it did *not* lose in force. Once begun to scold, there was no hope for her victim but in flight, bodily or mental. To cross swords with her was but to sharpen her own weapon. Fortunately my nerves of suffering were numb, and the indignation that shot out over her gold spectacles, when she jerked her head forward as if about to gore me with the two corkscrew curls on her forehead, lost its heat ere it passed through the damp cloth I had pulled from my shaven head down nearly over my eyes.

I took a lazy incurious interest in hearing the details of my own guilt as published by rumor. I had lurked around the Den all night to shoot Mr. Lagarre; Etienne had seen me. Foiled by daylight in my murderous designs, I had grown desperate, abused old Mr. Knox in his own garden, thinking to find him at that early hour alone, and when Miss Knox and her new lover came out, I had knocked the poor girl down. She had only been saved from my further brutality by the prowess of Lagarre, who had beaten me to a jelly, and would have killed me had not Gawn Bruce and Bounce arrived on the scene, attracted by Miss Knox's and her father's cries. Harry Knox had promised publicly to horsewhip me whenever I should be sufficiently recovered to undergo the operation; and Ady, who, it seems, was making a fool of himself over Lagarre's sister, had taken no notice of the threat on my behalf, thereby incurring the displeasure of my father. Here ma stopped. My poor father—giving way more and more to Scotch whisky, and fast approaching that chronically sodden condition which may be described as an evolution from ordinary drunkenness into a higher form of imbecility—here opened the door to tell ma some one wanted her below-stairs.

He walked heavily into the room as she left it, and looked at me sleepily: "Ye hae bin haen' a bit o' a spree. Ma's

doon on ye a bit"—and he looked again, to be sure she had left the room. "Nae metther, we hae a' wer fauts—I always liked ye betther than Ady, wi' his womanish ways. Bit, Dan, ye got yersel' badly han'led. No Hoat could stan' it, Dan"—and the dull glimmer left my father's eyes for a moment and a sinful fire shone in them. We were nearer, we, father and son, in that hour than we had ever been.

"Have they ever sent to inquire after me, father?" I questioned, evasively.

"They say auld Knox is doon wi' some kind o' a paralaysis," said my father, listlessly, as he applied himself to his great pocket-flask; "ablins Harry sends you word that his fether wants tae dispense wi' yer company henceforth. Wull ye trie the brie?" and he handed me the flask.

I drank long and deep, and felt a sudden strength thrilling through me:

"Any other news?"

"Ay, lad"—and his face, that must once have been splendid in its rugged strength, became transformed again with fierce anger. "Mary Knox came roon' tae see ye, twa days after ye wur braught hame"—I sat up and my heart beat violently—"came tae see ye—*in company wi' the Frenchman!*"

I leaped from my bed at mention of the insult, and caught my father's arm. "And you——?"

"Get into bed, my bairn; gin Mary Knox nurses my spade-cut out of hir black Frenchman's hud, she'll no hae time tae goe jauntin' mair jist the noo."

"You struck him before *her*, father?"

"Ay, bairn, peeled his scalp tae the bone wi' the auld peat-spade, an' tauld the hizzie that sae wad I serve ony Knox I suld see on my grun'."

"The flask, father," I said. He reached it to me, and I drank again. "Father, when I get better I must have money enough to go abroad for a year or two and forget the Knoxes and all these things."

"There's three thousan' in the bank, Dan; yer likely tae make a better use o' it than me. Mitherless bairn, ye hae na had so much pleesure in yer life. It were muckle better for us baith ye were na mitherless—muckle better, Dan." And he walked steadily out of the room. I turned my face to the wall and slept.

ALONE.

Proudly she sheds her silver light,
The calm and silent queen of night,
  Forth from her starry throne;
Yet cheerless each soft streaming ray—
Her pallid features sadly say:
    Alone—alone!

I sit beneath huge forest-trees,
Among whose tops the rising breeze
  Softly begins to moan;
As if to me it would impart
The saddest sadness of my heart:
    Alone—alone!

Down from the cliff the waters pour,
Whose constant falling, rising roar

Bursts like a mighty groan
From vocal rock, and foam, and spray,
Appeals to heaven, and seems to say:
Alone — alone!

On rocky shore, beneath my feet,
Huge ocean-swells in thunder beat,
Whose awful monotone
Dares in loud accents to complain,
And chant all nature's sad refrain:
Alone — alone!

And I, with throbbings as repressed —
My very heart within my breast
Hangs like a senseless stone —
Re-echo back the yearning cry
Of waters, forest, sea, and sky:
Alone — alone!

ETC.

California and Mexico.

While Mexican raids into Texas are fomenting discord and apprehension in the East, in the West the steady advance of our Southern Pacific Railroad toward its declared objective point, the great plateau of Anahuac, stirs up feelings and dreams of the most pleasant kind. The Hon. Leland Stanford is reported as saying: "We are quietly but resolutely expending our every exertion to build the Southern Pacific Railroad. We are toiling for the greatest prize that this continent affords. The people of California and the people of San Francisco have no appreciation of the splendid trade we are opening up for them, nor for the magnificent destiny that awaits this city when we shall have brought to its doors the vast trade of Arizona, New Mexico, Sonora, Chihuahua, and the valley of Mexico." It will very well suit those who sneered at our great transcontinental railway at its inception to say that these are mere empty words; but those best acquainted with the enterprise of the great company which Mr. Stanford represents know how fit they are to join together the North and the South, as well as the East and the West. They believe in the work, believe in its feasibility, and in the future of our State and of its metropolis. Mr. Stanford closed the interview with an eloquent and hopeful picture of what he believed would be the future: "I hope to live and look down upon a city embracing in itself and its suburbs a million of people. I shall see trains of cars laden with merchandise and passengers coming from the East across the present transcontinental railroad. I shall see long trains from the line of the thirty-second parallel. I shall see cars from the city of Mexico, and trains laden with the gold and silver bullion and grain that comes from Sonora and Chihuahua on the south, and from Washington Territory and Oregon on the north. I shall see railroads bearing to and fro the produce and merchandise of each extreme. I shall look out through the Golden Gate, and I shall there see fleets of ocean steamers bearing the trade of India, the commerce of Asia, the traffic of the islands of the ocean — steamers from Australia and the Southern Pacific. I shall see our thronged and busy streets, our wharves laden with the commerce of the Orient, and I shall say to myself, 'I

have aided to bring this prosperity and this wealth to the State of my adoption and to the city in which I have chosen my home.' I await with confidence the sober second thought of an intelligent and honest people. If, with my associates, we can carry out this railroad system that we have inaugurated, California will have millions of prosperous thriving people, and San Francisco will be the first commercial city upon the American continent."

Notes from the Celestial Capital.

PEKING, May 1st, 1875.

Winter still lingers in the lap of spring. Nature in north China is very stingy and cold. After four months of ice, without more than three or four inches of snow altogether, and only one or two showers of rain, we have had three months of dry cold winds, accompanied by clouds of dust which often obscure the sun and cast a yellow gloom over the leaden-hued city. Vegetation feebly strives to put forth, and a few flowers open only to be shriveled by the dust-storms. Your rooms, clothes, and lungs are invaded by the fine dust, which is rich with organic matter. You become nervous and irritable. To-day, however, after one of these terrible storms, the sky is clear, the birds are full of gleeful music, and the few green leaves glisten with gladness. Walking on the wall of the Tartar city, fifty feet in the air, I found a few violets blooming in crevices of brick, and could have kissed them for joy. Nature, left to herself, always does her best to be gay and pleasant, and in her sternest grandeur loves to surprise you with tender touches of pure beauty. It is only man here in north China who thwarts her best intentions, and contorts her productions into monstrosities. Dwarfed feet, dogs with their noses broken when puppies, plants trained into the form of imaginary animals, music on a high falsetto key—these are only a few types of the conventional ideas and habits of this strange people, whose singular civilization exhibits every stage of culture, from savageism upward. Looking up from my little violets on the wall to the violet-colored mountains in the distance and the blue sky above, I feel thankful for even such glimpses of the pure and lovely amid the semi-barbarism of this oriental capital.

Now that the river is open again, tourists are dropping in on us, and it is pleasant to talk with unsophisticated folk from America. Most people who have lived long in China become either Anglicized or Mongolianized. Even the missionaries can not call on you without the utmost formality. I wonder if St. Peter will ask for their cards at the celestial gate, and refuse them some of the heavenly manna unless they come in swallow-tails? . . .

The Dandelion.

Gay little "Golden Head" lived within a town
Full of busy bobolinks flitting up and down,
Pretty neighbor buttercups, cosy auntie clovers,
And shy groups of daisies whispering like lovers.

A town that was builded on the borders of a stream
By the loving hands of Nature when she woke from winter's dream;
Sunbeams for the workingmen, taking turns with showers,
Rearing fairy houses of nodding grass and flowers.

Crowds of talking bumblebees, rushing up and down,
Wily little brokers of this busy little town—
Bearing bags of gold-dust—always in a hurry,
Fussy bits of gentlemen full of fret and flurry.

Gay little "Golden Head" fair and fairer grew,
Fed with flecks of sunshine and sips of balmy dew,
Swinging on her slender foot all the happy day,
Chattering with bobolinks, gossips of the May.

Underneath her lattice on starry summer eves
By and by a lover came with a harp of leaves,
Wooed and won the maiden there—tender, sweet, and shy—
For a little cloud-home he was building in the sky.

And one breezy morning on a steed of might
He bore his little "Golden Head" out of mortal sight,
But still her gentle spirit, a puff of airy down,
Wanders through the mazes of that busy little town.

AMBER HOLDEN.

Art Notes.

—The San Francisco Art Association has opened its Summer Exhibition for 1875.

—Keith's picture of the "High Sierra," on exhibition at Snow & May's, is the picture of the month. It fully justifies in its perfect state the enthusiasm it called up, when but half done, in the mind of such a master-

ful judge of mountain scenery as John Muir. It reproduces the hoary giant mountains back of the Yosemite Valley near the head-waters of the Merced River—reproduces them not alone with an accuracy of detail satisfactory to a geologist, but also with that grander artistic effect so extolled by Ruskin, that power of calling up in the soul of the spectator the same spirit and impressions that the original of the picture would evoke. The mountains loom in the distance through that indefinable purplish haze, so hard to reproduce that not one artist in hundreds can catch or fix it, yet here so faithfully colored that J. W. Gally, standing with us before the picture, cried out in delight: "He has it. This man has more water in his puddle than the rest of them. This picture was never painted in a studio." No; there is no close air about it. On the mountain-side, in the very face of nature, seeing her eye to eye, was this canvas covered with its colors. You feel the chill wind from the gray unmelted snow, you hear the creaking of the glaciers as they grind their way through the hollow cañons, you hear the incessant voice of the water as it falls and feathers along its rocky channels. There is a poet here as well as a painter, and from storm-beaten pine to cloven rock, from water naked in the light to where it sheathes itself in the heart of darkness, he sees and knows and loves. Not, of course, a poet without discords, not a painter without flaws, but, best taken with worst, a great and sympathetic artist.

—Morris, Schwab & Co. exhibit several new works. Of these the first that catch the eye are two tropical scenes by Mr. M. J. Head, of New York: "Jamaica Mountains" and a "Sunset on the Amazon"—quiet in tone, but rich and effective. Virgil Williams has a picture of a Roman girl, sweet-faced, beautiful in outline, simple and soothing in color as all his works. The companion picture, a Roman boy, hangs by it; both cabinet pictures. Two marine pieces, one by G. J. Denny—an old wooden heart of oak in the foreground and a fly-away looking steamer behind—and a picture by Tozer, are fair in their style. William Hahn has two of his new Californian pictures—"Camping out" and the "Adobe Station"—with much less of the fiery brick color in them that spoils so many of his best works. Samuel M. Brookes has two small fish-pictures, as good as anything of that kind can well be, and an attractive little study of a Durham calf, after the Landseer style.

—Roos & Co. exhibit two Yosemite pictures from Thomas Hill, rather cold, but very faithful to objective nature in some of her moods.

Scientific Notes.

We have the authority of Erasmus Wilson, a physiologist of great repute, that a human body of ordinary dimensions contains 7,000,000 "pores of the skin," and as each of them is about a quarter of an inch in length, the whole number of inches occupied by them is 1,750,000: equal to 145,833 feet, or 48,600 yards, or nearly twenty-eight miles. When this well-determined fact is considered in connection with the duties imposed upon those pores, and the important functions they are intended to perform for the maintenance of health in the body, it is apparent that they should be treated with the greatest consideration, and made the objects of a solicitude commensurate with their ascertained value. The skin performs functions analogous to those of the lungs, as it takes in and gives out certain matters similar to those taken in and exhaled by the lungs, and it has been considerately termed the "assistant apparatus of the lungs." Magendie, Foucault, and others of medical and physiological renown, who experimented largely on the subject, say that if an animal be coated over with varnish impervious to the air, the functions of the skin become impeded, its organism paralyzed, and death ensues in a few hours. The same thing is true of the human system; and it is on record that a lad who was covered with a coating of gilt to represent the Golden Age, during a pageant given by Pope Leo X., died in a few hours, by reason of the impeded functions of the skin. Scrofula, paralysis, and consumption have been rapidly developed by only partially coating the surface of the body. It is, therefore, quite credible that those diseases are subject to alleviation, if not actual removal, by restoring the proper and active functions of the skin, for it is presumable that those

infirmities are intensified by inaction of the pores. Ordinary, or surface, bathing has been found incompetent to remove and exfoliate the minute scurfy deposits which fill the pores and prevent them from fully performing their excretory duties, but it has been ascertained, as nearly as possible, that the hot-air bath supplies the requirement by removing the unctuous matters and corrupting varnish from the overloaded cellules of the epidermis. Being insoluble in water, external applications of that element do not suffice, but the impediments yield readily to the action of the dry hot-air bath. The medical profession furnishes such strong testimonies to the efficacy and innate virtues of this process for the arrest and subjugation of diseases and the promotion of health, that we can only subjoin a few of them. Doctor J. T. Metcalf asserts, "that by a timely recourse to this kind of bath, bronchitis, diarrhea, or dysentery may be prevented or relieved." Doctor A. C. Budd says: "The most trustworthy means at our command for relieving obstructions of the kidneys is to press the skin into service by increasing the activity of its functions, and the most powerful therapeutic which we possess to effect this object is, in my opinion, the use of the hot-air bath." Doctor W. H. Van Buren insists that it will avert a tendency to take cold by sudden checks of perspiration, and at the same time it protects the kidneys from diseases. Doctor T. Spencer Wells proclaimed to his students that he had treated with great success by the hot-air bath cases of gout, neuralgia, rheumatism, affections of the kidneys, dropsy, paralysis of the lower limbs, skin diseases, etc., and particularly recommended it as a promoter of health and preventive of diseases. Doctor Leard, of the London Consumptive Hospital, speaks of it as being wonderfully effective in cases of consumption. Doctor Sheppard, superintendent of an English lunatic asylum, likens its effects to "drinking in oxygen through channels previously closed up." Mr. Urquhart, who introduced these baths into Great Britain, maintains that "people who use them do not require exercise for health, and can pass from the extreme of indolence to that of toil, and combine the health of the Brahmin with the indulgence of the Sybarite."

The origin of these hot-air baths dates back to a very ancient period. Homer speaks of them as existing among the Greeks during the siege of Troy, and that people probably conceived the idea from their thermal springs, which were found to possess marked medicinal qualities. It was not until after the Romans conquered Greece that they made their appearance in Rome, for the Romans had not an artificial bath in their capital until five hundred years subsequent to the laying of its foundations. They then erected *thermæ*, which were renowned for their magnificence, combining all that was perfect in material, elegant in design, elaborate in adornment, and beautiful in art. They were lavishly ornamented with precious gems and metals, and were the chosen depositories of the finest works emanating from the studios of their painters and sculptors. The world-famed Laocoon was discovered among the ruins of the baths of Titus, and the celebrated Farnese Hercules in those of Caracalla. After the conquest of the western Roman Empire by the Moslems, who were at that time the "filthiest of mortals," the baths that had been erected in Constantinople became objects of deep interest to them, and they were made necessary adjuncts to every settlement, and were most liberally endowed by princes and sultans.

Mr. Urquhart is entitled to the credit of the introduction of the Turkish bath into Great Britain, some eighteen years ago, although it is certain that when the Roman legions departed from Britain fifteen hundred years previous they left the hot bath behind them as an established institution. For some unascertained reason they were not appreciated by the ancient Britons, and they fell into disuse. During an extended tour through Turkey and Persia, Mr. Urquhart learned to appreciate the virtues of what is now termed the Turkish bath, and on his return labored assiduously to direct the attention of men eminent for intelligence and wealth to the benefits that would be conferred upon community by their adoption. The first Turkish or hot-air bath was finally erected in London in 1856, and its health-bestowing qualities were so speedily acknowledged that several others were soon afterward established in various parts of the United

Kingdom. On the continent its introduction was a marked success, but more especially has its progress in the United States been prosperous and rapid. It was apparent, however, that their prophylactic and therapeutic qualities could be largely improved, and by scientific process adapted to any climate and all countries with increased benefit. European skill suggested improvements in construction and arrangement, and Doctor Millingen, physician to the Sultan, acknowledges the betterment by saying: "While the West is indebted to the East for the origin of the bath, the East must thank the West for the right construction of the bath." Mankind is progressive — none more so than the people of this country, who are not generally willing to accept anything as being perfect. They seek to adapt things more satisfactorily to their own special needs and surroundings. Desirous of bringing the hot-air bath to the greatest possible perfection, Doctor A. M. Loryea devoted three years to a critical examination of all the most noted establishments in Europe, including those of Constantinople. The result of his observations is the production of a bath retaining the virtues and dispensing with the doubtful or objectionable features of the original. California was found to possess a climate admirably suited for the most effective demonstration of the manifold benefits conferred by the hot-air bath, and it is in San Francisco that Doctor Loryea has just erected the "Hammam," reasonably supposed to be the most perfect and elegant Turkish bath ever built. It is this young city that has outstripped, so far, its competitors in raising the noblest of those health-imparting palaces that were objects of such deep interest to the luxurious old Romans, Greeks, and Turks, and have recently become indispensable to the capitals of modern Europe. Science, observation, and skill, unaided by material auxiliaries, could avail but little; but, most opportunely, this need was cheerfully supplied by a gentleman whose fortune is not less ample than his intelligence. The Honorable John P. Jones, United States Senator from Nevada, with commendable liberality and broad public spirit, came promptly to the financial assistance of Doctors Loryea and Trask, proprietors of the Hammam, which soon reared its airy minarets and sprightly pinnacles under their directing care.

This Hammam, or hot-air bath, is located at Nos. 11 and 13 Dupont Street, in the heart of this city, with an entrance for ladies on Bagley Place. Ascending the steps from Dupont Street, the visitor is at once delighted by the presence of a beautiful bronze fountain, whose long jets shine up in the sun. Over the entrance-door is a finely executed inscription in Arabic: "*Bishmillah, Alla il Alla.*" To the right of the entrance hall is an apartment supplied with refreshments and appropriate stimulants. On the left is the office, which communicates by means of tubes with all the various departments of the Hammam. It is here that the bather is requested to deposit his valuables, register his name, and receive his check. Advancing, he enters the "*mustaby,*" or cool room, the centre of which is occupied by a marble bath, six feet deep, six feet wide, and thirty feet long. Here, too, a silver fountain plays. On either side are lounging and smoking rooms, each splendidly fitted up, and separated from its neighbor by handsomely carved and painted trellis-work in wood, through which the cool air passes without obstruction. The ceilings and walls are magnificently frescoed, the work having been executed by Mr. Paul Frenzeny, a young French artist of remarkable merit. Overhead the light enters through two large circular skylights of colored glass, toned down so as to impress the mind with a sense of freshness and coolness, and in perfect harmony with the colors of the frescoed walls. Over the doors are appropriate Arabic inscriptions from the Koran, and similar ones are on the walls in suitable places, for the comfort of good Moslem souls. Immense plate-glass mirrors reflect everything from all portions of the apartment, and the visitor is filled with a dreamy soothing languor which is essentially oriental, while the illusion is heightened by Turkish, Persian, and Asiatic surroundings. Scientific precaution has even carpeted the floor with fine Indian matting, which does not retain even a modicum of heat. The *mustaby*, or cold room, is the *opodyterium*, conclave, or *spoliatorum* of the Romans. Succeeding the *mustaby* is the *tepidyrium*, corresponding to the "sea" of

the Jews, and the *piscinium* of the Romans. It is the warm room, wherein a heat of 120° to 130° Fahrenheit is constantly maintained. Everything in this department corresponds with its name, and imparts or suggests warmth. The next in order of apartments is the *calidarium*, or *sudatorium*, which corresponds to the hot-stone baths of the Russians, Icelanders, and some tribes of American Indians. The heat of this room is maintained at 160° to 180°, and can be increased at the option of the superintendent. Here, also, everything is in keeping with the name and use of the apartment. The whole room is composed of marble, with a large marble table in the centre, surrounded by marble seats; the table being used for the shampooing process, which is very scientific and important. The *employés* are all imported from Turkey, having been educated to the business from the early age of eight years. Shampooers generally work for eight hours in the baths, and if there were anything debilitating in being exposed to the lengthened endurance of so high a temperature, it would certainly have made itself apparent in them, which is not the case. The handsome arched ceiling of the *calidarium* reflects and radiates the heat equally to all portions of the room, which is lighted by superb chandeliers of exquisite design and in perfect harmony with their accompaniments. Separated from this room by thick felt curtains, especially made and imported for the purpose, are three other smaller apartments, in two of which the temperature is much higher than in the main room. Having passed through the *calidarium* and its auxiliaries, the visitor meets the ladies' entrance, on Bagley Place, where a flight of stairs leads to the second and third floors, the second floor being devoted to their use, and the third to giving all kinds of medicated baths.

The ladies' rooms are sumptuously fitted up, and lavishly furnished with everything that can conduce to luxurious ease and intense enjoyment. The room dedicated to giving mercurial vapor baths is composed entirely of transparent plate-glass, so that the bather can be seen by the operator at all stages. This is a novel and valuable idea introduced by Doctor Loryea. Without attempting a description of the ladies' apartments, to which justice can only be done by personal inspection, special admiration is called up at the manner in which the researches of science have been utilized and combined to render the Hammam as perfect as possible. It is an established fact that chemistry enables the adept to extract the active ingredients from medicinal waters, by means of which they can be transported in small bulk, redissolved, and the waters reproduced without any loss of effect, but conferring the power to remedy some existing defect in the original waters, and thereby secure a certainty in their operation which is not always obtainable in their unimproved condition. Doctor Loryea has happily availed himself of the powerful aid afforded by chemistry, and after thoroughly examining the active principles of the most celebrated sanitary waters in Europe, condensed those principles and is prepared to administer all the most noted baths of the spas. One can revel in the salt sea-water bath of the Mediterranean without passing through the Straits of Gibraltar. The carbonated or alkaline baths of Vichy are brought to our doors. The famous "serpent baths" of Schlangenbad have been transported to this city. Those of Kesselbrunnen, Swalbach, Marienbad, and Bareges have taken up their abodes here. Electric baths, administered by skilled operators, and even perfumed cosmetic baths for the complexion, are now among the treasures within the reach of our beauties. The healing virtues of Bethesda, Siloam, and the Jordan have been restored and concentrated for our use.

The construction, general arrangement, and ventilation of the Hammam are well worthy of special mention. All the walls, floors, and ceilings of this establishment are hollow, the air being a bad conductor of heat, and the hollows are for the two-fold purpose of excluding the moisture of the external atmosphere and retaining the heat generated within. The floors and ceilings are composed of iron and stone arches, imparting strength and forming a perfect oven. Professor Tyndall's theory of ventilation is here in successful practice. The cold air is admitted through properly constructed apertures near the ceilings, and the impure hot air, laden with carbonic gases, is expelled

through similar ones near the floors. The excellence of this method has been thoroughly tested here by thermometers, litmus paper, and other scientific means, which demonstrate that the cool air is constantly entering from above and the foul air as constantly going out below. The cold air is driven in from a large brick reservoir in Bagley Place by means of an immense fan, and distributed over sixteen coils of pipe containing superheated steam which is generated by the boiler of a seventy-five horse-power engine, which also drives the fan. The coils are twelve feet high and six feet wide, inclosed within the hollow basement walls. Cold air passing over these coils simply becomes heated and is distributed throughout the various apartments by means of registers. The cold air forced into the *mustaby* is precisely of the same temperature with the external atmosphere.

Shower-baths are entirely dispensed with, and none of those shocks, which frequently produce disastrous results, are to be encountered, but in their place are marble basins, hewn from the solid rock, and weighing three hundred pounds each, containing hot, warm, tepid, and cold water, which is successively sprinkled from needle-jets over the bather, so as to avoid any sudden shock to the system. Absolute purity is so nicely provided for that every room contains a well leading to the basement, down which all towels and foul linen are thrown, and thence taken to the laundry, where they are washed, mangled, ironed, and restored to the owner, clean and fresh, in the course of three or four minutes. To effectually obviate all chance of contagion, large tubs of pure porcelain have been imported from England at great expense. In addition to the baths, laundry, and barber-shop, a first-class restaurant is attached to the establishment, and the bather can refresh his inner man with delicacies that would tempt Epicurus.

Perhaps the only serious defect in our climate is that it does not permit us to perspire sufficiently. Sensible and insensible perspiration is checked, and although our fresh summer winds are sanitary in many respects, they also close the skin-pores, and we contract colds, catarrhs, neuralgia, rheumatism, and other maladies, for which the Hammam is the best known preventive, or therapeutical agent. With this great sanative lever at our disposal, the climate of San Francisco is probably the best known, and the present enterprise may be regarded as but the beginning of a system which will make California the great sanitarium of America. Everything that science could suggest, experience offer, observation gather, skill adorn, genius invent, and money execute, has been exhausted to perfect the Hammam; and it was with no ordinary gratification that Doctor Loryea received the commendations of the renowned Persian scholar, traveler, and noble Mirza, Mahomet Aly, the third in rank after the Shah. He said, after minutely scrutinizing the whole establishment: "The frescoing, the perfect arrangements for the distribution of hot air, and the number of rich decorations in the apartments, exceed anything I have ever before seen, either in Cairo, Constantinople, or my own country. It is superior to those in Syria, which are the finest in the East." He then presented Doctor Loryea with his badge of the first order—a crescent and star—and added: "I have written to advise the Shah to confer on Doctor Loryea, and Mr. Paul Frenzeny the artist, the Order of the Crescent." The Mirza furthermore complimented our country by saying: "America is the wonder of the world. I imagine that the garden of Eden was placed in America, and that when Adam disobeyed the commands of Allah he was sent to Asia for his sins. If it be possible," exclaimed the Mirza, "for the Ethiopian to change his skin, or the leopard his spots, it can only be done at the Hammam." The "Poet of the Sierra," while undergoing the ablution of a Turkish bath, exclaimed with delight: "By George! they have worked down to that red shirt I lost in '49." The exquisite sensations experienced by the bather while taking a hot-air bath, and the condition of improved health and invigorated frame in which it leaves him, are finely illustrated by the Arabic inscription over the door of the *calidarium*—"Pain enters not here."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE NATIVE RACES OF THE PACIFIC STATES OF NORTH AMERICA. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Vol. III. MYTHS AND LANGUAGES.

This third volume of Mr. Bancroft's great series, treating of the mythology and of the languages of the various tribes in Central America and in the western half of North America, fully sustains the interest called up by its predecessors in abundance of valuable facts, and, in our opinion, surpasses them in attractiveness of subject and style, so far at least as that part of it devoted to "myths" is concerned. The section of the work devoted to "languages" must have a high importance for philologists, giving, as it is asserted to do, all that is known of the languages of the territory embraced, synopsized grammars, vocabularies, peculiar characteristics, etc., grouping them into families, and so on; but it is obviously impossible for anyone but a well-trained and very widely read philologist to criticise it with understanding, or even to read it with much interest or profit.

With the mythology it is very different. Not only are real aboriginal myths in themselves interesting reading to most persons, but there are few men of any culture at all who will not find them also instructive and suggestive. Man, the meanest man, with a red or brown skin upon him, and in him wild weird theories of the past, the present, the hereafter, of the infinite, of the incomprehensible, is not without fascination to any of us. For we feel that we are akin to the savage; that we are sepulchres more or less deeply whited; that every note in the barbarian's soul has its lingering echo in our own.

Selection, evolution, and culture have made our religion purer and more sublime than the religion of the Aztec or that of the Nootka-Columbian. We can afford sometimes to smile at the absurdities or shudder at the cruelties of the creeds and rites of these primitive worshipers; but when arrogance or bigotry rise in our minds, we should remember that civilization is not stationary, and that the day may come when our children will look back at us as we at those who worship stocks and stones.

A more attractive series of myths than those laid before us by Mr. Bancroft, and in a more attractive garb, it would be hard to produce; and one's satisfaction is the more complete as one observes the learned and laborious precautions taken to point out what is spurious or doubtful. The Quichés, or original inhabitants of Guatemala, have left us a collection of their cosmic and religious myths, which, as translated in part from the original, from the French of Brasseur de Bourbourg, and from the Spanish of Dr. C. Scherzer, is not, for example, without an impressive sublimity:

"Once more are the gods in council. In the darkness of the night of a desolated universe do they commune together: Of what shall we make man? And the Creator and Former made four perfect men, and wholly of yellow and white maize was their flesh composed. These were the names of the four men that were made: The name of the first was Balam-Quitzé; of the second, Balam-Agal; of the third, Mahucutah; and of the fourth, Iqui-Balam. They had neither father nor mother, neither were they made by the ordinary agents in the work of creation; but their coming into existence was a miracle extraordinary, wrought by the special intervention of Him who is pre-eminently the Creator. Verily, at last were there found men worthy of their origin and their destiny; verily, at last did the gods look on beings who could see with their eyes, and handle with their hands, and understand with their hearts. Grand of countenance and broad of limb, the four sires of our race stood up under the white rays of the morning star—sole light as yet of the primeval world—stood up and looked. Their great, clear eyes swept rapidly over all; they saw the woods and the rocks, the lakes and the sea, the mountains and the valleys, and the heavens that were above all; and they comprehended all and admired exceedingly. Then they returned thanks to those who had made the world and all that therein was: We offer up our thanks twice, yea, verily, thrice! We have received life; we speak, we walk, we taste; we hear and understand; we know both that which is near and that

which is far off; we see all things, great and small, in all the heaven and earth. Thanks, then, Maker and Former, Father and Mother of our life! We have been created, we are."

But space is limited and time is short. It is impossible to give quotations at length, and impossible, save by the aid of quotations, to give any fair idea of a book which, according to the author's plan, eschews theories and generalities and confines itself to the valuable work of recording facts. A *résumé* of the principal "gods of America" will be found in the body of this number of the OVERLAND, and to this we refer our readers, or, best of all, to Mr. Bancroft's work itself. The whole subject is in fragments. Mr. Bancroft has done noble service in collecting them, and it is only by examining the fragments together that any tolerably clear idea of the great though mangled whole can be obtained. We close with another quotation, which not only illustrates the difficulties of the labor whose results lie before us, but which *mutatis mutandis* applies to the scientific study of mythology throughout almost all its ramifications among savage and barbarous peoples indebted to unsympathetic, bigoted, or ignorant chroniclers for their historic existence:

"The Mexican religion, as transmitted to us, is a confused and clashing chaos of fragments. If ever the great nation of Anáhuac had its Hesiod or its Homer, no ray of his light has reached the stumbling feet of research in that direction; no echo of his harmony has been ever heard by any ear less dull than that of a Zumarraga. It is given to few men to rise above their age, and it is folly to expect grapes of thorns or figs of thistles; yet it is hard to suppress wholly some feelings of regret in poring upon those ponderous tomes of sixteenth and seventeenth century history that touch upon Mexican religion. One pities far less the inevitable superstition and childish ignorance of the barbarian than the senility of his Christian historian and critic. There was some element of hope and evidence of attainment in what the half-civilized barbarian knew; but from what heights of Athenian, Roman, and Alexandrian philosophy and eloquence had civilization fallen into the dull and arrogant nescience of the chronicles of the clergy of Spain."

NOTES ON PARIS. By H. Taine. Translated with Notes by John Austin Stevens. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

These *Notes on Paris* are put in the form of a "Life and Opinions of M. Frédéric-Thomas Graindorge," as collected and published by H. Taine. The mythical M. Graindorge serves as a spokesman for the very real, brilliant, and famous M. Taine. The opinions of the author of the *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*, as so expressed, about Parisian society, are somewhat cynical. We must, however, remember that he is speaking of the Paris that was before Sedan. "Paris is France," Victor Hugo says, and, if so, France was ripe indeed for Sedan, and it will be long before she ripens for an Austerlitz. M. Taine's impressions of Paris are not pleasant impressions, and bear greater weight in that he himself does not strike one as being particularly prudish or supersensitive. The characteristic man of Paris no longer appears as half tiger, half ape: the first half of him is absent or well hidden. The characteristic woman of Paris is either a doll or something that almost extenuates the ferocity of Dumas' "*tue-la!*" "Men of the world who live for pleasure and reach it one time in ten; shop-keepers who run after it and never reach it at all; courtesans and a flash-mob who sell it or steal it. Such is Paris. One only end: pleasure and display." What a pity the cup of Circe should always hang so near the pig-sty.

"The best of men in Paris lie ten times a day; the best of women twenty times a day; the fashionable man a hundred times a day. No estimate has ever been made as to how many times a day a fashionable woman lies." Mr. Thiéblin, the *Pall Mall Gazette* war correspondent—a most liberal and unprejudiced man—writes: "I made the sad experience of never having been able to arrive at anything like the truth all the time I was with the French army." The great nation of conversationists has not reached its giddy eminence in "the art of talking, which is a French art," without certain small sacrifices, as we see.

Well, but this is only fashionable society, perhaps, or the *demi-monde* that sets the fashion to the *monde*. Paris is the focus of literature and art. The artists and the men of letters are the salt of the city. But how if the salt has lost its savor? "The public is *blasé*," writes our Graindorge; "it listens only to those who shout the loudest. Every artist is like a charlatan whom the eagerness

of competition compels to strain his voice. Add to this the necessity of going into society, of gaining friends and protectors, of obtaining notoriety, of selling and pushing his work, of earning each day something more and more to satisfy the wants of children, wives, mistresses, and his own increasing needs." It needs a strong article of salt to keep good under conditions like these. The German *milieu* seems better, with all its privations.

Perhaps education will make the next generation nobler. Ask Taine how the girls he sees are made into women—into mothers. "The education of the old school has disappeared, that of the new has not yet begun. They float between the remains of the past and the first sketches of the future; half provoking and half timid, neither virgins nor wives; half male, half female, with the recollections of school-girls, the weak fancies of actresses." The old type of modest French young lady, half nun, half actress, is gone. The young French woman of this decade is "fast;" she "understands the offensive and defensive; holds her ground against real men; fences with her tongue, and blow for blow, steel crossed with steel, she ventures upon dangerous skirmishes, from which she comes out her vanity in triumph and her delicacy in rags." The good Americans who go to Paris when they die, will then, it seems, meet a type of young lady there not wholly strange to them at home.

And the firesides of Paris, furnished with human furniture of such material, what are they? "In *bourgeois* households, bickering; in society, adultery. In the *bourgeois* households which are fashionable, one or the other, and sometimes both."

All this is more or less exaggerated, as it is avowed to be by the very plan of the book, and as all cynicism and sarcasm must be to be effective. It is written by a Frenchman, who is a graduate of Oxford, and well acquainted with the literature, thought, and society of France, England, and Germany. If he does not know what the Paris of the second empire was, no one does. His book is delicious reading to any one with a spice of malice in him, and who is without that spice? The last chapter especially is, if we are not mistaken, a perfect piece of merciless dissection of human character. It sets one's teeth on edge, and makes one agree with Swift in his opinion of his species, but it does make good reading. Perhaps, indeed, the whole book is none the worse in that it is so "wicked."

PROGRESS-REPORT UPON GEOGRAPHICAL AND GEOLOGICAL EXPLORATIONS AND SURVEYS WEST OF THE ONE-HUNDREDTH MEDRIDIAN IN 1872. By Lieut. George M. Wheeler. Washington: Government Printing Office.

This work, a quarto pamphlet of fifty-six pages, describes the progress made with the explorations and surveys mentioned on the title-page during the year 1872. It is accompanied by an atlas, exhibiting the topography of the different sections of country passed over, and contains a skeleton map whereon the whole is presented at one view; and also a number of plates illustrative of some of the most striking natural objects and scenes. Among the latter are several views taken along the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, one of the most fearful gorges to be found on the face of the earth. As these were executed by the photo-lithographic process, they must necessarily be true to nature, and may be depended upon as conveying to the mind a vivid and faithful impression of the original.

This report consists of two general divisions, the first being devoted to an analysis of the results reached in the different departments of the expedition, and the other to an exposition of matters relating to mining, agriculture, routes of communication, Indians, etc. Under the first head the astronomical, topographical, meteorological, and geological labors of the expedition are treated; the collections made in natural history, scenes photographed, and other matters of minor import being here also considered. The observations for the determination of latitude and longitude having been planned with reference to great minuteness of detail and exactness, will necessarily require much additional time for their completion, and will therefore constitute matter for future reports. Five skilled operators were employed in the topographic department, their labors having been extended over more than fifty thousand square

miles during the year, the area covered lying in western and south-western Utah, eastern Nevada, and north-western Arizona. Their observations will afford data for the construction of full and accurate maps of this entire region. A large mass of material has been accumulated in the meteorological department, which will be published hereafter. The facts here collected will prove both interesting and of great utility in farming and other practical affairs. In the departments of geology and natural history a large amount of information, with many specimens peculiar to each, has been gathered, all of which must prove, not only curious, but of great economic value.

During the season forty-eight mining districts were visited and examined, twenty-five of these being in Utah, twelve in Nevada, and eleven in Arizona. The information in relation to these districts is in several cases quite full, and, so far as it goes, always accurate. The remarks made on the agricultural and grazing resources of this region, the necessity and facilities that exist for irrigation, routes of communication, etc., are all of a sound and practical kind, and can not fail to be of much service to parties intending to settle in, or travel through that country. Judging by the plates contained in this pamphlet, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado presents many views far more gloomy and awe-inspiring, if not so grand, than any thing to be seen in the valley of the Yosemite.

Fungi; their Nature and Uses. By M. C. Cooke, M.A., L.L.D. Edited by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, M.A., F.L.S. [International Scientific Series, vol. xv.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A work on "hysterophytal or epiphytal mycetals deriving nourishment by means of a mycelium from the matrix," is not by any means to be regarded as a light literary side-dish. In fact, by the majority of that class which loves to taste here and there of the sweets of popular science, this platter of "fungi" will doubtless be looked upon as a decidedly "indigestible solid." In other words, this volume will not be read by the general reader with the same avidity as its predecessors. Nevertheless, it will be welcomed by many as an important contribution to a curious and interesting branch of scientific knowledge.

Although all kinds of fungi are now duly and universally admitted as plants into the vegetable kingdom, there was at one time a doubt as to whether the order *Myxogastres* was of an animal or vegetable nature. It is now known that there is no relationship whatever between this or any other order and the lower forms of animal life. Another question concerning fungi is the probability of minute fungi being developed without the intervention of germs from certain solutions. Mr. Cooke's opinion on this subject is, that it must ever "be matter of doubt that all germs were not excluded or destroyed, rather than one of belief that forms known to be developed day by day from germs should under other conditions originate spontaneously. Fungi are veritably and unmistakably plants, of a low organization, it is true, but still plants, developed from germs somewhat analogous, but not wholly homologous, to the seeds of higher orders." The number of species of fungi is as great as their habits and places of growth are various. A large number thrive parasitically on many kinds of plants, distorting, and, in many cases, ultimately destroying, their host; burrowing within the tissues, and causing rust and smut in corn and grasses, or are even more injurious in such forms as the potato disease and its allies. A still larger number of fungi are developed from decayed or decaying vegetable matter. Some species are always found upon animal matter—leather, horn, bone, etc.—while some affect such unpromising substances as minerals, being found not only on hard gravel-stones and fragments of rock, but also on metals, such as iron and lead. Of the fungi found on animal substances, none are more extraordinary than those species which attack insects, such as the white mold which in autumn proves so destructive to the common house-fly, or the mold named *Isaria* in which moths, spiders, and butterflies become enveloped. In the case of the *Guêpes végétantes*, the wasp is said to fly about with the fungus partially developed. Many of the molds are miniature representatives of higher plants, having roots, stems, and branches, and sporidia-bearing capsules which correspond to seeds. A tuft of mold

is in miniature a forest of trees, and, says Mr. Cooke, "although such a definition may be deemed more poetic than accurate, more figurative than literal, yet few could believe in the marvelous beauty of a tuft of mold if they never saw it as exhibited under the microscope." To the structure, classification, and uses of fungi, three separate chapters are devoted; the last, describing edible fungi, being especially interesting. In the chapter on "Notable Phenomena," the curious subject of fungous luminosity is treated of. Among other instances, one is quoted from the Rev. M. J. Berkeley's *Gardener's Chronicle*, which is very remarkable, and will interest those of our readers who, as school-boys, were in the habit of secreting fragments of rotten wood penetrated by mycelium, in order to exhibit their luminous properties in the dark, and thus astonish their more ignorant or incredulous fellows. The book is, on the whole, very instructive.

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Showing Site of
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THE COMING CITY.

Until the last few years Southern California has been almost a TERRA INCOGNITA, unvisited except by adventurous tourists, and unoccupied save by unambitious herdsmen. Many causes combined to retard the growth of this section of the Golden State. There were no navigable waters or railroads uniting the valleys with the sea; no means of cheap transportation or of rapid communication with any commercial centre; markets were remote, and roads were bad. The entire country was covered with Spanish grants of tens of thousands, and sometimes hundreds of thousands, of acres. The titles to these grants were often involved in litigation, the mineral resources of the Southern Sierra were not only undeveloped but unexplored, and the settler who sought for a desirable location avoided a country where there was no society, where school-houses were few and far between, and where it was almost impossible to purchase land except in large bodies.

And yet no fairer land was ever kissed by the sun than that which lies between the Sierra and the sea, all the way from Point Conception to the Mexican boundary. It is the natural home of the orange, the lemon, the olive, the pomegranate, the walnut, and the almond; while the peach, the pear, the grape, the apple, the plum, and all the cereals flourish with a luxuriance excelled nowhere else in the temperate zone.

About five years ago the inhabitants of this section of the State began to awake to a sense of their advantages, and aided by energetic immigrants they adopted a new policy. A number of the large ranches were cut up, and settlers were invited to purchase small tracts. They projected railroads and commenced their construction, they encouraged public improvements and private enterprises, and they advertised abroad the advantages of their climate. The result of this new policy may be observed in the wonderful growth in wealth and population of the southern counties. From a sleepy Spanish pueblo of three or four thousand people, living in adobe huts, Los Angeles has become a live American city of 25,000 inhabitants, with elegant private and public edifices, with four daily papers, and with railroads reaching in every direction. Other towns have grown in proportion, irrigating canals have been constructed, cattle and sheep ranges turned into orange and olive orchards, and barren hill-sides into vineyards and gardens. There is not in the American Republic to-day anywhere so inviting a country as Southern California, and it has scarcely entered upon its career of progress and prosperity.

The profit to be derived from the successful cultivation of the orange, the almond, the lemon, and the English walnut, is very large. Orchards of these trees in full bearing are yielding to their fortunate proprietors a net profit of $1,000 per acre each year. Nor is there any danger of overproduction. The market for these articles is co-extensive with the boundaries of the United States, and the area of country where they can be successfully grown is comparatively limited, and may be said to be confined to this coast. In Florida the orange is successfully grown WHEN THERE IS NO FROST, but the West Indies now supply the Atlantic cities with tropical fruits. California has thus far furnished consumers at good prices for all

the products of the Los Angeles orchards, and if the growth in population in Northern and Central California fails to keep pace with the increase of production of the articles in question, they can be readily marketed in the Mississippi valley and on the Atlantic seaboard.

Thus far Southern California has lacked a commercial city. Los Angeles has, perhaps, more nearly than any other place, attempted to supply this want, but Los Angeles has never been quite able to offset the great disadvantage of a harbor so defective as almost to be worthless. The United States Government has expended over half a million dollars on San Pedro Bay without apparent beneficial result, and freight and passengers are discharged into lighters, thence carried several miles up a narrow, shallow, muddy creek, and finally disembarked in a swamp twenty-six miles by rail from Los Angeles.

Twenty miles north of San Pedro, and directly west of Los Angeles, from which it is but fourteen miles distant, lies the beautiful bay of Santa Monica. The harbor is so much better than San Pedro, that, during a recent gale, while the steamer was unable to discharge into a lighter at the latter place, but carried her cargo on to San Diego, a schooner unloaded at Santa Monica lumber for the construction of the wharf at that point. This wharf is two thousand feet in length, and reaches a point where there is thirty feet of water at low tide. From the wharf to Los Angeles the road-bed of the proposed railroad is graded; the ties are contracted for, and enough iron has been purchased and shipped to construct the road a distance of forty miles. The pass grading through Cajon Pass is also nearly done, and means have been secured to construct the road to Independence within a twelvemonth.

That Santa Monica is to be the future city of Southern California will be readily conceded after an examination of its many advantages.

The beach of Santa Monica is smooth, hard, and as beautiful as is possible to imagine. The slope or descent beneath the water is so gradual, that probably at the distance of one hundred yards from the shore the depth will not average more than four or five feet. As the height of the waves is proportioned to the depth of water, the swell that rolls in, even during a stiff breeze, is the most insignificant, laziest, and gentlest on the Pacific Coast. The spectator will look in vain for some indication, along the coast, of the action of stormy seas. There are no signs to show that the surf has ever rolled in tumultuously. There are masses of vegetation clinging to the bluffs, almost at the surf line, that have been there for years; and the bluffs themselves, had the waters at their base ever been lashed into the "mildest fury," would exhibit a scene of ruin, as they are nothing more than walls of alluvial soil, from base to top, resembling the banks of some great river like the Mississippi or Amazon.

But it is as a commercial city that Santa Monica has its greatest expectations. When the railroad to Independence shall have reached Cajon Pass —a result which will be achieved by January next—it will be within fifty miles of the surveyed route of the Texas Pacific Railroad, while that road will be over two hundred miles from San Diego. The construction of fifty miles of road would, therefore, send the Texas Pacific to Santa Monica for a terminus—to Santa Monica, where swift and elegant steamers, running in twenty-four hours to San Francisco, over stormless seas, will convey passengers more pleasantly and as expeditiously as by rail. Again, the road to Independence will, at some day not very remote, be connected with the Utah, Southern, and Central roads, and so connect with the Union Pacific at Ogden, thus making Santa Monica the terminus of two overland roads, and giving to her merchants a monopoly of the rich trade of Panamint, Cerro Gordo, Coso, and the mining districts of Inyo, Kern, and San Bernardino counties. That there will be a city of 25,000 people at Santa Monica within three years, and of 100,000 within ten years, is, when the wonderful mineral and agricultural capabilities of the surrounding country are considered, not an overestimate. This city of the future will present attractions as a place of residence not elsewhere to be offered. A gentle southern slope to the beach gives a natural drainage, and avoids the heavy charge for grading streets. Water in abundance can be brought through

pipes from copious springs only two miles away ; and, should these prove insufficient, the neighboring San Vicente Mountains can be "tapped" of the streams which run through their canyons. In the meantime an abundance of sweet, cool water can be obtained by means of ordinary wells at a depth of thirty feet. The soil of all the valley is productive, and the homes of Santa Monica will speedily be embowered in shrubbery and trees.

The site of the proposed city is on the ranch of Santa Monica, containing 36,000 acres. This ranch has, of late years, been used as a sheep pasture, but the soil is very rich, and any kind of crops can be grown without irrigation, as its proximity to the sea supplies all necessary moisture.

It is the intention of the proprietors to divide the land about the city into twenty and forty-acre tracts, and dispose of them to actual settlers for orange orchards.

It is apparent that this enterprise will confer inconceivable benefits on Los Angeles city and county. It is in the hands of men that have the means and the will to make it a complete and entire success. The one desideratum of the Southern Coast is a sea-port and commercial town, where the one or more southern transcontinental roads that are to be built may reach tide-water by a direct route, and this is what a company of enterprising men, wielding an immense capital, and assisted in a remarkable degree by an extraordinary combination of natural advantages, have determined to supply.

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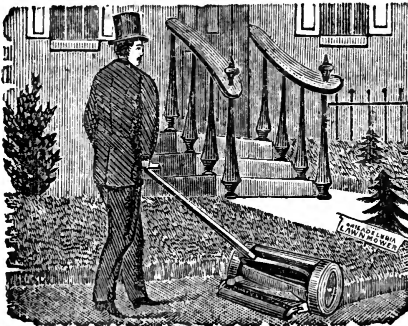

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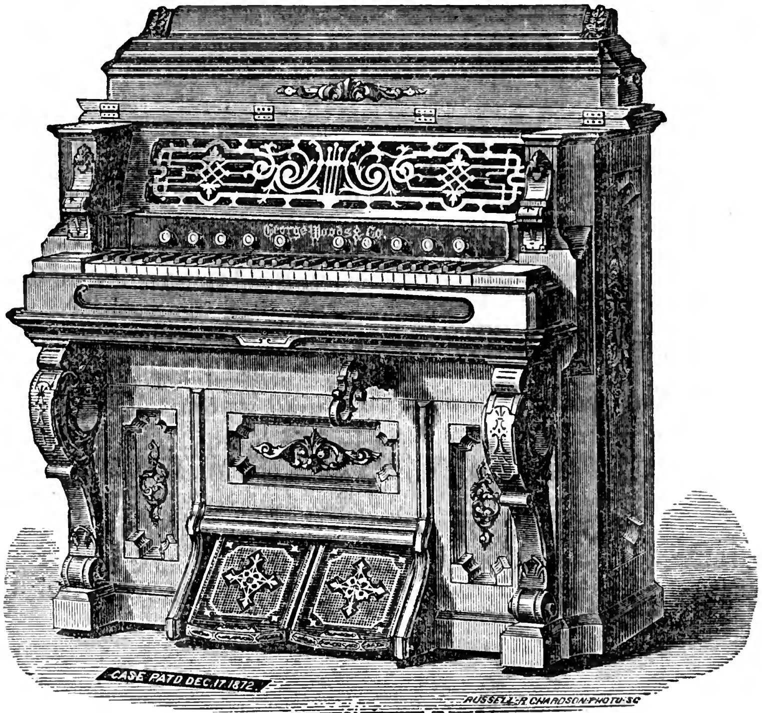

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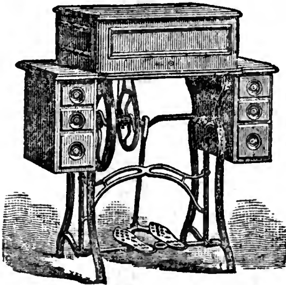

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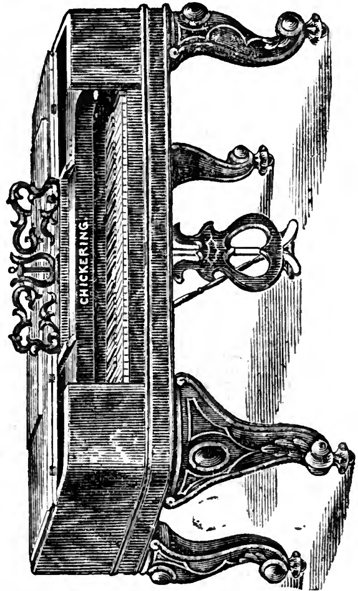

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FIFTEENTH VOLUME

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To the Public:

We commence the Fifteenth Volume of the **OVERLAND MONTHLY** *under very favorable circumstances. The many appreciative acknowledgements of its merits we are constantly receiving are a great incentive to make it better and better as each succeeding number makes its appearance. We can not more clearly express the general feeling of the press than to quote the following from the Chicago "Inter-Ocean" of May 29th:*

"The OVERLAND is, as usual, crammed with a variety of articles which can not fail to excite the attention as well as the interest of the reader. It is strange what a hold Pacific Coast literature has upon the public. There is a freshness about it that never palls upon the intellectual appetite; and it is no slight praise to say, that the OVERLAND is the best exponent of a style of writing of which American readers have entirely too little."

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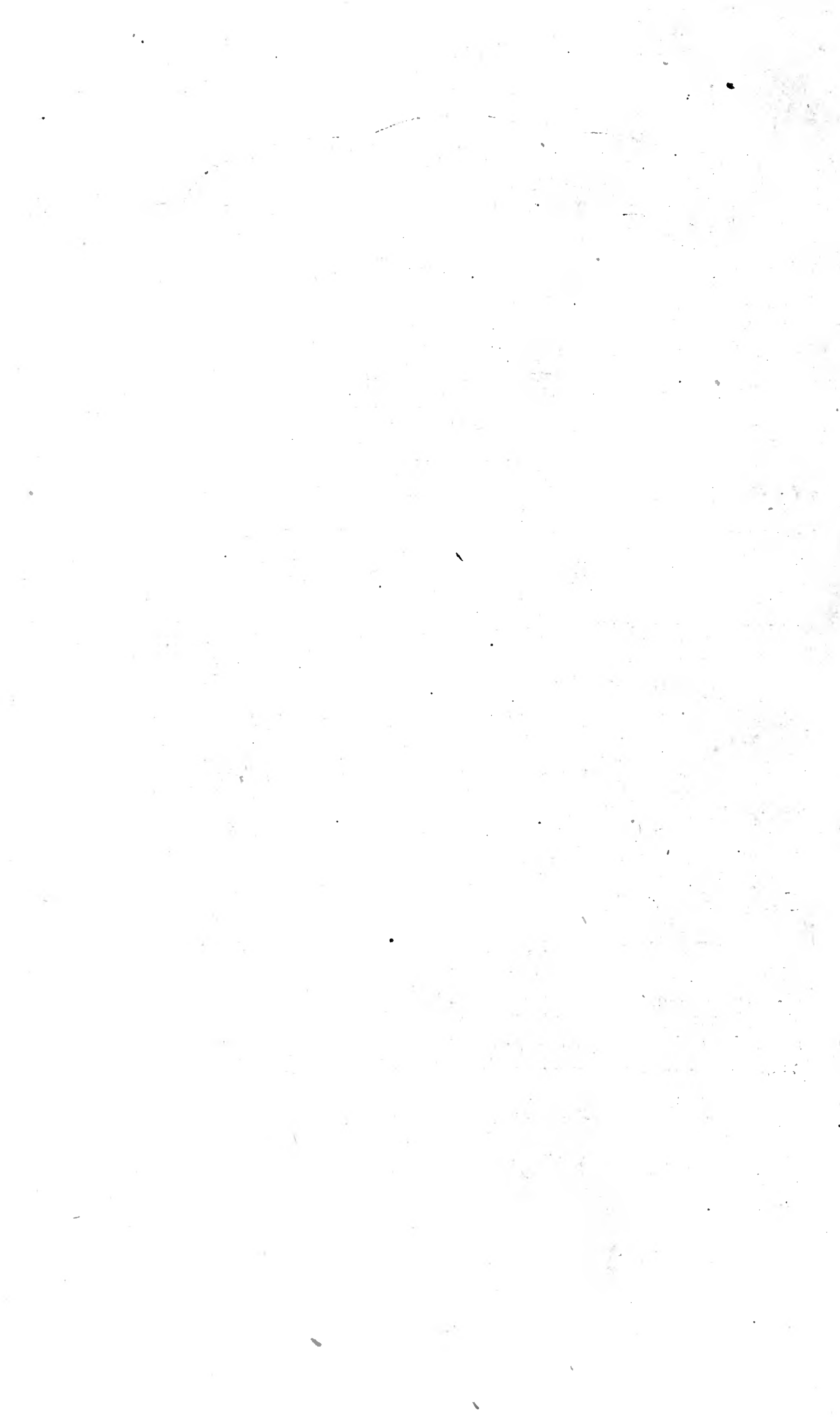

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VOL. 15. NO. 2.

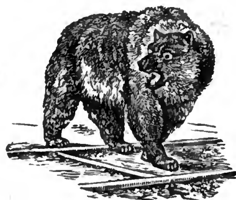
THE Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

AUGUST, 1875.

California Farmer



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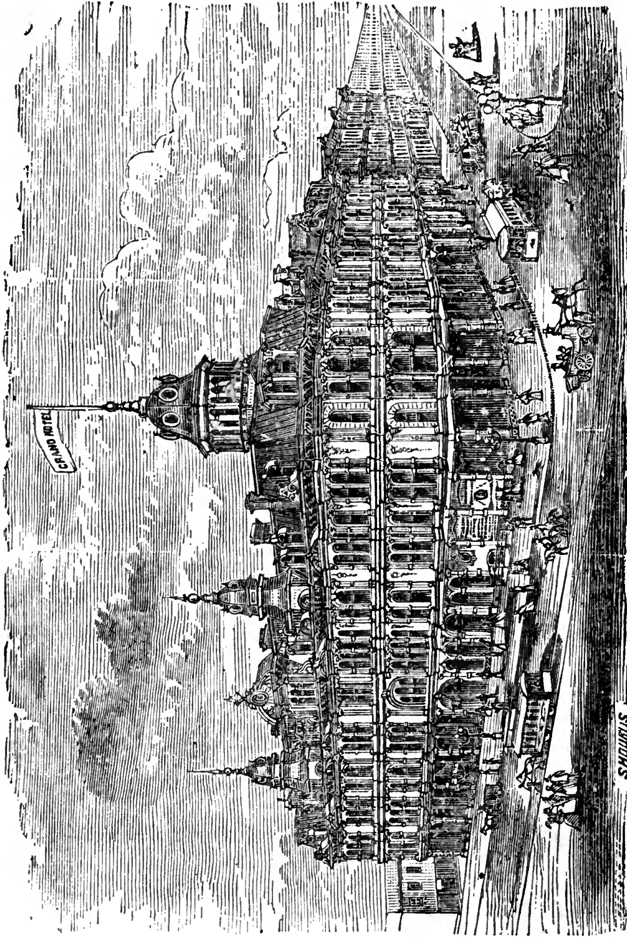

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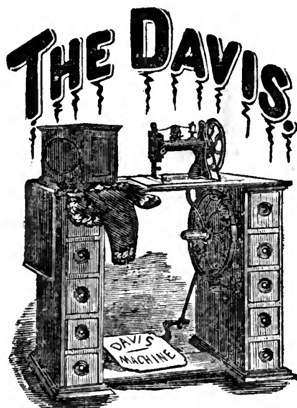

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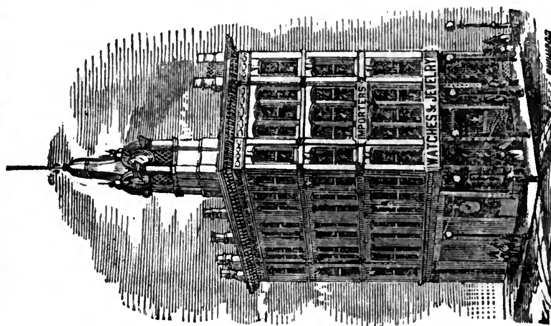

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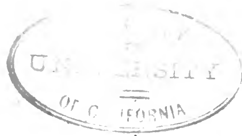

THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 15.—AUGUST, 1875.—No. 2.

WAY-SIDES OF NATURE.

No. III.*

IT is January 18th of the present year. Early associations connect the month with the coldest temperature and the fiercest storms of winter. And if a residence of more than twenty years on the Pacific Coast has not dispelled the idea that there should be a complete hybernation of the vegetable world during the winter solstice, one may conceive of the difficulty which our Atlantic brethren have in realizing the fact that, while they are freshly bound in the ice-garb of the season, the starling and the lark are here clearing their voices to hail the advent of luxuriant spring. Tempted by the bland air of the season, I strolled toward the foot-hills, to observe how Nature was demeaning herself in the absence of human society. Somehow or other, I think, she feels lonely when there are no appreciative minds to note the changes and to watch evolving beauties as they spring from the *nidus* of her creations. At all events, as her quiet groves are entered, and, prostrate on the green covering which she has prepared for the spring-tide of flowers, we kiss the blue nemophila or the snow-flake claytonia, there is a feeling that some responsive soul is near which gladdens the heart, in the embrace of a world so essentially spiritual and yet so practically material.

And here is an eschscholtzia, which has exultingly bloomed out under shelter of a little clay bank, seemingly to announce the fact that in every month of the year her brilliant petals open to the coming of the morning sun. There stands, like a scarred soldier, a centaurea, whose top has been clipped by some wandering jackass: through long time has it treasured its place in classic history as having cured the Centaur Chiron of a wound in his foot inflicted by the ponderous arrow of Hercules. Now, too proud to succumb to an ignoble foe, it sends fresh flowers from its denuded

*The second paper was published in the number for August, 1870.

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stem, which look like stars of gold on a background of leaden hue. The plebeian sonchus, too, has sprung to life by the way-side puddle, and the scarlet gems of nagalis beginning to flirt with her pretty little neighbor stellaria. And now we come to a rippling stream, on whose banks the bright pink racemes of our native currant mingle with her thorny sisters — where the hazel has passed its modest bloom, and the bronze-clad flowers of the alder and the silky catkins of the willow mingle in graceful harmony. Here, on the moss-clad root of a venerable oak, we will revel in the charms of coming spring, and think out the simple philosophy of nature.

This branch of willow, which curves so gracefully from the opposite bank, seems to beckon for recognition with the familiar gestures of a life-long acquaintance. Not the same species as taught these once cartilaginous bones the boyish art of climbing, though the same in appearance, in habits, and character. The family is ambitious in its way, ever contending for supremacy of domain, on streams, in swamps, by springs, and watered hill-sides. It is cosmopolitan; for, claiming a foot-hold on the extreme limit of Arctic vegetation, it spreads in number and species as it approaches more genial climes, until it has representatives in almost every country. If we speak of it with more than ordinary respect, the cause may be divined from its aristocratic antecedents. Columella described its value and uses in the early days of science; its fame and virtues evoked poetry from Virgil; Pliny discoursed of its honorable claims to distinction; while the fathers of medicine lauded its healing virtues in disease. With such illustrious patrons, everybody has become familiar with its name, and knows where to find it. Within California there are eight or ten species verified. While some attain a diameter of two and a half or three feet, and a height of thirty or forty feet, others are inclined to a bushy slender growth, and, in favorable localities, form dense thickets. In olden time it would have been an object for boys to know that some of these are prime species for making whistles of. But, somehow or other, this interesting amusement has subsided among California youth; and, if some enterprising genius does not fire up the enthusiasm of young America, whistle-making will soon be numbered among the lost arts. Perhaps, however, the Mechanics' Institute may prevail on the regents to introduce it in the University as a department of technical education.

The large species of willow is too brittle for anything but fire-wood, but it has a thick bark, which forms good material for tanning; it is not regarded, however, as being more than half the value of oak-bark. In quantity it is too sparse to afford any supply to the market; for the large trees have nearly all succumbed to the policy of most California farmers, which appears to be to destroy timber as they would exterminate squirrels or rattlesnakes.

There is undoubtedly a large field for profitable operations in cultivating some of our native willows for hoop-poles and baskets. There are large tracts of low and swampy land, which are especially adapted to their growth. The swamp-land at the junction of the Yuba and Sacramento, the bottom-land of the American River, the sloughs about the Kern River country, and many other parts of the overflowed land of California, are already covered with dense thickets of several species. Such localities in England are called osier lands, or osier polts; and the osier willow is not a specific name, but is applied to all species which are cultivated and used in the arts. Thus the *Salix Forbyana* W. is most esteemed for fine basket-work; the *S. viminalis*, or Gallican

willow, described by Columella, is the common osier; the *Lambertiana* W., the *vitellina* W., the *rubra* W., or green-leaved osier, are all esteemed valuable for basket-work; while the *stipularis* W., and *triandra* W., are used for coarse work and for hoops and poles.

But, so far as my observation has extended, I do not think there is any necessity for resorting to the cultivation of foreign species in California; as some, which are indigenous to the Pacific slope, have all the properties which are desirable to the artisan. I must here apologize for not designating those species by name, notwithstanding specimens are in my herbarium. The fact is, the willows, in addition to being a numerous and wide-spread family, are so hybridized that it requires more familiar acquaintance with them than the writer possesses to identify the species. It is humiliating to make this confession, in face of the fact that the State of California has made such liberal appropriations for a geological survey. From 1860, when the Geological Commission was first instituted, to 1866, the sum of $95,600 had been appropriated by the State on this account. In March, 1870, the Legislature appropriated $25,000 to defray the unpaid expenses of the commission. On the 25th of March, of the same year, a further appropriation of $2,000 per month for two years was made, *to complete the survey and publish the results thereof.* The aggregate sum thus appropriated, toward accomplishing a desirable work for the benefit of science and for the material prosperity of the State, has been $177,600. For this sum a heterogeneous mass of specimens, without an index, occupying about one and a half cords of space, was passed over to the State, which, after lying in the equivalent of a receiving-vault for ten years, ultimately found a permanent home in the University. The world has been favored with four small quarto volumes of results, in addition to a few maps. As to any report on botany, or any collection of California plants, three sets have been made up: one for the California Academy of Sciences; one for the University of California; while one has been sent out of the State, and eastern botanists have the credit of devoting their time to working it up, in occasional paroxysms, without remuneration. It would have been far better for the interests of the State and of science had this commission never existed. California scientists would have accomplished more work, without aid from the State, than has thus far, to all practical purposes, been achieved by the commission.

In 1836 the Legislature of New York appropriated $104,000, and in 1842 an additional $26,000, making $130,000, for a geological survey of the State. The results of this commission were eight several sets of animals, plants, rocks, minerals, soils, and fossils, contained in the State, and the publication of fourteen large quarto volumes in the different departments, each beautifully and elaborately illustrated. This work was dispensed to public institutions and to scientists at one dollar per volume, while the California reports, containing much less in matter and value, are sold at four dollars a volume. But to return to the subject.

It is quite common to see some of our native willows grow to be fifteen feet high, with a butt not exceeding one and a half inches. Recently I saw two trees, neither of which exceeded four inches in diameter, which were thirty feet high. Experimental cultivation of some of these species is well worth the trial. The Indians make extensive use of some for basket-making. The small twigs are tied in bundles and laid over a fire to steam, after which the bark is easily and quickly peeled off.

The evergreen oak (*Quercus agrifo-*

lia), one of which is casting its dark shadow about us, is a prominent feature in our natural scenery. They frequently bear such a marked resemblance to old apple-trees, that a stranger, who for the first time sees them scattered over the *encinal*, imagines that they are the relics of old orchards. They are, however, exceedingly variable in size and shape. Exposed to the westerly summer winds, they become so modified in appearance that no one but a botanist would recognize them as the same species which grow in cañons and protected valleys. The trunks of nearly all incline to the east, at angles of 10°, 15°, or even 30°. This is owing to a combination of causes. First, westerly winds, impinging on them during the summer season, and driving small particles of sand against the tender foliage, arrests growth on the windward side, so that the branchlets, instead of making from six to eight inches of new wood every season, do not grow more than two or three inches. It is a law of development, that the distance between the buds of growing wood increases in proportion to the rapidity of growth. Thus, a new twig twelve inches long may have six buds upon it, and should the same twig grow but three inches, it would still have the same number of buds. In the one case, the buds would be two inches apart; in the other, they would be half an inch apart. The next year, each bud may give origin to another twig or branch. In the one case, six secondary twigs will be developed along an axis of twelve inches; in the other case, six very small twigs will be developed along an axis of three inches in length. Where causes are in force which thus retard the normal growth of the terminal branchlets of a tree, the result is the formation of a mass of small twigs, so matted and so compact that it is impossible for a medium-sized bird to make its way through it. Such is the case with this oak. The leeward side of the tree, however, is so protected from winds, that the main growth of the season is on that part. The sequence is, that the older a tree thus exposed, the more eccentric is the trunk in relation to the body, or, in common parlance, the more lopsided it is; so that, in many cases, three-fourths of the weight of its entire body is outside the centre of gravity. This fact, however, even in connection with high summer winds, does not incline the trunk from a vertical line, for all trees project their roots in such manner that the centre of gravity of the tree nearly coincides with the centre of bearing of the roots, with the impacted earth as a fulcrum. Illustrations may be seen by scores along Alameda beach.

Once in eight or ten years our winter storms yield an unusual amount of rain. The soil of the *encinal* has been formed by drifting sand, mixed with vegetable mold derived from leaves and the decay of other organic matter. It is from one to three feet deep, and rests upon a compact sand, called "hard-pan." This hard-pan is very permeable to water, and when saturated it approximates to quicksand. Over twenty inches of rain-fall during the winter saturates the soil so that water will percolate into a hole two feet deep. It may be seen that, when the soil is so saturated, the hold which tree-roots have in it becomes weakened, the roots start, and the tree slowly settles over on the side of the greatest weight; sometimes it falls so that its main lateral limbs rest upon the ground.

There is still another cause which impairs the natural beauty of this tree, and, in connection with winds, arrests its development and modifies its shape. Almost every spring, soon after the evolution of young leaves commences, myriads of caterpillars emerge from their shells and take to the tender foliage. As they are good feeders and rapid

growers, it becomes a question of the survival of the fittest; and the caterpillars generally come off so victorious that after their last molting, when the army is disbanded, each fellow lets go his hold on gregarious life and rambles over large branches, or falls to the ground and finds some quiet retreat behind a sliver of loose bark, beneath the leaves of a neighboring shrub, among the dense grass, in the angles of a house—everywhere, in fact, except in the pockets of an entomologist—and there begins to weave his yellow cocoon. "After the battle" shows the tree brown and denuded as though it had passed through an Arctic winter; for meantime the leaves of last year have mostly fallen, and it is late in the growing season before a new crop is developed on the stunted branchlets.

These, then, are the true causes of the oak-trees along the bay having such a general inclination to the east and such smooth and uniform outlines and habit; and frequently such lopsided forms afford an interesting illustration of the modes of development which prevail among vegetable growths. They are not uniformly diffused through the valley on the eastern side of San Francisco Bay. This belt of land, extending fifty or sixty miles north and south, with an average width of six miles, has been formed partly by deposits of *detritus* from the mountains adjoining on the east and partly from sand-banks which have managed to raise their faces above water by earthquakes or some other potential agency. While the formation of the sand-banks was developed under the laws of oceanic currents, the deposit of *débris* from mountain-gulches was arranged under the law of descending currents; the result was an interposing of the two formations, each preserving its own characteristics. The sand-banks, once above water, have been receiving constant additions from the sand which is blown over it by summer winds. Thus, Oakland *encinal* has three or four square miles of sandy loam and Alameda about the same quantity, while the intervening land is made up of gravel, with a surface deposit of adobe mud from three to six feet in depth, which flanks the numerous streams formed by the rainy season. Over the flat surface of both *encinals* the oak recently formed a fresh growth, while over the greater area of adobe there is almost a total absence of sylvan vegetation, until, approaching the mountains, it begins to show itself along the banks and on side-hills. It is difficult to designate its original habitat. It is more abundant from the east side of the Berkeley range to Mount Diablo than it is to the west. It nearly loses itself in the San Joaquin Valley, where it gives place to the Sacramento white-oak (*Q. lobata*) and reappears among the foot-hills of the Sierra, in company with the live-oak (*Q. chrysolepis*). From the crest of the Berkeley range its distribution westward was manifestly by the agency of birds and currents of water. In no other way could it have been distributed over the flat and sandy loam of Oakland and Alameda. In point of value, the evergreen oak holds a secondary position. From the first settlement of the country it has been the standard material for fire-wood. It is too brash for manufacturing purposes, and too perishable to be exposed to the weather. It is easily cut when green, but when seasoned a wood-chopper becomes intensely exercised while endeavoring to hew it into any required shape.

The depth of *humus* on the Coast Range hills indicates a moderately recent origin of vegetable fauna. The redwood (*Sequoia sempervirens*) is probably the most ancient representative. There is no evidence on which its presence can be predicated beyond three generations. This would give its first

appearance 3,000 or at most 5,000 years ago. The bay-tree is next in priority of age. Like the redwood, it propagates itself from saplings thrown out from the periphery of the stumps of its decayed ancestors. I have never seen any of the old stumps exceeding eight feet in diameter, and from imperfect data I am inclined to limit their age to 800 years. Our evergreen oak comes next. The oldest tree which I have seen in this district has not exceeded 500 years. From the sparseness of vegetable mold and from the absence of any relics of former generations, it can not be claimed that it has been growing on our *encinal* for more than 1,000 years. These estimates may be regarded as being purely hypothetical, but they are no more so than the bases which refer the origin of man to remote antiquity. If the character of strata in which organic remains are found is sufficient to determine the relative age of extinct animals, why should not the character of the soil on which forest-trees are living, coupled with the living history of these trees, be made to determine the order of succession in which they assumed possession of the virgin soil?

The bay-tree (*Oreodaphne Californica*) stands almost peerless in the Coast Range *sylva*. Its deep green cones of foliage, scattered through gulches and along hill-sides, give greater depth and wildness to cañons, and mingle with the rounded tops of the evergreen oak to form the characteristic scenery of the rock-faced mountains. Early in January its clusters of wax-like flowers appear, half-hidden and protected from untimely cold by a profusion of thick shining lanceolate leaves. The fruit of the previous season, about the size of a large filbert, holds its place beside the blossoms, so that every gradation of inflorescence may be seen, from the half-developed flower-bud to the mature carpel. Like the willow, its favorite locality is along the course of streams and on springy hill-sides, but it will accommodate itself to almost any locality. Its pungent aroma fills the atmosphere without its circumference, and doubtless it exerts an anti-malarial influence as powerful as the eucalyptus, or any other tree which has gained a real or factitious reputation in this respect.

It has not been proved, though asserted until belief is established, that the aroma of the eucalyptus is effective in preventing the incubation of intermittents. The exceedingly rapid growth of the tree is dependent on the quantity of water which is accessible to its roots. The proverbially unhealthy atmosphere of swamp-land is due to stagnant water. Where currents are established by drainage or by excess of water, the cause of malarious fevers, if not entirely removed, is materially abated; it would be removed if the drainage were complete. Let us look at the results which naturally follow the planting and cultivation of some kinds of forest-trees. In eight years the eucalyptus will attain a diameter of eighteen inches and a height of fifty feet. Experiments which I have made determine these facts: A branch of this tree which contains 105 square inches of leaf-surface will absorb 3.25 ounces of water in eighteen hours. The entire tree will furnish an area of 310,500 square inches of leaf-surface, and the amount of water daily absorbed by the roots would equal 609 pounds, or seventy-six gallons. Given a stagnant swamp of 200 acres, each acre having 200 trees, and the amount of water daily absorbed by the roots would be 3,040,000 gallons, or 405,333 cubic feet. This would be equal to a constant stream running at the rate of three miles per hour, of two feet wide and six inches deep.

This question has a practical import, as applied to two projects which are now being discussed, and to the results on public health which would follow the

adoption of either: the irrigation of the San Joaquin Valley, and the introduction of the water of Lake Tulare into San Francisco for economical purposes. The direct effect of irrigating the low lands of the valley would be the formation of a larger area within which malarial fevers would prevail; for it is well known that there are lands along the San Joaquin and some of its tributaries, dry during the summer months, but which, on being plowed, liberate the subtle poison which engenders disease. The great district in California which is subject to malarial fevers includes large portions of the Sacramento, the San Joaquin, and the Tulare valleys, extending from the sixth standard north from Mount Diablo base to the eighth standard south, covering an area of 375 miles in length, with a width varying from two to twenty-five miles. Much of this low land is known as tule swamp, from its being covered with *Scirpus lacustris* L., which grows in places from eight to twelve feet high. Other portions have a dense undergrowth of willow, which disappears in the neighborhood of the tules, but which reasserts its claim to the watery soil in places along the whole course of the valley.

This immense field of swamp and overflowed land, covering an area of over 6,000 square miles, has comparatively little population outside of Sacramento, Stockton, Marysville, and other cities, which are feeders to the agricultural and mining population. Hence it is difficult to estimate the area which may properly be regarded as malarial. Physicians are cognizant of many places along the Merced and San Joaquin rivers where the upturning of dry meadow soil for agricultural purposes has been followed by malarial fever. During the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad along the San Joaquin Valley, nearly every laborer became a victim to the same disease.

Will extensive irrigation change the climatal condition of a district of country? The question has been practically answered in the mining districts of California and elsewhere. Before the formation of ditches and the damming of the upper waters of rivers which form tributaries of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, the surface moisture of land among the mountain foot-hills was generally evaporated by the middle of May or the first of June. At this time clouds ceased to form in the upper air, and by day and night the unbroken clearness of the sky during the summer solstice permitted the full intensity of solar heat to impinge on the denuded soil. The heat thus acquired during the day was seldom radiated with sufficient rapidity in the night to bring the temperature of the air within range of the dew-point. In fact, during the latter part of summer the air was almost absolutely dry. The absence of dew thus became a marked feature of the interior climate.

After the head-waters of the rivers had been dammed, and ditches to the extent of 7,000 miles constructed, which spread water during most of the summer through thousands of smaller channels, the air became so charged with vapor that deposits of dew became the rule instead of the exception. No other change was manifest except a slight reduction of temperature as a sequence of evaporation. Beyond the results thus foreshadowed in mining operations, and the certainty of securing fair crops, there is nothing to be urged in favor of extensive irrigation as compensatory to giving greater activity and diffusion to malarial poisons.

The matter of cultivating forests becomes then a question of almost vital importance to every settler within the precincts of this low land. It is not a doubtful experiment as a hygienic measure. The medical faculty need not be reminded of the conditions which in-

crease the virulence of or destroy malarial poisons. Observation has established as facts: That excess of water in soil, by producing currents which carry off the poison or dilute it to the extent of rendering it innoxious, prevents the formation of miasma; and that a lack of water in soil, by abstracting a necessary factor to vegetable decomposition, also prevents the development of disease. It is between these extremes that the forces operate which render active the toxic properties of marsh miasm. There must be added, however, a temperature ranging upward from 60° Fahrenheit, and prolonged for weeks or months, before all the conditions which are necessary to produce vegetable decomposition and miasma are fairly established.

What then is the *modus operandi* by which forests purify the atmosphere and prevent the formation of marsh miasma? It has been stated that 6,000 square miles of the great valley are included in overflowed lands, and this amount may be reclaimed.* Let us so enlarge the experiment detailed on a previous page as to make a belt of eucalyptus-trees two miles wide, and extend it 375 miles, or the entire length of the valley. Nature works by small accretions, but operates on a large scale. She would of herself execute all the work which is here laid out, were she allowed a little time. But the aggressive spirit of Yankeeism must accomplish tremendous results within a few years of business life. It can not tolerate the idea of using up a few centuries out of the store-house of eternity, in order that a piece of swamp land or a section of arid *débris* should be converted into a spot befitting fifty bushels of wheat to the acre. Fortunately for science this spirit was not "peeking" round in the palæozoic age, as all transitions between the awkward Silurian and the post-tertiary era would have been totally ignored.

* *Land Office Report*, 1868.

A forest of the before-named magnitude would contain 96,000,000 trees, and during every twenty-four hours there would be exhaled 7,296,000,000 gallons, or 980,000,000 cubic feet of water. This would be sufficient to fill a ditch fifty feet wide, nine and five-tenths feet deep, and 375 miles long; which, flowing from each extremity of the valley to its outlet in San Pablo Bay at the rate of three miles per hour, would require two days to empty itself. The water taken up and exhaled by such a mass of trees would be equivalent to a constant stream of this volume.

This estimate represents the *capability* of daily absorption. The quantity of water which would actually be thus taken from the soil may fall far short of this amount; for the ground, not being always saturated, would afford but a limited supply to the roots. The range in quantity between fact and theory will not affect the argument, inasmuch as there is always maintained in living organizations a definite yet varying degree of activity between the functions of the system and its consumption of food.

But absorption of water and its subsequent exhalation do not constitute the process of nutrition and growth in the vegetable world. The water of the soil not merely holds in solution all the solid mineral matter which goes to make up the substance of the tree, but gaseous elements, either in a simple form as of atmospheric air, or combined as in carbonic acid, sulphureted hydrogen, and other mephitic gases. Whatever there may be held in solution is, in a general sense, absorbed by the roots and conveyed with little or no change to the leaves, which form the laboratory of the vegetable world. Carbon, hydrogen, lime, potassa, soda, and other substances, are here subjected to changes, by the agency of solar light and heat, which adapt them to the composition and the structure of the tree. This chemical

activity is rapid in many growths, especially in the eucalyptus. The strong aroma of its gum is diffused to a distance of thirty or forty feet. The hydrogen which forms one of its elementary constituents is derived from the decomposition of water which the tree takes from the soil. The entire process of vegetable life constantly carried on in effecting the assimilation of food not only returns to the atmosphere oxygen, as a product of the decomposition of water and carbonic acid, but restores the purity of all other substances that are exhaled either in a simple or compound form. Thus, in whatever shape marsh miasma may exist—whether held in solution by water and diffused in the vapor of night, or retained in the soil and liberated by the presence of water—it is certain to be destroyed by an adequate development of forest growth. This is so fully recognized in medical literature as to render exemplifications unnecessary.

As another sequence of the activity of vegetable growth, the cooling of the atmosphere is prominent. This reduction of temperature is mainly due to exhalation of water from the leaves. This function is most active during the day; for the more rapid the evaporation, the cooler does the air become: consequently, the greatest difference of temperature between the open air and the shade of a tree is from noon until three o'clock P.M. This range, being affected by local causes, can not be precisely and uniformly indicated, except by actual experiment. Where the thermometer stands in the shade at 85° Fahrenheit, it will be at 100° in the sun-lit air, protected from direct solar rays; at the same time the surface soil will indicate 115°. This is the breathing temperature prevalent for parts of several months along the great valley of which we have spoken. At times 130° or 140° are indicated by the thermometer. It is very common for the night temperature to stand at 80° or upward. At such times the incubation of disease is active.

Unless the conditions be peculiar, a maximum temperature of 80° through the day will be followed by a minimum temperature below 60° during the night. Along sea-shore counties the thermal range is not so great, and in valleys protected from ocean breezes the radiant heat during night arrests the cooling process from inflowing air.

Let us see what disposition would be made of the vast amount of liquid daily absorbed and discharged into the atmosphere. At 212° a cubic foot of water will be converted into 1,696 cubic feet of vapor. At 60°, with the barometer at thirty inches, each cubic foot of air will contain 6.22 grains of vapor. The 980,000,000 cubic feet of water will saturate a belt of atmosphere 375 miles long, ten miles wide, and 1,200 feet in thickness, which would be resting over the valley for the greater portion of every twenty-four hours. But would the swamp-land yield this quantity of water every day? Estimating the average rainfall at eighteen inches, and excluding the inflowing water from mountain streams, it would require over 800 days for the forest to absorb all the moisture that the valley received during the winter months. If this process commenced with the active growth of vegetation in February, and were to continue but 120 days, all the requirements of growing crops would be met without appropriating over one-sixth of the amount which fell upon the land. Moreover, there would be a compensating action constantly going on, in consequence of the vapor rendered to the atmosphere being partially returned to the soil by condensation.

The arid nature of parts of the San Joaquin Valley is not referable to high temperature and evaporation alone. In the middle of the plains, east of Stockton, excavation shows a succession of strata formed of washed bowlders and

coarse gravel, more than seventy feet in depth, before a retentive water-bearing bed is reached. Other parts of the valley show a similar formation, and evidence tends to the conclusion that the inland sea which once covered this area was obliterated by *débris* brought down from the mountains on either side. In fact, the process of denudation is still active, as may be seen along the entire course of the range. This deposit, being coarse and loosely packed, can not retain the water which falls upon the surface. Such is the character of more than 2,000,000 acres of this arid land.

It is not possible to define the distance which the roots of trees will travel, under favorable circumstances, in quest of water. Some years ago, in the process of grading Clay Street, San Francisco, excavation was made through a sand-bank to the depth of thirty feet. A small scrub-oak, four inches in diameter, was growing on the crest of the hill, on the line of the cut. I traced its main root thirty feet in a vertical line, and at that depth it was still half an inch in diameter. East of Alameda there is a hill-side cut, which gave origin some years ago to a small land-slide, exposing the root of an oak-tree. When I observed this for the first time, there was a small root-fibre, which looked like a piece of half-inch rope, stretched horizontally for a distance of nearly forty feet without any apparent diminution in thickness. At the present time it is over three inches in diameter, and its distal extremity is doubtless over 100 feet from the trunk. Thus it is that the terminal roots of trees, through which absorption takes place, will follow horizontally or downward the receding line of moisture, to an extent that is determined by the texture of the soil. Roots, like branches, are always throwing out side-buds, which sometimes increase in number to a marvelous extent. There is a well in Alameda, four feet in diameter, which was almost filled with the roots of a sycamore-tree that grew within a rod of it. There is another well, in the yard of the Congregational Church in Oakland, from which was taken a solid mat of roots, none larger than a thick knitting-needle; the whole about three feet in diameter and two feet in thickness. These cases, among many, are sufficient to show the extent of root development in the presence of a copious supply of water. They also show the rapidity with which organic matter can be supplied to the soil from this source; and, furthermore, the *modus operandi* whereby a loose coarse deposit of purely mineral matter has its interstitial spaces supplied with vegetable mold, and is thus converted into productive soil.

These secondary results of forest-planting land, while being carried on far beneath the surface, are supplemented by processes of trunk growth. Everybody is familiar with the fact that under an old tree there is always from six to twelve inches of vegetable mold, derived from the decomposition of leaves and bark which are annually shed. The weight of dried matter thus furnished, by a tree of the size indicated on a preceding page, will not fall short of 200 pounds. A considerable portion of this is composed of organic matter, some of which may be resolved by subsequent oxidation. The balance constitutes the potassa, lime, silex, and other minerals, which, held in solution by the water of the soil, has been taken up by the sap, conveyed to the leaves, metamorphosed into the solid material of the tree, and partly returned to the earth through the leaves and bark. The results of this process, on a large scale and during consecutive years, may be seen in any forest-growth which originated on a bed of gravel. Fine mold fills the interstices between washed or angular pebbles, furnishing sustenance to a dense under-

growth of shrubs and succulent plants. Time was when such localities were as unpromising to vegetation as any which now compose our Californian valleys.

It may be said that this theory proves too much; that if trees take up so much water from the soil, the surface ground must necessarily be desiccated, and thus rendered unfit for cereal crops. This does not follow. While it is admitted that during the growing season the soil beneath forest-trees may contain a proportion of water smaller than that without their range, it is also true that a large portion of the San Joaquin Valley, having a known depth of seventy or 100 feet, being the product of denudation and not retaining the rain-fall of winter near the surface, is capable of sustaining a sparse vegetation only so long as frequent rains keep the substratum in a moist condition; consequently, the forest would obtain its main supply of water by the trees projecting their roots downward far beyond the limits of surface moisture. But our argument is now directed primarily to a hygienic point, and secondarily to the means whereby unproductive land may be brought to a condition in which crops may be insured at a minimum expense and at the greatest profit to the cultivator. In a future paper I will resume this subject, and endeavor to prove that forest-trees return to the land and air more moisture than they extract from surface soil.

The conclusions apparent from the facts and arguments herein advanced are the following: That forest-trees in sufficient numbers will absorb, from deep as well as from superficial strata, a sufficient quantity of water to establish regular subterranean currents, and that whatever miasma may be combined with or held in solution by the water will thus be carried off, or have its toxic properties in whole or in part neutralized; that the water thus exhaled will be diffused through the atmosphere in such quantity as to be returned in great part to the surface soil by precipitation; that the high summer temperature may thus be so modified as to reduce the nocturnal heat below 60°; that the causes thus operating to prevent vegetable fermentation, or to dissipate miasma if developed, would protect the valley from regular visitations of paludal fevers; that the modification of climate thus induced would, under ordinary circumstances, insure average crops of grain in localities which are now dependent either on unusually wet seasons or on artificial irrigation; and that, while immediate benefits would thus be conferred upon the farmer by extensive tree-planting, the remuneration would be cumulative, not only in the regularly increasing value of his timber, but in the prospective reclamation, by natural processes without absolute expense, of land which is now utterly useless.

A FANTASY OF ROSES.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.

THE dining-room at Mossland was a large room much longer than broad, with windows reaching almost to the floor. The walls made you think of rose-clouds flitting over a gray sky, sky and clouds alike covered with a filmy veil of silver. The windows were draped with curtains of rose-damask falling in heavy folds to the floor, and then melting away into the ashen gray of the carpet, which was crossed in diamonds by threads of rose. Between the windows, which were three in number, there were mirrors of the same height; the marble slab at the base of one upholding a fernery, that of the other a globe of gold-fish. In the rose-tinted arches over windows and mirrors were marble busts, shining purely white as the moonlight bursting through a cloud. At one end of the room stood a broad low cabinet of rose-wood, the shelves filled with rare and curious *souvenirs* of travel. At the opposite end of the room was a similar cabinet filled with books, and had you opened them you would have found in each, traced in delicate characters, the name, "Fay Lingarde." Across one corner stood a small upright piano, also of rose-wood, with keys of pearl; across another, the buffet. Now the last trace of the late dinner had been removed from the table; and on the low sofa, drawn up by one side of the open wood-fire, Fay was sitting with her father. His arm was lying about her, while his hand was softly stroking the ends of the golden hair; so they always sat. Directly in front of the fire another gentleman was sitting. The full blaze of the fire lit up his face, which did not need to shrink from the searching light, for it bore the impress of a noble generous nature; as old a man as Mr. Lingarde, yet there was not a line of silver in the dark hair, and the smile and light of the eye were trusting as a child's. Children and animals all worshiped Ray Llorente, and on the occasion of his coming to Mossland the great mastiff, who almost merited his name, "Lion," never failed to slip into the room to make a mat for his feet. At the other corner of the fire-place, upon a low stool drawn far back into the shadow, which her black dress made deeper and more intense, Roberta sat, apparently watching the flickering rays of light chase the shadows over the carpet, for her head was slightly bent forward, and she did not once raise her eyes. At the table, farther back, engaged in looking over a pile of letters and papers, sat Louis Valois. His name, as well as the quick vivacious play of his features, he had inherited from his French ancestry. Valois had once been De Valois until some revolution had beheaded it. He was one of the few men who can be called handsome: features perfectly regular, yet with a mobility of expression which saved them from insipidity; hands and feet whose perfect shape was still suggestive of masculine strength and endurance, and around and about him such a fire and dash and bloom of youth that you would be forever forgetting whether his eyes were gray or black, whether his hair were brown or of the purplish hue of the gods. The tones of his voice would linger in your memory and rouse the sleeping echoes of your heart. For

more than a year he had made one of Mr. Lingarde's family. He was by nature and education an artist. In reality he did exactly what he chose; sketched and painted when the fancy took him, and at other times shut himself in the library for days together, doing the work which he had allowed to await his pleasure. From where he sat the only face which he could see was Roberta's. He hȧd only given her a passing glance as she first took her seat, but that glance had brought the quick color to her cheek and weighed her eyes down to the carpet, while Louis saw her answering look upon every page which he opened.

"And so you have really missed me, my pet?" said Mr. Lingarde, fondly, in answer to some words of Fay's.

"Missed you!"—with a world of sweet reproach in voice and look—"missed you! You know without asking."

"But you have had no one to interfere with your pleasure, as I most certainly should have done, for I like not to see the roses of your cheeks sinking down into your canvas, any more than to have the purple from your canvas circle itself about your eyes. Confess that you have been working too hard. Llorente, I gave you charge of this little girl. I shall call you to an account as a faithless guardian."

"O! papa, it is because you have not seen me for two weeks. Indeed, I am quite well."

"I have taken the young ladies out for a ride every morning, and have called to inquire after their health every evening," said Mr. Llorente, lazily.

"And on rainy days when we could not go to ride he was so kind as to come over and read to us," interrupted Fay.

"Miss Fay does not add that I proved myself so tiresome a reader, or else made such an unfortunate selection, that she nearly went to sleep; while Miss Roberta could not even tell me the subject I had inflicted upon them."

At the mention of her name, Roberta started as if just made conscious of the presence of others.

"It is very bad of you to say that; one might almost call it malicious," said Fay, vivaciously. "We were very interested, were we not, Roberta?"

"What was it about, then?" asked her father.

"It was Ruskin's *Stones of Venice*," answered Fay. "We had been talking about it the evening before, and as Roberta had never been in Venice, Mr. Llorente brought it for her to read, or rather to read to us. After you had gone, Mr. Llorente," she continued, "Roberta played for me the most ravishing piece of music that I have ever heard; she said that the description which you had read recalled it to her. I wish so much that she would play it now"—turning to Roberta.

"And I," said Mr. Llorente.

"I could not give it the same effect as then, when my imagination was filled with it," answered Roberta, shrinking farther back into the shadow.

"It was not an improvisation, then?"

"O, no, indeed; it was a song—a song without words—that one of the sisters used to play for me. I do not know that it was ever published."

"It was not one of Mendelssohn's, then?"

"No; it was something even more divine, if possible."

"Then, if it is not your own, you will surely not refuse to gratify me."

"Do, pray do!" breathed rather than entreated Fay.

Louis Valois dropped the pencil which he had been holding in his hand, and Roberta raising her eyes just then met his gaze full of entreaty. Mr. Lingarde alone looked indifferently into the fire. There was between him and Roberta a strange chill reserve which nothing

seemed able to break down. Rarely did either address the other in direct conversation, yet Roberta was acutely conscious the moment her father entered her presence. In appearance she resembled him in an extraordinary degree—the power of his face was repeated and intensified in hers; while Fay had not a single feature of her father's family. It may have been the strong resemblance to his lost wife which made the father so tender to her. Certain it was that all the love of his strong nature blossomed for her alone. Throughout Roberta's childhood he contented himself with seeing her at rare intervals, and had even left her for a year longer than was necessary at the convent.

Roberta rose to go to the piano without further words. She sat for a full moment without striking a note; then, like the beating of a heart, one chord after another fell from her hands and passed into a movement full of melody, intense and passionate—the ecstasy of melancholy, the bitterness of sweetness. One harmony grew and blended into another, yet through it all you could feel rather than hear the theme threading out the story, as one might pluck the petals from a rose, one by one, and each in falling making the fragrance sweeter. At times, with strong impetuous rush, the notes followed each other in quick succession, and then would float away as softly as thistle-down before the breath of August; then, with a sudden leap, passing up into the higher notes, the measure grew delirious with whirling dizzy motion, until to hear seemed to die, and dying sweet; then, with a faltering shudder, the music sunk into the plaint of solitude, the repining of one alone, the hunger and thirst of a soul which will never be satisfied, and with a broken tumult of sweet sounds it shivered into silence.

"O, Roberta!" cried Fay, the tears glistening in her eyes, "I'm sure that is not just the same as you played it before—it can not be—it is so much more sad. I did not feel like weeping then, and now it seems as though I could never shed tears enough. Tell me, why did you change it?"

"I did not change it," answered Roberta. "I think I never played anything twice alike—one would need to be an automaton to do that."

She had risen from the piano and approached the fire to resume her seat, when she heard her father speak to Mr. Llorente. His lips were not moving, but certainly she heard these words: "Another Alice; one can never depend upon a character such as that." Mr. Llorente sat shading his eyes with his hand. "Thank you, Miss Roberta," he said; "I never heard a measure so strange as that. What did you say it was called?"

"I think Sister Agatha called it the 'Song of a falling star,' or perhaps we named it so; I do not remember: but we always called it the 'Song without words.'"

"What voice, what words, could ever express it?" said Louis Valois, involuntarily. "The heart which should make the attempt would surely break under the burden, or burn with the fire which flows in its strains."

"I can not imagine an inmate of a convent playing such music," observed Llorente, still shading his eyes with his hand. "It is well that music is above and beyond all language, for nothing base or ignoble ever finds expression in it."

"Roberta," said Fay, quite suddenly, "while you were playing, there came into your face just the expression which I have tried to bring, but could not succeed in bringing, into the face of my Rebecca."

"And is your great picture at last finished?" inquired Louis, with sudden interest. "I have been longing all the

evening to ask if you had succeeded in working it out?"

"It is as nearly finished as it will ever be," answered Fay, discontentedly. "I shall never be any better satisfied."

"There speaks the artist nature. You will never be satisfied with anything you finish; for it is the incompleteness which makes you try again. Let us see it, and pass our judgment upon it."

"No, indeed; I'm not ready yet."

"Give me permission to go up and bring it down," entreated Louis. "The picture will look different, even to you, when taken out of the room where you have worked upon it. There the ideal which is in your mind is stamped upon every object, so that wherever you turn your eyes you can see it a thousand times more perfect and beautiful than the one which you have really painted. I shall go, shall I not?" He had risen from the table. Fay hesitated. Before she could speak Louis was out of the room, when, as if struck by a sudden thought, Fay exclaimed:

"But the frame! It will not look half as well unframed. I have a superstition about my picture. Pray, Roberta, go and tell him that the frame which was too large for my sea-picture just fits it."

"I know where it is, dear," said Roberta, "and it shall not be brought down until it is as properly framed as if it were to be sent to the exhibition." With noiseless steps she passed up the stairs. The door of the studio stood ajar. Into the window, from which the curtain was still pushed aside, the trembling light of the young moon stole, for the clouds had rolled away as the night-chill settled down. Louis Valois was standing with his back to the door gazing upon the painting. The artist had given color to the word-picture in *Ivanhoe*, where Rebecca is in the act of giving the jewels to the Lady Rowena. In the contrast between the dark mournful beauty of the one and the rich sunny brightness of the other lay the whole effect of the picture. There was a look of innocent uncomprehending surprise upon Rowena's face, as she held the casket in her hand, half of its rich contents poured out in her lap. But the study, the focus of the picture, was concentrated in the face of Rebecca — the face of a woman who suffers, who renounces. It was as if she were reading the future of Ivanhoe in that farewell look into Rowena's soul. There was a divine beauty in her countenance; the beauty of the soul. Louis Valois did not move nor speak as Roberta entered and stood by his side. He was conscious, painfully conscious to his very finger-tips, the moment that she crossed the threshold. He longed to speak — to utter some commonplace words — but he felt as if chained to silence. Five minutes before he would have given the world, in his extravagance, for the opportunity to speak a word to Roberta alone, and now he seemed in a trance, unable to move. Roberta spoke first:

"Shall we take it down? There is a frame in the closet which Fay wishes it put into." Her natural even tones made Louis himself at once.

"Do you know, I thought Miss Fay had imprisoned your very self in the canvas, and it was only your wraith which had been sitting so quietly down-stairs, and that was why the music was so awful in its ghostly mysteriousness. I hardly dared turn my head when you glided into the room without even the echo of a footfall."

"Are you very sure now that I am real?" asked Roberta, with attempted playfulness.

"Yes, perfectly so; the strange likeness has vanished, now that I see you side by side. It is a wonderful creation, though. Little Fay has more genius than we all. I did not dream that she could produce anything like this. It was a mere shadow two weeks ago; she

must have worked under the inspiration of your music."

Roberta stood gazing intently upon the picture, as if she had not heard him. She spoke slowly:

"I do not like Rowena. The two women should have understood each other better, since they both loved the same man. There should have been tender pity shadowed in the eyes, instead of that curious stare. Her great love should have quickened into life her powers of sympathy."

"But it is not Rowena I look at. The face of Rebecca is grand; don't you think so?"

"Perhaps so, yet I can not say. I should like to see her face after that door had closed between them and she was alone; then I could tell."

They remained a moment longer, when Roberta moved to the closet-door and opened it.

"Let me get the frame for you. Tell me where it is," said Louis, following after her.

"Just above, on the shelf, I think. That is it," as he took it down.

"It will be a miracle if it fits at all. Picture-frames should be made to order, like ladies' dresses," he observed, taking the picture from the easel.

"O, it will fit; we tried the effect yesterday."

"In that case it will take but a moment to arrange it. If you will be so kind as to place your hand there."

"You ought to have a light," said Roberta, doubtfully, though the moonbeams filled the room with a bright light like that of day. It gleamed upon the fairy whiteness lying so near his bright face bending over the frame, bewitching him with a mad folly. Hardly conscious of what he did, he bent nearer, and a shower of kisses fell from his lips upon it, mingled with broken passionate words, which Roberta might have heard but never could have understood. She did not draw her hand away or move. It had all happened in an instant, and he raised his head again with a deprecating, entreating motion. A transient pink blush swept over Roberta's face, but she shivered as though the cold breath of an iceberg had struck her in summer's heat.

"Say that you do not hate me for it," he cried, filled with a sudden sense of her majestic simplicity. "Because I could not help it, you will forgive me. Speak to me; tell me that you are not angry."

"Angry?—why should I be? My life has not had such a surfeit of love," Roberta forced herself to say, and then was silent. Louis was silent, too, with an instinctive feeling that it was better thus between them than any words, for Roberta was as unconventional as the veriest child of nature.

"You must carry the picture down; you have forgotten that they are waiting for it." It was Roberta who spoke again; her voice was all entreaty. She must be alone, and Louis understood perfectly. A moment after she heard the hall-door open and close, and she was alone with the moonlight beaming on her hand, and such a feeling of sadness in her heart that she closed her eyes to shut in the tears—to shut out the light—to think, if she could, of what had happened. From the first moment of their meeting these two had been irresistibly attracted to each other. Neither could have told how or why it was, only they seemed to know each other as thoroughly, as intimately, as if their past lives had been blended together. Roberta said less to Louis, perhaps, than to any other. There was no need, for he divined her thoughts, as she his. When he read aloud, as he often did to Fay and herself in the mornings, he knew by instinct, without lifting his eyes, just when Roberta would smile, just when the melancholy would shadow her

eyes, just when the glow of enthusiasm or sympathy would light up her face. Roberta had not questioned herself. Life was all so new to her. Even during the days in which Louis had been absent, she had been conscious of no difference in her life. She had been just as happy, for insensibly to herself had the feeling grown within her whose force and strength paralyzed her with terror when his words forced her to recognize them. She could no more have brought herself to have given expression to her feelings in word or act than she could have silenced them to death by an effort of her will. To noble natures concealment is a thing abhorrent; yet a delicate reserve, subtle as the perfume of flowers, forever withholds them from showing the height and depth of their tenderness.

It was not long before Roberta joined the others; her bearing was as free and unconstrained as before. But of all that was said she heard nothing, remembered nothing. She listened to her own words even as to a stranger's. Alone at last in her own room, there was no moonlight, and the stars had veiled their brightness.

It was the morning after—a lovely spring morning. Over all the sky was a tender blue, cloudless and deep; over all the earth a green more tender, with the bloom of summer sweetening its freshness.

In silence everything is carried on in the workshop of nature. At night we close our eyes, and when we open them, lo! the dewy buds have opened also, the fragrant blossoms have expanded, the dull earth smiles in brilliant beauty. It may be so with our lives.

Sitting by the open window, with hands idly clasped on the low broad sill, and head bent eagerly forward, Roberta was drinking in the brightness and freshness without, dimly conscious that a brighter world of beauty, love, and romance had awakened for her. Not a shadow of mist veiled the face of the morning. The air was southern in its warmth, and floated from south to north and from east to west with the tremulous rocking motion of the waves of the sea. Creation chanted a new symphony. The little yellow-bird building his nest in the maple-tree by the window stopped to pour forth all his heart in a liquid gush of melody. The blossoms swayed to and fro, to and fro, and shook their heads in a rapture of delight. Brilliant smiles chased each other over the sky and glanced down through Roberta's face to her heart. A warm bright glow suffused her cheeks and shone through her eyes, as if she had caught the radiance of earth and sky, and yet her heart ached with that rush of feeling. Under it all, the dim presentiment of the transitoriness of all things, which haunts even our happiest moments, stirred within her. She could not think; her senses were steeped in a delicious reverie, in which the broken fragments of a dream first shaped themselves distinctly.

Roberta had sat up late into the night, her soul vibrating too painfully for her to think of sleep; yet, singularly enough, the last thought of which she had been conscious in her waking moments had been her father's words, which she had overheard: "Another Alice; one can never depend upon a character such as that." More than once before she had caught some such indirect allusion; but of the Alice spoken of Roberta knew only that her father's twin sister was meant, who had died a long time before. Once Roberta had questioned Fay about her, and Fay had answered: "I know nothing, only that it is a painful subject to papa. He loved her much, and there was something so sad in her death that he can never endure to speak of her." Roberta had also derived from some source, she hardly knew what or how,

the impression that she resembled this Alice. Perhaps that was why the words made such an impression upon her.

Roberta dreamed, and in her dream it seemed that Alice came to life again; nay, that she had never been dead, but that time had stopped with her. As vividly and clearly as she had ever seen her own face mirrored in the glass, Roberta saw the face and form of her who had in life been Alice Lingarde, and her brightness and beauty were dazzling. She would have closed her eyes, but a nightmare spell seemed to hold them open. While she looked, the furniture of the room seemed to change, to become old and quaint, of that heavy massive kind which belongs to a past generation. Faded crimson curtains fringed with gold draped windows and bed. The carpet, too, was crimson with delicate vine-like tracery of gold—a little worn in places, but the faded splendor only intensified the fresh loveliness which sunk into them as a picture into a frame. Looking upon her, Roberta felt an oppressive sense as of one beating and struggling against a narrow, dead-tinted, commonplace existence, dimmed with dullness and stifled with a want which will not be silenced. The face seemed to say: "All the joy of a life-time of heroism and poetry could be by me pressed into a single cup, and longing and desire would be over. Why should I fear?"

The unspoken words filled Roberta with sharp terror, and she seemed to awake and find herself again within the convent walls. They were bare and desolate. A horrible sense of vacancy and emptiness struck like a chill to her heart, until a gentle face and gentler voice filled the emptiness and made the desolation eloquent. Often she had listened to that voice, and always it had brought her rest: "Roberta, never allow yourself to be tempted to take a happiness which shall bring sorrow to another. Thrust it from you as you would a plague-spot. It will turn to poison in your grasp." Again the voice spoke, and it seemed in answer to some entreaty of her own: "In the convent we have no past, no present; only the great future: that will compensate." And so she dreamed herself awake.

The impressions of the dream remained with Roberta as vividly as in her sleep. Elsie, who had been a servant in the house since her father's childhood, was putting the room to rights with soft touch and noiseless tread. A sudden impulse possessed Roberta.

"Elsie," said she, and the calm in her voice was commanding, "tell me about Alice Lingarde."

Elsie stopped short, and looked in motionless surprise.

"Why do you ask?" she stammered.

"Because I wish to know"—with the same imperious manner. "Was she very happy, or very wretched?"

"Who can answer that?" said Elsie, with a gloomy shake of the head.

"Tell me about her, then. Am I like her? For I can make out nothing from that baby portrait hanging in the great hall."

"There was once another portrait, in which you might have recognized yourself."

"Another?—where is it? Why is it not with the others?" Elsie made no answer. "But I will know."

"It can do you no good, Miss, and I am quite sure your father would object." Then she continued, rather hesitatingly: "It has been so long since her name has passed my lips, that it makes me shiver as if a ghost were in the air. I never think of her now only as a child, or did not until the master brought you home."

"Am I so like her, then?" asked Roberta, a sudden pang thrilling her as the conviction thrust itself upon her that in that resemblance lay her father's indifference to her; more than indifference,

she thought, bitterly—it was aversion and distrust.

"Like her?" repeated Elsie—"you are her shadow. You were born with that strange resemblance in your baby face, and as you grew older it grew with you. Your walk, all your little childish ways, the very tones of your voice, are the echoes of hers. Only you are not so beautiful. You could not be that and live."

Roberta smiled at her earnestness. "You are to tell me all about her," she said gently, her eyes burning with excitement; "or, if not, I must ask my father."

"I think she would dare anything," muttered Elsie, and then aloud: "Come with me, then. I can not talk to you about her here, for this was her room."

Roberta followed Elsie through a long hall with many windings, until she paused at a door, which she opened with a key. Roberta, with a feeling of curiosity which was more like awe, followed her. Elsie closed the door carefully and locked it again. The room was empty save three trunks—two of them very large, and one smaller.

Neither spoke a word or even looked at the other, until Elsie advanced to the smaller trunk, after a moment's trial with the lock opened it, took therefrom an unframed picture, and motioned to Roberta to look at it. Roberta looked—looked until the tears filled her eyes and streamed down her cheeks. It was a painting in oil, exquisite in its perfectness, yet carrying with it the impression that the artist had painted in despair of realizing the original. The delicate oval contour of the face, the pure expanse of the forehead, the deep melancholy eyes, the very silence of the parted lips, the dimpling smile mocking the thoughtful brow, the haughty disdain of the poised head—all these were there, and something more, besides, which you could not grasp; a something vague and intangible, yet exciting you more than all the rest. The eyes followed you to every part of the room; you could not escape their appealing gaze, nor could you satisfy it. There was no ornament but a deep scarlet rose in the dark hair. Roberta sighed; even so had the vision looked in her dream.

"Thus she looked eighteen years ago," said Elsie, solemnly.

"Did my father love her much?"

"Love her! He idolized her—they were inseparable. The twin half of his soul he used to call her, and so she was. You will never know your father, he has changed so much since then. Before that he was all gentleness and kindness—more yielding in his nature than Alice. I often used to think that their spirits should have changed bodies. Alice was willful, proud, impetuous, and full of generous impulse and intense feeling. She knew no half-way state of indifference. She loved or she hated—she would do all for you, or else she would do nothing. She was her father's idol, and he was foolishly indulgent to her, though to everyone else he was a stern severe man. To Alice he would grant favors which her brother would have feared to ask. 'I mean always to have my own way,' Alice used to say with contemptuous disdain. I remember as if it were but yesterday when she planted a climbing rose-bush by her window. It was to please her that all the roses were planted. She was a little thing, but full of spirit and energy, and though both of the boys stood by she insisted upon doing it all herself. When she had finished, she stooped over and kissed it, saying:

"'Now grow very fast, my red red rose, that I may have one blossom this summer.'

"One of the boys, who overheard her, said teasingly:

"'If it should not prove to be a red rose, Alice, what would you do?"

"'Do! I will make it red, even if it is white,' she answered, with an imperious stamp of her foot, 'because I mean it to be red. Do you know what I shall do? I shall breathe upon it every day until the white leaves draw the red from my lips, and then it can not help but be red.'

"The boys—I mean your father and Mr. Llorente (or Ray, as we called him then, for he came to the house every day to take his lessons with them)—were always suffering punishments for her misdoings. As much as they loved each other, so much more did they love Alice. Both were bound up in her, and through her bound together. Mr. Llorente was as a boy what he is now as a man, and he bore with all Miss Alice's freaks of pride and disdain with a patience and endurance greater even than her brother's; for his sometimes failed him, Ray's never.

"When they were fifteen, the children were separated. Miss Alice was sent to a convent—for no other reason, I think, than because no one could do anything with her at home. The boys went to college. Once a year they were all together here, and when the four years slipped away they were all at home for good. It was during the last vacation that Mr. Llorente and Alice became engaged. Everyone had expected and looked forward to that event, and so were not surprised. Your father was almost beside himself with joy, and wished the marriage to take place upon the same day with his own, which was to be in the fall after he graduated; but Miss Alice refused, and Mr. Llorente would not allow her to be urged. 'Because,' she used to say, 'I may change my mind. I must be very sure that I really like Ray, or else I shall hate him.'

"'What nonsense you talk, Alice,' her brother would answer. 'As if you did not know whether you loved Ray, as long as you have known him! Besides, you have always said that you could do anything you wished.'

"'And so I can, anything but love.'

"In September your father was married, and the next June the second wedding was to be celebrated."

Elsie paused in her recital. It seemed to Roberta that she could not wait for her to finish, yet she said not a word in question or to hasten her. At last Elsie began again:

"Early in the spring your father brought his young wife here, and in the weeks that followed, the house was thronged with guests coming and going. Your mother and Miss Alice were always together, and with them oftener than any other a cousin of your mother's—an artist, Laurence Haight. He was a handsome dashing man, gaining with no apparent effort everyone's good-will. He and Miss Alice were always quarreling in a playful manner, though it seemed to me, as the days passed on, that an indefinable change was working in her. The girlish joyousness was more subdued; she was more gentle and thoughtful in her manner toward Ray, and in every way more fascinating.

"About the last of May, I think it was, Mr. Haight proposed to paint Miss Alice's picture, and the proposal was gladly accepted by her father and brother. Strangely enough, Miss Alice herself objected, but at last consented, and the sittings commenced. They were generally in the morning. Sometimes I was in the room, sometimes your mother, but no one else was admitted; Haight declaring that he could do nothing while others were present and talking upon indifferent subjects; and so it became understood that they were to be left alone.

"It seemed that Haight would never be satisfied with his work, and it was only the week before the wedding that he pronounced it finished and invited the criticism of the others. Everyone was delighted with it, excepting your fa-

ther. For some reason he had never liked Haight, though he had taken great pains to conceal his aversion, because Haight was his wife's cousin, and really there was no evident cause for dislike.

"There were a number of people here—friends who had come from a distance to be present at the wedding—and before anyone knew how late it was, the evening had gone. Miss Alice had complained of a headache all day, and looked wretchedly pale and ill. When she went to her room she said to me:

"'Don't let anyone disturb me in the morning, Elsie, for I am so tired.'

"I thought that she was going to be ill, such a feverish brilliancy burned through the paleness of her face, and I asked to be allowed to stay with her.

"'No, no!' she cried, almost pushing me from the room; 'I can hardly breathe now—I should die of suffocation were anyone near me. Only let me rest—let me have quiet.'

"As I closed the door, I heard the key click in the lock. It was a warm night, with sultry dark clouds. I, too, was tired, and slept soundly until long after daylight, and then, remembering Miss Alice's request, I wandered about very quietly in order not to disturb her. People breakfasted whenever they chose, and it was long after eleven o'clock before anyone asked after Miss Alice. Then it was Mr. Llorente; he had come over to consult her about something. I said that I thought Miss Alice was not up yet; that she was very tired, almost ill, and had asked me not to let anyone disturb her. Your father was standing by, and he said quickly:

"'She must be awake now. Wait a moment, Llorente, and I will go and tell her that you are here.'

"'No, indeed!' Llorente called after him, 'I can wait.' But your father had already gone. 'Go and tell her, Elsie, that it is nothing of importance,' he said, turning to me.

"When I reached the door, your father was trying to open it. He looked strangely excited:

"'Bring me your key, Elsie. I can not make her hear.'

"In a moment I had fetched the key. The door was opened and we entered. Alice was not there."

"Go on," cried Roberta, impatiently, as the old woman did not speak.

"That is all; she was not there. The bed had not been touched, everything in the room was as I had seen it the night before, except that upon the bureau a folded slip of paper lay. It read:

"'I do not ask to be forgiven, but to be thought of kindly as of one dead, for such I shall be hereafter to all who have known her who once bore unworthily the name of ALICE LINGARDE.'"

"But, surely," cried Roberta, passionately, "she was found?—she came back again? She could not—with that face—she could not have been so utterly false."

Elsie shook her head:

"With that face she broke her father's heart, deceived all who loved and trusted her."

"And nothing was ever known of her afterward?"

"Nothing. The shock killed her father. They said he never spoke but once, and that was to say, 'My poor child.'"

"And Mr. Llorente?"

"He did everything—for your father was for a long time almost like one insane. In Mr. Haight's room nothing was found but this picture—no word, nothing of his. I took the picture and put it with Miss Alice's things in this trunk. From that day to this no one has looked upon it or asked for it until to-day. In that trunk is her wedding-dress, just as it was sent home the day after she left."

During all the recital Elsie had spoken in a strangely impassive voice, dry and husky; but now it trembled, and the

tension of the tearless eyes gave way. "I loved her," she said simply, "and the first tears I shed that day were at night-fall, when this package came."

"And what happened after that?"

"Nothing, nothing. By his father's death your father came into possession of the property. You were born three months afterward, with that in your face and smile which made it impossible for your father to endure you in his presence. He could not bring himself to touch or even look at you. But when Fay was born, he lavished all his love upon her; and when we found that the little thing could never walk but with a crutch, I used to think, and I am sure your mother believed, it was a punishment on him for his hardness to you."

"What a hard cruel justice, which makes the innocent suffer for the guilty," said Roberta, sharply. "Put away the picture—it is hateful to me now. I shall never bear to look upon my own face again, since it reminds others of that."

Roberta passed out of the cold dark room, filled it seemed to her with the atmosphere of death, and back into her room, fragrant with the light dreamy air of advancing spring. The nightmare weight was lifted, and she wept with the passion that soonest spends itself in tears. While she had been listening, and while she wept, it seemed to her that the shadow of that other life must forever darken hers, as it had done—that she was herself a helpless toy in the hands of others, or perhaps of fate—that her faults and her virtues were not her own alone, but colored by the tragedy of another's life. For the first time in her young life she was conscious of a feeling of fierce bitter resentment, which cut and bruised her soul until it shocked her into calm, and with that calm, soft as the strains of forgotten music, the lingering vibrations of Sister Agatha's voice thrilled in the court of memory. Nothing the sister had ever said did it seem to Roberta that she had forgotten, and now every word seemed fraught with new meaning. All had been to prepare her for trials, for self-victory. Not cold words of counsel, but words wrung from a heart which had learned to the utmost what passionate longing, striving, failure, and suffering meant.

DO.

Do? Did *I* say "do?"
  Nay: I can not pronounce it aright—
I can not frame my speech
  For that infinite word of might.

O son of the past and present,
  Sire of the unborn to-be,
Do what? O soul, born blind
  In a dark and cave-hid sea?

Do right? What right, O soul,
  While all life sobs to death on the shore,
Finds echo above in the granite,
  Finds echo but never a door?

SHAKSPEARE'S RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE desire to produce new theories in regard to everything pertaining to man and nature seems to be a human characteristic, and, latterly, to have taken an epidemic form in literary circles, so that the doggerel of thirty years ago has a peculiar and appropriate significance now; for

"It is a melancholy fact in this high-pressure age
That something *new*, no matter what, must always be the rage."

But, as "history repeats itself," and as "there is nothing new under the sun," so many of the "new" things advanced turn out, upon inspection, to be somewhat old and musty, having been laid aside for an age or two, and then brought to the light again for a transient airing. Of this latter sort is the controversy now being waged in relation to the religion of Shakspeare, it being claimed by some that the great dramatist was a Roman Catholic of the most ultra stamp, and by others that he was a Protestant of the strictest sort. Be that as it may, the discussion has not even the dubious merit of novelty, the question having been agitated again and again; leading in earlier times to some notable literary forgeries, emanating from the advocates on either side. Later, we have no less a light than Goethe giving his testimony that Shakspeare was the "poet of the Reformation," and claiming that he was the true "representative of modern Protestantism;" and we have others, scarcely less notable, who declare, variously, that he was an "Ultramontane, with strong religious faith," a "Pantheist," and a "man that had no religion at all." Strange as these conflicting opinions may appear, wonder ceases in regard to them when it is remembered that they are all eclipsed by a theory, mooted long ago, that there was *no real man called William Shakspeare*, and that the plays which passed with his name were the works of Marlowe and others.

Now, we find ability and talent conjoined to show that Bacon was not the "father of the Baconian system," and again, that Shakspeare was not the author of the works bearing his name, but that Bacon was, and so on in endless succession, until the mind grows weary in its attempts to follow each fanciful flight, the judgment is entirely bewildered, every "function is smothered in surmise, and nothing *is* but what is *not*."

With such a history before us, added to present experience, it is, perhaps, hardly surprising that among the newest of the "new lights" that shine with more or less resplendence in an attempted illumination of novel ideas, one should have arisen like a "star in the East," to serve as a beacon-light for the minds still groping through this labyrinth of dark and complicated testimony. It has been reserved for a late writer in the *Graphic*, under the pseudonym of "Nemo," to announce, with a confidence that he bases on the internal evidence of Shakspeare's writings, this bold and startling theory:

" . . . that Shakspeare's belief in regard to the 'great problem' was not only uncatholic, but unchristian even, and that he looked on death as an eternal sleep."

Thus at one sweep of his pen giving, without fear or favor, the quietus alike

to the advocates and to the opponents of the Catholic theory.

But let him speak for himself. Says "Nemo," in the article referred to:

> "A diligent reader of the great dramatist sees so many obstacles in the way of forming a settled conclusion in regard to what Shakspeare's views of God and immortality really were, that sometimes the conclusion seems to be forced upon him that the man was so thoroughly in love and sympathy with God's highest creation—humanity—that he cared not for anything beyond it. This view may, of course, be erroneous, but it is one which it is hardly possible to avoid, and upon what other hypothesis is it possible to explain those passages in *Hamlet*, for instance, in which if Shakspeare had not felt doubt he could not have expressed it?"

Our writer then goes on to say:

> "Shakspeare invariably makes his weak characters perplexed and worried by the 'problems of the soul,' as Father Hecker would call them; he seems to bring them on the stage to show how unmanly vacillation and weak conduct are born—not of doubt as to received opinions in regard to the unknown, or of utter disbelief in them—but of worrying over them at all, instead of living the life of intelligent and moral animals"

—whatever "intelligent and moral animals" may mean from his point of view.

Now, to the ordinary reader, after being informed that Shakspeare invariably uses his weak characters to express doubt on the subject of the soul's immortality, it will appear strange to see the other assertion, that unless Shakspeare had felt doubts he could not have expressed them. Is it in truth an idiosyncrasy of the world's greatest dramatic genius that he selects his weakest characters as a medium through which to express his inmost thoughts on the most momentous question that has ever agitated the mind of man?

There is no dispute in regard to there being a certain kind of weakness in the character of Hamlet, but it is the weakness of the will, not of the reason; he was as one "propelled, not propelling." "In him," says an able critic, "we see a man habitually subjected to the spiritual part of his nature—communing with thoughts that are not of this world—abstracted from the business of life, yet *exhibiting a most vigorous intellect*, and an exquisite taste;" affording us "glimpses of the high and solemn things that belong to our being." Says the brilliant Hazlitt: "Hamlet is as little of the hero as a man can well be." But then he adds: "He is the prince of philosophical speculators, his ruling passion is to *think*, not to act;" and again: "He is a great moralizer, he is not a commonplace pedant." And, speaking of the play, Hazlitt adds: "It abounds in striking reflections on human life, and has a prophetic truth which is above that of history."

But it is hardly necessary to enter into a defense of the intellectual character of Hamlet. It has been the admiration of cultivated minds the world over, and many of the brightest names that shine in the literary firmament, notable among whom stand those of Goethe, Schlegel, Coleridge, and Macaulay, have thought it a fit subject for their special praise.

With that remembrance constantly in view, it is a matter of some astonishment to find our critic, in his endeavor to show that Hamlet was weak, and thereby to impeach his evidence on the "hereafter," speaking contemptuously of that famous and thoroughly human soliloquy, in which the advantages of life and death are minutely weighed in a mental balance, under a pressure of circumstances that would lead many a weak man to make his quietus, and from which Hamlet himself is deterred only by that sense of "something after death" which gives all thoughtful minds "pause," and causes them rather to bear those ills they have than fly to others they know not of. This admirable speech he parodies thus:

> "To be a bung-hole stopper, or not to be a bung-hole stopper;"

and then adds, as well he may, that "we well may doubt that Shakspeare would ever put it in the mouth of a serious man who should be his mouth-piece." And

yet, upon the principle before laid down in his system, the weaker the character, the more likely to be a true mouth-piece of Shakspeare's mind.

After impeaching the "melancholy Dane" of *Hamlet* as a witness, our critic goes on to say: "The dramatist's belief in immortality can not justly be argued from any other [play]; indeed, in all the plays the word 'immortality' occurs but once, and that once, singularly enough, in *Pericles*." This statement is supplemented by the following quotations in support of his view:

——"but what'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd till he be eas'd
With being nothing."
RICHARD II., *Act* 5, *Scene* 5.

"Nothing can we call our own but death,
And what small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones."
RICHARD II., *Act* 3, *Scene* 2.

——"The arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries."
FIRST PART OF HENRY VI., *Act* 5, *Scene* 5.

In regard to the first of the three quotations given, it is only necessary to say that it is the utterance of a very weak man, speaking under circumstances of great depression and disappointment. His power as king all gone, displaced and supplanted by ambitious and crafty Bolingbroke, with thoughts all earthward and thinking only of his present loss and bankrupt hopes, without a spark of manliness or self-assertion—"quite chop-fallen"—he falls to whining in a speech from which the first extract is taken. The second quotation in point of order should have been the first, but as it was delivered under similar circumstances and in the same key, that of itself makes but little difference to the argument. To show that the speeches from which the two selections are made treated of nothing outside of present and temporal matters, one is given entire:

——"Of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet, not so—for what can we *bequeath*
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And what small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones."
RICHARD II., *Act* 3, *Scene* 2.

In other phrase, Richard here very beautifully expresses a sentiment often uttered under similar circumstances in the ruder form, that when a man is despoiled of all things else, there is at least six feet of mother earth to which he may lay claim and in which his bones may lie in peace after death—only this and nothing more.

Without going to the extreme of an entire quotation of the speech from which the first three lines of these quotations are taken, it will be sufficient to say that they form but an interjectional thought in a long speech or soliloquy spoken by the king while a prisoner at Pomfret in the castle dungeon, and gloomily meditating on his downfall and beggared condition. That, however, is his last speech in that style. Anon, in the same scene, an attempt is made upon his life, and the king, for once fully aroused, shows fight. Snatching a weapon from the side of one of his assailants, he gives him a death-blow, and, as he attacks a second, he cries:

"Go thou and fill another room in hell!"

Quite impolite and very wicked sort of language for a king to use, but, nevertheless, it goes to show that, in his opinion, death might bring something more than mere "paste and cover to our bones." But he is soon struck down, in turn, by Exton, when with his dying breath the poor king exclaims:

"That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward here to die."

Whatever evidence may be adduced to show that Shakspeare looked on death as an eternal sleep, it is pretty clear to most minds that the first witness summoned on that side of the question does not sustain the proposition.

The second witness on this side placed upon the stand is poor old Mortimer, who appears in the scene to which the third fragment under our present notice belongs, borne in upon a chair by two keepers, being too old, and feeble from long imprisonment, to walk. After enlarging upon his sufferings and infirmities, he declares, in language very imperfectly quoted in the article under consideration:

> "But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
> Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
> With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence."

In plain speech, the old man asserts that the liberty denied him by his jailer would soon be his through the intervention of death—a thought so common in the mouth of age and affliction as to need neither comment nor explanation.

After narrating the story of his imprisonment and the wrongs he had suffered at the hands of the usurper, his last breath is expended in these words:

> "Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
> Only give order for my funeral:
> And so farewell: and fair be all thy hopes,
> And prosperous be thy life in peace and war!"

Now mark Plantagenet's reply:

> "And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!"

Our critic resumes:

> "Macbeth, who, after all, was a man who knew how to act and whom Shakspeare evidently believed in, says:
>
> "'Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more; it is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing.'
>
> MACBETH, *Act* 5, *Scene* 5."

Macbeth, then, from this point of vision, is one of Shakspeare's representative men, and if his creed can be settled it will go far toward solving the question under consideration. In general terms, Macbeth, as exhibited in the tragedy bearing his name, was a man that believed not only in a future life, but also in the existence of ghosts, and an order of supernatural beings who could divine future events. Upon their utterances he pinned his faltering faith, and by them was led to the performance of those desperate deeds which not only put "rancours" in the vessel of his earthly peace, but, according to his own statement, his "eternal jewel"—that is, his soul—"gave to the common enemy of man." So far it will be perceived that Macbeth's belief embraced a soul, and, as a consequent of wicked actions, a danger to that soul, coupled with some being or power which he denominates the common enemy of man.

In the third scene of the first act, while debating with himself as to what, under certain circumstances, he should do, urged on by his "vaulting ambition," he does not hesitate to declare that in the event of securing success here, and compassing his ends in this life, he would be willing to forego all his hopes in the future—in other words, "jump the life to come." Thus far, then, we see Macbeth acknowledge to a soul, to an enemy to that soul, and to a life of some sort to succeed this life. Anticipating the murder of Banquo, he adds a heaven to his creed in those well-known words:

> ——"Banquo, thy soul's flight,
> If it find heaven, must find it out to-night."

One more quotation will make the entire chain, and establish Macbeth as perfectly orthodox and correct according to the popular view. As the bell sounds which summons him to undertake the "deep damnation" of Duncan's "taking off," he exclaims:

> "Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
> That summons thee to heaven or to hell."

Measure for Measure, however, is apparently our critic's stronghold—his very rock of Gibraltar—and, after submitting the following,

> ——"Reason thus with life:
> If I do lose thee, I lose a thing
> That none but fools would keep; a breath thou art.
> * * * * * * *
> ——thy best of rest is sleep,
> And that thou oft provok'st: yet grossly fear'st
> Thy death, which is no more."
> MEASURE FOR MEASURE, *Act* 3, *Scene* 1.

—he discourses thus:

> "In these expressions there is no halting utterance. Death is the cessation of life, and that is all. This is certainly neither the view of the Catholic nor of an 'earnest inquirer' who will shortly go into the Church; it is, moreover, said by the duke in the guise of a friar."

For a proper understanding of the lines quoted above, it will be necessary to look with some little attention to the context and the surrounding circumstances. The case stands thus: Claudio, a youth, for an offense needless to state, is doomed to death, and while in prison awaiting his execution, which, by some unforeseen and happy intervention, he hopes may be in time averted, is visited by the duke in the disguise of a friar. The duke intends to save his life, but gives him no hint of this or of his real character, but, with a design to sound his nature and to keep up the deception, enters into a conversation with him on the subject of his approaching end. With all the tenaciousness of youth, Claudio clings to life and the hope of pardon. He speaks of death in terms of extravagant fear, and draws a striking contrast between it and the pleasures of his earthly existence. To all this the duke replies in a speech of some length, in which he speciously argues that life is beset with so many ills that even death itself should be looked upon more in the light of a friend than in that of an enemy, and at all events not to build upon hopes which, if unrealized, would make his last moments more bitter than they otherwise would be. The key-note to the entire speech is found in the first few lines of introduction:

> "DUKE. So, then, you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?
> CLAUDIO. The miserable have no other medicine,
> But only hope.
> I have hope to live, and am prepared to die.
> DUKE. Be absolute for death; either death or life
> Shall thereby be the sweeter."

Then follows a long dissertation on life and death, commencing with the "Reason thus with life" of our critic's mutilated selection. Some stress is laid upon the fact that the language used is put forth by one in the habit of a friar. What strength there may be in this is not very apparent. Certainly Shakspeare understood the fitness of things too well to select a religious teacher as a medium through whom to convey his skeptical ideas, conceding he possessed them. However, be that as it may, it is quite evident, upon a full perusal of the play, that the duke's person was not more disguised than were his real sentiments during the progress of this scene. This is manifest in all his acts. He lays a plan and takes every care to see it carried out, to save that same life "that none but fools would keep;" but, to the end that Claudio may have the benefit of a little well-deserved suffering, he continues the deception, and does not divulge his true intent nor character until the closing act of the drama.

Still, having been a listener to the disgraceful interview between Claudio and Isabella, in which that craven fear of death so conspicuously marked in Claudio is made painfully apparent, the duke, enraged beyond feigning at the depravity of character and lack of manliness and decency on the part of this recreant brother, commands him to give up all hope of life, at the same time admonishing him to go to his *"knees," and prepare for death.* Curious advice to come from one that believed death to be an eternal sleep.

So far as examined, the selections

given can not be said to establish the proposition of our critic. But here is another, introduced in his own words:

"The view of the matter taken in *The Tempest* is:

——" 'We are such stuff,
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.'
TEMPEST, *Act* 4, *Scene* 1."

This, to be sure, is a very pretty quotation, and contains an undeniable assertion; for all agree, of every diversity of belief and shade of opinion, that life is rounded with a sleep of some kind. This is Hamlet cropping out again. It is not the acknowledgment of the sleep of death, however, but what "*dreams*" may come in it, which is the question that divides, "puzzles," and perplexes mankind. That is a question touched upon nowhere in *The Tempest.*

The speech from which the above extract is taken does not allude to the matter at issue; and, indeed, the entire play, in all its breadth and scope, may be conceded as silent on the question of man's futurity and destiny. It is a beautiful fantasy, rich in mythological and fanciful creations, in which pagan deities and attendant spirits form the machinery by which Prospero works his plans and secures his desired results. Though the word "Providence" is twice used, the word "God," contrary to the general usage of Shakspeare's plays, does not appear in this drama, and no intelligent person would seriously examine it with the expectation of finding a definite expression of the religious views of its writer, more than he would the *Naiad Queen* or any other spectacular fairy-piece of the present day for the creed of its author.

Whatever may have been the religious belief of Prospero, as Duke of Milan, it is in his island life draped and concealed beneath the robes of the magician, in his character of wizard or enchanter; and the few mentions made of Providence, religious sentiments, and customs, seem to be entirely accidental and spontaneous. Of this character is the language of Prospero on the occasion of the betrothal of Miranda. Though freely giving his lovely daughter to the youthful and impetuous Ferdinand, he is nevertheless scrupulous in his stipulation that the marriage shall not be consummated until the return of the party to civilization and their native land shall render it possible to conform to Christian usage, when

"All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be ministered;"

concluding with a strong assertion to the effect that the curse of heaven would fall on both should his injunction be disregarded.

Again, the splendid imagery in that famous speech, so much in the style of Milton as to lead many tolerably well-informed persons to suppose that in its use they were quoting from *Paradise Lost*, appears to have been based upon a passage in the Scriptures. This speech is uttered after the duke has decided to re-assume his rightful character and position, and, with the successful conclusion of the "spell" then working, break his magic staff and drown his book. Though moved to most intemperate anger at the revelation of the existence of a foul conspiracy against his life, yet, seeing signs of bewilderment and dismay in the countenance of Ferdinand, he assumes a cheerfulness he does not feel, and hastens to re-assure him in the following words:

——" Be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vexed:
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled;
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity."

Now, the sentiment of all this amounts to nothing more than has been sung by Christian poets the world over—namely, that this world is a "fleeting show," and all its shifting scenes mere "illusions." The curious-minded reader is referred to the third chapter of the second epistle of Peter for the passage that may well have served for the foundation of the above-quoted speech. In it he says:

> "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the *earth also, and the works that are therein*, shall be burned up. Seeing, then, that *all these things shall be dissolved*, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?"

Both state the same fact, the only difference being that Peter drew a moral and Prospero did not.

But our critic, like a good general, has reserved his heavy ordnance for the close of his attack, and here we have a volley from three of his great guns, fired all at once, which he announces thus:

> "The following quotations are made at random from the plays. Their drift is unmistakable:
>
> "'Ay, but to die and go we know not where;
> To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
> This sensible warm motion to become
> A kneaded clod, and the delighted spirit
> To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
> In thrilling regions of thick-ribbéd ice;
> To be imprisoned in the viewless winds
> And blown with restless violence roundabout
> The pendant world; or to be worse than worse
> Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts
> Imagine howling.'
> MEASURE FOR MEASURE, *Act* 3, *Scene* 1.
>
> "'Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed;
> Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
> And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.'
> OTHELLO, *Act* 5, *Scene* 2.
>
> "'They say, in case of your most royal person,
> That if your highness should intend to sleep,
> And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
> In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
> Yet, notwithstanding such a straight edict,
> Were there a serpent seen, with forkéd tongue,
> That slily glided toward your majesty,
> It were but necessary you were waked;
> Lest, being suffered in that harmless slumber,
> The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal.'
> SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI., *Act* 3, *Scene* 2."

The first of these redoubtable passages brings us back to that rock of Gibraltar, *Measure for Measure*, and it is a good thing that the information is given that the selections are "made at random," else the suspicion might arise in some minds that a shade of bias had guided the choice, for it is necessary only to give the concluding lines of the quotation to show that there is nothing there to sustain the assertion made in regard to their import:

> ——"'Tis too horrible!
> The weariest and most loathéd worldly life,
> That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
> Can lay on nature, is a paradise
> To what we fear in death."

Here is Hamlet's "philosophy" again, somewhat differently worded. Claudio is an inferior character, and shrinks to contemptible proportions when compared with the "melancholy prince."

There are other scenes and expressions in *Measure for Measure* as "unmistakable in their drift" as any cited, and thorough inspection will bring but small support to the "eternal sleep" theory. Witness the following:

> "PROVOST. Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death;
> 'Tis now midnight, and by eight to-morrow
> Thou must be made immortal."

But what says the duke himself in regard to the execution of Bernardine, a man that would have been a most fit subject, provided the duke was sincere in his exhortation to Claudio, for this being is described as

> "A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep, careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come, insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal."

And yet, when he is brought forth for execution, being just recovering from a night's debauch, that same duke, still in his habit of a friar, accosts him thus:

> "Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you."

It is fair to presume that the disguised

duke is talking sincerely now, for he had at that time no intention to save this wretch's life. But his friendly overture is repulsed by Bernardine thus:

> "Friar, not I. I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain."

After further parley, during which Bernardine roughly swears that he "will not die to-day for any man's persuasion," and retires again to his dungeon, the duke exclaims:

> "Unfit to live, or die: O gravel heart!
> * * * * * *
> A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
> And to transport him in the mind he is
> Were damnable."

It would be hard to reconcile this language with that used by the duke in the interview with Claudio, assuming him to be sincere in both.

The fragment from *Othello* is so palpably misused in this connection that any argument would be wasted upon it. This will abundantly appear in the sequel.

The closing line of the quotation from *Henry VI.*, however, without question does at first glance seem formidable. But even this is shorn of one-half its strength, when it is considered that similar expressions are of frequent occurrence on the pages of writers of every creed, especially when their thoughts are clothed in poetic garb; and Christian poets, no less than pagan, employ terms signifying an eternal rest as a fit figure by which to designate death. Wordsworth says:

> "Death is the quiet haven of us all."

Will anyone be so wild as to argue from that assertion that Wordsworth believed there should be no more action after death? Macbeth says of the murdered Duncan:

> —— "Duncan is in his grave;
> After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
> Treason has done its worst: nor steel, nor poison,
> Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
> Can touch him further!"

This surely is quite as strong language as the sentence under consideration, and yet, in the light of utterances made on other occasions, Macbeth can never be pressed into service as a witness for the literal use of such a phrase. Indeed, it is common to speak of death as a sleep that knows no waking; and Sir Walter Scott uses an equivalent phrase merely to designate sound sleep or undisturbed slumber, when no idea of death is in any way connected with the thought; as:

> "Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
> Dream of fighting fields no more;
> Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
> Morn of toil, nor night of waking."

But whatever strength may attach to this single line taken by itself, is entirely lost and destroyed when viewed in the light of its surroundings and other utterly irreconcilable passages in the same play. The truth of the matter is, that Salisbury has presented himself before the king as the mouth-piece of the rabble then clamoring without, and in their name demands a royal edict that shall at once banish Suffolk from the kingdom or consign him to the executioner. The more fully to impress the king with the importance as well as justice of his demand, he plays the "quaint orator," and by showing that they have strong ground for belief that the "good Duke Humphrey," over whose dead body the court was even then lamenting, had come to his tragic end through the machinations of the obnoxious Suffolk, proceeds to urge that not alone a desire for vengeance, but deep and loyal solicitude for the safety of the king (whose blind insensibility to the impending danger renders him doubly liable to a fatal issue), is the foundation and the mainspring of his extraordinary plea. This argument is adroitly woven into the little allegory of the sleeping king, and the deadly serpent gliding silently upon the unconscious victim. This poetic simile of the creeping serpent to

represent murderous treachery is of frequent occurrence on the pages of Shakspeare, as is also that of sleep to symbolize death, and being invoked in the speech by Suffolk, the strong antithesis he required and poetic expression alike demanded the term "eternal" to make the figure complete.

Taken as a whole, the play of *Henry VI.* is one of the last that should be cited in support of the idea that Shakspeare taught the non-immortality of the soul. It bristles all over with allusions to the soul and to a future involving either bliss or woe; and if it be true, as Shakspeare asserts, that "the tongues of dying men enforce attention like deep harmony," then in their utterances we should naturally look, if anywhere, for a record of his true sentiments. Some examples from this class will be given farther on.

Even in that part now under consideration many expressions occur to negative the theory of annihilation. In the same act from which the quotation of "sleep eternal" is taken, Cardinal Beaufort is stretched upon his death-bed. He too had been concerned in the murder of Duke Humphrey; and now, when the icy finger of death is laid upon him, the smothered conscience asserts itself, and causes him to break out, like Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene, in ejaculations at once condemnatory of himself and horrifying to the surrounding spectators. King Henry is the first to speak in comment on the sad scene before him. His words are:

"Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
When death's approach is seen so terrible!"

After a wild and soul-curdling speech on the part of Beaufort, whose end is now approaching, the following suggestive prayer and colloquy closes the scene:

"K. HEN. O, thou Eternal mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.
WAR. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.
SALISBURY. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.
K. HEN. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be.
Lord Card'nal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!
WAR. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
K. HEN. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtains close,
And let us all to meditation."

SECOND PART OF HENRY VI., *Act* 3, *Scene* 3.

Nothing in all that Shakspeare has written more completely shows his fine perception of everything that pertains to the soul of man and the "eternal fitness of things," than his numerous dying speeches and death-bed scenes. He seems to have most thoroughly understood that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," and when he has painted a character "whose life has been devoted to selfish pleasure, who has had morning and night but one thought, who has been all his days climbing some ladder that did not lean against the sky"—to such a man he denies the consolations born of faith in God and a belief in the immortality of the soul.

If, as has been asserted, Shakspeare could not have expressed *doubts* unless he had himself felt them, then, by a parity of reasoning, he could not have expressed *faith* unless he had also experienced it. This faculty has not been neglected in portrayal by the great master of human passions, as will be satisfactorily apparent in the subsequent portion of this review. There we shall see that with numbers their own being and nature are the "testimonies of eternity," and with such the last moment and the last utterance of life is like

"The setting sun, and music at the close."

IN A CALIFORNIAN EDEN.

CHAPTER IV.—CAPTAIN TOMMY.

THERE was a gray streak of dawn just breaking through the black tree-tops that tossed above the high far deep snow on the mountain that lifted to the east, as the door opened and Bunker Hill came forth alone. There were ugly clouds rolling overhead, mixing, marching, and countermarching, as if preparing for a great battle of the elements. On the west wall of the mountain a wolf howled dolefully to his mate on the opposite crest of the cañon. The water tumbled and thundered through the gorge below, and sent up echoes and sounds that were sad and lonesome as the march to the home of the dead. She came out into the gray day, slowly and thoughtfully; her head was down, and when Limber Tim helped her over the fence she was shy and modest, as if she herself had been the Widow.

He tried to ask about the Widow, but that awful respect that seems born with the American of the far West for the other sex kept him silent; and as Bunker Hill led on rapidly toward town, and did not say one word about the sufferer, he followed, as ignorant as any man in camp.

On the way the woman slipped on the wet and icy trail, and fell, for she was in terrible haste and greatly excited. Perhaps she cut her arm or hand on the sharp stones as she fell, for, as she hastily arose and again hurried on, she kept rubbing and holding her right arm with her left.

She led straight to the Howling Wilderness, lifted the latch and entered. She looked all around, but did not speak. She was in a great hurry, and was evidently looking for some one she wished to find at once. No man spoke to her now. The few found there at this hour were the wildest and most reckless in the camp, but they were respectful, as in the presence of a woman born and bred a lady.

There was something beautiful in this silence and respect. Even the man with the silver faro-box for a breastwork rose up and stood in her presence while she remained. He did not do it purposely. He would not have done it the day before had she stood before him by the hour. He did not even know when he arose, but when she bowed just the least bit, and turned away and went out again into the cold, and did not drink—did not drink, mind you, did not even look at the crimson-headed man who had risen up in perfect confidence—he found himself standing, and found his heart filling with a kind of gallantry that he had not known before. He had risen in her presence by instinct.

"Come, we must find Captain Tommy." The woman said this to Limber Tim as they left the saloon, and then led swiftly on to Captain Tommy's cabin.

The woman knocked on the door with her knuckles, and called through the hole of the latch-string to the woman within; for Captain Tommy was also a woman, and a woman of the order—of a lower order, even, than this good Samaritan, who stood calling through the key-hole and shivering with the cold.

There was an answer, and then the two stood there in the bleak, still, cold, gray morning together. There was a noise of somebody dressing in the dark very fast, a hard oath or two, the scratching of a match, the lifting of a latch in the rear of the cabin, the sound of a

man's boots scratching over the stones of a back trail that led to the Howling Wilderness, and then the door opened, and Bunker Hill walked in instantly, went right up to Captain Tommy, took her hand in her own, and whispered in her ear.

The Captain caught her breath, and then with both hands up, as if to defend herself, staggered close back against the wall. Then, as if suddenly recovering herself, and coming upon a new thought, she relaxed her lifted arms, let them fall, and, rounding her shoulders, walked up to the smoldering fire, turned her back, put her hands behind her, looked at Bunker Hill sidewise, and said:

"Yer be darned!"

"It's so, Tommy, sure as gospel, and we want you. She wants you. She sent for you—sent me—and you will come, for you are needed. I can't go it all night. Some people must be there, and that some people must be women."

"No, you don't play me! Go 'long with yer larks! Git!" The Captain was getting out of temper. What was to be done? Bunker Hill went close up to her, and, leaning over, whispered sharply in her ear.

The Captain only said, "Yer be blowed!" and turned and kicked the fire, till it blazed up and filled the room with a rosy light, such only as smoldering pine logs can throw out when roused up into flame; and then she turned round and looked at Bunker Hill as if she had firmly made up her mind not to be hoaxed. She looked at the good-souled hunchback before her as if she would look her through; then suddenly her eyes rested on one of her white cuffs. "What the devil's that on yer sleeve? Been in a row again?"

"Come, come, there's no time to lose. It's awful!"

Bunker Hill laid hold of Captain Tommy's arm, and attempted to drag her to the door. She was getting desperate.

Tommy pulled back, and still kept looking at the excited woman's white sleeve or cuff.

"What the devil's that on your sleeve? It looks like blood."

Bunker Hill lifted her arm, looked now herself, pulled back her sleeve, and held it to the light.

"Blood it is! Will you believe me now?"

The stubborn woman, who had been standing on the defensive with her back to the fire, darted forward now, all excitement, all sympathy. She snatched her outer garments from the foot of the bed, where they had lain all this interview, and threw them on her back. She did not stop to fasten them. She caught a blanket from the bed, threw it over her head, as she passed out all breathless, and left the cabin-door wide open, with the fitful pine fire making ghosts on the walls, and the fitful March morning riding in on the wind and sowing the floor with ashes.

Limber Tim all this time had held his back against the wall as firmly as if it was about to fall on all their heads, and their lives depended on his strength. His mouth had been wide open with wonder. He had not understood at all from the first, but now he was more than bewildered—he was terrified.

Blood! blood! He unscrewed himself from the wall, and went, winding his long limber legs up the trail, past the Howling Wilderness, after the silent but excited women; and all the time this awful sentence of Bunker Hill was shooting through his brain—"Blood! blood it is! Will you believe me now?"

He reached his post by the pine fence, and, being no wiser than before, he again wound himself up against the palings, reached back his arms and wove them through the pickets, and stood there on one leg looking over his shoulder as the two women disappeared in the Widow's cabin.

Dawn comes slowly down in these dark deep wooded cañons of the Sierra. Morning seems to be battling with the night. Night is entrenched in the woods, and retreats only by inches—a "Battle of the Wilderness."

In the cold and sharp steel-gray dawn Limber Tim heard a cry that knocked him loose from the fence. He picked himself together, and again twisted himself into the pickets; but all the time he kept seeing Bunker Hill pushing back her sleeve, holding up her arm in the ghastly light of the pine-log fire, and saying, "Blood it is! Will you believe me now?"

"Blood!" mused the man. "Somebody's hurt. Somebody's hurt awful bad, too, or they wouldn't keep a feller a-standin' agin a fence the whole blessed night."

The man's teeth began to chatter. The thought of blood and the bleak cold morning kept them smiting together as if he had an ague.

A man in great gum-boots came screeching by the cabin; his nose was pointed straight for the Howling Wilderness, but backing against Limber Tim as he hung up against the fence, he stopped, and asked timidly and very respectfully about the Widow.

Limber held his head thoughtfully to one side, as if he was trying to balance the important facts in his mind, and reveal only just so much of the condition of the Widow, or Sandy, or Bunker Hill, or whoever it was that was hurt, as was best, and no more.

A thought struck him. "It's Sandy. Sandy's cut his foot; or p'raps it's Bunker Hill's shot herself with that darned pistol she allers packs in her breeches-pocket."

"Wal, an' 'ow's the Widder?" The man was getting impatient for his morning dram.

"It ain't the Widder at all. It's Sandy. Sandy's cut his foot—cut his foot last night a-cuttin' wood in the dark. That's what's the matter."

Limber Tim pecked his head, pursed up his mouth, and for the first time in his life, perhaps, felt that he was really a man of some consequence.

"By the holy poker! Thought it was the Widder."

"Not much. It's Sandy. Cut his foot, I tell yer. Blood clean up to his elbows. Blood all over the house. Bunker Hill all over blood. Hell's a poppin,' I tell yer." And poor Limber Tim so excited himself by this recital that he broke loose from the fence and chattered his teeth together like a chipmunk with a hazel-nut.

Then the man passed on down the trail, and Limber Tim again grew on to the fence, and chattered his teeth together, and waited developments, not at all certain that he had not lied.

"'Ow's the Widder, Limber?"

Limber loosed himself from the fence, and tried to stand straight up and tell the truth and nothing but the truth.

"Better, thank yer. That is, the blood is stopped, or most of it, you know—the most of it. Bunker Hill is hurt some, too, you know. Blood all over her arm. Poor girl—poor girl! But she didn't whimper. Not she. Nary a sniff."

"Both of 'em hurt?"

"Yes, same bullet, yer know—same shot—same pistol—same——"

The man had too much to tell already, and almost ran in his haste to reach the Howling Wilderness and tell what had happened.

This time, as Limber Tim screwed himself up against the fence, he felt pretty certain that somewhere or somehow during the morning he had lied like a trooper, and was very miserable.

"Hard on Sandy, that," said the barkeeper to the second early-riser, who had just arrived, as he stood behind his breastwork in his night-shirt, and hand-

ed down to his customer his morning bottle, with his hairy arms all naked, and his red uncombed hair reaching up like the blaze from a pine-knot fire.

"Yes," answered the man, as he fired a volley down his throat, and then fell back to the fire, wiping his big bearded mouth with the back of his hand, "but Limber Tim says she'll soon be up agin; says the blood's all stopped, and all that. You see, the signs are all in her favor. It's a good thing for a shot, to see it bleed. Best thing for a bad shot is to see it bleed well. That is, if yer can stop the blood in time. But now, in this 'ere case, the blood's all stopped. Jest come down from there. Limber jest told me blood's all stopped."

There was a man standing back in the corner by the fire, half in the dark, warming the lower end of his back and listening with both ears all this time. He now came out of the dark, saying:

"You darned infernal fool! Sold clean out. It's not the Widder at all—it's Sandy. Split his foot open with an axe. Blood gushed out all over Bunker Hill. Kivered Bunker Hill with blood clean up to the elbows."

"And what the devil was Bunker Hill a-doin' at Sandy's?"

The man from the dark saw that somebody had been sold, and, fearing it might possibly be himself, simply pecked at the other man, staggered up to the bar, pecked at the head that blazed like a pine-knot fire, and then the three drank in silence. There was a sort of truce, a silent but well-understood agreement that nothing further should be said, and that, when the tale came out, one should not tell on the other, and turn the laugh of the camp upon him.

Early the men began to drop in to the Great Whirlpool, the one great centre of this snow-walled world, to ask gently, and with tender concern in their faces, after the fortunes of the Widow.

It was a great day for the cinnamon-haired little man, and he made the most of it. Men fell into disputes the moment they arrived, but, as no one knew anything, they always settled it with a treat all round, and then waited for results.

The bar-keeper was appealed to, as bar-keepers, like barbers, are supposed to know all the news. But this man, like most bar-keepers in the wilderness, was a cautious man, and said he knew all about it, but could not take sides or decide between his friends. Time would tell who was right and who was wrong.

At last the Judge rolled in like a little sea on the shore. He had come straight down from the Widow's; had gone up to get the truth of the matter, and had unscrewed Limber Tim from the fence, and made him tell all he knew of the unhappy lady, and how it happened.

Then the boys backed the little Judge up against the bar, and stood him there, and read him from top to bottom, as if he had been a bulletin-board.

"Split his foot clean open, you see! Did it while a-choppin' wood in the dark."

"Speck he was a-lookin' at the Widder when it happened," half-laughed a big man with a big mouth and a voice like a Numidian lion.

"The clumsy cuss!"

That is what Oregon Jake said after catching his breath over his tumbler of Old Tom. And that is all the sympathy that Sandy got after they found out, as they thought, that he had only split open his foot with an axe.

"The clumsy cuss!"

CHAPTER V.—HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

The sun at last shot sharply through the far fir-tops tossing over the savage and sublime mountain crest, with its battlement of snow, away to the east, and Limber Tim was glad at the sight of it, for he was very cold and stiff, and hun-

gry and thirsty, and tired of his post of honor, and disgusted with himself for the miserable mistakes he had made that morning.

He had been standing there like a forlorn and lonesome cock all the morning on one foot, waiting for the dawn, and now he fairly wanted to crow at the sight of it.

Men came and went now, and every man asked after poor Sandy.

Limber Tim now told the same story right straight through; how it happened, how Bunker Hill was "kivered" with blood, and all about it, even to the most minute detail: for certainly, thought he to himself, it is Sandy, or Sandy would have come out long ago. He even believed it so firmly, that he began to be sorry for Sandy, and to wonder how long it would be until Sandy would be out and about again on crutches. Then he said to himself, it would be at least a month; and then when the next man came by and inquired after Sandy, he told him that in a month Sandy would be about on crutches. At this piece of information Limber Tim felt a great deal better. He said to himself he was very glad it was no worse, and then he screwed his back tighter up to the fence than before, and stood there trying to warm himself in the cold sunlight of a moist morning in the Sierra. It was like standing on the Apennines, turning your back, parting your coat-tails, and trying to warm yourself by the fires of Vesuvius.

Again Limber Tim tried to set his wits at work as he began to thaw out in the sun, and he felt certain that he had, when cold and weak and sleepy and anxious about his partner, with only his imagination well awake, told some very long stories. The only thing uppermost in his mind, and that seemed at all tangible, was the image of Bunker Hill lifting up her arm with stains on her sleeve, and crying out, "Blood!"

Then he sifted it all over again, and began to conclude, even after he had got pretty well thawed out, that he was not so far wrong, after all, for if Sandy had not split his foot open he had, anyhow, split his head, or else he would have come out of the house long ago.

In the midst of meditations like these the door opened, and Sandy shuffled through it, shot over the fence, slapped his two great hands on the two shoulders once more, and before Limber Tim could unscrew himself from the fence, cried out:

"Whisky, Limber! whisky, quick! The gals is a'most tuckered out! Go Split!"

He spun him round and sent him reeling down the trail, tore back over the fence, and banged the door behind him.

Limber Tim scratched his ear as he stumbled over the rocks in the trail, and wound his stiffened legs about the bowlders and over the logs on his way to the Howling Wilderness, and was sorely perplexed.

"Wal, it aint Sandy, any way. Ef his big hands have lost any o' their grip I don't see it." He shrugged his shoulders as he said this to himself, for they still ached from the vice-like grip of the giant.

Still Limber Tim was angry, notwithstanding the discovery that his old partner was sound and well, and he lifted the latch with but one resolution, and that was to remain perfectly silent and let his lies take care of themselves.

Men crowded around him as he entered and gave his orders. But this bulletin-board was a blank. He had set his lips together and they kept their place. For the first time in his troubled and shaky existence he began to know and to feel the power and the dignity of silence. He knew that every man there thought that he, who stood next to the throne, knew all. He felt dignified by this, and dared even to look a little se-

vere on those who were about to ask him questions.

He had crammed a bottle of so-called "Bourbon" in his left boot, and was just pushing into the right a "vial of wrath," when some one in the cabin sighed:

"Poor Sandy!"

Still Limber Tim went on pushing the vial of wrath into his gum-boot as well as he could with his stiffened fingers.

Then a man came up sharply out of the crowd, and throwing a big heavy bag of gold-dust, as fat as a pet squirrel, down on the counter, proposed to raise a "puss" for Sandy.

This was too much. Limber Tim raised his head, and, slipping as fast as he could through the crowd for the door, said, back over his shoulder:

"It aint Sandy at all. It's Bunker Hill. It's the gals. The gals is a'most tuckered out."

There was the confusion of Babel in the Howling Wilderness. The strange and contradictory accounts that had come down from the Widow's—their shrine, the little log-house that to them was as a temple, a city set upon a hill—were anything but satisfactory. The men began to get nervous, then they began to drink, then they began to dispute again, and then they began to bet high and recklessly who it was that had cut his foot.

"Got it all right now," said poor Limber Tim to himself, as he made his way up the trail as fast as possible, with the two bottles in the legs of his great gum-boots for safe carriage. "Got it all right now! That's it. Bunker Hill cut her foot or shot her hand with that darned deringer, or something of the kind. That's it, that's where the blood came from, that's why she's tuckered—that's what's the matter." And so saying and musing to himself, he reached his post, uncorked the "vial of wrath," as it was called, looked in at the contents, turned it up toward the sun as if it had been a sort of telescope, and, smacking his lips, felt slightly confirmed in his opinion.

Again the door flew open, Sandy flew out, rushed over the fence, took the Bourbon from the trembling hand of Limber Tim, and before that worthy could get his wits together, had disappeared and banged the door behind him.

Limber Tim did not like this silent-dignity business a bit. "Lookee here!" he said, as he again turned the telescope up to the sun, and then looked at the door, "I'll see what's what, I reckon."

He went up to the fence and leaned over, but his heart failed him.

Then he resorted to the vial of wrath, again looked at the sun, and as he replaced it in his boot felt bold as a lion. The man was drunk. He climbed the fence, staggered up to the door, lifted the latch, and pushed it open.

Bunker Hill came softly out of the bedroom, pushed Limber Tim back gently as if he had been a child, shut the door slowly, and the man went back to his post no wiser than before.

Men have curiosity as well as women. Weak women over weaker tea, discussing strong scandal in some little would-be-fashionable shoddy saloon in Paris, are not more curious than were these half-wild men here in the woods. The difference is, however, this was an honest sympathetic interest. It was all these men had outside of hard work to interest them. They wanted to know what was the matter in their little temple on the hill. The camp was getting wild.

Limber Tim tried to screw himself up against the fence for some time, and failing in this, turned his attention again to the vial of wrath. He was leaning over, trying to get it out of his boot-leg, when the door opened and Bunker Hill stepped out carefully, but supple and straighter than he had ever seen her.

Limber Tim was quite overcome. He

looked up the cañon and then down the cañon.

"They'll be a comet next." He shook his head hopelessly at this remark of his, and again bent down and wrestled with the boot-leg and bottle.

"Bully for Bunker Hill. Guess she's not hurt much, after all."

The men went out of the Howling Wilderness as the man who shot this injunction or observation in at the door went in, and to their amazement saw the woman mentioned walk rapidly on past the saloon. She did not look up, she did not turn right or left, or stop at the saloon, or speak to anyone; she went straight to her own cabin. Then the men knew for a certainty that it was the little Widow who was ill, and they knew that it was this woman who was nursing her, and they almost worshiped the ground that the good Samaritan walked upon.

Soon Bunker Hill came out again, and again took the trail for the Widow's cabin, walking all the time as rapidly as before. The men as she passed took off their hats and stood there in silence.

There was a smile of satisfaction on her plain face as she climbed the hill. She went up that hill as if she had been borne on wings. Her heart had never been so light before. For the first time since she had been in camp, she had noticed that she was treated with respect. It was a rare sensation, new and most delightful. The hump on her back was barely noticed as she passed Limber Tim trying to lean up against the fence, and entered with a noiseless step, and almost tiptoe, the home of the sufferer.

The men respected this woman now more than ever before. They also respected her silence. At another time they would have called out to her; sent banter after her in rough unhewn speech, and got in return as good, or better, than they sent. But now no man spoke to her. She had been dignified, sanctified, by her mission of mercy, whatever it meant or whatever was the matter, and she was to them a better woman. Men who met her on her return gave her all the trail, and held their hats as she passed. One old man gave her his hand as she crossed a little snow-stream in the trail, and helped her over it as if she had been his own child. Yet this old man had despised her and all her kind the day before.

She went and came many times that day, and always with the same respect, the same silent regard from the great Missourians whom the day found about the Forks.

Then Captain Tommy came forth in the evening, and also went on straight to her cabin, and her face was full of concern. The Captain had not been a person of any dignity at all the day before, but now not a man had the audacity to address her as she passed on with her eyes fixed on the trail before her.

When she returned, the man at his post had fallen. Poor Limber Tim! He would not leave his station, and Sandy had something else to think of now; and so he fell on the field. It was not that he had drank so much, but that he had eaten so little. His last recollections of that day were a long and protracted and fruitless wrestle with the vial of wrath in his boot-leg, and an ineffectual attempt to screw the picket-fence on his back.

It was no new thing to find a man spilt out in the trail in those days, and his fall excited no remark. They would carry men in out of the night and away from the wolves, or else would sit down and camp by them until they were able to care for themselves.

A man took a leg under each arm, another man took hold of the shoulders, and Limber Tim, now the limpest thing dead or alive, was borne to his cabin.

One — two — three days. The camp,

that at first was excited almost beyond bounds, had gone back to its work, and only now and then sent up a man from the mines below, or sent down a man from the mines above, to inquire if there was yet any news from the Widow. But not a word was to be heard.

All these days the two women went and came right through the thick of the men, but no man there was found rude enough to ask a question.

Never had the camp been so sober. Never had the Forks been so thoughtful. The cinnamon-headed bar-keeper leaned over his bar and said confidentially to the man at the table behind the silver faro-box, who had just awakened from a long nap:

"Ef this 'ere thing keeps up, I busts." Then the red-haired man drew a cork and went on a protracted spree all by himself.

"Send for a gospel sharp," said he, "an' then we'll go the whole hog. The Forks only wants to git religion now, an' die."

TODD AND HIS DOUBLE.

I PROPOSE to myself the unpleasant but necessary duty of setting myself right with the world. In a very short time I hope to slip out of the name which I now wear, to leave it with its honors and dishonors, and by the help of the legislature to begin anew. For there was born at about the same time with myself a young man whose parents gave him the very name my parents gave to me. The Todds are an old and honorable family; but by some whim, to make me separate and distinct among them, I was entitled Anthony. In the meanwhile the other Dromio—the pseudo Anthony—had drawn the same prize from the wheel of fate.

I was to be well educated. School preceded college, and college preceded the profession of law. As Anthony Todd I had my fair share of success. There was a certain "taking" character to my name which was in my favor. I was never blessed or cursed with a nickname. And by my label in the great cabinet of human-kind I might as easily be gold as quartz. No success became impossible by reason of the fact that my father and mother had made a mistake in nomenclature. Had they marked me "Coal," I should have burned down quietly in the furnace of life. Had I been christened "Malachite," I might have risen to a Russian royalty. But plain "Anthony Todd" meant neither one thing nor the other. A scholar, a poet, a financier, a statesman—nay, even a doctor of divinity or a doctor of medicine—would have felt as if the name and the pursuit fitted well together.

Meanwhile, growing up, I can't tell how (and I wish I never need have thought about it), was my *alter ego*, the aforesaid spurious Anthony Todd. But he kept his light under a bushel, and no one knew of him.

Let me see: it was after I had graduated from Columbia College Law School and had entered my uncle's office in New York City. About this date a college class-mate dropped into the office with a paper, exclaiming:

"Why, Todd, I really congratulate you! Didn't know you wrote verses, old boy. Knew you wrote confounded good English, but wasn't prepared for this, I must confess."

I took the paper. It was the *Evening Post*, in which Mr. Bryant is popu-

larly supposed to care for the poetical tone. And there I certainly saw an "Ode on Italian Liberty," with my name as that of its author.

When I look back I see that at this very moment I made the blunder which has cost me so dear. Harrington, my class-mate, was an inveterate joker—a rhymester of more than ordinary power—and it flashed into my mind that certain things in the poem made it desirable to take the edge from his joke. If he *had* given me the glory of his own production it would foil his stratagem if I failed to be surprised. So I smiled, and said to him:

"There isn't much difference between good prose and good verse."

"But did you really write it? Because, seriously, it's uncommonly nice—sort of super-extra, you understand."

"O! come now, Harrington, I'm nervous about first attempts. Don't bother me. Besides, I'm busy—got a case in court——"

"Bah! Carry law-books, you mean. Look here, this is a good deal more valuable than law-books or cases in court. Confound it all, can't you comprehend that you're the coming poet?—or shall I have to get at you and hammer it into your stupid head?"

Well, this was certainly carrying a joke some distance, but I was sure of the joke nevertheless. So the more he praised the more I simpered about it; and he went away, convinced that when a man *did* achieve a literary success it assuredly made an ass of him. Yet the success remained in spite of its author.

I heard of that "Ode" so often that I took pains to read it through. It was largely after the manner of Swinburne, with a dull glow of fleshly color striking up through its fervor, suggesting the Rome of the decadence, and the luxuriousness of Pompeiian aristocracy. In fact, I should not have liked to read it aloud before some of my lady friends. Still, I found they did get possession of it, and the dear creatures considered me a most interestingly wicked person—calm outside but volcanic within! I became a lion, and understood practically Horace's remark about the

"*Monstrari digito ac dicier. Hic est!*"

Light whispers attended me, and I was wafted along by them upon the perfumed waves of "good society."

Now I would have you observe that a man's public is not at best a very large one—that many a "feeble taper" casts its rays into a charmed circle totally unconscious of some other equally brilliant tallow-dip in some other circle equally charmed. And, to confess it, I was shining at the expense of a very different tallow-dip called Anthony Todd. But I plead in extenuation two circumstances. First, I accepted homage, but never claimed it or sought it, or said in so many words, "I am the author." Secondly, I really had no knowledge of the existence of any other Anthony Todd than myself, and still supposed this to be the joke of my jovial friend Harrington, who took every pains and care to spread my fame, and so encouraged the thought.

A few more of my butterflies took wing meanwhile. (I ought to confess that I had tried verse after the "Ode" appeared, and had totally failed inside the limit of three lines.) Wherefore when the name of Anthony Todd became more common property, and even lay down gently in the green pastures of the cover of *Putnam's Monthly*—that truly democratic magazine—I grew somewhat uneasy.

How glad I was that I had not to write in albums like Charles Lamb and Tom Hood, and was not yet pestered for autographs like Tennyson and Longfellow. Yet with a faint fragrance of Scripture to my thought, I "doubted

whereunto this would grow." I became seriously alarmed lest, being accused of a hundred pretty things, I could not compose a stanza or strike off a single madrigal.

And now Anthony Todd became rampant, bacchanalian, delirious, as one of his own butterflies drunk on dew. His cupids were Watteau's, copied by the pencil and after the manner of Dorè. He confounded Lucretia and Cleopatra; changed Hercules into Commodus; dashed in his larger figures all aflame with scarlets and crimsons, and set everything in his verses to quivering and palpitating. Circumspect mammas looked at me askance, attracted by my reputation, and yet considering me a sort of Minotaur after all. For my own part, I began to perceive the joke, and thought it a very poor one. I must confess, however, that I was now unable to retreat.

I am afraid my very particular friend, Miss Mattie Pemberton, of Forty-ninth Street, had something to do with it. There is a most seductive power in flattery, delicately administered in homeopathic potions by a pretty girl. I remember a picture of a parrot, which a bright vision in airy vesture was feeding from her own mouth. My friends—to whom I make this long-delayed confession—I was that parrot. Mattie posed for her own picture. Indeed, I had by this time taken to reading and committing to memory whatever appeared under my name. It was a measure of self-defense. And it had once occurred to me that if I were ever driven to the dreadful dilemma of furnishing an autograph poem or else exposing my own incompetency, I should by this means be prepared.

I paid diligent court to the dear Mattie—more diligent than to any judge on the bench of the metropolis. I had imagined a wild flight—like that of De Quincy's Tartar tribe—a new residence, and then a disclaimer offered there at first and working its way back among my friends. But I little knew my fate. When the edge begins to crumble one falls from the precipice with a swiftness which is surprising to all except the individual who knows that such a fate must come.

I had arrayed myself gorgeously in broadcloth and fine linen, and had rung the bell in Forty-ninth Street, feeling with poor Tom Hood that

> "There is even a happiness
> Which makes the heart afraid."

There had been a little disturbance that day in the city, consequent upon some Communist excitement. I believe it grew out of the siege of Paris. I had not minded it at all, and should probably never have noticed it had I not met the banker-papa instead of Miss Mattie herself.

As near an approach to a chill as I ever experienced affected me when I met him. My moral and mental atmosphere cooled down as quickly as though I had run out of the Gulf Stream into the shadow of an iceberg. I have no doubt that my change of countenance told against me.

The banker-papa wished a trifling explanation with me. The *Evening Mail* (he was good enough to observe) had named Anthony Todd as the orator of some red-capped *sans-culottes* in a noted wine-shop that morning. Of course it could not be the gentleman with whom he then conversed? He "paused for a reply," like Brutus—holding the *Evening Mail* as though he were ready to show the "rent the envious Casca made." It amused me, even in that moment of agglomerating misery, to perceive that his careful forefinger was laid upon a column of rents quite different from Casca's. And when he paused for my reply, I was able to declare with a clear conscience that there was a mistake, and that I was

not the man. Indeed, I was quite voluble on the subject.

The banker cleared his throat. It was a most unfortunate circumstance that Mr. Todd was the only American present — that he had remained, by the newspaper report, strictly sober, while all the rest got drunk — and that finally he had been arrested for his inflammatory harangue, but had been released on bail. And at this last statement he eyed me closely, severely, and with an austerity I could not have expected from his port-winy appearance.

I hastened to explain.

Cæsar's mantle fell upon an armchair. Another mantle — the *Evening Post*, to wit — was outspread before me. The countenance of Brutus became placid. He begged to compliment me on one of my pretty poems which he had just discovered. I took the paper, and read:

"SEMBLANCES.

"The rim of the moon,
The lilt of a tune,
And a rose-leaf blown by the breath of June.

"The waft of a cloud,
The drift of a shroud,
And a thought which a dreamer spoke aloud.

"For I see them there,
In her face so fair,
And they hide in the tangles of her hair.

"ANTHONY TODD."

"Rather inconclusive," remarked the banker-papa, "but of better tone than some things I've seen of yours."

I mustered moral courage into a leap for life.

"The fact is," I began ——

"The fact is"—repeated my prospective father-in-law, getting up and emphasizing each word — "the fact is that the *Evening Post* editorially identifies the author of that poem with the low-lived scoundrel who was bullyragging around in that wine-shop this morning. I wonder I have had patience to hear you civilly. James!"—and James became visible in the darkened hall — "open that door, and show Mr. Todd the way out. You needn't know Mr. Todd when he calls, James."

There *was* pretty blue blood in the banker-papa, or he never could have done it so nicely. And I was never more puzzled than when I found myself on the last of the brown-stone steps.

My first effort was to discover my *doppel-ganger* if I could. But, lawyer as I was, I found the "defendant in error" a most intangible quantity. After my long acceptance of homage I was thus suddenly cast down. Dagon was on his face before the ark. My only hope was to prove an *alibi*. And that, for a curious reason, was utterly impracticable.

I had spent nearly the whole day roaming among old book-stores, and I had been up and down Nassau Street twenty times. Having discovered nothing of which I was in search, not having reported at the office that day, and then having gone into Greene Street to see a man who printed in gilt letters on silk, I confess I had compromised my character most shamefully. The only part of the city in which I could prove my presence satisfactorily was the shop of a fiery French silk-printer—a most suspicious alliance of person and place.

I thought Harrington ought now to come to my rescue. But Harrington was confounded worse than myself.

"There's another fellow, Todd," he said to me. "Shall have to find him. But I'm dreadful sorry those aren't your verses."

Well, to make a long story short, we could not find him. He was released on suspended sentence, and then he began turning up unexpectedly at every corner. The newspapers and periodicals could not help me to him; they considered his name a *nom de plume*. He had refused his address. He was not in the directory.

But he was perpetually itemized, that man! He was ubiquitous, and in rows, mobs, violent assemblies, and incendiary meetings, he rivaled Billy Patterson. His verses were the reflection of his better moods, and they reminded one of that strange contradiction, Adah Isaacs Menken. As a speaker, too, he seemed to be in repute, but it was among a class I never knew, never associated with, and did not wish the defilement of investigating.

By this time I was out of society in dead earnest. No one wanted me any more. There were only two or three who disbelieved in my double existence, and they had a troublous time of it with questions and answers, contradictions and comparisons. The poems, too, became redolent of tobacco and gin. I suppose I might have tried the detectives, but I had little faith in them. After all the talk I did not dare to attempt my own vindication by a personal search. Everybody would say, "Yes, we always knew he was little good, and now he's gone to the bad openly, the good-for-nothing. Bright fellow, though. It's a pity."

Waking and sleeping, I wanted to find Anthony Todd. But I could neither get *to* him nor away *from* him. He bedeviled me until — Harrington out of town for the summer, everyone gone with him for whom I cared, and I myself utterly indifferent what became of me — I fled for refuge to Coney Island, as so many celebrated characters have done before me.

I landed at the usual bar-room and escaped from the dummy-train to walk along the sand. A three-card-monte man was plying his vocation. Some sirens of a neighboring establishment were displaying its bathing-suits in the surf. The great ships were moving calmly far over on the rim of the world, dropping down to Europe and the old lands of song and story. Here and there a steamer left a trail of smoke upon the sky. The breakers tumbled merrily in, and it was about half-flood—good bathing-time.

There was a semi-respectable person who kept a semi-respectable blue-check-bathing-suit-loan shanty just beyond. To him I went, and put myself in pawn for the regulation costume. I remember my number well. It was fifteen. And I remember the board-seat and the bucket of salt-water and the party of the second part in the next compartment; for he dashed his elbows against the narrow limits while he gracefully struggled with some of his habiliments, and then he dashed, double-dashed, and asterisked all proprietors of bathing establishments from Coney Island to Cape Cod and thence to Kamtchatka in certain inclusive maledictions which revealed him as a genius in profanity.

When I was bobbing in the surf at the end of the safety-line my friend of No. 16 became apparent to me by the profound and searching anathema with which he spread gloom upon the life of a certain crab that had scarified his toe. If I had been that crab I should not have felt completely safe even in the zodiac, to say nothing of the fact that I was then at the very nadir of his wrath. In fact, the fellow looked a rough — a short-haired rough—one of the "Mulligan Guards," out for a holiday, as likely as not. And the other five of us — for "we were seven" — were of the same kidney, and bowed reverentially before him, saying, I doubt not, in their secret souls, as did Master Stephen in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, "I had as lief as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman."

This present Captain Bobadil might have gone unnoted but for these same maledictions, if one of his fellows had not struck in:

"Blank it, Rube, yer oughter drive some o' them loads inter th' *Evenin'*

Post, 'stead o' that stuff yer call Anthony Todd."

That was all I wanted to hear. I had found my other self. We all bounced up and down on our rope, I as mad and merry as the rest. And then it began to rain, and we all ran in out of the wet, and howled derision at each other as we ran. My watch was safe in the toe of my shoe, and I kept up a running fire with No. 16 through the partition. He was in advance of the rest in many matters, even profanity. I made up my mind what to do. I took him aside, and told him my name. He sent up a whole rocket-battery of corruscating curses, and then leveled a perfect fusillade of all he had remaining right upon me. I bared my breast like Marshal Ney, and received the shot, small and large. Then I asked for a hearing, and I had it.

The result was that I imparted to him my plan. We "shook" the "Mulligan Guards," and staid until evening at the beach. I fell back upon his better self, a self I knew in his poems pretty thoroughly. I found him not so bad but that he might be worse. His real name he had used as a *nom de plume*, his false one as an every-day truth. Reporters had identified Anthony Todd and Rube Albertson without trouble, and the very name he had hoped to keep clean until he could stand up and claim it had been smirched and defiled. From that moment he had become desperate, and when I found him there were detonating nodes in every fibre of his brain.

They talk now about "Todd and his Double." Well, they can talk all they choose. That double of mine is doing himself some credit, and when my great-uncle heard the story he made up his mind to help on the young genius by a trifle of this world's empty show and shining dross. So I take another name in the place of my own, and by act of the legislature I hope soon to be Arthur H. Barrington.

True, I have to begin all over again; but then I had not really begun before I was cast upon a lee-shore, and to-day I am only twenty-seven. And, for the matter of that, Anthony Todd had to begin all over again, too; and he has done it nobly.

Let me just add that I took him with me to Forty-ninth Street the other evening. I had completely dropped out of society's knowledge, and was not afraid of recognition under the disguise of Arthur H. Barrington and a heavy mustache. Todd was well-dressed, and looked a perfect gentleman; but you may well believe I sent in no card for him.

The banker-papa was graciously pleased to grant us due audience. He also was pleased to bestow fit attention. I felt that he, like the host of the Ancient Mariner, "could not choose but hear!"

His eyes enlarged, his jaw dropped. Meanwhile, Todd struck into the conversation with a singular force and brilliancy, and painted up the whole panorama for the old gentleman until it was better than Charles Reade or Wilkie Collins to listen to him.

The banker rose and reached the bell. He said:

"Keep your seats, gentlemen."

James came. "James, call Miss Mattie."

Miss Mattie came. "There! You two go into the parlor and talk it out. This gentleman and I will stay here."

Tableau!

A RESTING-PLACE.

A sea of shade; with hollow heights above,
  Where floats the redwood's airy roof away,
Whose feathery lace the drowsy breezes move,
  And softly through the azure windows play:
  No nearer stir than yon white cloud astray,
No closer sound than sob of distant dove.

I only live as the deep forest's swoon
  Dreams me amid its dream; for all things fade,
Nor pulse of mine disturbs the unconscious noon.
  Even love and hope are still—albeit they made
  My heart beat yesterday—in slumber laid,
Like yon dim ghost that last night was the moon.

Only the bending grass, grown gray and sear,
  Nods now and then, where at my feet it swings,
Pleased that another like itself is here,
  Unseen among the mighty forest things—
  Another fruitless life, that fading clings
To earth and autumn days in doubt and fear.

Dream on, O wood! O wind, stay in thy west,
  Nor wake the shadowy spirit of the fern,
Asleep along the fallen pine-tree's breast!
  That, till the sun go down, and night-stars burn,
  And the chill dawn-breath from the sea return,
Tired earth may taste heaven's honey-dew of rest.

THE LIFE-HARMONY.

IS life, as represented in humanity, a thing of harmonious and regular development, or does its evolution consist in a series of sudden changes? We may not think this question at first sight one of more than scientific moment, but the object of the following remarks is to show that in at least one of its aspects it is a question of great interest and much significance. If we succeed in attaining this object we shall be very well satisfied, even if we do not do anything of importance toward settling the question itself.

First, then, a few words in explanation of the question and its bearings. We, of course, are considering, not life in general, but that life which is embodied in the human being; and, furthermore, not the physiological life of the human being, but his mental life. Still more, we do not propose to discuss abnormal development, but normal mental progress. To restate the ques-

tion, then: Does the course of human mental development, as represented in either the individual or the race, follow a definite and essentially continuous course, or is it a discontinuous broken development, whose effect is to make each stage of life inharmonious with the others?

The question at once suggests itself as to the usefulness of investigating this point. It appears at first of little consequence whether our lives are steady and regular in evolution, or unsteady and broken. It seems as if the whole thing were rather a matter of accident at any rate. Some lives are harmonious, and some are inharmonious. Circumstances apparently determine. So, too, in the historical development of the race, there have been periods of steady progress, and there have been times of sudden revolution. It would appear impossible to say whether the one or the other has been the rule, and it is at all events of not very much consequence to determine the truth in the matter. But we shall endeavor in what follows to make plain that in the history of humanity there is always an undercurrent flowing steadily onward, undisturbed by the violent surface action of events; that in the history of the individual, unless artificial restraints or stimulants are introduced into life, there is a similar unity underlying the diversity of time and circumstances; and, still further, that an appreciation of this fact is necessary to a true appreciation of life, whether in personal experience or in history.

We can make plainer what is meant by harmonious development in life by considering what we mean by it in nature. Animal organisms, the result of the slow accretion of similar cells, are among the best illustrations. There are periods of rapid change in their development. There are in some of them times when an entirely new order of activities is introduced, as is the case in the metamorphosis of insects. But throughout all there runs a certain unity. There is a relation that can be traced, step by step, from the highest organism to the cell out of which it came. The whole evolution is harmonious. Now is this fact true of mental growth? Is mind under the same law in this particular as the rest of nature? If so, wherein lies the harmony? What is the nature of the unity underlying the diversity?

The great philosopher, Hegel (with whose works we do not, by the way, profess any extended acquaintance, and whose remark we introduce here merely because it is a plain statement of one view on the subject), has expressed his belief that there is a striking contrast between development in inanimate nature and development in spirit. Nature, he says, advances steadily and continuously. Spirit, on the other hand, progresses only by very dint of conflict. Every step onward must involve a struggle in which the destruction of the old and the introduction of the new is involved. Spirit must destroy itself in order that it may live a higher life. Its great movements are times when in self-immolation it gives itself to the flames to arise anew out of its own ashes. And so there is nothing in inanimate nature which can parallel the tremendous convulsions of human history. If the displays of the one are greater, the facts of the other have an unsurpassable depth and power of experience involved in them.

Of course, such a view as this precludes any idea of harmony or of unity in the development of the mind of man. This self-conflict is the very negation of harmony, and this self-immolation destroys the possibility of unity. Grand as Hegel's thought is, we can not but think it one-sided. The conflicts of the soul are facts, but they are not alone.

The mind of man is not a comet wandering from system to system in orbits of incalculable eccentricity. If it does not revolve in the fixed paths of the bound slaves of inanimate nature, it yet neither wishes nor has the power to do more than pass from member to member of the same system, at every change attaining a better and nobler position, but never forsaking its great objects. But we have not to go so far away from home as to enter the domains of German philosophy in order to find held the opinion that we are controverting. It is one of the commonest, and, from our point of view, one of most injurious of opinions held among a certain class of historians in our own time.

When as historians or as critics men extol highly the present time at the expense of preceding times—when they make great point of the ignorance, or the superstition, or the blindness of the middle ages as a contrast to set off the grandeur of the nineteenth century—when in doing this they entirely overlook the tendencies which may be common to the two, or else only mention those few isolated instances where some modern doctrine was upheld by an eccentric but sagacious man of that time, forgetful of the small social significance in history of such eccentric but sagacious men—when all this is done, we say, as it so commonly is done, by contemporary writers, then the idea of the essential unity and harmony of mental development is wanting in the minds of those who do it. With Hegel, they believe that progress is a succession of conflicts and revolutions, in each of which all but identity is destroyed. Conceiving themselves to stand in a position immediately following the last one of these revolutions, they look upon preceding times as essentially different and immensely inferior to their own. Reverence for antiquity is next to impossible with them. The most that they can do for it is to excuse faults on the plea of ignorance, and pity ignorance on the score of antiquity. All this is, we believe, opposed to every true principle of historical justice. It prevents men from deriving the benefit they should from historical study. It blinds their eyes to the true value of the conception of humanity. As the Greek made the mistake of writing history from a purely national stand-point, regarding all men as either Greeks or barbarians, and estimating them accordingly, so the modern historian too often writes history, especially if it be the history of civilization, purely from a class stand-point, placing on one side the scientists and illuminati of the present century, together with a few noble astronomical souls, of whom the world was not worthy, in former ages, and on the other the vast mass of the unlettered and the unscientific. And as in history it is, as Ewald remarks in the introduction to his great work, just at those times when regard for their future destiny and respect for ancestral tradition and reminiscence are perfectly balanced that nations are the most prosperous, so it must be that not until this eager enthusiasm for the present and the future is in a greater degree tempered by respect for the past will the present intellectual activity attain its complete power.

We have mentioned the Greek, and his erroneous ideas as to the value of the history of his own nation as compared with that of the nations about him. We think that, by a similar process to the one that we should have used had we been present to convince him of his injustice toward foreign nations, we can do something to show wherein lies the injustice of history which we have just been noticing. For there is something very analogous in the way in which he spoke of barbarians and the way in which a historian

like Buckle speaks of the middle ages. To the mind of the former the world as it stood was made up of widely separated ranks, bound by no common link of humanity, and culminating in his own nation. In the thoughts of the other, history, as it has progressed, has been a succession of stages, divided by times of great change, united by not more than a semblance of common characteristics, culminating in his own age. The two errors, for errors we conceive them alike to be, can be reasoned with on the same principles.

If we were about to engage in a discussion with an Athenian of the age of Pericles on the relative importance of peoples, and the value of the idea of humanity, we would have before us two great lines of possible argument. We could first show him that he was essentially the same as many of those he called barbarians in religious observances and in customary regulations. By this means we should hope to convince him that, far from being such a unique and peculiar being as he supposed, he was in fact the possessor of ceremonial forms and legal traditions which were in all fundamental points identical with the forms and laws of nations much lower in the social scale than himself. Thus we should have some expectation of bringing him to realize the existence of a vast whole humanity, of which he was but a part, and with which he was inseparably bound up. But this method would not probably prove very effective. Many of the facts we would bring forward were always familiar to him. Perhaps he was never conscious of their full force as we should hope to make him conscious of it. But still the whole formed a sort of evidence of kinship which he does not seem to have cared much for. He was too proudly conscious of his intellectual and spiritual superiority to notice it. His works of art would be enough to make him feel that there was something in the distinction of Greek and barbarian which could not be affected by trifling coincidences of custom.

But now, if we were still anxious to make one more effort to bring him into sympathy with us, and to arouse within him the consciousness of one humanity, there would be another and far more effective way left open to us. It might be of comparatively little use to let him see identity of custom or of law, but if we could make him *feel* identity of soul as expressed in poetry or in any form of art, we should have done much to accomplish our end. Suppose, taking advantage of some moment of peculiar impressibility, we should translate for him into good clear Attic Greek the Book of Job. What a revelation it would be to him, if only we did not prejudice him with hints as to its origin until we had once read it to him. And suppose, going still farther from home, we should bring to him and lay before him the Vedas, and the great poems of the epic age in India, and, still farther, the early poetry of the Buddhists; for all these, the accomplishments of his far-away cousins, were in existence at the time of which we speak, and yet he knew it not. But we would not stop with these. We would collect all the vast poetic treasures in which the race has left its truest records, the songs and epics of the childhood of nations, the lamentations that human sorrow has given voice to, the peals of joy which have celebrated victory and given new happiness to prosperity, and best of all the sublime outpourings of that aspiration for the true and the beautiful which alone is entitled to the sacred name of religion — all this wealth of emotion, all this precious harvest of life, we would bring and lay at his feet. He might neglect other evidence, he might be unmoved by other tokens, but he could not become acquainted with this and be unaffected.

It is certain that when he once grasped all its meaning, he too with us would rejoice in his new-found kinship of humanity.

In other words, we would argue that the strongest tie that can be mentioned as binding together the race is the fact of common sensibilities and common emotions, and the most certain and universally intelligible proof of this is found in art, and especially in poetry. And now we wish further to claim that this same province of emotion is that wherein lies the bond of common union among the successive ages of progress in history. We wish to show that, while intellectual progress is sure to be more or less discordant with itself from the very fact that it is rapid, emotional development is of a regular and persistent character, so that, notwithstanding the science of one time becomes the fable of another, the art of any age remains art for all succeeding ages. By the examination of this subject something may be done toward showing wherein the harmony of mental development lies.

In investigating the subject we shall first assume, what would take some time to prove at length, that the essential purpose of all art is not to imitate nature in any form, nor yet even primarily to imitate the beautiful in nature, but to give expression to the stronger emotions of the soul. In fact, were this not true, it is difficult to see how ancient art could ever have survived so long a time and had this very power of which we speak. For art in which the crudest notions of external nature are made fundamental, as is the case in all ancient poetry, is not at all injured in our estimation by the fact; a thing which shows the object of such art to be something very different from imitation. This being so, the continuance of art for so long a time is a proof of a general continuity of emotional progress in our race. And this is still more clearly shown by the fact that art designed for special ends is still esteemed for its own sake, although the end for which it was produced is no longer thought of.

A prominent illustration of such a survival may be found in religious poetry. This in every case where it is true poetry survives the downfall of the religion in whose service it was written. And why? Simply because religious emotion is distinct from religious dogma, and hence the poetry which expresses the former is the property of the race, and continues to exist whatever may become of the latter. And so in the legends of Arthur we to-day enjoy and are made better by poetry whose foundation lies far back in the region of the great primeval solar myths. So, too, in Greek tragedy the world has listened for centuries to grand thoughts first inspired by the devout worship of gods who passed into the region of fable ages ago.

We have now progressed far enough to have given indication of what we meant by the undercurrent running steadily onward beneath the violent surface action of history. We would maintain that there is a continuous element existing throughout all the sudden changes of progress. And this element is the emotional one, and art in all its forms is its representative. We do not believe what an ancient believed, but we feel very much what he felt. And this is not only true of the transient joys and sorrows of life, but also and to a much greater extent is it true of the deeper emotions of the soul. And by virtue of these we can, as it were, annihilate time, and bring ourselves into sympathy with every sincere human heart of whatever age. And because throughout all the varied fortunes of the race, in spite of the repeated revolutions that convulse it, there is, as we view it, a constant and slow evolution of the emotional nature, and because it is in the emotions that

life truly consists, we have called this grand fact in history the life-harmony, and we would oppose it to all those sudden and violent changes that characterize intellectual progress, as being the foundation of an essential unity in the spirit of all times.

Before going on to show what has been the course of this slow evolution, and what are the proofs to be given of it, we may as well here stop to consider what effect such a fact as this is should have on our view of history. We think it must be admitted that with this fact in view, any looking down upon preceding ages as immeasurably inferior is impossible. Although knowledge may increase indefinitely, yet, if feeling remains essentially the same, the men of successive ages are still brothers, although those who come last may be somewhat the wiser. If we can rise but a little higher in the scale of experience than could former times, it amounts to but little that we can determine the chemical constitution of the sun. And if, as is too often the case, in gaining intellectually we permit ourselves to lose emotionally, we lower ourselves instead of being raised. If full, free, all-embracing sympathy with human kind was the characteristic of the best thought of a former age, and if our age should sacrifice this quality for the sake of mere advance of knowledge, then, were we to have all knowledge, were we to speak with the tongues of men and angels, and not have charity, we should become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Whatever was emotionally grand and sublime in former times must be lived up to now if we would be even on a level with former times. Reason can discover truth, but it can not unaided make life.

But we believe there is little danger that men ever will, in the long run, mistake the power and the value of their emotional nature. For awhile it may be obscured by some sudden advance in science or in industrial art. But it ever remains as a foundation of existence. It will in the end vindicate itself. Try to hide it as much as you can, call it a delusion, nickname it moonshine, crush it beneath a load of burdens, bind it down with the galling bands of intellect, and after all you can not make it remain where you seek to put it, or if you do, it will be to your own injury. Discover as much as you will, acquire as much as you will, and after all he who once feels purely, nobly, generously, has discovered more and acquired more than have you by all your labor. He truly lives, you barely exist. He is in sympathy with the race, with the humanity that has ever been content to suffer that it might grow nobler, to be lonely that it might find love, to long that it might be satisfied; you can do no better than to sneer at all this emotion because you can not share it, and to be puffed up with pride at your knowledge which some future time will despise as superficial, merely because you have nothing else to be proud of.

Are we wrong, then, in claiming that the emotional nature lies at the foundation of life, and that if, as we claim, it merely meets with a slow progressive change as time goes on, it is the true link binding mankind in a common brotherhood? Whatever be the elements of discord which divide the life of one time from the life of another, this element of unity is enough to neutralize them all. As we have learned the brotherhood of races, let us learn the brotherhood of the ages also.

But now, since it is plain that emotion does not remain exactly the same throughout all time, since it undergoes at least a slight change, it remains to show what this change consists in—that is to say, what is the course of the evolution of feeling. We believe that the change consists mainly in the direction

which feeling has a tendency to take in different times. Its essential characteristics remain the same. But it exercises itself upon different classes of objects as it progresses, and in changing from one class to the other it becomes more and more refined and delicate. Thus ancient art is not the same as modern art, while the difference between the two is not so great as to prevent the deepest admiration for the one from a person trained by the influences that have given rise to the other. Of course, the history of art is the precise picture of the stages in the progress of emotion. We may, then, indicate a few of the principal points in this progression by indicating the general course of art evolution.

Art at first was not at all personal or subjective. It expended itself mainly on nature. It was much freer in copying nature than we expect it to be at the present time. It expressed emotion, to be sure, but emotion in its first stages had not so much basis within the soul as stimulus without. Epic poetry is the very expression of this objective character. The Greek drama, with its imitation of action instead of character as the main purpose, was another representative. But now there followed an extended era of what may be called purely subjective art, in which personal emotion eclipsed everything else. This style of art was predominant from the Christian era until after the revival of letters. It gave itself up to the expression of feeling simply as a relief to feeling. It used nature far less than the art that had preceded it. It did not use general character-study to so great an extent as the art that succeeded it. But the person of the artist eclipsed the whole universe. The romantic school of poetry at the beginning of the present century revived this form of art in England and Germany. In fact, it is a form which must always be expected to exist whenever there is great activity going on in the human mind, so that emotion becomes complex and violent. It is not, however, the final form of art. There is another height, one to which Shakspeare first attained, and toward which he has since been followed afar off by many succeeding poets. This is attained in the second kind of objective art, a kind wherein the personality of the artist is not absent, but in which nature once more plays a prominent part. It corresponds to the highest stage of feeling, wherein sympathy and independence are completely and harmoniously united. It represents undoubtedly the goal of individual progress.

Now, there is no doubt that when emotion has reached this last stage it is much nobler and much more refined than it was at the outset. But, after all, it was human emotion, and is human emotion still. At the very outset it had something sublime about its best manifestations. At the end it is no more than sublime. As we follow it we can sympathize with every expression of it from the very beginning. We recognize the humanity in it. We can receive instruction from it. Its growth has been all the time like that of the animal organism. It has enlarged its scope, it has quickened its powers, it has elevated its objects of pursuit. But throughout it has followed a steady progressive line of growth. There has been no self-destruction, but all that has ever been gained has been kept as an immortal treasure. In it, then, do we find that deepest harmony of progress which we have been seeking. While science must retrace with toil and sorrow the paths lightly trod in error, art, as if really inspired by some divine chorus of muses, has ever moved onward and upward, through storm and sunshine, through happiness and misery, never forsaking the way, but ever rising higher and higher.

We can not pause to show how all this has its reason in the very nature of these two great powers in mental growth. We can not now develop the considerations which would prove that feeling is a complete and perfect warrant for itself and what it implies, while belief is no surety for the existence of what is believed in—so that the one while kept within its proper province is to be implicitly followed, while the other must be constantly revised. We are of the opinion that all this could be shown, but it would be a matter for separate discussion. One matter, however, remains for us to touch upon, and that is the necessity of remembering all this not alone as a law in historical progress, but also as a fact in individual experience. If nothing is done to warp our mental development, the same result as the one above pointed out must follow in our own lives—namely, progress in emotional powers, and that a continuous and harmonious progress. We shall not have to look back upon our lives as made up of continual self-destructive contests, from each of which we come out changed fundamentally; but through conflict and disappointment we shall be able to discern a constant on-moving development of soul. Not a sorrow nor an effort will be looked upon as vain. Not a moment of the whole will be disengaged from the rest. Each feeling will be the summing up of all previous feelings. Each moment will be to life what the monad of the great philosopher was to the universe, a condensed image of the whole. Such a harmonious progress is no doubt an ideal not easy to attain, but it is simply what would follow could we be natural instead of artificial, free instead of restrained.

The importance of appreciating this harmony of soul-development seems to us immense. It makes us as historians sympathetic and philosophic; as ready to learn wisdom from former times as to find how to avoid their errors. It makes us as artists appreciative. It makes us as individuals constant, firm, and progressive. And, beyond all, it gives us a view of the universality of the laws of nature, by showing us how she gives to the soul even the same kind of development as she gives to the rest of her works.

IN THE DARK.

THE time-keeper left his seat by the door as the whistle sounded from the roof of the boiler-house and the echoes of its booming shriek came back from the hills across the ravine through which the Black River found its way. He had handed in his report at the office before the slackening speed of band and wheel and shafting had softened the clamorous whir of the spindles and the rumbling of the mules to a whisper and then to silence; when down the stair-cases of the great central tower, past the now unguarded door, and out into the gray darkness of the late twilight, rustled a crowd in calico, dividing into three streams as it flashed over the threshold, one going north to the corporation boarding-houses, another taking the opposite direction toward the meaner part of the small village, and a third crossing the canal directly to the tenements dimly seen on its other bank. The hundred windows of the huge mill shone yellow. To travelers on the "down express" that stood by the station platform, the pump of its safety-brake panting as

if impatient of the delay, these lights seemed golden flecks in a mine of prosperous industry, and their distant gleam suggested pleasant thoughts of a busy multitude. Near to the walls the slanting rays lighted up indistinct figures, hustling away in long processions that broke into knots or separated into individuals. They were mainly those of women. Some wore shawls drawn over their heads; others were still sheltered by the straw-hats that had seen service under the heat of the summer sun; some stepped along with a sort of sorry jauntiness in feathers and feminine trappings that fluttered and swung in the glancing reflections from above.

With a clang of the bell the train moved on toward the great city. The lights disappeared by sections from the front of the mill—a score of windows being blotted out at once, like a wink of Argus—and the few hurrying feet that sped away through the gathering darkness left behind them a towering black monument, whose broad stony expanse was relieved only by the glimmer of a lantern here and there as it passed window after window at the pace of a man's walk.

The mills had closed for the night. But before the last row of lights went out, there stepped through the vacant door-way yet another figure in calico, not hastily, but with an expectant air, as if the delay had been with a purpose. Even in the dim light, and clothed in mean and malodorous factory dress, it could be seen as that of a young woman, tall beyond the usual height, slim, and graceful in movement. The girl came slowly out and paused at the bottom of the granite steps. A quick but shuffling foot-fall was heard upon the path of cinders leading up from the canal. It came nearer, and a man's form appeared in the gloom. The girl stepped out toward it.

"Joe!" she said.

The man, who was in working-dress, and carried a tin pail, with a cup of the same material set on the top like the turret of a monitor, turned quickly and peered at the speaker.

"Why, Mary!" he said, with something like annoyance in his tone; "I didn't want you to wait for me to-night. I'm late now, and the boss 'll be mad enough. You'd better go right home."

"But, Joe, I wanted to see you particular to-night. Can't you spare a minute?" Then, with a certain irrelevancy contrasting with the earnestness of her voice: "What's made you so late for the last week, Joe?"

"No matter what's made me late. The boss has asked that question too often now, and I don't want him to ask it again. Give me a kiss, Mary, and run off."

With a lighter tone in these last words, the man's figure leaned toward that of the girl, and blended with it for a moment in the darkness. But one who could have seen this would have noticed that the shadowy heads did not meet, and that a movement of the shawl indicated a gently repellent motion of the girl's hand.

"No, dear; it isn't kisses that I want," said the woman, sadly. "Don't you know? O! Joe, don't you know why I've tried to get a talk with you all this week? I've cried myself to sleep, and once I went round to your boarding-house."

"Don't you do that again, Mary," said the man. "I don't want anyone running after me there. There's the boss's lantern coming through the drying-room. You just run along, and we'll settle all that the day after to-morrow. I have all day Sunday. If you won't give me a kiss——"

"As many as you want, Joe, dear. There! there!" And the shawl rose and joined the shadow of the man's shoulders as if two arms had been flung

around his neck, and there was a whisper: "Only don't go to the Falls Sunday, Joe, but come and talk with me about what you said."

One of the figures disappeared in the darker shade of the mill. The other paused a moment, as if gazing after its late companion, and then glided straight forward along the path leading to the narrow bridge of a single plank across the canal. The girl was not walking rapidly, and as she neared the frail structure she saw another form, clad similarly to herself, seated on the stone coping of the bank. She would have passed it unconsciously, but for the fact that a long ray of light, possibly from Joe's lantern, shining through one of the windows of the mill, fell by chance directly on this object. The face showed plainly in the distant reflection, and Mary recognized it.

"Aggie!" said she, "what are you doing out here in the cold?"

"O! how you frightened me! Have you just got through work? I thought you were at the house long ago."

The speaker was a girl smaller in stature and younger in her tone and in her manner than the one whom she addressed. In the darkness of a November evening in New England she also appeared only as a shadow, *petite* and round, if the dim outlines could be trusted to give an accurate token; and as her taller companion enveloped her with a dusky and indefinite arm, the gesture itself told of a sentiment of affectionate protection which doubtless a fuller light would have displayed in the countenance.

"We'll go there together," said the taller, gathering the little figure closer to her. "What did you want to come out here in the dark alone for?"

"I hadn't been here but a minute, and I was thinking. Mary, I might as well tell you now—all the help will know it to-morrow—they are going to send off half the hands next week, and run the mill on short time. There, now, isn't that just my luck, as soon as I'd got a good place; and father's out of work, too, down to the Falls, and mother's sick."

The brevity of this statement by no means measured its vast import. To diminish production one-half meant want and suffering to at least three hundred whose wages came from labor in the granite mill, possibly to both of the companions who now discussed the event. It was a personal matter to each, far beyond the laws of demand and supply which regulate the movements of corporations. Fully realizing what it implied, the cheerfulness of the elder girl was compelled by the considerateness of love as she responded:

"Well, you won't have to go, Aggie, I don't believe. 'Tisn't likely no way at all!"

"Yes, I shall," said the other. "'I'm one of the new help, and they will go first. You are safe enough, but I don't know what I shall do. I can't go home!"

"I don't believe it," said the taller.

"I know it's so."

"Who told you?"

"Joe Dunham. He's one of the night-watchmen, you know," said the little figure, with a certain hesitation. "His boss told him Kilpatrick got the order from the city last week."

"Joe should have told me," the other began under her breath. But who was this to whom Joe had gone with his chatter of freshest gossip, while she herself was put off with a hurried meeting? Her only friend in the throng of mill operatives that swarmed about her. The one whom she had chosen to protect and love, and to share in every secret except the single great mystery that of late had oppressed her soul with mingled happiness and fear. She was true to Aggie, and Joe must be loyal to her. The two were all she had, and she brave-

ly conquered the pang of suspicion that was about to find a voice in words.

Mary Wilson was quite alone in the world. Time was when the Wilsons were the great family of that region. For three generations a Wilson had preached Calvinistic theology from the pulpit of the old white church that now stood, brown and dismantled, deserted for a more lively edifice in the centre of the new town. About this clung traditions in all of which the Wilsons had part. The older inhabitants still chuckled and wagged their heads when they told the story of the Squire Wilson who espoused the patriot cause, while his brother, the doctor of divinity, remained a stout Tory. How, when the latter read from the pulpit the thanksgiving proclamation, ending, "God save the Commonwealth," adding, of his own loyal motion, "And I say, God save the king!" the doughty squire had risen in his square pew at the head of the aisle, and committed blasphemy in the sanctuary by exclaiming: "And I say, God damn the king!"

This was one of the traditions. But the Wilsons had passed away from Ashton; and, like many strong families, had suffered a sharp descent from prosperous days to obscurity and almost extinction. The gossips shook their heads again over this decadence, and mumbled another tradition to account for it.

Far back of the profane patriot squire there was an ancestor yet more strange. It was in the days when Ashton and many wooded leagues beside were held by Captain Wilson with other colonists who owned him leader. Those were the days when men went to the plow with a gun slung from the shoulder as well as a goad in the hand, and when the muskets were stacked in the aisle of the church for use in repelling any sudden assault of the Indian foe.

On a Sunday night, so the story ran, the great attack was made whose memory is preserved in the name of Black River. The settlers made their last stand upon its banks. Of those who fell dead among the ruins of their burning houses, and of those who fled to the woods to return after many days, famished and half-frozen, to the ashes of their homes, the records of Ashton preserve the full list. The Mary Wilson of those days was not among this number. When Captain Wilson, coming back from his mission to the neighboring settlement lower down the valley, searched the blackened foundations of his dwelling, he found neither charred corpse nor mutilated body. His daughter was gone, and he mourned without hope.

It was years after, when a treacherous peace ruled between the colonists and the Indians, that a woman, wearing a blanket and with uncovered head, came to his door and claimed him as father. She carried the degrading marks of Indian servitude, and she told him of children born to her in Indian wedlock, and of a home under the hide-covered poles of the wigwam. They clad her once more in the skirts of civilized womanhood, the tradition goes on to say; wept over her, wondering at her strange stoicism; placed her again on her father's right hand at the table, and took her to the family seat in the meeting-house. The Bible, over which the stern captain leaned as he offered up the prayer of thanksgiving for release from captivity, was that evening wet with unaccustomed tears.

But in the morning the wanderer was gone. She had wrapped her blanket about her and stolen away in the night.

Again it was years before word came from Mary Wilson. A boy, through whose copper-colored skin shone the bright Caucasian blood, brought a leaf torn from the Gospel of St. John, upon whose narrow margin was scrawled her story. The tribe was smitten with small-

pox. Husband, children, all had died. She herself was dying; and this, her eldest son, only remained. Might the God of the Bible and of her fathers turn the hearts of the grandparents to this her offspring of the wilderness.

The rigid policy of the colony demanded that the infected youth should be driven forth. It was his grandfather who shielded him in close seclusion until it became evident that the pestilence had passed him by, and he was received as a brand from the burning, as one especially reserved by Providence for great things.

Here the details of tradition cease. History steps in to tell how the half-breed grandson of Captain Wilson continued the family that must otherwise have become extinct, and how his descendants held high place in all the colony.

If there be recurrent periods in hereditary characteristics, it might be said that the wild, restless, improvident Indian nature had re-appeared in the later generations of the Wilsons. The name, which had held a prominent place on every tax-list from the days when the yearly dues were paid in corn, had finally disappeared with the death of Mary's father. The property had long since been absorbed by new-comers. Old heads alone now retained a memory of what the Wilsons had been. Mary, the last of the line, was as solitary and estranged in the midst of the multitude as her ancestress in the wilderness.

Rising from the darkness of aboriginal paganism, the race seemed about to sink now in the night of civilized barbarism. Many of the characteristics as well as the misfortunes of the doomed Indian reproduced themselves in this girl. Uneducated, impetuous, fierce in her prejudices, and headstrong in her confidences, she was by nature set apart from the crowd of New England factory-girls among whom she lived and struggled. Her one wild passion had for its object the young night-watchman at the mill. Her affection, equally rash and equally strong, was lavished on the commonplace girl by whose side she walked through the gloom to the dingy boarding-house. For either of these she would yield, do, or endure anything.

"You sha'n't lose your place, Aggie," were her good-night words at parting.

There was but one way in which she could make her assurance good. The discharge had been long impending. The times were hard, the market overstocked, the mills losing money. Personal solicitations, had the poor girl the influence to urge them, would be unavailing. If Aggie remained, another must go in her place. She would accept the alternative. She knew what it meant. It would be cold and hunger, and, if sickness came, possible destitution. But, with a recklessness foreign certainly to her New England blood, she took the chances that she might serve her friend. She was alone in the world, while Aggie had a family to whom half her wages went; but it was not so much a feeling of duty as the blind fatalism of affection that led to this sacrifice.

On Saturday the announcement of the reduction was made, and Mary carried out her plan. Then came weary days, weary to heart and to mind. For Joe's light fancy for the strange impulsive girl gave signs of fading. What was in the man's case an effect of the lax morals of a factory village was in hers a true affair of an untrained heart. With him it was a vagary, with her it was life. The Sunday conference brought no satisfaction, and sleep found her poor pillow always wet; but, like the Mary Wilson of colonial days, she clung to the man who had done her heart the greatest wrong.

Night now fell earlier. It was dark when she took her place to intercept Joe on his way to the mill; so dark that her

tall figure was not distinguishable from the gate-way against which she leaned waiting. For days she had not met her lover, and the thought had forced itself more strongly upon her that she was shunned.

As she stood straining her eyes into the blackness that hid everything, footsteps approached. The new-comers were two, and they stopped as if for farewell so near to Mary that she held her breath to avoid discovery.

"Good-by!" spoke Joe's voice from out the deep shadow that concealed all surrounding objects. "Meet me at the same place to-morrow."

Mary clung to the railing, listening for the answer. It came, in tones only too familiar:

"Good-by, Joe! Don't forget anything you have promised me. You're a forgetful fellow, and I don't believe you care half as much for me as you pretend." Here there was a sound as of a physical protest on Joe's part, with suppressed laughter from the girl. "Do go along! That's enough for to-night!"

Mary sunk to the ground with a moan, as her lover walked through the gate and Aggie tripped off toward the town. She lay there, dazed by the sudden revelation, until the cold wind that blew away the clouds from the face of the stars had chilled her poorly clad form. Her heart was frozen, too, and she arose hating and yearning for revenge against the lover who had cast her off, and the friend who had robbed her of her lover even while accepting her sacrifice of comfort. She would no more of it.

The Indian spirit that had slumbered for generations now asserted its immortality and claimed full possession. Her ancestral brave planned the massacre of the Ashton colonists with no more bitter cruelty than this metamorphosed factory-girl plotted with herself against the two persons for whom an hour before she would have given up life itself. She arose from the frozen ground, transformed as if by the evil influence latent in the blood of her race. If it had waited long and quietly for this opportunity, it now boldly asserted its dominion. It might have been an implacable Indian that strode off under Mary Wilson's faded shawl to her lodgings. Her thoughts were too wild for a civilized brain or for the days of looms and railways.

She pondered through the long night. "At the same place," he had said. That place was the other side of the deep and slow-moving canal which supplied power for the mill. They came straight up the path. They must have crossed the foot-bridge together—thus her thoughts ran—should they ever cross it again? It was clear and simple. To move one end of the plank so that the vibration of a body crossing should dislodge it from the bank; to watch the faithless lover and the false friend step upon it, and to see them reel and plunge together into the chill blackness below!

Suddenly as the purpose had formed itself in her mind, the details came with terrible slowness. It was as if the blow that had awakened her worse nature had stunned instead of quickening her intelligence. The idea of vengeance had presented itself naturally and promptly as she arose from the ground, on which she had sunk with no feeling but that of woe and self-pity in her heart; and in place of the rapid suggestions that had before coursed through her brain, and the mingled tears and moans that had expressed her pain, there was now one dull and stolid impulse prevailing over all else, and working itself out by slow, laborious, and cruel methods.

The change was hardly that which takes place when an insane mania seizes the mind. Mary Wilson was not mad, as science knows madness. In her short season of unconsciousness a new and strange soul and a fearful will seemed to have entered the vacant brain and heart

leaving the former occupants to wander through infinity with no power over or claim upon the bodily tenement that had been stolen from them. Even more despotic than the possession of scriptural narrative, the demon that had entered into the poor girl left no sense of a present Deity to be worshiped or to be sought in prayer. All was dark and blank but the one dreadful purpose to which she was moved with the persistency of an implacable savage impulse.

What was the impulse that drove her away from her lodgings, away from the sound of the rattling mill, and away from the village streets crowded thrice a day with a hastily passing throng? Could she have told? Could she have accounted for those wanderings through the frozen woods; those hours spent crouching under the bank of the ravine, where the rush of the Black River over its bowlders drowned all the sounds of civilization, and the sighing spruces shut out every sight? She knew only that she hated the faces of her fellow-beings, their voices, and their society. They were nothing to her until she had done what she must do, and then what would they be? Thought reached no farther, if she might be said to think.

The same power that had impelled her as in a dream all day brought her, draggled, famishing, and burning with a heat that had no wholesome warmth for her pinched body, to the rendezvous by the canal. There was a pitchy darkness over all. The swirl of the water in the unfrozen canal alone told what lay beneath the narrow path which could now be traversed only by familiar feet after passing the guide-posts that were felt, not seen, on the bank. Even the thin snow found no gleam which it might reflect to the clouds that lowered above. The lights that shone dim through the paper curtains of the boarding-houses where the operatives were at supper, seemed to stop short in the distance and lose themselves. The mill towered grim and silent on the other side.

Panting, and with a strength that was scarcely her own, the girl wrenched the plank aside from its insecure fastenings. Deliberately she balanced it upon the edge, testing its equilibrium with her foot. It wavered under her weight.

With an inarticulate sound expressing satisfaction, she turned and walked in the direction from which one must come to cross to the mill. She crouched in the darkness beside the path, silent as the Indian in ambush. One idea alone possessed her sullen mind; it was that of two footsteps, and the fate of two persons. This accomplished, there was nothing in the future. Present revenge was all.

The time was well chosen. Down the path came the sound of feet and of subdued voices. Not even a darker shade was visible upon the universal shadow to mark the advancing figures. They existed to the senses only as the noise of crunching snow and the murmur of softly spoken words. Thus they came nearer, and Mary's heart grew harder as the ripple of laughter and the low response fell on her ears.

They were opposite her, when she heard, as if continuing a subject already spoken of, the man's voice saying:

"No; she's too flighty. I wouldn't bother myself about her any more, if I was you."

"But she isn't flighty to me, Joe. If you knew her you'd say so, too. And I don't know what's been the matter with her."

"What difference does it make, Aggie? She's a shiftless crazy thing, or she wouldn't have left the mill, where she was earning good wages, for nothing but her laziness."

"O! Joe! you don't know, or you wouldn't talk that way. O!" and sobs came through the darkness, "I've been wicked to let you think such things of

Mary. She needn't have left unless she'd wanted to."

"I hope I know that," said the man, half-sneeringly.

"But she gave up her place to me. O! so generous as she is! I didn't know of it until she had fixed it all with the foreman, and then she only kissed me, and said, "Aggie, I told you you wouldn't have to leave."

"It's just as shiftless, anyway."

"Joe, do you care anything for me?" said the girl's voice, angrily.

"Of course I do," was the reply.

"Then quit talking that way about my best friend, who's as much better than I am as you can think. She's just the best girl in Ashton, and I won't go a step farther with you to-night if you don't say so."

For the first time in that cold and dreary day a shiver shook Mary Wilson's limbs. Aggie's dress had brushed her in passing, and she had followed close, hearing every word that was spoken. Blinded as her heart was to reason, the evil spirit that there found occupancy shrunk before the voice of warm and sincere kindness. Her soul struggled feebly as if awaking. She began to know, in a dim and confused way, that Aggie was unconscious of guilt in stealing her lover, that her sacrifice was appreciated, and that the one friend left her in the world was imperiled by her hand. She again felt the weakness of the evening before overcoming her.

A moan arose to her lips, but was crushed down. What, after all, was Aggie's affection with the loss of Joe? Could it atone for the shame and the misery advancing upon her with the certainty of invincible fate as the result of her wild passion? Could it make the dreadful future as tolerable for her as even the miserable present? Better to make one final sacrifice and gain oblivion for herself, while leaving Aggie to her own happiness.

She was now trembling in every limb. The demon tore her as he was driven out by the exorcism of divine charity. Weak and faltering, but with a new purpose, she gathered her strength and sped past and before the loitering companions toward the canal. Stooping where she had bent before, she sought to lift and replace the plank. Her force seemed exhausted. The heavy timber swayed but refused to be pushed into its former position. She struggled with desperation, for a laughing voice was approaching. A vertigo seized her as with one supreme effort the plank moved; she leaned forward upon it, and with a swift sliding motion it plunged, dragging her with it, into the black water of the canal.

"Hullo!" said Joe, as he reached the spot and cautiously put out his foot to feel the boards in the darkness before venturing to cross, "something's happened to the bridge. There aint no plank here. We'll have to go round the other way."

"I know what you want," laughed Aggie; "but I don't mind taking a longer walk with you."

THE MOSLEM EMPIRE IN SPAIN.

AMONG the many revolutions which have affected the manners and formed the literature of Europe, none is entitled to more credit, or has, at least until lately, so much escaped the notice of history, as the Saracen occupation of Spain. It is remarkable that the claims of Moorish civilization have been thus disregarded, for every nation that travel or commerce brought into contact with it has profited by its influence, which even now is to be traced in the language, the theology, the science, and the laws of distant countries, loth to acknowledge the debt they owe to this most accomplished and ingenious race.

In the beginning of the eighth century the kingdom of the Visigoths presented the appearance of a flourishing empire, whose inherent weakness was imperfectly disguised by the splendor of its court and the opulence of its people. Its licentious sovereign retained none of the primitive virtues of his ancestors, whose daring spirit and impetuous valor had subdued the veteran legions of ancient Rome. The successor of Alaric had degenerated into a feeble tyrant, who reigned by a disputed title, and who, in the indulgence of his passions, did not hesitate to abuse the rites of hospitality and the sacred obligations of friendship. The Christian faith had been employed as an engine of persecution, and the honors of the Church were polluted by the ministrations of bishops and priests whose only claim to official preferment was based upon their preeminence in vice and crime. The Jews, comprising the most wealthy and thriving portion of the community, were pursued by the enmity of the ecclesiastics, who offered the alternative of conversion or banishment, and threatened the seizure of their property and the custody of their children. A large body of slaves, who under the lash of brutal masters still preserved the traditions of liberty, were ripe for revolt, and longed for the day of their deliverance. Fortified on one side against the incursions of the Franks by the rampart of the Pyrenees, surrounded on the others by the Mediterranean and the ocean, the inhabitants of the peninsula, in the enjoyment of a favorable climate and a fruitful soil, rested in fancied security, and had long since laid aside the armor whose weight had become oppressive, and neglected those martial exercises the preservation of which was their only safeguard. The emergency of the destinies of the Gothic kingdom offered to the Saracens the prospect of an easy conquest, abundant booty, and the extension of their religion. After repeated invitations, the sincerity of which was suspected by the wary Arabs, on the 30th day of April, 711, an army of 30,000 veterans under Tarik landed at the foot of Gibraltar. As soon as the troops had disembarked, the general burned his ships; and thus, by removing the power of flight, endeavored to infuse into his soldiers that desperate courage which alone could insure the victory. The Gothic army, outnumbering the invaders three to one, was soon after defeated near Cadiz, and the Moors with but trifling difficulty established their empire, which was destined to endure for a period of nearly 800 years.

The encroaching spirit of Islam, governed by the potent motives of avarice, ambition, and fanaticism, was not content with its late achievements and the

dominion of two continents—it aspired to universal conquest. The venerable Musa, who ruled Spain in the name of the Caliph of Damascus, had formed the design of the invasion and annexation of France and Italy, as well as the overthrow of the Greek empire, which, now tottering to its foundations, afforded a tempting prey to the successful arms of the Moslems. The plan projected by Musa was attempted by his successor Abderaman, who perished upon the field of Tours with 160,000 of his followers. Then, for many years, intestine quarrels and civil wars were prosecuted by the adherents of rival caliphs of Damascus and Cordova, of Cairo and Bagdad, until the hostile factions were reconciled under the administration of Abderaman "the Just." The few Christians who refused to submit to the yoke of the conqueror carried their religion and their freedom to the fastnesses of the Asturias, where they maintained their independence as much from the indulgence of the Moors as from the poverty and worthlessness of their country. Year after year they multiplied and prospered, and a pastoral life bred a race of hardy mountaineers, who soon learned to despise their luxurious enemies, now in their turn grown effeminate and careless. Taking advantage of the feuds of the Moslems, which weakened their arms and divided their councils, and aided by their allies the Franks, they gradually recovered their lost provinces, and, in the short space of thirty years, two-thirds of the Spanish peninsula was once more in the hands of the Christians. The governors of the principal cities which remained in the possession of the Arabs became petty princes, waging upon each other ceaseless warfare, and whom even the approach of the common enemy could not unite; the barbarous Africans, summoned as auxiliaries, soon seized the reins of power; and that mighty realm, which had exhibited unrivaled splendor under the rule of the sovereigns of Cordova, stripped of its fairest states, became a tributary of the Barbary empire.

The jealousy of the Roman pontiff had frequently directed his attention to the only settlement of infidels which defiled the soil of orthodox Europe, and, in 1212, Innocent III. issued a bull against the Saracens, giving their lands and goods to whoever chose to take them, and devoting their bodies to the sword. The gallant knights of France and Italy, whose valor had been signalized on many a field in Palestine, crowded to the standard of the faith, and the battle-ground of Tolusa, strewed with the bodies of 150,000 Moslems, bore witness to the superior conduct and bravery of the Christian warriors. From this crushing blow their empire never recovered. Confined to the narrow district of Granada, it maintained a stubborn contest for nearly two centuries against the combined forces of Leon, Castile, and Aragon, and at length, overwhelmed by numbers, yielded upon honorable conditions to the arms of Ferdinand. The terms of capitulation, by which the Moors were to enjoy the ceremonies of their religion and the exercise of their trades, were violated at the outset. It was one of the bigoted maxims of the time that no faith was to be kept with heretics, and that no contracts made with them were binding; and, animated by apostolic zeal, Cardinal Ximenes determined to bring them within the pale of the Church, and to force upon their unwilling minds the tenets and dogmas of the Roman Catholic discipline. On one hand were peace and security; on the other, poverty, persecution, and ruin: and the disciples of Mahomet, destitute of that dogged obstinacy which marked the character of their forefathers, were not yet ready to take up the crown of martyrdom. The pecuniary and menacing arguments of the cardinal were

surprisingly effective. In one day 4,500 proselytes crowded to the baptismal font, and the number was so great that hundreds of others were turned away without receiving the recognition of the Church. Fifty thousand infidels were converted within ten years, and were henceforth known as Moriscoes, or Christian Moors. The triumph of Ximenes was nearly complete. He had brought his converts to a sense and confession of their sinful ways, but it was now necessary that a relapse into their former errors should be made impossible. An order was issued to collect all copies of the Koran, and burn them in the public square of Toledo. The unlettered soldiers, confounding all books in Arabic with the code of Islam, made no distinction in their search. Historical annals, gems of oriental poetry, scientific treatises (perhaps containing hints of discoveries of inestimable value to the human race)—volumes whose silken covers, embossed with gold and studded with jewels, testified how highly they were prized by their owners—were cast upon this funeral pyre, raised not by Hun or Vandal, but by the founder of a university, the second prelate in Christendom, and in the chief city of one of the most polished nations of Europe.

For another century the violence of persecution followed the unhappy Moriscoes. Their thrifty habits and prosperous circumstances, forming so strong a contrast with the idleness and poverty of the Spanish peasantry, provoked the envy and avarice of the clergy, who had them repeatedly arraigned before the tribunals of the Inquisition. Despite their seeming conformity to Christianity, the belief in Islam was still held by thousands and its rites celebrated in secret. In 1567, Philip II. published an edict that their children should be compelled to attend the Christian worship, that their native costume should be discarded and the Arabic language abandoned, that Christian names should be adopted instead of Mohammedan, and no marriage should be solemnized without a written permit signed by a Spanish magistrate. In vain did the Moriscoes protest against this injustice; their complaints, though seconded by some of the principal grandees of the court, were passed unheeded. The martial spirit of the Moslems, which had slumbered so long, was aroused, and the oppressed people sprung to arms. They elected a king, and resorting to the Alpujarras, where they were reinforced by the mountain banditti, for some time they sustained the unequal conflict against the picked soldiers of the monarchy. Vanquished finally, and forced to submit, they were dispersed by the policy of Philip throughout the interior provinces, and no considerable number allowed to settle together except in Valencia, where they were protected as vassals by the nobility.

It was reserved for the imbecile Philip III. to deprive his country of the most ingenious portion of its inhabitants, and to drive into exile the survivors of that race which for seven centuries had swayed the destinies of the peninsula. The Archbishop of Valencia gravely presented a memorial to the king, wherein it was stated that the industry of the Moors had enabled them to amass large fortunes, that the most unpromising lands yielded better harvests under their skillful husbandry than fertile tracts did in the hands of other cultivators, and that ere long they must inevitably monopolize the riches of the kingdom. He recommended as a remedy for this evil that the property of the Moors should be confiscated, and that all above the age of seven years should be sold into slavery. The Archbishop of Toledo advised a more summary mode of proceeding; his plan was a wholesale and indiscriminate massacre. The pope

was applied to, and he suggested conversion; but this was declared impossible, and secret preparations were made for the removal of the Moriscoes beyond sea. An edict issued September, 1605, gave them but three days' notice, and all property which they were compelled to leave behind them was adjudged to their lords. A million of the most valuable subjects of Philip were thus banished, their labor was lost to Spain, the commerce of the kingdom which had been maintained by their manufactures was nearly destroyed, and numbers of the nobility whose wealth had consisted in the industry of the Moors were impoverished. In a few months 100,000 perished from exposure, shipwreck, and the violence of pirates, and Spain, purged of its thriving but heretical population—the source of its material prosperity—was handed over to the sanctified dominion of priests, banditti, and fools.

While the Christian world was enveloped in darkness, and all learning save that of metaphysics and polemic theology had vanished from the minds of men; while England was distracted by Danish and Saxon invasion, and barbarous monks disputed the authority of her kings even in presence of the throne; while Charlemagne was desolating the provinces of Germany by cruel and merciless proscription; while the second Council of Nice was proclaiming the virtues of celibacy and the sanctity of images; while the populace of Rome was amused by the scandal of a female pope; during this period of intellectual stagnation the caliphs of Cordova kept alive the sacred fires of art, science, and philosophy. The Chaldean shepherds had already upon the plains of Asia Minor, by the measurement of a degree of a great circle, determined the form and dimensions of the earth; and together with these important data the Saracens introduced into western Europe the Arabic numerals, the astronomical tables of Bagdad, and the systems of Hipparchus and Ptolemy. The Moorish sages had observed the effect of gravity, they constructed the pendulum clock and the balance, they were familiar with the rudiments of optics, they investigated the phenomenon of atmospheric refraction. They formed a table of specific gravities, and the densities of bodies as laid down by them is said by Tyndall not to vary materially from those accepted at the present day. They understood the force of capillary attraction, and in their discoveries had approximated to the true height of the atmosphere and noted its diminished weight at a distance from the surface of the earth. To them chemistry and pharmacy owe their origin. They invented distillation, and gave to the world the alembic and other apparatus indispensable to the experiments of the laboratory. By classifying the properties of the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms; by disclosing the distinctive qualities of the acids and alkalies, and by promoting analyses, they developed and extended the practice of medicine. Dissection was not unknown to them, but reverence for the dead preserved the human form from the scalpel, and the anatomical researches of the Arab surgeon were confined to the bodies of apes, dogs, and other animals of the lower orders. The singular bent of the eastern mind, delighting in mysterious pursuits, caused the Moors to disfigure their labors by the search for "the philosopher's stone" and the "elixir of life;" and though the cherished end was never attained, yet these chimeras were by no means barren of results, for many substances of value in the arts were, from time to time, brought to light by these enthusiastic dreamers. A hundred observatories rose throughout the peninsula, each with its corps of able astronomers who noted the phenomena of the heavens, defined the constellations, and named the stars. While per-

severing botanists explored the flora of many lands, the mathematician in his silent retreat invented and perfected the science of algebra. A magnificent architecture, peculiarly their own, distinguished the reign of the Spanish Arabs, and the pointed arch of the Moor appears in the Doge's Palace at Venice and in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The system of irrigation now used in Spain was imported from the parched and arid wastes of Syria. At Baza, in 1312, gunpowder was first used in the siege of cities, and to the Saracens belongs the credit of having practically introduced this terrible engine of destruction, which so completely revolutionized the tactics of ancient warfare. Their luxurious tastes induced them to transplant numerous tropical fruits and vegetables, which flourished in the balmy climate of Andalusia, while the exportation of sugar formed an important and lucrative branch of their commerce. In the early part of the twelfth century 600 villages in a single district were engaged in the manufacture of silk, an art which, carried to Italy, gave birth afterward to the beautiful tapestries of Florence and the velvets of Genoa. Their religion discouraged painting and sculpture as idolatrous, and the attention of the Moors was directed toward the studies of history, philosophy, and jurisprudence. Their histories are the most voluminous known to any age or nation, but the minuteness of their narrative and the painful obscurity of their style (as described by oriental students) have caused them to be much neglected. We read of more than 1,000 writers who have illustrated the annals of Moorish Spain, and in the list appears the name of one remarkable personage who wrote 1,050 books upon metaphysics, history, and medicine. While the Koran, the rule and guide of Arab life, does not contain a single text that encourages the study of any particular science, it is a maxim of Mahometanism that "the ink of the learned is as precious as the blood of martyrs;" and it is expressly stated that on the day of judgment a rigid account will be exacted of the literary opportunities improved or abused by the faithful.

The dynasty of the Ommiades, embracing a period of more than 500 years, marks the epoch of the highest prosperity, the most finished civilization, and the greatest intellectual progress of the Mohammedan empire. The generous traits of the caliphs of Cordova stand out in most bold and striking relief to the abject vices of their contemporaries of Ispahan and Delhi. Under their equable government, idleness was discouraged and punished, and the poor provided with employment. Frequent festivities and tournaments, where the ladies distributed the prizes of bravery and skill, tended to polish the manners of the court, and developed the virtues of honor and devotion to the sex. The streets of all the towns were graded, and paved with stone, and massive aqueducts supplied the numerous fountains with the purest water. The sacred character of their capital—the seat of "the vicar of the apostle of God"—led it to be embellished with all the arts of wealth and luxury. In the tenth century Cordova contained 600 places of worship, and 900 public baths devoted to the health and cleanliness of the people. The famous mosque of the city was 600 feet long by 200 wide; 300 columns of alabaster and many-colored marble supported its ample domes and its cornices of fretted silver; it was approached by twenty-four doors of bronze incrusted with sculptured gold, and was lighted by 5,000 lamps kept continually burning. Within its twenty-eight aisles the incense of musk, aloes, and amber, together with the most delicate perfumes, soothed the senses of the true believers. Fifty colleges, eighty free schools, and

seventy public libraries (one of which contained 600,000 volumes), within the limits of Cordova alone, bore witness to the encouragement given by the Moslems to every branch of knowledge. Manuscripts replete with the stores of ancient wisdom were brought forth from corners where they had long lain neglected; the sages of Greece were translated into Arabic, and the logic of Aristotle and the problems of Euclid were publicly expounded for the benefit of the multitude. The most eminent scholars of every land were tempted by the munificence of the caliphs, and even from the secluded apartments of the harem came forth female debaters able to cope with the Mohammedan doctors in every contest of academic skill. So great was the thirst for learning that even the blind, though hampered by the misfortunes of nature, were enabled, in that age of mental rivalry, to assume a high rank in the scale of literary excellence. The rhyming dictionaries of the time, the impassioned poetry of the Arabs born of a tropical clime and a sensual religion, their progress in the exact sciences, the prizes for eloquence offered by the colleges, and the vast erudition of their innumerable writers, all betray a degree of intellectual culture little to be expected in a race whose pedigree can be traced to the wandering Bedouins of the desert. While the philosophers of Athens were studied with the greatest care by the Moslems, the sublimest creations of the Greek poets were rejected with contempt, by reason of the fictions of their mythology, so repugnant to the exalted Mussulman ideas of the unity and perfection of God. And, moreover, their fiery natures could not appreciate the dignity of heroic verse, or the majestic pomp of the Attic drama. They delighted in lyrics, epigrams, and mournful and pathetic elegiac lays; and their style, though darkened by metaphor and oriental hyperbole, has exerted a marked influence upon modern literature. Their treaties of commerce and intimate connections with neighboring countries diffused throughout the world the love of the beautiful and the marvelous which so strongly characterized all their works. The impress of Arabian genius can be detected in the novels of Boccaccio, in the romances of Cervantes, in the philosophy of Voltaire, in the *Principia* of Newton, in the tragedies of Shakspeare. The gay ballads of the troubadours and the polite learning of Provence sprung from an unmolested intercourse with the kingdoms of Granada and Seville. The active minds of the inhabitants of the basin of the Rhone devoured with eagerness the extravagant tales of Moorish fiction, and their curiosity was stimulated by the study of the maxims of Plato and Aristotle. Their manners insensibly became softened, their ideas were enlarged, their tastes were cultivated, they no longer regarded the torture of heretics and the massacre of infidels as conformable to the precepts of humanity and religion. With deep disgust they threw off their allegiance to the Church of Rome. Woman, hitherto a slave subjected to the caprice of an imperious master, was raised by the hand of chivalry and made the companion of her former lord. Semi-barbarous Europe looked with wonder upon a land so blessed by nature and adorned by art, where the remains of classic antiquity were taught in the same schools with the botany of Egypt and the chemistry of Spain, where a philosophic spirit had awakened the noblest faculties of the human intellect, and where knightly courtesy had replaced the first rudeness of the sword; a land

> "Where men adored their wives, and woman's power
> Drew reverence from a polished people's softness—
> Their husbands' equals and their lover's queens."

This advanced civilization, however, had come four centuries too soon. The fears

of the pope were excited, and a crusade which spared neither age nor sex was published against the unfortunate Albigenses. Upon the ruins of the most refined society that had arisen to instruct mankind since the days of Athenian greatness was erected the Inquisition, the bane of science and the implacable foe of civil and religious liberty.

Mohammedanism, as laid down by its founder, was essentially aggressive, a nonconformity in belief making a justifiable cause of warfare. The wild and adventurous character of the tribes to which it was preached, the hope of a rich plunder from the effeminate monarchies of Africa and Asia, the assurance of paradise to all who fell in battle (the honors of this world and the benefits of the world to come), facilitated the spread of the new doctrine. The tenets of Arian and Athanasian, of Jew and Pagan, were incorporated in its creed, and this debt it has partially discharged by furnishing the Vatican with the famous dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The union of Church and State — the military and diplomatic code of the Koran, wherein are prescribed the duties of all ranks, from the general to the meanest soldier —the terms of capitulation—the provisions of treaties, and the causes of exemption from service — conspired to make the Moslem armies invincible. Added to all this was an absolute fatalism, destined long after to be employed by Napoleon with terrible effect against those who had originated it, and whose influence over the minds of European soldiers was manifested equally at Acre and Joppa, at Marengo and Austerlitz.

The career of Mohammedan conquest in Spain was furthered by the principles of toleration that distinguished Islam above any other sect which had hitherto appeared upon the theatre of the world. The Jews, on account of similar pursuits and a common origin, were favored by the invaders; slaves become proselytes were emancipated; while the Christians, upon the payment of a moderate tax, were indulged in the possession of their laws, their property, and their religion.

We consider with admiration the rapid progress and enduring effects of this extraordinary imposture, which everywhere brought wealth and happiness in its train; which, in destroying the deities of the Caaba, swept away the traditions of fifty centuries; which adopted those pagan rites that it could not abolish; which seized and retained the birthplace of Christianity; which displaced over so wide a territory alike the theocracy of the Jews and the ritual of Rome; which drove the Magi from the profane shrines of Persia; which usurped the throne and sceptre of the Byzantine Church; which supplanted the fetichism of the African desert; which trampled upon the mysteries of Apis, Osiris, and Isis, and revealed to the wondering Egyptians the secret of the Most High God; which invaded the idolatry of Tartary and the degrading superstition of China; which suffered neither priest, image, nor sacrifice, and held out to the vanquished the dread alternative of the Koran, the tribute, or the sword. No monstrous and intricate systems of theology have arisen to disfigure the simplicity of Islamism, which has remained unaltered through so many revolutions, although the pure idiom of the Koran is now a dead language; and daily, at the warning voice of the *muezzin*, the faces of 160,000,000 believers, one-sixth of the whole human race — from Siberia to Siam, from the Tigris to the Nile — are turned in humble supplication toward the sacred city of Mecca.

The investiture of dignities by banner, ring, and sword, had long been employed by the Moslems, and an attempt to extend the conditions of feudalism in the bestowal of fiefs and the erection of many little principalities, hastened the

downfall of the Saracen empire. Had this impolitic scheme been avoided, a third invasion of France by the infidels might have changed the appearance of Europe. The battle of Cadiz had sealed the fate of Spain, but the disaster of Tours was not irretrievable; and skillful generalship, combined with the bravery of veteran soldiers, must have sufficed to subdue a nation at war with its neighbors, and distracted by the quarrels of a fierce aristocracy. It is hardly possible to conjecture what effect would have been produced upon the creeds and habits of the present age by the triumph of the Saracen power; but, in the words of an eminent writer, "the least of our evils had now been, that we should have worn turbans, combed our beards instead of shaving them, have beheld a more magnificent architecture than the Grecian, while the public mind had been bounded by the arts and literature of the Moorish University of Cordova."

The deeds of the various nations—Iberian, Carthagenian, Roman, Gothic, and Arabian—successively occupying the Spanish peninsula, have invested their annals with a character rather resembling the fictions of romance than the impartial truths of history; and, knowing its former grandeur, it is with a feeling of sad interest that the student reviews the vanquished glories of this renowned empire. He sees, as in a vision, the home of Seneca and the school of Hannibal, and scenes where many of the heroes of antiquity learned their first lessons in the crooked ways of policy and the arts of war. Before him rises the ferocious form of Alaric, conspicuous amid the horrors of Gothic invasion. Next, from the desert comes a race of swarthy conquerors, simple in attire, strange in religion, terrible in battle. A new architecture, modeled after the glaring taste of Arabia, arises; the name of Mahomet is heard in splendid temples; palaces rich with quaint carving, gorgeous arabesques, and all the adornments of sensuous indulgence, are reared, and the luxurious customs of Asia are engrafted upon the rugged fashions of the West.

"Here rose the grated harem to inclose
The loveliest maidens of the Christian line;
Here, menials, to their misbelieving foes
Castile's young nobles held forbidden wine;
Here, too, the holy cross, salvation's sign,
By impious hands was from the altar thrown,
And the deep aisles of the polluted shrine
Echoed for holy hymn and organ tone
The santon's frantic dance, the fakir's gibbering moan."

And now begins the great age of Spanish story—the union of two kingdoms, the discovery of unknown lands, the extension of dominion, the famous achievements of the unscrupulous Ferdinand and his bigoted but martial spouse. Here rose the curse of the sixteenth century, which gave to ruin and death the noble, the wise, the good—whose victims, with the pride of conscious superiority, swelled the procession clad in the flaming garments of the *auto da fe*. In these cities, Columbus, a penniless exile, begged his bread at the convent doors; then, in the meridian of his greatness, viceroy of a new world, sat at the right hand of his sovereign; and at last sunk to his grave, wearing the shackles of a felon, the lasting memorials of a king's injustice and a nation's ingratitude. These streets once rung with the exploits of the "Great Captain" and the victories of the hero of Lepanto, or echoed to the tread of troops of pilgrims on their way to the altar of St. Jago, the patron saint of Spain. Here figured those aspiring prelates, Ximenes and Portocarrero, and the royal hermit with his toy-shop at Yuste; here was the home of the pitiless Philip and the sanguinary Alva, of Gondemar skilled in the cunning of courts, of Averroes the commentator upon Aristotle and the father of modern philosophical

skepticism. Here, amid the damps of a noxious cavern in the Sierra, a ragged cripple, half-mad with pain and burning with chivalric devotion, laid the foundations of the Jesuit order, which has created kingdoms, given laws to haughty monarchs, and propped the falling power of Rome.

In the realms of fancy, as well as upon the field of battle and the high seas, Spain once asserted her supremacy. Her literature is ennobled by the genius of Mendoza and of Cervantes, whose heroes, to the fascinated reader, are not the ideal creatures of fiction, but active sentient beings, as real as any of those whose faces live upon the canvas of the great masters and whose deeds are recorded in the pages of authentic history. Here once moved men who were not insensible to the beauties of poetry, and had not neglected art; who recognized and rewarded superior merit; whose eyes were charmed by the exquisite pencil of Murillo, and whose hearts warmed with the vigorous fire of Lope de Vega, Villegas, and Calderon.

The arms of Charles V., which bore for their device the Pillars of Hercules, with the motto "*Plus ultra,*" have long since lost their proud significance; and while other nations have been moving forward with giant strides in the path of progress, degenerate Spain has resolutely set her face against all that pertains to the advancement of the human mind.

OWNERSHIP.

In a garden that I know,
Only palest blossoms blow.

There the lily, purest nun,
Hides her white face from the sun,

And the maiden rose-bud stirs
In a garment fair as hers.

One shy bird, with folded wings,
Sits within the leaves and sings;

Sits and sings the daylight long,
Just a patient plaintive song.

Other gardens greet the spring
With a blaze of blossoming;

Other song-birds, piping clear,
Chorus from the branches near:

But my blossoms, palest known,
Bloom for me and me alone;

And my birdling, sad and lonely,
Sings for me, and for me only.

A LITTLE WOMAN.

MR. JOHN GENIAL, or "Genial Jack," as he was familiarly known by a legion of friends and admirers, was generally considered to be the most delightful fellow possible. And with reason. Who more generous and open-hearted than Jack? Who more ready to give the half, ay, the whole, of that which he had to a friend in need? Who more quick to forgive an injury? Who could be a better companion, a gayer, livelier, handsomer fellow than "Genial Jack?" I was quite infatuated with him, directly we came to know each other, now some five or six years ago. It was not long before he invited me to dine with him and his wife, for he was married, and had a house in a suburb. Of course I went. I found Mrs. Genial to be a graceful, gentle, dove-eyed little creature, with the sweetest temper imaginable, and a heart just brimming over with love and adoration for her "dear Jack." She was dressed plainly and very inexpensively, and her clothes, though too well-kept to be shabby, were evidently not the latest link in the evolution-chain of fashion. I rather wondered at this, because Jack always dressed so remarkably well. They kept no servant, because Jack was poor, but the house was a marvel of neatness, thanks to the industrious little hands of the wife. Jack, in his free way, showed me all over the house. It was for the most part very plainly furnished. The little sitting-room had a rather bare appearance, perhaps owing to lack of pictures and ornaments. The tiny bed-room was the pink of order and cleanliness, though I noticed there were none of those indescribable knickknacks with which women so love to adorn their rooms; but I knew these were costly, and I knew Jack was poor. There were no flowers here, either; which rather surprised me, as they had a little garden, which I thought might have supplied a few sprigs at least.

"This," said Jack, laughing, "is Mrs. G.'s sanctum. She doesn't like to use the parlor except on state occasions, so she always sits here."

I might have noticed this for myself, as there was a small work-table with some unfinished work upon it standing in one corner.

"Come, now," said Jack, "and see *my* sanctum."

We went into a room at the back of the house. It was small, but I knew from the position of the building that it was the sunniest and pleasantest in the house. It was not only its position that made it pleasant; there was real comfort here. A pretty carpet and several fur mats covered the floor; a combination book-case and writing-desk stood in one corner; in another was a most comfortable-looking lounge, with a soft pillow embroidered with Jack's initials—the work of the little hands again—and two or three luxurious arm-chairs. Several good paintings adorned the walls, and I noticed a number of handsome pipes and elegant tobacco-boxes scattered about. Here were the flowers, too, that I had missed in Mrs. G.'s sanctum, carefully and tastefully arranged in the way "dear Jack" loved them best.

"Take a smile," said Jack, bringing out a decanter; "it's good stuff—cost twelve dollars a gallon. Here are some cigars, take a smoke—cost thirty dollars a box. What do you think of my den?

Pretty snug, isn't it? No ladies allowed here, except to straighten things out a little occasionally, you know. I keep this place for the fellows. When fellows come to see me I like them to be comfortable and at home. [Genial Jack! I knew he did.] And women-folk are a damper—you know how it is yourself. But the little woman never troubles us; tobacco-smoke makes her ill, and I always keep up a lively puff; besides, she's very quick to take a hint, the darling."

Jack and I had a very cozy time, and the "little woman" did *not* "trouble us," though she appeared at the street-door to say good-night to me as I was leaving, and to cheerfully invite me to repeat the call. But I caught myself wondering, as I went home, if there was not some self-denial in her invitation, considering how little of the society of her husband's guests *she* enjoyed.

I availed myself of the invitation, though, and before long became a very frequent visitor at the house of "Genial Jack." The "little woman" and I got along capitally together. She was always glad to see me; not so much on my own account though, I think, as because, after the first few visits, I always kept Jack out of his sanctum by positively refusing to enter it with him. You see, it was Jack's company she wanted, not mine.

As we grew to know each other better, the "little woman" lost much of her old shyness, so that, when Jack was not present, she would sometimes become quite chatty. I verily believe that her greatest delight was to praise her husband to others. She had scarcely any lady friends. She could not afford to dress, and the fashionable young ladies of the society in which Jack mixed thought her a "dowdy," and saw nothing attractive in her sanctum that should induce them to call upon her. They were not allowed to see Jack's sanctum, you know. But she didn't care as long as she had "dear Jack."

"I wish we were a little better off," she said to me one day. I had never heard her complain before, but I soon saw that it was not for herself. "It is such a wretched thing for a man of Jack's disposition to be poor," she continued. "He is very generous, and I know he is often pained that he can not give more away. And then he might have so many more comforts if we were a little richer. And it may be selfish, but I wish so for my own sake, too. I keep the bills as small as I can, but they have a way of mounting up that I can't understand. And then when they can't be met I get 'blue,' and feel as if pinching and saving ought to have some reward. I just tell you this because I must tell somebody, and I haven't the heart to trouble dear Jack about my anxieties, when I know the poor boy is doing all he can to worry along. But, dear me, how selfish I am to bother you about such matters."

Selfish! God help thee, "little woman!" Thou didst set up a graven image, and didst call its name "dear Jack;" blind and an idolater thou wert, but true and wifely beyond all praise; and surely not at *thy* door did the selfishness lie.

For some months I continued to be a constant visitor at the house. Then I was suddenly summoned to Europe on business of an important nature. Owing to unforeseen circumstances, it was nearly six months before I got back. The first person I met on my return was an old acquaintance, from whom, of course, I was anxious to learn all the news. During our conversation my friend observed:

"I suppose you came home at once on hearing of that affair about the Genials? I know they were great friends of yours."

Surprised that anything so stirring

as an "affair" should have happened in that quiet household, I told him that I had been so constantly on the move since I left that I had neither written nor received any letters since my departure.

"What!" he exclaimed, "have you not heard of the scandal that has occurred in the Genial family?"

"Scandal!" I almost shouted, now thoroughly alarmed and confounded; "I tell you I know nothing; but don't keep me in suspense—out with it quickly, whatever it is."

"Well," he began, and he spoke slowly, as if he rather enjoyed my excitement, "it seems that there has been a skeleton in the Genial closet for some time—a very ghastly one too. I never would have believed it of Jack, still less of that quiet little lady of his—but 'still waters run deep,' you know. She——"

"Will you tell me what is the matter? or must I go elsewhere to find out?" I interrupted.

"Well, well, now don't be flurried and impatient—that will do no good. The matter is this: it turns out that she is not his wife at all; that Jack has been married before, that she has known it all along, and that his real wife is here now, making it rather hot for Mr. John."

Without a word I turned on my heel and left him. I was too much taken aback to answer, though I felt an almost irresistible impulse to knock down the man who could say such a thing of the "little woman." "I would scarcely believe it if she herself told me so," I said to myself, as I walked rapidly away; "there may be trouble, but not of her making. At all events, I will go and see Jack, and if I can help him I will, for her sake."

But when I came to the house I hesitated. After all, it might be better not to go in. My room might be better than my company at such a time. After considering the matter, however, I decided to call as though I was entirely ignorant that anything unpleasant had happened, and determined not in any way to touch upon the subject unless he did so first.

I had some misgivings, nevertheless, as I rung the bell, but it was too late to retreat now, so I collected myself as well as I could. In a minute or so the door opened, and the "little woman" stood before me. That she was pale as death, and that the dove-eyes were dry and glittering with stifled pain, was all that I dared to notice. She did not seem surprised to see me. I thought she scarcely recognized me at first. I held out my hand, but she did not see it. I can not describe her manner, except that she seemed to be ready and waiting for more trouble. I was perplexed how to act.

"Mrs. Genial," I began. She looked intently at me for a moment, then said:

"O, pardon me! Come in." Her voice was steady, but hollow and unnatural. I followed her into the parlor. Then she turned round, and said quietly, too quietly: "Why have you come?"

"I have only just returned from Europe, Mrs. Genial," I replied, as calmly as I could—"why should I not come?"

"Have you not heard?" she asked, with the same terrible quietness.

"I—that is——" but it was no use; she saw that I knew.

"I heard some foolish story, yes—but nothing that could keep me from coming to see my friends."

Just for a moment her face flushed and an eager look came into her eyes.

"Then you don't believe what you heard, or you would not have come to see me."

"Believe! how could I? But even if I had been able to, it would have made no difference—I should have come to see you all the same. Though of course I can not help seeing that there is something the matter. May I know what it

is? Or, stay! where is Jack? let me see him."

While I had been speaking I noticed that her face was changing; the set unnaturally calm look grew softer, the lips quivered; and now I stopped abruptly at seeing her bow her head upon her hands and sob out her pent-up grief. For some minutes I said nothing. I felt that this outbreak would do her good, and I let her weep. By degrees the sobs came at longer intervals, and finally ceased, but her frame still trembled violently, and she did not raise her head. Then I spoke:

"Mrs. Genial——"

At the sound of her name she suddenly sprung to her feet, her eyes dilated, her whole form convulsed.

"Don't call me by that name again," she cried—"it is not mine—I have no right to it. All that you have heard is true, every word of it. Leave me!—you are contaminated by speaking to me. He for whom you asked is not here; why should he be? I am not his wife, and I have known it from the beginning—all the world knows it now!" And the "little woman" fell fainting before I could reach her.

Raising her as gently as possible, I laid her upon a lounge, and hastened out to call in a neighbor, a kind motherly woman, who had long been a friend of the family. Fortunately she was at home, and a word was sufficient to send the good old creature flying to her pet's assistance. *She*, at least, was evidently afraid of no contamination.

I decided that it was best for me not to return to the house just then, and turned my steps homeward. As I went I tried to realize the events that had just happened. All seemed like a hideous dream. Was it possible that I had been deceived in the "little woman?"—that she was neither more nor less than what she had confessed herself to be, John Genial's willing paramour—and that, too, while she knew his wife to be living? If so, then indeed still waters *did* run deep. But the whole affair was as yet a mystery to me, and until I had stronger proof—ay, stronger proof than her own words—I could not and would not believe it.

Instead of going home, I went to a friend's house, determined to learn from him—for he knew Jack Genial well—the facts of the matter. I found him in, and he was glad to see me. As soon as we were alone I broached the subject to him.

"Ah, yes," he said. "Poor Jack! How easily these women do lead a man to the devil! Such a nice fellow as he was, too; and this will ruin him. The little minx! I never liked those quiet ways of hers. But is it possible that you have heard nothing about it until you got home? It is true it only happened a day or two ago, but a full account of it was in all the papers."

"I have only just arrived here, and have not seen the papers," I answered; "but now you mention it, I think I shall procure one, and save you the trouble of telling me how the thing happened."

The papers are not notorious for giving a correct version of such matters, but I thought that I could trust them as well as this friend of mine, with his pity for "poor Jack." It is in some sort natural that women should be uncharitable toward a woman in such matters, because they are uncharitable toward each other on all occasions, but why men should be so I never could understand. Surely *they* should be able to look at both sides of the question. Yet they always justify and pity their own sex.

It did not take me long to find a copy of the best paper in town containing the account, and, hastening home, I had scarcely opened it before the following caption in large capital letters caught my eye:

"TERRIBLE SCANDAL IN A RESPECTABLE FAMILY.— *An Injured Wife.—A Young Man's Reputation blasted by a Scheming Woman.*—Our readers will be shocked [delighted, the writer meant] to hear that a terrible scandal has come to light in a family with which many of them are acquainted. About a year ago a young couple came here from Europe. The young man's name was John Genial, and he represented the lady (?) to be his wife. They settled down and mixed in good society—at least he did, for she affected reserve. We shall soon see that she had reason to do so. For some months everything went along smoothly. He soon grew to be very much liked, on account of his liberality; in short, he in every way showed himself to be a young man possessed of the highest qualities. Of her not much was known except by the intimates of the family, who, however, speak well of her beauty and fascinating ways. Alas! how often a charming exterior conceals an evil heart! How often we find those powers to please which God has given for good, used for evil purposes!

"About a week ago a lady of prepossessing appearance, calling herself Mrs. Genial, applied to the proper authorities to have her husband arrested for bigamy. She stated that she had married him three years ago in Europe; that they had lived happily enough until toward the end of the second year, when he had suddenly deserted her. Since then she had heard no news of him, until a few weeks ago, when she was informed by a friend residing in this city that he had married again and was living here with his second wife. Had he been content, she added, with deserting her, and thereby violating his marriage vows, she would not have followed him an inch or concerned herself further about him; but when she learned that, in defiance of all decency, while he knew that she was still living, he dared to solemnly unite himself to another woman, she then considered it to be her duty to bring him to punishment and to expose his real character to the woman he had deceived, if, indeed, *she* was ignorant of his former marriage.

"In accordance with her demand, Mr. Genial was arrested, but it transpired upon his examination that he had not been actually married a second time, though it was true he had been living with the woman who has been known here as Mrs. Genial. With the brazen shamelessness of her class, and knowing, of course, that it would be useless to conceal the fact, this abandoned creature acknowledged in open court that she had never been really married to John Genial; that she had from the first been aware that he had a wife living; that she, not he, had been the seducer; that he was only to blame for his weakness in yielding to her enticements; and, finally, she had the crowning impudence to implore pardon of the woman she had so irreparably wronged, and actually to offer to give up 'dear Jack' (as by a slip of the tongue she called him, though she quickly corrected it to 'Mr. Genial'), if only the wife would forgive him and take him back. She did not believe, she said, that her paramour had ever really loved her, or, if he had, the love had soon cooled to indifference; though he had always been most kind and unselfish, and she was sure that he would yet make a good and true husband.

"This ingenuous confession, combined with her extreme pallor and delicate appearance, her affected earnestness of speech, and a certain unnatural calmness, which, had it not been feigned for the occasion, might have been the result of suppressed violent emotion, created quite a sensation among that numerous class of weak sentimentalists who are ever ready to sympathize with vice the moment it pretends contrition. And when, after completing her clap-trap peroration, the interesting witness fainted (?) in the arms of a policeman and was carried out insensible, many of the audience were affected to tears.

"Even the injured wife appeared to be touched, and not anxious to press the prosecution; but the court required the testimony of the person residing in this town who had informed her of her husband's second marriage. This witness, however, testified that she had only judged by appearances, and by hearing John Genial and his paramour spoken of as man and wife. The case was, therefore, dismissed.

"During the examination, the prisoner acted in a rather strange manner. He was very pale, and looked nervous and excited; he was several times observed to half-rise from his seat, as if to say something, but on each occasion restrained himself, apparently with an effort. He was particularly agitated during the closing part of his paramour's brazen confession, and when she was borne from the room he buried his face in his hands, swayed his body from side to side, and groaned audibly.

"We are informed that the injured wife has returned to Europe. John Genial has gone to parts unknown; while the shameless cause of all this trouble still remains in the house of him whose prospects and peace of mind her wicked wiles have forever blasted.

"Thus we see the evil that one innocent-looking but debased woman can work ——"

More words like these there were—a driveling moral to a lying version. For I *knew* it lied—in spirit if not in letter. My whole body kindling with indignation, I crushed the paper in my hand and cast it into the fire. "And is a woman's honor, or what fragment is left to her of honor, at the mercy of a pen like this?" I cried aloud in indignation.

The next morning I set out to call upon the "little woman," but the house was shut up and she was gone.

Three years after the occurrence of these sad events, the war between Germany and France broke out. I was in England at the time, transacting business there for a New York house, but it

happened just then that the firm I was engaged by failed, and I was thrown upon my own resources. Having served as an officer through the war of the rebellion, I was more than fairly acquainted with military matters; and having spent two years at a school in France, I spoke the language of that country with considerable facility; so, hearing that officers were needed in the French army, I determined with the aid of these accomplishments to try for a commission. After some delay, and with the assistance of certain influential friends, I succeeded in obtaining an appointment to a lieutenancy in an infantry regiment.

Immediately after I joined, we were ordered to the front, and in a short time were in the very thick of the fray. I think it was about a week after this that I one day received word from my colonel that he would like to see me in his tent. I went at once, and found him alone. He invited me to be seated; I sat down on a block of wood that stood on end and served as a chair, and waited with impatience for him to speak.

"Lieutenant," he began, "I have watched your conduct in action, and have observed that you showed a desire to distinguish yourself. Now, I like to encourage ambition in a young man, and I intend to do you a favor which will make every officer in the regiment jealous; but I don't care for that."

"Well, now," thought I to myself, while I bowed, and he paused for a moment, "this is pretty good for a beginner; a week's service, and promotion already."

"I have received instructions," the colonel resumed, "to attack the enemy's works at dawn to-morrow, and I intend you to lead the forlorn hope."

"O!" I ejaculated—"that is, thank you, my Colonel."

"Of course, you know that it is almost impossible that you should come back alive," he continued, without noticing my remark, "but you can do your best; you will fall, but think of the glory of it. If you *should* live through it—but, of course, you won't—you are a made man." And the old fellow drew himself back, and looked at me as if he expected I should run up and embrace him.

"You are aware, sir," he went on, "that such service is never compulsory—there are always plenty of volunteers; but I need not say this to you. You will, therefore, select twenty men—they will all volunteer—from your company, and be in readiness to start just before dawn. You will approach as near to the works as you can without being seen or heard, and will then charge right up, making as much racket as you please; and the first of your party that attempts to retreat before the supporting forces come up—but no one of them will—cut him down, sir, on the spot!"

"I will, my Colonel." And thanking him again for the honor he had conferred on me, I bowed myself out.

It did not take me long to select my party. As the colonel had predicted, every man in the company was anxious to go. One heavily bearded grave-looking fellow, whose head was bound up with a scarf by reason of a sabre-wound, and who had that morning been transferred into my company, seemed especially anxious to make one of the forlorn hope. I objected on account of his wound, but finally yielded to his entreaties. Long before dawn we were all ready. Every man had said good-by to his comrades; most had written a letter to some dear heart at home; I think we all felt that we should never see the sun rise again.

At length the time came to start. Slowly and carefully we made our way toward the enemy's works. Nearer and nearer we crept, until we could hear the tread of the sentry. The ground was favorable for such an approach. There

had been much fighting during the last few days, and as the country hereabouts had been thickly peopled, there were several fragments of shattered walls still standing, and heaps of ruins that cast a very dark and friendly shadow. It was close under one of these heaps that I at length signed a halt. The ground was clear before us, and it was plain that we could not advance another step without being seen. From here, then, we must make the final charge, and there were full fifty yards of ground to be covered before the works could be reached. I felt the danger of a moment's delay. I knew that in the face of such fearful danger my men's excitement must not be allowed to cool. I looked round; twenty pairs of eyes met mine, and there was not a human look in one of them. Silently I gave the expected sign, and the next instant we were gliding noiselessly as yet and swiftly over the open ground. Half the intervening space was crossed, when suddenly there passed from our rear, through us, onward before us, with incredible swiftness, a human form clad in dark robes.

"Death! It is the spectre of Death!" screamed one of the men, reckless now of spectres and of bullets; and almost before the words had died from his lips there was a flash from the darkness ahead, and he fell, shot through the heart. At that moment the figure turned, as if to see who had fallen, and we saw that it was a woman. Another instant and we were at the works; another, and half of our number were dead. The enemy seemed to swarm up from beneath our very feet. Still we pressed on, but it was hand-to-hand now, and I had time to notice that the woman was in our midst. I do not recollect that I felt any wonder at seeing her there; I suppose I was beyond all wonder just then. The bearded soldier with the bandaged head had been close to me from the beginning, and had fought like a hero. In the struggle the bandage was torn from his head, and with the blood from the opened wound on his forehead streaming over his eyes and face he was an ugly sight to see, as he struck wildly right and left at a gigantic German. Suddenly he staggered and fell backward, and as he fell the bayonet of the German descended like lightning toward his body—which it barely reached, for it passed first through the body of the woman as she dashed herself across the breast of the fallen soldier. All this I saw at a glance, but even that I could ill spare, for the next moment I was struck down myself.

After that I remember nothing of the fight. All is a blank to me from the time of receiving that knock-down until the moment when I recovered my reason in the hospital. I learned afterward, though, that the supporting forces had come up at the moment of my fall, and that they had taken the works from the enemy. Myself and two others only were left of the twenty-one composing the forlorn hope. They found fifteen wounds on the body of the bearded man.

Two days after my restoration to reason, the hospital steward handed me a letter. I noticed that there was no postmark or stamp upon it, and that it must, therefore, come from somebody in camp. I opened it and read as follows:

"LIEUTENANT:—I know that I shall die at dawn, and I leave this in charge to be given to you if you are spared. You were my friend once; you will hate yourself for having been before you have finished reading this letter. You did not recognize me; why should you? Three years of gnawing remorse are apt to change a man, and my beard and a bandaged head doubtless helped to hide from you the Jack Genial you used to know. But there was one from whom I could not hide. There was one who followed me at a distance, but who would not draw close until the end. O listen, if you can, while in the few moments I have to spare I unburden my wretched soul. Neither on earth nor in hell is there such a coward as I have been. Let me be buried where men may spit upon my grave, and, above all things, cry my monstrous story to the world as a warning that can not fail. A few words will suffice.

"I *was* married to the 'little woman.' She *did not* know that I had a wife living, or had ever been married before. I deliberately deceived her, and then, to save myself from a felon's cell, I suffered her to sacrifice herself for me. Then when the deed was done and she was mine no more, the passion that had waned with possession revived ten thousand fold. Yet was I too cowardly to confess my crime, and give her back her good name. But I followed her, and one day I went to her and begged her to let me be near her—that was all. And though she did not smile on me she did not reproach me, but she said: 'Go your way through the world, and I will keep near *you*, and when the end comes I will be close to you.' But that can not be, for I shall die out there at dawn.

J. G.

"P. S.—Do not tell *her* that you are going to clear her name by making me a felon, before it is done.

"J. G."

They were brought down from the breach and buried together—Jack and the "little woman."

AN AFTERNOON AT THE BEECHER TRIAL.

WE approached the marble court-house in Brooklyn, the very ruins of which, we are informed by the counsel for defense in his opening address, will hereafter forever be famous in marking the scene of the great trial. It was the hour of recess, a few minutes before two o'clock, when the afternoon session of the City Court would begin, for admission to which we had the necessary tickets. Before we entered the door we noticed in front of the building groups of individuals, who were apparently not of the lower strata, such as usually collect on occasions like the present, but rather intelligent-looking, business-like men. Those we particularly observed wore a serious expression, and, so far as we could gather, were discussing the incidents connected with the trial in progress. Entering the rotunda and ascending the stone stair-case, we observed at the end of a long corridor a file of men waiting patiently, and appearing to have their attention directed toward a closed door in front of them. This we inferred was the entrance to the court-room which we were seeking. The members of this sable flock were restrained from any ebullitions to which they might have been predisposed by three or four blue-coated brass-buttoned shepherds, with their locust crooks suggestive of authority.

Approaching one of these dignitaries, we modestly said:

"We have tickets for the Beecher trial; is this the entrance?"

"Fall in line at the lower end of the file. It is now ten minutes to two; the doors will be open at two."

We fell in line and waited. To occupy our time we scanned our tickets of admission—simple square bits of pasteboard, inscribed, "Tilton *versus* Beecher," and stamped in red, "B. F. Tracy." Presently a saponaceous individual, apparently a member of one of the unlost tribes of Israel, approached us, with the question:

"Do you wish to go in to the trial?"

"We expect to go in."

"Well, you can not possibly get in with your tickets. Not half the line will get in. The court-room is filled already with those who have staid over from the morning session. No one can go in who can not be furnished with a seat. Now I can provide you with seats if you wish."

We meditated awhile over the importance and desirability of the treat which would await us when we should reach the court-room, and if such an amount of artifice and circumlocution were necessary to insure an entrance. Nevertheless, we had some doubt as to the en-

tire disinterestedness of our amiable but obsequious friend in making his offer. We felt uncertain, too, whether all in the line had been previously complimented with the same consideration, and fearing injustice might be done to some less prepossessing than ourselves if we should accept his offer, we magnanimously declined it, and awaited our fate and turn with the multitude.

Soon the musical strokes of the city hall bell told us that the hour of two had arrived.

"Now keep in line, two by two, and close together," said one of the guardians in blue.

The door opened and the head of the procession entered. We moved slowly up to the portal as the temple within swallowed up the eager devotees. We were almost there, when bang! went the doors, and we were left standing without. We were beginning to lament our generosity in dismissing the Abrahamite, when again the key turned, the doors opened, and we surged in.

As our unknown friend had informed us, the large court-room was already nearly filled. Notwithstanding the dangers of asthma, bronchitis, and croup, the windows were open and the bleak winds of March were whistling through —a sanitary precaution of the learned judge for the purpose of eliminating during recess the carbonaceous material which had been generated by the respiration, sensible and insensible, of the packed multitude during the morning session.

We were so fortunate as to find seats at one end of the long oaken breastwork which constituted the judge's "bench," where camp-stools had been placed on a slightly elevated platform, from which a fair view could be obtained of the most prominent persons and objects of interest in the room. Opposite our position at the other extremity of the square court-room were arranged the semi-circular rows of seats for spectators, and above them was the gallery, all filled with the fortunate individuals who had found admittance. Directly in front of the judge's desk was located the circular "pit" of the ancient theatre or the "orchestra chairs" of the modern. There were placed the tables around which clustered the lawyers of the opposing factions, wisely separated so far as to prevent any possibility of pugilistic exercise. Here also was the space devoted to the witnesses not on the stand, to the accused and accusers with their "mutual friends," and to the bristling array of those knights of the quill, the stenographers, phonographers, and reporters in general. Just back of them, but within the charmed circle, were the seats reserved for some of the numerous adherents and disciples of the great defendant, the worshipers of Plymouth Church. At the end of the judge's bench, opposite our position, was an array of twelve empty cane-bottomed chairs—the jury-box. In front of them, elevated so as to be visible from all parts of the room, was a solitary chair—the witness-stand. Sitting upon this exalted throne the unhappy witness, hour after hour, sometimes day after day, is tortured with ingenious questions contrived with the benevolent intention of making it appear to the twelve men in the jury-box that his reputation for veracity, upon which he so much prides himself, is entirely unfounded, and that his formerly unimpeached morals are really of the most doubtful character. Conscious when he takes that seat only of a desire to tell the truth and nothing but the truth, he leaves it with the impression that he is a self-convicted liar and hypocrite, that by his perversity and deception he has sorely lacerated the tender sensibilities of the immaculate counsel engaged upon the cross-examination, and that he is really guilty of a crime as

great as that charged upon the defendant. Surmounting the columns which ornamented the wall in the rear of the desk, overlooking the judge's wig and the witness' back, was perched a gilt eagle, that with drooping wings, listless eye, and discouraged look, was apparently pondering over the interminable character of the trial under his present supervision, the longest in his aquiline experience.

It is now a few minutes after two, and the police, who have been sideling about to administer a timely admonition here and there as the occasion would seem to demand, direct all to be seated, as from a side-door enters the important dignitary of the trial, Judge Neilson, of the City Court of Brooklyn—a gentleman apparently of the old school, perhaps sixty years of age, heavy in form and feature, square-built above and below, and dressed in black broadcloth with coat of the traditional swallow-tail cut, with shirt-collar rolled over a heavy black-silk neckerchief in Byronic style, and with undulating shirt-front, which evidently would not have been presented as an advertisement for the laundry where it was "done up." The style of the judge would have been unimpeachable about fifty years ago, and even yet carries with it the weight and solemnity always attaching to antiquity. There appears a glimmer of good-nature and even of humor in his shrewd-looking black eye, but his countenance generally is of the solemn melancholic and forbidding type, while his heavy thickset jaws indicate that when a decision is once declared it will not be reversed for a trifle. His cranium, which does not appear to be unnecessarily developed at the expense of the lower stratum of features, is smoothly but thinly thatched with a wig of ancient brick-dust color. He passes dry-shod through the channel formed by a wall of humanity rolled up on either side, ascends the judicial rostrum, seats himself on the revolving cane-bottomed throne, surveys the audience over the upper rim of his spectacles, and then studies the columns of a morning newspaper.

Soon after the judge, entering from another door appear twelve jaded-looking men, who file along and deposit themselves in the seats devoted to the jury. A few of them assume a nonchalant air of indifference to their fate, but the majority have an appearance of bleached-out hopeless resignation. Taking them as a whole, a casual observer would not be impressed with the idea that the distinguished defendant is undergoing a trial before a jury of his peers, intellectually at least. But the penance they are now enduring is sufficiently severe, even without any unfriendly criticism, to cast a sombre shade over the remaining period of their natural lives.

The jury subside into the twelve customary statues of the jury-box, each labeled with its appropriate number, when the eyes of many are directed to a tall, slim, slightly stooping, long-haired individual, who pushes rather quickly into the arena without turning to right or left, saluting no one until one of the tables is reached, around which are clustered the counsel for the prosecution. It is the plaintiff, Tilton. His smile as he shakes his different legal advisers by the hand appears forced, his manner somewhat nervous, and he seems neither confident nor happy. The dusky look of paleness, a face of chalk dusted with the finest charcoal, tells of sleepless nights, and of nerves strained to their utmost tension. Success or defeat leaves him a ruined man, a broken dilapidated hack, even before he has reached his prime. The rubicund face of Roger A. Pryor, and the astute, cunning, somewhat forbidding countenance of Beach, his counsel for the afternoon, can not offer him much

consolation. He curls his long legs under the table, diminishes the length of the spinal column by every variety of curvature, plunges the digits of his right hand through his flowing brown hair, now somewhat streaked with gray, and braces himself for the two hours of mental laceration about to commence.

The judge, behind whose chair are now seated a row of lesser luminaries, who on account of aldermanic or other civic honors consider themselves entitled to a seat on the bench in the present crowded condition of the courtroom, glances again over his spectacles toward the lawyers' tables, but does not seem yet to discover the object of his search. Presently from the side-door through which the judge had entered approach three persons who are the most prominent of the counsel for the defense. These are B. F. Tracy, of manly form and feature, and the more diminutive Shearman, with a rather Hebraic cast of countenance. Both are members of Mr. Beecher's church or congregation, evidently ardent believers in the justice of their cause, and considering their work a labor of love as well as of professional duty. The third is a thin attenuated individual, clothed like the judge in a black broadcloth dress-suit, which depends from the skeleton it incases as if it had hastily been hung there to be dried after exposure to a sudden shower, without any reference to artistic effect. The thin skinny face which surmounts the bony frame-work appears as if it might have been borrowed from some high-blooded, determined, querulous grandame of the last century. He enters with his friends the aristocratic circle, wrinkles his india-rubber features into an affable smile as he salutes one and another around him, and takes his seat at the table appropriated to the counsel for the defense. It seems hardly possible that this unassuming apparition is the great lawyer, William M. Evarts, but it is no other. His *physique* certainly discredits the ancient motto, "*mens sana in corpore sano*," as well as the idea that a robust physical is absolutely essential to a great mental development.

The judge now seems to consider further occasion for delay at an end; his little mahogany mallet raps a universal silence, and the session for the afternoon has commenced. The witness-stand is taken by one who has gone through the "*facilis descensus Averni*" of giving direct testimony in the forenoon, and has now before him the more difficult task—"*ad superas auras evadere*"—of undergoing the cross-examination of Beach, one of the counsel for the prosecution. He is a stout fluffy-faced individual, perhaps fifty years of age, with uncombed hair, and careless if not slovenly attire. We would, at first, classify him as a bluff sea-captain, but soon learn that he is a lawyer from Lowell, Massachusetts. It seems that he once met "Theodore" in the presence of the adorable "Victoria," of Woodhull and Claflin fame, and having witnessed their conduct, he now comes to tell tales out of school. He has spoken in his direct testimony of observing "amorous glances" passing between the virtuous pair, and of other conduct which would seem to indicate that they were "enamored of each other," and this afternoon he is requested to describe an "amorous glance"—if possible, to give one himself for the benefit of judge and jury. The truthful witness admits that he has himself indulged in such glances, on suitable occasions, but professes his utter inability to manufacture one for the present emergency. The inquisitive Beach requests him to state what may be the expression of the eye on such an occasion—whether it is "sheepish," whether it is closed, half-closed, or entirely open; but the witness professes entire ignorance of the facial contortions

necessary to the art, and insists that such a glance is too evanescent to admit of description. The suave bland counsel weaves many a web, hoping to entrap the fly from Massachusetts, but it soon becomes evident that Greek has met Greek in the contest. The fly has so often played the part of a legal spider himself that he knows the intricacies of the web, and with him forewarned is forearmed.

While the farce thus enacted lightens for a time the gloomier aspects of the tragedy in progress, a buzz is heard through the room, for a moment questions and answers are suspended, and the eyes of all but the regular *habitués* of the place are directed toward the defendant (Mr. Beecher) and his wife, as they enter the court-room, half an hour after time, and take their seats near the counsel for the defense. The stout burly form of Mr. Beecher, his massive head, frank open countenance, and rather florid complexion, form a striking contrast to the slight figure, the low forehead, the delicate features, and the perfectly white hair and skin of his wife, who, having shared with him the honors of his remarkable life, does not now hesitate to publicly cling to him in his seeming adversity, even through scenes from which delicacy might prompt her to withdraw were the circumstances less imperative. It seemed as if a look of weariness and pain overspread the countenance of Mr. Beecher as he glanced around the court-room after taking his seat, but he soon appeared to forget all things else in listening to the testimony, reddening occasionally as some peculiarly malicious insinuation might be developed, but joining heartily in the general laugh at any brilliant repartee of counsel or witness. If the counsel for defense should insist on his daily presence only for its moral effect upon the jury, they would undoubtedly be judicious in so doing. A stranger would find it difficult to believe that his frank, generous, open expression of countenance could conceal the consciousness of a most infamous crime coupled with a life-time of the most stupendous hypocrisy. If such could possibly be the case, his great intellectual power as a most wonderful villain must far surpass even that heretofore accredited to him as a philosopher, orator, and great moral teacher.

As the accused and accuser sit within a few feet of each other the contrast between the two in manner and appearance does not strike one as favorable to the latter. There is a similarity, to be sure, in some of the externals of dress and style too marked to escape observation, showing that Tilton, whether consciously or not, has imitated his former friend and patron, his later supposed rival and enemy. But a casual observer of the two, noticing their general deportment as they sit under the gaze of the hundreds in the court-room, would be impressed with the thought that if either one or the other must be the villain, it is not the defendant in the present trial.

The cross-examination is still in progress, and the counsel requests the witness to repeat the circumstances he detailed at the morning session, doubtless with the benevolent hope that some discrepancy in the two narratives may throw discredit upon both. The witness, however, remembers his morning lesson too well, and no variation can be discovered between the two statements; but a new point is brought out which was omitted in the direct examination.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Beach, with stern severity of tone, changing from the lamb to the lion with the greatest facility—"now, sir, how does it happen that you omitted to mention this fact in your testimony of the morning?"

The witness pleads the ordinary infirmity—loss of memory—and the jury, who have been listening for forty days

to similar lapses in this particular, are probably satisfied with the explanation.

It would be difficult for a layman to understand how the testimony given by the witness on the stand can affect even remotely the question of the guilt or innocence of Mr. Beecher. But great are the mysteries of the law, and the evidence having been received, whether material or not, every method must be adopted to make it appear untrustworthy. The last and to ordinary minds most unjustifiable expedient to accomplish this end, is the dissection of the life of the witness and the disclosure of some of the moral weaknesses in his previous history. It had been stated in the testimony of the morning that the witness had once been a candidate for the office of attorney-general of Massachusetts, and had been defeated. This was a mine which might be worked with the hope of developing some of the precious metal.

"I understand you to say that you were a candidate for the position of attorney-general in your State?" says Mr. Beach.

"I was so unfortunate," replied the witness.

"Were you so much more unfortunate as to be elected?"

"No. I was candidate for a third party, and had no hope of election."

"O! You led a forlorn hope?"

"That is it precisely."

"And did you get any votes?" says the sympathetic counsel.

"I got fourteen thousand, the highest of any on the ticket."

The counsel understanding him to say that he had a higher number than any other candidate, and knowing that he was not elected, places a trap for the witness into which he himself is destined to fall.

"How do you elect in Massachusetts, if you had the highest number of votes and yet were defeated?"

"We don't elect the beaten ticket down there," says the witness, appreciating the blunder of the counsel. "I said I had the highest number on our ticket, not that I ran ahead of the general ticket."

The joke, poor as it may seem, creates a general laugh, against which the judge protests with his gavel, but which is destined to go down to posterity, nevertheless.

"Now," says the counsel, returning to the charge in good order, "were you ever convicted of forgery?"

"Never."

"What!" says the counsel, with the most innocent look of surprise.

"Never," says the witness.

"Were you ever indicted for obtaining money under false pretenses?"

"Allow me to explain——"

"Answer my question, sir!"

"Yes, sir."

"That will do, Mr. Cowley."

Thus, leaving the witness in the eyes of the jury a condemned criminal because the explanation which will clear him of reproach is refused, the cross-examination closes.

The intellectual-looking physiognomy of Mr. Evarts rises above the sea of heads as he questions the witness, with a clear distinct enunciation, on the re-direct examination.

"Mr. Cowley, when were you indicted?"

"Eighteen years ago, when I first commenced practice."

"For what were you indicted?"

"Upon the pretense that I demanded a fee for services not rendered."

"By whom?"

"At the instigation of the district-attorney, Morse, my rival and enemy."

"Was the case ever brought to trial?"

"It was not; it was 'nolle-prossed.'"

"What has become of Morse?"

"He is under charges for malfeasance in office."

"That will do for Morse," says Mr. Evarts.

Mr. Beach finding the cloud which he had thrown about the reputation of the witness gradually lifting under the manipulations of Mr. Evarts, becomes suddenly concerned for the reputation of the district-attorney.

"I object," says he to the judge, "to any testimony against the character of gentlemen who are not here to defend themselves."

"The objection is sustained," says the judge.

"But, your honor," says Mr. Evarts.

"Go on, sir!" is the brusque rejoinder of the judge; and Mr. Evarts, with a reputation almost world-wide, without further protest bows to the majesty of law as it is represented by the Judge of the City Court of Brooklyn.

The clock on the wall announces that the hour of four has arrived. Precisely at that moment the judge requests the audience to retain their seats until the jury have retired. These gentlemen, who, as a penance for their temporary fame, are deprived of that modern essential to happiness, the daily newspaper, file out and disappear, and then the impatient crowd is disgorged. Some remain, however, to watch to the end the movements of the prominent actors in the drama. It is easy to discover that the sympathies of these are with the defendant, Mr. Beecher. They crowd eagerly around him to grasp him by the hand. Tilton turns to his counsel and engages them in a few moments' conversation, when they gather up their papers and disappear, leaving him entirely alone. He stands for a moment like a tiger at bay, glaring at Mr. Beecher and those surrounding him with their congratulations, then suddenly starts for the door. Those in his path make room for him to pass, one pointing him out to another with the remark, "There he goes," as he stalks past the different groups, without a word of recognition from any, and disappears through the open door-way. Mr. Beecher dons his broad-brimmed black felt hat, which gives him the appearance of a well-to-do farmer, takes his wife's arm under his own, and follows. And the curtain drops on the closing scene of a Tilton-*versus*-Beecher *matinée*.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PHILOSOPHER.

CHAPTER IX.

SIX weeks after that day I was in San Francisco, with a continent and an ocean between the landscapes and the faces so familiar and so hateful. My father was muddled the day I bade him good-by; my step-mother angry that he had given me the bulk of their savings, leaving little for her son Ady; Ady, under temporary sentence of exile by my father, was visiting his mother's family in England. It went hard with me to leave old Mr. Knox without a word, but a consultation with Gawn Bruce assured me that he was in no fit state of health to see anybody; and Mary Knox was nursing Mr. Knox and seeing to Paul Lagarre with that terrible cut in his head that my father had given him. Get away from them all! forget them all! were the only clear ideas I had.

I was not, after all, so miserable as one might think. A good draughtsman, at least, I soon got work in a surveyor's office. In the evenings I read until my eyelids fell together. I left myself no time to think of the past, or of the future that had once been so brightly

dreamed of. It was the past that was the dream now. It had been burned into my life as with an acid. The process had been painful, but it was over; the result still remained graven on steel, but the steel was dimmed and rusted with tears too bitter to shed. My ambition was wounded to death. I no longer even hated—what was I that I should hate? An ungainly, semi-educated pedant, graceless and giftless, insolent and laggard in love, impractical and whimsical in every-day life, I had imagined there was some mysterious force in me to crush the obstacles I scorned to avoid—and they had crushed me. Here, thought I, is the lesson of my life, if it have any—a lesson I have learned too late—that merely fair natural abilities, even by stubborn application to their cultivation and by stolid self-sufficient assurance, can not be made to supply the place of that great genius and masterhood which is only born with one or two men in a century. I had tried to make bricks without straw, to take more out of myself than God had put in me, to know no such word as fail, while the image and terror of it ever before me might have saved me from the reality.

I worked and lived like a man in a trance. An old habit of sleep-walking overcame me again; neither my sleeping nor my waking was complete any longer. The spring left my step, the old searching expression faded out of my eyes, my voice was deserted of its firm ring; I was a broken, beaten man before I was yet of age. I began to be nicely particular about what I should eat and drink. With little pleasures and little pains a whole stagnant year slid somehow past. The peculiar waters of Californian life flowed past and over me, and mixed no more with my existence than oil does with water. My unsocial ways and habits called up a little insolence in some of those few whom I was forced to meet and talk to more or less, but my callous-nerved insensibility and clock-work accuracy in my round of mechanical work soon brought me through or carried me above such trifles. Once, indeed, I was really annoyed. Some one stole or hid the little dole of English mustard which I always used to flavor my luncheon of cold meat every day at noon. I looked round inquiringly; my fellow-draughtsmen were laughing quietly and preparing to go out to the fashionable restaurant they patronized. Something swelled up in my throat; then, as I tried to swallow the piece of dry beef I had lifted without remark, some petty aggravation of the insult was offered me, and a scene occurred, with the ultimate result of my being thereafter left alone.

All this is only worth mentioning as examples of how a man with some great ideal and aim darkened and struck down—some great spring of spinal energy broken—may suddenly contract himself like a hurt worm and crawl round in some little dusty track until the dust of it hides the whole earth and heaven, and the nadir, zenith, and horizon of his hopes and pleasures meet in some mean nutshell—mean because it is little.

Once I wrote home to my father, but my step-mother answered the letter. He was unable to keep sober long enough, she said, to attend to that or anything else. All cares now fell on her. The Knoxes and Lagarres had six months before gone to London for the sake of medical advice for Mr. Knox. Ady, who followed them, had been banished his father's presence. There was no news from them. She hoped I was doing better in San Francisco than I had done at home, and that I attended church regularly. And so the letter ended.

Then a blessing came to me which I could not return, but which brightened my existence. A little delicate lonely girl, without friend or family, did law-

yers' copying in the room next to our office. The more thoughtless clerks used to torment her on the stair, as she went to and from her work. I pitied the shy melancholy creature, and interfered at last for her right to earn a miserable living free from insult or temptation. All the strong and the good in me were appealed to when one night at last she took my arm as I left work and entered the street, and told me that her old enemies had only shifted their ground of attack—that two of them were still accustomed to waylay her near the door of her lodging-house. I was armed, for I had found that not otherwise could I take my long winter evening walks in all sorts of places with feelings of perfect safety. I told the little one to walk on and I would follow her. The result was as might have been predicted—the usual insulting greeting, my advance, hot bluster and threats on the part of the Don Juans; then I covered them before they could "draw," and warned them with passionate words that the third time we met in this role I would shoot them without notice or delay. The girl and I walked to the same restaurant together every evening after that, and then I guarded her to her lodging-house door, and that was all we saw of each other. Her story came out bit by bit; how her mother had been deserted by her father; how the wife had died by degrees in want and sorrow; and how she the daughter had done copying, and had had no pleasures, ever since she could hold a pen. There were hundreds of just such cases, or worse, all round us, and I at least knew it, but I was strongly affected by this nearest sorrow, and sorely perplexed as I saw it growing into too strong a trust and friendship for me. I pitied the little copyist, I loved her like a sister, but I could find no other love to give her, reason with myself as I might. It seemed to me there was something wanting in me ever since my fever, one broken chord in me that should never answer to the touch of the key again—that I was cursed now in not being able to love as I was cursed before in loving. All this I told the little one; because she was meek and patient she answered nothing, but only asked me not to leave her alone again, nor to be angry if she loved without hope—we had the same sorrow, and should comfort each other a little, she added. It was better this than nothing.

So the months dropped one by one into the past, and grew to years, and little Sue and I walked together evening by evening, and she grew on me with her sweet trusting eyes and voice like a gentle tune, and I began to long for the evening and the warmth of her arm in mine. We were both so lonely, and she loved so much, and to know it filled me with gratefulness; and little seeds of true love came at last, and took root one by one in the desolated heart she pitied. Then we agreed that we two should join ourselves together for man and wife, each taking what love the other had to give and what legacies of regret or bitterness the past had left, and live each to make the other happy. Some day we should go home to Glendrum—and I wrote home my third letter in all the four years of my absence to learn how things went there. I had heard two years before that the Knoxes were still in London—the old man in a chronic semi-paralyzed state; that Miss Knox and Paul Lagarre were married; and that my brother, practising as a physician in the metropolis, was engaged to Miss Lagarre. After this news I had cared to have no more till now. But if the Lagarres and Knoxes were away, I thought I should like to return, when married, to the old place. I thought we could after all be happy there.

But it was never to be so. Our troth-plight was not a fortnight old, and it was

on a Christmas night that we loitered slowly home from seeing the pantomime. It was a lonely street where my little woman lived, and before we reached it we had left all the belated revelers of the evening far behind, save one seemingly drunken man who kept up with us wonderfully well. We had reached the last corner, marked by a dim and solitary street-lamp, when the faltering steps behind us grew suddenly steady and swift, and were upon us before we knew. As I turned, there came the sudden flash of a pistol, and a pain burned along my ribs. I staggered, but drew and fired my own weapon almost with one motion. The assassin ran as he saw me armed; but his pistol blazed out again as he turned, and this time the hiss of the bullet passed me, and the girl at my side fell without a cry. I stooped over her. "Are you hurt?" But she never spoke again; the ball had pierced her throat. Nothing could stop the internal bleeding. While I tried to lift her away, her lips touched my face, and she kissed me—or I fancied it. People came running from the nearest house. They chased the murderer without result. His pistol was found in the next street, but no one had seen which way he went; no one knew him—no one but me. A hundred years and a hundred suns could not have helped me to see that face more distinctly than the lightning-flash of the pistol had done. It was the face of Paul Lagarre.

ETC.

Riflemen, Form!

It was a rifle that fired "the shot heard round the world." Not buncombe nor paper bullets, but the conical ball, has kept the Union whole. From enemy, foreign or domestic, it is useless to pray God to deliver us with damp powder. In the imminent deadly breech of the rifle must the freedom of the future find her cradle, and her swaddling-clothes in the cartridge-shell. The tug of war is in the trigger now, and the piping time of peace need never be weak if the organ at Springfield that Longfellow saw be the instrument piped upon.

Next year a centenary of American republicanism will be completed. Volunteer riflemen made the republic possible—must keep it actual. To no standing army of mercenaries can such a task be safely or economically intrusted. Right is not on this earth worth a pin's fee without might. Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence, what were they to a John or a George, until materialized in the white swords of the barons and the black muzzles of the continentals? It is fatuous to affirm that things are essentially changed in these last days. It is true that arbitration has to some extent taken the place of war, but that means simply that a prudent judgment in estimating the chances and results of war has taken the place of the blind fury by which nations fell formerly upon and annihilated each other like the Kilkenny cats. If, in the much-vaunted case of the Alabama claims, it had not been a question between two powerful nations both bristling with weapons—if America had had Modocs to deal with, or England Caffres—who is silly enough to suppose that the discussion would have ended at Geneva? Two million volunteer riflemen (those of Canada included), every man of them trained to use his weapon effectively up to a distance of a thousand yards, a standing army, and an actual navy larger than that of the remaining combined world, saved the Downing-street dove of amity from the talons of the Washington eagle; and the olives of American peace tasted less sour to English throats than the gunpowder that had already blackened a continent from Maryland to Mexico.

The manner of war is changing. Battal-

ions can no longer advance upon each other in solid blocks. The system that won Austerlitz lost Sedan. The intelligence and the skill of the individual in the use of his arm of precision must win the battles of the future. The day of an automaton army is past, done with, like the smooth-bore. If America is to keep her place with the nations, if California is to keep her place with the other States, American and Californian men must know how to handle the weapon of the century—the breech-loading rifle.

The volunteer military companies of this State in very small part meet the necessity. They have been themselves among the first to see this, and among the members of the National Guard of California "the California Rifle Association" has sprung to life. A circular has been issued by the projectors of the association, in which the local backwardness of skill in the use of the rifle is made the text for reform and the *raison d'être* of the association. The English of the circular might be improved, but its general wisdom and its aptness to the time are unexceptionable, as the following extracts will go far to prove:

"It should not be forgotten that the change which has taken place in the habits of our people is rapidly depriving them of that personal skill in arms and marksmanship which has hitherto formed one of the most conspicuous elements of our national strength. The introduction of long-range weapons of precision has made this skill of even more importance than ever before. Recent wars have demonstrated that the very accuracy and rapidity of fire, which render these arms so formidable in the hands of trained marksmen, simply result in a waste of ammunition with those unfamiliar with their use, thus leaving an army helpless at the decisive moment of battle. The few militiamen who have hitherto made themselves good shots have become such not by any public provision to that end, but simply by their own private and unassisted practice. The California Rifle Association seeks to make use of the natural love of pastime, and the desire to excel in manly competitions, to train our young men for the service which, as all experience shows, each generation must be prepared to render to the country. In this purpose it seeks the aid and sympathy of all whose experience has made them competent judges of the need of the service it seeks to render. The association is in hopes of securing sufficient funds to commence the erection of its range immediately.

"It is proposed to fit up a suitable range, admitting of practice from one hundred to one thousand yards, easily accessible from San Francisco, and where all liability of danger will be removed. It is intended further to equip the range with the necessary number of permanent targets, erect embankments to arrest stray bullets, construct pits to shelter the markers, build a house for the accommodation of those using the range, and a fence to inclose the property. The range is to be open for practice all the year round, and on certain days to be devoted exclusively to the use of the various commands in the National Guard for their regimental, battalion, and company matches; and on other specified days for the prize meetings to be held under the auspices of the association.

"To undertake the task of providing and supporting such a range would entail too heavy an expense on the National Guard—an organization already burdened with oppressive outlays to maintain itself as an efficient force for the defense of the State. It has, therefore, been deemed advisable to make the range a popular resort for all who love the rifle, and to invite citizens generally to aid in the work and to share the expense involved in the erection and support of the range, as well as to enjoy the privileges accruing from its existence. To this end it is proposed to make the range a popular institution in every sense of the word, though the special and main purpose of its construction will be to facilitate and encourage rifle practice in the ranks of the National Guard.

"To accomplish successfully this undertaking will involve the expenditure of considerable money. The California Rifle Association therefore addresses this appeal to the public for funds to prosecute that which may not inappropriately be deemed a patriotic work. A strong membership will enable it to carry out the design thus briefly foreshadowed. The dues are placed at a very low rate, being $5 per annum, and a contribution of $25 will constitute the person paying that sum a life-member. There will be no assessments. Members of the National Guard are admitted to the association at half the annual rates when the organizations to which they are attached join *en masse*. The directors earnestly hope that they will secure at least three civilians for every National Guardsman who unites himself with the association."

The plans of the association have the heartiest indorsement of the Overland, and the event of their going agley would be a public misfortune to the State.

An Artist's Trip in the Sierra.

Yosemite Valley, July 5th, 1875.

Yosemite has yet to be painted; painters' visits of a month or so have not done it. Time is required to take it in, and digest it, or else the inevitable result will be artistic dyspepsia (in the shape of the conventional yellow and red rocks), which, perhaps is the reason for the average Californian's disgust for Yosemite pictures. The cliffs are neither red nor yellow, but an indescribable shifting

gray, changing and shifting even as you look. The lightness and evanescence of the morning gray, and the burnished light of evening, can not be gotten by a lucky hit. A French painter of the first rank, like Corot or Lambinet, would rejoice in this richness of gray — but French painters do not paint mountain-pictures. We have had some cloudy foggy days, when the tops of the cliffs would be hidden in places; others would seem to be moving up and out of the fog-cloud; sometimes the wind would tear into shreds the shifting fog-masses, until they looked like torn cobwebs, and out and in the Yosemite Fall would weave in a slow and downward motion, distinguished from the clouds only by its shape and opacity in the thickest places. It all looks very deep and dark in tone, yet over all is the lightness of grayness, which you can only know by trying to mix the different tones; a hasty dash will only approximate to its truth of color. "Try, try again, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again," is a very good motto to calm your rising agitation.

Four of us — Muir the naturalist, John Swett, Mr. McChesney, and myself — came up here, with the intention of going up higher in the mountains; and, after a detention of some days which were spent very profitably in color-study, leisurely walking we started by way of Gentry, purposing to cross Yosemite Creek, up to Lake Tenaya, past Mount Hoffman, Tuolumne Meadows, Soda Springs, past Dana and Gibbs, up over the Summit, down Bloody Cañon to Mono Lake, and skirting the eastern slope of the Sierra, exploring the head of Owen's River, etc.; all of which I propose to relate.

It looked cloudy and threatening the morning we left the valley, but, trusting to luck and to keeping our provisions dry, we followed an exceedingly melancholy and heavy-laden mule. Just as we passed El Capitan it commenced to drizzle, and by the time we had half-climbed the mountain the rain came down in good earnest with gusts of wind. We slowly climbed, up and up, until the rain changed to sleet, snow, and hail — poor companions for a journey in the mountains. When we got to Gentry's, on the top of the mountain, we found a deserted cabin, and resolved to stay there for the night at least. It stormed and thundered and lightened all night, and next morning was like a winter morning—the ground covered a foot or more deep with snow. The day was half sunshine, half cloud, and the snow rapidly melted — the flowers looked curious peeping out from their beds of snow — and at evening there was a glorious sunset, with the sky perfectly clear, while below were patches of snow and snow-shadow, sunlight on distant cliff and pine, and the valley beneath filled nearly to the brim by a great heavy sodden mass of cloud, moving with a scarcely perceptible motion, slow and solemn, weird and white, except where touched by the sunlight. At the top the cloud was shaped square, and angular at the bottom, and it filled the valley with a foam-like smoke; the purple middle-ground of pine gradually receding, fainter and fainter, into this ghostly mass; the foreground in sharp and sudden relief, in color a yellow-green, the green fused into the yellow, as in a roaring night-camp fire you see the fusion of orange, sulphur, and gold. I made a quick sketch, which looked better next morning, and watched the light throbbing away, fainter and fainter, into the night. Next morning we went through magnificent groves of pines (noblest among them all, the yellow-pine), through the shifting sunshine, deeper and deeper through the thick rich forest, climbing up and down; on every side riches of color, riches of sunshine and shadow; passing two still lakes, that seem to have lost themselves in the woods and grown contented there; down steep and rocky moraines, and, after a rough scramble cross Yosemite Creek, and on the Mono trail, up and up, until the sun told us to camp, which we did by a little meadow, where there was feed for the horses, and by its side fragrant pine-boughs, which we made into springy beds for the party.

Early next morning on the trail again, still passing through rich forests, with glimpses now and then of the promised land. There was the head of South Dome, on one side shadowed by gray, purple, and blue; on the other bathed with that light-gray radiance which is neither shadow nor light, but simply radiance — with bare promontories clear and cutting against their background of purple

and green woods. Higher and higher we slowly climbed until we arrived at the top of the ridge; then down, over glaciated pavements glittering and shining in the sun. As we descended we caught glimpses of Lake Tenaya—a blue-black, at the edge lighter in tone, and dashed with greenish-gray light. These mountain lakes have this peculiarity —I mean their intense depth of gray color; they look like spots in the picture, and seem to make the shadows of other things lighter; they are much darker than the top of the sky, which is an intense blue-gray, wonderfully soft and deep.

Still going down, and crossing over bare rocks—ribbed and cleft, showing the tremendous pressure to which they had been subjected—we approached the lake, through groves of pine (two-leafed), small and stunted comparatively—dwarfed by their winter fights. Some stand two and three together, as if for mutual protection; others spring from one round yellowish trunk, and then split, one half full of life and vigor, the other a silver-gray stick, sapless, dead. The green-tufted ends of their foliage (something like the yellow-pine tufts, but lacking their flexibility, grace, and silvery shine) have a certain sturdy vigor which challenges admiration. Through such groves the trail winds on to the meadow, green in spots, everywhere traversed by clear snow-fed streams, two, three and four feet wide; their beds full of pebbles, rocks, and sand; their waters, cool and transparent, tempting you all the time to drink, and the more you drink the more you want.

Crossing the stream which issues from the lake, we arrived at the lake's edge. Lake Tenaya is 8,500 feet above sea-level, and is one of the largest and finest lakes in this part of the Sierra, fed constantly by the snow-streams from the higher mountains. Strange dome-shaped rocks, round and bare, hemmed us in; no *chaparral;* on the sides occasionally a pine-tree. In fact, the chief characteristics of this region are its rocks, bareness, the round and burnished domes, and dwarf two-leafed pines. The deep transparent waters of the lake—on the edge great white and grim bowlders, brown under the water, and swaths of sand—seem of a pale opalescent green, gradually melting into an intense blue-black, an effect which is more marked when you are on a level with the lake. Faint reflections of the dome-shaped cliffs, especially when they are in full sunshine, and the reflection of the trees, show the local color of the lake's water more fully. When ruffled it seems to partake of the extreme top of the sky, modified by a deeper purplish hue; the deep blue of the sky joining to the light-gray rounded and polished cliffs and the purpled and browned pines in the distance the green foliage and yellow-trunked trees of the foreground, together with the clear pure waters of the lake. Gaudy butterflies; bees droning and humming in the summer air; winged insects of different kinds—all unite to make a picture which indelibly impresses itself on the mind. Breathing in such beauty with the pure air, free from taint of every kind, no wonder that to us the echoes sounded their returns joyously on and up through the glittering sunshine, sparkling on every twig and rock and leaf, dancing back from the surface of laughing and gurgling brooks. We seemed to float on ethereal wings up and up, until, looking back, the deep dark lake appeared to have ingulfed the sunlight.

Nature takes kindly to her children, if they would but leave their swaddling-clothes of conventionality and submit themselves to her influences—leave carking cares and come to the mountains, for a little while at least. Do not fancy that June is the only month; July is good, August is better, September is yet better, and October is the blessed one of all the year.

Riding along—coming now to snow-banks, with living water, clear and pure, streaming out from every side—past Mount Hoffman, sometimes hidden, other times nodding and smiling to itself in some still secret lake; on our right strange flat-topped trees upon high cliffs, gnarled and twisted, and seemingly in inextricable confusion; over striated rocks, and loose bowlders looking just as if they had been left by nature in a hurry; up and down, getting confused with the different impressions. There are glimpses every now and then of a great valley. One climb more—and there are the Tuolumne meadows lying at our feet, green and grassy, and the main Tuolumne River flowing down to the sea. Up the valley, slowly and more slowly as

the camping-place appears in view; across the ford, the strong steady stream almost carrying the horse from his feet; a slight acclivity gained—here's camp! A drink at the soda springs cheers tired nature, and on a fragrant pine-bough bed we are at rest.

WM. KEITH.

Art Notes.

At the rooms of the gallery of the Art Union, Walker's great painting, on its fifteen-by-thirty-foot canvas, is on exhibition. It represents "The Battle of Lookout Mountain," and is probably exact enough in most of its details and accessories: the horse-artillery rumbling into position, the infantry, the officers on horseback, the accoutrements splashed with mud and soiled with dust. There is no suggestion of the parade-ground in anything but the horses, which are painted in better mettle and condition than they should have been or could have been. The human figures and faces are generally well posed and well conceived for effect; but in the regiments with which we are acquainted no man would have been allowed to handle and cock his rifle as one of the men in the front of the picture is represented doing, periling the life of another soldier, who, entirely unconscious of his comrade's musket-muzzle at his heart, is peering toward the front. The picture is perhaps all the more realistic for wanting some powerful focus figure or group of figures; but the eye wanders unsatisfied, like the dove finding no rest for the sole of her foot, over the great deluge of the battle. It is only in the background, in the distance, on the mountain, among and above the rain-clouds and the gunpowder-clouds, that the battle grows sublime. There all up the misty slopes toil human ants, become inhuman with death and smoke, and the war and the warriors become grand because they are dim and distant; while here and there the puff of a bursting shell shows like a drifting gull over that gulf stream of the nether pit with its confusion and destruction.

—At Morris Schwab & Co.'s, Tojetti's new picture, "Francesa da Rimini," is open to public inspection. Everyone knows the story of the lovers, taken from the fifth canto of Dante's *Inferno*. The painter has selected the moment in which they were about to part forever. The book in which the two had been reading the love-story of Launcelot and the guilty queen has just been dropped. The Italian lover clasps his mistress, and proceeds to a more direct and original explanation of his passion than any book can supply. The lady leans toward him with upcast languishing eyes. Behind them both floats the invisible Nemesis of broken vows, and stands the visible husband of the lady. He is holding a curtain back, his jealous face is crueler than the grave, his dagger is lifted. The lover puts his hand to his heart in his declaration of passion. An instant and his heart will be cold. Like Doré's picture on the same subject, this picture is histrionic and overstrained.

—We are now honored by the presence in this city of Mr. Bradford, "the polar artist," and many of his pictures. This skillful and brave painter fitted up, at an expense to himself of over $20,000, several expeditions to the coast of Labrador—that of 1869 being the most important, made in the steamer *Panther*, sailing from Saint John, Newfoundland. Mr. Bradford took with him two photographers, the best he could hire, and brought back with him 200 pencil drawings, 400 photographs, and over seventy studies in oil. Pictures composed from these materials, so carefully collected, have, during and since 1870, attracted much attention in London, where they have been principally sold and exhibited. The largest of these pictures is one now for the first time placed before the public, in Mr. Bradford's rooms at the Occidental Hotel. It represents "The *Polaris* in Thank God Harbor," and is painted from sketches brought home by the *Polaris* expedition. To the right of the picture lies the steamer, pushed up on her side among the hummock-ice. A sledge-party in the foreground is harnessing its Esquimau dogs and loading for an expedition. The picture is gloomy with the half-darkness of a midnight polar sun. The lichens on the great rocks in the background are sombre and warm, while the blue gleam of icebergs, varied by the yellow reflected light, makes a beautiful study of color. There are eleven pictures in all, faithful in composition and exquisite in novel effects of color. They are mostly lent

by their owners in England, and few amateurs will look at them without breaking the tenth commandment. Mr. Bradford intends to perform on the Pacific Coast a work similar to that he has so masterfully accomplished on the Atlantic side of this continent. The American artist who has push enough and pluck enough to begin such a work, and genius enough to do it so well, must not receive less recognition in his own country than he has in London. The OVERLAND tenders him its sincerest thanks and its best wishes.

A Tribute to California.

The Central New York Conference Seminary has recently held a grand Semi-centennial Reunion, lasting some eight days. This institution claims the honor of being the oldest male and female seminary of high grade in America. It numbers among its 12,000 *alumni* some of the most distinguished men of this country, scattered as they now are over all parts of the world. Many of them have done honor to our own coast; among those resident in San Francisco are Governor Leland Stanford, Judge Dwinelle, Judge Myrick, Rev. A. W. Loomis, D. D., Rev. Edward Bannister, D. D., Bishop Jesse T. Peck, Perry G. Childs; and many others are scattered from Puget Sound to San Diego.

The poem for the occasion was written and read by Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, of San Francisco, one of our most esteemed contributors; and she made the following enthusiastic references to California, the State of her adoption:

We can boast our great bonanzas, and our hills of glittering gold.
Sweep across the great Sierra, you shall find the half not told;
The grand old mountains, forest-crowned, with their vaulted treasure rife,
Yield plenitude of recompense to every laboring life.

The sweeping plains of virgin soil, in their vivid verdure drest,
Shoot forth exuberant promises from the green earth's flowery crest;
And leagues on leagues of fertile land to the plowshare yet unwed
Shall show what glorious progeny await the nuptial bed.

The everlasting leafage of the acacia and the rose,
The eucalyptus in its strength, madroño in repose—
The lemon and the orange, with their fragrance-freighted flowers,
Enfeoffed of heaven with golden fruit for the rosy-bosomed hours.

And the dark pines plant their shadows weird o'er streams that laughing run
As the bearers of dispatches to the western-sloping sun—
As if shadow were the curtain to conceal the hidden store
Of waters rich as Pactolus in their wealth of glittering ore.

And our silver-throated birds dispense in waste of blissful song
Wondrous wealth of untaught minstrelsy, ecstatic, full, and long;
While tropic bird of drowsy mood, with his mellifluous throat,
Tells the story of his languor in the *andante* of his note.

And our queenly fair Pacific opens wide her Golden Gate,
Bearing out substantial treasure from an overfreighted State—
Bearing in, with genial welcome, from far-reaching clime and shore,
Men of every creed and country, never wont to meet before.

But we wander—you will pardon, for we love our Golden State,
Great in retrospect and prospect, in her sweeping area great;
Reaching forth for larger culture, knowing wealth, though dearly bought,
Can not stand a fit atonement for mere poverty of thought.

Education means true culture—mind-completeness, if you will—
Mental habits well constructed, not a reservoir to fill;
Not a cumbersome compendium of worthless sterile fact,
But logic made more practical in human thought and act.

Nor is science the poor pack-horse of mere arbitrary law,
To be hitched to human progress, and at once compelled to draw.
Science! Handmaid of religion—fair twin-sister in disguise—
Matter linked to subtile spirit, upward springs toward the skies.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS. By N. L. Thiéblin. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham.

This book in a slightly different form has already run the gauntlet of the English reviewers with remarkable success. Mr. Thiéblin, as special correspondent of the London *Pall Mall Gazette* during the Franco-Prussian war, and as special correspondent of the *New York Herald* in Spain with the Carlists in 1873, has proved himself to possess not only great literary ability but great powers of observation and a cool and trustworthy judgment. We feel as we read that we can trust him for his facts. We need to be supported by this feeling, for he overturns several cherished prejudices regarding Spain and the Spaniards.

With a little artifice and very little linen, our correspondent managed to smuggle himself by night out of Bayonne *tras los montes* into northern Spain, and into the little Carlist village of Urday, a mile from the French frontier, where was General Elio, "actual commander-in-chief of the whole Carlist army, but nominally 'the Minister of War and Head of the General Staff of His Majesty Charles VII., King of all Spains.'" General Elio, the oldest and by many considered the ablest chief of his party, is a well-traveled, accomplished, brave, and intelligent man, of great political and military experience in his own country. Elio, considering the resources at his command, managed his men admirably. Originally almost without arms, supplies, or money, he kept his raw volunteers drilling with sticks in their hands in the village square, and always managed to keep everybody in food, quarters, and good humor. The soldiers — bandits, as they are often thought to be by the outside world—did not seem bad men in any sense of the term. As to the atrocities said to have been committed by the Carlists, General Elio said that these were all on the other side; that, except in the case of the *curé* Santa Cruz's independent guerrilla force, the Carlists conducted the war on much more humane principles than the republicans, and Santa Cruz was an outlaw and under sentence of death because of his cruelty and insubordination to Carlist head-quarters. "What we want," said the old commander-in-chief, "is to attract people, not to frighten them. I have given strict orders that whenever prisoners are taken they should be disarmed and released, as we neither want to keep them nor desire to shoot them. The more republicans we release the more will their ranks get demoralized. A man fights quite differently when he knows that, if captured, he will be executed. He prefers then to die on the battle-field. . . . What does it matter to me that the same man will appear three or four times in the ranks against my troops? The more times he appears, the more I am sure of his being a bad soldier." Thiéblin found by observation afterward that in practice this policy as carried out by the Carlists was not only humane but demoralizing in the extreme to the enemy.

Elio denied that Don Carlos ever dreamed of despotism, political or religious. "He knows, and his counselors know still better, that absolutism is impossible in our days. He understands, also, the bad policy of giving any secular power to the clergy. The legitimate monarchy in Spain will not only rule with the advice of the Cortes, but will restore all the ancient franchises—the *fueros*, as we call them — which have been violated in turn by all the progressive parties."

Mr. Thiéblin wandered through most of the northern provinces, sometimes in company with Carlist troops, but often alone. He found Carlism in the ascendant in the hearts of the northern people wherever he went. "The Carlists are perfect masters of the whole of the north. They are well organized into several distinct army corps. They have cartridge manufactories, and they are manufacturing arms at Eibar and Placencia,

the two establishments being capable of supplying over six hundred rifles a week, a number more than sufficient for keeping them in a perfect state of readiness to meet any effort on the part of the authorities at Madrid." Arms are all the royalists want in the present condition of *cosas de Espana* to hold their own; for while a peasant of the Basque or of Navarre has blood and bread he will fight for *Dios, Patria, y Rey*—*Patria* meaning not Spain but his own particular province or even village. There has never been such a thing among the common people as a united Spain. "Half of the Carlists, being pure Basques, do not even understand Spanish at all."

Don Carlos, whose pretensions to the throne are utterly without legal foundation, seems to be a mere figure-head for his party—a good-enough well-meaning gentleman, with opinions conservative on the whole but rather unsettled—somewhat henpecked by his energetic wife, Doña Margarita, Duchess of Parma, and never born to be a ruler of men either in the camp or in the court. On being questioned by our author on the subject of his as is generally supposed absolutist theories in government and ultramontanism in religion, he replied: "I greatly value the influence of the priesthood; I admire many men who are priests; but I admire them in the Church, and I would be the first to oppose their interference in matters out of their sphere. No country in the world is less susceptible of government by absolutism than Spain. It never was so governed; it will never be. The Basque provinces and Navarre have, from time immemorial, possessed the privileges of the most free countries. I have always emphatically declared that I will leave the framing of a Spanish constitution to the action of a freely elected Cortes. . . . My programme of government can be set forth in a very few words. Everything shall be done through a free Cortes. There shall be complete decentralization in everything but general politics." All of which as a "platform" sounds well, as the platforms of gentlemen out of office generally do.

Mr. Thiéblin was in Madrid during that stormy April when the republic, only two months old, was already in a semi-wrecked condition, fanatics attacking it from the north; disorganization, utopianism, bankruptcy, threatening from all sides. There was on the 23d of April a *coup d'état* on the part of the purely republican party against the reactionists, and the republicans expelled the leaders of the opposite clique without bloodshed. Everyone was armed and in the street. The city was at the mercy of a ragged and most ferocious-looking mob, yet no outrages were committed, unless domiciliary visiting of the houses of the ringleaders of the reactionary party may be so styled. But no violence was offered, no property stolen or destroyed, no disorder was apparent. Mr. Thiéblin, who again and again lays great stress on the good-nature and good-humor of the Spanish people, here compares their orderliness, respect for private rights, and absence of ferocity, with the conduct of mobs elsewhere in similar cases. The old Countess of Montijo, mother of the ex-empress of the French, when Mr. Thiéblin spoke to her on the subject after he had seen these good traits of the Spaniards exemplified again and again, said to him: "We are, don't you see, so accustomed to revolutions, and are so little sure of not wanting some one's help to-morrow, that we instinctively protect everyone to-day. This personal kindness, combined with apparently great political harshness, is quite characteristic of the Spaniards of all classes." And the author himself had cause for continual surprise at the Madrid mobs, at "the wonderful manifestation of a mixture of impulsiveness and self-command by which they are distinguished, of verbal violence and moderation of action, of apparent bloodthirstiness and actual aversion for bloodshed, of intense party hatred and almost unlimited respect for the individuality of their opponents." The *Intransigentes* of Madrid, the extreme radical republicans, the *descamisados* (unshirted), as they are called, have never been so bad as the *sans culottes* of Paris.

Mr. Thiéblin believes there is hope of political redemption for Spain and Spaniards; it is their ignorance—their general astounding, unfathomable ignorance—that keeps their naturally good minds in such a low state. He affirms that the power of the "priests is gone in Spain and gone forever." Unfortunate historical accidents and the con-

formation of the country made Spain divided and superstitious. The mechanics and the books of the twentieth century should remedy both these evils.

As to the present conflict between Alfonsism and Carlism, Mr. Thiéblin thinks "that both parties will ultimately succumb, making room for a firmly established republic." We think ourselves that so strong is the individuality and heterogeneity of the different Spanish provinces that nothing will ever link them peaceably together in this generation but a tyrant with the brain of Bismarck and the hand of Moltke, or a republic of very marked federal constitution — not a centralized republic after the French plan, but a republic on the model of the present Swiss federation, under which so many cantons differing in language and religion manage to work amicably and helpfully together, yet with the distinctest severalty possible, and having, instead of a president, a small committee of the legislature in charge of the highest executive power. Figueras and Castelar (of whom we are sorry we have not space to give our author's sketches and opinions) seem to have some good ideas on the subject of federalism. We hope, at any rate, that the Spaniards as a whole may at some early date either agree on the subject of government or agree to disagree.

RAPE OF THE GAMP. By C. Welsh Mason. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is rather an interesting novel of the muscular gigantesque school. Its hero is introduced to us and to the heroine in a "keen outrigged boat" on a quiet river; he is "a man of Titanic proportions, muscular, bare-armed, bare-headed, with dense auburn locks clustering low down on his forehead and behind his ears." This gentleman, upon whose "ruddy and massive" head there is actually "hair behind the ears" as well as on the top of his crown, is the owner of a great yellow-handled gingham umbrella, the "gamp," which he on two occasions lends to the heroine, Miss Janet Browne, an heiress, thereby winning her eternal love and keeping her silk dress dry. Unfortunately for the course of true love, however, our hero, Mr. Bedford Lyte, is a kind of social outlaw, living in England under the shelter of an *alias*. He has had the misfortune to marry through the highest motives a wife who proved unfaithful to him, and to kill her paramour in Germany, where by the by Mr. Lyte himself was a graduate of two universities. Our "Titanic" hero suffered under the most cruel misrepresentation of these incidents; though we can not see exactly why he allowed himself so to suffer, and why he did not face the music and his traducers with the facts, easy enough to be established, and under his true name attack and slay the hydra-headed rumor like another Hercules, as he appeared to be. Out of all this Egyptian darkness of secrecy plagues issued and tormented sorely the true hearts concerned. Mr. Lyte was under-master in a high-class grammar-school; his reputation for learning, his skill in athletics, his heroic bearing, his mysterious reserve, all drew Janet to him. He discouraged her evidently growing liking to him, which she betrayed by keeping his gingham umbrella in a closet in her room, taking it out and talking to it, mending holes in it, kissing it, laying it on the floor and stepping over it, calling it then "the threshold of his heart." Apparently, however, the "gamp" was the only threshold of his heart she was able to step over. He knew better, however, and remembering the miserable half-crazed woman who still called him husband, expiating her guilt in a German convent, he kept away almost entirely from the house of the Brownes. But in a case like this it would seem that love like murder will out. Janet surprised him into a betrayal of his reciprocal passion, not indeed by words of the tongue, but by words of the eye, as fervent and unambiguous as ever carried meaning. Now indeed was our Titan's heart utterly racked within. He loved, worst of all he was loved; not himself alone must suffer, but she for whom he would suffer all things must see her life darkened by the cloud upon his own. He deliberately insults her, so that she may come to loathe and forget him. She overhears him, however, in a conversation let out the secret of his wife, of his undying love for Janet, and of his trick to estrange her love. She is secretly comforted, then, knowing she has his love, admiring his hon-

orable motive in insulting her; she knows he can never love but her, or she but him; she will wait.

It's a long lane (and a long novel) that has no turning. The unfortunate Mrs. Lyte in Germany dies and is buried—heaven rest her soul! Lyte, who has rushed to seek death or forgetfulness in Mexico as a newspaper correspondent, is written to by Janet's brother. He starts for home in a sailing-vessel. Wide Atlantic; storm; German steamer in distress "on the lee bow!" High sea; dangerous; no one on board the sailing-vessel seems inclined to help the evidently sinking steamer—no one but our hero. The brave athlete kicks off his boots, would "blush to step on English ground if" he "left those foreigners to die like kittens." The tips of the fingers are joined over the "ruddy and massive" head, and our hero takes a header into the wide Atlantic. Apparently not much chance of his ever treading on English ground again, with or without a blush. But it's all right; the sailing-vessel sends a boat after him, picks him up, puts him on board the steamer, and lies off and on said steamer until all are saved. The reader understands, doesn't he, that the steamer was bound for New-York, carrying on board Janet going out to meet her lover? They meet on the steamer. He clasps both arms about her little waist. "I want to be your little wife," she whispered. His "dear sad eyes" answered, "Barkis is willin'." Home; marriage; happy ever after. "Perfectly splendid!"

THE MIRROR OF A MIND. A Poem. By Algernon Sydney Logan. New York: Published for the Author by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

If this book is a mirror of Mr. Algernon Sydney Logan's mind, he will never be hung so long as extreme mental aberration may be admitted by a jury in mitigation of capital punishment. What Mr. Logan is trying to say in all these sixty-six stanzas of his poem is and shall forever be, we venture to affirm, unknown alike to himself and to his fellow-men; little less than Omniscience will ever grasp its possible meaning. We would modestly suggest that the scene of this lyric (or epic, or idyllic) poem is laid in some strange planet. Algernon Sydney Logan sings, for example, of "the faint warble of the distant hound!" Would *we* knew in what happy sphere the canine vocalist, as he serenades the moon, might be mistaken for the nightingale. Where is it? we ask, where? But the singer makes no sign. Indeed, as Algernon himself tells us, he will never be able to explain his greatest inspirations perfectly on this earth, for

> "The mightiest children of the laboring mind
> Can never reach Expression's earthly goal."

So we must wait. Perhaps in heaven he may speak out—or perhaps in that other happy land, where hounds "warble," Algernon too may find a voice. We can stand it if Algernon can; though for him, wishing as he tells us to be one with what he writes, it must be pretty hard to be

> "Left buoyless, in silence, the Impalpable's dim prey,"

or an

> "Unessential shade, whom sorrow can not kill."

But if Mr. Logan "can never reach expression's earthly goal," it will not be for want of audacity of effort. "*L'audace, l'audace, et toujours l'audace!*" Algernon tears himself like one possessed, wandering among tombs of murdered lexicography and grammar, as he struggles toward that "goal." He talks of the night walking forth and making the moon "scoon" through the clouds. Algernon Sydney Logan means "scoot," but "scoot" would not rhyme with "moon," hence this new flight out of the Egypt of orthography.

Algernon, with a slight gesture of "backward-pointed thumb" toward his own noble brow, tells us that

> "There are minds, which, like to Alpine lakes,
> Reflect far-distant mountains,"

even

> "though the light oar's spray,
> Or darting fish, or swallow's wing, or stone
> Thrown by an idler, their smooth surface *fray*."

We may timidly suggest that persons not determined to reach "expression's earthly goal" over the corpse of Lindley Murray would here write "frays."

Logan is on the war-path, and his tomahawk is red with the blood of the gramma-

rians of our youth. At another scalp we point the shuddering finger:

> "Thy darkest pictures in strong light are *stood.*"

Again the war-whoop! He is drunk with the blood of the slain. He whirls his gory hatchet, and calls for his critics—those

> "Dull slugs and cold worms, that assail the flowers."

Even if they defeat him, he will sing the death-song, whoop, and die like a big chief. In the happy hunting-grounds there are still waters and green pastures of peace:

> "But should these loathly things of slime prevail,
> To blight the ambitious nurslings of my brain—
> Still there are springs of joy which man can never stain."

His song, too, is to go on like "the river," "forever." It

> "doth stand
> And beckon to its echo, which had planned
> A swift and loud return; but now is blown
> Into the Future's still retreating land."

Horrible, Mr. Logan, horrible! For the sake of the eternal peace of your never-dying soul, we hope you are mistaken.

THE MORALS OF ABOU BEN ADHEM. Edited by D. R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby). Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham.

After reading this volume through we are tempted to say of its author in his own language: "The fountain squirts no more. The hydraulic ram is busted!" This is not the old Nasby, "swingin' round the cirkle," or "ekkoin' from Kentucky"—the literary rowdy, grit to the eyelids and with brass knuckles on. This is a shabby-genteel imitation of Addison, doing up the most worn-out platitudes in the form of parables without point, and apologues without probability. With armor on that he has not proved, and his little sling left at home, he has marched out to certain defeat and confusion of face. This is our deliberate conviction as to the fate of the book; but we will be just, and before oblivion and the mud-gods swallow *The Morals of Abou Ben Adhem*, we will rescue and set out before our readers *every* approach to a smart thing in its pages. They are Nasby still, but O! how fallen, and how few!—absolutely all that is worth reading in two hundred and thirty-one pages! Here they are, following each other like lonely lean stalks of corn in a whole field that has missed:

> "When the grim messenger taps you on the shoulder, lie down like a man, and thank the Lord that your lot was cast in New Jersey, a country from which a man can go without regret, perfectly sure that whatever other worlds he finds he can not get into a worse one."
>
> "I have no desire to be severe; but, sir, whenever I see a member of a legislature, I promptly think that nature is not economical. There is a great deal of lightning wasted."
>
> "A face which is a record of broken commandments."
>
> "A conundrum which can only be solved by the end-man of the celestial minstrels."
>
> "I do not advise lying, but beware of too free use of the truth."
>
> "I make this life of use in getting up my moral muscle. I am in training in this world to make as respectable a ghost as possible in the next."
>
> "In describing battles, you must always have the proud Britons two to our one, and you must always defeat the proud Britons, though the painful impression is on my mind that history shows that whenever the Continentals and British came together in a hostile way, your gallant forefathers were, as a rule, most satisfactorily whaled."
>
> "He was a moral oyster. He, an iceberg, plumed himself upon being cold."
>
> "Get her to start a society for the conversion of the Apaches, for the reforming of the New Jersey Legislature—for anything, no matter how wild and impracticable."

And this is all of *Abou Ben Adhem* (may his tribe decrease)! Leave him to Leigh Hunt, Mr. Nasby, and go back to "the cross-roads;" be again our old Petroleum—

> "And He that doth the ravens feed,
> Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
> Be comfort to thy age."

THREE FEATHERS. By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Black writes a good novel, there is no longer any doubt about that, though the plot of this one is just a trifle peculiar. His object is to show how a young Cornish lady, his heroine, Wenna Rosewarne by name, can preserve "true inwardness" through her whole life, and yet pledge herself to one man, while she really (of course, quite unknown to herself) loves another better; can allow that betrothed to go to the West Indies to make

a fortune for her, she now being quite certain she loves the other man best; and after all this, her betrothed being, not unnaturally, stirred by certain things to violent jealousy, how she can in innocency of heart refuse to accept his release from their mutual pledge, and yet a few days after jump into a carriage (of course in an excitement, when not responsible for her actions), with lover number two, for a Gretna Green sort of ride to get married—this marriage being for the time staved off by her pursuing father. When it is added that lover number two is richer, younger, and handsomer than he to whom she is betrothed, it may give managing mammas at least an insight into a sort of method in Miss Wenna's madness, and do away with the necessity of any very elaborate plot to account for our heroine's concluding that second thoughts are best. And as an intricate plot is not needed it is not here. The end follows the beginning as the tail follows a kite. The handsome lover wins the race and the devil takes the hindmost, while we are satisfied and glad; the more so as we can say, "We knew how it would be all along."

If there be any art or design in the whole affair, it is on the part of the handsome lover. He is the "mutual friend" of the engaged pair. He lends his rival money to facilitate his journey to the West Indies, and after various vicissitudes on the part of both, the "mutual friend" follows the plain gentleman out to Jamaica, and there visits him on an errand and with a manner not to be mistaken. The "mutual friend" wants a written statement, a letter from Roscorla, the unfortunate betrothed person, freeing Miss Wenna from her engagement. The conclusion of this melodramatic interview had better be given in our author's words—it may remind our readers of something:

"Mr. Trelyon intimated that he would like to have the letter at once. . . Roscorla, with a good-humored shrug, sat down and wrote it, and then handed it to Trelyon, open. As he did so he noticed that the young man was coolly abstracting the cartridge from a small breech-loading pistol he held in his hand. He put the cartridge in his waistcoat-pocket and the pistol in his coat-pocket.

"'Did you think we were savages out here, that you came armed?' said Roscorla, rather pale, but smiling.

"'I didn't know,' said Trelyon."

Exit the "mutual friend."

"'Dark porch,' I said, 'and silent aisle,
There comes a sound of marriage-bells.'"

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. Roman & Co.:

Poetic Studies. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

The Rainbow Creed. By Adam Hamilton. Boston: Wm. F. Gill & Co.

A Short History of the English People. By J. R. Green. New York: Harper & Bros.

Our Next-door Neighbor: A Winter in Mexico. By Gilbert Haven. New York: Harper & Bros.

The Satires of A. Persius Flaccus. New York: Harper & Bros.

The Keys of the Creeds. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Philosophy of Trinitarian Doctrine. By Rev. A. G. Pease. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The History of Our Country. By Abby Sage Richardson. Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co.

Dead to the World; or, Sin and Atonement. From the German of Carl Detlef. Boston: Wm. F. Gill & Co.

From Payot, Upham & Co.:

Art Life and Theories of Richard Wagner. Selected from his writings and translated by Edward L. Burlingame. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Introductory German Reader. By Dr. Emil Otto. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Wyncote. By Mrs. Thos. Erskine. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co.:

A Group of Poets and their Haunts. By James A. Harrison. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Shiftless Folks. By Christabel Goldsmith. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

A Woman in Armor. By Mary Hartwell. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

On the Heights. A Novel. By Berthold Auerbach. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

From Matthias Gray:

El Tecolote Scottische. Composed by Emigdio Medina.

Hamlet Waltz. Arranged by Chas. E. Pratt.

Hamlet Mazourka. Arranged by Chas. E. Pratt.

Little bright eyes will you miss me? Words by Jno. T. Rutledge. Music by H. P. Danks.

When we are old and gray. Song by Madame Sainton Dolby.

What does little birdie say? Cradle Song. Music by Jas. L. Molloy.

The quiet hearth in winter time. Improvisation for piano. By Franz Bendel.

Artist's Life Waltz. Arranged by H. Maylath.

Pearls of Dew. For the piano. By Gustav Lange, of Berlin.

By the River. Ballad. Words by T. A. Kermode. Music by Felix Marti.

The Story of Christ. Ballad. Words by E. E. Rexford. Music by Felix Marti.

Friends in Heaven. Ballad. Words by E. E. Rexford. Music by Felix Marti.

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At a meeting of the Board of Directors, held this day, a Dividend was declared at the rate of Nine (9) per cent. per annum ON ALL DEPOSITS, for the term ending June 30, 1875, free of Federal Tax, and payable on and after July 15, 1875. By order.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

San Francisco, July 13, 1875.

Dividend Notice.

The California Savings and Loan Society,

No. 512 California Street.

The Directors have declared a Dividend of Nine and Six-tenths (9 6-10) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and Eight (8) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, for the half year ending 30th June, 1875, free from Federal Tax, and payable on and after Tuesday, 6th July, 1875. By order.

D. B. CHISHOLM, Secretary.

Dividend Notice.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

The Board of Directors of this Society have declared the Dividend for the half year ending June 30th, 1875, at the rate of nine per cent. (9 per cent.) per annum on Term Deposits, and seven and one-half per cent. (7½ per cent.) per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of Federal Tax, payable on and after July 15th, 1875.

By order. GEO. LETTE, Secretary.

Dividend Notice.

San Francisco Savings Union,

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For the half year ending with June 30th, 1875, a Dividend has been declared at the rate of Nine (9) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and Seven and One-half (7½) per cent. on Ordinary Deposits, free of Federal Tax, payable on and after 12th July, 1875. By order.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

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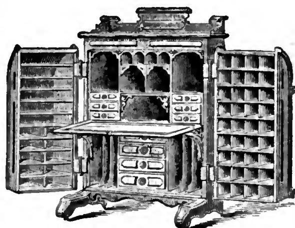
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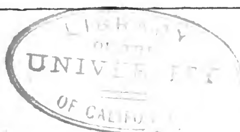

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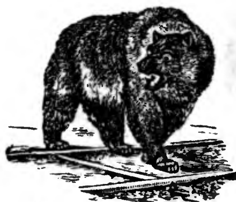

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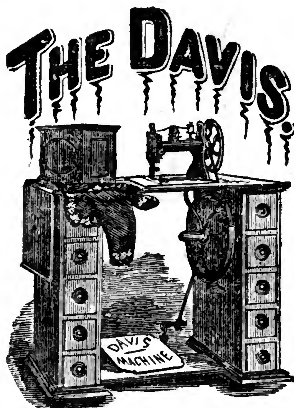

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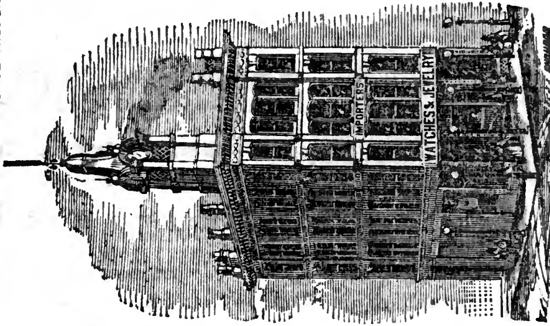

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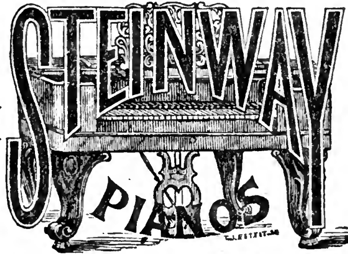

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OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 15.—SEPTEMBER, 1875.—No. 3.

THE NAVIGATOR ISLANDS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

IN the early portion of 1872 I found myself on board the *Ino*, bound on an official mission to the Navigator Islands. My first glimpse of the group was obtained from the deck of the little schooner one morning at sunrise, about a week after leaving Feejee. Far away, indeed, but yet distant against the western sky, could be seen the jagged outlines of the sierra of Savaii, a series of extinct volcanoes that occupies the interior of that island. Its coast-line as yet lay below the horizon shrouded in morning mist, while its peaks, rising through the zone of clouds, towered into the pure regions of the upper air. The land, though plainly visible, still lay more than sixty miles off; and, in spite of smooth water and a fair trade-wind, the island was not reached until darkness had set in. All night the land-breeze, as is its wont, blew freshly, and by daylight next morning the schooner was coasting along a bright sandy shore, lined with waving palms, and protected from the swell of ocean by barriers of coral rock. Such is the appearance of Upolu, the largest and most fertile island of the group, when first seen from sea.

Before proceeding to describe in detail the Navigator group, a few words regarding its purely physical geography will not be amiss. Even well-informed persons may fairly be excused a certain amount of ignorance regarding islands of which as yet no trustworthy charts or maps are in existence.

The Navigator, or, as it is sometimes called, Samoan group, lies between the thirteenth and fourteenth parallels of south latitude, and between the meridians of 168° and 173° west longitude. In other words, it extends sixty miles north and south, and about 280 miles east and west. It lies 400 miles northeast of Feejee, and is distant 300 miles from the Friendly Islands, which thus become the nearest land of any importance. The group contains an area of

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2,650 square miles, and supports a native population of 56,000, together with about 200 Whites.

It is generally conceded now that the first White man who visited Samoa (to which, however, he gave the name of the "Bauman Islands"), was the Dutch commander Roggewein, in the year 1721. After him came M. de Bougainville, in 1768, who named the group the "*Archipel des Navigateurs*," from the skill with which the natives managed their canoes. Nineteen years after, in 1787, La Pérouse, when bound on his last ill-fated voyage, visited this group in the *Astrolabe*, and landed at Tutuilla, very near the spot where the American flag now flies. Here a disturbance arose with the natives, which resulted in the death of Count de Langle, of M. de Lamanon (the naturalist of the expedition), and of a whole boat's-crew. After this the group was visited at intervals by whalers and an occasional slaver, and finally, in 1839, by the United States Exploring Expedition. The first Whites who settled in the Samoan group were, to a man, runaway sailors or deserters from ships-of-war. They lived on friendly terms with the natives, married wives, and in some few cases acquired land and other property. Then the missionaries came, and shortly afterward the Hamburg firm of Cæsar Godefroy & Co., well known in San Francisco in early days. Finally consuls were appointed by England, America, and Germany, and by this time the Navigator Islands may be said to have stepped out of the category of unknown lands, and with Tahiti and Tonga to have taken a place among the semi-civilized groups of the South Pacific.

The Navigators consist nominally of seven islands, though three only are of any importance, and these are Savaii, Tutuilla, and Upolu.

Savaii is the most westerly island of the group, and, although the largest, is by no means the most important. It measures forty miles in length by about twenty miles in breadth, but contains very little available land. Like most of the South Sea islands, it is of volcanic origin and comparatively recent formation, as is testified by the broad plain of lava that still exists in many places. The interior of the island (which, however, has not been explored, and of which nothing is with certainty known), is wholly occupied by a mountain chain, which in places attains an altitude of nearly 5,000 feet. This mountain chain, as it slopes down to the shore, forms round the island a small strip of alluvial land some few miles across. This belt constitutes all the arable land that Savaii can boast of, and here accordingly the natives have fixed their villages and homesteads. They possess little wealth of any kind, are simple and somewhat rude in their manners, and strongly attached to their native soil. Hitherto they have shown a great dislike to sell or part with their lands in any way, and are apparently not at all anxious that foreigners should settle among them. Although not openly hostile, they are nevertheless a turbulent and warlike tribe, and in far too unsettled a state to allow of capital to any large extent being invested among them. Savaii, indeed, offers but few inducements to the capitalist. The amount of land available for sugar, cotton, or tobacco is strictly limited. It possesses little timber and not a single running stream. This is probably owing to the porous nature of the soil, which allows the surface-water to drain away through it and to re-appear in the form of springs. The shores of Savaii are rocky and precipitous, and afford no safe or convenient harbors. Indeed, what with strong currents, coral reefs, and isolated rocks and shoals, the prudent mariner will do well to give it as wide a berth as possible.

Close to Savaii, though not an actual part of it, lies the little island of Manono, with the rocky fortress of Apoluna. This island is little more than a barren rock, some four miles in circumference, and of no importance commercially. It has, however, played a great part in the domestic history of the group. In the eyes of every native its soil is sacred—as sacred as was Delos among the Athenians, or as Mecca is among the Arabs of to-day. Every man born on Manono is *ex ipso facto* a chief. It has thus been the cradle of a feudal aristocracy and the focus of native politics from time immemorial. Many of the Manono chiefs have nothing to boast of but their empty titles. They have no wealth, and yet must live like chiefs. They can not dig, indeed, but are by no means ashamed to beg. They will scheme, and cringe, and plunder, and even fight, but they will not work. Their business is to foment disturbances, keep alive old feuds, and, if possible, bring about tribal wars. Possessing nothing, they can lose nothing, unless, indeed, it be their heads, a result at one time far from uncommon.

About eighty miles from Savaii, toward the eastern extremity of the group, lies the island of Tutuilla. It is smaller than either Savaii or Upolu, measuring only seventeen miles from north to south and five miles from east to west. The interior is hilly and unproductive, and the natives, though friendly, are neither so polished nor so hospitable as those of Upolu. Tutuilla, however, possesses on its south side a magnificent harbor, named Pago-Pago. This is one of the most curious harbors in all Polynesia, and occurs, too, on a rock-bound coast, where such a place of refuge would scarcely be looked for. It is landlocked on all sides, and has a depth of water sufficient for the largest vessels. This entrance is clear of rocks and other dangers, and sheltered both from winds and the heavy rollers which beat on this coast at all times of the year. The land round the harbor is level and well adapted for wharves, warehouses, or other structures, which could be built at a small expense with native labor. Pago-Pago, from its position, is more suited to steamers than to sailing-vessels, as, owing to the trade-wind blowing directly down the entrance, the latter sometimes find difficulty in leaving it. But as a harbor for steamboats it probably has no equal among the thousand islands of the Pacific. It lies, moreover, directly in the "great circle track" between Australia and America, and could therefore be made a calling-place without in any way adding to the length of the voyage.

Such, then, was the spot upon which Captain Mead, in 1872, wisely decided to hoist the American flag. With the principal native chiefs he effected an arrangement by which the United States Government took the harbor of Pago-Pago under its protection. The natives, on their side, stipulated that they would neither sell, mortgage, nor otherwise make away with their right to this portion of the island, and Captain Mead promised that no foreigners should be permitted to coerce them into doing so. Under these conditions the stars and stripes were hoisted at Pago-Pago, and "Uncle Sam" secured in case of need a foot-hold in the long stretch of ocean that rolls between New Zealand and the Sandwich Islands.

The island of Upolu lies between but somewhat to the south of Savaii and Tutuilla. In point of wealth and civilization it is certainly the most important in the group. It is thirty-seven miles long by ten miles broad, and has a native population of about 20,000, all nominally Christian. Like Savaii and Tutuilla, it is of volcanic origin, but apparently of earlier date. Its centre is

occupied by a range of hills, the sides of which are covered with vegetation, and slope gently down to the sea. The soil of these slopes at their lower portion is in part alluvial, and consequently possessed of a high degree of fertility. Here all the choice productions of the tropics grow in abundance, and here the lazy, gentle, half-civilized natives have made their villages and plantations, and spend an indolent life with the minimum of care or labor. On Upolu the bulk of the white population is settled. Many of the settlers have bought land from the natives, and have acquired more or less wealth. No one, however, has yet made a fortune in Samoa, nor indeed is likely to do so for many years. Nearly all the business done in the island is centered in the hands of Godefroy & Co., of Hamburg. This house, besides owning many thousand acres of unimproved land in various parts of the group, possesses two large cotton plantations, employing about 400 laborers. These have all been imported, chiefly from the Radick, Marshall, Union, and other little-known groups of islands lying near the equator. The product of these cotton plantations is shipped to Europe in vessels belonging to the firm, and in this way a lucrative trade was carried on during the American civil war.

Upolu is well wooded, especially on its southern aspect. As yet there has been no great demand for timber, and in the absence of saw-mills the little that has been required has generally been brought from New Zealand. Good ship and house-building timber, however, does exist in considerable quantities, as also various colored woods suitable for cabinet-making, veneering, and other fine work.

Seen from the deck of a vessel a few miles off the land, there are not many tropical islands that present a more beautiful or picturesque appearance than Upolu. Though not so high as Savaii by 1,000 feet, it nevertheless shows a bold and majestic front. Perhaps, indeed, the weather-beaten rocks that form the mountain summits are if anything too stern and gloomy for a purely tropical landscape. They are, however, not often visible, but are generally shrouded by fleecy masses of vapor, or wrapped in mist and storm-clouds. Immediately below this stony region vegetation commences. At first the trees are small and stunted and the undergrowth thin. But with every foot of descent the vegetation changes rapidly in character, until within an incredibly short space of time the forest becomes thoroughly and completely tropical. Trees of a hundred different species now struggle with each other for sunlight and air. The soil is a rich black loam, composed of decaying vegetable forms. Overhead the trees meet, forming a leafy canopy through which the vertical rays of the sun strive in vain to pierce. Beneath this the traveler walks in dim uncertain twilight. Around him all is hot, moist, and decaying. The air is sickly and oppressive, the grass rank and matted, while from trunk and bough hang long snake-like creepers and supple vines, that trail along the ground, and at every step trip up the unwary. On the trunks and branches of the trees are clusters of rare ferns and orchids that would be the glory of an American hot-house; but here they stand in need of no protecting roof. They grow luxuriantly on the moss-covered bark and dead wood, and reck little of sunlight or fresh breezes. Among these forest-trees are many on which the natives depend for very life. There is the *ivi* (whose bitter nuts are eaten in times of scarcity); the orange, the *luin*, and the bread-fruit. Then there is the stately cotton-tree, the sombre *dilo*, and the cocoanut-palm with its leafy crown, at once the glory

and the wealth of the South Sea Islands. The ground in many places is covered with flowers as with a carpet, while in others it is grown over with a dense and impenetrable mass of shrubs and flowering plants. Here is the home of the wild indigo and yam, the nutmeg and arrowroot, the hibiscus and the oleander, the sweet potato, the banana, and lastly, of that shrub from which the natives extract the strange drink they call *kava*.

For mere beauty of scenery the Navigator Islands are probably equal if not superior to any in the Pacific. The scenery of the Sandwich Islands, although grand, is somewhat cheerless; the Friendly Islands are superlatively fertile, but too tame and low-lying to be thoroughly picturesque; the Feejees are in many places sterile and forbidding; while Ceylon, perhaps, the most fertile island in the world, is so only in the interior. Alone of all the ocean groups the Navigators do not disappoint when first seen, nor belie when better known the expectations they have raised. The best view of the group generally is to be obtained only from the sea, and thus alone can the full beauty and grandeur of the scenery be realized. The mountain side, covered with verdure and furrowed by many a dark glen and deep ravine, the varied tints of the foliage marking each successive zone of vegetation, the fitful shadows projected by every passing cloud, the bright sands, and the encircling coral reef that rises abruptly out of the blue foreground of ocean — all these features of a matchless landscape can thus be comprehended at once. Combined they make up a scene the equal of which for picturesque beauty it would be difficult to find.

Apia is the chief town of Upolu, and indeed of the whole group. It has a population of about 100 Whites and 200 natives, but the number of the latter is never constant. It is the official residence of Monseigneur Elois, Bishop of Oceanica, of the various consuls, and members of the London Missionary Society; it is the centre, in a word, of all the enterprise and imported wealth of the group. Like Constantinople, Apia looks its best at a distance. From the harbor it presents a long crescent-shaped line of white houses, glittering in the sun, and peeping out as it were from amid groves of tall cocoanut-trees. The zinc roofs sparkle gaily, while the flags of the various consulates and the factory of Messrs. Godefroy & Co. impart an air of business and cheerfulness to the little town. But on a nearer approach much of this apparent beauty is dispelled. The houses are all of wood, and in a state of more or less dilapidation. The native huts scattered about in all directions are as a rule extremely dirty. There are no wharves, no hotels, no buildings of any size; nothing, indeed, but a few drinking-saloons and the native huts already mentioned. There is only one street, and that has only one side. The Roman Catholic chapel should, however, be mentioned as an exception to the usually squalid style of the architecture of Apia. It is built of stone, of fair proportions, and possesses a fine peal of bells. Much of the land in the town is still owned by natives. Not long ago they were at war with each other, and did not hesitate to make their camp in the heart of the city. They cut down the cocoanut-trees, erected stockades and forts, and were about to commence offensive operations among the stores and dwelling-houses of the Whites. This, however, they were prevented from actually doing by the presence of a ship-of-war which happened fortunately at that time to be in the harbor.

Apia can for its size boast of a considerable amount of business. The imports are principally from Hamburg, though

there is also a certain quantity of clothing and provisions annually brought from the Australian colonies. The only export of any importance, and that, indeed, upon which the whole business community of the islands depends, is what is technically known as *cobbra*. This is neither more nor less than the dried kernel of the cocoa-nut, prepared thus as a preliminary to the extraction of its oil. At one time it was the custom to extract the oil from the nuts at Apia by the rude native process. Subsequent experience, however, showed that it was more profitable to adopt a scientific mode of procedure, and with this object the dried nuts are transported to Hamburg. There they are deprived of their oil by heat and pressure, and the refuse matter that is left after this process is pressed into disks and sold as food for cattle. This industry owes its origin entirely to the energy and sagacity of Mr. Weber, late German Consul at Apia. Its first beginnings were small, but it has gradually assumed large proportions. Probably not less than 9,000 tons are annually exported from Samoa, which has now become the centre of this trade. Yearly increasing quantities of *cobbra* are prepared, not only by the Samoans, but by the natives of the Friendly Islands, Line Islands, Feejee Islands, and other groups. Besides *cobbra*, fungus for the Chinese markets and cotton are also exported, but to an insignificant extent. In time sugar and tobacco will probably be added to the list.

Apia owes its position as a commercial centre entirely to its harbor, which is second only to Pago-Pago. It is not like Pago-Pago landlocked, but is nevertheless sheltered from all the ordinary storms by a natural and very efficacious breakwater. This is formed by the coral reef, which, stretching between two opposite points of land, incloses a bay about a mile in length by half a mile in breadth. The prevailing winds blow right across the entrance to the harbor, and thus enable sailing-vessels to enter or leave without difficulty. On the seaward face of the reef and at the entrance a heavy surf is breaking continually, but at no time is it worse than during a calm or before a storm. At such seasons no vessel should attempt to leave the harbor, else she may be becalmed at a critical point, and haply go to destruction. A few years ago a vessel thus drifted upon the reef. Within twenty minutes from the time of striking, there was not a vestige of the hull to be seen. But, in spite of one or two such disasters, Apia harbor is in the main both safe and commodious. The anchorage is trustworthy, while the coral reef in front and the high land behind effectually break all ordinary storms. In a hurricane such would probably not be the case, but fortunately hurricanes are almost unknown in the Navigator Islands. Should the group be annexed to America or any other power, Pago-Pago would probably be a depot for coal and warlike stores, while Apia would continue to be the capital. Enough business, both native and foreign, is already centered in the town to insure its always holding a foremost position.

Of the natural suitability of the Navigator Islands for almost any tropical production there can be no doubt. The cocoa-nut has already been mentioned as an important article of commerce under the name of *cobbra*. It is, however, also largely used as an article of diet. When intended for food the cocoa-nuts are pulled at a much earlier stage of their growth than when intended for oil. According to its age a nut varies in flavor and in the amount of milk it contains. Some persons prefer the very young nuts; others those more mature. If you tell a native beforehand what kind of nuts you like, he will straightway climb the nearest tree and bring down to you what you want. As, how-

ever, all cocoa-nuts are much the same in appearance, no mere inspection would suffice to convey to the native the desired information. This he obtains by tapping the nuts lightly with his fingers, and then drawing an inference from the sounds he elicits. There is a great deal of skill in this proceeding, and very few Whites have ever succeeded in mastering it. The kernel of a young nut is not more than a quarter of an inch in thickness, and has very much the appearance and consistency of cream. It contains generally about half a pint of subacid juice, containing free carbonic acid, and being consequently slightly effervescent. This is the so-called cocoa-nut "milk," which, however, resembles much more nearly water. In the old nuts this fluid is absorbed, and in its place appears a soft spongy mass, the germ of the future plant. A good cocoanut-tree, when it is in full bearing, should produce about 100 nuts in a year, representing a money value of $1. A tree is seven years in reaching maturity, and is liable, moreover, to numerous accidents; so that cocoanut-growing as a speculation has not been found to pay.

In some parts of the group the natives still prepare cocoanut-oil, either for sale or their own use. This they do in a very simple manner, namely, by breaking the nuts and exposing them in a heap to the sun. Here they are left until the parenchyma or substance containing the oil-globules decomposes, and sets free the oil. This then gravitates into vessels placed for its reception, and when strained is ready for the market. In Sydney the best cocoanut-oil realizes about $190 a ton, and is used principally in the manufacture of soap and candles.

As an article of diet the bread-fruit comes next, but at a long interval, to the cocoa-nut. Its very name recalls visions of tropical islands and summer seas, and has been rendered almost classical by its connection with the famous "Mutiny of the *Bounty*." This tree is found in great perfection all over the Navigator group. Its fruit is ripe during the months of August and September, and a portion of October, during which months it is gathered by the natives in great quantities. What they do not require for immediate use they bury in pits, covering them with banana-leaves and earth. Left thus, the bread-fruit undergoes a species of fermentation near akin to putrefaction. As may be supposed, when the pits are opened after a lapse of six months, the odor that issues from them is anything but alluring. To the natives, however, this is a matter of secondary importance, and possibly is a recommendation rather than otherwise. The semi-putrid mass is next taken out of the pit, rolled in little balls, and baked upon wood-ashes. By this process the *massi* (as it is now called) becomes as hard as biscuit, and in this state is used as food. It has a peculiar sour taste and sickly smell, intensely disagreeable to most Europeans. The bread-fruit so prepared is almost the only provision the Samoans make against a season of scarcity. When eaten fresh, the fruit is generally split into halves and baked in an oven made of hot stones. Sometimes, however, it is grated and worked into a paste, and then boiled with the expressed juice of the cocoa-nut. This dish the Samoans call *fai-ai*, and esteem as one of the greatest delicacies. The bread-fruit is no doubt a valuable food, physiologically, but as far as flavor goes is dry and insipid. From the accounts of some travelers, indeed, it is delicious and luscious, and possessed of a number of other excellencies, which can only be explained on the ground of widely different tastes. From the bark of the breadfruit-tree, when cut, there exudes a white juice, which dries into a peculiarly tenacious gum, insoluble in alcohol

or water. This the native women prepare for use by chewing and subsequently heating, after which they lay it on the seams of their canoes. For this purpose it answers better than pitch, being quite as impervious to water, and at the same time less brittle. It permits of a certain amount of play between the various portions of a canoe, without cracking or peeling off as a less pliant material would be apt to do.

Along with bread-fruit, but of even greater importance as an article of diet, comes the *taro*. What rice is to the Hindoo, wheat to the Egyptian, potatoes to the Irishman, *taro* is to the Samoan. It is the main-stay of his existence, and, possessing it, he is independent of every other kind of food. There are two varieties of the plant—the dry and the moist; the latter is more frequently cultivated. As its name implies, it is grown in a wet soil; indeed, it grows best completely under water. A *taro*-bed is always made close to a running stream. Mud walls are roughly built round the bed, and the water then allowed to flow over it. The ground is covered to a uniform depth of several inches, during a period of eight or nine weeks, by which time the *taro*-root should be well grown. The plant when properly cultivated attains a height of over five feet. Its leaves, which are often two feet long, are of a dark green, and attached by their stalks to a central bulb like rhubarb. The young leaves are sometimes boiled and eaten by the natives, under the name of *salosami*. There are various ways of cooking the root, but the most usual is by boiling. It then resembles in taste a very waxy potato, to which some starch has been surreptitiously added. *Taro*, however, is excellent food, and probably more nutritious than potatoes or yams. Starch could easily be extracted from it on a large scale, as a commercial product.

To enter into a more detailed or scientific account of the flora of the Navigator Islands would obviously be impossible within the limits of a short article. A mere enumeration of the vegetable productions of most importance is all that can be attempted. Besides the plants already mentioned, the natives use for food the banana, the plantain, the pine-apple, the *papau* or mummy-apple, and the yam. Then there are oranges, limes, arrowroot, *ivi*-nuts, and various wild fruits which abound in the forests. Among articles not directly available for food may be mentioned wild indigo, nutmeg, pepper, croton-oil, castor-oil, candle-nuts, sugar-cane, tobacco, and many others, which with a little cultivation might be made commercially valuable. There are, for example, numerous dye-stuffs of which scarcely anything is at present known, and also many highly scented plants from which valuable oils and perfumes will probably one day be extracted.

Incomplete as this sketch is, it would be still more so were no reference made to that plant from which the islanders extract their substitute for alcohol. This is the *Piper methysticum*, or *kava*-tree. From it is made that strange beverage, the theme of every voyager to the South Seas since the days of Captain Cook. Only the root of the plant is used, and is prepared somewhat as follows: Having been carefully scraped, it is cut into small pieces, each sufficient for a mouthful. This done, two or three young men or girls gather round a large wooden bowl, and, having carefully rinsed their hands and mouths, begin chewing the root. The word "chewing" is used for lack of a better, but after all it conveys but a poor notion of the process. It is more like rumination, were such a thing possible with human mammals. The operator goes to work in a grave and serious manner. His countenance is fixed and solemn, and his jaws seem scarcely to move. His whole being is

surrendered to the task before him. To talk to a man at such a moment is one of the gravest breaches of Samoan etiquette. After the root has undergone this treatment for a sufficient time, it is taken from the mouth and placed in the bowl. Water is then poured upon it, and the whole thoroughly stirred. It now remains only to strain the liquor. This is done by means of a bunch of *vow*, a fibrous plant somewhat resembling jute. The operator, deftly spreading the fibres over the surface of the liquid and sinking them at the edges, catches as it were in a net all the small particles of root. He then squeezes out the contained liquor, throws away the woody matter, and repeats the process until the *kava* is perfectly clear. It is then, with various ceremonies and interchange of toasts, poured into cocoanut-shells, and handed to the various guests, beginning with the greatest chief present. This drink is "*sa*" (or forbidden) to women, who nevertheless find means occasionally to indulge in it.

The taste of *kava* is at first anything but agreeable. It has been compared to magnesia or weak soap-suds, while its appearance is not unlike muddy water. It possesses, however, some very remarkable physiological properties, that have not as yet been sufficiently investigated. Taken in moderation it acts as a calmative of the nervous system. It relieves fatigue, quenches thirst, and diffuses a sensation of comfort and repose over the whole inner man. The natives claim for it almost every virtue. They say that it purifies the blood, cures diarrhea and dysentery, wards off fever, and infuses new life and vigor into the weakened frame. Taken in excess it causes a partial paralysis of the muscular system, together with nausea and headache. Like alcohol it intoxicates; but, unlike alcohol, it does not excite or subsequently dull the faculties. It gains a complete empire over its votaries, and a confirmed *kava*-drinker is in quite as hopeless a condition as a confirmed spirit-drinker. Moreover, it produces an irritation of the eyelids resulting in partial blindness, in a scaly condition of the skin, and in a peculiar brown deposit on the teeth. By all these marks a confirmed *kava*-drinker can be certainly known; as certainly indeed as the confirmed drunkard can be known by his lustreless eye, trembling hand, and besotted mien.

In common with most of the volcanic groups of the South Pacific, the Navigator Islands are poorly supplied with the higher forms of animal life. They possess, indeed, no indigenous mammals except a small species of rat. All others now existing on the group are direct descendants of those imported by the earlier voyagers. Were any doubts to arise as to the truth of this fact, they might at once be set at rest by an examination of the names the natives have given to their domestic animals. These names are all of foreign origin. Thus, the name for a dog is *koli* (Scotch, "collie"); for a cat, *pussi;* for an ox, *poulamakou* (a corruption of the two words "bull" and "cow"); a pig, *pua* (from the Spanish "*porco*"); a horse, *horsi*, or more commonly *poli-fanua* ("bounder-over-the-ground"), and so on. On the contrary, the names of their birds and fishes are of native origin. There are no wild mammals except a few boars and cats which have taken to the woods.

With birds these islands are well-supplied. Many of them, especially the paroquets, are of very brilliant plumage, but do not possess any of the graces of song. At certain seasons of the year pigeons in large numbers visit the group. They arrive generally about July, in which month the seed of a tree on which they feed commences to ripen. Except for a few hours after sunrise the pigeons lodge in the tops of the highest trees, and are difficult to shoot. The

natives, however, by imitating the notes of the male bird, can generally draw them from their cover, and in this way kill great numbers. The yearly advent of these birds is looked upon by the Samoans as a matter of considerable importance. It is thus that they get their supplies of animal food, which before the advent of the Whites were probably derived entirely from this source. When in season these wild pigeons are excellent eating, especially if cooked in the native manner — that is, wrapped in banana-leaves and baked in an oven of heated stones.

Of all Samoan birds, however, that which merits most attention is the celebrated *moa*. This species was accidentally discovered only a few years ago in the mountains of Upolu. The discovery threw all the zoölogists and ornithologists both of the old and new worlds into a flutter of excitement. Museums and collectors vied with each other in efforts to obtain the strange bird; while for any specimen that should be brought alive to Europe a fabulous sum was offered. The cause of all this excitement will at once be understood, when it is stated that in this *moa* was found a bird very nearly identical with the extinct dodo. The species it was thought had long disappeared from the face of the earth, when suddenly a representative of it turned up in the forests of Upolu and Savaii. The bird itself is not much larger than a good-sized pigeon, with mottled plumage and red legs and beak. The beak is shaped exactly like that of the dodo in the pictures that have come down to us, while the arrangement of the claws and bones of the feet is most interesting from a scientific point of view. The natives were not slow in learning the value of the bird, and have spared no pains to procure as many specimens of it as possible. In this, however, they have not been particularly successful, seeing that already it is nearly extinct. Year by year the difficulty of finding a *moa* is increasing, and soon it will be an impossibility. So far as is known, its habitat is confined to the Navigator Islands. It is not found in the adjacent groups of Feejee and Tonga. Possibly, however, it may have existed there at one period, and have subsequently become extinct.

The coral reefs and shoals that abound in the neighborhood of the Navigator group afford a fine field for the special studies of the conchologist. When the tide ebbs it leaves behind it on the reef numerous pools, each of which is an aquarium on a grand scale. Here rare and valuable shells can sometimes be found, while for specimens of coral, algæ, and the lower forms of marine life, the field is practically inexhaustible. Not merely can specimens be obtained, but the living animals themselves, their habits, and their lives from day to day, can be studied under exceptionally favorable circumstances. Equipped only with a paddle and a canoe of shallow draught, the student can drift at leisure over miles of calm clear water, and at the distance of a few feet contemplate the strange and mystic life of the beings that lie below him. It is indeed a rare treat to drift thus in calm weather over a belt of reef, and through the pellucid water see the million stems and branches of the coral forest, peopled by gay-colored fishes, and by well-nigh every form of marine life, from the crustaceans and echinidans down to the various species of sea-weeds, whose brilliant tints and delicate spores are here displayed with a beauty and completeness at once the delight and despair of the scientific collector.

BENT TWIG AND BROKEN TREE.

THE village of L—— was and still is one of the most beautiful towns of New England. Nestled among the cool hills, the white cottages overshadowed by wide-spreading boughs of green trees, its quiet homes presented a scene of peace and comfort rarely surpassed on this earth, and its numerous tall church-spires pointed constantly to heaven as emblems of the piety and goodness of the people who came to worship beneath them.

In one of the prettiest cottages at the end of the village lived Minnie Morgan, a young girl of rare and astonishing beauty, and who was the acknowledged belle not only of the town but of all the surrounding country. Minnie was a little wild, but such was her goodness of heart and beauty that even the bitter jealousies of a small inland town never reached her, and everyone said, "When Minnie grows older, she will become steadier and make a good and sober wife." Minnie's father was a small merchant, and much engrossed with the cares of business, so that he saw little of his wayward daughter. Mrs. Morgan was a handsome dressy woman of little education, and had the reputation of not being a very agreeable wife. Her husband toiled late and early to make money, and Mrs. Morgan's chief occupation seemed to be to get as much money as possible and spend it in dress and entertainment. Still, she was a good housekeeper, and an apparently affectionate wife and mother. Minnie was the only child, and at eleven years of age was sent away to school. Her father, who loved her dearly, went in two weeks to the boarding-school to see how she got on, and Minnie cried so when he came to leave, and was so homesick, that the good old gentleman brought her away with him. This was the last attempt ever made to really educate Minnie, and she grew up with such learning and accomplishments as she could pick up at the public and day schools in the village.

At the time when we first knew her (1860) she was just sixteen, and a more gloriously beautiful creature could not be imagined. Tall for her age, lithe as a snake, her fair face crowned with a wealth of brown hair, it seemed as if all the graces had met in her person to form a perfect woman. Remarkably developed for a girl of sixteen, she was no longer a child, wore dresses with trails, and occasionally attended parties and balls. Minnie was of course the favorite of the young men, and much sought after and courted. She had numerous invitations to parties and places of public amusement, and was constantly seen in company with some of the young bloods of the town. Many of the older citizens shook their heads gravely, and more than one matron said Mr. and Mrs. Morgan were spoiling their daughter, and that it was a great pity, for Minnie was a fine girl, with all her natural impulses right and her heart warm and good.

Near the village lived a farmer named Robert Roland, who was a hard-working man, and had a large family to support. He and his wife were quiet, respectable, sensible people, and Mrs. Roland was known all over the county as the best butter-maker in it, while Robert was reckoned an excellent farmer. Their oldest son, Nathaniel, was a slender thoughtful boy, fond of study and a

great reader. He had a wonderfully retentive memory, and could repeat accurately whole pages of matter by simply reading it over once or twice. Natty stood at the head of his classes, and was as generous and brave as he was clever. Farmer Rowland had intended to make of his boy an honest tiller of the soil like himself, but one day Natty said to him:

"Father, I am not stout, and I fear I shall be unable to earn my living at physical work. The school-master says I am the best scholar in his school, and if Squire Townley's boy, who the master says is dull, is to be a lawyer and earn his bread by his head, why can't I do it?"

"My son," replied the farmer, "you must remember Squire Townley is a rich man, while we are but poor people. I know Tom Townley is not as smart as my boy, but the Squire can send him to college, and there he will learn everything, and likely make a good-enough lawyer in time. I have but little education myself, and I only wish I were able to educate one of my boys; but we are poor, my son, and we must be contented with our lot in life."

Natty said no more, but turned to his plow, and all day walked the furrow, thinking what a blessed thing an education was, and how hard it was to be too poor to obtain one.

That night, when Natty had gone to bed and all was quiet about the house, farmer Rowland repeated faithfully to his wife what Natty had said in the field. The good woman wept, and placing her arm about her husband's neck, said:

"O, Robert, I do wish we could send Natty to the academy this winter. Believe me, husband, he is no common boy, and indeed, indeed, he is not strong."

The farmer's eyes filled with tears, and patting his wife on the head, he answered:

"Well, well, wife, if your heart is set upon it, he shall go." He added, after a moment's silence and with a sigh: "Though, if Natty is to be kept at the academy, it's precious few new gowns you or the girls will get next winter."

"No matter, Robert; so Natty but gets his schooling, we can do without new dresses."

"Nay, Susan, I know your good heart and the love you bear the boy; but remember our daughter Charlotte is twenty-three, and it is time she were going out more. You were married, dame, before her age, and had the Lord only knows how many beaus. Well, well, I will do my best to not only send Natty to school, but also to give Lotty a new dress or two. Young Townley comes here pretty often—and who knows? Well, well, our Lottie would make a good-enough wife for any man, be he lawyer, doctor, or parson."

So Natty was sent to school, and soon took the lead in everything. At debating he was wonderfully ready and well-informed, and before the winter was half over had reached the presidency of his society. A public exhibition was given, and Natty appeared as the champion debater of the "Phrenokosmians," and at every point beat the "Delphians." The boyish victory was complete, and the honors were unhesitatingly given to Natty and his society. Farmer Roland, who was in the crowded audience, listened with astonishment to his eloquent boy, and as he rode home by the side of his wife, he said, thoughtfully:

"You were right, Susan, Natty is no common boy. It was a splendid speech, dame; and did you notice how quickly he laid out young Townley? By my soul, wife, I do not believe there is a lawyer in the shire-town who could have done better."

Natty wore his honors modestly, and continued at school, walking home every day to help his father with the farm-

stock in the mornings and evenings. He worked very hard the next summer, and the winter found him again at the academy. In the following year he taught school, and thus earned enough money to begin his college course. It is unnecessary to follow up his career: suffice it to say, that in two years Natty was reckoned the best Latin, Greek, and historical student at K——.

It was in the fall of 1859, while at home on a visit, that Natty first saw Minnie Morgan. His father had gone down to trade with Mr. Morgan, as was his custom, and his son accompanied him. While at the store of the rich merchant, Minnie came in, and Natty thought he had never in all his life seen so beautiful a creature. He was twenty-one and she fifteen. Mr. Morgan, who was always polite, introduced Roland and his son to Minnie, and there was a strange confusion and coloring of the young people as they looked into each other's faces.

That night Natty could not sleep. Turn what way he would, he saw only the face of Minnie Morgan. He tossed about in his bed until the gray streaks of dawn began to steal into the room, and then fell asleep only to dream Minnie Morgan was floating down a broad river and he tied to the shore where he could not reach or save her from drowning. Springing from the bed, the sweat streaming from every pore of his body, Natty dressed himself and went out to walk in the orchard behind the house, to think and think of Minnie Morgan.

Reader, you who have been in love know the thousand extravagances of the human imagination under such circumstances. Now Natty was a simple farmer, and Minnie was his little wife; then he lived alone on a far-off island, and Minnie was his only companion; again, he was at sea, and Minnie sailed the blue waves by his side; and last of all, he was a great man, and Minnie his beautiful bride, worshiped and looked up to by all who knew her. On this picture he dwelt long, for, with instinctive appreciation of his own powers, he felt that he was born for a high position among men. But whatever he was, or wherever he was, Minnie was by his side, and he who had not known her twenty-four hours, found it impossible to separate his life for a single moment from that of the beautiful girl. So he dreamed on until the sun was high and he heard the voice of his mother calling him to come to his breakfast.

Natty Roland was now a changed being. All idea of returning to college was given up, and he thought only of living in the town where lived Minnie Morgan, that he might be near her and see her every day. He taught school during the winter, and the following spring entered himself as a law-student in the shire-town. He had only seen Minnie twice since the fall, but each time she seemed to him more and more beautiful, and he thought and dreamed of her by day and by night. Now he saw Minnie each day, and he used to sit for hours by the office window and watch for her as she came up to her father's store. His law examiners, who had heard of Natty's smartness and remarkable memory, found in him but a dull student, and wondered how the lad could have been so overestimated. Little did they know of the tempest raging in that poor brain, paralyzing every faculty of the mind except the one idea of love.

Occasionally Natty met Mr. Morgan on the street or at the store, and the rich merchant was always kind and patronizing to the young man, and once invited him to call at the house. Mrs. Morgan was also known to Natty, but she was a proud woman, and took little notice of the poor farmer's boy. Minnie walked with Natty on the street,

and talked pleasantly enough to him, but somehow always avoided bringing him to her home, or being with him where she thought her mother would see her. The love-sick youth felt himself unworthy of the rich merchant's daughter, and instinctively kept away from her gaudily furnished home. Natty's time was coming, however, and he speedily had a triumph that put his name in everyone's mouth, and opened wide to him the doors of the most opulent citizens of L——.

There was to be a great political meeting in the place, and a lawyer who had once heard Natty debate proposed he should be put on at the bottom of the list of speakers. There were a dozen prominent names on the list above his, and no one expected he would be given an opportunity to be heard; still he was honored by printing his name on the bills which announced the great meeting. Natty felt, however, that this was somehow to be a great occasion for him, and he began preparing his speech with much care, thinking only of how he should appear in *her* eyes, and how grandly he should speak as *her* orator.

The day came, and with it thousands of people from all parts of the country. At noon arrived a dispatch saying the train on which the invited speakers were was unavoidably delayed, and would not get in until late in the afternoon. Of the three local speakers on the bills, one was sick, and another absent attending the funeral of his father, so that of all announced to speak only Natty was present at the opening of the meeting. In the presence of thousands he ascended the platform, and as he turned his still-beardless face to the multitude a shout of encouragement went up for the courageous boy who dared address gray-headed men on the abstruse political questions of the hour. Slowly and in tremulous tones the young orator began, and warming with his subject soon showed a familiarity with the past history of political parties and their acts that amazed his hearers. The rostrum was near the residence of Mr. Morgan, and looking over at the house Natty saw Minnie and her mother seated at one of the upper windows, apparently interested listeners to his discourse. Thrilling as if touched by an electric wire, Natty lifted up his voice, and for one hour and a half spoke with a terseness, eloquence, and logic such as had never before been heard on any political occasion in that county. It seemed as though he could remember everything he had ever read on the subjects under discussion, and argument, sarcasm, and pathos were alike at his command, until his audience became thoroughly moved and excited. When he closed, cheer after cheer rent the air, and one of the first to congratulate him was Mr. Morgan, who said heartily:

"Young man, you have done honor to your party, and made the best political speech I ever heard in this town. You will be a great man some day, if you take care of yourself."

Other speeches were made, but somehow the people said Natty's was the best, and his name and fame were in the mouth of everyone. When the meeting adjourned, Natty hastened away to his room, to dream of Minnie and wonder what she would think of his great speech. Late in the afternoon his father came hunting for him, and, taking Natty's hand in his, said solemnly:

"Lad, the people praise you, and I, too, am astonished at your power. I am proud of you, boy, and I pray God to keep your heart and mind pure and strong for the great usefulness that is in store for you."

This was high praise, but Natty felt it not so much as what Mr. Morgan had said. Would the father tell Minnie he would some day be a great man? Would

he praise him to Minnie's mother? Natty believed he would, and his flesh tingled with pleasure at the thought.

The town was still crowded with people, when in the evening it suddenly occurred to Natty that he might go and call on Minnie. Why not? The door of the rich merchant would be open to him on such an occasion, and even the haughty wife and mother would be glad to receive under her roof the hero of the hour. Dressed in his best, the young orator wended his way to Mr. Morgan's house, and with a palpitating heart rung the door-bell. There was a sound of music and of voices in the parlor, and when Natty was ushered in he found Minnie surrounded by a number of young men who scented their hair and lisped when they talked. Natty was cordially received, and Mrs. Morgan, who was courteous in her own house, spoke kindly to him and praised his speech. The young men declared, "by gwacious, it was perfectly splendid."

Natty was most anxious to learn what Minnie had to say, but for a long time he evaded her and kept as much as possible out of the way. At last, finding himself by her side, he ventured to timidly ask how she had enjoyed the meeting?

"O! it was a great crowd, and some of the funniest people I ever saw. Those Ridgers are an odd-looking set—don't you think so? and how outlandishly they do dress—don't you think so, Mr. Roland?"

Natty stammered a reply, feeling hurt and disappointed at what she said, for the Ridgers were the poorest people in the county, but honest, and had contributed largely to her father's wealth, most of them dealing with him. Anxious to give the giddy girl a chance to show herself to better advantage, Natty inquired how she liked the speaking.

"O! I did not pay much attention to it, I was so busy watching the Ridgers and those country-girls with their great awkward farmer beaus; but father says you made a very good speech."

Natty's heart sunk like lead in his bosom, and he seriously asked himself if this could be his idol? Could it be possible this empty-headed creature was the girl he had dreamed of for a year, and whom he had invested with all wisdom and every grace, virtue, and kindliness of heart?

All that evening Natty felt vexed and restless, and soon rose to go, Minnie following him to the door, and when they were alone for a moment on the porch she said:

"Indeed, Mr. Roland, you must call soon again; and O! you don't know how glad I am of your success to-day."

Natty grasped her hand, and wringing it until she almost cried out with pain, hurried away.

He now saw Minnie quite often, and, while her mother gave him no welcome, Mr. Morgan was very cordial, and Minnie showed by her look and manner, as only a woman can, that his visits gave her great pleasure. Minnie went to parties, balls, and picnics with other young men; flirted, danced, and took evening buggy-rides with gentlemen who, if report spoke truly, were rather unfit associates for a young girl; but still Natty loved her with all the fervor of a morbid nature, and as only a youth of his years and disposition can love. He was never seen in the company of any other young ladies, and gave to Minnie his whole thoughts and heart. Though he could ill afford to do so, he sometimes hired a buggy and took her out to ride. One evening he told her all, expecting she would laugh at him or refuse him outright, but to his delight she frankly said she had *always* loved him, and if she ever married anyone he would be the man. Almost beside himself with joy, he pressed the beautiful girl again and again to his heart, and

when he returned to his little room he lay awake all night reciting over and over in his mind the scene of his betrothal. A new world seemed opening up before him, and Minnie Morgan was the central figure of his world. He felt he could now endure all, suffer all, and conquer all, for the sake of the dear girl who had promised to be his bride. He knew Minnie did not suit him, that they had nothing in common, but he loved her so he would not permit a thought of her unworthiness to linger for a moment in his mind.

Minnie continued to receive the attentions of young men, to go out riding, and did a thousand things which vexed Natty; but he held his peace, and when finally he spoke to her about it, she seemed much hurt, and reminded him that their engagement was not yet announced, and that she could not be rude to young gentlemen who were polite to her, and who were still under the impression her heart and hand were free to bestow on whom she pleased. Natty was satisfied, and said no more.

So matters stood in the spring of 1861, when the telegraphic wires flashed over the country the intelligence that the great rebellion had begun, and the President was about to call out 75,000 volunteers. There was great excitement in L——, and a company for the war was at once raised, Natty being one of the first to enroll. He hastened from the enlistment-table to Minnie, and told her what he had done. She cried a little, but said she approved of his act, and would make him a havelock if she could get the pattern from Mrs. Snyder, which she made him promise to do for her that very evening. Natty sought out Mr. Morgan, and asked for a private interview in the counting-room, where with much stammering and many misgivings he related his attachment to Minnie and their mutual affection and engagement to each other. He said he was now going away to the war, might never return, and before he went desired Mr. Morgan's approval of his suit. The old gentleman was a good deal surprised, but said frankly he knew of no objections to Natty, only Minnie was yet a child, and they must not think of marrying for some years.

"Only say, Mr. Morgan, you do not object to my suit, and I will not ask more at this time. I am poor, but may I not win wealth as others have done? We can not all be born rich, but I have health and courage; and O! sir, if you will only give me a chance, I will show you I am not unworthy of your daughter, whom I love more than words can express," cried Natty, with a burst of enthusiasm.

"Very well, young man; you can talk with Minnie's mother about it. I make no objection. I was poor once myself, and all I require of anyone to command my confidence is that he shall be honest and honorable, and these qualities, Natty, I have long known you to possess."

Natty grasped the old man's hand and pressed it, while tears of joy streamed down his cheeks.

"God bless you, sir, for your generous words. I shall always love you, and always respect you, come what may," said the youth, as he hurried from the room.

Natty next sought Mrs. Morgan, and told her of his great love for Minnie, but she was cold and haughty, and bade him give up all idea of an alliance with *her* family.

"We shall always be glad to reckon you as one of our friends, but nothing more, Mr. Roland, positively nothing more. You could not maintain my daughter in the position she has been accustomed to occupy, and I should be sorry to see her brought to poverty, as I know would be the case—rather as I fear would be the case——"

"O! madam, madam," cried Natty,

interrupting, "I am young; I can work, and who knows——"

"Young man," said Mrs. Morgan, interrupting him in her turn, "you will some day thank me for all I am saying. Think no more of Minnie; indeed, if I must be plain, seek a wife in your own sphere of life—one who is your equal in condition."

Natty rose to his feet, and, standing before Mrs. Morgan, his face ghastly pale and his thin hands clutching convulsively at his hat, said, in a voice husky with passion:

"Madam, I would not be uncivil to a lady, especially in her own house; but you are hard upon me—too hard, indeed; and you forget you were once a poor girl yourself—that your people are all still poor, and that but for the accident of your marriage with Mr. Morgan you would *now* be poor."

There was the old fire in Natty's voice, and Mrs. Morgan sought refuge in authority, and ordered him to leave the house, and never show his face there again.

Natty saw Minnie once before he left for the war, and told her all that had happened. She said her mother was very angry, but that she still loved Natty, and would write to him sometimes.

Natty went away, and was presently commissioned a lieutenant. Then there was a great battle, Natty was wounded, and the colonel wrote to the governor of the State to say:

"Among those conspicuous for gallantry was Lieutenant Nathaniel Roland, who was shot down while leading his company into the enemy's works. His wound, though severe, is not dangerous, and I recommend, if you are raising new regiments, that you appoint him a captain."

So Natty was made a captain, and came home to rest while his wounds healed. Just how it came about I can not tell, but Minnie and he were married, Mr. Morgan giving away the bride with a hearty good-will, and Mrs. Morgan looking as pleased as she could under the circumstances. Natty returned to the army, and in one year was a colonel. Then another great battle was fought, and the papers said:

"Colonel Roland's regiment carried everything before it. Again and again he led it into the fight, and at last fell mortally wounded just as his men had succeeded in taking one of the rebels' strongest works."

Minnie saw the account of the battle and fainted outright, but in the evening came a telegram over the wires, saying:

"Colonel Roland, reported mortally wounded, will recover."

In the morning a dispatch was handed Minnie which read:

"Do not believe reports. I am wounded, but will recover without loss of limb. You can come to me at S——. NATTY."

Then came the details of the battle, and lastly the news that "among the promotions for gallant conduct in this bloody battle the President has appointed Colonel Nathaniel Roland a general." All the good people of L—— were amazed, and everyone asked his neighbor if he had heard old Roland's son Natty had been made a general in the war. Mr. Morgan rubbed his hands with delight, and showed the paper containing the news to all who called at the store.

Minnie was now little at home, spending most of her time with her distinguished husband, who had been promoted a full major-general, and was employed on important military duties in various parts of the South. Occasionally she was left alone for weeks and even months, but she said she preferred to live at the hotel to returning to the dull old town of L——, and Natty gratified her every wish. She was more beautiful than ever, fond of society, and devoted to dress and excitement. Natty was blind to all her faults; still, he sometimes felt Minnie would be better at home; but she scouted the idea of again living in L——, and he loved her too well to press the matter.

It was the fall of 1864. Natty had

been on duty in the South during the summer, and Minnie was spending the heated term in the North, residing in the great city of B——, and occasionally running down to the sea-shore. Natty fell sick of fever, and the doctor peremptorily ordered him to the North. Minnie was now the mother of two beautiful children, and the great heart of the general throbbed with delight at the idea of once more rejoining his beloved wife and darling children. He did not write or telegraph his coming, but hastened on, intending to give Minnie a pleasant surprise. It was nearly dark when he arrived at the city which contained all that was dear to him in the world, and, feeling strangely oppressed, he would not ride, but set out to walk to the hotel where Minnie lodged. As he passed through a narrow court, he saw an Irishman beating a negro, and stopped to inquire the cause. While he was trying to quell the disturbance, the police came up and took both parties into custody. As Natty was turning to go away, the negro said respectfully:

"I's gwine to de jail, massa, an' I's much oblige fur yer 'sistance. I's got an ole woman, massa, a-livin' at Blank Street, an' specs she'll be mighty onsartin, 'specially ef dey keeps me all night. Ef ye want to do a poor boy a rale favor, jes' you tell my ole woman never mind, I's all right, an'll be home in de mornin'."

Natty made a note of the street on which the colored woman lived, promising she should know all about her husband's trouble. He then went to the hotel and inquired for his wife, but the clerk said she was not there.

"Left two hours ago with friends, and said she would not return until to-morrow morning."

Natty took the key, and went up to the rooms, where he found everything littered about the floor, indicating the haste with which the occupant had left.

"Poor girl," he said, "she has become tired of the loneliness of this great house, and has gone away for a few hours' recreation in the country."

Then he lit a cigar, and, having nothing else to do, walked out to find the colored woman, and deliver the message from her husband. Rapping at the door of the little white cottage, the summons was answered by a tidy middle-aged woman, who said she was the wife of the man Natty had assisted. He explained to her the situation, and seeing that she cried bitterly, kindly bade her cheer up, and promised he would see that her husband was released early in the morning.

"Bless ye, Gin'ral! De Lord am good, an' send ye heah to comfort dis poor mis'able sinner."

"What, do you know me?" asked Natty.

"Know ye?" replied the woman—"I specs I orter, 'cause ye sot me free way down in ole Virginny. Bless ye, honey, I never forgits dat in dis born world ob trouble, an' I's got yer chil'en heah dis minit."

"My children!" cried Natty. "How on earth could they happen to be here?"

"De missus she lef dem heah two foh hours ago, when she went off wid de strange gemmen an' de woman wid de yaller har."

Natty was now amazed beyond measure. He questioned the woman closely, but all he could learn was, that about two hours before a carriage had come to the house with the two children and Minnie, and soon afterward another carriage had called containing two gentlemen, and a lady with yellow hair, and Minnie had gone away with them, cautioning the colored woman to take good care of the children, and saying she would call for them in the morning.

Natty went into the house, saw his two darlings, in the bloom of health, asleep in a crib, and kissed them ten-

derly, but would not allow them to be awakened. Then he walked back to the hotel, wondering what it could all mean, but unable even to guess at a reasonable solution. Suddenly remembering that the greatest detective of the age, his warm personal friend, was in the city—a man whom Natty had helped many times, he called a carriage and drove to that officer's quarters. Natty told his friend only enough to give him a key to the matter, and they instantly drove to the cottage, when the following conversation ensued between the detective and the colored woman:

"Have you any children of your own?"

"No, sah."

"Then why do you keep that crib?"

"It is for de missus' chil'en."

"How often are they left with you, auntie?"

"Almost every week, massa, while de missus is in de country."

"At what time did the mistress go away to-day?"

"Four o'clock."

"Does she always go at that hour?"

"Yes, sah."

"At what hour does she return?"

"Ten o'clock in de mornin'."

"Always?"

"Yes, sah, always. De way ob it is——"

"That will do. Come, General, we will drive to the office of the chief of police. The parties have evidently gone to P——, and we can follow by the next train if you wish."

Natty, like one walking in his sleep, followed his friend, and after a few minutes spent at the police-office found himself whirling toward P—— at the rate of thirty miles an hour. At almost every station dispatches were handed to the detective. Presently he took a seat beside Natty, and said:

"A party of four left B—— this afternoon at ten minutes after four o'clock, for P——. Two of the party are gentlemen, and the other two ladies. One man is tall and dark, with side-whiskers, and dressed in dark clothes; the other is small and fair, with light hair, mustache, and wears a gray suit. Of the ladies, one is blond, tall, and in dark dress; the other is——" and here followed a description so minute, that before it was completed Natty exclaimed:

"That's Minnie—my Minnie!"

"The party is now," continued the detective, without noticing the interruption, "at ——, and one of my men has boarded the train, and is riding in the seat just behind them, watching them. If they leave the train we shall know it, and whatever they do or wherever they go, we shall know all."

The train rolled on for hours, and was nearing P——, when the detective came once more to Natty, and said:

"The persons we seek are now at the K—— House, and we will follow them there."

An hour later they drove over the rough streets of P——, and stopped at the K—— House. Natty ran his eyes over the register, and, turning to the detective, said:

"Minnie is not here."

The detective examined the book for a moment, and then, placing his fingers on four names, looked at the clerk, who slowly nodded his head.

The detective registered his own and Natty's name, and, calling for a light, took Natty by the arm and drew him up-stairs to his room. Here he told Natty all he had discovered; and as the truth forced itself upon the miserable man, he staggered and fell with a heavy groan upon the bed, where he lay prone like one dead. When he rose there was a dangerous fire in his eyes, and the detective, who had sat in silence during all the period of his friend's agony, said:

"Come, my good friend, will you allow me to manage this unfortunate affair."

"The world is at an end for me," re-

plied Natty; "do with me as you will. Would to God I were dead!"

"Don't talk so," answered the detective. "A false wife is the bane of her husband. Men like you, Natty Roland, belong rather to their country than to an idle and wicked woman."

"Do whatever you will, my friend. I am not myself, and must confide in your better judgment."

The detective rung the bell, and in a few minutes a man closely muffled came in and talked in an undertone for some seconds, and then went away. In an hour he returned, and handed a slip to the detective, on which was written:

"Warrants issued; men arrested, and are now in prison."

Natty was shown this, but he said not a word. His heart was growing cold and hard, and he felt that he could meet even death with pleasure. The detective tried to persuade him to lie down and rest; but he shook his head, and, ringing for a servant, bade him bring cigars. All night long he sat at the window, smoking, and looking out at the moonlight. Ah! who shall know the thoughts of that betrayed heart? What woman was worthy of the great love of such a man? The detective respected the mighty grief of his friend. Throwing himself on the bed, he slept soundly.

In a room scarcely a dozen steps from where Natty sat was a woman with disheveled hair and anxious face, pacing up and down, and wondering why her guilty companion did not return. An hour before he had been called out, and came not back. She was burning with suspicion, anxiety, dread, and remorse, yet she could do nothing but pace her room and wait, she knew not for what.

It was daylight, and Natty, worn out with his vigil, slept in his chair. The sun rose, but he did not awake until the detective shook him repeatedly and called him by name. It required several minutes for him to recall all the events of the day before, and, as they came back one by one, his face settled into a look of stone. The detective watched him closely, and was delighted to see his pale face harden and close upon the past, for he knew it was his friend's only refuge from a broken heart.

Natty descended and mingled with the throng in the office of the hotel, many officers and citizens gathering about him, glad to meet with so distinguished a man. As he passed in to breakfast with some friends, he saw a woman with a profusion of golden hair rise from one of the tables and precipitately leave the room. A few minutes afterward, a lady with clasped hands and marble brow peered anxiously through the open door, and, pressing her hand to her heart, exclaimed:

"It is indeed he! O God, I am punished!"

She would have fallen, but her friend caught her and assisted her up-stairs, where she lay sobbing on her bed, until a bell-boy handed in a card, on which was written the words:

"The proprietor would feel obliged if you and your friend would leave the hotel at the earliest practicable moment."

"Disgraced, disgraced!" cried Minnie. "O, my God! that I should live to come to this! Natty, Natty, you are hard on me."

Then she rose mechanically, and went away, and as she passed out of the door of the hotel, she heard the voice of Natty in the reading-room close by. Again she would have fallen, but her golden-haired friend assisted her tottering steps to the carriage, and they were driven rapidly away to the railway station.

More dead than alive, Minnie reached the great city of B——; but the thought of seeing her darling children once more revived her courage, and taking a carriage she ordered the coachman to drive as fast as he could to Blank

Street, where lived the colored woman we have before met. She did not stop to knock, but although the knob turned in her hand the door would not open. Raising her eyes she saw this placard:

"Gone away with General Roland."

The cunning detective had been there before her, and the house was silent and deserted. Her punishment was complete, and, with a realizing sense that her babes were gone from her forever, her brain reeled and she fell to the earth. The people found her lying cold and motionless on the ground, and it was many weeks before she could recall the scenes of that terrible day.

Little more remains to be told. Minnie Morgan was divorced; and after the war, when Natty's grief had been healed by time, he married a lady in every way worthy of him.

On one of the most fashionable streets in the city of C—— is a luxurious mansion, and the door-plate of that happy home bears the well-known name of Nathaniel Roland, one of the substantial men of the great North-west. Four children gather about his knee, and two of them have the brown eyes and fair features of Minnie Morgan, while two are dark and resemble the lady whom they all call mother.

Minnie still lives, but has only been heard of twice in ten years. One stormy night, at the close of a bitter cold day, as the light streamed from the comfortable parlor and the children were at play, a thin pale woman in tattered garments gazed intently through the plate-glass of the windows, and lingered as if spell-bound until the children were put to bed and the lights extinguished. Then she stole away no one knew whither. Again, as the nurse was walking in the park with a bright boy, a poor woman caught him up in her arms, kissed him over and over again, and would not let the frightened child go until the policeman released him and ordered her to begone. It was Minnie, and the boy was her first-born.

CROSSING THE MEXICAN DESERT.

Away upon the sandy seas,
The gleaming, burning, boundless plain,
How solemn-like, how still, as when
The mighty-minded Genoese
Drew three tall ships and led his men
From land they might not meet again.

The sun is high, the sands are hot
To touch, and all the tawny plain
That glistens white with salt-sea sand
Sinks white and open as they tread
And trudge, with half-averted head,
As if to swallow them amain.
They look as men look back to land
When standing out to stormy sea,
But still keep face and murmur not,
Keep stern and still as destiny.

It was a sight! A slim dog slid
White-mouthed and still along the sand,
The pleading picture of distress;
He stopped, leaped up to lick a hand,
A hard black hand that would have chid
Him back and checked his tenderness;
But when the black man turned his head
His poor mute friend had fallen dead.

The very air hung white with heat,
And white, and fair, and far away
A lifted shining snow-shaft lay
As if to mock their mad retreat.
The white salt sands beneath their feet
Did make the black men loom as grand,
As they rode sternly on and on,
As any bronze men in the land
That sit their statue-steeds upon.

SHAKSPEARE'S RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

IT would indeed be strange—could such a conclusion be forced on us—that Shakspeare was so "thoroughly in love with humanity" that he gave no thought beyond the present, nor cared to ask or know what the destiny of man should be. The idea seems paradoxical and absurd. The greater the love, as a natural consequence the greater the interest both for time and for eternity.

Speaking of Shakspeare, the *Tattler* says: "This admirable author seems to have his mind thoroughly seasoned with religion, as is evident by many passages in his plays." In addition to this testimony it is asserted by Croft that he had "deeply imbibed the Scriptures," and this fact is patent in all his writings—so much so that it is a wonder no one has seized upon it as the basis for a theory that he had been bred for the church. The evidence for such a theory is, to say the least, quite as strong as any adduced from those technical terms, scattered throughout his plays, upon which men have speculated as to the probabilities of his having been either a lawyer's clerk, a wool-factor's assistant, or a butcher's boy. Any industrious compiler would be able to gather up a formidable array of Scripture terms and sound pulpit phrases, on which to base a proposition of that kind.

One thing is certain, that scriptural allusions and even scriptural sentences are of repeated occurrence in the pages of the great dramatist; and though the word "immortality" appears but once in all Shakspeare's writings, that statement, if taken by itself, would convey only a partial truth. The word "immortal," for instance, occurs in the Bible but once, and that once in connection only with the Almighty: whereas by Shakspeare it is used on several occasions, and that, too, in direct connection with the soul of man.

Strange as to some it may appear, it

is nevertheless true that the doctrine of the immortality of man is nowhere in the Bible formally set forth and asserted. It may be assumed to exist there and be susceptible of proof, but in the pages of Shakspeare it is always an acknowledged fact, and terms equivalent to immortality, which can not possibly be wrested to any other signification, are in constant use. For instance, *Measure for Measure* furnishes the expression, "immortal spirit;" *Merchant of Venice*, "immortal part;" *Hamlet*, "soul immortal;" *Othello*, "immortal part;" and, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Balthazar brings body and soul in strong contrast, and does not scruple to assert, in speaking of Juliet, whom he supposes to be dead:

> "Her *body* sleeps in Capel's monument,
> And her *immortal part* with angels *lives*."

The word "soul," as variously employed by Shakspeare, occurs in his plays about five hundred times. In the majority of instances it will not bear the signification imposed upon it by ordinary usage. In Shakspeare, as in the Bible, "soul" is often used to designate a person, either living or dead; and, also, to signify desire, the emotions, conscience, and the intellect. But that he frequently uses the word in its commonly accepted theological sense is also most apparent. A few examples merely, from a large number at command, should be sufficient to establish this fact. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, for instance, in a simile, it is set forth thus:

> "And then I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
> A blessed soul doth in elysium."

In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* people speak of "endangering" their "souls;" in the *Twelfth Night* appear "souls in heaven," "souls in hell," and "perdition of souls." In *Much Ado about Nothing* is found the expression, "salvation, body and soul." "God rest his soul" is of repeated occurrence in a number of the plays. Macbeth in his utterance in regard to the soul of Banquo, quoted on a former occasion, is very explicit in his words, and quite unmistakable as to his meaning. The same remarks also apply to the use of the word in *Henry VI.*, in the passage already given. In *Richard III.* we have "souls of children," "wronged souls," "Christian souls;" and, in the vision that appears to the guilty Richard, the apparition of King Henry is made to say:

> "When I was *mortal*, my anointed body
> By thee was punctured full of deadly holes."

And the young princes on the same occasion say:

> "Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die."

Richard himself afterward, in soliloquizing on this scene, declares:

> "Methought the souls of all that I had murthered
> Came to my tent; and every one did threat
> To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard."

In the play of *Henry VIII.*, the expression "Christian peace to souls departed" is used by Queen Katharine shortly prior to her death, and "God rest all Christian souls" will be found in *Romeo and Juliet;* and soon after the death of Mercutio, Romeo declares to Tybalt that Mercutio's soul is but a little way above their heads. In this connection Hamlet's question,

> "And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
> Being a thing immortal as itself?"

may be modestly submitted in the midst of so much good company.

Othello has been much neglected so far in this examination. But the dusky Moor is not far behind the others in his method of speech, as he talks of the worth of an "eternal soul," and of not "killing" a soul—by which he means the putting to death of one unprepared, "unreconciled to heaven and grace." Hanging over the dead body of his wife, the poor, deluded, victimized Moor in an agony of remorse exclaims:

> ——"When we shall meet at 'compt,
> This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
> And fiends will snatch at it."

And then, a little farther on, overcome by the remembrance of how cruelly he had wronged the poor mute clay before him by his unjust and unworthy suspicions, stirred to frenzy at the thought of the stupendous villainy and fatal treachery of Iago and his own utter helplessness now to restore the "rich pearl" he had so basely thrown away, torn and distracted by the tempest which was chasing every vestige of hope from his tormented bosom, the poor dupe ejaculates:

> "O, cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
> From the possession of this heavenly sight!
> Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
> Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!"

Connecting this imagery in the mouth of Othello with his anticipation of meeting Desdemona in the judgment, and a pretty clear idea of his theology may be formed.

Some one, however, has asserted that Shakspeare never reveals *himself* except in his sonnets. If this view be correct, then the question seems settled beyond a peradventure. In Sonnet 146 there is a direct address to the soul, as unmistakable and complete as the famous one of the dying Adrian. In this address the soul is personified, and called the "centre of this sinful earth;" it is bid to feed upon the body's loss; and the sonnet concludes with this couplet:

> "So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
> And, death once dead, there's no more dying then."

Worthy of note also is the fact that soul and body are contrasted on many occasions in a way that admits of no doubt in regard to the meaning: as, in *A Winter's Tale*, "On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture;" or in *Henry VI.*, "Then take my soul—my body, soul and all;" or, in the words of the wicked and reckless Richard, "My soul and body on the action, both!" or, still again from the same play:

> "Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
> His soul thou canst not have."

Spirit, also, as a synonym of soul, appears in numerous instances and in various plays. *Measure for Measure* is responsible for the term "immortal spirit;" *A Winter's Tale* for "spirits of the dead" and "sainted spirit." Everyone is familiar with Macbeth's exclamation, "Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo," and with Prince Henry's soliloquy over the dead body of Hotspur, in which he says:

> "When that this body did contain a spirit,
> A kingdom for it was too small a bound,
> But now, two paces of the vilest earth
> Is room enough."

Not to contain the *spirit*, however, for he concludes with this apostrophe:

> "Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!"

The reading and play-going world is familiar with the awful picture of hell so vividly given in Clarence's dream. The school-boy knows it by heart, and every amateur in elocution declaims it. Everywhere in Shakspeare's world the guilty soul has its seasons of trembling and dread of future punishment. To this it may with some show of propriety be objected, that Shakspeare drew men as he found them, and is no more responsible for their sentiments, prejudices, and superstitions than he is for the dispositions and idiosyncrasies of his fictitious characters. On the other hand, however, if it be permitted at all to look into his works for an embodiment of his own peculiar sentiments, then surely it is reasonable to suppose that they will be found in those expressions most frequent and common, unless opposed by others as forcible and explicit. If this author had really been the subject of doubts in regard to the soul of man and a future existence, he would have found, among the great diversity of characters represented by him, at least one responsible mouth-piece, through which to condemn the baseless super-

stition. But, on the contrary, there is a wonderful unanimity of thought in regard to all questions connected with religion. Pagan and Jew, Christian and Moor, all pitch their notes to the same key of immortality and a future existence.

This apparent ignoring of any system differing in any material degree from the commonly accepted theology of his time has led Shakspeare into some marked incongruities. Thus, in the tragedy of *Hamlet*, the action of which is placed at a time so "remote and undefined" as to date it long anterior to the introduction even of Christianity into Denmark, and in which he had an excellent opportunity to advance his infidel notions, if he had any, without offense, he makes every distinctive character, king and queen, the "melancholy prince" and the "fair Ophelia," the practical Horatio and the midnight spectre — who like an "honest ghost" comes straight from the flames of purgatory to make his soul-harrowing revelations — all testify directly or indirectly to the doctrine of the immortality of the soul.

Angels also — not mythological spirits, elves, and fairies, such as are conjured up in the *Tempest* and other kindred plays, but angels according with the Scriptural idea—are occasionally referred to in a manner that displays no particle of doubt as to the reality of their existence. Hence we hear of evil deeds that make "the angels weep," of virtues that "plead like angels," and that "angels love good men." We are told also, in perfect harmony with the Biblical account, that through the "sin of ambition the angels fell."

Pursuing this vein a little farther, it will be noticed that the word hell in Shakspeare is generally used to designate some place of torment, following upon the death of the body, and is often, though not always, when used in that sense, coupled with and placed in opposition to the word heaven. But, happily, the word heaven is of more frequent appearance on the page of Shakspeare, and he seems to delight in depicting the joy connected with a pious faith in contemplation of the raptures of the heavenly home. And it is to be noted that the heaven of Shakspeare is undoubtedly the heaven of the Bible. So, he makes his characters speak of the "gates of heaven," of "souls going to heaven;" and, in times of death or of great calamity, they bid each other "farewell, to meet again in heaven."

Shakspeare has given so many death-scenes in which this "soaring faith" is emphasized, that it is difficult to attempt an illustration from his pages because of the danger of prolixity on this theme. But there is one so characterized by the exhibition of numerous Christian virtues, united with a faith that grasps at immortality even before the sands of life have run out from the earthly vessel, that to pass it without a word on this occasion would be ungrateful and unjust.

The dying moments of Queen Katharine, in *Henry VIII.*, as depicted by Shakspeare, could never have been written by one who was not at heart a religious man. In it the Christian graces of forgiveness, humility, charity, and true faith are strongly set forth.

More familiar to the general ear is the prelude to the prayer of Claudius in Hamlet. It will be remembered that in this soliloquy the king, after drawing a parallel between his own offense and the "first recorded murder," declares that he feels the curse of heaven resting upon him, and that he can not hope for mercy so long as his repentance is insufficient to induce the surrender of fruits and advantages gained by this "rank offense." He then proceeds to draw this strong contrast between the way of God and the ways of man:

> "In the corrupted currents of *this* world
> Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice,
> And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
> Buys out the law; but 'tis not so *above;*
> *There* is no shuffling, there the action lies
> In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled,
> Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
> To give in evidence."

Examples of this kind might be given to almost any extent, wherein the idea of a future life for man, connected with its kindred thought of punishment and reward, is fully recognized and emphatically set forth. Shakspeare has delineated many a so-called "fool," but nowhere on his magic page will be found that fool who hath "said in his heart, There is no God."

The sanctity of the marriage relation, the brotherly duty of man to man, filial love and respect for parents—every claim that true religion makes upon humanity, is duly set forth, magnified, and enforced by this prince of poets.

Turning for a moment from the evidences to be gathered from his works, it is difficult to believe that the man who, four short weeks before his death, executed a will in which he says, "I commend my *soul* into the hands of God my Creator, *hoping and assuredly believing*, through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of *life everlasting*," had really no belief in or concern for the doctrine of immortality and the future existence of man. Is it possible—probable, even—that he, whom his friends called the "sweet" and "gentle," and of whom his most intimate companion, Jonson, said, "he was indeed *honest*, and of an *open* and free nature," could be guilty of so flagrant and heinous a deceit?

As to whether Shakspeare died in the profession of Roman Catholicism or Protestantism, though it may afford speculation for the curious, it can never be a matter of much interest for the liberal mind. The presumption, however, is that he was of too large and catholic a nature to be a partisan of either, and that, as "no church can claim him," so also there is "no simple Christian soul but can claim his fellowship." One thing, however, is morally certain: that his writings recognize what are termed the vital truths of Christianity. Among these the partial examination now concluded in these pages establishes:

1. A belief in the existence of a Divine Being, whom we call God;

2. A belief in the immortality of the soul;

3. In the existence of supernatural beings, both good and evil, termed angels;

4. In a place of punishment for wicked men after death, called hell;

5. In an abode of bliss for the righteous, denominated heaven; and,

6. Though less positive and decided than the foregoing, a belief in the general Christian theory of the resurrection of the body.

In conclusion, it is gratifying to feel that such doubts in regard to Shakspeare's religious belief as have so far been reviewed, will never get a permanent hold upon the popular mind. For two hundred years his volume, side by side with the family Bible, has lain upon the stand, and in the estimation of men is held second only to that first of all books. Thus they have stood, and so they will continue to stand until "the last syllable of recorded time"—one as the most complete picture of humanity in all its varying phases; the other an authoritative monitor and guide for this life, with a revelation of man's ultimate destiny and an assurance of the life to come.

IN A CALIFORNIAN EDEN.

CHAPTER VI.—A FLAG OF TRUCE.

HOW beautiful was all this profound veneration for woman in this wild Eden! How high and holy the influence of this one woman over these half-grizzlies, these hairy-faced men who had drank water from the same spring with the wild beasts of the Sierra. Now they would not drink, would hardly shout or speak sharp, while she lay ill. Whatever was the matter, or the misfortune, they had too much respect for her, for themselves, to carouse until she should again show her face, or at least while her life was uncertain.

The fourth day came down into the cañon, and sat down there as a sort of pioneer summer. Birds flew over the camp from one mountain-side to the other, and sung as they flew. Men whistled old tunes in a dreamy sort of a way as they came up from their work that day, and recalled other days, and were boys once more in imagination, away in the world that lay beyond the Rocky Mountains.

"There is something in this glorious climate of Californy, say what you will," mused the Judge, as he lit his pipe and sat down on a stump in the street.

Limber Tim and the cinnamon-haired man had settled down into the collapse which always follows a protracted spree or a heavy carouse, and they, too, sat on their respective stumps out in the open air, while the saloon was left all to the little brown mice up-stairs.

Men were lounging up and down the street on old knotty logs that no axe could reduce to fire-wood, or leaning against the cabins on the sides that were still warm with the sunshine gone away, or loafing up and down with their pipes in their mouths, and their ragged coats thrown over one shoulder, like the bravos of Italy. Certainly there was something in the glorious climate of California.

There had been no news from the Widow all this time.

A keen-eyed man just now lifted his eyes in the direction of the cabin. In fact, it was a custom—an instinct—to lift the face in that direction many times a day. If any of these men ever prayed in that camp, and the truth could be told, you would find that man, or men, first turned the face and kneeled looking in that direction. Her house was a sort of Mecca.

The camp, however, after being a long time patient and silent, had got a little cross. Yet it had not lost a bit of its blunt and honest manhood. It had simply made up its mind that the Widow and Sandy were both of age, and able to take care of themselves. If they were willing to get the toothache, or something of the kind, and then retreat into their cabin, and pull the latch-string inside after them, they could do so, and the camp would not interfere.

The man who had been looking up the hill now turned to his partner, drew his pipe from his mouth, wrinkled up his brows, and then slowly reached out his arm and with his pipe-stem pointed inquiringly up the hill.

A man and a woman were coming slowly and cautiously down the way from the Widow's cabin. They were coming straight for the great centre of the Forks, the Howling Wilderness.

The woman had something in her arms. She walked as carefully as if she had been bearing a waiter of wine.

Could this be the Widow? It could hardly be Bunker Hill, thought the Forks, as it rose from its seat on the stumps and lifted its face up the trail, for she is almost as tall and comely and steps as nimbly as any woman in camp.

Could this be Sandy? He looked larger than ever before—a sort of Gog or Magog.

The man stuck his pipe between his teeth again and puffed furiously for a minute, and then sat down over the log again, let his feet dangle in the air, and, leaning forward, rocked to and fro as if nursing his stomach, and seemed wrapped in thought.

"Sandy, by the great Cæsar!"

"Mither o' Moses! an' it's Miss Bunker Hill, too!"

"Bunker Hill, by the holy poker!"

"An' what's that she's a-carryin'?"

"Be the Moses, it's a plate o' holy wafers!"

"It's a table-cloth a-hangin' out for dinner!"

"It's a flag of truce!" cried the Judge, standing on tiptoe on his stump and straightening his fat little body up toward the Sierra.

"An' hasn't Sandy growed since we seed 'im, eh!"

"An' don't he step high! Jerusalem, don't he step high!"

"An' where's Captain Tommy? an' where's the Widder?" anxiously inquired the Forks, still looking up the hill toward its little shrine.

At last they entered the town, and the town met them on the edge—at its outer gate, as it were, with all its force.

The woman, indeed, bore a flag of truce. A long white banner streamed from her arms and fell down to her feet, and almost touched the ground. A close observer would have seen that this flag was made of the very same coarse material from which the Widow had made the curtains of her little bed.

They entered the edge of the town, these three, and the town stood there as silent as if it had risen up on its way to church on a Sunday morning. These three, do you mind, stood there still, right in the track of the town, and the town looking at them as if they had come from another world. And so at least they had, a part of them.

These three: Sandy, Bunker Hill, and the first baby born in the mines of the Sierra.

Bunker Hill held the baby out in one hand, and with the other tenderly lifted back the covering, while Sandy stood by like a tower on a hill, smiling, pushing back his hat, pulling down his whiskers, looking over the little army of men with a splendid sort of sympathy and self-adulation combined. He seemed to be saying, as they turned their eyes to the little red half-opened rose-bud, "Just look there! see what I've done!" His great face was radiant with delight.

And then there was a shout—such a shout! The spotted clouds that blew about the tall pine-tops, indolent and away up on the mountain's brow, seemed to be set in motion again; the coyote rose from his sleep on the mountain side and called out to his companions across the gorge as if he had been frightened; while Captain Tommy, who had been left with the Widow, came to the door and stood there, listening and looking down into the camp to see what in the world had happened. She saw men's hats go up in the air, and then again the shouts shook the town.

"Three cheers for Sandy!" They were given with a tiger. "Three cheers for the Widder!" Then, "Three cheers for Missus Bunker Hill!" And then the poor girl leaning out of the door took up her apron and wiped tears of joy from her eyes, for "three times three" were given for Captain Tommy. Then she went back into the house, back to the bedroom with the curious little curtains and

gunny-bag carpets, and told the Widow, and the two women wept together.

Men slapped each other on the back, bantered each other, and talked loud of old Missouri and the institution of marriage. Of all things perhaps this was the last they had looked for or thought of. In a camp of thousands, where the youngest baby there had a beard on his face, the men had forgotten to think of children. It is quite likely they fancied that children would not grow in the Sierra at all.

The Judge was the first to come forward, as was his custom. He looked it in the face, began to make a speech, but only could say, "It's this glorious climate of Californy." And then he blushed to the tip of his nose, backed out, and others came in turn to see the wonderful little creature that had come, all alone, farther than any of them, farther than the farthest of the States, even from the other world, to settle in the Sierra.

"Well, ef that aint the littlest!"

"Is that all the big they is?"

"Aint more'n a half-pint! is it, Gopher?"

"Well, that bangs me all hollow!"

"Dang my cats ef it's bigger nor my thumb!"

"Devil of a little thing to make such a big row about, eh?"

Sandy was all submission and pride and tenderness, and received the congratulations and heard the good-humored speeches of the good-humored men as if they were all meant in compliment to him.

How radiant and even half-beautiful was the plain face of poor Miss Bunker Hill as she lifted it up before the camp now, conscious that she had done a good thing, and had a right to look the world in the face and receive its kindness and encouragement.

Older men and more thoughtful came up at last, to look upon the little wonder and to read the story of this new volume fresh from the press. They looked long and silently. They were as gentle as lambs. Death had no terror to them; it was not half so solemn, so mysterious, as this birth in the heart of the Sierra. Life was there, then, as well as death. People would come and go there as elsewhere. The hand of God had stretched over the mountain, down into the awful gorge, and put down a little angel at their cabin-doors. It was very, very welcome, and the old men bobbed their heads with delight.

At last all was still, and the little Judge felt that this was an occasion not to be lost. In fact, had there been a clergyman there to say a word, it had had more good effect than all the funeral sermons that the little red-faced man had pronounced in the camp. The occasion was a singular one, and the men's hearts were now as mellow as new-plowed land that had long lain fallow and waiting for the seed.

"This, my friends," began the little man, standing upon a stump, and extending his hands toward the baby, "this, my friends, shows us that the wonderful climate of Californy——" Just then some one poked the fat little fellow in the stomach with his pipe-stem. He doubled up like a jackknife, and quietly got down as if nothing had happened.

There was a lull then, and things began to look embarrassing. Sandy was now, of course, too proud, too happy, too much of a man to carouse, but he called the cinnamon-headed man to his side by a crook of his finger, and making the sign so well known in the Sierra, and so well understood by all who are thirsty, the parties divided—the camp to carouse to the little stranger in the Howling Wilderness, and Sandy to return to his "fam'ly."

"Here's to—to—to—here's to it! Here's to the Little Half-pint!" The

men were standing in a row, their glasses high up, and dipping at every angle and to every point of the compass, but they did not know the baby's name; they did not even know its sex. And so in that moment, without stopping to think, and without any time to spare, they spoke of it as "it," and they named it "Little Half-pint."

CHAPTER VII. — THE QUESTION THAT NOBODY COULD ANSWER.

How the Widow's heart had been beating all this time! How she waited, and waited, and listened, and how often she sent Captain Tommy to the door to tell her, if possible, how her baby fared among the half-wild men of the camp!

How glad she was when she saw Sandy enter, all flurry and delight, as if he had been the centre figure in some great triumph. Then a bit of the old sadness and cast of care swept over her face, and she nestled down in the pillow and put up her two hands to hide a moment from the light.

The other two were too busy with Little Half-pint to notice her trouble then. They laid it down in a cradle that had been made for rocking and washing gold, and good little Bunker Hill sat by it, and crossed her legs and took up her work, and went on sewing and singing to herself, and swinging her leg that hung over, and rocking the cradle with her foot in the old-fashioned way when babies were born in the leaves of the woods of the Wabash, and mothers sat singing by the camp-fires, knitting, and rocking their babies in their sugar-troughs.

Down in the Howling Wilderness, I am bound to say, the carousing began early, and with a vigor that promised more headaches than the camp had known since the Widow first set foot in the Forks.

Little Half-pint was toasted and talked of in every corner of the house. Was it a girl or was it a boy? Why had they not asked so simple and so civil a question? They called for Limber Tim — they would appeal to him. But Limber Tim was not to be found in all the manifold depths of the Howling Wilderness. He had had his carouse, and was now playing sober Indian. In fact, he was hanging very close about the little rocking cradle up in the front room of the Widow's cabin. Never was the cradle allowed to rest, but rock, rock, rock, until the Widow and Sandy, too, were both made very sensible, sleeping or waking, that Little Half-pint, small as it was, was filling up the biggest half of the house.

Nearly midnight it was when Limber Tim, leaning over the cradle and looking, or pretending to look, at the baby, said to Bunker Hill, who bent down over it on the other side:

"Pretty, aint it?"

"Guess it is. Looks just like its father for the world." And little humpbacked Bunker Hill began to make faces, and to shake her head and nod it up and down, and coo and crow to Little Half-pint as if it was really able to hear, and understand, and answer all she said to it.

Down at the saloon all this time the spirits flowed like water. The cinnamon-haired fellow had fallen upon a harvest, and was making the most of it. He had laid off his coat, run his two hands up through his hair until it stood up like forked flames, and was thumping the glasses as if in feats of legerdemain. How he did score with the charcoal on the hewn logs behind! He marked and scored that night until the wall behind him looked as if it might be the *Iliad* written in Greek, or the characters on the obelisk of Saint Peter's.

Yet with all this happiness on the hill, and this merry-making under the hill, in the heart of the Sierra, in com-

memoration and celebration of the beginning of a new race in a new land, there was one man back in the corner of the saloon who looked on with something of a sneer in his hard hatchet face, and who refused to take any part. Now and then this man would lift up his left hand, hold out his fingers and count, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, to himself with his other hand, and then shake his head.

The men began to look at him and wonder what he meant. Then this man would count again — one, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Then, when the men would waddle by in their great gum-boots and look back at him over their beards, he would look them square in the face and wink, and screw and shrug his shoulders.

This man stopped there in the middle of the spree, and pursing his brow, and holding up his fingers once more, and looking as profound as if wrestling with a problem in Euclid, said to himself: "Hosses is ten, cows is six, cats is three; but human bein's? Blowed ef I know." And he shook his head.

At last this hard hatchet-faced looking man, standing back alone in the corner, seemed to have got it all counted up to his own satisfaction. He counted, however, again; then he said, as if to himself, "Eight months at the very outside," and slapped his hands together with great glee, and sucked his thin brown lips as if he had just tasted something very delicious.

Then this hatchet-faced fellow, still rubbing his hands and still sucking his lips, and meanwhile grinning with a grin that was sweet and devilish, turned to the first man at his side, and whispered in his ear.

This man started and spun round when the hard-faced man had finished, as if he had been a top and the hatchet-faced fellow had struck him with a whip. The man spun about, in fact, until the hard-faced fellow caught hold of his eye with his own and held him there until he could catch his breath. Then the man, after catching his breath, and catching it again, said slowly, but most emphatically:

"Ompossible!"

The hatchet-faced man simply pecked in the face of the other. He did not say anything more to him, but he pecked at him again, and he pecked emphatically, too, and in a way that would not admit of any two opinions; as if the man were a grain of corn, and he had half a mind to peck him up and swallow him down for daring to hint that it was impossible. Then the man went off suddenly to one side, and he, too, fell to counting on his fingers, and to taking a whole knot of men into his confidence.

Then the hatchet-faced fellow went up to another man and whispered in his ear, with his smirk and his sweet devilish smile, and he soon set him to spinning round like a top, and to lifting up his fingers and counting one, two, three, four, five, six, seven.

Then all around the saloon men began to get sober and to hold up their hands and to count their fingers.

At last the little fat red-faced Judge was heard to say:

"They was married in the fall."

"About — about — about — eh, about what month, do you remember, eh?" squeaked out the hatchet-faced man through his nose, as he planted himself before the little Judge.

"About the last cleaning up," said the Judge, cheerfully.

"That was about — about" — and the hatchet-faced man with the nasal twang and sharp nose began again to count on his fingers — "about six, seven, eight months ago?"

"Yes, yes," said the good-natured, unsuspicious, important little Judge — "about six or eight months ago, I reckon." And then he, smiling innocently,

fell in between two great bearded giants, as a sort of ham-sandwich filling, to take a drink at the bar.

"Ompossible!" said the first top to the hatchet-face.

"Ask him."

The hatchet-face and sharp-nose looked toward the little fat Judge wedged in between the giants. The top spun up to the little Judge, wedged his head in between the giants' shoulders, and asked a question.

The Judge shook his head, and then, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, said half-sadly: "No, I am not. No, I am sorry to say, I am not. That is a happiness still in store. No, I am not a family man. Never was married in my life; but whatever may transpire in this glorious climate of Californy——"

The top had its answer, and spun back to its place without waiting for the last of the speech.

The two men talked together again. Then they appealed to an old man who sat mute and sullen back on the bench by the bull-dog.

"No, he didn't know about such things; didn't care a cuss, anyhow." And the two men went away as if a flea or two had left the dog and hopped into their ears. They went to another man. "Don't see the point, blowed ef I do. Six months, seven months, eight months, ten months, all along there, I 'spose. The great Washington, Cæsar, Horace Greeley, all sich big-bugs, it might take one, two, three years. That little cuss today only a month or two, I reckon. It's all right, I reckon. It aint my funeral, anyhow. And what the devil yer come a-botherin' o' me for? Ef yer don't want ter drink yerself, let a feller alone what does!" And he shook them off with a gesture of the hand and a jerk of the head that meant a great deal more than he had said.

There were not so many fingers up now as before. The question evidently had been settled in the minds of the men fully in favor of Little Half-pint. Few understood these things at all, fewer still cared to go into particulars at this time, and the question would keep until they had more leisure and less whisky.

Finally, the hatchet-faced man went round and sat down opposite the man who sat behind the little silver faro-box by the pine table, and began to whisper in his ear. The good-natured genius, half-gambler, half-miner, who had played the little prank with the salmon and gold-dust, had had a dull night of it, and most likely even for that reason was a little out of humor. At all events, he did not answer at once, but set down his little silver box, and, taking up his cards, began to spin them one by one over the heads of the men, or through the crowd as it opened, back at the old bull-dog that lay on the bunk on the bags of gold under the blankets, half-whistling to himself as he did so.

The hatchet-faced man, fearing the man had forgotten his presence and his revelation, leaned over again and began to whisper and to count on his fingers.

"How many months did you say?"

"Seven or eight at the farthest."

"And how many had it ought to be?"

"Twelve!" And the smile that was sweet and devilish played about the thin blue lips below the sharp and meddlesome nose.

"And are you a family man?"

"No."

"And you say she's bilked us?"

"Yes."

"You're a darn'd infernal liar!" The gambler rose as he said this, snatched up his silver box and dashed it into the teeth of hatchet-face. And he, coward as he was, put up his hands and held them to his mouth while the blood ran down between his fingers.

"I don't keer, Judge, I don't keer ef

I broke every tooth in his head. I don't 'low no white-livered son of a gun to go round a-talkin' about a woman like that."

Then the gambler, walking off, said to those around him in a lower tone: "It don't take no twelve months, nohow. Now, there's the yaller cat; 'bout four litters in a year. Twelve months be blowed! That's an old woman's story. Then that's in Missoury, anyhow, an' what's the climate o' Missoury got to do with Californy, I'd like to know? No, gentlemen; some apples gits ripe soon, an' some don't git ripe till frost comes. Them's things, gentlemen, as we don't know nothin' about. Them's mysteries, an' none o' our business, nohow. Show me the man," and here he began to roar like a Numidian lion, and to tower up above the crowd, while a face like a razor shot out through the door, looking back frightened as it fled—"show me the man as says it's not all right, an' I'll shake him out o' his boots."

The gambler picked up his battered box, but he was evidently not in a good humor. He wiped it on his coat-sleeve, and polished it up and down, but was ill content. At last, looking out from under his great slouch-hat, he saw the top in the centre of a little knot of men holding up his hand and counting his fingers. He threw the box down on the table and rushed into the knot of men like a mad bull.

"A bully set you are, aint you? Gwine around a-countin' up after a sick woman! An' what do you know, anyhow?" He took hold of the nervous top, and again set it spinning. "That little woman, she come as we come. God Almighty didn't set no mark and gauge on you, an' you sha'n't go round an' count up after her. Do you hear? Now you git. You're wanted. Hatchet-face wants yer. Do you hear?"

The man spun his top about until its face was to the door, and it went out as a sort of handle to the hatchet, and was seen no more that night.

Yet for all this there had been a great ripple in the wave that had to run even to the shore before it could disappear from the face of things at the Forks.

CRUISE OF THE SAN BLASENA.

THE history of the adventures of the gold-hunters in the mad scramble that followed the discovery of gold in California has not been and probably will never be written. The actors, then in the vigor of early manhood, are now fast dropping away, and those who survive can furnish but dim and fragmentary recollections, from which it is difficult to gather enough of details to weave the fabric of a story. Few of them had forethought to keep journals. Making history or writing it was not an element that entered into their calculations, and the memories of the wild romance of that eventful year will soon be buried with them.

An allusion made by me in an address before the Pioneer Society in September last, to the adventures of a party that landed on the peninsula of Lower California and made their way to San Diego by land, was based on a narrative made to me during the year in which the events occurred, by a sick man who was one of a party that performed the journey, and the only one whom I knew. I have made unsuccessful endeavors to learn the fate of that man, who bore the ubiquitous name of Smith.

But the allusion has been the means of putting me in communication with a number of men of different parties who performed that feat, and, what is fortunate, I have been put into possession of diaries of the journeys kept by men now living in San Francisco. By the aid of these written records, I have been enabled to piece out the histories, comparatively complete, of several parties, that are worthy of preservation. The first is that of the

CRUISE OF THE SAN BLASENA.

Many thousands of the gold-hunters, in order to gain the advantage of a short cut, without waiting for the approach of spring to open up the passage by way of the plains, crossed through Mexico by every route practicable, and concentrated at the ports on its west coast, chiefly San Blas and Mazatlan. On their arrival at these ports they found all the available shipping already gone, or filled with passengers about to sail for San Francisco.

At the city of San Blas was a small schooner of thirty-five tons, the *San Blasena*, loaded with fruit for Mazatlan. It was ascertained that this vessel could be purchased for $2,700, to be delivered at the port of Mazatlan, and a party was soon made up consisting of thirty-seven persons. A bargain was concluded with the owners, who were Americans, and the money was paid to one of them named Robinson. The party sailed in the schooner to Mazatlan, while Robinson was to proceed by land and provide an outfit for the voyage.

After a few days, crowded on the schooner, the adventurers arrived at Mazatlan; but Robinson was not to be found. Many of them had put their all into the purchase and they were in desperate mood. No preparations had been made for supplies and the departure of the vessel. They had been nearly a week in this perplexity, when the looked-for Robinson appeared, giving the most pitiful account of his robbery and detention on the road; in short, he said he was unable to comply with the terms of the sale or refund the purchase-money. A meeting was called to consider the situation, and the excitement ran high. It was voted that the whole story of the robbery was an invention, and part of a scheme to swindle them. A suit was forthwith instituted against the reputed owners, as principals in the fraud, and they were thrown into prison by the authorities. At length an arrangement was effected by which they got a bill of sale of the schooner; but she was without stores, and required an outfit nearly equal to her value to provide for so long a voyage. It was expected that it would require a month at least to make the voyage to San Francisco. Those of the party who had money left advanced the amount necessary and took a bond on the vessel. A crew was extemporized out of their number, and an old gentleman named Austin was found to be qualified to take the altitude of the sun, and was put in command. Water and all the stores suitable that could be found were taken in, but when the captain went up to the custom-house to get his clearance, he was informed that he had an excess of passengers, and could not be allowed to proceed until he had landed nine of them. The requisite number were selected and placed on shore; but what rule governed in the selection the chronicler does not state—whether it was by lot, or whether the weakest had to take the boat. It may have been that those had to go who were armed with Allen's revolvers, or what was better, with no arms at all, or those who held the bottomry bond; but upon all this we are left to the vaguest conjecture and in total darkness. It would be very interesting to hear from one of that nine who were thenceforth

lost to this history, but of this there is little hope; the number is mystical, and a mystery hangs over them all.

This little unpleasantness having been disposed of, the vessel was cleared at the customs, the anchor was heaved up with wild enthusiasm, and with three cheers they stood out for the open sea. It was noon of the second day of May, and the captain thought it would be desirable as a matter of precaution to verify the latitude of the port of their departure; he went below accordingly to get out the quadrant, but came up with a most anxious countenance, and proclaimed in a loud voice to the little republic that there was no quadrant on board, and without a quadrant it would be impossible to make the voyage. "Pete" was the name of the only seaman on board, and Pete corroborated the opinion of the captain; it was thereupon voted by a large majority to put about and return to the anchorage. Slowly and sullenly they beat their way back to port and let go their best bower. The chain rattled away out of the hawse-hole until its last link slipped silently into the sea, and the schooner was as noiselessly drifting to the beach. They all gazed into each other's faces in blank amazement. The captain did not swear as captains ordinarily do under such circumstances, for he was not a thorough seaman, and for a better reason, that he had not yet learned to whom it would be quite safe to administer his expletives; but it was soon evident to all that they had lost their best anchor and chain, for the reason that no precaution had been taken to put a stop on it. Having looked to the other chain to make sure that the essential precautions had been taken, the other anchor was let go, and the *San Blasena* swung again safely at her moorings. A boat was sent in charge of Mr. I. S. Van Winkle, since distinguished as an iron-merchant in San Francisco, to scour the town for a quadrant. He was successful in finding one at a junk-shop, and remembers to this day what he paid for it. The run across the Gulf of California was made without recorded incident, and the morning of the 7th of May found them at the harbor of San José, on the gulf side of the peninsula, about twenty-five miles from its southernmost cape. The water laid in at Mazatlan was of bad quality, and it was deemed expedient to lay in a fresh supply at this place. The captain took the boat with a cask, accompanied by R. Aug. Thompson, Harry Allen, George Tryon, and three others whose names are not given, to make a landing at the watering-place; but the surf was greater than was anticipated, the boat was upset, and but for the natives on shore who discovered their peril they would all have perished.

Two days were spent here in laying in additional water and provisions. The next week was spent in efforts to make way against the light baffling winds, that were always ahead. Finding that their supplies were wasting and no progress had been made, they returned to San José to replenish and take a fresh start. On the 17th another attempt was made to get to windward, but the following night the north-west wind freshened into a gale, and blew with such fury that the sails were all torn from the yards, and the little craft drifted at the mercy of the elements. The seas breaking over her swept her decks of bulkheads, and the night was spent in momentary fear of being swamped, but with the dawn of day the gale abated, and they found themselves close to Cape Saint Lucas. With the aid of oars they worked in to the anchorage, and dropped anchor close to the shore under the protection of some high rocks. Here they found the native family of an English sailor who had gone to the gold regions, and letters had been received from him, but no one had been found who could read,

and the letters were still virtually sealed. The linguistic attainments of Reverend C. M. Blake were called into requisition, and he endeared himself to this secluded family by interpreting the messages of affection from the truant husband, performing the service so well that he was urged by the disconsolate wife to stay at the cape, and not incur the great danger of attempting again the passage to Upper California in so frail and unseaworthy a vessel. Whatever may have been the charm of the syren voice of the dark-browed Californian, Mr. Blake did not embark again on board the *San Blasena.* He assures us in his journal that he made the irrevocable resolution to abandon the vessel if he was ever permitted to reach land again, and I believe him. But, whatever may have been the motive, there can be no question about the fact. Mr. Blake did leave the schooner at this place, with ten others: the two brothers George and Edward Sickles, R. Aug. Thompson, Reverend D. B. Woods, E. W. Haines, and other names not mentioned. Six of the number found passage subsequently in the bark *Colooney*, bound from Panama to San Francisco, which had put into San Josè for supplies, and four — Blake, the two Sickleses, and an Englishman named Hartley — determined to find their way to Upper California by land. We will leave them at the cape and follow the fortunes of the *San Blasena.*

After spending a week or more at San José to refit after the disastrous storm, she again set sail, and arrived about the middle of June off the coast of Upper California, in latitude eighteen miles south of San Francisco, destitute of nearly all kinds of necessities of life. The vessel was so badly rigged and manned that she was unable to beat up to the harbor. While beating off and on, a Government vessel with General Riley on board came out, bound to Monterey, and spoke them. On learning their condition, a cask of water and a barrel of bread were put on board; enough, it was thought, to last them until their arrival on land. This additional supply was exhausted, and still they were outside the Heads. They approached so near that they saw the seals on the rocks, and the silvery gleam of fresh-water as it trickled from the cliff. A boat was sent on shore with four men to procure a supply. A small quantity was obtained, and one cask staved. Two men refused to return to the schooner, and no doubt made their way to San Francisco, as they were heard of no more. At length, after two weeks spent in the fruitless effort, the party abandoned all hope of reaching San Francisco, and voted to put into Monterey, where they arrived on the 1st of July. The *San Blasena* was there sold to Palmer, Cook & Co., for less than $700, and with skilled navigators was sent to San Francisco with a load of wood, was used in a lucrative trade on the rivers of the interior, and finally sold by them for a large sum.

We will now return to Mr. Blake and his party, whom we left at Cape Saint Lucas, preparing for a journey by land.

Finding no pack-animals at the cape, as everything of the kind had been driven off to the gold region long before by the Mexican population who had preceded them, they packed their effects on their backs to Todos Santos, a distance of sixty miles, which they performed in two and a half days. The trail led across ridges and intervening valleys, clothed with enormous living and dead *cacti*, and a growth of small timber. On the 24th of May, at Todos Santos, they procured from Father Gabriel an outfit of animals, and started for La Paz.

The peninsula of Lower California lies within the latitude between the regions of tropical rains and the variable winds of the temperate zone, where the

least amount of rain falls; it is in the same belt that crosses the desert of Sahara, Egypt, and Arabia; and, lying on the lee-side of the continent, the amount of rain-fall does not exceed the evaporation, hence springs are rare and of scanty supply, often alkaline and unfit for use. Trails are determined in their direction by the location of these supplies of water so indispensable to the traveler; and as these are found far up in the cañons, and are soon drank up by the sandy soil or evaporated by the heated rocks, the route of travel is necessarily over the most difficult part of the peninsula. After several days of severe toil for man and beast, they stood upon the mountain ridge that overlooks the town and valley of La Paz (peace), guarded by its mountain-walls, and gazed with delight upon its verdant fields of corn, inviting the weary travelers to rest and refreshment. Four hours had they traveled down the slope through mesquite groves before they could quench their thirst or satisfy the cravings of hunger. At La Paz they were hospitably entertained by Don Francisco, the pilot of the port. A day was spent in getting their horses shod, collecting what supplies they could carry, and gaining what information they found possible of the inhospitable region they were about to traverse to San Ignacio, eight hundred miles distant.

The two days after leaving La Paz were spent in traversing the cañon leading through the lofty walls to the north and bounding the amphitheatre of La Paz in that direction. These walls are thousands of feet in perpendicular height, and the stratifications are as sharply defined and as accurately depicted as possible. "What a journey would not a student undertake to behold so great a spectacle of the upheaval of these strata as is here exhibited for many leagues!" says the journal. "As we rose to the head of the cañon the strata that were in reality nearly horizontal seemed to dip in the direction of our route, until at last we had gained the table-land of the summit. Here the deep blue of the gulf burst upon us along a long line of its coast, and far to the west frowned in solemn grandeur the Pacific."

They took their zigzag way over the lava plains along the defiles and crests of the central ridges of the peninsula, picking their way through cactus thickets and gray thorny bushes, where for untold ages no path had been, beneath a cloudless sky and a burning sun, with water only at intervals of from twenty to fifty miles. For several days' journey they saw no inhabitant or trace of human beings. As they seemed to be the first, so they thought they would be the last who would ever break the eternal solitudes of these desert mountains. Their animals were fresh and well shod, and the distance to San Luis, 300 miles up the peninsula, was traversed in a few days. They found the place pretty much deserted, though its buildings of porphyritic stone were in a remarkably sound state. Much labor had been expended on it by the early fathers, and a beautiful growth of mesquite and fig-trees was witness of the irrigation they introduced from a neighboring *arroyo*. From San Luis to San Ignacio was said to be 450 miles. Distances as given by our travelers must not be calculated by scales of miles, but rather as measures of the toil with which the journey was performed, the slow progress made through the sharp rocks and thorns through which they had to pick their way, and the cañons which they crossed. They found but little provision for their journey at San Luis. For several days they traveled rapidly on, crossing *arroyos*, with water at convenient distances, though they often spent hours and traveled leagues up and down the rocky ravines to find it. The crossing of these *arroyos* or ravines was ever attended

with difficulty. The trail could not always be traced among the water-worn rocks in their bed, and the sides were overgrown with briery *chaparral.* At length, on the 11th of June, nine days after leaving San Luis, they lost the trail altogether. They were in the heart of the mountains, 300 or 400 miles below San Ignacio, and half that distance to La Purissima, the next place on their route where they could hope to find food. Loreto, on the gulf coast, was about, by their reckoning, 200 miles distant; Muleje still more distant, and impassable mountains intervened. The mission of Comander lay somewhere farther in the interior, embosomed amid stupendous cliffs, but exactly where they did not know. They were reduced to a small sack of rice, a little sugar, some coffee, and dried meat, not enough to last them a week. Game was abundant—deer, quail, pigeons, crows, etc.; but they were inaccessible even if they were shot, and the travelers were not well provided with hunting utensils and were unskillful in the use of them. They looked at their faithful horses and estimated the amount of dried meat they would make, and how long it could be made to last, though even that was growing less day by day through the hardship of the journey. They knew the general direction of their route lay north-north-west, "but such a route," says the journal—"over fields of burning sand, across elevated plateaus of ancient lava, pumice, obsidian, and trap-dikes, encompassed by thorny rigid shrubs that never had a name—looking with hope and apprehension in every ravine for water and rattlesnakes, for many a weary and desolate league! Should we ever find relief? Water, water!" They cut with their knives pieces of the cactus and chewed them, after shaving away the needles with which they were covered, but the horses could not be induced to touch them. They contemplated killing one of their animals for his blood; but what then could they do? Backward they could not go, even if they could find the lost trail; the hardships of the past were too deeply impressed upon their memory to permit a repetition of them; while hope was small before, despair was behind them. At length, after all their provisions were consumed and their strength nearly gone, they struck a fresh trail. "Courage, boys! Does it lead to Comander or to San Ignacio? Though out of our course, we must pursue it anywhere out of this horrible wilderness—anywhere from this terrible fate."

To be lost anywhere and to know you are so, is an experience that makes an impression not easily effaced from one's memory, whether it be as a child in the crowded streets of a great city, or in the pathless woods. There is life on every side, and hope somewhere, or why do you call and cry? Even to a sailor cast away in an open boat in the mid-ocean, with but a bottle of water and a biscuit, there is still hope that some passing ship will spy his signal of distress and rescue him; but to one lost in such a wilderness where no human being has ever been or is ever likely to be again, to feel day by day the gnawing of hunger at your vitals, to feel your blood growing thicker hour by hour as the hot dry air rustles through your parched lips and lungs, to know that you have no hope but in your own strength, and to feel that is gone, that you must die and be left food for vultures and coyotes, your fate forever unknown—that is to be lost as those men were lost.

As the day was far spent they lay down on the trail, and started with the early morning. Their new trail led them farther into the heart of the mountains, but it led them to water, and the following day it entered a narrow defile twenty miles in length, which, says the narrative, "exceeds in splendor anything I have ever seen or read of, and can be

compared only to the entrance to Mount Sinai from the north-west. Dizzy heights of plutonic rocks rise from 4,000 to 6,000 feet perpendicularly. These assume at every turn new forms representing towers, walls, battlements, and extinct craters. Your astonishment causes you to forget where you are; you lose thought of all else in the world but the scene about you. Above is a blue ribbon of the most pure and clear sky; round you are gray and gloomy walls, fragments of *débris* tumbled down from the cliffs above. From the correspondence of the two sides of the chasm it is evident that it was the work of some convulsion of nature. Were this pass accessible from a civilized country, I doubt whether the world could produce anything so famous as it would become. None of the justly celebrated *barrancas* of Mexico that I have seen can compare with this in magnificence." This led them to Comander, where they were kindly entertained by the *alcalde*, Guerra. They fared sumptuously on green corn, peas, beans, and figs, but it was not possible to obtain any supplies for their journey except dried beef. The *alcalde* furnished them many little things which he could spare, in exchange for which they gave him powder and balls, which were of little use to them. Leaving the mission to proceed on their direct route, they were compelled to ascend a very high mountain by an obscure mule-path, threaded through a defile among enormous masses of rock that had fallen from the cliffs above. Two or three hours' hard scrambling brought them to another lava plain, over which they made their way to the mission of La Purissima. On the first day out they passed a small lake, the only one they saw on the peninsula. It was covered with an immense number of water-fowl, and as they camped on its shore they were disturbed all night by their noise. At La Purissima they found a friend in the brother of the *alcalde* at Comander, with whom they rested, for they had not yet recovered from the terrible fatigues of their forced marches while lost, and to this they were as strongly impelled by the natural instinct for society. The companionship of even these half-civilized people was a gratification difficult to deny themselves. They, on the other hand, were as loath to have the travelers leave, but begged them to remain, and represented the inhospitable region through which they must pass as impassable at that season—in the winter "yes," but in the summer "no;" it never had been done. Certain death from thirst and hunger would be their fate. But all these persuasions and warnings were in vain. They were able to obtain here some corn at a fabulous price, which they had parched and ground; and in this state it constitutes the principal article of food of the Indian races throughout Mexico, while journeying. The limited amount of corn to be obtained made it necessary to increase their store of provisions by the addition of some dried peas and beans.

The journey was continued without noteworthy incident until July 24th, when Mr. Blake's horse, being unable longer to travel, was left by the way, and he continued on foot to San Ignacio. As his boots gave out, he supplied himself with sandals of raw-hide. At San Ignacio they found a party of Sonorians—about thirty in number—well armed and mounted, bound to the gold regions of Upper California. They were under the command of Pablo de Portilla, formerly *comandante* at San Diego. Though seventy-five years of age, he was hale and full of enterprise. At this place the Sickles brothers left Mr. Blake, being mounted, and he attached himself to the party of Portilla until they had gone several hundred miles, when they went into camp to recruit their animals, and he, packing his blankets, continued

his journey on foot. The character of the country continued to improve, inhabitants were found more frequently, and he suffered less from want. At length, on the 11th of August, he fell in with Major Emory's surveying party at the initial point of the Mexican boundary line. Here he found Lieutenant Evans, of the First Dragoons, an old class-mate at Bowdoin, from whom he received a cordial greeting and a supply of clothing.

SENT TO COVENTRY.

I.

WE are not rich, you must know, and that summer our minds were made up to remain in the Stuyvesant Building. We were very comfortable in our French flat, and the rooms (they *are* small, I confess) were so crammed with pretty knickknacks, that, humble as I felt in the board of brokers, at home I looked about me with the complacency of one that hath great possessions.

I had supported with much fervor the anti-migration resolution, having remarked that no forecast or calculation can provide against the contingent expenses of a watering-place hotel. But the mainspring of our domestic system, as you may suppose, is our small heiress, and when she began to wilt under the fierce suns of June, I foresaw that the home-keeping scheme was doomed. Where to go was the next question, and my wife, after a weak pretense of consulting my opinion, fixed on the Pavilion at New Brighton.

"So convenient for you, Hal!" she explained with customary sweetness, "and the trip by water twice a day will do you so much good."

"Quite so," was my submissive answer, wherein I tamely ignored the crowded state of those morning boats, and the consequent hopelessness of finding seats on the more shady side.

"Besides," she added, as if yielding to an after-thought, "Gerty Sterling and her grandfather go there every year!"

I have not seen the Pavilion lately, and can not say whether the place retains its prestige, but that particular season there was no lack of pleasant people. I got the *catalogue raisonnée* of their several merits on my first evening while I smoked a cigar in a corner of the piazza which faces the broad bay. Mattie is much too good a general to neglect the study of her ground, and I felt quite ashamed of having wasted my time in watching the gyrations of stock when I found how far she had pushed her investigations in the course of one afternoon.

Names, fortunes, pedigrees, character, dress, and manners—she skipped positively nothing in her swift biographies, lowering her voice to a delusive undertone when the victims of her criticism passed us in their walk. She was engaged in scorching some luckless matron, who had ventured to detect a striking likeness between her own child and our young paragon, when Mattie broke off with:

"Look, Hal! I declare it is too much. That woman——"

I look up eagerly. When ladies say "that woman" I know they have reached the climax of invective, and perfectly understand why Irish servants resent with bitterness that generic term.

Was it possible so much ire could be kindled by that splendid creature who had just now descended the steps and was moving toward a smart phaeton

which had been driven to the gate a moment before?

"My taste in female gear," I hazard, cautiously, "is by no means as nice as yours, yet I find nothing to carp at *there* — from the tiny boot peeping forth beneath the pearl-gray *jupe*, to those masses of dusky hair looped under the jaunty hat. Perhaps, indeed, that *fichu* ——"

"*Fichu!*" echoed Mattie, scornfully. "Does the man think I mean her *dress!* Can't you see those idiots?"

Certainly the lady did not want for vassals. And pretty to note was the obliging ardor which sought to relieve her of such weighty implements as a fan or parasol, while the fastening of a glove (she had drawn on long gauntlets of many buttons) seemed to engross the entire soul of one youthful squire. I had not yet seen the face, but, as she was helped into the carriage, I caught one glimpse of a curved cheek and creamy complexion which went far to account for Mattie's behavior.

"My dear," I whispered, as the phaeton disappeared, "if that lady's eyes match her hair, I can understand your feelings."

"Feelings, indeed! Great tawny ones — you'll see such in panthers or wild-cats; never in a Christian head!"

I was a little confused by this speech, but she went on:

"Who cares about her *eyes?* I am thinking of her *husband* — there he is, pretending to console himself, wretched man!—and her two little children abandoned to the care of *hirelings*, while the unhappy mother ——"

"Mattie," I break in hastily, "you strike a tender chord. Our own little one: is it safe, think you, to leave her with that old nurse?"

A pinch administered at this juncture having been borne with fortitude, my petition for further information brought out the following facts:

Mrs. Carteret was the name of this dangerous being whose gorgeous plumage and winning lures had fluttered the dove-cotes so distressingly. Descended from one of those French Creole families long settled in Louisiana, whose daughters have gained quite as much in sensuous beauty as the sons have lost in energy, she had bestowed herself and her large fortune upon a young Englishman who, luckily or not as it might happen, was sojourning in New Orleans.

"Married out of spite," pursued my informant; "just because she was disappointed elsewhere. Did you ever hear a more heathenish thing! Now, they say, she's unhappy—and she ought to be!"

I suppose I looked rather charitable, for Mattie waxed indignant.

"I do believe you've begun to pity her! As if I didn't know what men's sympathies are worth, and how eager you all are to call the husband a brute when the wife happens to be good-looking. Not that I admire *her*, by any means. Those sleepy, languid things — I feel like pinching them! Besides, she's too stout, or will be in two or three years—you'll see!"

I was perfectly willing to accept the fact of nascent obesity without waiting so long to verify it, and would have said so, but I was cut short.

"You needn't smile in that lofty way. If a married man, with a daughter of his own growing up, *chooses* to sneer at propriety and decorum, I pity him. There was a time, sir, when you could be caustic enough about married flirts. And if you knew what I heard this afternoon, and what a fool that woman is making of Jack Sommers ——"

"You don't mean Jack has found his way down here?"

"I should think he had. Came down in this Mrs. Carteret's train, and follows her everywhere like a tame cat." Mattie can be savage when she likes. "I don't know," she continued, "whether

young lawyers have any business to lose, but it seems he never goes to town. The poor man is dissolved in pity, you see; her married life is *so* unhappy. Such conduct is perfectly sickening!"

I begin to understand my wife's righteous indignation. Jack is rather a favorite of hers—in fact, the only one of my college friends whom she consents to view with my partial eyes. I do not know that I could trace the process, but gradually we married men learn to distrust our own judgment of character, and have our minds opened to many shortcomings in the comrades of prenuptial days. Either they want polish, or are sadly deficient in religious principle, or are suspected of dissolute habits—and what reasonable person would defend ties, however ancient, against arguments like these?

Yet Sommers, curiously enough, was by no means one of the elect. In fact, anyone less qualified to set up for a saint or model can hardly be conceived, flung as he had been on the world before he was out of pinafores, and drifting from one rough boarding-school to another, totally bereft of those sanctifying home-influences whereof Mattie discourses with so much unction. As for female society, until he graduated, I doubt if he had spoken to a pretty girl twice in his life, and I am sure he never looked one in the face. In spite of these drawbacks, however, Jack's position in my household has come to be well-nigh impregnable, and I have even detected a faint tendency to hold him forth as a shining example.

"What *you* call shyness in Mr. Sommers," my wife is wont to say, "is nothing but loyal respect, and only flatters an intelligent woman. I wish more of you erred on that side. The coolness and self-possession of *some men* is simply exasperating."

Of course, I decline to make any personal application of this sentence, but shake my head regretfully. "I used to think him open as the day, but the bated breath with which that young man will hear you lay down the law, and the incense he is incessantly burning to your social and domestic virtues, have convinced me he is very deep."

"I am aware," replies Mattie, with a sternness which shows my frivolous discourse, "that the importance a *few people* attach to my opinions is a pleasant fiction. But I find it very refreshing at times—like dreaming a happy dream. My candid friends take care to waken me."

Besides her genuine liking for the lad, and unwillingness to hear him talked about, it is possible a secret hope not unconnected with his settlement in life had been clouded, not to say extinguished, by his recent behavior. I had no time to probe this matter (which I was preparing to do with delicacy, having known a certain person inveigh hotly against the sinfulness of match-making), for Mattie was summoned away to a congress of matrons convened in one of the drawing-rooms. I feel certain poor Jack's conduct was among the offenses laid before that solemn *Vehm-gericht*, for my wife's face was full of gloom when I saw her later in the evening.

II.

There was an early breakfast at the Pavilion for those bread-winners who took an early boat, and I was seated at my solitary repast when Jack came up. There was not a trace of consciousness in his frank greeting.

"Determined, you see, Hal," he said, grasping my hand, "not to miss you this morning. All day yesterday I was cruising with Vanbro', and astonished enough I was, when we got in, to find your name on the books. And how are Mattie and the small enslaver? I hope you'll let me sit near you at dinner? But I must petition the queen herself at lunch. And

wouldn't a short sail, or a row along the kills, do them both good? I say, old fellow, I'm downright glad to have you all here."

"I dare say you and Mattie will find plenty to talk about," I responded, rather enigmatically, secretly wondering how that lady would receive the proposition to join us at dinner before the eyes of that 'council of ten' whereby I had reason to suspect Master Jack's character had been weighed and found wanting. However, a man who could dally twelve hours on a yacht might not be hopelessly entangled, and preferring to leave the *rôle* of inquisitor to more experienced hands, I merely asked, when we rose from the table, whether he meant to take the eight o'clock boat?

"Well, no," he thought not. "It is rather a waste of time, you see, going to town in the midsummer holidays. The courts, you know, are all adjourned." As if that fact could possibly affect his extensive practice!

I was late that afternoon, and dinner was in progress when I entered the hall. There was Jack, sure enough, stationed at my wife's right hand, and bending over her (Mattie is rather diminutive) with that quiet deference of his which, had he committed murder, would half disarm a feminine jury. If I had taken more pains to conceal my amusement at this state of affairs, I might have escaped a withering glance, as well as the scathing inquiry whether I had found the Stock Exchange *more* profitable than usual. However, I took my cue, and confining myself to topics of general, not to say national, interest, pretended not to notice Mattie's absence of mind, or connect her evident nervousness with those grim-visaged matrons who sat within convenient earshot. But by and by, when we took a turn on the piazza (Jack meanwhile going off to the stables, for he had actually extorted a promise to drive), I suggested that some kind of explanation seemed to be in order.

"Of all the *naïve*, confiding, simple-hearted fools allowed to live for the confusion of the wise"—my wife was voluble enough now—"Jack Sommers is the worst! If you could contrive to shed a tear or two, and gasp a little—*so*—you could make him believe anything. Trust Mrs. Carteret to find *that* out! What stuff, my dear, she must have cooked for that simple lad! Not that he gave me any particulars, the loyal idiot, but he hinted darkly at some tale of wrong. My mind is at peace, though, on one point: he don't care for her—in *that* way—not a bit!"

"How do you know?"

"Because—because I said she paints (that's a fib, you know), and he didn't deny it."

"If," I said, greatly shocked, "you can reconcile calumny to your own conscience—if you, a staunch churchwoman, can copy the Jesuits, unscrupulous in their choice of means ——"

"Listen to me, Hal; collect your faculties, and try to contribute some sensible advice. I am perplexed, for my part. All that about the net being vainly spread in the sight of any bird don't apply to purblind blundering wild-turkeys like your friend Sommers. To any reasonable being I might hint that *noblesse oblige*, and that *ladies* don't talk on certain themes with every chance acquaintance. But he is such an *old* friend, you see, having met her about three weeks ago! Besides, don't I know how the artful thing allowed her pathetic story to be dragged from her by degrees—words interwoven with sighs, as somebody you were reading says—and how guilty she makes Jack feel by pretending to repent that weakness? Weakness, indeed! As if she had anything to reveal except that she married a man twice too good for her, and has led him a dog's life!"

I acknowledged that all this was

doubtless true, but I failed to see why Mrs. Carteret should trouble herself to hoodwink poor Jack. Of course, I was immediately accused of ignoring his personal advantages.

"He's much better-looking, let me tell you, than *most gentlemen* of my acquaintance. And he's not a bit priggish or dogmatic, as *so many* are. Everybody likes Mr. Sommers, and those popular fellows whom other men follow like sheep are valuable allies to people who have no friends of *their own sex*. She'll need all the support she can find, my dear—and perhaps no later than this evening——"

But Jack drove up just then—he had found a landau somewhere—and we got in, not without some deprecating nods on Mattie's part toward the dowagers before mentioned, who responded (I thought) rather stiffly.

What drives there are for him who knows all the secrets of that deep-wooded, hill-crowned, wave-girdled island! What quaint homesteads and winding roads, sunny meadows and upland lawns, what glimpses of quiet bays and the busy ship-traveled sea! We were silent enough until we passed Clifton, but once on the Old Fort road, the Narrows on the left and the great trees arching overhead, our tongues were loosened, and Jack, who had been looking singularly dejected, was bidden to unbosom his troubles.

"It does make me so sad," he began, "to find that anyone possessing the generous and thoroughly unworldly nature of your wife"—the rascal was deeper than I imagined—"will forego the exercise of her own judgment, and persist in thinking evil of a fellow-creature whom she has scarcely seen. Now, you know with what kindness and indulgence I am treated in your house, and that emboldened me to fancy my good opinion of a certain lady might have some weight. So I ventured to ask Mattie this morning to allow me to present Mrs. Carteret——"

I was stricken speechless by this piece of audacity, but my wife only put in rather formally: "An honor, Jack, I was really sorry to be forced to decline."

"And why, Hal, do you think?" he went on, excitedly. "Because a cabal of stale old maids and straight-laced grandmothers has set its face against this lady, almost sent her to Coventry, in fact, and brands her free and genial Southern manners by I know not what spiteful name!"

I waited for Mattie to rebuke the scoffer, but she seemed strangely subdued, and I felt called upon to take him in hand.

"The first step, sir, in a downward career is the speaking evil of dignities. You will sink swiftly to a rude defiance of most wholesome restraints, and terminate in mad contempt of all laws, divine and human. Those venerable and excellent persons whom you have seen fit to stigmatize are the accepted guarantors of moral order and the final arbiters of social rule; in short, the keepers of society's conscience. Know, most untutored youth, had those awful oracles uttered so much as one note of warning, my own wife, the mother of my child, would have suffered me to wither in single blessedness—yea, would have taken to herself another spouse—provided always she received an offer."

I fancied this burst of eloquence had done the cause some service, and was a little hurt when my wife recompensed my effort with a disdainful shrug, and confined herself to meekly inquiring whether people, in Mr. Sommer's opinion, had the right to choose their acquaintances? Her opponent countered instantly.

"Of course, they may discriminate as they please; but isn't there a civil and a scathing way of doing it? My indifference to a man's society gives me no

right to wound his feelings, much less to knock him down. I don't believe you *know* what your friends have done." (The artfulness of this boy disquiets me.) "Let me tell you what I learned from Vinton after dinner. Our Saturday night hops, everybody knows what they are, the most informal unexclusive assemblies in the world. Half the neighborhood is welcome, and all the inmates of the house are undoubtedly privileged to take part. Within the memory of man no attempt was ever made to hedge about those simple gatherings. So, no doubt, you were as much amused as I was to get a written invitation, signed by a committee of ladies, to a dancing party this evening. But it proves to be no laughing matter. The sting, you see, lies here. Mrs. Carteret has received no invitation."

"Probably there is some mistake," I began; but Mattie has a gallant spirit, and will not always stoop to subterfuge.

"There is no mistake," she said, icily. "Mrs. Carteret's presence was not desired. Heaven knows our manners and customs are lax enough, but there *are* limits which people who respect themselves will decline to pass. I am grieved that any friend *of yours* should expose herself to reproof. But when sober married women choose to shock all sense of propriety by their demeanor toward *giddy young men*, they must take the consequences."

"But what a shame," cried Jack, "to visit the penalty on her, and spare those who only tease her with their assiduities! Me, for instance—why don't they ostracize *me?* And this *thing*, which they refuse her—how have I deserved it?" Wherewith he pulled a card from his pocket and flung it angrily away.

Ah! Jack, benighted and evil-starred, footing the treacherous quicksands of a single life, little do you dream what fate sour Clotho is already spinning, and how speedily the greedy scissors may snip your thread! Unprompted by some guardian genius what man shall measure the sagacity of those dread sisters, or guess that the maxim "Divide and conquer" is ever the postulate of their dire lore? Who was Jack, to accuse the gods of unequal justice, as if his turn would not surely come?

The outbreak of temper chronicled above seemed rather to amuse Mattie, who chatted good-humoredly on common themes until we reached home, when she said, abruptly:

"I dare say the missing of this hop will be no great loss to anybody; I've no thought of going myself."

"Haven't you?" said Jack, with an eagerness I did not understand. "Then I know what I mean to do!" And he marched off to the bachelors' quarters.

I am sure my wife was perfectly sincere in her purpose of abjuring pomps and vanities for this one evening, but the violins had scarcely begun when down she came and announced her intention to watch the dancing from the piazza. So I found her a coign of vantage, and, lighting a cigar, awaited developments.

Somehow the dancing seemed to drag strangely. The rooms were full enough, too. Naturally the dowagers were there in force, conscious that the hour of triumph was at hand, and prepared to savor it with a sombre joy. Nor was there lack of brisk young matrons and radiant girls, but these looked expectant, almost anxious, for as yet no black coats were visible, and Diana's revels could scarcely have seemed more sacred from the intrusion of males. I might not with fairness count a handful of elderly Actæons, whose weak knees, succumbing to a single waltz, were thereafter laid up for repairs. For a time, indeed, the younger ladies made shift to dance with one another, but the most ardent soon wearied of that mild delight, and ere long the deserted floor made the very music seem to flag.

"What noise is that?" cried Mattie, sharply; and she may well marvel whence proceeds that burst of merriment, all that din of lively voices, and the murmur of hurrying feet.

"Look, dear!" I whisper, ruefully; "is that—can that be—Mrs. Carteret sailing down the piazza toward us, leaning on Jack Sommers' arm? How exultant, how bright, she looks! In ball-dress, too! And her *cortége*—look at it—every nice-looking man, every eligible *valseur* in the place! What does it mean? My love, this is Jack's doing, and it is ominous in my eyes."

Sad to say, even maids of honor were not wanting to this princess of Bohemia, for divers foolish virgins, lured by hopes of vicarious homage, had basely betrayed their order and joined forces with their natural foe. Down the corridor swept the train, past the drawing-room and its speechless inmates, quite down to the spacious dining-hall, whose doors flung open discovered a sea of light, and positively another band—O! spendthrift Jack—whose stirring strains, unlike its unlucky rivals, wooed no reluctant guests.

I threw one glance into the drawing-room, where all now was uproar and confusion—some faces green with discomfiture, others flushed with indignant revolt—and then turned to my afflicted wife. And behold she was convulsed with mirth.

"I can't help it, Hal," she gasped; "I know it's wicked—but the sight of those poor tabbies—listen, how they miaul—will kill me! Look at this one—she has pulled off her turban, and with it her false hair! And that other—*she* has had a fit—O dear!"

I looked so confounded by this speech that Mattie partially recovered and begged me to take her away.

"I dare not," she owned, "face the dowagers to-night. Poor Jack!" she sighed, when at length we were out of danger, "I might have saved him but for this. And Gerty Sterling coming on Monday! A nice character they'll give him to *her* and that precise old grandfather."

Many hours later I stole down stairs, and found Jack's ball just over and the author of that bad festival smoking in solitude.

"Well, my lad," I said, "you did the deed. Now go and drown yourself!"

"It *was* a glorious triumph, wasn't it, Hal? But do you know, deuce take it, Mrs. Carteret goes South the day after to-morrow—quits the field?"

"Then Mrs. Carteret is a soldier of genius."

"Why?"

"Having won a Pyrrhic victory, she wisely returns to Epirus."

III.

Few girls of twenty are more pleasant to look upon, or perhaps more worthy to be tenderly and patiently wooed than Miss Gertrude Sterling, whose advent now engrossed Mattie's attention to the exclusion of social wars. Not that the new-comer is at all what my wife calls "a man's beauty," for though her rounded figure and blooming cheeks give token of a vigorous nature, there is no trace of coquetry in the truthful eyes, and the least placable of crabbed vestals must needs be softened by her modest ways. I dare say some discerning youths might neglect this calm wholesome creature for the rattling banter and frolic laugh of more worldly maids, but I never knew an honest fellow, once brought beneath her soft spell, find strength or heart to break away. How many victims of those innocent charms have been reduced to abject entreaty I can not learn, for on this point Mattie is dumb, and protests the grave itself is not more secret than her young friend's loyalty.

Don't imagine you have to do with

some tame waxen puppet, plastic and ductile to anybody's will. I doubt if that cantankerous old seaman, Admiral Sterling himself, stiff-necked and arbitrary as he seems, would undertake to coerce *this* grandchild to any hests she deemed ungentle or unjust. You meet women now and then, if you are lucky, whose artless minds *look* soft as that velvet moss, yet the rock it clothes is scarcely firmer than their quiet purpose when heart or conscience speaks. If ever Miss Gerty plights her troth, rely on it the man she chooses may traverse land and sea, unfearful that calumny or absence will avail to work him wrong.

It must be that social philosophers are less happily mated than simple folk, otherwise they would do ampler justice to the activity of the female mind and the wealth of curious information that quick-eyed sex can accumulate in a brief period. Here was Mattie, for instance—who had parted from her friend only a month ago, and since been, as I can testify, in receipt of two letters weekly—secreting herself in remote corners and locking herself up in bed-chambers with an air of importance and mystery impossible to describe. For the space of two days I was positively cut off from communicatino with my own household, and my wife has reason to be thankful that unusual strength of character (and consideration of my child's welfare) preserved me from dissipated courses fatal to her domestic peace.

Under these circumstances I missed Jack, who had not been visible since Monday, when he with other liegemen went up on the morning boat in order to lend all possible *éclat* to Mrs. Carteret's exodus. I need not say how sinister an aspect his disappearance wore to the eyes of austere matronage, or what sensational reports were woven of this flimsy material. Happily on Tuesday evening I met the hero of those histories strolling up from the pier, but the lad seemed so morose and downcast that I forebore to catechise him.

I learned afterward from another source what had dashed Master Jack's spirits. It seems the entire corps of Mrs. Carteret's admirers had insisted on seeing that lady safely ensconced in the Washington train, and having thereby mutilated the solid day, adjourned to the Beaver-street Delmonico's, by way of utilizing what was left of it. By some means it leaked out in the course of the ensuing banquet that the tale of matrimonial woe had been confided to half-a-dozen young gentlemen, each of whom piously believed himself sole trustee of the harrowing secret. Now a *douche* of this sort—just when one has wrought himself to a fine glow of knightly fervor—is rather a shock to the moral system, and I was not surprised to find Staten Island, being the scene of certain Quixotic exploits, had grown distasteful to the principal actor.

"I had half a mind to cut the Pavilion," said Jack, sombrely; "I loathe the place, and its tribe of scandal-mongers! But I wanted to see more of you and Mattie—you know I'm off to New London next week."

I had my doubts whether the young man's mood was adapted to *tête-à-tête* conversation, and happening to light on Mattie and her bosom comrade, I delivered Sir Fretful into their hands. Not a little cheered by my wife's cordiality (for which I own I was not prepared), and mildly stimulated by Miss Gertrude's attentive mien, Jack acquitted himself better than I had expected. Indeed he even consented to drink tea—a beverage he can not tolerate—and somebody suggesting a game at bowls, marshaled us gaily to those decrepit alleys (under the bachelors' quarters), reserved during certain hours to feminine votaries of the sport.

Now it is Mattie's custom at such times to exact sundry little attentions—

such as handing her the balls and jotting down her score—from whatever gentleman (not her husband) happens to be of the party, but on this occasion she insisted on performing those offices for herself. I was by no means vexed at this, or to see Jack solicitous to care for Miss Sterling in such matters, for I hold bowling to be a scientific exercise which requires a man's serious attention. But my wife's whim puzzled me all the same, and so did her smile of quiet satisfaction as we returned to the house—considering that both Jack and the young lady had rolled in the most preposterous fashion, while I personally had missed some elaborate shots.

A placid slumberous calm, as of some mild lotus-land, broods over the Pavilion during daylight hours, and the man unfettered by business, who seeks to amuse his leisure here, must consent to lead a languid, not to say humdrum life. It may be that atmosphere of peace was balm to Mr. Sommers at this epoch; certainly he made no complaint, and seemed even to acquire a relish for those simple and rather spiritless pastimes which prudent chaperons have agreed to sanction.

You know what those diversions are—to read aloud from some harmless novel, while deft white fingers toying with webs of gossamer feign to make themselves useful in the world—to saunter in parties of three along dusty country roads, or call at some friendly villa where you are regaled with ice-water and cakes—to pull lazily across the kills or round the shores of Newark Bay, quoting poetry occasionally (the healthiest minds are not proof against that weakness), while a pair of gentle auditors screened beneath their fluttering canopy listen heedfully with bent heads, or watch with dreamy eyes the slow dip of your feathered oars. Now the staid householder well broken to the conjugal yoke has been known to find these pleasures tame, and I marveled they did not pall on a man of Jack's active temperament. But his ardor never flagged. Week after week slipped away in this tranquil manner of existence, and the projected visit to New London seemed to have been renounced and utterly forgotten.

Meantime those ancient and honorable dames, whose claim to be expounders of the unwritten law and guardians of the social weal no sane man has ever contested, bore grimly the smart of their late defeat, and refrained for the moment from any overt act of vengeance. They were a little awed, I think, by the firmness of Mattie's attitude, and found it awkward to deal with a transgressor protected by such a mistress of fence. But in divers secret conclaves a scheme of retribution was matured, and gradually a wall of ostracism rose about the devoted lad. I remarked that groups of his acquaintances were apt to grow silent, or break up at his approach, and, although the Saturday hops at once reverted to the old familiar fashion, certain damsels who had once been happy to dance with Mr. Sommers were now invariably engaged. As Jack, however, preferred chatting with me when neither Mattie nor Miss Sterling could give him a waltz, those casual rebuffs failed to open his eyes, and doubtless his judges waxed indignant to see the culprit linger in a fool's paradise, while to their cognizance he was already sentenced and cast forth into the limbo of the lost.

But you may trust a jury of matrons to detect a man's vulnerable point, and the next blow was shrewdly aimed. Admiral Sterling's weakness, if so tough and weather-proof a breast can be said to harbor any, is for cards, and when he began to desert Mattie (who had roused that ancient mariner to a quaint and ponderous gallantry) and pass his evenings with certain maiden

ladies over a game of bezique or whist, it required no prophet to tell what topics filled the intervals of those diversions. How far sundry startling revelations availed to warp the grandsire's mind, and what came of his interference, may appear from some fragments of a dialogue which took place one Saturday evening, and which I, being wedged in the angle of a door behind the skirts of two impregnable dowagers, was constrained to overhear.

"Gertrude!"—the curtness of the quarter-deck lent severity to this rebuke—"that Mr. Sommers seems too officious. I don't like your dancing with him so much."

It was a meek and filial voice that answered: "Very well, grandpapa; but I've *promised* him the next waltz—you wouldn't have me *break my word?*"

"I don't know"—crustily—"I hear bad accounts of him. I'm by no means pleased with the young gentleman."

"Aren't you, grandpapa?"—wonderingly. "Now that seems hard, when Mr. Sommers is such an admirer of *yours.* Why, he will listen for hours to that Port Royal story! And Mattie says—you *used* to value her opinion—that next to Admiral Sterling he is the most thorough gentleman she knows."

I might have discerned a want of ingenuousness in that little speech if my wife had not used the extraordinary words ascribed to her more than once in my presence (with what motive I forbear to investigate). As to the honesty of Jack's enthusiasm when Miss Gerty rehearsed her grandsire's exploits, I did not question it for an instant.

It may be doubted if the admiral's disapproval of Jack's conduct was at all intensified by the brief discourse above quoted, but minor obstacles only quicken the ministers of a righteous wrath, and I foresaw the offender's chastisement could not be long deferred. It was certainly unfortunate that at this juncture, when he was likely to need all his faculties, the young man's spirits underwent profound depression, and his manner in the society of ladies (though it might be dashed with fitful gaiety) betrayed a kind of wistful anxiety, and at times a sepulchral gloom quite alien to his natural character. But his daily consumption of cigars now exceeded any reasonable limit, and this, with the habit he had lately acquired of pacing the piazza after midnight, would account for some nervous prostration. I supposed the lad might want a change of air, and cited New London as being one of his favorite resorts. To my surprise he repelled the suggestion, and railed at the absurdity of traversing a hundred miles to find places far less attractive than some which lie at your doors.

I imparted my observations to Mattie in the privacy of the conjugal chamber, and learned those symptoms of incipient disorder had not escaped her.

"He's in a bad way," I submitted; "I think he smokes too much, don't you?"

My wife was brushing her hair, and did not answer for a moment.

"Perhaps he has caught one of those intermittent fevers which infest so many watering-places. Staten Island, they say, is especially dangerous. I think," she added, in a curious tone, "that Gerty shows some traces of the malady."

"You must give her quinine," said I.

"You are a goose," said she, and declined to pursue the subject farther.

IV.

There lived in those days a certain merchant of large fortune and liberal tastes, who, nourishing a craving for political influence, had accepted the function of collector of customs. This gentleman was much encouraged to the performance of his onerous duties by the discovery that a commodious steam-

yacht was included in the perquisites of his office. In the course of a protracted cruise devoted to the inspection of sea-side resorts this useful little vessel came to anchor off New Brighton, and her proprietor, meeting friends at the Pavilion who revived memories of his sprightly youth, placed the yacht at their disposal.

Divers projects of marine entertainment were broached and maturely considered, but the plan which gained final sanction was a moonlight trip up the North River. A sumptuous banquet on deck was to be a pleasant feature of the voyage, and afterward music and dancing would while away the summer night.

Very naturally a *fête* of such promise was an event in our quiet circle—indeed, the ladies would talk of nothing else. Jack and I had just joined Mattie, who was chatting with Miss Sterling and the admiral, when a gracious dame, who had been deputed mistress of ceremonies, brought a list of invited guests.

"Of course, my dear, *you* are coming," she said to Mattie; "we would not miss you on any account, or your *delightful sarcastic* husband. Admiral Sterling we have secured already. By the way," she added, archly, naming a young gentleman who had shown devotion in a certain quarter, "if Miss Gerty has *no objection* I shall ask Mr. Hoffman to come over from Grimes' Hill."

With that she left us. Not a word to Jack, not so much as a nod of recognition. She had merely given him one languid absent glance. An awkward silence followed her departure, until the poor fellow, reddening violently, stammered some excuse, and walked away.

Whether the lad's punishment proved in the end to be greater than he could bear will appear in the progress of this history, but there is no question whatever that the next forty-eight hours were passed in sore affliction and remorse. I had fancied a reasonable amount of contrition might have a salutary effect, but I was shocked to discover in Jack's bearing the desperate abasement of one who has been crushed by irreparable calamity. After all, neither the loss of a water-party, nor the fierce prejudice he had lately conceived against that harmless Mr. Hoffman, was adequate to explain complete abstinence from meals, a strict avoidance of old friends, and a manner of comportment generally pertaining to the social outlaw.

On the afternoon appointed for the *fête*, Master Jack, prowling restlessly here and there, encountered Mattie and myself calmly seated on the piazza, watching the course of the pleasure-freighted yacht, whose black hull had already dwindled to a faint speck in the offing. A great wave of joy broke over his face.

"Why, Mattie, Hal—I thought!—how does it happen you are not out yonder?"

"You *couldn't* suppose I meant to go!" explained my wife, with affected carelessness, which, however, did not mask the sweetness of her bright smile, "You know the least motion makes me sick, and I'm far too wise a woman to risk such a perilous voyage. I'd much rather chat with you and Hal—provided you are *very good.*"

Jack's eye was beaming.

"I might have known I had two good friends," he said.

"*Two*—what nonsense!" laughed Mattie, merrily; "you've hosts of them. Hasn't he, Gerty?"

He looked round wonderingly, and sure enough, there stood Miss Gerty, with a pretty blush on her soft cheek, as she put forth a hand timidly to welcome this knight forlorn.

Now at that time there existed upon Staten Island a restaurant, established for the use and behoof of certain opu-

lent youth enrolled in a famous yacht-club, and many ladies and gentlemen, sojourners in the land, were wont to avail themselves of its culinary stores. Nothing would serve but our little party must straightway repair thither, where the magnificence of Jack's order (offering scope to the *chef's* genius) roused in my own breast a kindred enthusiasm.

It has never been my lot to assist at a banquet more blithe and joyous than was that same little feast, and I can safely aver that no envy of our yachting friends' more splendid entertainment found harborage in our contented minds. In fact, Miss Gerty was heard to commiserate her grandsire's less fortunate fate, and express a hope that some one on board the vessel would look to the admiral's welfare.

"Don't distress yourself, my dear," said Mattie, mischievously; "I'm convinced Mr. Hoffman will take good care of him."

In my judgment, repose and a cigar form the correct sequel to a good dinner, but on this point I was overruled. Various schemes of further amusement were discussed, but it was ultimately voted against *my* indignant protest—for the ladies seemed to concede that Jack's whims must be indulged at any hazard—that a moonlight ride (provided horses fit for the saddle could be discovered) would agreeably round off the pleasures of the evening.

It was nine o'clock when my young friend, who had scoured the country in quest of steeds, returned to hold us to the letter of our agreement. But meantime our harvest-moon, thrusting aside a fleecy veil, had tinged the heights of Bergen with a mellow sheen and cast sheets of silver on the silent bay. Not a bend of the North-shore road but disclosed some new charm in the fairy landscape, and when to the joy of the eye was joined the exhilaration of swift motion, I could not refuse to exult with my companions that Jack's will had prevailed.

There was an influence in the scene and hour which the soberest of men and matrons were not destined to face with absolute impunity. Beguiled by a tenderness in her accents to which of late years I am all unused, I found myself, unconsciously, drawn closer to Mattie's side, until at length her hand was prisoned in my own, and I would not swear—when we plunged into clumps of pine-trees dark and fragrant as Eve's nuptial bower—that I did not——but what giddy youth or maiden will listen with decent sympathy to the cooings of a wedded pair?

That the younger comrades of our ride were content with more rational converse I do not doubt—if, indeed, they talked at all, for the considerable advance which their steeds maintained (being sometimes out of eye-shot) might signify exclusive devotion to that purely physical exercise which I take to be the legitimate object of moonlight, as of daylight, equestrians. The fact, however, that on the homeward route, when their elders led the way, those two as persistently lagged far behind, would seem to militate against that theory.

Once turned in a direction they approved, our horses fell into a brisk canter, and we were almost within sight of the house, when a shrill scream breaking the stillness of the night was instantly echoed by Mattie, who recognized her friend's voice. Riding back in haste and no little dismay, I came on Gerty, alone, moaning piteously and wringing her hands.

"Hal, go to him!" implored the girl, wildly; "he's thrown—he's killed! Jack, *dear* Jack, answer me!"

"All right!" replied a cheery voice, and Master Jack speedily appeared, leading a horse that limped painfully, and showed divers marks of punishment.

A heap of paving-stones flung down in the shadow of a hedge had checked the ardor of the poor brute, who, stumbling and falling heavily, was lucky to escape broken knees. My impression is that his heartless rider, having been near enough to catch Miss Sterling's ejaculations, by no means regretted the accident which had called them forth. I remarked that he walked by that young lady's side until he reached the hotel gates, keeping one hand on the pommel of the saddle, as if her personal safety had lately been seriously endangered.

Happening to look in Miss Gerty's face, when she had dismounted and was ascending the steps, I found the foolish girl's eyes suffused with tears, whereas the smile that played about her mouth seemed to betoken anything but sorrow. But my wife had intercepted my inquisitive glance, and cut short my observations by asking sharply, why I did not go and help Jack?

Whereupon I departed, musing on the results which had so far flowed from Jack's ostracism, and forecasting a woful miscarriage of that notable scheme for his discomfiture.

Not many days after these occurrences the Sterlings took leave of the Pavilion, on which occasion I need not say we all attended them to the pier, to exchange final greetings. The admiral showed himself unexpectedly gracious, for besides marked civility to me he condescended to ask Jack to come and see him at his house in town.

There was a look in Miss Gerty's eyes which seconded the invitation, and when her lips moved (as she took Jack's hand) they shaped, unless I am mistaken, something very like

"*N'oubliez pas!*"

I don't think he needed that injunction, judging from my recollections of the following winter. I know I had occasion to look in at Tiffany's one morning on business connected with a wedding which Mattie and I concurred in pronouncing the event of the year.

LA GAVIOTA.

Wild night, and dumb, with never sign of star.
Here! saddle! ride! a sleeping world behind,
To cleave the darkness as an icy wind,
And far off in the hollow hills to find
Some midnight splendor; for such glories are,
Are hid in the still mountains when they fold their palms,
And let the rivers of their hair make endless calms.

Sharp hoof-beats thunder on the shaken bridge;
Next, the dull thud on yielding miles of turf,
And the great ocean flings her panting surf
Low at my feet; while all her ancient scurf,
Torn trees, crushed ships, piled on her changeful ridge,
Chafe, mingle, swung together by vast hoary tides,
Or sucked in dripping caves where breathless terror hides.

Alas! the lost things gathered by the sea;
The dead lured deathward by her serpent wiles;

Hearts happy tuned, and faces wreathed with smiles,
Still, in the hungry deep, 'neath wavering miles
Of white-foamed ocean, weird, and cold, and dree.
What soul can know the torture of those Lamian lips,
When in the night these woke on wave-defeated ships!

Cry out, and spur, and cleave the world of gloom!
Turn from the noisy sea; no utmost height
Of pearl-born song, or any prophet's sight,
Or dear new morning veiled in dreamy white,
Burst ever into fullest song of bloom
From the gray surface of that soul-bewildering waste,
In whose locked breast the losses of a world are placed.

Up the dim gulf! A playful river slides
Down a rock wall, and tuneful as a bird
Slips out of sight; the leaves are faintly stirred.
Hush! rein your weary steed, and speak no word,
But only listen, while the water glides.
There! open eyes on summits, lonely, pale,
Where the pine-princes watch, in girded silver mail!

There is no jar, or any broken cry;
The river holds its breath, the mountains thrill
With thoughts that bear no form; divinely still,
They feel, in the wide skies, eternal will
Move as a glory, and full-faced they lie
All night, as shapes to which the feeble years we tread
Are shadows, shadows in the spaces overhead!

WHAT TROUBLE SHE HAS MADE.

THE frequency with which the people of the United States are agitated by public scandals in which women are prominent parties — sometimes, as in the Sickles, Cole, and Beecher-Tilton cases, attaining world-wide notoriety — has suggested a fear in some minds that our nation is rapidly advancing to social demoralization and dissolution; and the apprehension is greater on account of the advocacy of doctrines hostile to our ancient laws and ideas about matrimony, and urged by those who in former times were kept in silence as well as subjection. But an examination of history does not reveal any remarkable contrast between now and then in regard to the sexual relations. The profligacy does not belong exclusively to the present, nor the purity to the past. There have been changes, but they are mostly in the spread of education, the multiplication of daily newspapers, the facilities for transmitting news, and the habit of submitting every important question to public opinion. When the press was powerless, governments despotic, ignorance universal, and society composed of numerous grades in which the lower was at the mercy of all

above it, all kinds of wrong were worse than now, though there was not the same facility or motive for complaint.

The female is a common object of contention among the males in the brute creation. The herbivorous stag or the king of beasts will fight to the death for his feminine companion. She will frequently indicate her unwillingness to decide between competing claimants, and after they have settled the matter by battle, she goes off with the victor, with the satisfaction not only that she has the better of the rivals, and the consciousness that she is worth fighting for, but that she is secure against further annoyance, so far as security is obtainable. Settlements of a similar kind are also frequent in savage life, but they are not adapted to the circumstances of civilized society, in which the fighting often occurs after the woman has made her choice instead of before.

The first trouble caused by woman was that little affair in Eden, when Eve brought woe into the world by plucking and biting the apple from the tree of knowledge, and giving it to Adam, who, rather than separate from her, shared her sin and punishment. Whether men have accepted this account literally or metaphorically, they have never felt any resentment against Adam for his course. We all hate bigots, tyrants, and traitors, and indeed all who bring discredit or misery on our race; but the father of mankind, as depicted in Genesis, has our full sympathy, and no unpleasant association arises in our mind when we meet men named after him. Eve may have been actuated by a weak and childish curiosity, but Adam's motive was devoted courage, and an attachment to her defying all adverse consequences. He appreciated his prize and paid well to preserve it. Between staying in Eden without the knowledge of good and evil and being turned out with it was a hard choice, but Adam's decision is satisfactory. It was better that he should be driven from Paradise with woman than to stay there without her. It seems hard that for his own gratification he should bring upon all his countless descendants condemnation to an irresistible tendency to sin, for that is implied in the orthodox doctrine of human depravity; but when we think that the original sinlessness of the men could, after Eve's sin, only have been preserved by perpetual separation from the women, we applaud Adam's decision.

It is vain for us to speculate about the fate of the chosen people or the development of religion, if Potiphar had not been a married man. He had a wife, and one result of Joseph's conduct toward her was that the Israelites went to Egypt. But for her, the Hebrew boy would not have been imprisoned, nor would he have been called upon to interpret Pharaoh's dream, nor would he have become a high official of the state, nor would he have brought his relatives from Canaan, nor would they have crossed the sea and the desert under the leadership of Moses. Of all the personages in ancient Jewish history, without the help of any special inspiration, Joseph shows the strongest character, and under difficult circumstances reached the highest success. To his influence, more than to that of any other man, the early organization and education of the Hebrew nation are to be credited. Later times have no parallel to his career. It may be worthy of remark, that, even among the Catholics, who attach an exceptional value to chastity, Peter, who denied his master, is venerated much more than Joseph, who denied his mistress.

In legendary and historical Greece, women were not passed without notice. Herodotus, in beginning his great record of the struggle between Hellas and Persia, explains that the antagonism between his race and the Asiatics was of

ancient date, reaching back for nearly a thousand years, and maintained by the recollection of the abduction of women and the resulting wars. The first trouble of this kind was the carrying off of Io, an Argive maid, by the Phœnicians. Then the Greeks stole away Europa, the daughter of the king of Tyre, and she was in the myth represented as the spirit of intelligence and refinement with whom civilization crossed the Ægean, and who gave character and name to the continent which has since had the leadership in progress. When Jason led the Argonauts to Colchis on the eastern coast of the Black Sea in search of the Golden Fleece, he met Medea, who loved and assisted him, and then eloped with him. The Greeks thus overdrew their account, and gave to Paris an excuse for running off with the wife of Menelaus. Excuse, however, was probably the last thing in his mind. He had been led into the affair by fate. Three goddesses, after a rivalry in heaven, had come down to earth and applied to him to decide between their relative attractions, and then, instead of trusting to his impartial judgment, undertook by common consent to bribe him. Juno offered him power, Minerva wisdom, and Venus the most beautiful woman in the world. He made the only decision that could be expected from a young man under the circumstances; and he was not only fairly entitled to the reward promised by the queen of love, but entitled to its undisturbed possession. It was a violation of the bargain when his title to Helen proved to be bad, as if a man had sold a horse which he did not own and then refused to protect the purchaser.

The gods permitted the Greeks to unite their forces and besiege the city of Priam to recover the stolen woman. For ten long years the siege continued, and at any time the Trojans could have ended it by surrendering the object of the struggle, but they considered themselves bound in honor to defend their prince's possession of his paramour. Even the very old men, whose voices had the treble tone, and whose veins were almost bloodless, did not desire her surrender.

"These, when the Spartan queen approached the tower,
In secret owned resistless beauty's power;
They cried, 'No wonder such resistless charms
For nine long years have set the world in arms.'"

Notwithstanding the decided preponderance of military power on the side of the Greeks, they were in much peril of ultimate failure, on account of a quarrel between two of their leaders about another woman. In a distribution of Trojan captives, Chryseis and Briseis, two beautiful girls, were given, the first to Agamemnon and the second to Achilles. Chryseis was, however, the daughter of a priest of Apollo, and when a ransom was tendered, it was necessary to surrender her, whereupon her late master, who was the commander-in-chief of the besieging army, and as such entitled to exceptional consideration, at a meeting of the chiefs demanded another captive to replace the one surrendered for the good of the cause. Achilles taking offense, spoke very sharply; Agamemnon replied in a still angrier tone, and the result was that the latter seized Briseis. The despoiled hero swore that he would take no further part in the war, and for some days Hector, no longer opposed by the only Greek whom he feared, made frightful slaughter among the besiegers. At last, however, Achilles avenged the death of his friend Patroclus by slaying Hector, and soon Troy was in ruins, a sacrifice to Helen. When Agamemnon returned from this war he was murdered by Ægystheus, the paramour of his wife Clytemnestra, and this crime was only one of a long and dark series that beset the blood of Atreus to which Agamemnon belonged. The fate of the

Atridæ became proverbial for its tragic character, and in many instances women were the cause of their misfortunes.

The taking of Briseis and the treason of Ægystheus were not causes of ill-feeling between Europe and Asia, and are not mentioned by Herodotus, who refers very briefly to the Trojan war, to which, however, he attributes a serious influence in the mind of Darius, who undertook to avenge that as well as other offenses committed by the Greeks against his continent. We can smile at the idea that such a motive could be ascribed to him, but the fact shows how much influence was attributed among the Greeks to quarrels about women. It is certain that the invasions of Greece by Darius and Xerxes were prominent considerations in the minds of Alexander and his army in stimulating the expedition for the conquest of Persia; and when Alexander had taken Persepolis, he burned it at the request of Thais, a Grecian courtesan, who demanded this vengeance for the burning of Athens by Xerxes.

The Peloponnesian war — one of the most disastrous of all wars for the cause of civilization — was attributed by common rumor to the influence of a woman. It began in 433 B.C., and, after continuing thirty years, ended with the conquest of Athens, the destruction of the Athenian empire, the impoverishment of the Hellenic states generally, and the close of the most glorious period of ancient culture. This lamentable contest began when Pericles was in the height of his power as the head of the Athenian administration, and when the parlor of Aspasia was his daily resort, the scene of his chief pleasures, and the source of many of his inspirations. She was born in Miletus, and as the war arose from a quarrel in which that city was a prominent party, there was reason to suspect that Aspasia had gratified her sympathies with her native land by inducing Pericles to espouse its cause and sacrifice the welfare of Athens to it. The thorough military discipline of the Spartans gave them such a superiority in the field that the Athenians were finally overthrown, and, though two thousand years have elapsed in the meantime, the world is still waiting to see another city so rich relatively in great statesmen, authors, and artists.

As Troy, Persia, and Athens owed their destruction to feminine influence, so did Sparta. It was by dressing as a woman that Pelopidas and his associates delivered Thebes from Spartan tyranny. When the despondent Bœotians were at Leuctra, about to give a pitched battle with an equal force to the Lacedemonians, who had never failed to conquer under such circumstances, Epaminondas changed the mood of his army to confidence by reminding them that the enemy had encamped upon the ground where two Theban maids, after having been outraged by Spartans, had called down the curses of the gods upon the race of the offenders, and had proved their purity and given efficacy to their appeal for vengeance by a mutual and sacrificial suicide. That day saw the end of Sparta's harsh and haughty hegemony. The Theban maids were avenged.

The dominion of Rome was lost thrice on account of women. The authority of the kings was overthrown because of the wrong done to Lucretia by Tarquin, and that of the decemvirs because of Appius Claudius' attempt to take Virginia from her father. Mark Antony neglected the people, the army, and navy, to pay court to Cleopatra, and, through her, the fall of the empire and of himself was decided at Actium. The Egyptian queen had previously conquered Pompey, and Cæsar, who had conquered the world.

Wherever women have been permitted to wear the honors or take part in the ceremonies of religion, they have been its most zealous advocates. In

spreading Christianity they have played a prominent part. The conversion of Constantine was attributed mainly to the influence of his mother Helena, and also his decree recognizing the new faith as that of the empire, and the transfer of the capital from Rome to Byzantium, where a new city was built without the multitude of venerable pagan temples and associations to overawe the followers of Christ. After the conquest of the west by the Teutons, and the transfer of the main seat of power from the coast of the Mediterranean to the northern slope of Europe, it became a matter of great importance to the church to convert the Franks, and she succeeded by the help of Clotilde, the wife of King Clovis. He became "the eldest son of the church," and his successors to the present day have claimed the same title. The church was the guardian and guide of education and refinement in the dark ages, and the ecclesiastics were not disappointed in the expectations of help from the princesses whom they taught, and who, when they became the wives of barbarian chiefs and kings, used every exertion to convert their husbands and subjects. Female missionaries did much to bring Germany, Scandinavia, and Slavonia into the church.

Islam, too, was helped by woman's influence. The conquest of Spain by the Arabs was the result of a quarrel about a woman. Roderick, a Gothic king of Toledo, outraged a daughter of Count Julian, who, seeing no hope of revenge among the Christians, invited the Mohammedans to cross the Strait of Gibraltar. Roderick was soon a fugitive; the crescent was hoisted over all the cities of Spain; and France had a narrow escape at the battle of Tours, after Aquitaine had been under Arab dominion for ten years. About a century after Spain was lost to Christendom, Sicily was also taken, in consequence of a visit made to the island by an adventurous Moslem, on an expedition to carry off a nun who had expressed a wish to leave the ascetic life.

Neither has Protestantism been left without help from women. Ireland fell under the dominion of England and afterward of the English Church, because Dermot, King of Leinster, carried off the wife of a neighboring prince, who with the help of his friends defeated and drove out the offender, who appealed to Henry II. for help. It was given, but when the English had once established their power in the green island they staid there, and they hold it yet, after a lapse of six centuries. Henry VIII. would have remained a zealous Catholic if the pope had consented to his divorce from Queen Catherine. She had been betrothed to his elder brother; this betrothal made her his sister-in-law according to the rules laid down by some ecclesiastical authorities; according to the same authorities, a marriage between persons thus related was not lawful until a special dispensation had been obtained, and there was none in this case. The objection of invalidity for relationship, brought up many years after the marriage as a pretext for a divorce, was base and hypocritical; but divorces had been granted by the papal court on even flimsier grounds, and Henry thought he was entitled to as much favor as anybody else. It happened, however, that there were weighty considerations on the other side in this case. Catherine was the sister of Charles V., who was master of Germany, Spain, Flanders, Milan, Naples, Sicily, and the New World. If the pope should offend him after northern Europe had adopted the ideas of Luther and Calvin, the Catholic Church might be given up to destruction. Better risk the utmost enmity of England. So Henry's application was denied, and as he was determined to get rid of his queen, he discarded her and the church

together. No Catholic woman could marry him, and he was thus driven into a Protestant alliance, which was the more welcome to him because he found no woman more attractive to him than Anna Boleyn. She had a decided character, a strong attachment to the doctrines of the Reformation, and much influence (for a time) over her husband, who established a State Protestant Church, of which he was the nominal head. He was succeeded by his son Edward VI., who reigned six years as a minor, dying at sixteen; his sister Mary, the daughter of Catherine, held the throne for three years, during which time she did her best to re-establish Catholicism. After her death the throne fell to Elizabeth, the daughter of Anna Boleyn. Her legitimacy and right of inheritance were denied by the Catholics, and perhaps for that reason as much as by the influence of her early training she was compelled to look for support to the Protestants. They gave it without reserve, and she repaid it with assistance of incalculable value to their cause throughout Europe. Before the close of her long reign, the people, or at least those who controlled the government, had become fixed in their hostility to the Papal Church.

Scotland suffered much by the follies of Mary Stuart. Her position was a very difficult one in a country nearly equally divided between two bitterly hostile churches, and threatened on one side by England and on the other by France, while she was by education and the force of circumstances attached to the weaker side. Her reign was filled with confusion, bloodshed, and disgrace. Her favorite Rizzio was murdered by her second husband, Darnley, who was in turn directly or indirectly slain by Bothwell, whom she married. Her dethronement followed almost immediately, and after twenty years of imprisonment she was sent to the scaffold.

The government of France was for a long time a despotism tempered by petticoats. Women could not wear the crown, but they usually managed it. Catherine de Medicis, Mary de Medicis, and Anne of Austria were respectively regents from 1560 to 1574, 1610 to 1617, and 1643 to 1653. All were weak in moral character, but strong in cunning, and their administrations were little better than continuous intrigues. When there was no queen-regent, the mistress of the king, or of the male regent, usually held a large part of the power. A remarkable succession of royal favorites fill the history of France with their fame, from Diana of Poitiers to Pompadour. Contemporary with them were many famous ladies, whose intimates were statesmen and generals. The civil war of the Fronde was called "The Women's War." The Duchess of Longueville, Madame Chevreuse, and the Princess Palatine, who were as remarkable for their talents as for the scandals associated with their names, were leaders in it. The first two were dragged in by their lovers; but the princess had other motives. She and Catherine II., according to Saint Beuve, are the only women "who knew how to separate love from politics." The license of Parisian society in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries gave women opportunities for acquiring a social and political influence such as they have never had at any other time or place. Mesdames Sablé, Lafayette, Caylus, Du Chatelet, Du Deffand, D'Epinay, and De Staal-Delaunay, Mesdemoiselles L'Enclos, Lecouvreur, and L'Espinasse, the Duchess of Luxembourg, and the Countess of Bouffleurs, were powerful as well as famous, and all of them led free lives. Mesdames Tallien, Beauharnais (afterward the Empress Josephine) Roland, De Staël, and Récamier, the leading women of the revolutionary period, were their equals

in talent, but the times were less favorable for female influence. They, too, did not escape without scandal; but if not chaste they were at least more secret in their loves than the women of the preceding generation. The introduction of Protestantism into France was helped by Marguerite of Valois and Jane d'Albret; its overthrow owed much to Catherine de Medicis and Madame de Maintenon; and the rapid spread of the ideas of Voltaire was furthered by the influence of the ladies at the head of the famous parlors of Paris in his time.

It has been the fortune or misfortune of the French to have been involved more frequently in trouble in foreign lands, on account of women, than any other nation. Perhaps this has been because they have occupied the leading place as invaders and conquerors. The Sicilian Vespers, when the French residents and soldiers of the island were all massacred, is the most horrid and famous of the results provoked by an outrage offered to a woman; but it was not the only case of the kind in French experience. Flanders in 1302, Florence in 1342, Scotland in 1385, and Genoa in 1409 and in 1460, witnessed similar protests against Gallic gallantry. Turenne made peace so that he could meet a *grisette* in Paris, and Henry IV. made war so that he could get to Anne of Montmorency in Flanders. Coligny and Henry of Guise fought a duel about the Duchess of Montbazon, and the Duchess of Longueville was present in the dress of a page. The only great grief in the life of the incomparable Ninon—who was accounted by her contemporaries the happiest as well as the most charming of women during the three-quarters of a century that had elapsed between her fifteenth and ninetieth years, preserving her wit, her beauty, her fresh complexion, her health, and her active habits to the last—was the suicide of her son. She had reared him in ignorance of his parentage, and when his education was completed she invited him to her house, intending to keep him near to her and yet conceal the relationship. He misunderstood the motive of her attentions, and fell so violently in love with her that when she was compelled in self-defense to tell him that she was his mother, he could not resign himself to the loss and took his life.

In England women have had less influence politically and have been engaged in fewer scandals than in France, and yet there serious troubles on their account have not been rare. The insurrection of Wat Tyler was provoked by an outrage to his daughter; the fortune of young Churchill, afterward the great Marlborough, began by the promotion of his sister to the favor of the Duke of York—as Napoleon's fortune by the favor of Josephine with a member of the directory. When the mob attacked Nell Gwynne's carriage as she was leaving the palace of Charles II., she restored good humor as well as order by sticking her head out of the window and calling out that she was the Protestant, not the Popish mistress—using, however, a phraseology slightly different; and it was by the help of Lady Hamilton, whom he afterward loved beyond the limits of the law, and whose previous career had not been above reproach, that Lord Nelson was enabled to win the battle of the Nile, and thus to strengthen the supremacy of England on the seas to such a degree that Napoleon could not cross the Channel with his army of invasion.

Among the women who were the subjects of scandal and in some cases of serious quarrels among their lovers, were the Roman empresses Messalina, Fausta, and Julia Denana; the Russian empresses Catherine II. and Elizabeth; the French queen, Marguerite, wife of

Henry IV.; the Swedish queen, Christina; the French empress, Josephine; Lady Mary W. Montague, Lady Blessington, George Sand, Adrienne Lecouvreur, and Rachel. The social relations of most of these women were for a large part of their lives unhappy as well as illegal, and it is sad to think that so much eminence and talent should not have been able to secure peace and good repute.

While I have spoken of the "trouble which she has made," I do not charge woman with the sole nor even with the sole ultimate responsibility. Man, as the leader in framing our political and secular laws, as the dominant influence in their administration, and as the more active of the two sexes in their approaches to one another, must bear the burden of the blame when matters go wrong. Much must be charged to the imperfections of our institutions, which time, wisdom, higher consideration for the comfort of classes which were unprivileged in ancient times, and universal education and refinement may improve. But wherever the blame may rest, I am proud of my sex because it has always prized and that it still prizes an attractive woman as the most precious of all possessions. The occasional quarrels about the fair sex in our country are not worse—unless in the unexampled publicity and investigation which we give to them even in their minutest details—than many which have occurred elsewhere in nations that have played an honorable part on the stage of history.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PHILOSOPHER.

CONCLUSION.

THERE is little more to be told. Story-telling is hardly my forte, and I hasten to a close. It was in vain that I appealed to Californian law or Californian detectives for the vengeance I craved for more than food or drink. Lagarre had gone, no one had seen him go. Then a haggard hollow-eyed man I had difficulty in recognizing for myself took horse and money and began to wander through the high-roads and by-ways of the State. Somewhere or other we met, for the murderer had taken to the mines, fearing to leave the country by railway or steamer. God's justice had its will of him, and I, God's instrument, was content. He fell in fair fight, and my justification held good in the eyes of the rough law that ruled in the rough country where he fell. They gave me a letter found upon his body, in which my name occurred. It ran:

"I will not marry you, Paul Lagarre, never! If I love any man it is Daniel Hoate, my friend when I was a girl, dear friend all my life. You followed me to Glendrum when I went to visit him. They thought I had brought you; and though you suffered for the insult, its consequences fell on me weightier than I can bear. You spread a false report that we were married in London. You have destroyed the happiness of two families. I have been thoughtless, you have been wicked. I hate the sight of your face. For my dying father and for myself, we bid you out of our presence forever. Mary Knox."

Three days after this a letter came to me in San Francisco from old James Knox:

"Daniel Hoate:—You have acted foolishly. With many fine words you used to discourse of your philosophy. You despised men and society, and sought wisdom in books and in reflection. I, too, erred somewhat in the same direction. Before this reaches you I may be lying in the old church-yard at Glendrum. Read my words, then, with patience, and believe that your life was ill-guided and that mine has been far from well-guided.

"You loved Mary; after all, and at bottom, she loved you better than she loved anyone. Without a mother and without care from me she grew up more frivolous and vain than she ought to have been,

yet good at core, and promising noble rewards to him whose patience and strength should lead and teach her the way of the perfect right. I never thought of it. You never cared to do it, but condemned and slighted her for what she lacked of some ideal standard in your mind. A sad resolute word instead of a sneer from you would have removed many a stumbling-block from her path. But you chose the violent and cruel way, and we all have reaped as you sowed. Are you vindictive and brutal, or merely blind, that you persist in this course these years? O, Daniel, I too love you; you and Mary were the comfort and pride of my old age; you will not fail me now when all things grow misty, and my poor girl waits you true as death to an unspoken pledge. Think, Daniel, of the old days, when we were all so young of soul and so happy. We are much changed now, with sorrow for the most part and not years. I am broken down utterly. Her face is not what it once was, and her eyes have a sad and weary look. The Lagarres and my son and your brother are going a bad way; but come back, you, and we shall be comforted. As I lived I shall die, not fearing death, but O, sick with much sorrow and some remorse, if you and Mary hold not my hands as I descend into the great dark gulf that our philosophy, Dan, can tell us nothing of. Come back. JAMES KNOX."

I go, full of hope and full of repentance. I leave this record, hoping that some other soul, perplexed in the extreme with false pride and vain philosophy, may take heed, cultivate a meek and quiet spirit, and, forgiving all things, hoping all things, sympathizing with all things, may take heart again as I do, casting aside the past and pressing on to newness of life and love.

"Heureux qui peut aimer, et qui dans la nuit noire,
Tout en cherchant la foi peut rencontrer l'amour!
Il a du moins la lampe en attendant le jour.
Heureux ce cœur! Aimer, c'est la moitié de croire."

A FANTASY OF ROSES.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.

LOUIS VALOIS passed the greater part of the night pacing up and down his room in a state of bewilderment and doubt that was maddening. One moment he cursed himself for a mad fool, to have thus precipitated events; the next he rejoiced that something had happened to give a different color to their future intercourse. They could never go back now to those days of mute confession, delicious as they had been. Then, remembering Roberta's words and looks, he was in doubt whether she had really understood him. If she had, could she have come downstairs just the same? Yet she must have done so. Her own words left no doubt of that, her actions still less. At any rate, he would see her in the morning—the first thing, if possible—and put an end by explicit words to all uncertainty. With all his wavering doubts it never occurred to him to doubt that Roberta loved him. That would be impossible, he felt, else he could never have loved her so entirely. Only she was so different from others, such a child-woman, he doubted if she knew what love meant; even Fay would have interpreted it better—Fay, whose artist soul had first attracted him to her and then kept him at her side. There had been a time when he had half-fancied himself in love with her; but when Roberta came, bewildering him with the first glance, he knew the other was not love. A dozen times in his mind he arranged the interview which should take place on the morrow, and, as usually happens with all prearranged interviews, the real one was totally different from the one he had planned.

It was Roberta's custom to walk in the garden before dinner, and here Louis waited for her during at least an hour of impatience; then he saw her coming, and a sudden turn in the walk brought them face to face. Roberta, who indeed had

been thinking of nothing but the story to which she had listened the day before, smiled and would have passed on, for she was not thinking of him more than of herself, but he stopped her with an eager gesture:

"I have been waiting to speak with you a long time, Roberta. Will you allow me to walk with you?"

His voice spoke more than his words, and his face was flushed with earnest feeling. But Roberta, preoccupied as she had been and was, did not see his face, and his voice always filled her with delicious tremors. She answered:

"If you like. I am only going to the border there for some crocus-buds."

They had almost reached it before Louis spoke again. Unintentionally a little tinge of *hauteur* crept into his voice, the reaction of his feelings. He could not have told what it was—possibly a mistrust both of himself and her—which made his brain dizzy and his heart faint. Seeing her walking along so unconcernedly, feeling her calmness in the air, it seemed impossible that she could love him, and his first words betrayed this feeling as well as the secret vexation beneath it:

"I see now that I was too presumptuous last night. You have a right to be offended, but not to treat me with such utter contempt."

Roberta turned to him quickly, too surprised even to speak.

"I do not know," she commenced, and then stopped, hardly knowing how to finish or what to say.

"Do not know to what I refer? Pardon me again. I see that I did myself too much honor."

He bowed with light irony. Poor Roberta, more distressed than she had ever been, said frankly:

"I am quite sure, now, that I do not understand you."

Irritated with himself and more irritated with her, he answered lightly:

"One should always be punished for their impertinence when they meddle with the past; don't you think so?"

Roberta did not answer. She was picking the flowers in an automatic way, and feeling all at once unutterably wretched. It was cruel to be so suddenly shut out from the heaven in which she had been dreaming. Perhaps Louis had already learned the story of her whose beauty and character she had inherited, and so feared to trust his happiness with her. She lifted her head from the flowers and looked in his face only to be startled and pained at the strange expression which she saw there. Had Louis met her gaze no words would have been necessary, but he stood with flushed averted face, an angry line dividing his forehead, a proud satirical smile curving his lips.

"Permit me to carry the flowers for you."

He spoke with cold courtesy, not looking at her. Roberta handed him the flowers, and turned silently to the house. She could not speak, and Louis would not. Without a word, he handed them to her as they separated at the door, not waiting even to hear Roberta's low-expressed thanks. He was not vain, and he really left Roberta in the firm belief that she did not return the feeling which he had for her. That evening he and Fay played chess together, a game of which she was very fond, and in which she excelled. Roberta made a pretense of reading for a time, and then, apparently finding that too much of an effort, she went to the piano, beginning to play with the softest touch as if thinking with the aid of the pearl keys. That corner of the room lay quite in the shadow, for the lamps were shaded. As soon as she had seated herself, Louis rose and brought a light from the mantel to her. Roberta shook her head, saying:

"Thanks; but I prefer not to have the light. I do not need it."

"I had forgotten that your music needed no light, as you need no notes."

After that Roberta seemed to forget that she was not alone, playing on and on continuously. The others were silent, speaking only when the game made it necessary. The silvery chimes had twice marked the hour when Fay asked, smilingly, "Are you listening to the music?"—for Louis had made an absurd move, and thereby lost the game.

"No, I was not listening. I was wondering if one felt more or less because one could express one's feelings as easily in music as in words. It seems to me that the more ways one has of expressing one's feelings the less intense they become."

"That is a strange thought for an artist. I should say the contrary," answered Fay.

"Do you call your picture finished after what we said last night?"

"Yes, I suppose so. I have not been able to do anything to-day. I have worked upon that so long that it is impossible for me to shape anything else in my mind."

"That is evidence that you need rest. For me, I have so much to do in the next few weeks that I should like to clog the hours."

And this press of work he made the excuse during the following week for remaining in the library, not even joining the family in the evening. How much work he really accomplished he would hardly have cared to tell.

It was one evening, about a week later, that Fay said, hesitatingly:

"Roberta, I wish that you would grant me one favor."

"And what may that be?"

"Wear some other dress than black. I have never seen you in anything else, and I have longed to do so."

"You have never seen me in anything else because of the best of reasons. I have nothing else."

"Nothing but black!—no color! How very strange! Did all the girls wear black, as well as the sisters?"

"No; they used to wear blue in winter, and white or very light dresses in summer. But blue, you know, could never be my color, and so I chose black."

"Then you have nothing else!" exclaimed Fay, in a tone of sorrowful disappointment.

"Some thin white dresses—and it is hardly warm enough for them?" replied Roberta, in a questioning tone.

"O, yes, it is; or, if it is not, I have a lovely scarlet shawl—how ever I came by it I do not know, for I can never wear it—which you can throw about your shoulders. You see I am just artist enough to delight in draperies. And with a scarlet rose in your hair you will look like a picture."

"But the rose?"

"There is one in the conservatory. Please say that you will."

"I will," said Roberta, laughing at Fay's earnestness. "Why are you so anxious about my dress? I am sure you will be disappointed, and I shall look so strange and feel so awkward."

"You may feel so. You certainly could not act so."

"But you have not told me why."

"And that is just what I shall not do, for, doing so, you would not change your dress."

"I should, if you wished it. You ought to be sure of that," said Roberta, affectionately.

"Then I will tell you. It was the last evening Mr. Llorente was here. While you were gone to fetch the painting, Mr. Llorente asked who had been my model for 'Rebecca,' and I answered that I had had no one for the face, only for the position, but I fancied that I had unconsciously copied your features, as you were with me while I was working upon it. I asked him if he did

not think you beautiful enough for it, and he answered, yes, in the face you were—he had only known one person more beautiful—but that it was the soul which should be portrayed there; and then he said something about bright jewels in dim settings, and of your always wearing black, and, as he returns to-night, I wish you to surprise him."

"Returns so soon?"

"Why, yes; it has been a week—more than a week—and he only expected to be gone three days. I hope he will not forget any of my commissions. I mean to do so much."

"And I hope he will not forget mine, because I want it so much."

"What was it? I remember now—attar of roses—and Mr. Llorente said it would be worth its weight in gold. But we must dress, or we shall both be late. What shall I put on?"

"The blue silk with the golden glimmer. I like you best in that, because you had it on when I first saw you."

"Then I ought not to wish you to put on anything different. I had wondered so much about you before you came home, yet I had never imagined you such as you were, and I literally fell in love with you from the first. I have never been so well before; I believe I take it from you."

"I wish that it might be true," said Roberta, with a soft sigh. "I would suffer anything for you."

"I am sure you would; only I should not like that. I will have you quite happy, and never feel that you are alone. Do you know, I am sometimes glad—yes, glad—that our lives were separated until we were old enough for something better than blind affection; for now we love and trust each other as friends."

Infinite love and tenderness made for the moment their faces alike, brought out with startling clearness the vague subtile likeness which love, with tender hand, carves on the faces, however unlike, of those who truly love each other. Long after Roberta remembered this conversation, though at the time she heard the words as in a dream.

"I will send Elsie up with the rose," said Fay, looking into Roberta's room, half an hour later.

"Are you ready?" cried Roberta, in dismay—"and I have not begun to dress yet."

"There will be time, if you hurry."

It was not the work of many moments to make so simple a toilet, and Roberta was quite ready when Elsie came in with the rose, which, without a word, she took and fastened in her hair, singularly enough precisely as the rose had been placed in the hair of Alice Lingarde in the painting. Roberta noticed it herself, even before Elsie's exclamation of surprise.

"Let it stay," she said, when Elsie would have removed it; "it seems that I am to be always the sport of others. Fay wished me to dress so, and it is to please Mr. Llorente."

They were waiting for her in the dining-room, and had she been thinking of herself, she would have noticed that at her entrance her father frowned perceptibly. Mr. Llorente looked surprised, and Fay whispered to Louis:

"I told you that you were to have a surprise."

"In honor of Llorente, I suppose."

"In honor of you all, for Roberta and I have been left quite alone lately."

"I am not vain enough to flatter myself that I have been missed."

"Is she not beautiful?" said Fay, with the enthusiasm of an artist.

"As beautiful as an iceberg, and as cold," muttered Louis, so low that Fay said:

"I do not understand."

"It was nothing."

He was becoming convinced that Roberta was something of a coquette in spite of her convent training, for when

Mr. Llorente asked, after he had greeted Roberta, "Whose *fête* is this, for I see that you have both honored it?" Roberta answered innocently: "I am sure I do not know. It must be yours. At any rate, it was for you that Fay asked me to dress."

"I am sure I am much honored," replied Mr. Llorente gravely.

For some reason the dinner was an unusually silent affair, though Llorente and Mr. Lingarde kept up a quiet conversation on business matters. Nor after dinner did the conversation seem inclined to become more general. Louis brought out the chess-table, and Fay's whole mind was soon engaged in the study of moves, while Louis divided his attention between the game and watching Roberta and Mr. Llorente. Roberta was playing in an abstracted manner a soft sweet air, occasionally speaking to Mr. Llorente. At last, she began to sing in a rare rich contralto voice the vesper song which she had so often sung at the convent. Soon after she had finished, Mr. Llorente took his leave, and all rose as with one impulse. They felt the relief which one feels when the electric tension of the atmosphere, close and stifling, breaks out in heavy peals of thunder.

After that life at Mossland flowed on, apparently the same as before—apparently, though each knew that there was a difference, all the greater because not one could have told just what it was.

The June roses were in bloom—crimson, scarlet, palest buff, and purest white—the velvet turf was variegated with fallen petals; yet for every rose which fell a hundred more were ready to spring into life, for both garden and lawn at Mossland were bowers of fragrance. Rose-bushes grew everywhere—old and gnarled, with woody stems more like trunks than stems—and the bushes some of them were like tangled thickets; for the young shoots, themselves old now, had grown up year after year in wild luxuriance. The day, which was nearly spent, had been softly bright with the haze which makes the summer heat sultry; but with the first approach of the cool evening, the flowers lifted their drooping heads and gave forth again the incense which before they had been too lazily languid to distill. The sun was yet an hour's height above the horizon, when on one of the smallest of the rustic seats upon the edge of the slope in front of the house Roberta and Llorente seated themselves, or rather he seated himself, for Roberta was still standing, looking up at the window of Fay's room, where, framed in by the pale blue curtains, Fay was sitting, looking like the dream of a water-lily floating calmly on the sea-blue of the waters, or like one of Murillo's angel faces peering out at you from wreaths of cloud.

As the days of spring had warmed and lengthened into those of summer, Fay had seemed to yield to a weary painless lassitude, yet uncomplaining she persisted in calling herself well. It was the heat, the sultry wind, which took her breath away. To-morrow she would be stronger and better. Roberta, on the contrary, seemed filled with a restless life. The summer heat intensified her beauty, which deepened and brightened as a tropical plant would do, taken from one of our conservatories and restored to its native soil and sun. No day was too long or too warm. She was up long before sunrise, and sometimes until far into the night she wandered among the roses.

"I think, Roberta, that you must be a descendant of the sun-worshipers," Fay had said to her one afternoon, when she had returned from a walk at an hour when the sun dropped fire.

"Because I am never too warm?"

"No; but because you seem determined to sacrifice to the sun. For if

you persist in thus going out you will certainly have a sun-stroke."

"One can not warm fire."

"Meaning that you are warmer than the sun?"

This day had been one of the hottest, and when Roberta had proposed to Fay to go down on the lawn, Fay had answered wearily:

"I can not; the coolness must come to me up here, before I can seek it out there."

As Roberta seated herself near Mr. Llorente, she drew down from the bush at her side a branch, which was one cluster of roses and buds — the buds palest pink; the blossoms deepest rose, so full of colored petals that the yellow heart was quite hidden.

"Mossland! It should have been Roseland," she said, thinking aloud.

"The moss was here first. The roses came at the thought of one who loved them above all other flowers," observed Mr. Llorente absently.

"How lovely to have one's thoughts turn to roses! I, too, love them more than all the rest. Indeed, I think I have an unholy passion for them. I kill them with kindness. I can not get enough of their fragrance, or I take it all at once. See here!" She plucked a rose, buried her face in it for an instant, inhaled a long breath, and when she drew her bright glowing face away, the rose-leaves hung limp and drooping.

"The rose had passed its first bloom, perhaps," said Llorente.

"Not so; for the buds do the same. They never open after I smell them, and their fragrance intoxicates me. I never had roses enough before, nor have I now, for I can not pick and have them all."

"You ought not to pardon yourself for the selfishness of that speech."

"Not selfish, because they are my heritage with all the rest, left to me by that one whose thoughts sweeten the air every year." Roberta looked straight into his eyes as she spoke.

"You know of her, then?"

"Yes, Elsie told me."

"All?"

"Yes — no, not all; no one could do that, not even she herself."

"I am very glad," said he at length.

"Why glad? I am not. I am more sorry than for any other thing that ever happened to me. Before, I had only a vague consciousness that I was a bitter memory. Now, the knowledge, the certainty, has taken everything from me. I can do nothing. All I like is of her — my music most of all. Sometimes I think that I will never play or sing any more. And then the longing comes over me, and I can not help myself."

"I have never heard you sing but once."

"And then, her song."

"A coincidence, certainly."

"No, not a coincidence. Some force without me impelled me to sing that song. I could no more have helped it than I could have stopped breathing. I listened to myself as consciously as if I had been another person, and all the time I marked its effect upon you and my father." Roberta spoke rapidly and earnestly.

"That may be so, but it proves nothing, except that your mind was filled with *her* story, and you had brooded over it until you had become morbid. Afterward you learned that it was a song she used to sing, and your sensations since you have confounded with those which you felt at the time."

He continued again, as Roberta did not speak: "I feel that you have in one way suffered a wrong, and I may be able to help you right again. You are like Alice" — he spoke the name without hesitation, but so tenderly that the quick tears sprung into Roberta's eyes — "like her in many ways. I mean by that, that the resemblance is not mere-

ly outward. But dispossess yourself of the idea that because of that resemblance you must live under a ban. Her life can have no influence on your life unless you choose to let it. If you bring willful pain and suffering to another heart it will not be fate, but your will, your choice so to do; and you will be responsible, doubly so, in that you have had her lesson to teach you."

Roberta made no answer. She was wondering how he could speak so gently if he had loved Alice so deeply. Perhaps he divined her thoughts, for he said:

"It is because of your great likeness that I am so anxious you should fulfill the promise of her life."

"Mr. Llorente, if she wronged you, tell me how you can speak so of her. Why, even I have felt that I could hate even as I despise her."

"She did not wrong me. She wronged herself as one can not wrong another. I can speak of her because I did and always shall love her. To me it was as if she had died; I never think of her in any other way."

"And seeing me does not make you sad?"

"No, why should it? On the contrary, I am as glad as if from a dead root a living plant should grow."

"But my father——"

"Ah, your father! His pride—you know what that is, having hers in equal part—his pride received the first wound, and he suffered for them both as if half his life had been taken away. I think he suffers now for you. I always told him that he would."

A long silence after that, when Llorente said suddenly:

"Have you ever tried to write your music?"

"Sometimes I have tried to do so, but it has always been unsatisfactory. I have often wondered what became of the waves of sound which music sets in motion. It has come to me now. They float on and on until music changes into color, and the color sinks down into the hearts of the roses."

"Then the roses could give it back to you, and through you to me."

"You are right; if you will come to the house I will give it to you now." She spoke eagerly, and rose as she spoke; her eyes gleamed like stars with pure white light, her lips and cheeks had gathered into themselves the deep hue of the roses.

Llorente stopped her: "Not now; I prefer to receive it from your hand, written; then I shall not lose it."

"But it will not be the same!" cried Roberta, a shade of disappointment flitting over her face.

"Not the same, but more and better."

A book had slipped from Roberta's lap to Llorente's feet when she had risen. He stooped to pick it up, at the same time asking what it was?

"I do not know," answered Roberta indifferently; "I can not even say what it is about, though I have just read the last sentence—'and they lived happy ever after.'"

"That is all you need, is it not?"

"No, it is not enough for me. I wish to know why they were happy; what the colors of the rays were which made up their line of happy light."

"And that would not satisfy you. Another's happiness is never just what we would choose. Even our own will not bear too close analysis without betraying the alloy."

"Do you mean that happiness can never be pure gold?"

"When we seek it for ourselves——"

The sentence was never finished. A piercing shriek rent the air—not a cry for help, nor one of terror, but of agony. Roberta sprung to her feet and gazed upward, while a riderless horse dashed up the path.

"I told Louis Valois to have a care of that beast, or he would play him an

ugly trick!" exclaimed Llorente. But Roberta had eyes only for Fay, from whose blanched lips the cry had come. All her life long Roberta remembered that moment, for in that gaze she saw not only a white piteous face, but a heart pure and sweet, whose very inmost being was laid bare by one convulsive movement as by a flash of lightning, and tender rainbow tints were over all she saw. Her own heart gave one tumultuous bound, then down with a horrible deadened throb as if the current of life had forever stopped. Everything before her stamped itself upon her memory: the fading sunlight, flickering upon the maple-leaves and glancing off in red and yellow dashes upon the gray wall of the house; the June roses, lighting their blushing faces out of cool green shadows; a tiny glove, which had caught half-way in its downward fall from the window above upon the climbing rose-bush; and over the house, midway between the azure of the heavens and the emerald of the earth, a rosy bank of clouds hung suspended. It was only a moment; but in the dial of our lives there may be moments long as eternities. Then, with step more rapid than the wind, Roberta flew up the path to the house, through the hall, and along the winding stairs, until she reached Fay's side, who after the first shriek had remained motionless with wild dilated eyes and blanched face. As Roberta placed her arms around her sister, she gave a long shivering sigh.

"He is dead, dead! O! Roberta, see, he lies there quite still, and I shall die too."

"Come away from the window, Fay, dear. Do not look any longer, you are not strong enough," said Roberta soothingly, trying to lead her from the window.

"Ah, I can not. Think, Roberta, I saw it all." She closed her eyes as if to shut out the remembrance.

"I know it, dear, but it may not be so bad as you think. He may be only stunned."

Fay suffered herself to be led to the sofa.

"It is terrible that one moment can so change things. I was sitting by the window, watching you and Mr. Llorente, and thinking how beautiful everything was—wishing, too, that I could walk, so that I might steal softly down and surprise you—when I saw Louis coming round the bend in the road. You know how gracefully he rides. He looked up and saw me, too, and smiled. Just as he reached the gate, which was open, his horse suddenly reared and dashed frantically to one side, and Louis fell, and after that I saw nothing more, only his head struck the hitching-block as he fell." She spoke with gasping pauses for breath, like a child that has wearied itself out with tears.

"Do not think of it any more," said Roberta, going to the window again; "they are bringing him to the house."

"Who?"

"Mr. Llorente and John." She looked at Fay, and then asked hesitatingly: "Would you mind staying alone a moment while I go and see ——"

Fay started up. "Do you think?"

"I do not know. But you must promise me to be quiet. This excitement will make you ill."

"Do not speak of me!" cried Fay impatiently—"only go. I promise you that I will be quiet until you return; only do not be gone long."

"No longer than I can help, be sure of that."

They had carried him into the dining-room, and were plying restoratives when Roberta entered the room.

"He is only stunned," said Llorente, in answer to her look of inquiry. "It is very fortunate, indeed—not a bone broken. Only an ugly cut on the head." While he was speaking Louis opened

his eyes wonderingly. "It is all right now," said Llorente cheerfully.

Roberta stole softly out of the room. Fay was lying with closed eyes. The fixed look of horror had not left her face. She shivered when she heard Roberta's step, but did not open her eyes when she bent over her.

"Do not be afraid to look at me, dear," Roberta whispered; "I bring good news. He is not hurt—that is, not very badly—a bruise, the merest cut on the back of the head. He was conscious when I left him."

As she ceased speaking Fay broke into a fit of weeping, so violent, so uncontrolled, that Roberta did not try to stop her. Rather, she wept, too, but the tears scorched her eyes and cheeks as they fell. For a long time neither spoke a word, until Fay, gathering herself out of Roberta's arms, said:

"If Louis had been dead I should never have wept again, never."

For all answer Roberta leaned over and kissed the tear-stained face. As she did so a scarlet rose fell from her hair, scattering its petals all over the white of Fay's dress.

(*Conclusion next month.*)

THE BULK OF LITERATURE.

THE written thoughts of our ancestors are a rich legacy, to which we are heirs by right of our humanity. But how many are those thoughts! Let us dismiss, for the time, the beauties of books, and turn our attention to a single aspect of literature—namely, its unwieldy bulk.

The Library of the British Museum contains upward of half a million volumes. The Imperial Library of Paris contains more than a million volumes.

When we hear of a million, or any other large number, we are apt to suppose that we can conceive of the amount. We hear so much of millions of dollars nowadays, that many of us fancy ourselves quite able to think of the amount, and even to have it. But the learned tell us that this is not the case—that is to say, that we can not *conceive* of the magnitude. Read what an eminent writer says, endeavoring to convey some idea of a million:

"Permit me to add a word upon the magnitude of a million, it being a number so enormous as to be difficult to conceive. It is well to have a standard by which to realize it. Mine is as follows: One summer day I passed the afternoon in Bushey Park to see the magnificent spectacle of its avenue of horse-chestnut-trees, a mile long, in full flower. As the time passed, it occurred to me to try to count the number of spikes of flowers facing the drive on one side of the long avenue. I mean all the spikes visible in full sunshine on one side of the road. Accordingly I fixed upon a tree of average bulk and flower, and drew imaginary lines—first halving and then quartering the tree, and so on, until I arrived at a subdivision that was not too large to admit of my counting the spikes of flowers it included. I did this with three different trees, and arrived at pretty much the same results. As well as I can recollect the three estimates were as nine, ten, eleven. Then I counted the trees in the avenue, and multiplied all together. I found the spikes to be just 100,000 in number.

"Ever since then, whenever a million is mentioned I recall the long perspective of the avenue of Bushey Park, with its stately chestnuts clothed from top to bottom with spikes of flowers, bright in the sunshine, and I imagine a similarly continuous floral band of ten miles in length."

Let the reader, by the help of this or of any other standard, endeavor to realize the magnitude of a million, and then reflect that the immense mass of books is always on the increase. Most of our books do not date beyond the fourteenth century. Some fragments of the learning of the ancients have been preserved to us, but nothing like what was lost nor like what we have gained since. And

taking into consideration the increasing population, and the rapid spread of culture, it seems reasonable to conclude that the number will be more than doubled in less than half the time.

Now let us consider how much of this sea of literature we can hope to swallow. Suppose that we assist ourselves by a little calculation. Allow that a man could devote ten hours a day to reading, and in that ten hours he could read 200 pages. In a year he would get through 73,000 pages, which at the rate of 500 pages to a volume would give as the result of his year's labor 146 volumes. Now, if we should place the reading life of our student at fifty years, at his death he would have read just 7,300 volumes. This estimate is liberal. Not one man in ten thousand ever reads so many books. The vast majority of men never read one-tenth as many.

But in order to impress the idea more distinctly on our minds, let us contemplate the facts from another point of view. Instead of directing our attention to the quantity we have to read, let us see the time we have to do it in. And on this point hear De Quincey, that philosophic dreamer, who passed his long life in mingled reverie and study. In his essay on the "Art of Conversation," he says:

"Three-score years and ten produce a total sum of 25,550 days, to say nothing of some seventeen or eighteen more that will be payable to you as a bonus on account of leap-years. Now, out of this total one-third must be deducted at a blow for a single item—namely, sleep. Next, on account of illness, of recreation, and the serious occupations spread over the surface of life, it will be little enough to deduct another third. Recollect, also, that twenty years will have gone from the earlier end of your life—namely, about seven thousand days — before you can have attained any skill, or system, or any definite purpose in the distribution of your time. Lastly, for that single item which, among the Roman armies, was indicated by the technical phrase, '*corpus curare*' — tendance on the animal necessities — namely, eating, drinking, washing, bathing, and exercise — deduct the smallest allowance consistent with propriety, and upon summing up all these appropriations, you will not find so much as four thousand days left disposable for direct intellectual culture. Four thousand, or forty hundreds, will be a hundred forties—that is, according to the lax Hebrew method of indicating six weeks by the phrase of 'forty days,' you will have a hundred bills or drafts on Father Time, value six weeks each, as the whole period available for intellectual labor. A solid block of about eleven and a half continuous years is all that a long life will furnish for the development of what is most august in man's nature."

Assuming now that it has been shown that we can not read more than an insignificant proportion of existing books, two questions present themselves:

1. Does not the excess of books over what we can read do us actual injury?

2. If not, does it do us any good?

As to the first question, we think the affirmative might be plausibly maintained. We think we hear some respectable old gentleman saying: "Select as much as you can possibly make use of — the very best — and destroy the rest; burn it, exterminate it, annihilate it!" And there does seem to be some show of reason in this. If the majority of books are bad, or at least not so good as the rest, the probability is that we shall stumble on a good many of the inferior ones; and if they do us no other injury, they certainly have the effect of keeping us from reading better ones. "And, sir," says our irate *paterfamilias*, "you have no idea of the trash our young people read nowadays; miserable, sensational stuff, sir, poisoning their minds. Burn it, sir, burn it — and a good riddance!"

It might be further said, that in such a vast sea ideas are in some danger of being drowned. The wave that at last reaches the shore, pushing before it its charge of *débris*, has left many a rich prize buried or floating behind. There is reason to think that many a brilliant thought and many a bright discovery has been overlooked from mere hurry and crowding.

To instance briefly: Buckle, in his *History of Civilization in England* (vol. ii., p. 311), says:

"The most decisive arguments advanced by Niebuhr against the early history of Rome had all been anticipated by Voltaire, in whose works they may be found by whoever will take the trouble of reading what this great man has written instead of ignorantly railing against him."

The great discovery of the circulation of the blood by Harvey was neglected by his contemporaries (Buckle, vol. ii., p. 80). *Paradise Lost* lay unread until introduced to the public by Addison. Doctor Johnson, in his *Lives of the English Poets* (vol. i., p. 123), says:

"The slow sale and tardy reputation of this poem have always been mentioned as evidence of neglected merit and of the uncertainty of literary fame."

The splendid discovery of the undulatory theory of light, first reduced to definite shape by Huygens, was long neglected, and remained so until finally taken up by Young.* Indeed, so prone are we to forget or overlook that which we have not constantly before us, that we often so lose valuable truths. Hear the high authority of Mill. In his *System of Logic* (p. 411) he says:

"Considering, then, that the human mind, in different generations, occupies itself with different things, and in one age is led by the circumstances which surround it to fix more of its attention upon one of the properties of a thing, in another age upon another, it is natural and inevitable that in every age a certain portion of our recorded and traditional knowledge, not being constantly suggested by the pursuits and inquiries with which mankind are at that time engrossed, should fall asleep, as it were, and fade from the memory."

In short, it would not be difficult to write an essay on "Lost Thoughts." But after all, the question had better be answered in the negative. The evils incident to the vast expansion of literature are more accidental than necessary.

As to the second question, namely, Whether the excess does us any good? we answer in the affirmative. Every record of thought—however blotched and blurred—is precious, and is productive of some good. But what good? If we can not read so many books, of what use are those that we can not look at? The answer is, that we *can* look at them. We can *refer* to them. But it is evident that in order to find our way through such a vast labyrinth we must have some clew. To wander unguided would be useless. And here let us pause for a moment to see if we can picture to ourselves some such efficient guide.

An Eastern prince, says the fable, desired the learned men of his kingdom to condense the voluminous existing records of knowledge to such compass as would enable him to make himself master of their contents. After years of labor they showed him volumes enough to fill a small room. "Too much," said his majesty; "I have not time for all that." After another period of years the labor of the sages reduced the mass so much as to allow of its being carried upon an ass. "Too much," persisted the prince. Again the wise men applied themselves, and this time they succeeded in inscribing the sum of human knowledge upon a palm-leaf.

Such a process is not typical of what we should desire. We are not content to trust the learning of any set of condensers. We do not care to have artificial landscapes in imitation of nature's grand and inaccessible scenery. We want maps and roads and other conveniences to enable us to visit the originals with the least possible trouble. In short, we want trustworthy guide-books, containing complete directions to enable us to find our way through the morasses and tangled forests of literature to the clear cool springs of truth.

Are we investigating any particular subject? What a relief would it be if we had something that would tell us immediately the names of all the books that had been written upon it, with the general facts concerning them, such as the age and time in which they were

*See Brande's *Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art*, article "Light."

written, the general views they advocated, the men by whom they were written, their merit both absolute and in relation to other works on the same subject, their principal defects and inaccuracies, the reviews and criticisms and replies they may have drawn forth, together with the places where they are most easily accessible, and any other useful information concerning them that might exist; and all in a kind of short-hand language, easily decipherable and plainly intelligible.

Let us inquire whether we have anything of this sort, and, if not, whether anything of the kind is possible.

1. We have nothing of the sort. Encyclopedias do not approach it. They are in no sense indexes. They do not aim to tell us what has been written, but to add something more to the pile. Highly condensed they are, it is true, and, in many cases, convenient; but, as already said, we can not sufficiently trust any man's learning to allow him to condense for us. We wish to see for ourselves what there is.

Neither do catalogues of the names of books come much nearer. Wonderful industry has been expended in them. Every public library has now its catalogue; and most of the large publishing-houses have them also. The *Reference Catalogue of Current Literature* (printed 1874) consists of over 3,000 pages, and professes to contain the titles of over 50,000 works. But though these have a certain use, it is obvious that, unless we know the name of the author we wish to consult, it is idle to run over a list of names. We might have to go through the whole book before finding the name we desired. It would be like looking into our *City Directory* to find the name of a person whose appearance may have taken our fancy in the street.

2. But such a thing is possible. It has indeed been attempted. In 1679 appeared Bouillaud's catalogue, which was the first that deserved any notice. It divided recorded knowledge into five grand divisions, namely: Theology, Jurisprudence, History, Philosophy, and Literature; and amplified each head. But the execution was very imperfect. In 1825 Mr. Hartwell Horne published his *Outlines for the Classification of a Library.* In 1834 Sir John William Lubbock published his *Remarks on the Classification of Human Knowledge.* But none of these are up to the mark. Two things are necessary for a perfect literary digest. First, there must be a correct *system of classification*, and secondly, there must be the most enormous and unwearied labor in filling up correctly the outline. The system, however, would seem to be the most important thing. And great minds have discussed it.

Professor Henfrey, F. R. S., in a lecture upon the *Educational Claims of Botanical Science*, delivered before the London Society of Arts, says:

"The most remarkable of the classifications of the sciences which have been given to the world may be briefly characterized by arrangement under three heads, indicating the totally distinct points of view from which they set out, namely: (*a*), Those based upon the sources of knowledge; (*b*), Those based upon the purpose for which the knowledge is sought; and (*c*), Those based upon the nature of the objects studied."

After giving reasons why the first two should be rejected, he adopts the third, of which he says:

"The objective classification of the sciences may be briefly explained here. The primary divisions depend upon the groups or classes of truths, which must be arranged according to their simplicity, or, what amounts to the same thing, their generality; in other words, the small number of qualities attached to the notions with which they deal. The mathematical sciences deal with ideas which may be abstracted entirely from all material existence, retaining only the conceptions of space and number. The physical sciences require in addition the actual recognition of matter or force, or both, in addition to relations in space and time, but they are still confined to *universal* properties of matter. The biological sciences are distinguished in a most marked

manner by their dependence; the laws of life relate to objects having relations in space and time, and having material existence; they display, moreover, in their existence, a dependence upon physical laws which form their medium; but they are distinguished by the presence of organization and life, characterized by a peculiar mobility and power of resistance to the physical forces, and an individuality of a different kind from that found in inorganic matter. The sciences relating to man, to human society, are removed another step, by the interference, among all the preceding laws, of those relating to the human mind in its fullest sense."

Compte has given to the world his views upon the subject. Herbert Spencer also. His division is as follows:

"SCIENCE.

"*Abstract*—Logic, Mathematics.

"*Abstract-concrete*—Mechanics, Physics, Chemistry, etc.

"*Concrete*—Astronomy, Geology, Biology, Psychology, Sociology, etc."

This is enough to show that the matter has been discussed. To arrive at the *result* of the discussion would require more careful and extended examination. As to filling up the outline when we are agreed upon it, that would be only a question of time and labor. It would be a Herculean task, but not impracticable. Consider our friends the lawyers. They toil not overmuch, neither have they greater abilities than the rest of us; and yet I say unto you that it is easy for them, by the aid of their "digests," to pick out of the incredible mass of cases decided by the numerous courts of England and America, almost since their organization, all that bear upon the point they happen to be maintaining.

It is unnecessary to dilate upon the benefits of such a literary digest. Not only would it increase real information—not only would it render thorough investigation easy, and make possible things that no one now dreams of undertaking—but it would serve to correct errors which escape detection by the very wearisomeness of tracing them up. It would decrease quackery, cant, and ignorance, and be fatal to all manner of literary crimes. Blessed shall he be among men who hastens the day of its achievement.

A CHAPTER ON ARCHITECTURE.

THE highest of the technic arts, and that which has contributed more than any other to the comfort and well-being of mankind, is architecture. Nations that have passed away or become absorbed have left us, in almost imperishable monuments of stone, records far more trustworthy and more characteristic than the written histories which recount the deeds of kings and warriors. Vague, indeed, were our ideas of Nineveh until the researches of Layard and his successors in the work brought to light, from the mounds of decayed adobe in which they were hidden, the sculptured slabs that surrounded the halls of the palaces of Sennacherib and Shalmaneser. Small would be our knowledge of the ancient Egyptians did not the giant pyramids, the wondrous temples, and the deep-cut tombs of the valley of the Nile, covered with pictured scenes and hieroglyphics, remain to attest the high civilization to which they attained; and the Pelasgi and Etruscans, who preceded the Greeks and Romans, would be almost mythical did we not possess specimens of their Cyclopean architecture.

We learn far more of the manners, customs, and refinement of the ancient Greeks from an intelligent study of the ruins of the Acropolis than from a perusal of the victories of Miltiades and Ci-

mon. Alexander could destroy the Persian empire, but the pillars of the palaces of Persepolis still tower aloft, and speak to us of the glories of Xerxes and Darius.

Rome has written her history over half the world; triumphal arch and arcaded aqueduct, pillared temple and gigantic amphitheatre, tell of her power, her religion, and her cruelty; while tesselated pavements and decorated walls, scattered through the realms once subject to her sway, are evidence of the luxury of her private citizens.

Each of these nations had its own peculiar style, a style which faithfully reflected the genius of its people, and when the last of these empires passed away, the influence of its architecture was not extinct, but impressed itself, in various forms and degrees, upon the edifices erected by the conquering Teutonic races. Out of the medley of styles—Romanesque, Lombard, Rhenish, Norman, Burgundian—rose at last a distinct and grand style, the last of the real styles, the Gothic; a style of clustered columns and pointed arches, vaulted naves, and traceried windows "richly dight," of buttress and pinnacle and lofty tower—a style which was the expression of the ardent faith of Christendom, poured out and crystallized in churches and cathedrals over the length and breadth of Europe. But faith declined as knowledge increased; the almost forgotten remains of ancient Rome were exhumed and studied, and architecture lost its oneness.

Instead of aiming to produce something which should express the purpose for which the building was intended, in a manner suitable to the climate and conditions of life of their age, architects began to copy, at a more or less respectful distance, and with more or less of eclectic accuracy, the buildings of former ages. The early *Renaissance* of Italy and France had its own beauties, and was on the eve of becoming a style when the school of Michael Angelo and Palladio, with its five orders (five prison-cells for thought), became paramount and spoiled all.

In the seventeenth century architecture had almost lost its artistic character, but at the commencement of the eighteenth came the Grecian revival, brought about by the careful study of the Parthenon and other temples. This revival left us a legacy of houses and churches without apparent roofs, and with windows hidden behind a screen of columns. Then came the Gothic revival, most powerful in England, and resulting in a new growth of spires and tracery, painted windows, and pointed arches.

At the present epoch, no European nation, except perhaps the French, can claim to have anything approaching a style of its own; nor is it likely, in these days of steam, when travelers are millions where they were thousands half a century ago, and when the products of a section of country are the commodities of the world, that any nation will again be sufficiently isolated to elaborate a distinct style. To their intense love of art, as well as to their exclusiveness and national vanity, the French owe that manner—founded on an adaptation of the classic styles to modern requirements, mingled with some Gothic detail—which is fast approaching a style, and which may, in the course of time, be expanded and adapted until it becomes the style of civilized man all the world over. In our utilitarian age, destitute of the all-absorbing faith of our forefathers, temples and cathedrals have lost their pre-eminence, freedom has frowned upon palaces and castles, and the rapid developments of modern science have brought in many new classes of structures in their place. Docks, wharves, quays, bridges, warehouses, and factories are now of equal importance, from an architectural point of view, with the

mansions of the rich and the dwellings of the people, and in solidity of construction as well as fitness for their purpose they have a decided advantage.

Were all the houses of Liverpool reduced to shapeless heaps, her six-miles line of docks and the ruins of her warehouses would still remain to tell of her commercial greatness. Something similar to this may be said of most of the large cities of Europe, and some of those in the United States; but what would be left of San Francisco were her streets to be swept by fire? Verily nothing, except the basement of her unfinished city hall, and a pile of bricks on the site of the Palace Hotel. There is not upon the face of the civilized earth — neither in Europe, Asia, nor America — a large city whose buildings are, as a whole, so utterly devoid of all architectural merit as are those of San Francisco.

That it is a city of wood would be no reproach were the wood properly treated; but the wooden houses lie, like a man with a false shirt-front — they try to hide their material. They imitate stone; their fronts are channeled into blocks and sanded over, and quoins, window-sills, cornices, and other details are copied from those of the brick and stone dwellings of other modern cities. There is no need for this. Wood has its own characteristics as a building material, and should be treated so as to bring them out in the best manner.

Wood was extensively used in the middle ages, and beautiful examples of wooden buildings, both public and private, are extant in the old cities of Europe. We call their style Gothic, but how different is their Gothic to that of the stone-built cathedrals and castles contemporary with them. The Swiss have a picturesque class of wooden dwellings peculiarly their own, and well suited to their mountainous country. I do not say that we should copy either of them — far from it; yet I do say that a wooden building should not ape a stone one, but should show its material, and delight in it.

Another evil, common all over the world, but especially conspicuous in San Francisco, is the misuse of ornament. Instead of good ornament, introduced in prominent parts of the building, where its beauty will be seen and appreciated the moment the spectator approaches sufficiently near, we have a front loaded with endless repetitions of the same detail; the same scrawny scroll looking at us from a hundred window-heads; the same little panels stuck in every corner; strings of vegetables, all alike, hanging from every column; and wreaths and cornucopias, badly carved, dangling between every projection, as if to leave a bit of plain surface anywhere were to break an eleventh commandment.

Now, although the decoration of a building is a very important part of it, it is altogether subordinate, in its effect upon a spectator, to the general form of the whole and the proportion of the parts to each other. When we look upon any architectural composition, as for example a church, from a distance, the pleasure derived from its contemplation, and therefore our estimate of its excellence, depends entirely upon the form of the outline and the relative proportions of its larger parts or masses.

As we approach nearer, and look upon the building from a distance at which the eye can still grasp the entire group, the forms of the windows, doors, and recesses, and the proportions of the columns, arches, and cornices, become the elements in influencing the mind to praise or condemn the structure. At this distance the proper or improper application of the ornaments also becomes apparent; but it is not until we approach still nearer — until the eye perceives only a small portion of the build-

ing at once—until, in fact, we examine it piece by piece as a microscopist examines the insect under his lens—that we are able to judge correctly of the quality of the ornaments bestowed upon it.

Take two buildings, one of which has a good outline with the various parts well proportioned and combined, openings of graceful form, judiciously spaced and grouped, and ornament placed where it is most effective yet in itself coarse and incapable of giving pleasure to the artistic eye when viewed in detail, while the other, without any variety in the outline, and with openings of ungraceful form monstrously spaced, is yet loaded with delicately wrought ornaments of exquisite beauty, and I have no hesitation in saying that the former building will be far more satisfactory than the latter. A piece of scroll-work or carving, or a group of figures, may be a beautiful object in itself, considered as sculpture, but its architectural effect depends more upon its position than upon its own beauty. Were the unrivaled sculptures of Phidias placed upon an ill-proportioned structure, even were that structure in the style of the sculptor's country, they would not suffice to redeem it from absolute ugliness, but rather by sheer force of contrast would render that ugliness more conspicuous.

The cause of the low ebb to which architecture has fallen in this city must be attributed principally to the want of taste among those who pay for buildings. Just as among a public ignorant of physiology it is possible for a rascal or an ignoramus to be more successful as a doctor than a man who has devoted a life-time to the study of the ills our flesh is heir to can reasonably hope to be, so among a public whose knowledge of architecture is limited by what they see around them it is possible for a mere house-butcher to set himself up as an architect and obtain an enormous practice. Such men erect buildings by the score, but their works are not architecture, and their success, like that of the humbug physician, is simply proof of the ignorance and credulity of the public.

So universal has this bad taste become, that even those architects who are thoroughly qualified to do better are forced to pander to it in order to make a living, and thus flimsy construction, sham materials, and meretricious ornaments are the rule among us. No true architecture can be produced without time and thought, and both of these are almost (not altogether) impossible under the horrid system of building practiced in this city, to say nothing of the fact that the low commissions to which architects are often reduced preclude them from giving any building of ordinary dimensions the attention it requires. Something big, something cheap, something stuck over with upholstery ornament—this is what too many house-builders of San Francisco want, and this they want in a week from the date of the order. They get it, the daily papers praise their enterprise and taste, and so our shams increase and multiply.

YEA YEA, AND NAY NAY.

"IT is so new a country," I explained, "so *parvenu*, so sunburned; it has no history worth the name. Beauties of its own wild conchoidal sort it has, but they have no associations not pre-historic—none, later than the *Küchen-Möddings*. You look out there over that wild sea—with keen irony named Pacific—back and round from coast-edge to Sierra; nothing!—nothing there knit in by memory with any noble pulse or passion of any heroic soul."

"Speak for yourself, my friend," replied the Californian somewhat coldly, swinging himself from his horse and tying him to a post. I buckled my bridle above his and followed him down a sort of path, and in a moment we stood together in a little cove of pebbly beach.

It was about midnight. The learned doctor arranged his traveling *serape* and lay down on the pebbles; hardly taking time to look around, I followed his example. We leaned on our elbows and smoked in silence. I watched the doctor's face. The shadow of his hat darkened it from the moonlight; only now and then when a deeper inhalation than ordinary almost set his enormous cigar aflame did the glow reflect itself in his eyes and bring out the deeply cut western features. The thin steel-trap lips vibrated suddenly:

> "'The waves came dancing to our very feet,
> And all before us lay the wide, wide world.'

That's Goethe in *Iphigenia*, isn't it? and that's our position now. It is Orestes that speaks, extolling the far-off and the past. Do you remember the answer of Pylades?"

I did not reply; the doctor went on with his quotation:

> "'We would every deed
> Perform at once as grandly as it shows
> After long ages, when from land to land
> The poet's swelling song hath rolled it on.
> It sounds so lovely what our fathers did; . . .
> And what we do is as it was to them,
> Toilsome and incomplete.'"

"Ah! quotation is the word to-night, my Doctor; very well. This is from Shelley:

> "'Nothing can be equally well expressed in prose that is not tedious and supererogatory in verse.'"

He puffed a smile of smoke.

"I take the hint. When we are old as your England we shall show you our antiquities, and be proud enough of our history—studying yours, perhaps, from the position of Macaulay's Maori tourist. In the meantime, we have originated a new literature of the West, a new humor whose broad smile wrinkles the world's mouth from San Francisco to London, to Saint Petersburg.

> "'Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away;'

we are laughing aristocracy and old-worldism away."

"Laughing this away," I said sadly, "and how much more with it? The world and worlds, and all they contain, have become but cork-balls, dancing in the jester's whistle so highly prized by the American of to-day—above all, by that American of Americans, the Californian. Children grow too humorous to regard the paternal will or wish; wives and husbands roar with inextinguishable laughter at jokes turning on a fractured commandment or a facile divorce court; your plundered man or city is punctured with a thousand journalistic jests, amid the roars of the spectators. The land is sick-hearted and faint-headed—a young western republic, miry with the corruptions of

oriental and decrepit despotisms—yet its one literary feature is the grin of the buffoon, its distinguishing tone a horse-laugh, its sentiment an eternal sneer. Your literary Breitmans 'solfe de infinide ash von eternal shpree!' When I read the funny sentences, misspelt and ungrammatical, contorted, distorted like the face of a clown for effect—when I understand that this is the most profitable and fame-bringing writing on this continent—that there is nothing too sober or sacred for its ridicule—I am well inclined to believe with Valentin, the Alexandrian philosopher, that there are men born without souls. If Mark Twain, for example, is not a literary *hylique* (as the great Gnostic termed it), he comes as a writer as near it as I ever wish to see."

"My friend," the doctor said, speaking in slow whiffs, "you are, in the first place, a foreigner with the prejudices of a foreigner; then a young man with the dogmatism of youth; and then you are, in a small way, a writer with no taste for humor—the grapes are sour, and your teeth are upon edge. Hence these sorrows of Werther."

He puffed on, as if pausing for a reply; but none came. He twitched his lips, lighting another cigar.

"My tragedian," he expostulated, "that look of ineffable disgust is uncalled for. It is vacation-time, and we travel to be happy, and speak out as we want to, praising ourselves, decrying everybody else; of such are the delights of life, my brother. Your lofty principles and your slangless diction do you honor, but they are too elegant for every-day existence. Fine feathers draggle so in the ordinary back-yard of life. You take your mental stimulants out in virtuous indignation; I mine in Rabelaisian laughter. It comes to one end. Neither of us will ever reform or convert the world. I laugh, you cry, over spilt milk; then you cry again at me for laughing, and I laugh again at you for crying. And the milk—a practical cat with a talent for lapping will save more of it in a minute than your howling will in a year. If not the laugher, I had rather be the cat.

"For example, as we rode through that little out-of-the-way town to-day we saw two peasant-women fighting. You grew virtuously indignant at the levity with which I regarded the proceeding. If I were a characteristic western reporter I should describe the scene in my paper to-morrow in some such style as this:

"'Two Celtic ladies appealed this morning on our plaza to the great ordeal of battle, *in re* the ownership of a skillet.

"'"Serene child of Satanas," said a foreigner in the crowd to a nonchalant Yankee, "canst thou stand calmly by and see the form of woman marred and mutilated thus? Catch one combatant and I'll hold the other back."

"'"Mister," the free-born cautiously and sententiously replied, "them what in quarrels interpose must often wipe a bloody nose. Go in an' get yourn busted if you like, though."

"'At this moment Madam Malony secured the skillet; she waved it over her head; she smote the O'Rafferty upon a star-like eye, making a black blank one side her visual life.

"'The smitten one resounding smote the curb. She dreamed she dwelt in marble halls.

"'The tears rolled down the Briton's cheek as he helped her up. "O, surely not for this," he wailed, "was the clay of her molded by God, and tempered with the tears of angels to the perfectest shape of woman."

"'The O'Rafferty steadied herself; she looked with a single eye upon the glory of the Malonys. She flung herself into her good Samaritan's arms, and, with a voice, that, like a bell

"Tolled by an earthquake in a trembling tower,
Rang ruin,"

cried, "Carry me home to me owld shaughraun."

"'The hoodlum gazers, sons of Belial, laughed, and the victor bent for the *spolia opima*. A bent bustle and a busted *chignon*, trophies of victory, hang to-day in the wigwam of the Malonys.'

"There, sir!"—and the doctor's cigar glowed like the head-light of a locomotive—"that account, labored and artificial as it is, would bring a smile to ninety-nine out of a hundred faces. The bit of dolorous sermon you are probably about to preach on the same text, would not be even read, save by the hundredth man—and he'd be a dyspeptic.

"The worst of it is, it's a hypocrisy; a nearly involuntary one, I make no doubt, but still a hypocrisy. A doctor of natural science and not of literature, I yet affirm that Mark Twain is better—gives more mental pleasure to the greatest number—than Milton; that Bret Harte, Josh Billings, Petroleum V. Nasby, Artemus Ward, are more interesting writers than Shakspeare—except in the funny characters, like Falstaff. I say, nine times in ten the average man, if he is not a prig and is not afraid to avow his own mind, will agree with me in this. I have read more than books of science in my time, and I tell you that when not reading for business but pleasure, I pick a modern humorist. The suspicion of my inmost heart is that the average man who says he prefers heavy literature is just a little tainted with literary snobbery."

"Doctor," I replied, just looking into the flask which he parenthetically reached me, "there is one thing about the Shakspeare you have mentioned that few men can lay claim to—many-sidedness. He was neither a comedian nor a tragedian; he was both. I have no word to say against Falstaff or his motley company—do not even feel it necessary to the argument to say that Hamlet seems the greater character; what I do say is that your characteristic national literature is *all* Falstaff, *all* cap and bells, an intolerable deal of sack to one half-pennyworth of bread. Isaiah might publish a poem in weekly parts, and he could not pay printing expenses under the Stars and Stripes; while any scurrilous humorist, with a talent for stable slang and a conspicuous target, can grow rich in the course of one political campaign. It is partly the result of your ultra democracy, I think. 'Universal suffrage,' it has been said by an American, 'is government by a class'—and that the lowest class. Go into your police court, any morning; look at thirty 'drunks' in the dock. There are perhaps five respectable persons in the room—the judge, yourself, and an exceptional lawyer or two. Turn your eyes on the dock. Count off five heads. Look at them. Consider them. Those five bleared faces will neutralize at the polls all the wisdom and all the respectability that court-room holds, leaving twenty-five ragamuffin citizens over to legislate as they please—from the dock. 'Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!'

"Here the debtors, the peasants, the outcasts, the ne'er-do-weels, the Helots of the world stagger through a continental arena drunk with the new wine of liberty. It is a great spectacle, perhaps a hopeful one, but not at present an æsthetically pretty one. This state of things—where in the great arc of direct government the facial angle of Emerson is reckoned precisely equal to that of Cudjoe Africanus—may be a pleasant state of things for Cudjoe (though opinions differ even on that point), for the proletariat, the *hoi polloi*, but it can hardly be yet described as pleasant for the Emerson stamp of person, or his farthest-off disciple, or the cultured minority. What exasperates me is that

you laugh at all this and at worse things. I picked up an old San Francisco paper to-day, a paper of June 4th, 1875. Here is an item: 'Private Dalzell is going to lecture on *the two American institutions, lying and stealing.*' It is a shame that such a lecture should be possible. George Washington never told a lie. America has produced one George Washington, and exhausted herself in the effort. George Washington's great-grandfather was an Englishman; it is a touching case of atavism."

"You will become heated, and the night air will injure you," interrupted the doctor, with sarcastic solicitude. "You are a stranger within our gates. It is the fault of our stranger within our gates that he is either exuberantly Californian or exuberantly stranger. In the first case he is a bore, in the second case he is partly amusing and partly offensive. Every country, like every man, is presumptively good for something, is certainly not good for everything or anything. California and Californians, America and Americans (and you mix these terms frightfully) have their very strong points and their very weak. A man of sense will not come here until he has some approximate idea of the special adaptabilities of the country and of himself, and has decided that the two things fit in some degree as hand and glove. And if he makes a mistake and gets the shoe on the wrong foot or the foot into the wrong shoe, he will see that the blame lies with himself and try again, or fold his tent like the Arab and silently steal away. But the average man is better off here than anywhere else in the world."

"Precisely, Doctor. You have the negro song:

"'De pie am made ob punkins,
An' de mush am made ob corn,
An' der's corn an' punkins plenty, lub,
A-lyin' in de barn.'

You see, your position exactly. None of the bloated luxury and effeminate culture of the down-trodden kingdom of this or empire of that—but 'corn an' punkins plenty, lub;' plenty to eat and drink—of a sort. I admit, sir, it is a strong position, yours; and there are times when the highest souls yield to its influence—to that overpowering '*besoin de s'encanailler*' which even the brilliant and aristocratic Rachel felt once in awhile.

"A word or two further, Doctor. It has been said that the dividing ocean makes of America a posterity for contemporary European writers. That, I suppose, works both ways. I, then, am a piece of posterity, judging you. Take what I say in good part. If wrong, I believe myself right, and courteously saying so have the right to a courteous hearing. In the first place, I believe that even buffoon literature has interest and power. Aristophanes could set all Athens into laughter, even at the expense of Euripides. But when the sword and fire of the Greek allies menaced the very existence of the city of the violet crown, the scurrility of the jester was hushed. One man arose in the judgment council, spoke with burning lips one verse from the *Electra* of Euripides, and the Acropolis was pronounced sacred and saved. Perhaps the salvation of the capital by a goose is the only parallel instance in behalf of the other side of the question that can be produced.

"James Russell Lowell does fine humorous work, but that is because he is more than a jester and cares so little for the laugh of the greatest number that he parts his hair in the middle.* Oliver Wendell Holmes does even better, but is too fine for the greatest number. His verse and his prose are for the upper ten

* "It would require some evidence to-day to remove from the minds of an immense majority of the American people the unfavorable impression created by a man who parts his hair in the middle."—*Captain E. Field, in* Overland *for July,* 1875, *p.* 60.

thousand. He is a sarcastic, polished aristocrat to his heart of hearts. He knows he is an *aristos*, and he takes little trouble to disguise the fact. Then there is our Charlie Stoddard, as fine-toned as a flute. Harte has the instincts of a literary gentleman, but his training has been against him, somehow; he has all the talent necessary, but it has been blunted and misapplied. His features and nerves are too fine for the western literary horse-laugh. When I was a boy and made grimaces, my nurse used to tell me, 'Stop that, or God will fix your face so.' God *has* done so with Harte; one of the finest and most delicate of human imaginations has been calloused and beaten into a showman's drum. He has utterly lost the truth-nerve. I have a letter from J. W. Gally, of Nevada, on this point—a man with a sense of humor as keen as ever Harte had, but whose distinguishing points are vividness and verisimilitude. Speaking of Bret Harte, he wrote me: 'To tell you the real truth, I do not find the miners and mountain men so godlessly uncouth as he draws them; nor do I find the "gamboliers" so delicately "high-toned;" nor the harlots, armed with alabaster boxes of ointment, hunting holiness among earth's weaklings under the lengthening and bedimmed shadow of the cross of Golgotha—the way in which he seems to find them.'

"But then everything must be sacrificed for the laugh. In Gethsemane or Calvary, Mr. Clemens could see nothing but what was funny. I do not deny that it *was* funny, as he put it. But O, what comparison is there between that clown, laughing among the tombs because he was a clown, and the manly herdsman poet, made great by the few and not the rabble, who addresses Palestine:

> "'To me thou art sacred and splendid,
> And to me thou art matchless and fair,
> As the tawny sweet twilight, with blended
> Sunlight and red stars in her hair.'

Joaquin Miller is far from perfect, but even his affectations are eloquent and earnest, and no merely court-jester for the million is worthy to loose his shoe-latchet. The quality of artistry is not decided by the roar of vulgar throats—artistry being battle with the age it lives in! You——"

But the doctor was sound asleep; the tide was rising to our very feet. I awoke the sleeper. He rubbed his eyes and cried, as he turned toward his shivering horse: "You admit, then, that I am right. No? Well, to repeat Rousseau, '*Ma fonction est de dire la vérité, mais non pas de la faire croire.*' The flask a minute!—my fingers are too cold to tighten this cinch. I shall have a good laugh over all this."

IN A JAPANESE PRISON.

ONE of the principal questions at issue pending the revision of the treaties of Christian nations with Japan is the retention or rescission of the extra-territoriality clause, by which foreigners live in Japan outside the jurisdiction of Japanese law and under the legal protection of their own governments. Most of the objections which our own and other foreign citizens make against being put under Japanese authority are based upon the fact that jurisprudence, as we understand it, does not exist in Japan, or is at least in its rudimentary stages; and especially that Japanese prisons are unfit to incarcerate foreigners, and the penalties are too severe and summary. Without in any

way touching upon this question, the following account of my visit to the chief prison of the empire may be of interest to those who argue on either side of the question.

Tokio being the judicial as well as the political centre of the empire, I was anxious to visit the jail there, knowing that I should most probably see the best specimen of prison architecture and discipline in the dominions of the *mikado.* It may be well to state that the population of the city, by the official census of 1872, is 925,000. Armed with the written permission of the *chiji*, or mayor of the city, and accompanied by a friend, I started off to Packhorse Street. The prison is situated in the very oldest and most densely populated portion of the city. It occupies 3,640 *tsubōs*, or about 140 acres. The prison wall outside is twelve feet high, made of rows of tiles laid flat, with earth between each layer, and surmounted with *chevaux-de-frise* of wooden beams armed with sharpened spikes. In front of the wall and running around it is a clear space of ground about twenty feet wide. On the border of this outer space, at the same distance from the wall, is a rampart of earth five feet high, on which is a fence of bamboo palings. The gate through which the prison is entered is like an ordinary *yashiki* entrance. Immediately within are the porter's lodge and dwellings of officers, turnkeys, executioners, carcass-buriers, and prison attendants of all grades. All the buildings of every kind are of wood. The prison is divided into a number of yards having stone walks, and walls surmounted by iron spikes. The gates are of wood.

The prison proper consists of a long one-storied building. The office of the wardens and turnkeys, a room about twenty feet wide, is in the centre, and the cells are ranged east and west of this office. Looking at the prison from the outside, in the clean yard, it reminds one of an enormous coop or cage in a menagerie. All the bars, however, are square, well planed, perfectly smooth, and good specimens of carpenter work. The obsequious turnkey, at the nod of our polite officer, produces a bunch of enormous rods of iron which prove to be keys, though they have neither ward nor barrel, and bear not the slightest resemblance to our clavic instrument. Inserting one in the extreme end of a long lock like a bar, the bolt is drawn from the triple staple. The heavy mass of timber composing the small gate is shunted in its grooves, and we step inside of a cool clean passage like a corridor, with an earthen floor, about a hundred feet long, twelve feet wide, and fifteen feet high. In this wing of the prison are four large cells, each about twenty-five feet square and fifteen feet high. They are made like the outside of the prison, of square bars of hard wood, five inches thick, with spaces between them three inches in width. For about five feet from the floor the timber is solid, and strengthened on the outer side by massive transverse bars of hard wood. Inside the floor is covered with coarse mats. In a recess are the bedclothes which the prisoner is allowed to bring with him; in another recess are his eating utensils. The first cell was for women. There was but one at that time, a mournful-looking young girl, incarcerated the day before. She bowed humbly as we looked into her cell. The prison-keeper said that few women were ever in prison, usually two or three only. In the next were six men, serving out long terms of imprisonment. All bowed as we looked in, and even appeared to enjoy the sight of two foreigners extremely. In another cell were about forty men listening to one of their number—evidently a literary character—who was reading a book and explaining it to them. These were "state's" men, if we may be permitted to use the New York dialect,

serving out terms of short length, some of whom, dressed in the prison-suit of red, went out daily to work on the public roads. They were allowed to spend an hour at their intellectual entertainment after six P.M. At dark they were taken to other cells.

We passed round to the end of the ward, seeing the north side of the cells, which were exactly like the south side, and then visited the eastern wing. Here was the cell for *samurai*. It contained about twelve men, one of whom was a portly and noble-looking man of fifty. One instinctively shrunk from vulgarly gazing at such a man. The cells were like the others as to size, strength, and cleanliness. I was astonished to find everything so clean, and it was evident it was not merely for the occasion. Inquiring of the keeper, I was told that the prisoners were fed twice daily, at nine A.M. and four P.M. Their diet was boiled rice, radishes, pickles, beans, and soup. They were not allowed tea, but drank hot water instead. This is good diet for a Japanese prisoner, and hot water is very commonly drank by the lower classes in Japan. It does not seem to act as an emetic upon them. The food was passed into the cells through a small opening, faced with copper. The prisoners are not allowed to leave their cells for exercise, but the elysium of a hot bath at regular intervals, as a sanitary precaution rather than an indulgence, is permitted, which they eagerly avail themselves of. No lights are allowed at night, nor fires in winter. The cells, from their structure, are very well ventilated. No instances are known of jail-breaking in the Tokio prison, as the floors are heavy planks of hard wood, and nothing made of metal can get into the hands of the prisoners; even their food is eaten with chop-sticks. The prisoners are not allowed to shave their scalps, as all Japanese do and like to do.

In the sick ward the floor of the space outside the cells was of smooth plank, and the inmates were allowed to be outside their cells in this place until four P.M. daily. There were five doctors attached to the prison, and medicine was dealt out twice a day. In all there were about 200 prisoners in the jail at the time of our visit, the usual number.

From the prison proper we walked to the execution-ground. There are in Tokio three of these aceldamas. One is in the southern suburbs at Suzugamori (grove of the tinkling bells), near Shinagawa; another on the Tokaido, in the northern suburbs at Senji, near Asakusa, on the road to Oshiu; but the number of executions at these two places is very small compared with that in the prison-yard itself.

The business of waiting upon condemned criminals, handling and burying the carcasses, and attending to all the ghastly and polluting details of the innumerable beheadings, is done exclusively by a class of men formerly called *eta* or *hinin*. As we approached the black gate opening into the awful place, eight or ten of these social outcasts, who were standing near in their uniform dress of blue cotton, at the beck of the chief officer sprung forward to unbar the gate. As they did this, we stood within a few feet of them on the ground where the eyes of the intended victims are bandaged with paper before being led to doom. How many thousands have from that spot taken their last look on earthly things, seeing only sky and black prison-walls. No—for only a few feet off was a blossoming tree!

The prison-yard was about eighty feet square. In the north end, under a long covered space, were a number of plain black palanquins, in which criminals of the *samurai* class were carried to court. Very rough *kagos* (palanquins)—for ordinary criminals, unable by reason of torture or weakness to walk, but able to sit—were ranged un-

der another shed, together with long bamboo baskets in which criminals senseless from the torture, unable to sit or walk, were carried in a recumbent position. Here, too, lay the horribly suggestive relics of the strangling apparatus formerly in use. At one end of the yard was a roofed structure of posts, entirely open on all sides. This was the place in which *seppuku* (*hara-kiri*) was committed. Formerly *samurai* condemned to death were allowed this means of expiating their crimes. A few feet in front of this *jisaiba* (killing one's self), was a raised platform on which the officer of the court, appointed to witness the act, sat. Canvas screens were stretched round the *jisaiba*, and out of regard for the criminal's rank none of the lower-grade officers or attendants were allowed to be spectators. The dirk, neatly wrapped in white paper and laid on a tray, was presented to the victim, who sat facing the official witness. Behind him stood the executioner, to strike off his head as soon as he thrust the blade of the dirk into his own body. After decapitation the head of the victim was laid on the tray to be inspected by the officer of justice. Formerly, under the *Sho-gun's* government, cases of *seppuku* were very frequent at this place. There was none, however, in 1873, there was but one in 1872, and in 1871 there were five. In previous years many more.

About fifteen feet from the *jisaiba* was the *chi-tama*, or the blood-pit, in which criminals are beheaded. It is a pit originally about a foot deep and six feet long and four wide. At the top, partly above the ground, was a curb of heavy square wooden planks, six inches thick and deep, which inclosed it. It is kept covered by a sloping timber frame like the roof of a house. When this was lifted off by two *etas* the hideous reality was startling. In the pit were rough mats soaked with the fresh blood of many criminals. The straw was thickly dyed with the still crimson stains, and on it lay the spotted or soaked paper bandages that had fallen when useless from the eyes of the severed heads. Beneath the upper mat, when lifted by the *eta*, was another and another, all stained and clotted. The sides of the wooden frame were black with the gore of years, deposited in crusts and lumps.

The faint odor that ascended was more horrible in the awful cloud of associations which it called up than in the mere stench. The last execution had taken place three days before, and twenty-five heads had tumbled since the beginning of the year. It was then in April. In that small area a thousand had fallen within ten years, and from its first day of use a myriad of men must have bowed to the sword and shed their blood there. It was awful to picture the hosts that had found this the portal of eternity.

The criminal who is to be executed is led bound and blindfolded into the yard, to the *chi-tama*, where he kneels upon the mats and for the first time smells the odor of the pit, which I fancied must add a ten-fold horror to the moment. The attendant *etas*, placing the victim in position, take hold of one of his feet, in readiness to jerk the body so as to make it fall forward immediately after the fatal blow is struck. The swordsman, who is a *samurai* legally protected from disgrace, unsheathing his sword, touches the victim with the flat of the blade to intimate that all is ready and that he must crane his neck and stretch out his head. Hot water is then poured on the sword by an *eta* to add keenness to its edge. This done, the death's-man lifts the weapon, but only a few inches above the neck. The blow falls on the back of the neck, the executioner striking from above downward, occasionally expending the force of a blow on the

hard wooden curb. This is, as I have said, six inches thick. But in the place where the blade falls the hard wood had been chopped away for the space of six or eight inches wide, and sloping down to four or five deep.

The swords used are those ordinarily worn by *samurai*, and not of unusual weight, but as sharp as a razor. Two in constant use were shown. One of them, fresh from the work of three days before, was slightly nicked in many places, and the edge had been roughened and burred by cleaving through the cervical vertebræ. Its proximity to one's nose recalled the odor of a doctor's dissecting-case. We were glad to see the cover put on the pit, and we turned to see the gallows. This imitation of the foreign method of killing by law consisted of a black platform roofed and inclosed, and the whole painted of a funereal color. An inclined plane of steps led to it, reminding one of the entrance to an elevated stable, such as horses walk on. Within the structure the trap, the trigger or fall-bolt, rope-noose, and pulley were all in a state of infernally and mercifully good order. The drop was about six feet. There were two distinct drops; one for fat, large, or tall men, and the other for two criminals of ordinary size or stature. The gallows is permanently built, and is ready at a moment's warning; for in Japan death follows often on the day of sentence, never later than the day after. This gallows was set up in 1873, the year before we saw it. In the first three months of 1874, fifteen men had dangled from it.

The bodies of all criminals are delivered up to the friends of the deceased if they claim them. If the criminal be friendless or unknown, his remains are buried in a cemetery near the execution-ground at Senji.

According to the present system, hanging appears to be considered a punishment one degree less severe than decapitation. But the worst punishment of all is that of *gokumon*, or exposure of the head on the pillory. All Japanese have a wholesome dread of this punishment. Notices of an execution are posted up at Nihon Bashi, or on small *kosatsu* (proclamation-boards). Orders from *Sai-ban-sho* (court) are issued on one day, execution follows on the next.

On the whole, if one must go to prison, let it be at home.

ETC.

Taking Stock.

While a general cry of wide-reaching business depression comes to us from the East, we as a State increase our riches with marvelous steadiness and rapidity; and when we are rich we know it, gold and goods filling our storehouses instead of a scum of depreciated paper currency—*papier-maché*, out of which gamblers manufacture such beautiful things at the people's expense.

The first item in a young country's wealth is men. From the first of January, 1875, to the 31st of July, 1875, this State gained in population 46,886. The details of this first seven months of 1875, and of the same time in 1874 and 1873, are as follow:

JANUARY TO JULY, INCLUSIVE.	BY SEA.		OVERLAND.	
	Come.	*Gone.*	*Come.*	*Gone.*
1875..........	23,418	5,547	45,335	16,320
1874..........	18,682	6,206	28,030	13,101
1873..........	20,770	4,955	24,608	13,062

This is a splendid showing, we conceive,

for the future of the country. The crops of grain and fruit we believe are not estimated to reach to more than three-fourths of the bulk and weight of last year. But all prospects go to show that three-quarters of a bushel of wheat will this year be worth *more* than a bushel was last year. It will be on the whole a good agricultural year.

Property has been advancing rapidly in value all over the State. A marked feature of the year has been the subdivision and sale in small tracts of many of the immense old-fashioned ranches—with good results at once to sellers, buyers, and to the civilized agricultural as opposed to the half-barbaric semi-nomadic stock-raising interest.

The immense finds of the year in the Nevada mines have gone far to repay and justify the enormous and increasing outlays of money and time spent in mining; and we are glad to report that millions of the money brought to light by this *bonanza* are being devoted to the general "improvement" of real estate, and to the erection of huge blocks of stanch buildings for business and other purposes.

Our savings-banks make the best *per capita* showing of any in the world. The semi-annual statement of twenty-five Californian savings-banks for the term ending June 30th, 1875, shows an aggregate deposit account of $72,569,103, gold, distributed among 91,933 depositors, giving an average of $789 to each.

We think on this showing our business prospects in all branches will bear any comparison or scrutiny to which they may be subjected, and come out grandly.

Scientific Notes.

We give a statistical outline of the results of explorations recently made by Paul Schumacher for the Smithsonian Institution. He explored the group of islands off our southern coast and a part of the main-land, where at one time he co-operated with a division of the party of Lieutenant Wheeler, United States Engineers, then under direction of Doctor Yarrow—both parties working for the same end, the display of "pre-historics" at the forthcoming Centennial Exposition. Mr. Schumacher exhumed about 3,500 skeletons, of which he was able to save over 300 skulls. Of mortars he found 127, among which exists a great variety in form and even in finish; some being plainly, others finely worked, and ornamented with shells, while some even show well-finished bass-relief ornaments. Of the carefully made pots, worked out of magnesia-mica, twenty-three were found: this kitchen utensil is very scarce on the island, where the material of which it consists can not be found. Even on the main-land these vessels are not so plenty as the mortars, doubtless because of the difficulty of manufacturing such a receptacle—so well adapted for cooking that even nowadays the Spaniards are eager to get hold of one to cook their liquid food in. Fifty-seven cups and bowls, made of serpentine, were found, representing all forms and sizes—all well polished. Considering the habits of the present Indians, how they smoke—one pipe serves a tribe—the number of pipes found (twenty-eight) may be considered sufficient to make it appear that this gone-by population must have been great smokers. Of course, of all the articles much could not be saved, many being broken by time and action of moisture in the overlying soil, and a good deal even was broken while digging, though all practicable care was exercised in exhumation. Quite a variety exists on the island in the different implements of fishing and hunting. There was dug up a fish-hook of an extremely ingenious and novel make, manufactured out of bone instead of the usual abalone-shell. A very large assortment of all kinds of shell ornaments and beads was found in the graves, consisting of at least eighty different varieties, and over 25,000 in number. There were also found finger-rings of stone, over a dozen bone-whistles, and half as many bone-flutes—all in working order. Also, an ornamental wooden sword, the hilt richly inlaid with shells; many fruit-knives, some as long as eleven inches; spear-points, arrow-heads, etc.; canoe models of stone, mechanical tools of stone and bone, bone-carvings of all descriptions, and many other objects of interest. Mr. Schumacher is now in this city, preparing for a trip to Oregon, which will be of about two months' duration. We are promised further descriptions of his explorations on this coast from his own pen.

Thor and the Giant Thrym.

THOR'S HAMMER LOST AND RECAPTURED.

Translated from the Elder Edda,

BY PROFESSOR R. B. ANDERSON.

Wrathful was Vingthor *
When he awaked,
And his hammer did miss.
His beard shook,
His hair trembled,
The son of earth
Looked around him.

Thus first of all
Did he speak:
Mark thou now, Loke, †
What I say —
What no one knows,
Either on earth
Or in high heaven —
The hammer is stolen.

Went they to Freyja's ‡
Fair dwelling.
There in these words
Thor first spoke:
Wilt thou, Freyja, lend
Me thy feather-guise,
That I my hammer
Mjolner may fetch?

FREYJA.

I give it thee gladly,
Though it were of gold—
I would straightway give it,
Though it were of silver.

Flew then Loke—
The feather-guise whizzed—
Out he flew
From home of gods,
In he flew
To home of giants.

On the hill sat Thrym,
The king of giants—
Twisted gold bands
For his dogs,
Smoothed at leisure
The manes of his horses.

THRYM.

How fare the gods?
How fare the elves?
Why comest thou alone
To Jotunheim? §

LOKE.

Ill fare the gods,
Ill fare the elves.
Hast thou concealed
The hammer of Thor?

* Another name for Thor.
† The mischief-maker among the gods.
‡ Freyja, the goddess of love.
§ Jotunheim, the home of the giants.

THRYM.

I have concealed
The hammer of Thor
Eight miles beneath the ground.
No man
Takes it back
Unless he brings me
Freyja as bride.

Flew then Loke—
The feather-guise whizzed—
Out he flew
From home of giants,
In he flew
To home of gods.
Met him Thor
At the gate-way,
And first of all
He thus addressed him.

THOR.

Hast thou succeeded
In doing thy errand?
Tell then before perching
Long messages.
What one says sitting
Is oft of little value,
And falsehood speaks he
Who reclines.

LOKE.

Well have I succeeded
In doing my errand.
Thrym has thy hammer,
The king of the giants.
No man
Takes it back,
Unless he brings him
Freyja as bride.

Went they then the fair
Freyja to find.
First then Thor
Thus addressed her:
Dress thyself, Freyja,
In bridal robes.
Together we will ride
To Jotunheim.

Angry grew Freyja,
And she raged
So the halls of the gods
Must shake.
Her heavy necklace,
Brisingamen, broke.
Then would I be
A love-sick maid,
If with thee I would ride
To Jotunheim.

Then did all the gods
Assemble;
And the goddesses
Did all convene.
The powerful gods
Did hold consult

How they should get
The hammer back.

Then spoke Heimdal,
The serenest god;
Foreknowing was he,
As are all the Vans*—
Dress we Thor
In bridal robes,
Brisingamen
Must he wear.

Let keys jingle
About his waist,
Let a woman's dress
Cover his knees.
On his bosom we put
Broad brooches,
And artfully we
His hair braid.

Spoke then Thor,
The mighty god:
Then would I be mocked
By all the gods
If in bridal robes
I should be dressed.

Spoke then Loke †
Laufeyarson:
Be silent, Thor!
Talk not thus.
Soon will giants
Build in Asgard,‡
If thou thy hammer
Bring not back.

Dressed they then Thor
In bridal robes;
Brisingamen
Must he wear.
Keys let they jingle
About his waist,
And a woman's dress
Fell over his knees.
On his bosom they set
Broad brooches,
And artfully they
His hair did braid.

Spoke then Loke
Laufeyarson:
For thee must I
Be servant-maid;
Ride we both
To Jotunheim.

Home were driven
Then the goats §
And hitched to the car;
Hasten they must—
The mountains crashed,

* Vans are the divinities of the sea.
† Loke was the son of Laufey.
‡ Home of the gods.
§ Thor rides with two goats.

The earth stood in flames,
Odin's son *
Rode to Jotunheim.

Spoke then Thrym,
The son of giants:
Giants! arise
And spread my benches;
Bring me now
Freyja as bride—
Njord's † daughter—
From Noatun.

Cows with golden horns
Go in my pasture;
Black oxen
To please the giant—
Many gifts have I.
Freyja, methinks,
Is all I lack.

Early in the evening
Came they all:
All was brought up
For the giant. One ox Thor ate,
Eight salmon,
And all the delicacies
For the women intended;
Sif's ‡ husband, besides,
Drank three barrels of mead.

Spoke then Thrym,
The king of giants:
Where hast thou seen
So hungry a bride?
I ne'er saw a bride
Eat so much,
And never a maid
Drink more mead.

Sat there the shrewd
Maid-servant § near;
Thus she replied
To the words of Thrym:
Nothing ate Freyja
In eight nights,
So much did she long
For Jotunheim.

Behind the veil
Thrym sought a kiss,
But back he sprung
The length of the hall.
Why are Freyja's eyes
So sharp?
From her eyes it seems
That fire doth burn.

Sat there the shrewd
Maid-servant near,
And thus she replied

* Thor.
† Freyja was daughter of the Van Njord, who dwelt in Noatun.
‡ The wife of Thor is Sif.
§ Loke.

To the words of the giant:
Slept has not Freyja
For eight nights,
So much did she long
For Jotunheim.

In came the poor
Sister of Thrym—
For bridal gift
She dared to ask:
Give from thy hands
The golden rings,
If thou desirest
Friendship of me—
Friendship of me,
And love.

Spoke then Thrym,
The king of giants:
Bring me the hammer
My bride to hallow,
Place the hammer
In the maid's lap,
Wed us together
In Var's* name.

Laughed then Thor's
Heart in his breast—
Severe in mind
He knew his hammer.
First slew he Thrym,
The king of giants;
Crushed then all
The race of giants.

Slew the old
Sister of Thrym,
She who asked
For a bridal present.
Slap she got
For shining gold,
Hammer-blows
For heaps of rings.
Thus came Odin's son
Again by his hammer.

* Var is the goddess who presides over marriages.

Art Notes.

—At Roos & Co.'s, Jules Tavernier has two small pictures, faithful in outline and delicate in color. "Among the Redwoods" is a scene in Marin County; a white tent in the background with a party cooking, and two daintily dressed ladies fishing in the foreground—too daintily robed, we fear, for Marin County undergrowth—quite *en regle* for the Bois de Boulogne. The other study, "Coming from Church," gives us a rather heavy-jawed blonde and a full-cheeked brunette arm-in-arm, followed by their dark-robed duenna—a fresh light piece of coloring. M. Tavernier has a third and larger picture, another redwood scene. Three rough men lie round a camp-fire before a piece of the finest water-study we have ever seen. The great redwoods, ruddy as blood in the sunlight, purple and brown in the shadow, shoot up to heaven, their gigantic furrowed torsos stretching, stretching up and up with an indescribable sense of vastness. The light glowing through them and striking the green still water is reflected gloriously into our eyes. Weeds, flowers, fleecy leafage of light trees falling across, deepen the power and majesty of the divine cathedral under whose shadow the lesser human creatures sit. By this splendid effort Tavernier has proved himself a master.

—Snow & May's is attractive with Hahn's new picture of "The Mission San Gabriel." Two dashing-looking flannel-shirted *vaqueros* in the foreground spur their Californian horses as the *senoritas* issue from the old buttressed church in the background against the blue sky. The horses, the equipments, the faces, the figures generally from the red-umbrellaed *padre* to the old orange-woman, are faithful to nature and excellent in art.

—Denny's two new marine pieces—"The Light-ship," and a long, low, piratical-looking craft, with lateen sails, escaping from a man-of-war—are in no wise remarkable.

—R. Hill has three flower-panels, as minute, faithful, and smooth in execution as could well be. The geranium piece is especially beautiful.

—Adrien Moreau has a picture, "Coming through the Rye," remarkable above the French school to which it belongs for delicacy of touch and tone. Four fair women, with dress as fair, wade through the grain, the foremost gathering the scarlet poppies and tall blue flowers that spring up everywhere. Foreground, and faces, and sky, prove that this pupil of Cabanel is worthy of his master.

—There are two Italian lake-scenes by Catlanes, full of figures and confusion of atmosphere and water and hill.

—The Mechanics' Exhibition promises to bring out some new and many excellent pictures. We hope it will be more successful as leading to picture-sales than the Art Association Exhibition has been.

The Palace Hotel.

Visitors to San Francisco will hereafter be struck with a new and conspicuous feature in the face of the young giant town. Seven stories high, with a base of 96,250 square feet, at the corner of Market and New Montgomery, there now looms up the Palace Hotel. Its huge brick walls are ribbed from top to bottom with tiers of bay-windows, and spotted like the sides of an iron-clad with bolt-heads that clinch the great rods running over and under and through-and-through the building, making it a kind of Cyclopean openwork iron safe, filled in and lined with fireproof brick, where all treasure of human life and limb should be secure against fire or earthquake while the peninsula stands. It is, indeed, to this element of security that we would draw special attention, while so many buildings are going up to-day in our great cities which are a disgrace in flimsy and tawdry pretension and a danger in their inflammable and carelessly thrown-together materials.

The whole work of constructing this hotel was done by the day's work and not by the piece, and so done carefully and well. Seventy-one partition walls of brick run from the foundation up through the roof, and two feet above it, and the roof is of tin. There are four artesian wells, two in each outer court, with a tested capacity of 28,000 gallons of water per hour. Under the centre court is a 630,000-gallon reservoir, with walls of brick and cement five feet thick and buttressed. On the roof are seven tanks of boiler iron, with an aggregate capacity of 128,000 gallons. Seven steam-pumps force this water through the whole house by a system of arteries and mains, with 392 outlets in the corridors, provided in each case with three-inch hose, from ten to 100 feet in length, with nozzles. Under the sidewalks without the building there are eight four-inch fire-mains connecting with the city water, by means of which the city engines can, if found necessary at any time, force water into the hotel mains.

In every room and passage there is an automatic fire-alarm, by which any extraordinary heat will be instantly and noisily known at the central office of the hotel; and six watchmen will patrol day and night every part of the structure, and touch, half-hour by half-hour, at seventy-nine stations, which will report by electricity and fix the place and time of a dereliction of duty.

Through the heart of the hotel from top to bottom runs a fire-brick tunnel, within which is a solid brick and iron staircase opening on each floor. In five like tunnels are five elevators, run by hydraulic power, besides six additional stair-ways from garret to basement. Wood is avoided where possible. In the construction of kitchen, oven-room, bakery, store-rooms, steam-pump room, water-heating room, coal-vaults, ash-vaults and shafts, and corridors, wood is supplanted by asphaltum and marble, iron beams and brick arches. If the Palace Hotel can burn, the lessons of Chicago and Boston are lost, and all human precaution is vain against fire in this year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-five.

Architect J. P. Gaynor was instructed by the owners to travel and study the best hotels elsewhere before submitting his plans for the Palace Hotel, and Warren Leland—mine host of the old New York Metropolitan Hotel, of the Leland family famous as hotel-keepers—was appointed lessee of the house, and manager of all things. The sunning and ventilation of the 755 rooms for guests are excellent, every room opening on the open light, having a fire-place, and a separate flue of four by eight inches running clear through to the roof. Every second room has a bath-room attached, most rooms are twenty feet square, and none of a less size than sixteen by sixteen feet. Two thousand and forty-two ventilating tubes open outward on the roof of the hotel.

Three great cañons or courts, cut down from roof to base, air and lighten the mountain building. The centre court measures 144 by 84 feet, is covered with glass, made brilliant by the lights of the pillared verandas surrounding it floor on floor; with a tropical garden, fountains, statues, an instrumental band of music in the evenings, and a circular carriage-drive fifty-four feet in diameter. Opening upon this "garden floor" there is an "arcade promenade," four yards wide, with a show-window looking on the promenade from each of the stores under the hotel. Letter tubes, pneumatic-dispatch

tubes, and electric bells knit all this miniature Palais Royal and the hotel into one body of wonderful life.

Ministering to the 1,200 guests that can be accommodated, are four clerks, two bookkeepers, a French head-cook who is a brilliant particular star in his profession, five assistant cooks of rising name, and three specialists—namely, a chief confectioner from Milan, a chief baker from Vienna, and "Muffin Tom" from New York, an old Negro the fame of whose egg-muffins and corn-bread has made him the aristocrat of his race for the last half-century from Charleston to Long Branch. The 150 waiters are to be Negroes also. Forty chamber-maids and a host of Chinese will see that the beds and the bed-linen are white and fresh. This is the kind of hotel we keep in San Francisco.

From China and India and Japan a stream of invalids and visitors pours yearly in upon this city, the great sanitarium of the future for the languid oriental world. From the islands of the peaceful sea, from our own east and north, from Spanish America, a great host shall make a Babel of the Palace Hotel, whose builders have *not* been confounded. Its white towering walls, dotted with the gilded iron bolts that bind the great rods of the building together, shall be familiar to strange eyes from far lands. The sick Down-easter shall abandon his nutmegs of wood and satisfy his soul with the grapes and the oranges of our State; yellow aristocrats from Siam and tawny revolutionists from Bogota shall join hands and pass the sirup over the steaming triumphs of Muffin Tom.

We have seven big world-wonders now: the Bay of San Francisco, the Central Pacific Railroad, the Big Trees, the Bonanza, Yosemite, the Geysers, the Palace Hotel—and Assessor Rosener.

Honoring Byron.

We have received the following from Mr. Frank Soulé: "After an apparently studied forgetfulness of the honors due to the great bard, Byron, second in the crown of literary gems only to Shakspeare—a forgetfulness of more than half a century, during which his memory has been but occasionally recalled, and chiefly for the purpose of crowning it with entailed hatred and abuse—I see that the sober second sense of the British mind has awakened to a consciousness of its criminal neglect of the ill-used poet and hero.

"It mattered something, Missolonghi, where
The resting-place of Byron's bones should be;
His last breath gave thee fame, but yet not there
His relics lie, but far across the sea
Within the land he loved not, and could dare
To treat with truth and scorn—a land that he,
Although it used him ill, more glorious made
By his grand verse: there should his dust be laid.

"But not where they have laid him: with the great,
The men of thought, of grand creative brain,
With men whose voices shook the throne and state,
Or vanquished hosts upon the land and main,
The heroes that succumbed alone to fate—
With kings and queens, and bards in whose fair train
Of bright creations his might mingled be,
And find, as he would find, fit company—

"With men who swept o'er battle-fields afar,
Red Blenheim's plains and field of Waterloo—
The little man of mighty Trafalgar,
Who ruled o'er Neptune's ancient realm of blue—
Where dust of intellectual giants are,
There should he rest the rolling cycles through,
Where later genius on life's ebbing tide
Might lie, though wrecked, in honor by his side.

"Perchance 'tis well! It may be better so:
He stood alone, one heart against them all,
And said his say, and had his way; and no
Sham passed unwhipped where his fierce lash might fall;
To false pretense he was alive the foe,
And even in death his presence might appall.
'Tis better thus for him alone to rest
With Nature, whom of all he loved the best."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Brief Biographies. English Statesmen. Prepared by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Of prominent living English statesmen, Mr. Higginson's preface says: "It is easy enough to find books which portray these men, and that with much wit and vigor; but they are all written by Englishmen for Englishmen: they all include many details to which an American is indifferent, and they all omit or take for granted a great deal that an American wishes to know." It is to remedy these—from his point of view—faults that Mr. Higginson takes pen and scissors in hand, and the result is an instructive and convenient *résumé*—for the most part in the words of the original writers—of all that is written and known concerning the gods of the Westminster Olympus.

Bismarck excepted, this is not an age of notably great statesmen; there is too much eking out of the lion's skin with the fox's. Yet Gladstone and Disraeli are enviable names; and Bright is not far removed from them in state. A conservative at first, Gladstone soon found his true place in the advancing ranks of the whig party. His mercantile origin and his mathematical genius have made him the greatest financier and chancellor of the exchequer of modern times. His profound and constantly cultivated scholarship has given his practical business qualities additional lustre, and his economic, his Homeric, his political, and of late his polemic works, have influenced a mighty public whom his spoken words could never reach. With all these gifts, with features compared by Higginson to those of Ralph Waldo Emerson, full of earnestness, of ingenuousness, of blended severity and sweetness, and a voice clear and sonorous as a silver bell, he is a born debater and leader of men—not perhaps of parties as parties, but of the nation in general. "We have said," writes Mr. Wemyss Reid, "that Mr. Disraeli was a great party leader. To party leadership, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, Mr. Gladstone can lay no claim. Mr. Gladstone has many of the best qualities of a great leader. Like Mr. Disraeli, he can inspire on the part of his followers a high degree of personal enthusiasm. Out of doors he has a still greater command over the popular feeling than Mr. Disraeli; nor is that fact to be accounted for by any question of politics. For while Mr. Disraeli's qualities, however much they may be admired by cultivated men of all political opinions, are 'caviare to the general,' Mr. Gladstone's are essentially popular. He has the passion, the enthusiasm, the fluency of speech, the apparent simplicity of action which are so dearly loved by the multitude. His name can be made a tower of strength for his party; it might be adopted as the watchword or the rallying cry of a nation."

The aristocratic Disraeli, son of a Hebrew and ex-apprentice of a solicitor—Disraeli, of the graceful figure and the sphinx-like face—is a wonderful product of all things, most of all of himself. Inscrutable, sarcastic, daring, careful, scholarly, he is a great party leader, a great novelist, and, so far as a happy mixture of invective and "specific levity" (Edmund Quincy's term), a great debater. "Mr. Disraeli has acquired such a reputation for witty antitheses, and for odd combinations of words, that the most commonplace of his replies is quite enough to elicit an anticipatory titter from both sides of the House." He is full of that business-lightening geniality and humor that the House of Commons so values in a leader, and which it misses so much in Gladstone. He is brief and concise in his speeches—a grand quality in a parliamentary speaker. *Fraser's Magazine* says that he "is often bombastic, often enigmatical, but he is never circumlocutory. . . . If a question is put to him, he either replies at once affirmatively or negatively as the case may be, or lets his questioner understand, in as few words as

possible, that the subject is one on which he declines to give any information. He is humorous or contemptuous; he administers a snub, or he launches an epigram; he is solemn, or he is flippant; but he is always terse and sententious. Silence wherever silence is possible, and if not silence a pregnant brevity, is the lesson which Mr. Disraeli perpetually labors by his own example to inculcate upon his followers." Such a man is surely worth his weight in gold in any parliament or congress.

Space fails us to touch on Bright and the other prominent men whom Mr. Higginson portrays in his short but valuable and fascinating *English Statesmen*.

We and Our Neighbors: or, the Records of an Unfashionable Street. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

Mrs. Stowe's last novel is rather witty, moderately romantic, somewhat religious, and eminently practical and "proper;" in this last respect an improvement on her Byron *mémoires pour servir*. It is full of good advice, direct and indirect, to young ladies, on the duty and benefits of making home a happy and attractive place, and on various other every-day subjects, all of which the young ladies most concerned will, let us hope, read and profit by. Mrs. Stowe is strong and sound on the marriage question, and believes that young persons contemplating matrimony should be long, or at least intimately and fully, acquainted with all the turns and shades of each other's characters before joining themselves for better or for worse. She says:

"The wail and woe and struggle to undo marriage bonds in our day comes from this dissonance of more developed and more widely varying natures, and it shows that a large proportion of marriages have been contracted without any advised and rational effort to ascertain whether there was a reasonable foundation for a close and life-long intimacy. It would seem as if the arrangements and customs of modern society did everything that could be done to render such a previous knowledge impossible. Good sense would say that if men and women are to single each other out, and bind themselves by a solemn oath, forsaking all others, to cleave to each other as long as life should last, there ought to be, before taking vows of such gravity, the very best opportunity to become minutely acquainted with each other's dispositions and habits and modes of thought and action."

Mrs. Stowe is religious, but by no means too "other-worldly," as Charles Lamb would put it, nor inclined to palliate a not wholly unknown clerical fault. This is what she puts into the mouth of one Episcopalian clergyman addressing another of conventual tendencies:

"'God made you a gentleman before he made you a priest, and there's but one way for a gentleman in a case like this. If there's anything I despise, it's a priest who uses his priestly influence under this fine name and that to steal from a woman love that doesn't belong to him, and that he never can return and never ought to.'"

We think this a finer sentence than any to be found in *Norwood*.

Mrs. Stowe says that "nothing is so tiresome as perfect correctness," and by the continual use of provincial English and French words and phrases, with a sprinkling of Latin, she effectually avoids tiresomeness in the direction mentioned; but on the whole *We and Our Neighbors* is a sound, interesting, well-flavored story.

A Manual of Diet in Health and Disease. By Thomas King Chambers, M. D., Oxon., F. R. C. P., London, etc. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea.

The Maintenance of Health. A Medical Work for Lay Readers. By J. Milner Fothergill, M. D., M. R. C. P. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

One of the most hopeful signs of the present is the advancing interest taken in bodily truths. It is coming in these latter times to be recognized, as it was in Greek and Roman days, that our bodies are sacred and precious things, to be cared for and protected, prayed for and worked for, as well as our souls. For there is a corporeal as well as a spiritual hell, with descent as easy and ascent as difficult as in the case of the theological Avernus. The day of physical judgment is ever with us; we ever stand on the right hand or on the left of the eternal throne of Hygeia. Have you fitly fed your hungriness, judiciously clothed and housed your nakedness? she asks. If you have not, your gold and your silver, your good repute, your good conscience even, will avail

you nothing. "*Mene, mene, tekel,*" is written on every failing nerve and flabby muscle. In due measure of your transgression, from crown of head to sole of foot, the curse is upon you, the eating "curse of God's work discomfited." Doctor Fothergill says:

> "If the missionary is a man careless and reckless of his own health in his thought for others, he will fall before the consequences of broken natural laws; when the slave-dealer, if selfish and circumspect, escapes. Morality has no influence over natural laws, and the sun shines alike on the righteous and the wicked."

In the great plague of quack nostrums, quack advertisements, and quack books, now rained upon a deluded and credulous public, it is pleasant to find books like the two under our consideration coming to the front, written by men of great skill and reputation. They have no special drug or medical establishment or system to cry up. They believe in prevention and precaution by natural methods more than in *materia medica* and panaceas. They discuss questions of food and drink and clothing, of drainage and warming and ventilation, of exercise and sleep, that everyone is the better for being acquainted with, and through ignorance of which thousands go down yearly, prematurely, with sorrow to the grave.

These two books, especially the first of the two, are minute in detail to the clearest and most interesting degree. They are barren of theories and running over with instances, figures, and facts. They are more interesting than a novel, more instructive than a sermon, and amusing—alas! not at all, for they are sign-posts pointing the right road, and it is far from crowded. We almost all ignore many of the simplest rules of health every day of our lives, some through ignorance, some through deliberate choice of what they call "a short life and a merry one." To all but the last class these books of Doctor Chambers and Doctor Fothergill will be worth, in each case, an approximately calculable number of extra days of life.

THE RAINBOW CREED. A Story of the Times. Boston: William F. Gill & Co.

This is one of those miserable books that appear in every age of religious upheaval and doubt. It is, as we dimly comprehend its confusion, an attack on cant, bigotry, and superstition, but one of those attacks that can only make the things attacked more attractive. If its author possesses learning, or logic, or wit, or perspicacity, he has shown no trace of them here. Dull as a Bœotian, thick-witted as an Umbrian, his book must be an offense to men of no creed and to men of every creed. His free-thinking hero is the most stupid and affected idiot in the whole book, and the heroine is no one knows what, except that she wears petticoats, and is inanely dull. There is no spot of human nature or human interest in the book. A man rises from its study ready to believe in Darwinism, and with a poor opinion of the intelligence of the race that can produce a work like this. The author talks of "children of Death playing with peacocks' feathers on their father's hell-lit tombs; a Catherine-wheel revolving furiously on the cross of Christ." He is a pot-house theologian well on in his cups, without reverence, culture, or a knowledge of the English language. One can see that he is aping the *Sartor Resartus* of Carlyle in the structure of his book and the manufacture of his phrases. Well for him he is out of reach of that grand but irascible man's walking-stick! Saint or sinner, Christian or pagan, can not read the *Rainbow Creed* without waste of time and hurt to temper and style. It is wholly, vulgarly, hopelessly dull and bad.

MISTRESS JUDITH. A Cambridgeshire Story. By C. C. Fraser-Tytler. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This is a simple, interesting, and healthful novel. The interest hinges mainly on three characters—Mistress Judith Hurst, spinster and heroine of the tale, with her two lovers, Jesse Bullen and Amos Bullen, brothers. Jesse Bullen leaves his mother's farm, is educated at college, becomes "gentleman Bullen;" but wins for a long time little way into Miss Hurst's heart. Poor Amos stays on the farm, works hard, and he has few attractions except his honesty and industry; yet Mistress Judith is three-fourths in love with him. But he goes out into the world to make his way, while his elder broth-

er betrays him in his absence and steals the heart of his all-but affianced wife. The polished traitor improves his opportunities and multiplies his deceits, until Mistress Judith in an evil hour pledges herself to him. Amos, desolate and stricken in spirit, emigrates to Australia. Then the dishonorable deeds of Jesse come back upon him, his sins find him out. He deserts Mistress Judith. She sickens slowly and dies, calling upon the absent Jesse. He, with a last touch of compunction, is keeping away to give the betrayed and exiled Amos an opportunity to retrieve his happiness. But the tragedy can not be averted. The girl is dead, and the life of one and the life-happiness of two are destroyed. Into this simple web are dyed and woven many delicious touches of color and character. Sunshine and shadow and tender glances of idyllic life succeed each other in subtle harmony. A sub-humorous vein intensifies the pleasure that readers must take in this delightful novel of real suggestive life.

HOW TO MAKE A LIVING. By George Cary Eggleston. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This little book, purporting to be a manual of "suggestions upon the art of making, saving, and using money," ought to be "a success," even though it "makes no literary pretensions whatever," for it treats of a subject of very considerable interest to most adult persons. The gist of its advice is, find what paying thing you can do best; do it with all your might. If you get a shilling for doing it, spend only eleven-pence; and see you don't speculate rashly with the saved penny, nor put it in a bad bank. Lastly, when you have enough pennies for the reasonable future wants of your life stowed safely away, take existence easily and be happy. All this is quite easy if one has a talent for doing it and knows how. The book will tell you how; as to imparting or developing the talent, that is another affair. We are reminded of a certain book on the theory and practice of swimming, and how easy a thing it seemed, after "cramming" its pages, to glide gracefully through the glassy water or float lazily upon its surface. We tried it, following our instructions exactly, even to leaping boldly into the water; but the glassy fluid didn't work as it should have done, and only for a friend, who was born a swimmer, though he had never seen a book on the subject in his life, we should have died a wet death. Still we think our book helped us after we could swim tolerably well to swim better, and we think Mr. Eggleston's work should help persons who know how to save a little to save more. It is full of wise business suggestions, on the variableness of incomes, on buying for cash and by wholesale, on keeping up false appearances, on keeping money at work, on bubble investments, on the question of marrying, of renting or buying a house, and of insuring one's life. No one will be the worse for reading it; almost everyone will find some old financial truth made new and brought home to him in a useful and timely manner—will find some simple way that had not before occurred to him of stopping one or more of the small monetary leaks that sometimes sink great financial ships.

CHRIST IN ART. The Story of the Words and Acts of Jesus Christ, as related in the Language of the Four Evangelists, arranged in one continuous Narrative. By Edward Eggleston, D. D. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

Doctor Eggleston truly remarks in the preface: "Great pains have been taken in the construction of this work, to give the narrative the roundness, unity, and fluency that are so essential to the interest and picturesqueness of the story, and to a conception of the life of the Lord Jesus in its oneness and consecutiveness. Without doubt the best way to study Christ is to read each of the gospels in its unity. Supplementary to this the scholar is able to construct for himself, by a laborious study of learned works and a diligent comparison of the several gospels, a conception of the life of Christ as a whole. It is to assist the general reader in forming such a conception that the present consolidation is made." This condensation of the story of Christ has been most carefully performed, and the volume is put in such an attractive form that the reader is rapidly carried through its instructive pages, which

abound in "full-page plates on steel and wood, executed by Brend'amour of Dusseldorf, after the famous designs of Alexander Bida, together with numerous expository engravings in the text by American artists." The thoroughness of Doctor Eggleston's Biblical research is attested by the favorable opinion of our most learned divines, who have pronounced it the best work of the kind extant.

NAVIGATION IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By Henry Evers, LL. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This little work, belonging to "Putnam's Advanced Science Series," and written by a professor of the English "Science and Art College," Plymouth, is clear and concise in expression, while varied and abundant in illustrations and examples to be worked out by the pupil. In the practical and theoretical navigation of both iron and wooden ships, moving by sail or steam, it is full and abreast with the latest methods. Several captains with whom judicial proceedings have lately made us familiar might with advantage study the chapter devoted to "the compass and its variation;" and, indeed, to persons living on shore, with a taste for and some knowledge of geography and mathematics, the book will prove interesting and instructive.

A PRACTICAL THEORY OF VOUSSOIR ARCHES. By Professor William Cain, C. E. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

SKEW ARCHES. Advantages and Disadvantages of Different Methods of Construction. By E. W. Hyde, C. E. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

These are two cheap and useful little handbooks on the planning and construction of arches, and may well be used as introductions to or condensations of the more complete works on the same subject. We are of opinion, however, that every practical engineer should have the substance of these works condensed in his notes or in his mind from the original sources. There are quite too many imperfectly educated persons writing C. E. after their names, who depend for their voluble and superficial knowledge on little text-books such as these. Like translations from the classics of foreign languages, they are, however, if good of their kind, good in their place for students and general readers.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

QUEEN MARY. A Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

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

MANFRED; OR, THE BATTLE OF BENEVENTO. By F. D. Guerrazzi. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

Miscellaneous:

SCRIPTURE NATURAL HISTORY. BIBLE ANIMALS. Illustrated. By Rev. J. G. Wood. Philadelphia: Bradley, Garretson & Co.

STARTLING FACTS IN MODERN SPIRITUALISM. By N. B. Wolfe, M.D. Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House.

THE SKULL AND BRAIN: Their indications of Character and Anatomical Relations. By Nicholas Morgan. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

THE JAPANESE EXPEDITION OF FORMOSA. By Edward H. House. Tokio: 1875.

PRELIMINARY REPORT UPON A RECONNAISSANCE THROUGH SOUTHERN AND SOUTH-EASTERN NEVADA, made in 1869. By Lieutenants George M. Wheeler and D. W. Lockwood. Washington: Government Printing Office.

SONGS OF THE YEAR, AND OTHER POEMS. By "Charlton." Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co.

A SUMMER PARISH. By Henry Ward Beecher. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

THE ABBE TIGRANE. By Ferdinand Fabre. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

From Matthias Gray, San Francisco:

KEEPING WATCH. Song. Words by E. E. Rexford. Composed by Felix Marti.

FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIR. Ballad. Words by E. E. Rexford. Music by Felix Marti.

BONANZA WALTZ. Composed by Miss Mary J. Shawhan, aged nine years.

GIVE ME KISSES. Ballad. Words by W. J. Wetmore. Composed by Felix Marti.

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GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,

526 CALIFORNIA STREET.—FIFTEENTH HALF-YEARLY REPORT.

The following is the Balance-sheet of the Society, showing the position of its affairs on the 30th day of June, 1875:

Liabilities.—Balance to the credit of Depositors: On Term Deposits, $4,131,716 61: on Ordinary Deposits, $1,739,609 55—Total, $5,871,326 16. Interest, Premium, and Rent Accounts for the last six months, $273,624 52, less the following: Expenses, $12,057 82; Taxes, $11,047 24; Dividends to Depositors on Accounts withdrawn and settled before the semi-annual dividend was declared, $2,551 11—$25,656 17—$247,968 35; Guarantee Capital and Reserve Fund, $140,500—Total, $6,259,794 51.

Assets.—Loans, $6,109,073 95; Lot and Bank Building, $85,000; Furniture, $500; Cash balance on hand, $65,220 56—Total, $6,259,794 51.

The Loans of the Society have been made principally on Real Estate, and no losses have ever occurred, it being the policy of the Board of Directors to loan only on First-class Securities, high interest being a secondary consideration. When loaning on Improved Real Estate, the Policies of Insurance on the Improvements are also transferred to the Society. The Guarantee Capital amounts to $200,000, of which $100,000 has been paid by the stockholders; the unpaid balance of the Guarantee Capital is secured by notes with two indorsements. The Reserve Fund of the Society has been increased from $35,500 to $40,500.

Transactions during the Last Six Months, ending June 30th, 1875.—Deposits received: Term Deposits, $1,177,333 32; Ordinary Deposits, $1,243,768 69—Total, $2,421,102 01. Deposits withdrawn: Term Deposits, $646,223 91; Ordinary Deposits, $1,119,612 42—Total, $1,765,836 33. Total increase of deposits, $655,265 68.

The Total Amount of Loans effected during the last six months amounted to $2,274,272 04; repaid during the same term, $1,571,062 62; increase of loans, $703,209 42.

Earnings.—Interest, Premiums and Rents received during the last six months, $273,624 52. Deduct the following: Expenses, $12,057 82; Taxes, $11,047 24; Dividends to Depositors on accounts withdrawn and settled before the semi-annual dividend was declared, $2,551 11; leaving the net profits at $247,968 35. Upon this statement the Board of Directors declared a dividend of 9 per cent. per annum on term deposits, and 7½ per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, in both cases free of Federal Tax.

Since the organization of the Society, 13,359 persons have opened accounts with it, of which there now remain 6,373 depositors, whose deposits amount to $5,871,326 16, being an average of $921 28 to each depositor.

San Francisco, July 2d, 1875.

GEO. LETTE, Secretary. L. GOTTIG, President.

Savings and Loan Society.

NO. 619 CLAY ST.

Thirty-sixth Semi-Annual Report of the Finance Committee for the Six Months Ending June 30th, 1875.

Assets—Loans, $12,988,444 13; real estate, $85,000 00; cash, $126,786 87. Total assets, $13,200,231 00.

Liabilities—To the credit of depositors, $12,736,166 44; reserve fund, $400,000 00; contingent dividend, etc., $64,064 56. Total, $13,200,231 00.

Deposits—To credit of depositors, Dec. 31st, 1874, $11,584,949 09; received during the term, $5,724,326 47; paid out during the term, $4,573,109 12; increase during the term, $1,151,217 35. Total to the credit of depositors, $12,736,166 44.

Loans—Outstanding December 31st, 1874, $11,777,696 27; loaned during term, $5,953,469 50; repaid during the term, $4,742,721 64; increase during the term, $1,210,747 86. Total outstanding loans, $12,988,444 13.

Net Profits for Six Months.—Interest and rents, $668,582 51; deduct expenses and Federal taxes, $37,832 86. Net profits, $595,677 11.

Number of depositors' accounts opened since organization, 25,651; number of open deposit accounts, 10,854; number of open loan accounts, 1,959.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier. E. W. BURR, President.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Masonic Savings and Loan Bank,

No. 6 POST STREET,

MASONIC TEMPLE, SAN FRANCISCO.

☞ At a meeting of the Board of Directors of this Bank, held July 19th, 1875, a dividend was declared at the rate of Nine and One-fourth (9¼) per cent. per annum on Term deposits, and Seven and One-half (7½) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, for the Semi-annual term ending June 30th, 1875, payable on and after July 21st, 1875, free of all taxes.

H. T. GRAVES, Secretary.

Odd Fellows' Savings Bank,

325 Montgomery Street.

SEVENTEENTH SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 1st, 1875.

Number of Depositors (accounts now open)	8,072
Amount of Deposits	$7,847,178
Loans and Investments	8,034,304
Gross Earnings	352,424
Reserve Fund	147,887
Gross Expenses and Taxes	31,833
Amount of Dividend	304,686
Cash on Hand	128,771

Rate of Dividend. { 9 1-10 per cent. per annum on Permanent Deposits.
7 3-10 per cent. per annum on Short Deposits.

JAMES BENSON, Secretary.

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CHARLES LUX.........Vice-President. C. P. ROBINSON.............Attorney.
JULIUS C. REIS............Treasurer. D. B. CHISHOLM............Secretary.

Directors: James R. Kelly, A. C. Corbett, David Farquharson, G. Howard Thompson, Charles Lux, John Bell, Julius C. Reis, R. G. Brown, Gustave Reis, Alex. Austin, Robert Ewing.

Ordinary Deposits are received from $2.50 up to $15,000, and are practically on call. The last dividend on them was 8 per cent.

Term Deposits are received from $50 upward, and the last dividend on them was 9.60 per cent. The dividends are declared and payable in the beginning of January and July of each year, and if not called for are immediately added to the principal, and are so compounded half yearly.

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Loans made on good improved Farms as well as on City Property. The fullest particulars may be obtained of the officers of the Bank, either in regard to Deposits or Loans, or of any of the undersigned stockholders: Milton S. Latham, of London and San Francisco Bank; Christian Reis, of Reis & Brothers; P. J. White, ex-Sheriff of the city; Dr. C. F. Buckley; Peter Craig, undertaker; Elliot M. Root, of Root & Bailey; D. Porter, wholesale liquor merchant; John Kelly, Jr., of Brooklyn Hotel; John Bain, President of St. Andrew's Society; John C. Moody, druggist; Wright & Sanders, architects; Henry Miller, of Miller & Lux.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION,

532 California Street, corner Webb.

JAMES DE FREMERY, PRESIDENT. ALBERT MILLER, VICE-PRESIDENT.
LOVELL WHITE, CASHIER.

Extract from Twenty-sixth Semi-annual Report:

ASSETS.—Loans (including U. S. Bonds)		$6,860,915 63
Real Estate		167,469 13
Furniture		4,084 42
Cash on hand		117,101 84
Total Assets		$7,149,571 02
LIABILITIES.—To Depositors—Term Deposits	$5,236,911 92	
Ordinary Deposits	1,681,877 69	
		$6,918,789 61
To Stockholders—Guarantee Capital paid in to secure Depositors	$200,000 00	
Reserve Fund for same purpose	30,781 41	
		$230,781 41
Total Liabilities		$7,149,571 02

The total amount placed to credit of depositors during the six months was $2,126,380 16; the total amount of deposits withdrawn was $1,805,558 26; gain in deposits, $320,821 90; number of deposit accounts opened was 871; present number of open deposit accounts is 6,548; number of deposit accounts opened since organization, 13,888; amount of money loaned in the six months, $1,813,650 21; amount received in re-payment of loans, $1,458,705 83; increase in amount of loans, $354,944 38; number of new loans made, 238; number of open loan accounts, 1,031.

The earnings and expenses of the term have been as follows:

Interest and rents		$345,668 52
Expenses	$16,308 63	
Federal Taxes	15,846 51	
		$32,155 14
Available income		$313,513 38

Rate of Dividends:—For Term Deposits, Nine per cent., and for Ordinary Deposits, Seven and one-half per cent. per annum, in both cases over and above the Federal Tax on deposits.

The Auditing Committee certify as follows:—That we have counted the coin, verified the cash balances, and tallied the United States bonds and other investments and securities of the Savings Union, and that we found the same in order. That the account books are correctly and systematically kept, and that proper and sufficient vouchers are shown for all disbursements. And that the foregoing report correctly shows the financial condition of the Savings Union at the close of business 30th June, 1875. We are satisfied, from a careful examination, that the loans of the bank are abundantly secured. GEO. C. POTTER, of the Board of Directors; EDWARD P. FLINT, N. SONNICHSEN, of Shareholders at large.

FRENCH MUTUAL PROVIDENT SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

THIRTY-FIRST SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT.

The Dividend to be paid is derived from the profit made by the Society during the first half of the year 1875, as shown by the following accounts:

Interest and Premiums for the first half of the year 1875, $288,044 33; one-third of former Dividends, $1,305 45; total, $289,349 78.

Disbursed as follows: Dividends, 8 4-10 per cent., net, per annum, $255,446 25; five per cent. of Dividend appropriated to the Sinking Fund, pursuant to the By-Laws, $12,772 30; General Expenses for the half year, $16,270 90; Bank License, Tax on Deposits, $4,307 00; Appropriation to the Furniture Fund, $100; Appropriation to Special Building Fund, $453 33; total, $289,349 78.

Our Sinking Fund amounts, at present, to $196,956 60; on Dec. 31st, 1874, it amounted to $182,775 80; it has, therefore, been augmented during the last six months, $14,180 80.

Deposits, $5,964,367 81; Sinking Fund, $184,184 30; profit for the half year, $289,349 78.

The above statement on the situation of our Savings Bank proves the prosperity of the institution. The regular manner in which the accounts are kept facilitated our duty of auditing, and at the same time gave us a proof of the correctness and devotion of the administration. We recommend, therefore, gentlemen, that the statement and documents submitted be accepted, and that a resolution of thanks be voted to our officers.

San Francisco, July 16th, 1875.

The Auditing Committee:

[Signed] H. BARROILHET, Banker; J. E. BELCOUR, Chancellor French Consulate; F. PERRIN, Merchant; F. CHEVALIER, Merchant; B. LEFEVRE, Merchant.

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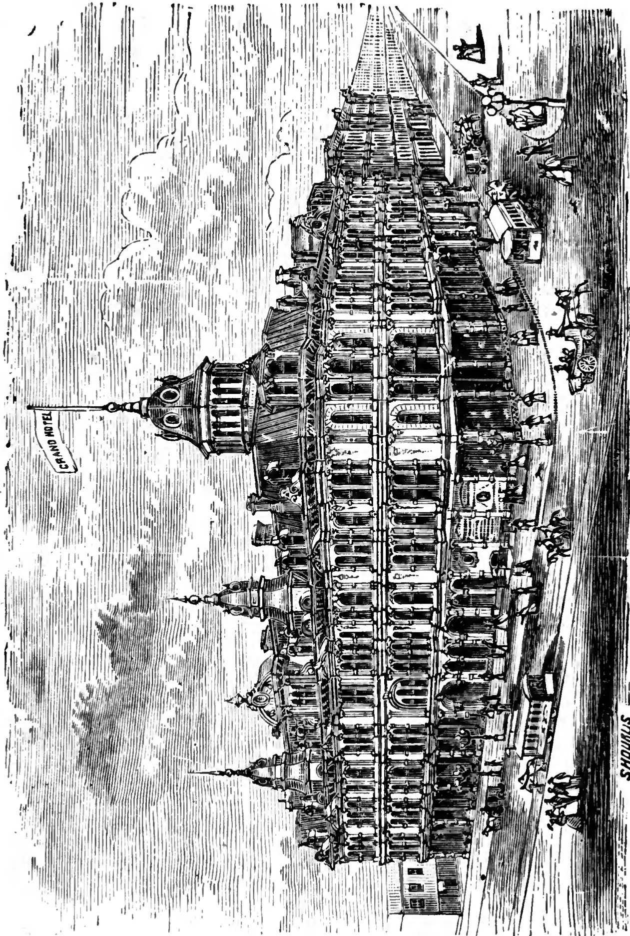

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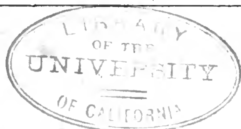

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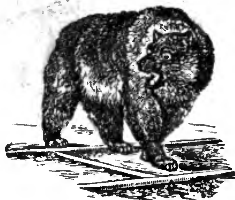

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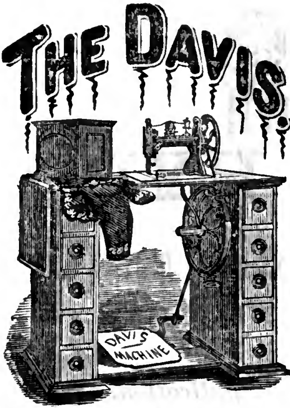

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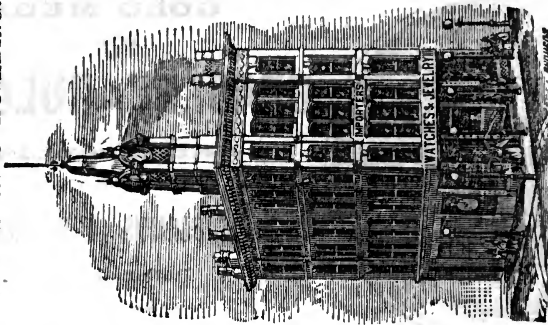

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VOL. 15.—OCTOBER, 1875.—No. 4.

ANTIQUITIES OF THE PACIFIC STATES.

BY no means the least fascinating among studies connected with the aborigines of this western land, is that of the material relics they have left as memorials. Throughout the land they are strewn, monuments of a departed civilization or of a hardly less interesting savagism. Our own State furnishes material records of savagism only; from them may be expected no startling historic revelations of nations once mighty, now fallen and disappeared; yet their value from a scientific point of view, as illustrative of the manners and customs of the beings that occupied this land before us, is shown by the efforts for their collection now being made by the Smithsonian Institution. In the regions farther south—more favored in the primitive epochs, if less so in modern times—where an indigenous American civilization was born and developed, rude mortars, pottery, and arrow-heads are not the only relics. Spacious palaces refer us back to kings and strong centralized governments; massive fortifications point to contests between disciplined armies; extensive public works represent the labor of enslaved multitudes, and perpetuate the memory of the lowly builders no less than that of the proud masters at whose command they toiled; elaborate sculptured decorations were executed without the aid of iron, by processes the results of which bear witness to native patience and skill; temples, idols, and altars speak of gods and priests, of faith, worship, and sacrifice; golden ornaments tell of wealth and luxury. Ruins are numerous and grand, corroborating in a great degree the enthusiastic statements of the conquerors respecting the wonders of a New World.

To obtain a satisfactory idea of monuments in most parts of the country has hitherto been a task well-nigh impossible to the general reader, or to the student unable to devote his whole attention to this branch of investigation. Few explorers, who have, like Stephens, devoted their chief attention to antiqui-

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ties, have like him published in a popular form the results of their labors. The best works on the finest ruins are, like those of Dupaix, Waldeck, and Catherwood, inaccessible to the reading public. The bulk of information, especially on minor remains, must be gleaned from the writings of hundreds of travelers, who have described incidentally, together with other objects of interest, such antiquities as may have come to their notice.

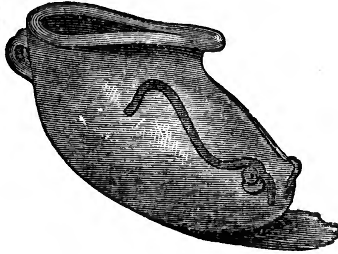
No objects have more universally arrested the attention of travelers than the works of ancient peoples; few have been unaffected by the charm that surrounds these memorials of olden times; but too often the musings and conjectures inspired by them have proved more attractive to the beholder than the hard work involved in a careful examination of details. The average traveler devotes a page or two to the description of a ruin, quotes from some author to whose works he happens to have access four or five pages on the ruins in a distant part of the country, and devotes the rest of a chapter to theorizing on aboriginal history, a subject respecting which he is generally incompetent to instruct his readers. It is not, however, so much of the universal tendency to build theories on insufficient grounds that the student has reason to complain, as of the brief and superficial descriptions of monuments which the visitor might with so little labor fully describe. Hence the necessity alluded to for long-continued labor in comparing authorities on the monuments of each locality; and hence the insufficient foundation of many a brilliant theory.

Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft, by devoting the fourth volume of his great work on the *Native Races* to the subject of antiquities, has labored hard and most successfully to present for the first time to the general reader as well as the antiquarian student, in a volume of 800 pages, a complete and accurate account of every aboriginal monument in North America. Proceeding from the Isthmus of Panama northward, Mr. Bancroft takes up successively the aboriginal relics found in each state and each locality, adding to his descriptive text fine cuts — over 400 in number in the whole volume — intended for instructive illustration rather than mere pictorial embellishment. He also gives extensive and valuable notes on antiquarian exploration and bibliography, and occasionally turns slightly from his path to prick some archæological bubble, or to expose the blunders of a pretended explorer. To follow this author through the field of his investigation, so far as the limits of a magazine article will permit, by presenting some of the curious relics pictured in his pages, is my present purpose.

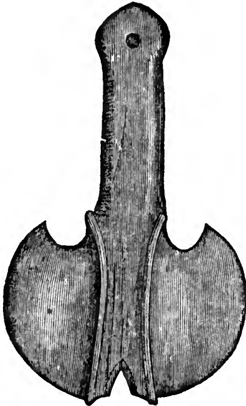
Granite Vase — Mosquito Coast.

Isthmian antiquities, chiefly found in Chiriquí, include rudely incised bowlder-carvings, a few columns with low-relief inscriptions, and the *huacas*, or tombs. The latter contain with human remains stone implements and weapons, earthen vessels, and terra-cotta whistles; but are especially famous for having yielded large quantities of golden images. Costa Rican relics are of the same nature, but much less abundant. The Mos

quito Coast furnishes a fine granite vase and some small golden images. In Nicaragua ancient pottery is so abundant, that in certain localities it is dug up by the natives for household use. A terra-cotta head and a burial-vase will serve as specimens. Gold is the only metal, and that occurs but rarely. Over Nicaraguan graves stand mounds or cairns of rough stones. Though the cairns are irregular in form and of slight elevation, they sometimes cover a large area; and some may possibly have served as foundations to wooden temples. From one of them comes a beautiful stone battle-axe. Rude hieroglyphic figures are often found painted or carved on cliffs or bowlders; many were intended as records, but their meaning is lost. Though all traces of native temples have become obliterated, idols, or stone statues so called, are numerous. Twenty-five are pictured in Mr. Bancroft's work. Some are ten feet high and three or four feet in diameter; most assume the human form; many have also a crouching beast that holds the head of the stone divinity in its jaws. The specimen is one of the rudest so far as sculpture is concerned; it served as a head-stone on one of the graves.

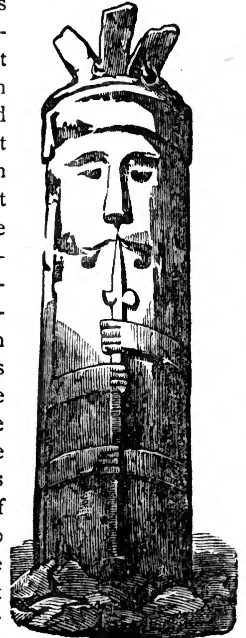


Terra-cotta Relics — Nicaragua.



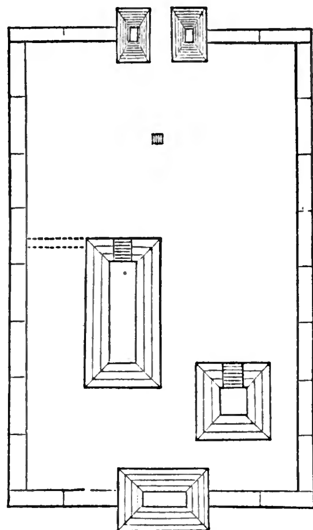
Nicaraguan Axe.

In Honduras, walls and regular pyramidal structures, for the most part of earth, but often faced with stone and divided into graded terraces, appear for the first time in our progress northward. About Comayagua are interesting groups; particularly that at Tenampua, covering a plateau a mile and a half long by half a mile wide, on the top of a sandstone bluff 1,600 feet high with nearly perpendicular sides. A sacred inclosure, having double walls and five pyramids, will convey an idea of the works in this stronghold. Copan is the most famous ruin in this state, and one of the most remarkable upon the continent. It is also one of the very few American cities abandoned and perhaps forgotten by the natives centuries before the arrival of the Spaniards. The main structure is a solid mass of hewn stone, 600 by 800 feet at the base and 100 feet high, fronting by a perpendicular wall on the river. On the summit platform are smaller pyramids and sunken courts. At least 26,-



Nicaraguan Idol.

000,000 cubic feet of stone must have been used for this structure. Next in interest to the main edifice are fourteen elaborately sculptured obelisks, one of which is presented as among the finest productions of native American art. They are from eleven to thirteen feet high, and before each stands an altar, clearly indicating their original use as idols. At Copan appear several samples of the ancient Maya hieroglyphics, which have not been interpreted. They may be seen on the side of the obelisk



Sacred Inclosure—Honduras.

pictured. The sculpture was all executed without the aid of iron or steel implements. Some early Spanish writers mention an immense stone hammock here, suspended by pivots between two pillars. Mr. Bancroft's later authorities do not credit such reports, but a gentleman of San Francisco who is familiar with these ruins tells me he has seen this peculiar monument. Copan must be referred to the earliest period of American civilization which has left any traces of its existence.

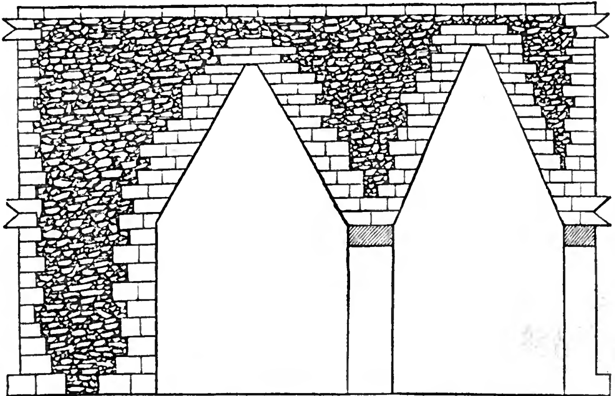
Near by, but across the state line in Guatemala, there is a group of obelisks even larger, though less elaborate, than those at Copan. Most of the Guatemalan ruins, however, belong to a different class and a more recent period, being

Copan Obelisk, side view.

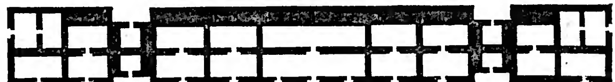
Guatemalan Medal.

the remains of the cities occupied at the time of the conquest by the nations of the Quiché-Cakchiquel empire. Patinamit and Utatlan, formerly capitals of the leading nations, are most prominent; but little remains to be seen but irregular masses of fallen walls scattered over a ravine-guarded plateau, inaccessible save at one or two points. A copper medal found in this state has excited much discussion among antiquarians, who have vainly tried to decipher the meaning of its figures. The authenticity of this relic is, however, doubtful. There are several interesting groups of ruins in the lake district of Peten, but they are of the class to be noticed farther north on the peninsula.

Yucatan contains more ruined cities than any other part of America. It has been by no means fully explored, yet at least sixty such cities have been described, some of them containing the most magnificent structures. The building material is a rubble of rough stones and mortar, faced with blocks of hewn stone. The buildings stand on pyramidal terraced bases, are long and low with flat roofs, and are usually divided into two parallel rows of rooms. The arrangement of the rooms and method of construction is made clear by the annexed cross-section and ground-plan of the *Casa del Gobernador* at Uxmal. The ceiling is always formed by overlapping blocks, beveled at the corners so as to

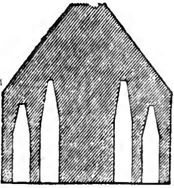
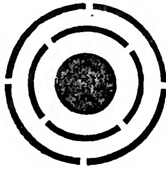


Uxmal Palace, section.

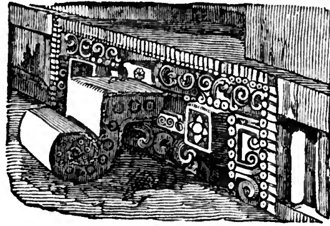


Uxmal Palace, plan.

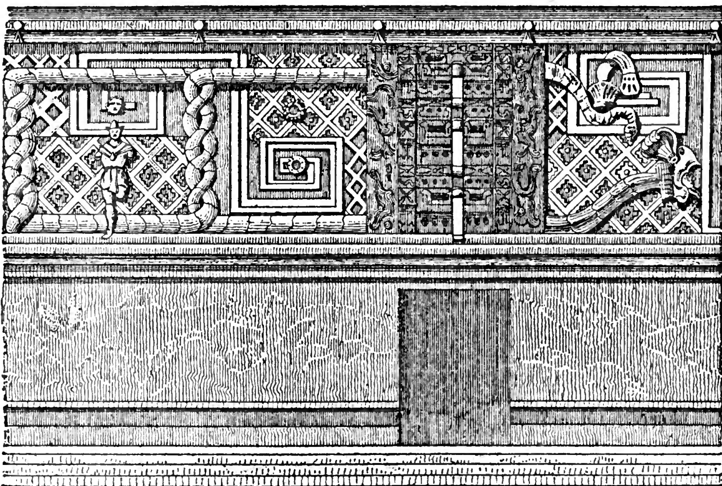
produce a smooth surface, often plastered, and sometimes painted. The floors are of a hard cement. Only a few of the cities are inclosed by walls or were located with any apparent view to defense; and no regular plan was followed in laying them out, the oft-repeated statement that the buildings face exactly east and west being erroneous. Lintels over the door-ways are both of stone and of a hard and rare wood, sometimes decorated with carvings. The partial ruin of some of the finest buildings has been caused by the breaking of wooden lintels. Wooden poles often stretch across the ceilings from side to side, supposed to have been used to support hammocks; in one instance a flat roof is supported by wooden beams. There is only a single case of a building of two stories, one above the other; the usual method being to build the successive stories on the receding terraces of a pyramid, the roof of one serving as a platform in front of the next above. Lofty pyramids without buildings occur, and in a few cases they have interior galleries. The buildings are often so located as to inclose square or rectangular courts; and among those of the usual type the longest is 322 feet, the widest thirty-nine feet, and the highest thirty-one feet. One of the most notable exceptions to the type is the round structure at Chichen, of which a plan and section are given. There are no doors, windows, or ventilators to these gloomy palaces and temples, and sculptured decorations on the interior are rare; yet in a few cases hieroglyphic tablets occur, the figures being the same as at

Round Building — Chichen.



Step at Kabah.

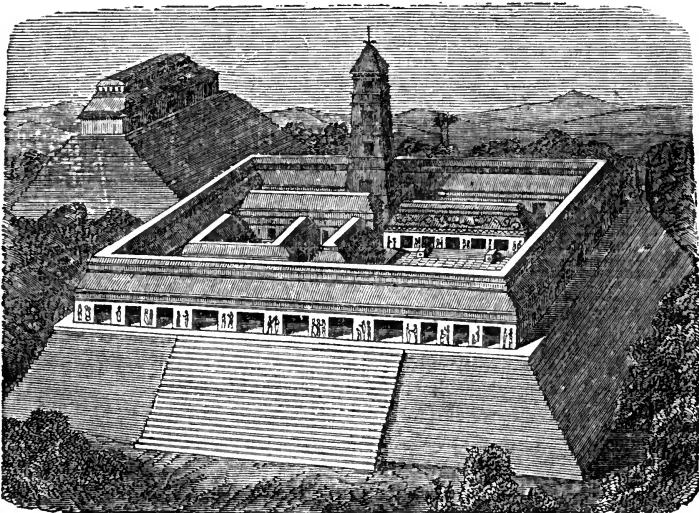


Serpent Facade at Uxmal.

Cara Gigantesca.

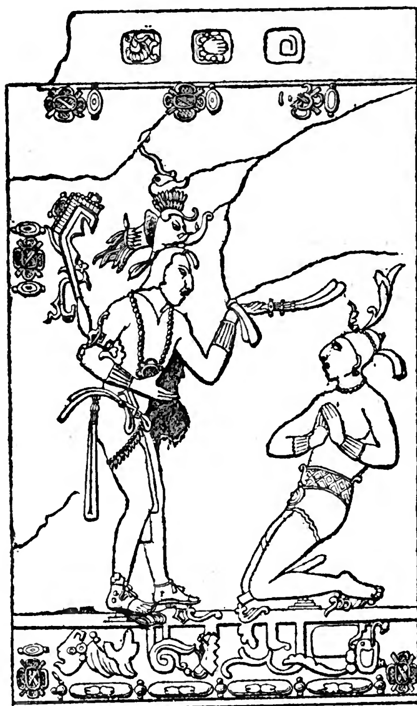
Copan, and showing the builders to have been the same or a kindred race. The cut pictures an interior step before a door-way at Kabah. The exterior *façades* are usually divided at mid-height by a projecting cornice, the space beneath being plain, while that above is covered with the most elaborate, often elegant, sculptured decorations. The sculpture was wrought on the faces of rectangular blocks, apparently before they were fixed in the walls. So varied are these decorations that only a drawing of each could give an idea of their nature. The cut shows part of a *façade* of the *Casa de Monjas* at Uxmal. All the fronts bear traces of having been originally painted in bright colors. Strangely enough, only very few idols or altars are found in this state, and the comparative absence of pottery and implements is equally remarkable. None of the cities of Yucatan are the work of an extinct race; a few date back to the ancient Maya empire, or nearly to the time of Christ; most were built within the three or four centuries preceding the conquest, and several were occupied when the Spaniards came. One of the most curious relics in this group is the *Cara Gigantesca*, about seven feet square, in the base of a pyramid at Izamal. It is rudely formed of rough stones and perfected with stucco.

Farther westward in Chiapas stands the famous Palenque, probably the most ancient American ruin. Its buildings, like those on the peninsula, are long, low, and narrow, standing on pyramidal



The Palace at Palenque.

bases, and built of hewn stone. One of the finest and the largest of its structures is known as "The Palace," a restoration of which is taken from a German artist, and so modified as to agree with the best authorities. The pyramidal base is 260 by 310 feet on the ground, and over forty feet high. The chief contrasts with the Yucatan buildings are found in the exterior form of the roof, and in the use of stucco ornamentation instead of sculptured stone on the *façades*. Each of the spaces between the numerous door-ways bears a group of figures in stucco hard as stone, one of which groups is represented in the annexed cut. The resemblance of one of the head-dresses to an elephant's trunk is noticeable. Sculpture is never found on exterior walls, but on the interior sculptured hieroglyphic tablets are found, which doubtless hold locked up in their regular columns a most interesting historic tale. No idols have been found, nor weapons; and both implements and pottery are of very rare occurrence. The finest piece of work at Palenque, if not in all aboriginal America, is the stucco tablet known as "The Beau Relief," in one of the smaller temples. This city is evidently older than those of Yucatan, but was built by a kindred people. It was abandoned apparently long before the cities occupied in the sixteenth century were built.



Stucco Figures at Palenque.

Ococingo Idol.

Next to Palenque, Ococingo is the most remarkable ruin in Chiapas, having some claims to have been the ancient Tulan, the capital of the Toltec nations before they left Central America. Of all its interesting monuments I have space for but one idol.

North of the isthmus, in Oajaca, there are grand ruins in the form of pyramids, fortresses, and temples, at Guiengola, Monte Alban, and Mitla, besides many

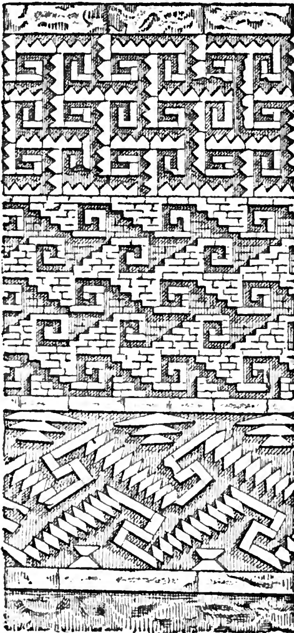
Beau Relief at Palenque.

lesser relics of the ancient Miztecs and Zapotecs. At Monte Alban galleries traverse large mounds at their base, and their sides are lined with stone tablets, an example of which is presented on page 314; another represents two of many images found at Zachila, the first being of stone and the second of terra-cotta. Mitla ("place of sadness," "dwelling of the dead," or "hell"), is the grandest ruin in the state. The temples here, like those of the south, are long and narrow, but, unlike them, had flat roofs supported by beams, which have now disappeared. Massive stone pillars stand in the centre of the widest rooms. The material is rubble faced with stone blocks, but the blocks are not sculptured, being small and brick-shaped, and arranged in a very curious style of mosaic illustrated in the cut, from an interior wall. The *façades* are divided by immense stone slabs into panels, each panel being filled with a

different style of mosaic. The stone image and terra-cotta head of the cuts were found near Mitla. The summit of

Zachila Idols.

a neighboring hill with precipitous sides is leveled and fortified by a wall eighteen feet high, six feet thick, and over



Mosaic at Mitla.

a mile in circuit. A strongly fortified hill is also described at Quiotepec; and two gold rings are described as having been found at Huahuapan.

Oajacan Tablet.

Among the miscellaneous relics of Vera Cruz may be noticed a gigantic head, six feet high, with a negro cast of features, dug up near Tuxtlan. Nearly the whole eastern slope of the sierra fronting the gulf coast is covered with traces of the aboriginal occupants.

Negro Head.

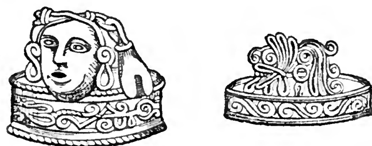
The mountain streams form deep *barrancas*, between which are small penin-

Mitla Relics.

sular plateaus guarded at the few accessible points by fortifications of great strength, and covered with ruins of pyramids, palaces, and tombs. Such are the remains at Puente Nacional,

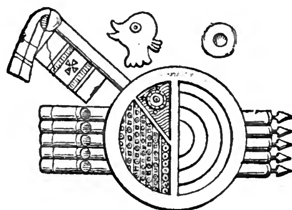
Fount at Tusapan.

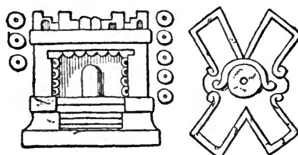
Centla, and Huatusco. Two of the most famous monuments in the state are those at Misantla and Papantla. At Tusapan is a pyramid bearing a temple on its summit, and also a very curious fountain cut from the living rock, through which seems to have flowed the water for the supply of an ancient city.



Gold Rings.

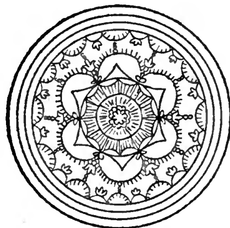
On the central plateaus, comprising Mexico, Puebla, Tlascala, and Querétaro, the site of the successive Toltec, Chichimec, and Aztec empires, architectural remains are rare, but smaller relics are most abundant. At Cholula and Teotihuacan are the most ancient and famous pyramids, but they now present the appearance of natural hills. The bowlders in the region of Cuerna-





Bowlder Carvings.

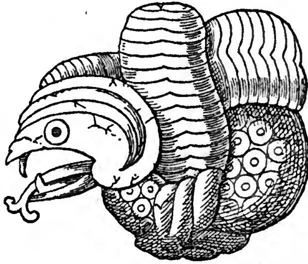
vaca often have curious carvings, having perhaps served as boundary marks. Xochicalco ("the hill of flowers"), in the same vicinity, bears the finest temple



Urn and Cover.

in Mexico, now in an advanced stage of ruin. This temple was built by the Toltecs in the ninth or tenth century. The next cut represents a coiled ser-

pent in stone from Xochimilco. The "Calendar-stone," "Sacrificial-stone," and the hideous idol Teoyaomiqui, the

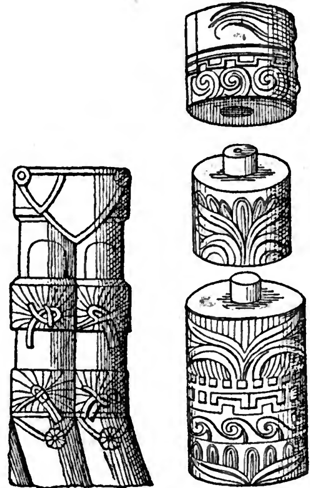


Stone Serpent.

most remarkable relics found in the city of Mexico, have been so often described and sketched as to be familiar to most readers. Mr. Bancroft presents

Statue of a Priest—Tezcuco.

fine plates of these monuments. Among the other minor relics from the same city a very fine terra-cotta burial-urn may be noticed as a specimen of Aztec art in this branch. The Mexican priests appeared in certain festivals clad in the skin of a human victim; a stone statue representing a priest thus clad was found at Tezcuco, the ancient rival of Mexico. Tol-



Columns from Tula.

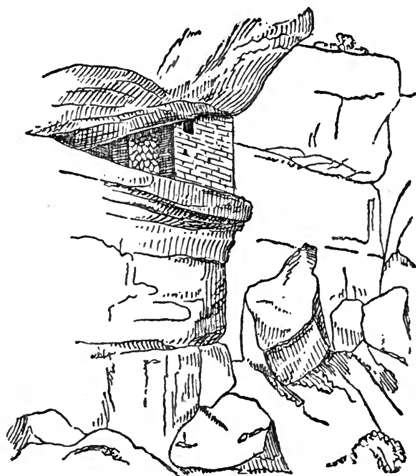
lan, the ancient Toltec capital, has but few remaining traces of its former splendor, but small specimens of superior workmanship are occasionally dug up, among which fragments of sculptured columns may be mentioned. Of the miscellaneous relics found in the Mexican republic, and preserved in various museums, a chalcedony knife with handle of mosaic-work is presented. The mosaic was composed of small pieces of bright-colored stone and shell, and was used in some cases upon masks. Both this relic and the so-

Aztec Knife.

called Aztec priestess are from London antiquarian collections. In the northern states of Mexico aboriginal remains consist mostly of coarse pottery and rude

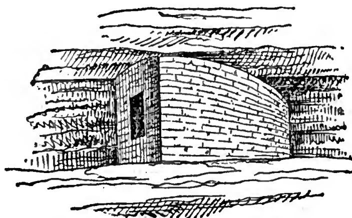
Aztec Priestess.

implements, and are comparatively uninteresting. The temples and fortifications of Quemada, in Zacatecas, are, however, among the grandest structures



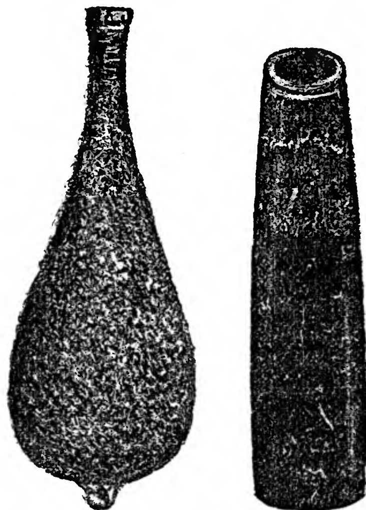
Cliff House, Colorado.

in America, although not adorned with sculpture. These extensive and complicated edifices of stone are fully described and illustrated in the work before us. The *Casas Grandes* in Chihuahua are also ruins that have been the subject of considerable theorizing, but nothing is now left of them but masses of crumbling adobe walls.



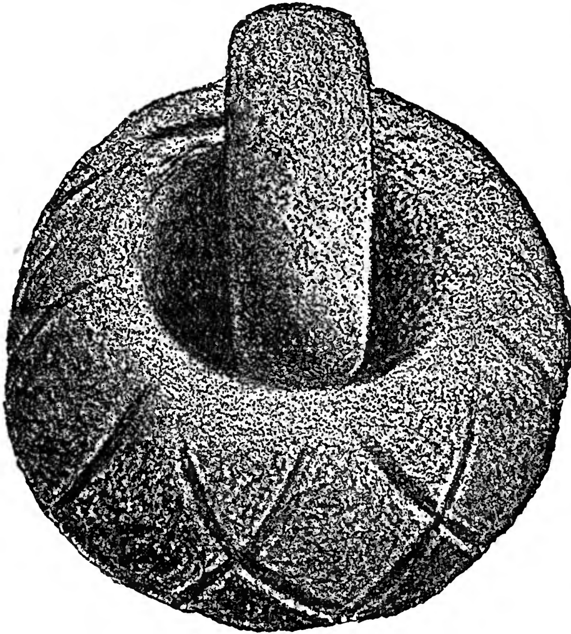
Cliff House, Colorado.

Mr. Bancroft devotes much attention to the antiquities of Arizona and New Mexico. These are numerous, including buildings—generally of adobe in the south, like the *Casa Grande* on the Gila, but of stone in the north, like the immense structures in the Chaco and Chelly cañons, some of which have five or six hundred rooms—broken pottery, hieroglyphic inscriptions of the rudest



San Francisco Relics.

type, irrigating canals and other traces of ancient agriculture, and a few implements and ornaments. Although most interesting, the monuments of this group have but little of the mysterious connect-



Californian Mortar.

They are very neatly built of small and thin blocks of stone, and often take the form of a simple wall across the entrance of a cavern or fissure in the cliff.

In the remaining Pacific States—the broad territory extending from California to Alaska—there are no architectural remains, and few if any relics, which are to be attributed to any other peoples than the wild tribes that were found in possession of the country. The antiquities described and pictured by Mr. Bancroft consist of numerous rude implements, and dishes of stone, bone, shell, and earthenware, scattered on the surface or buried in Indian graves; rude scratchings and paintings on rocks and cliffs; a few conical mounds, mostly designed as graves; many shell-mounds, with interesting relics; and a few groups of earth-works in British Columbia, much like those in the Mississippi region. The mines of California have furnished many relics not remarkable in themselves, but extremely so by reason of their location many feet below the surface under several strata of lava and gravel, and often in connection with the bones of extinct species of animals. The two implements pictured are from a San Francisco shell-mound, the first of diorite, the second of black slate. The mortar is from Gold Srings Gulch.

The author adds two chapters on antiquities outside the limits of the Pacific States, one on the Mississippi region, the other on South America, thus giving his book the character of a general work on American antiquities.

ed with them, notwithstanding the theories of visionary antiquarians. All the buildings and other relics are similar to the works of the Pueblo tribes, and point back to a time when those tribes occupied the whole region with their thriving towns. The remains bear not the slightest resemblance to those left by the civilized peoples farther south, and the old theory that they were the works of the migrating Aztecs is wholly without foundation. Farther north, in southern Colorado and Utah, extensive remains have been recently brought to light by Messrs. Jackson and Ingersoll, of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey, chiefly in the cañons of the Mancos and McElmo. The ruins on the bottoms are of the same class as those in New Mexico, but the most remarkable structures are built on shelves in the perpendicular sides of the cañons, hundreds of feet above the bottom, where some of them are accessible only by the aid of ropes or ladders.

AUTOCHTHONES.

No bronzed Apollos of the wood
  Those simple folk of El Dorado,
Who peopled once the solitude
  From Shasta to the Colorado.

But, short of stature, plain of mien,
  And lacking all the sculptured graces,
They still were part of every scene,
  And song and science seek their traces.

No monument of art arose
  Where once they dwelt in densest numbers;
The curious modern only knows
  By kitchen-heaps the tribe that slumbers.

Or, raking in the blackened soil,
  He finds the tips of spears and arrows,
Wrought by the ancient artists' toil
  To slay all game from man to sparrows.

Yet, artless as they were, and still
  As history will be about them,
They did their mother Nature's will,
  And Nature could not do without them.

They were the Adams of the land,
  Who gave to hill and vale and river,
To every tranquil scene or grand,
  The titles that recall the giver.

While soft Solano spreads her plain,
  And lifts his head tall Yallowballey—
The vanished people will retain
  A monument in hill and valley.

Yosemite their name inscribes
  On cataract and granite column;
And Tahoe murmurs of their tribes
  Among her peaks and forests solemn.

THE FROZEN TRUTH.

WHEN it snows in Nevada it blows; but the desert earth, under the fallen snow, is usually warm enough to cause the snow to adhere to the heels of boots in great rough buttons, which, when they fall off the heel, leave upturned in the foot-prints of the walker sharply defined and dirty impressions of various tack-heads and heel-taps. When it snows and blows in Nevada the climate out of doors, though bracing, is not really pleasant to most persons. It is not one of those blows to which you can turn your back, unless you would wheel about and turn about like the legendary Mr. James Crow; because, owing to the mountain-valley topography of the State, the wind becomes bewildered, like the eddying waters of an overflowed river, and knows no constant channel: hence, except through the remembered knowledge of natural laws, it is difficult to realize whether the snow is going up, coming down, or commingling crosswise and "through ither," like a cotillion in a frenzy.

During such a storm in a mountain silver-mining town the citizens who are not underground (both the quick and the dead) are in the house, or hastily slamming doors behind them, and rushing, with up-turned coat-collars, humped shoulders, and contracted necks, along the street to other doors, which they slam and through which they rush with stamping feet and steaming breath, like locomotives down-breaking into the round-house. There is a creaking of wooden shell-houses, a trembling and a singing of loose window-sashes, a whirling of old boxes and empty kegs along the street, in short races, as gust after gust sends them hither and thither with the changing blasts; and through it all the grunting black hog goeth placidly wading about, with a horn of white snow on his ebon snout.

On such a day the saloon, by which we mean the whisky-mill, is the headquarters — perhaps, more exactly, the stomach-quarters—of mountain society. Here is comfort—the truth is the truth! Here is warmth, and seats, good cheer, bad language, old jokes, new jokes, all sorts of character, and a thoroughly entrenched scorn of the howling white-robed battling of the elements. The hot water steams upon the stove; the alcoholic amusements shine behind their painted labels, like the well-groomed steeds of the sun-driver; the pale yellow of exotic limes and lemons rises in miniature pyramids, on bases of upturned crystal glasses, at each side or in front of the great mirror, which reflects the supple shoulders, wriggling elbows, and elaborately done back-hair of the Adonis who mixes "the poisons," and polishes, with rapid napkin, the glittering goblet whose late contents cost the buyer just "two bits," or a quarter of a dollar. Here are newspapers of all sorts, from all parts, in several languages; a place to sit yourself down and put your North American feet as high as your centennial head, while the backs of your legs, away up, are comforted by the glowing stove, as you absorb the news of many lands. Here are pictures on the walls, some of which are valuable as art, and others which show to the artistic mind that art is valuable—when you find it.

Here the isolate wits of the camp come with their newest "good thing;" and here the anxious unappreciative

man comes, day after day, in his hopeless hunt after what it is that "the fellers laugh so damnation loud at," when he "don't see nothin'." Here is the charming fellow, who is not only unconsciously "witty in himself, but the cause of that which wit is in other men." Here is the club, the lecture-room, the town-meeting, the academy, and the forum of the camp. Here, if you can keep sober, and if you love your fellow-man as a young healthy mother loves her twin babies, you can observe, and observe, and "get your money back." Here you may find that the undaunted offspring of the Aryan is at one moment the brightest, crispest, and sweetest of hoary nature's infinitude of infants, and at another moment sour and unsavory as any demoralized infant can be.

On one of those days I have hinted at, in one of those places I have just described, there sat a man in the middle of the room, away from the stove and distant from the bar, with his feet on one of the green-baize-covered round card-tables, and legs crossed so that his boot-toes formed a V about on a level with his eyes. He was leaning back on the two legs of his chair, with his soft black hat pulled carefully over the eye that was toward the stove and the company, and his two hands, palm to palm, shoved easily between his thighs. Sitting thus, he seemed to take sight through the V of his boot-toes, as he leisurely, silently, and, no doubt, reflectively puffed slowly at a strong cigar, sending the smoke, by a peculiar pouching of his nether lip, in thin curls past that one of his eyes which had no hat over it. There was a circle about the stove warmly discussing a mixture of important questions, while coolly discussing various warm mixtures; hasty straight drinkers at the bar came and went, and wiped their mustaches; but our friend sat at the table absorbed, and oblivious to all surroundings. Doubtless words fell upon his ears—words mixed and various as the fantastic lines of the growing frost-work on the window in the wall opposite to his elevated toes—but seemingly he heeded not, or hearing heard not.

Suddenly, from the small Babel of talk that surrounded the stove a sharply-defined enunciation said:

"Now, boys, just let me tell you the truth. I'll tell you the God's truth about it."

"Don't you do it!" came in a rolling deep bass from our unmoved friend by the table.

"Don't do *what?*" asked the volunteer man of truth at the stove, after a startled pause.

"Don't tell the truth. Don't, my friend; don't try it."

"Why?" questioned several of the crowd, who had now turned their attention to the man at the table.

"Because it's dangerous!" answered the deep bass voice.

"The h—l it is!" exclaimed the falsetto of a profane "stove-herder."

"Yes, sir. A lie you can live down—it is the truth that hurts." And he dropped his feet off the table, changed his hat from the side to the back of his head, threw away the remnant of his cigar, and turned facing his interrogators. Leaning his elbow upon the table, he further remarked: "And you see before you a living monument of the fact that truth is dangerous."

Just here a man came from the storm without, slamming through the door, stamping the snow off his heels, shaking the white flakes from his hat and coat, while making the announcement with a "Wh-o-o-h!" that "The white fly is just a-swarmin'."

"Give us a drink," to the bar-keeper. Then, to the crowd around the stove: "Here, you fellers, quit herdin' that stove, an' come take a drink."

To this invitation a majority of the company arise to respond; but our friend

at the table keeps his seat, leaning back in his chair, and permitting his hand to fall negligently over the edge of the table.

"Come up an' stand in."

"No; excuse me. I'm not dry, thank you, an' I'm smoked out," answers the man at the table. "Drink hearty, an' never mind me."

"No, never mind him. He's a monument, he says."

"Yes, a livin' monument o' the fact that truth is dangerous; an' when you fellers get done throwin' yourselves outside o' them drinks, I'll explain myself, if you choose to listen."

"All right. Here we go"—which means that they do not go, but stand still and drink.

"What was that?" said he who had just treated, by which act he was temporary foreman of the jury. "What was that you fellers were on as I came in? I want to hear it."

"Well, sir, I was about—that is, I was willing—to relate a circumstance on telling the truth. In fact, I wanted to speak a piece on the dangers of veracity—but it's not amusing, and perhaps not suited to this audience."

"Well, go ahead on it," said the volunteer foreman. "Whoever don't like it can take a spin round the square, and drop in again in time for the next drinks."

Thus encouraged, our friend began:

"I've just been back home, in the States—just returned. I hadn't been home for near twenty years; an' when I left home I was a wild boy who—so some old wise ones said—was born to come to no good. So's I was sayin', I thought I'd be particular fine, high-tone, good behavior, go to church, listen to the sermons, 'n' all that sort o' thing, just to show these old prophets they were no judges o' human prospects. Well, I got to tellin' one day about California 'n' Nevada—an' I'd been tellin', more or less, off an' on, little by little, how it was in the gold-mines, 'n' about big bears, big punkins, an' big things generally; but this particular time I got to talkin' about Nevada, 'n' about travelin' through the State, across the mountains, an' the valleys, an' the sage-brush, an' the alkali-flats, etc. An' this what I was tellin' was at a family house, to a party o' neighbor men, women, an' children, who'd been invited by some relations o' mine to see the distinguished gentleman 'from California;' an' there was one young feller there—a sort o' lawyer-lookin' bright kind of a chap—an' he kept his eye on me while I was talkin', an' I was in a high old humor for talk, you bet, an' a-puttin' up lip like a pet parson at a petticoat quiltin'. An' after I sort o' narrowed down to a barren place in my lead, an' there wasn't much sayin' by nobody, this young feller sidled down to me, an' said he'd be happy to have me come up to the club.

"'Club!' says I. 'What club?'

"'The Special,' says he.

"'Special what?' says I.

"'Special Literary,' says he. 'Art, poetry, romance, humor, wit, wisdom, and—and—veracity.'

"'When is it?'

"'Every Saturday evening,' says he.

"'Where is it?'

"'At the club-rooms. I'll come for you.'

"'All right,' says I. 'Special Literary goes—though what in thunder Special Literary is on I don't know.'

"'O!' says this smart young feller, 'we'll make it easy for you to find out; an' I think the members will all be pleased to see you, particularly Judge Shadwell. Haven't you met the judge?'

"'I reckon not. Don't remember any Shadwells in mine.'

"'Ah!'—an' he called it 'awh'—'he's chairman of the club—gay old gentleman, splendid intellect—be pleased to meet you.'

"An' then the young man hurried away to some other point in the room, an' left me sittin' beside a nice-lookin' honest country lass, who could only say 'yees' an' 'noo,' as soft as poached eggs; an' that always knocks my conversational powers flatter 'n a water-soaked newspaper. I tell you, boys, well-regulated society is terrible on a man—terrible, terrible!"

Here the gentleman drew his chair toward the stove, as though the far-off memory of "well-regulated society" pervaded his system with the solemn chilliness of an empty church.

"Well, go ahead an' tell us how you got along with that young woman," said a red-haired man on the opposite side of the stove.

"Got along with that young woman! I couldn't get along with her. There wasn't nothin' of her but bread an' butter, an' some home-made-up dry-goods. There was no intellect into her. She was a rare young female—raw, I might say. But then she might ha' done better with a less distinguished man; I'm always willin' to make allowance. I know that every person hasn't crossed the continent, nor lived on beans straight—an' such persons can't be expected to 'know beans.'"

"Well, then, you wound up business—twenty-five cents on the dollar—at that social party, and got away from there. Then what did you do?" queried the volunteer foreman. "O Lord! Jake, close that door."

"Yes, I'll close this door soon's I get these nubs of iced snow out o' the way," answered Jake, jamming and rattling the door to force away the accumulation of soiled icy snow.

"What did I do? Why, I went to that club. An' there I found a room carpeted all off nice, an' a marble mantel-piece, an' everything fine an' easy for a feller who can endure a good deal o' rest an' settin' round. There were newspapers round on the tables, an' several cases o' books standin' against the wall; an' one o' the leadin' members kept a sort o' magazine-newspaper-peanut-literary pop-shop down-stairs on the ground floor, an' he had some barrels in his cellar—sacrament wine an' medical purposes, you know!—an' these Special Literary ducks could have somethin' good when they'd a mind to call for it. Well, I was introduced in among these chaps as the 'gentleman from California,' an' I bowed round an' pranced in among 'em, an' flourished my white cambric pocket table-cloth, like a sweet young Methodist preacher at a camp-meetin'. Then I was specially introduced to Honorable Judge Ephraim Shadwell, an' we all took seats. While I was splittin' my coat-tails apart to sit down, I prospected the Honorable Ephraim Shadwell, an' says I to myself—inwardly, you know—'Old Shad, if you aint a "Smoove Eph," then it's my treat.' An' this put me in mind of it. So I remarked, 'Gentlemen, can't we have somethin'—somethin' to take?' an' I went down into my breeches'-pocket after the collateral; but there is where I missed it, an' forgot myself, an' thought I was back here again in a whisky-mill. They like somethin' to take back there's well's we do here, but they suck it more on the sly—for the sake o' the risin' generation they call it. Now, you all—most all—know that I don't like liquors——"

"O no!" shouted a chorus of voices. "You aint got no talent for whisky—no place to put it! It's somebody else—man with the light red nose, perhaps."

"Unless they are very choice, pure, an' well-handled."

"Ah!"

"An' when I strike a thing o' that kind in a gentlemanly company, I don't deny it, I am happy. I suppose it's all wrong, pernicious, pauperizing, an' all that sort o' thing, but I tumble to it naturally; an' on this occasion I was

way up—everything was lovely, as Ophir when she booms!"

"Well, as I was the distinguished stranger, of course the heft o' the talk soon came to me. They wanted to hear about California, an' I gave 'em California—now, you bet I did! I told 'em all that I thought everybody must know, an' had known, about the country, an' it seemed news to them. Then I told 'em some things about California which I think nobody knows, an' never will know. You have to do these things, you know, in good society, to make yourself interesting. Then, this young feller who had been with me at the party, and was at that moment leanin' his elbows on the back of Old Shad's high chair, which was right a-front o' me—he says, lookin' at me, 'Tell us about your trip in Nevada—that one you told at the party the other night!' 'Yes,' says Old Shad; 'that Nevada is a very strange country, by all accounts. I should, for one—and I assume to speak for all present—be much gratified to learn about that country from a gentleman so well qualified by nature and experience to represent it. Be pleased to proceed, sir.'

"When Old Shad made me that little speech, and reached his hand to the table for his glass o' liquor, there was a dignity, a grace, a full fitness about him that made me think him a born judge."

"Judge o' what?"

"Of everything. An inspector of the universe. A man, sir, capable, by turns, of microscopic atomization, on the one hand, and of being a cosmographer of worlds on the other!"

"H—l! don't he sling a dictionary jaw-bone?" queried a *sotto voce*.

"Old Shad—you've seen fellers like Old Shad! but you haven't seen many. He was the most innocent and attentive-lookin' middle-aged person I ever saw. His face seemed to fairly beam with attention and respect toward me! His lively little black eyes were laughed back into his head by two circles o' wrinkles, which yet waited round the front doors to get a chance to poke 'em in the ribs if they ever came out again. He had a circular alkali-flat on top o' his head, with a little black bunch o' grease-wood in the middle of it. Then, his face was shaved clean, and he was, except his eyes, as pretty a countenanced gentleman as ever I saw. One of those fatherly persons who never forget that all good men are twice a boy, an' forever a little youthful. He was some fatter than there was any need of, an'—he wasn't a blonde. When he said, 'Be pleased to proceed!' I proceeded.

"'Gentlemen,' says I, 'the Sage-brush is the Wonder-land of grown-up children. Its history is to the active intellect of North America what the reading of the Nine Books by Herodotus was to the pulse of young Athens—the stimulus to greater daring and deeper diggings. What the poet and the painter have done for the rude ages prior to gunpowder, which gave us the pictures of the battle-axe, the claymore, the scimiter, the long-oared galley, and the castle-crowned cliff, the coming American, combining in himself the artist and the artisan, must do for the long processions which followed the sun by day and watched with the stars by night, among the great rocks and dim vistas of the weird mirage-haunted wilderness. The rough-forged long barrel of the immortal sharp-shooter—that aspiring swamp-blackbird, from whose sweet throat Liberty first warbled and Freedom learned to whistle—and the wand coiled round with the detonating taper of the ox-driver's whip, must be inwoven with our heraldic designs, until after ages, sir, shall learn that the sacred is the true and tried—the useful still the holiest.'"

"You was puttin' it up pretty steep, wasn't you?" inquired the foreman.

"I should say I was! Old Shad's

face was bewitchin' me with the rosy dawn of unborn compliment. It wasn't often I got an audience like that. I was talkin' then, not about California, but about Nevada, an' it seemed like I was called upon to speak a piece for the 'Gal I left behind me,' an' I waltzed in with all the fine points I'd ever heard of—an' could remember at the time. But I held myself right down to the cold truth—only flushing it occasionally, like the top of a snowy sunset mountain with the roseate alpenglow of our rarified atmosphere.

"'Gentlemen,' I continued, 'when our remotest pre-historic ancestors hacked their wild mysterious story in the ragged yet regular edges of the world-wide scattered flinty arrow-heads, they little knew that unborn ages of a quickened intellectuality would prospect among their 'float' for the after-thought of the soul's immortal longings. And when the ancestral fathers of this young republic, sitting upon the ragged edge of the new-born constitutional conscience, dared to weigh down our infant treasury to purchase from "The Man of Destiny" that mystery of empire known as Louisiana, little they dreamed that an after-time of quicker intellect would prospect amid the drifting snows and whirling dusts of an arid waste, and find—find what? Ah, gentlemen, the rock-ribbed coffers of a world—the treasury of nations now that are, and of others yet to come!

"'Gentlemen,' says I, 'permit me. We 'll drink. Here's to the boys at the front—THE PROSPECTORS!

"'Now, gentlemen,' says I, after we drank and were seated, 'these men who have discovered these great mines and *bonanzas* have fought a battle no less glorious than that fought by the classic youth who dressed their hair in the mountain-gorge, where still the hot-springs bubble up, whispering to heroic hearts, "*This is Thermopylæ!*"

"'But, alas! these modern heroes in the mountain-passes of the Desert-land did not need to dress their hair in the throat of death, because they were sure of having it lifted and dressed after death, with all the honors of barbaric pomp, while their bones were left to be dragged to the galloping midnight music of the prairie-wolf, into the distant waste behind the veil of the night's dim circle. Not the "untutored" was their only foe, for him they tutored after awhile—but want and storm, and houseless, homeless loneliness, and unrequited waiting; and sometimes Death came softly down upon his black wings with the glances of the sweet-faced moon, and made the lonely sleeper's dream eternal in the sage.

"'Gentlemen,' I continued, 'to give you an idea of the vicissitudes of climate, and the houseless hardships of the earlier days in Nevada, before the peculiarities of the climate were understood, I will relate, now, the simple and truthful tale which my young friend has asked for, in which request he has been kindly joined by your honor and the entire company.

"'It was, if I remember right, in the winter of 1866–7, or 1867–8, I'll not be sure which—but no matter, it was one time or the other—I found myself in B., which then was a new and active mining-camp, and is now, though no longer new, still active. The mud in the town, owing to the late rains, the stirring people and newly broken earth, was disagreeably deep. I met Johnson. 'Johnse,' said I, 'what are you on, an' where are you bound for?'

"'I'm on the prospect,' says he, 'an' I'm bound for Reveille.'

"'How?' says I.

"'In a wagon,' says he.

"'When?' says I.

"'To-morrow,' says he.

"'I'll go with you,' says I.

"'It's a whack,' says he.

"'So next morning we harnessed up his two little mules to a light wagon and started through the mud.'

"'Heavy rolling in the mud, I suppose?' asked the judge, very politely.

"'Very much so, indeed,' I responded, about as politely.

"'Johnse's team was willing, but it was small, and though that wagon had nothing in it but our blankets and two or three hundred pounds of grub, etc., we were all day and until midnight going sixteen miles; and when we camped the old snow was so deep and crusted that the little mules wouldn't move another step —so there we hung up, in the deep snow.'

"'How far did you say that was from where you started?' asked a member, who seemed to be takin' notes in the fly-leaves of a book.

"'About sixteen miles.'

"'Mules are no better in the snow than in the mud,' said the judge, with his little black eyes twinklin' at me.

"'About the same. Well, we staid there till morning—mules not a thing to eat but a lick or two of flour, and we a bite of raw fat bacon. In the morning, however, the night-frost having left the snow crusted, we rolled out on solid footing. In about two hours we got to some good grazing and water, and camped, to let the animals feed and to cook something for ourselves. Then we rolled along in first-rate style to another camp at H. After we got out of that snow we had no trouble with anything that day but the dust.'

"'Dust!' exclaimed the judge, drawin' his chair up closer to me, and glowin' upon me with admiration.

"'Yes. Johnse did not feel very well, so he lay down in the wagon-box—it was a common light dead-axe wagon — with his head toward the tail-board. I was driving, and after awhile I looked back over my shoulder, and there was old Johnse fast asleep on the flat of his back, and the two hind-wheels of the wagon just rolling the dust into his face.'

"'Heavy dust?' from the judge.

"'Yes; the dust was piling on to him. Each side of his nose was all filled up level with his eyebrows—all smooth.'

"'Singular country!' remarked the judge.

"'Most remarkable climate on earth,' says I.

"'One would think so,' said the feller who was takin' notes.

"'Well, we staid all night at H., and next morning we started by the valley trail for Reveille, intending to get there that night—but we didn't make it.'

"'Why so? more mud?' asked the judge.

"'No, no more mud; but about noon the sun came down so hot that the little mules fairly melted on their feet, and there was no go in them—so we hung up for the night at the Springs.'

"'How far were you from B., at the Springs?' asked the feller who was takin' notes.

"'Let me see,' says I; 'thirty-four an' twenty-four is fifty-eight—yes, fifty-eight miles.'

"'The next day you proceeded to Reveille?' queried the judge.

"'O, no. That night they brought an ox-driver into camp, with his feet frozen.'

"'Frozen!' shouted a member who had not spoken before.

"'Yes, sir; frozen, and badly frozen. And they were still freezing by the fire, after he was brought in—because a freeze continues till the thaw sets in, and the thaw does not set in until the heat has time to penetrate; and when you are lying before a fire out of doors, in a cold bright starlit night, one side chills about as fast as the other thaws.'

"'Yes, that's true,' said the judge—'when a man is lying out.'

"I thought he put a curious little quaver on the last word but one o' that

remark, but it was so slight I passed it by an' went on with my story.

"'Yes, gentlemen, feet that have been tramping in the wet snow all day freeze very suddenly, in the change of temperature which takes place as the sun is going down, in high altitudes. And when a boot and sock once become like solid ice the jig is up. There is no more motion for the foot, which clumps lifelessly and helpless at the end of the leg. A casing of cast metal is not more immovably fitted to that which it surrounds than is a frozen boot to a freezing foot. You might as well pull at one of the bronze boots on the statue of Jackson, as attempt to draw such a boot. The poor fellow, in this case, having become conscious, as he clumped about the desert in the snow hunting his cattle, that his feet were freezing, tried to draw his boots, then to rip them off; then, as the twilight settled into the steely cold starlight, he set himself down and tried to whittle them off, like the bark from a tree; and when found, he had whittled the skin, and the flesh, and the nerves, and the tendons, till the chips of leather, with the white bloodless flesh adhering to their concave sides, lay about him on the snow, like unskillfully shaven chips from some young white-wooded tree, and——'

"'My God! sir, stop!' roared the judge, dropping his face upon his knees, and into the palms of his hands. I stopped. Seeing the terrible emotion of Judge Ephraim Shadwell, some member moved, 'That we do now take a drink, and adjourn.' Seconded.

"While the drinks were being served, the judge recovered, and said to me: 'My dear friend, permit me to thank you for this evening's entertainment, and to assure you, sir, that I have never met your equal. I formerly flattered myself that I could do something in that line, but hereafter I shall feel that, even in my special field, the honors have taken the advice of the late Mr. Greeley, and gone West.'

"I thanked the judge for his spoken compliments, but *Webster's Unabridged*, soaked in Los Angeles honey, never could pan out a speech equal to thanking him for the admiring radiation that shone from his face."

"Didn't he hev no daughters?" asked a rough miner. "I'd ha' married into that family, some way or other, ef I'd ha' been you!—married the old man, ef I couldn't done no better."

To this sneer our hero did not, by face or words, condescend to express any rejoinder, but continued his narration.

"While we were drinkin' an' adjournin', the member who took notes stood alongside o' me, and asked me how far it was from the mud to the snow, from the snow to the dust, from the dust to the hot place in the valley, an' from the hot place to where the ox-driver froze his feet; an' when I told him it was all inside o' one day's drive, with a good span o' horses, he drew a long breath an' shook his head, sayin' slowly, 'Wonderful climate! wonderful climate!'

"We all went home from that club, an' I flattered myself, for about two weeks, that I was just the old he school-marm abroad, enlightenin' the people.

"Finally, I was ready, packed up, to return to this coast, an' just as I had bid farewell to all my relations, an' was gettin' on the cars, the hotel-clerk where I roosted handed me this document."

Here he drew from his breast coat-pocket a long envelope, and slowly passed it over to the foreman, the contents of which, on being read aloud, proved to be as follows:

"SPECIAL LITERARY CLUB.

"DEPARTMENT OF ARTISTIC LYING.

"This certificate bears witness to whom it may concern, to the full effect that in the above department,

J. H. S., a native of the State of Illinois, recently a resident of California, and now a citizen of the State of Nevada, has so eminently distinguished himself, at a single session of this Club, that he has been unanimously elected an Honorary Member of the Club. EPHRAIM SHADWELL, *President.*
"JOHN COOL, *Secretary.*"

"It's a certificate for fine lyin'!" said several voices.

"That's what's the matter, an' you boys know that I wasn't lyin'!"

"Of course you wasn't! I've had my toes frosted on the same day that my nose was peeled with a sun-burn," said one.

"An' I saw John Beard, at old White Pine, when he'd whittled his boots off and parts o' his feet. That was in 1866," shouted another.

"Bar-keep, dish it up. Boys, nominate the poisons. Ignorance is a local crime, and people who haven't traveled live in darkness. But the next time any man here present proposes to tell the truth, I just want him to remember that I got this paper from the highest ornaments of an enlightened community, as a reward for telling the FROZEN TRUTH."

A FANTASY OF ROSES.

CONCLUSION.

THE cut on the head proved to be, though not dangerous, somewhat more serious than had at first been anticipated, making it quite impossible for Louis to do anything for the next few days, except to lie quietly and pass away the time as pleasantly as he could. This would not have been a difficult task, had his mind not been continually perplexing itself as to what could be the reason that Roberta again treated him with such cold indifference. They were just beginning to understand each other, or so he had fancied, and now, without any apparent cause that he could discover, Roberta seemed perfectly unconscious of him. Three days he had been unable to go about except in a dizzy uncertain way, but when once he was himself again, he thought with angry impatience he would know why he was thus trifled with. And so he fell asleep, lying alone; but when he awoke Fay was sitting in an easy-chair beside him.

"How kind of you," he exclaimed, in such a tone of evident gratitude, that for the first time words of his brought painful blushes to her cheek.

"I am afraid I awoke you."

"No, indeed; or if you did, I am very glad, for I fell asleep from sheer weariness of my own company."

"Have you been alone, then, all the morning? I thought—I felt sure that Roberta came down to stay with you."

"No; or if she did, she changed her mind. I have a faint remembrance of her looking in at the door and asking how I was, as one might inquire into the condition of some one at the north pole."

Louis tried to veil the bitterness of his feelings behind a smile.

Fay, who could not endure that he should think Roberta cold or unfeeling, answered seriously:

"You must not think Roberta does not care, or would not do anything for you; but she has never been sick a day in her life, and she does not know how terrible it is to lie and suffer as——"

"As you know it," Louis broke in, softly, thinking that Fay had never been

so beautiful as when defending her sister.

"I don't know about that. I am sure I ought to, but I don't think I really do. One grows used to anything, you know. I mean any bodily pain."

Fay spoke with a weariness of which she was not conscious. Louis flashed a startled look at her, then closed his eyes, wondering if Fay could know anything of any other pain.

"I wish I could do something for you," she said at last.

"You can, if you will. Sing for me; I should like it better than anything. You never sing any more."

"Because we can always have so much better music. Let me go and get Roberta, if you want music."

"No, I don't want her music; it excites me, and makes me wretched—I mean it would now, and I want rest—something to ease this horrible pain. Please sing that prayer for rest, which you used to sing so long ago."

Without further urging, Fay complied with his request. She had a sweet clear voice, not strong or deep, but she sung with feeling, deeper feeling than ever before, and again Louis flashed a glance at her from his half-closed eyes.

"Thanks," he murmured, when she had finished; "your singing reminds me of the light delicate shades which you contrive to get even into the darkest shadows of your painting. I always said that through the darkness you made one feel the light beyond."

Fay was silent, too happy for words. In the silence there floated in through the open window the sound of voices talking.

"There is Roberta now," observed Fay.

"And Llorente with her?" asked Louis, with corrugated brow.

"I think so—yes."

"Was Llorente here upon the night of my fall?"

"Why, yes, he and Roberta were sitting out in the yard."

"Ah, yes, I remember now. I think that fall has affected my head in more ways than one, for I don't seem to remember anything. How old is he, should you think? I've often wondered, for he looks as if he had been to the fountain of perpetual youth, and he talks at times as if he were as ancient as the Wandering Jew."

"He is about the age of papa, and he is thirty-nine."

"Your father looks nearer fifty, while Llorente looks younger than I, who am only twenty-five, though I feel a hundred to-day."

Fay laughed at his doleful tone.

"Mr. Llorente has made Roberta promise to write some music for him, something about the roses. I shall long to hear it, sha'n't you?"

"He thinks a great deal of her," said Louis, evading an answer.

"Yes, he was engaged to my aunt Alice, and Roberta is very like her, I think."

Louis lay for a long time with closed eyes. It was not a new thought with him, but he had always silenced it before by thinking of the difference of their ages. But Roberta was so different from other girls that now even that objection seemed to fade away, though he could not have told by what course of reasoning a mere fancy became a certainty. When an hour later Roberta came to the room, she found them still talking together. She smiled upon Fay, but Louis had closed his eyes, shading them with his hand.

"The air is very close in here," said she, throwing open a window.

"O, Roberta, if you have time, will you not play something. Louis has been wishing for some music."

"A wish that you satisfied," said Louis curtly.

"I am glad of that, for I am not in

the mood to play," answered Roberta; "and even if I were I could not, for I have bound myself by a promise not to play until I have finished my *Fantasy of Roses*."

"Then sing," persisted Fay, feeling somehow sure that Louis was longing to hear her.

But he interposed: "I beg that Miss Roberta will not be tempted to break any resolve on my account."

There was an instant of silence, then Louis rose and left the room. Fay looked after him with wondering eyes, then turned to Roberta.

"You have been out too long in the heat to-day," she said, remarking her exceeding pallor and the heavy blackness lining her eyes.

But it was not the heat nor the fatigue of the day which thus betrayed itself in Roberta's melancholy face. It was the record of hours of wakefulness, which made of each night a time of hopeless misery, in which only one thing remained clear to her — that she must take a new view of life, must choose for herself or renounce for others upon the threshold the happy joyous existence of which she had dreamed, and knowingly accept the privation of joy. At times she would rise to that state of exaltation where renunciation seems easy and sacrifice has in it more of pleasure than of pain. At other times she would push the heavy dark hair back from her throbbing temples and wonder if she were living over again the struggle of Alice Lingarde. That Fay loved Louis was no reason why to her should be sacrificed both their lives. Let him choose between them. Neither would have the right to consider herself wronged. Then came the thought of Fay's suffering — Fay, whose whole life had been one continual strain of endurance; to physical pain would be added mental suffering, spiritual anguish. Roberta shuddered at herself. No, she could not take a happiness which would bring sorrow to another. Like a warning voice from the past, these words — the words of Sister Agatha—sounded in her ear, helping her in the hour of her greatest need. And Louis, would he suffer? Sometimes she asked herself that. Because she refused his love, would he therefore turn to Fay? It was by no means certain. It was the only crumb of comfort which Roberta unconsciously allowed herself, and when she discovered it she almost hated herself. She felt that the sacredness of life, such a life as would only satisfy her, would be forever marred, unless she were victorious over desire and longing, and victorious in such a way that no one, not Fay nor Louis, should dream that beneath the calm a tempest of passion had raged. All the time she was vaguely conscious that no sacrifice was in vain, and so she schooled her heart to simulate coldness and indifference, while unconsciously to herself Llorente's words helped her to endure. Her promise to him she hailed as a welcome respite to thought. Through the long summer mornings, the strange fancies of her brain wrought themselves through hand to paper, and the silent air stirred with unknown unheard music, while the roses bloomed and faded.

More and more she absented herself from the family gatherings. Nothing from the life without called to her with a cry which she heard. Not so much as a flush of pain passed over her face when, looking out, she would see Louis and Fay together; Fay looking so dreamily happy, and Louis — she could never see his face. Then, upon one summer's night, the last page of her manuscript was filled with delicate characters, and Roberta sat looking it over, filled with a sudden wild longing to translate the written characters into sound. A month had passed since the promise had been given among the ros-

es, and the heat which had then been so intense was now tropical in its fire. When Roberta went down-stairs Fay was reclining in an easy-chair before one of the windows, which was flung open to its widest extent. Louis was sitting in the window-seat. One lamp cast a dim light in the room, so that at first she did not see Llorente, who was sitting by one of the other windows, until he spoke.

"And so you have succeeded in changing the roses into music for me? I am most curious to know what you have made of it."

Roberta started, and asked in surprise: "How did you know that I had finished it?"

"Because of the radiance in your face, and I am nearly perishing with longing for it."

"Then you shall be gratified at once."

Roberta left the room, returning almost instantly with the manuscript in her hand, neatly tied with a scarlet ribbon. She handed it to him silently.

He made no move to take it, saying: "It is an unknown tongue to me. My curiosity will be no better satisfied than before, unless——"

But she would not understand him.

"You have it as you wished it, sir. Remember that you refused to let me give it to you in any other form."

"But now you will comply with my wishes again, and make it intelligible to me? That is, if it is not too much of an effort for you."

Roberta did not stop to answer. She was only too glad that the request had been made. In a moment she had seated herself at the piano. It seemed to her that she could play the whole from memory, so vividly had she been impressed while writing it. But she waited until Llorente had arranged the lamp for her, and had unrolled the manuscript, pressing it out so that it would remain unfolded. Not until he had taken his place behind her, standing with folded arms, did Roberta strike the first notes; low liquid notes, blending with deeper ones of fathomless melody; the breath of roses weighed down with the sparkles of dew, floating up with kisses of light, and rippling together; light and darkness; noon and even-tide; solemn and slow; ineffable as dreams of heaven, sweet as paradise in summer; tuning life to such majestic strains that heroism seemed but another name for life. Yet it was not all glad, exultant, but filled with dim yearnings, permeated with a quenchless melancholy. There were thorns beneath the rose-leaves, forever reaching heavenward; forever the roots, without which life is not, were sinking down into the damp darkness of earth.

No one knew how long she played, if even they were conscious of when she stopped, so softly did the last cadence sink away into silence. Fay was in tears, silent, breathless tears, as if the music had enveloped her in a bliss so ecstatic as to be pain. There was a moment's silence, before Llorente, bending down to Roberta, said:

"The rose-blossoms are gone now, yet all the music is not written. Another life is stirring out there."

Almost mechanically Roberta rose and followed him out through the low window into the piazza, and then down the graveled walks where the maple-trees cast long shadows, for the moon was low down and the stars were pale with heat.

Neither Fay nor Louis had heard his words. They only saw the pair go. Louis, who had been listening to the music with the despair of one who feels hope dying out of his life, drew a long breath of relief—the relief which comes from any knowledge, even that of the hopelessness of our fondest wishes. Unconsciously to himself there was also an undercurrent of irritation beneath the calm of his despair, which said to him:

"Do you not see how impossible it would be for your love to satisfy such a nature? All the universe would not content her—would not be enough for her sweetness, beauty, and genius." And then he turned to Fay with a sudden craving for sympathy and love; bent near to her—so near that their mingling breath floated together—and Fay smiled through the haze which clouded her eyes as the morning mist wreathes the forget-me-nots.

"Dear love," his voice sinking to the softest murmur, "the music makes you sad. It is breaking your heart, as mine, with its sweetness. And it makes us sad because we can not have and hold it forever. Dear Fay, sweet Fay, do you divine *what* the music was to me? It was yourself, for I love you, and life is very sweet."

"And to me," murmured Fay, softly, "the roses were also love. O, Louis!"

The great tears trembled down. Not tears of sorrow, but the tears which fall lest the warmth and brightness of love and joy should scorch our hearts. So the dew prepares the green earth for the sun's ardent glances. Listening to that sweet confession, touched by its simple faith and pathos, Louis felt that life would not be long enough to prove himself worthy to watch over and care for her happiness. It must be, it *was* all a mistake, a wild mad fancy which had possessed him for Roberta; as if one should choose to send one's frailest most precious bark over rapids and down cataracts, instead of trusting it to the bosom of a soft gently gliding river.

And where the roses had been, where the memory of their sweetness still lingered in the air, Llorente was saying: "If the rose were satisfied with her crown of blossoms, if when those fell she felt that life was done, we should have roses for one brief summer and never after. But see, the flower does not consecrate even one short month to mourning and desolation, for even now the wood is ripening and the buds of another summer are quickening into life. To me the plant is nobler now, has a grander beauty than it had a month ago. All thought of self, of this present life, is put aside, that other branches may also have their crown, and other summers brighten with their beauty."

"And the music had not that," said Roberta, with streaming eyes; "but I meant, I strove to give it place. It is so hard, and everything in life seems so difficult."

Here she broke down utterly. Then, when she had mastered a little the agitation which possessed her, she continued:

"I have never had anyone to talk to me in that way except Sister Agatha, and then I did not understand her. It all seemed so far off, and my life was spent in such a dreary monotone, that I felt that anything would be better."

She paused suddenly, and Llorente asked gravely, but without curiosity:

"Tell me about Sister Agatha. What did she say to you? What was she like?"

"Like an angel who can not endure the brightness of heaven because others sorrow on earth, and all that I could tell you of her would not make you see her as she is."

It was late when Roberta passed up to her room, with noiseless step, that she might not disturb Fay, the door of whose room was standing slightly ajar. She had nearly gained her own door, which opened out of Fay's studio, when a rustling noise staid her steps, and in the window-seat she saw, not a shadow, unless it were the shadow of light, but Fay, all white and gold, as on other nights she looked while she dreamed. But she was not dreaming now—hardly thinking even of her happiness, which clothed her like

a gossamer veil, so frail the breath of a thought would have broken it. There was no light but the light of the stars, filling the room with their delicate bloom, yet Roberta closed her eyes instinctively to gain the darkness which was not there. Fay reached out her hands entreatingly, and Roberta took her in her arms, and so for a time each listened to the beatings of the other's heart.

"You do not need that I should tell you," whispered Fay, at length; "for, Roberta, it is the dream of the roses come true. Tell me that you understand me, or I shall fancy that it is all a dream."

"My darling, I knew that the dream would come true, and I knew that it was for you," answered Roberta, also in a murmur, though her voice sounded to her own ears most harsh and unnatural.

"Did you? Did you, really, Roberta?" cried Fay, wonderingly; "and I never even dreamed it could be possible. Now I am afraid to close my eyes lest I shall wake to find that I have dreamed."

"But you hold the magic ring which makes the dream forever real," answered Roberta, holding up Fay's hand, on which a new and unusual ornament glittered.

"Yes, yes—I know; but you must let me tell you all. I should die otherwise, I think; and I have waited so long—such a very long time, Roberta—and yet all is so strange. To think that to me the crown of life should come! I can not realize it now, and yet I think that I always loved Louis, even without knowing it, from the first moment of our meeting. I had longed so for a brother, who should be stronger and braver than I was—forgive me, dearest, I had no sister then—and when I knew Louis, it seemed to me that he would be one. I had never thought of love and marriage. My life seemed so set apart by suffering that I never even dreamed that it could have in it the joy of other lives. I think I should have been content to have always lived so had you not come; and then—O, Roberta—it seems so dreadful to me now; a sort of sacrilege——" Fay paused in her rapid speech, and buried her blushing face in Roberta's neck.

"Do not torture yourself by telling me," said Roberta, in a smothered voice.

"But I like better to tell you. After you came home I began to compare myself with you, and, in spite of myself, a feeling of discontent grew within me. I know you will think me an ingrate, as I am, when my life has been so sheltered by love and through love; but it all seemed poor, mean, and worthless, in comparison with the jewel which should be offered to you. It seemed so natural for you two to love each other—as natural then as strange now. Do not speak"—as Roberta put up her hand entreatingly—"I must finish. As I could not help but love you, I tried to make myself believe that I should be quite satisfied to have it so: but I could not be, I was not. In spite of myself, in spite of my resolves, I would find myself watching you with envious eyes, and thinking that you, who were so beautiful and perfect, would find plenty to love you; while none but a perfect artist soul, such a one as Louis possessed, could see through the bodily deformity and love my artist nature."

"I can not hear you talk so, Fay," Roberta interrupted passionately.

"Then I will not. I know it seems strange to you, dear, as it does to me now; but think what it is to me to love grace and beauty with my whole soul, and as only an artist soul can love it, and all the time to know all outward expression of them both is denied to me. It was the first consciousness that dawned in my infant soul. In the eye of love I saw not only love, but pity; and I comforted myself by saying that I

would be content to paint joy and beauty for others, since they were not mine. And so I was until lately. I was blinded into a false security. I even fancied that I could be happy in your love, until that dreadful night when I thought that Louis was dead. It seemed to me that I should die, too, if he were dead; that I should die if he did not love me as I him. I was so wretched that I had no pride; I did not care if all the world knew."

"But that is past now. You know each other's hearts."

"Yes; Louis is to speak to papa the first thing, though I know that he will not refuse me anything. Yet it can not but be a trial to him, for he has always thought of me as a child. He has said, so many times, that my suffering would always keep me for him. Do you think, Roberta, he will be very displeased?"

"No, Fay; if he had not had the greatest regard for Mr. Valois, rest assured he would not have allowed you to be so much together. But you must really stop talking now and go to bed, for the stars are stealing all the brightness out of your face. You will be sick in the morning, when of all times you most wish to be well."

"I shall not wish to be, for I shall be. I think I shall never be ill any more; though I have always had that feeling for Louis, that I could endure to have him pity and help me, and I never could feel in that way to anyone else, not even to papa, who has so suffered for me."

"Heaven grant that you may be happy," said Roberta, with such solemn earnestness that it frightened Fay.

"I shall be happy, but I hope that I am not grown selfish," she said with a troubled voice. "Why should I not be happy? Are you not so, Roberta? for I could never be happy unless you were, too. Tell me: is it only your music which is sad, or does that seem sad because you are so?"

"I am happy, always happy. You must believe that, no matter what my music may say about me. And now, good-night; I must say it, for it will soon be good-morning."

Soon, she said, but it was a long time before the stars paled and faded before the morning's light. Not as on those nights before did Roberta sit with a numb misery throbbing in heart and brain, nor as in the first ardor of her renunciation did she glory in every thought which could make her suffering more intense. The time was past when she could feel proud of her strength or glory in the wounds which she was inflicting upon herself; but alone, quite alone with herself, the last battle was fought. There should be no need to bid her interpret the dream of the roses. Even with Alice Lingarde's face, she had a heart which would choose to suffer rather than to inflict suffering. But when the chill damp of the morning settled down, her courage was not so great; a spasm of self-pity made her cry out in pain. It seemed intolerable to her the thought that she must suffer, more intolerable still the thought that any other might suspect that suffering, and when she looked in the glass she was startled at the reflection of haggard misery which stared at her from the smooth surface. A sudden longing came upon her to look at that other face, so like her own, yet now so unlike. In the dark room smothering with yesterday's heat and filled yet with a faintly perceptible odor of attar of roses, she felt dizzy and faint, and for a long time she had not strength to open the trunk. When she did, the face looked up at her as never before, the dark eyes dilating, and the smile unutterably sorrowful in its suggestion of sympathy. As Roberta looked her own face changed, the color shot back through the pallor, and quick as the flush the tears came to the eyes, which were full to bursting. She murmured words unin-

telligible to any other, scarce did she dare whisper them to herself, and when the storm of passion had spent itself, she felt something like happiness. She placed the picture back in its resting-place and went in her own room again. She dressed herself carefully, that not even her rumpled dress should betray her night of watchfulness, and with the fresh clothes she seemed somehow to put on fresh strength of endurance. A glance at the smiling happy faces in the breakfast-room showed her that all was well. Never had she seen her father in such a glow of friendly feeling. It even bubbled over to her, and Roberta felt that her pain was not without some amends when her father said to her kindly: "They have been telling me of the wonderful music which you gave them last night. I am glad that it is not lost with the sound. Some time I shall ask for the pleasure of hearing it." It was such an unusual thing for her father to speak directly to her, and, above all, to speak with interest of her music, that Roberta felt the ready tears springing to her eyes, but with a mighty effort she controlled herself, and answered that she should be most happy whenever he wished, only Mr. Llorente had the music and had taken it home with him.

Later in the day, Roberta and Fay were sitting on the broad piazza, shaded now from the heat by the flowerless rose-bushes, while a wandering clematis which had straggled among the roses filled all the air with an indescribable sweetness. Both were silent from very fullness of speech. Fay had been telling of the interview with her father.

"It was so strange, Roberta; you know how early papa rises, and I, too, was awake with almost the first ray of the morning, and, though I tried hard to be patient and quiet, I could not wait. At last I called Elsie with a soft voice, and, as soon as I was dressed, I went down to the library where I knew papa usually spent that hour reading, but he was not reading; Louis was with him—had but just finished telling him when I opened the door. Papa looked up at me with such a sad smile, and Louis cried eagerly, 'Speak for me, Fay. I can not make your father believe that I have not been dreaming.' And papa asked, 'Is it true, my little Fay? Do you need any other love than mine?' For a moment I could not speak; then I answered, 'It is true, papa; I do love Louis. How can I help doing so?' Papa looked so grave that I spoke quite firmly, and as if I did not care for any other love, but I was sorry when he said, 'Heaven knows, my child, I could not refuse you anything in my power to grant, but it is more necessary for you to be loved than to love.' And then he talked to Louis. I can not tell you what he said—I could not hear for weeping—and yet I was not sorrowful; but when Louis spoke I heard every word. He said he was not worthy, but that he cared for nothing in life so much as for the privilege of caring for me; that my suffering endeared me to him a thousand-fold, and much more that I can not repeat—and it is to be in October."

"That is a very short time."

"Two months; but you know I shall not be a bride like other brides, and Louis would not consent to wait until spring. To be sure, I have never been what they call in society, but then I never shall; and so it was decided for that month."

While they were sitting there Louis joined them, saying in a playful manner, "Am I not to have one word of welcome from my sister?"

Roberta had not seen him since breakfast, nor had she then spoken directly to him. Now she answered: "I am very glad for you and Fay. It is as it should be. If I have not spoken before it is

because speech is most difficult when the heart feels most."

"I wish that I dared ask you to speak to us with your heart in the way it loves to speak," said Fay, breaking the silence which had followed Roberta's last words. "Thanks"—as Roberta rose—"but not unless you like to do so."

Roberta did like to play then better than anything else. In music she always lost herself, always found something higher. But upon this day she did not "dream," as she called it, with the pearly keys. Nor did she even play from memory any of the exquisite *morceaux* which were ever her own. But she chose from the music-stand one of Chopin's most difficult *Polonaises*, and played it over and over again before she seemed to be satisfied with her interpretation, and then another and another. Not until she was forced to stop from sheer weariness, not physical but mental, did she cease playing; then she stole softly out of the room, and neither knew when she had left them. But in the evening Fay said reproachfully:

"You did not give us of your very self, Roberta?"

"No," answered Roberta, quietly; "for that would not have been worthy."

"Say rather," said Louis, with an air of humility, "that you did not deem us worthy."

Why it was Roberta could not have told, but certain it was that in the weeks which followed she never played without her notes, and only played from the wondrous pages of Chopin. Fay and Louis were constantly together: in the morning for long rides; in the afternoon in the coolest, shadiest spot in the garden to read; and in the evening on the piazza. It was wonderful how Fay gained in strength, as happiness dwelt with her, even while the August sun was staining with yellow the green of field and forest alike. Louis was most devoted, most attentive; a restless activity possessed his love. Yet with all that Fay was never happy, never utterly content, unless Roberta was with them.

"I am so happy that I am afraid of being selfish, or perhaps it is selfishness which makes me wish to have you with me. I do not know why I am so sad when I do not look in your face. I feel somehow as if you were not happy, and I want you to be happy."

"And so I am. The best happiness is mine in seeing the happiness of those I love." So Roberta spoke with her lips, but her heart was saying, while her eyes were fastened upon the picture of "Rebecca," hanging upon the wall: "Rowena must have been such as Fay divined her. It would have been intolerable agony for her, for them both, had she even imagined what Rebecca suffered."

Llorente was the only one who was not deceived by Roberta's fictitious gaiety, and she felt, with writhings of self-contempt that made her hate herself and long to die, that he knew and understood all, though never by word or look did he intimate to her that knowledge; but he helped her, saved her from herself in a thousand ways, some of which she did not recognize until long after the memory of it had ceased to be pain. He was always there, but in that there was nothing remarkable, for he always had been. One morning he arrived just as they were getting ready to ride. Fay, as usual, had insisted on Roberta's going with them, and Roberta, though she dreaded these long rides more than anything else, had not refused. September had brought with it a dash of coolness in the morning air, which sent the blood in swift currents through the arteries; but Roberta, who was standing leaning against one of the pillars, looked more weary and wan than the sultry heat of August nights had ever left her. She was usually on her guard, but unconsciously her face now betrayed her.

Llorente darted a keen glance at her, then said:

"I have arrived just in time, Valois. I was going to ask the ladies to ride this morning, and if you like we will divide the pleasure. Leave Miss Roberta to me."

To this no objection could be made; indeed, no one thought of making any. After they had gone, Llorente stood for a moment waiting for Roberta to speak, but she seemed to have forgotten his presence.

"You do not wish to ride?" he asked at last.

Roberta started at the sound of his voice, and answered hurriedly: "O yes, I do. I will. I did not observe that you were waiting."

But Llorente had thrown the reins to the boy who stood waiting, motioning to him to take the carriage away, and then seated himself on the steps lower down, where he would have to turn quite round in order to look in her face. He did this with intention, for he felt that Roberta was in one of those moods when restraint would be impossible; the tension of the days and nights past had been so great that now it would hardly support a feather's weight. He knew perfectly well that she would make the effort as much before him as before Louis and Fay. He commenced talking; for the life of her Roberta could not have told, while the words were yet ringing in her ears, what they were. She only knew that what he said required no answer, no effort from her. Gradually her mind caught faint threads of meaning. The story of some friend he was telling to her. He was saying, "When we wish the green sod to cover their graves we must leave them."

"That is what I would do!" As an involuntary plaint of pain the words were wrung from her, the first which she had spoken.

"He would, but could not, because you know to others the graves were not, must never be known," continued he, in the same tone of voice in which he had been speaking; so that Roberta, scarcely conscious of her own words, was still less conscious of his answer. It seemed to her that the full meaning of words never came to her now until she was alone.

As the glowing tints of September mellowed into the golden days of October, and every morning brought nearer that morning which should shine above all the rest, it was strange how dependent Fay grew upon Roberta. Nothing could be done without her sanction. Sometimes at night, for that was the only time when she was alone, Roberta would lie awake and wonder with a dreary wonder how long it would last, how long before her heart would be quite broken, and then she would look forward to that day, hoping that then a change would come; or she would desperately resolve to go away, break away forever from this new life so full of pain, and go back again to the old, old life, where the more automatic, the more dead-alive one became the better. But with the blush of morning came other and better thoughts, and she scorned herself for the weakness which could not suffer without embittering another's joy. It was to be a quiet wedding, for Fay shrunk from any display, and Louis had no friends to invite. The morning came—a June morning framed in October gold, with the hazy warmth of Indian summer floating in the air; and there was a bridal without tears as a sky without clouds. Fay looked like a fairy who had lost her way from fairy-land. They were only gone a week—Roberta steadfastly refused to accompany them, though Fay entreated her to do so—then they were back again, and life seemed the same as before.

"I was quite disgusted with myself, for everywhere and at everything Fay

had but one answer, 'If Roberta were only with us,'" Louis said, in a tone of laughing petulance; and Roberta wondered if all her life was to be like this. And even while she wondered relief came to her in a way she least expected.

That same night on which they returned a letter came to her from the mother-superior of the convent, asking her to come at once. Sister Agatha was sick, dying they feared, and had entreated to be allowed to see Roberta again.

"It is very selfish in me; I know it is so," cried Fay, clinging to her, "but I can not endure the idea of your going away now, when we have just come home."

"I must go; Sister Agatha loved me," was all that Roberta said.

She made the few preparations needful for the journey with feverish haste. In her heart of hearts she had determined never to come back, never. The year had not completed one cycle of seasons since she had left those walls with such eager longing. Her life there had been so colorless and repressed; she thirsted for the life without; and now, as if a life-time had been compressed in those few months, she found herself longing as eagerly for the calm again—the dead monotony of a life which never changes.

The journey was not a long one; as in a trance Roberta passed the hours which intervened. Sister Monica met her, looking just the same, though it seemed to Roberta that everyone must have changed as she herself had.

"How is Sister Agatha? Can I see her *now?*" were her eager questions.

"The same. She is waiting for you. She felt sure that you would come. You will find her much changed, though we never thought her case dangerous until lately."

"Let me see her. Take me to her at once."

"First let me go and see if she is awake, and tell her that you have come. She is so feeble, you see."

"There is no need," said Roberta, moving her gently to one side. "If she is asleep I will sit quietly by the bed until she awakes."

She pushed the door softly open and as softly closed it again. Her first glance showed her Sister Agatha lying upon the low couch—the same Sister Agatha, but how greatly changed, etherealized as it were! Roberta went softly up to the bed and knelt down, stifling the great sob which threatened to choke her. An imploring look crept into Sister Agatha's deep eyes, a look which Roberta answered by the faintest whisper.

"Not that name, never that," murmured Sister Agatha, brokenly; then, pointing to a glass, "Give me some of that. It gives me strength, and I must speak." Roberta rose and brought it to her. After a few moments, Sister Agatha spoke in a stronger voice: "I knew that you would come. I felt sure that you would. I have longed so to see you, my very other self. Let me look into your face again. It is there, too. I could not save you from it. I felt that you were suffering, and still was powerless to help you."

"Dear Sister," entreated Roberta, "it is nothing. I only suffer for myself. Were I better and greater, nearer the ideal which you ever held before me, I could not suffer so."

"You must tell me all. I alone can help you. I have lived for that."

The story took not long to tell, though Roberta did not spare herself, only passed over as lightly as possible the feeling of loneliness and isolation which possessed her.

"And you never knew?"

"Never. As often as I had looked upon the portrait, I had never identified it. A vague resemblance, a strange likeness to some one, I knew not whom,

puzzled me; but on that morning, even while I was looking, a strange spell came over the picture, and I saw not the face of the dead Alice, for the living one of Sister Agatha shadowed it, and I knew, as if I had known it always, that you were one. It was that which saved me, for I sought it in an agony which would have betrayed me to all, and I left it in a calm which was never wholly broken afterward."

When Roberta paused in her recital, Sister Agatha spoke quickly: "I should never have sent for you, Roberta, but I felt your pain through that strange sympathy which binds us together, and I knew that I alone could save you from yourself. You are no longer a child, and must know, must realize, something of the struggle which conquered me. Yet you have not entered life upon the same footing. To me self-control and renunciation were as words unknown, and when I awoke to the knowledge that I loved Lawrence Haight, I could have blotted out the sun and left the world in darkness in my passion, dismay, and anger. For the first time in my life something had come to me that I could not alter. Much as my brother loved me, deeply as my father idolized me, I knew that they would turn in horror from me did they even suspect the truth. There was no one in whom I could confide. I loved Ray even while I deceived him. I see now that he would have helped me. He was the only one who could, but I did not trust him, and the end came. I said that I would throw to the wind all the chains which bound my past with theirs, and for one short week I did. Then some chance—nay, I mistake, for nothing happens by chance—left a paper in my way. It was open, and the first paragraph which met my eye was the account of my father's death, with a few scathing words on my shameless conduct. It was a short paragraph, but every word burned like fire in my brain. I saw myself as I was—saw what I had done, abhorred myself. I was mad, I think. I never saw Lawrence Haight again. When I awoke, I was in the convent here. They called me Sister Agatha. I had been here five years, they said. One day a little child was brought here. There were already a great many children here, but I had never noticed them. This child had eyes of wondrous melancholy, and a smile more sweet than bright. O! Roberta, I saw that I could live again—that I should live again in you. I begged the mother-superior to let me teach. I could do it easily, for music was an open book to me. How I loved you, Roberta! How I have ever loved you! I could not trust myself to embrace you, to give you even one of the caresses that you longed for, lest my idolatry should be discovered and you should be taken away from me. Always at confessional the one sin which I had to confess and do penance for was that of idolatry, and yet I suffered. You were a part of my bitter punishment. I felt all the hardness of my brother in his coldness to you. I realized that this enforced privation of all the joys and pleasures of life would only make your longing for them more eager, more uncontrolled, when the opportunity for satisfying them came, and I labored and strove to prepare you for that struggle."

"And all in vain; I am so utterly unworthy that you should have cared for me," said Roberta. "It has seemed to me that nothing but death could be welcome to me, since life had nothing for me to do except to suffer."

"And there was One who took upon Himself life even for that. O! Roberta, my work was only half completed. To live for others, to do good for others, that is all there is worthy of life. And to do that best you must not shut yourself away from the world, with its breathing hopes and sorrows. That was the

first light which came to me in the black night of my despair. I knew that I must bear the consequences of my own deeds. By my own act I had narrowed the field of my activity. I had taken the broken worthless fragments of my life and thought, to dedicate them to a God who had placed me in a world filled with my fellow-creatures needing care and love—a God who demanded the best powers of heart and brain. O, it was maddening! Then you came, teaching me that I had still something to live for."

"But it is so hard to know what to do, what it is right for one to do," sighed Roberta.

"Be sure that when you have learned to distrust your own desires, the path will become plain to you. When we strive to grasp happiness, to search for a path which shall be soft and gentle to our feet, we are sure to be farthest from the right."

While they talked the evening shadows deepened into night. The dull November sky was covered with duller clouds, and the wind beat restlessly against the panes. The bare desolate room was more gloomy in the darkness, and the breathless silence was broken only by the low murmur of their voices. Now and then long pauses came between the words, and more than once Roberta in affright bent nearer to see if the life fluttering on the pale lips had ceased to stir. The bells for vespers had rung out their soft melancholy summons, and the steps of the sisters and children had ceased to echo through the carpetless halls. Roberta thought with a pang, half of sorrow, half of joy, that never more would Sister Agatha's voice sound in the vesper hymn, but a celestial choir would be the gainer. Later, one of the sisters came in, but seeing Sister Agatha lying as if asleep, she had gone out again, promising to come in later and share the watch with Roberta. For a long time after that there was silence; then Sister Agatha moved restlessly.

"Is there anything you want?" Roberta asked.

"No, I have said all."

The answer came in little more than a breath. A sudden thought moved Roberta. She bent lower.

"And Mr. Llorente, dear Sister—after all these years, have you no word, no message, to send to him?"

She searched the pale face with painful eagerness, and then repeated the question. The colorless lips moved. Roberta bent nearer.

"O, I can not understand!" she cried in a distressed voice.

Sister Agatha repeated her words with painful effort.

"Ray!"

That was all that Roberta could understand. She listened in agony of suspense—listened, but the silence was never broken more by Sister Agatha.

Hours after, Roberta, through the haze of unwept tears, sat gazing upon a face too beautiful for life, too beautiful for death—the face of one who had put on immortal life and beauty.

Again Mossland bowed beneath its summer weight of roses. Wilder, more luxuriant, the air seemed fainting under the sweet burden of their bloom, and sky and earth were lost in the richness of their perfect lives. The radiant glory of sunset still lingered in the west, and the maple-leaves were all aflame. Before one of the open windows Fay was lying, dreamily watching the moving shadows through her half-closed eyes. On a low stool by her side Roberta was sitting. Their white dresses, of thinnest texture, mingled together inseparably like a fleecy cloud. Upon Fay's arms and neck and in the golden setting of her hair the bluest sapphires rested. Roberta wore no ornament,

only a black cross suspended by a delicate thread of gold from her neck. The year had brought no perceptible change to either outwardly. Joy and sorrow had come to them when life was fresh and young.

"Of what are you thinking?" asked Roberta at last, breaking the silence which had encompassed them with its calm.

Before Fay could answer, Louis, who had entered the room through the open window, threw the long chain of roses which he had in his hand in a sportive way around them.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Fay.

Roberta uttered, or rather suppressed, a cry of pain. The fine needle-like briars had pierced her uncovered arm, bringing the scarlet blood in a quick gush to the white surface.

"I have hurt you!" exclaimed Louis, in a tone of dismay.

"It is nothing," said Roberta, laughing, with pale lips; "only I am so foolish about the merest scratch."

She looked ready to faint.

"It is one of the most beautiful of all the roses," said Fay regretfully. "What a pity—and I was just thinking of the *Fantasy of Roses* which you played for us last summer. Do you remember it, Louis?"

"And I," said Llorente, "was wondering at that very moment if Miss Roberta had ever finished the second part for me."

No one knew that he was there. No one had seen him enter. But Roberta answered without surprise:

"Yes, I finished it long ago; will you hear it now?"

"I should like first to hear the other part."

It was her father who spoke. Roberta answered not; she had already struck the first notes, and faultlessly, without hesitation, unconscious of her listeners' wonder and delight, she gave the whole of the first part—the same, but softened by memory, like sorrow and pain. A moment's pause, and then the white keys glistening in the twilight interpreted the second part, to which the first was as but the faint prelude sounding from afar. For this was the life of a life, softened, melodious, and divine in its exquisite harmony. It was as if an angel presence shadowed the player, breathing through the keys; and two there felt the breath strike warmly to their inmost hearts, which had so long been deadened to all but suffering.

"It is Alice as she was, as she might have been," murmured Llorente.

"As she is and always will be," came from Roberta in answering murmur; "it is the message that she would have sent had not sleep come upon her while yet your name trembled on her lips."

AN OFT-TOLD TALE.

I recollect one certain night in June,
  (It seems to me our nights are dearer than our days),
When dust of silver from the moon
  (As some familiar poet says)
Fell softly on the sea and land.
    It was the night of nights; pray tell what harm
    For youth and beauty, arm in arm,
To saunter down the yellow sand?

I quite forget just how it came about;
There was an earnest word, two hands held out,
    And then upon his breast
    In momentary rest;
The mobile mouth and tender eyes
Were turned to him in glad surprise.
It was so very, very nice, you know,
  To press her sea-side hat against his vest;
A sweet foretaste of heaven, although
  The rest was only momentary rest,
For with remorseful start she said,
  "Alas! alas! for me,
    It can not, can not be!
To-morrow week I am to wed."

How small a word will grind the heart to dust;
  A breath of air will break the thread
On which we hang our trust.
  And while his lips were white and mute,
  He took from her the Dead Sea fruit,
And simply bowed his head.

An oft-told tale; it was the wealth
Of youth and hope and matchless health,
It was the opulence of brawny arms,
Against five-twenties and a hundred farms.
  Back to his dull unconscious books
He went, with bruiséd heart and sharpened brain,
  To school his thoughts and mask his looks,
And nurse a purpose born of pain.
  A trifle cynical he seems, and yet
    He may, perhaps, forget.
"Hard hit," Sir Blasé says in well-bred slang.
  He sees the symptoms and has felt the pang.
    Brave hearts will sometimes wince, he knows;
      Will wince, and still not whine,
    If once there is no color to the rose,
      No sparkle to the wine.

And she, she plays her wedded part
Right royally, with subtle art,
And wears with pride her gilded chain;
But for the semblance of a heart
We seek in vain.
The man whose name she bears
Is old, and gray, and bent with cares;
But then, but then,
He is the prince of men,
For she is mistress of the Riverside,
And has a brown-stone front in town beside.

Time brings reprisals to us all,
And soon or late we learn the truth
That stately pride will have its fall,
And that one little heart, forsooth,
Outweighs it all.

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

As well might one undertake to describe the universe in a telegraphic dispatch as hope to furnish within the limits of a magazine article an intelligible review of the early history of the Pacific Coast, which embodies in great part the history of maritime adventure and discovery during the sixteenth century. A friend of mine, who is somewhat of an antiquarian, recently loaned me a book published in Venice in 1574, from which he thought some valuable information might be extracted. This ancient and fish-like volume contains the geography of the world by Tolomeo and other eminent writers, and abounds in maps representing the various countries of the earth as they were then known or supposed to exist. The *Carta Marina Nueva Tavola* gives a very fair representation of Europe and the contiguous countries, but takes some astounding liberties with the western hemisphere, and connects all the continents by convenient arms or bridges of land. Terra del Fuego is nearly two-thirds the size of South America. China occupies the present position of Upper California. India is situated somewhere in the vicinity of Alaska.

A mere glance at the records of Spanish adventure in the New World would occupy more time than I can give to the subject, fascinating as it is. The annals of history contain nothing to surpass the bold and romantic achievements of Christopher Columbus, who, in 1492, discovered the islands of Cuba and Hispaniola; or of Hernan Cortez, who, in 1521, subdued the empire of Mexico. Our early history is especially associated with the daring achievements of Cortez. The spoils of treasure which fell to the great conqueror, on the subjugation of Mexico, were said to have come from a country far to the northward and westward of the Mexican capital. The King of Michoacan and his *caciques* called the country Ciguatan. Cortez became inspired with a desire to find this wonderful land of precious metals and pearls, and sent his officers to make surveys of the coasts. Various explorations were made to the northward until 1534, when

Ximenes landed on the peninsula of Lower California. It was at first called the Isle of Pearls, or the Islas Carolinas, but acquired the name of California, or the Islands of California, after the visit of Cortez to the gulf of his name, in 1535.

As late as 1740, California appeared in various maps and charts, including those of Lord Anson, as an island, or group of islands. The voyages of Francisco d'Ulloa, Alarcon, Pedro Cabrillo, and others, from 1537 to 1544, and the land expeditions of Coronado and Cabeza de Vaca through the northern Mexican States, furnished ample evidence of the richness of the new countries discovered. Pedro Cabrillo went as far north as Cape Mendocino. The Spaniards had undoubtedly landed at various points on the coast prior to the visit of Sir Francis Drake, in 1577. The missionary explorations of fathers Francisco Xavier, Salvatierra, and Eusebius Kino, about the middle of the seventeenth century, resulted in the discovery of a land route to California; and after that period the country became well known to the Spaniards, whose missionary establishments extended through the greater part of Lower and Upper California.

The series of events which resulted in the acquisition of California by the United States may be said to have commenced prior to 1845. Without going into unnecessary details, the Mexican nation, under the presidency of Paredes, found itself in the beginning of that year on the eve of a war with the United States. The department of California was in an exposed position, and already the explorations of Lieutenant Frémont and others were attracting attention to the Pacific slope.

At that time, John A. Sutter, a native of Switzerland, who had served in the armies of Napoleon, was a resident of California. This brave adventurer had just established a *rancho* or farm near the banks of the Sacramento River. In order to ward off the attacks of hostile Indians, he had erected a strong defensive work, then and now known as Sutter's Fort. Generous in his hospitality as he was brave and enterprising, Sutter received with open arms the adventurous Americans who crowded across the plains at that period. He furnished them with provisions and aided them with his teams over the difficult passes of the Sierra. Enamored with their conversation, which breathed the spirit of liberty, and possibly fired with the story of Tell and Gessler, he made a rendezvous of his fort. The Mexican government was prompt to resist the threatened incursion of the Americans. Don Andres Castillo, a cavalry officer of the Mexican army, was dispatched to California, to negotiate with Sutter for the purchase of his fort. It was deemed of great importance to possess this stronghold. Castillo was empowered to pay for it as much as $100,000; and actually offered Sutter, in addition, several fine tracts of mission land, now worth millions.

But Sutter, with an unselfish devotion to our interests which has never been properly appreciated, rejected all these tempting offers, preferring to unite his fortune with the Americans—thus saving to the Government of the United States an important point of defense and a large expenditure of treasure. He is now old and poor. His lands are taken away from him. The Legislature of California has, from session to session, grudgingly given him a pittance of $250 a month, to enable him to prosecute his claims at Washington; but the General Government has never recognized his services.

The stirring events of 1846 are fresh in the minds of many still living in California. On the 15th of June of that year the bear flag was hoisted at Sonoma, as a symbol of revolt against

Mexico. William B. Ide commanded a strong party of Americans, who were determined to resist any attempt of the Mexican authorities to drive them out of the country. Commodore Sloat hoisted the flag of the United States at Monterey, on the 7th of July, 1846, thus saving the country from the grasp of the English, who, it is believed, were on the point of taking possession. Be that as it may, it was a bold movement, made at the right time. The heroes of the bear flag abandoned their purpose of an independent revolution as soon as the Stars and Stripes floated over the land.

Commodore Stockton relieved Commodore Sloat, and disputes subsequently arose between Colonel Frémont and General Kearney as to the governorship of the territory. It would require too much time to go into the merits of the controversy; suffice it to say that General Richard B. Mason became Military and *ex officio* Governor of the Department of California on the 31st of May, 1847. The American forces held possession of the whole territory at that time. Commodore Shubrick held the ports, and vessels of war were stationed at various points along the coast.

Immigration largely increased in 1847. The intelligent Americans who came in that year began to feel the inadequacy of the Spanish laws, and experienced great embarrassment from the anomalous state of things under a mixed civil and military government. The first newspaper announcement of the discovery of gold was made on the 15th of March, 1848. The intelligence spread over the territory with incredible rapidity, and by the middle of May people came flocking to the diggings from all quarters. Very soon the whole world was aroused, and the harbor of San Francisco was filled with ships. Sailors deserted their vessels, soldiers their colors; all discipline and subordination to authority were at an end. Yet among the great masses of adventurers who rushed to the diggings the utmost harmony prevailed. Perhaps there never was a time in the history of this State when there was so little crime and so much good feeling among all classes as in 1848–9; verifying Doctor Johnson's aphorism, "that men are seldom more innocently employed than when they are making money."

The American is by nature a speech-making, law-making, law-abiding, as well as money-making member of the human family. No sooner were the motley bands of adventurers gathered in the cañons and ravines, the hollows, gulches, and river-beds where gold was found, than some ambitious leaders rose to the surface, formed a code of rules and regulations, and made laws governing the "camp" or mining community. Many of these laws have since become the laws of the land.

News of peace between the United States and Mexico reached the Pacific Coast on the 7th of August, 1848, and a proclamation to that effect was issued by General Mason.

The military-contribution tariff was abolished and the revenue laws of the United States were put in force. Under these laws a collector was appointed for the port of San Francisco, with a corps of assistants. General Mason called upon the people throughout the territory to elect delegates to a convention for the purpose of forming a civil provisional government; but it was expected that Congress would immediately take action on the subject and establish a territorial government. The people, however, soon found their mistake, for Congress adjourned without doing anything to relieve them from the onerous burden of taxation without representation. They became exceedingly restless under the restraints of military rule; and business suffered

from the exactions imposed upon it by the General Government. On the 11th of December a public meeting was held at San José. Resolutions were adopted in favor of holding a convention for the purpose of forming a provisional territorial government, to go into immediate operation and to remain in force until Congress should supersede it by a regular territorial organization. Large mass meetings were held in San Francisco during the same month, ratifying the action of the citizens of San José; and in January similar meetings were held in Sacramento, Monterey, Sonoma, and other places, representing a large majority of the people of the Territory; corresponding committees were appointed, and all the necessary steps were taken to insure the success of the proposed measure. An address was issued by a committee which met in San Francisco in March, 1849, urging that all the delegates should meet on the first Monday in August, at Monterey. It was proposed that they should be vested with full powers to form a State Constitution, to be submitted to the people of California, and, when approved by them, to Congress. The ground taken was that the wants of the country were such as to require the immediate formation of a State Government and justify a demand for the admission of California into the Union of sovereign States.

General Riley arrived on the 13th of April, 1849, and took charge of the civil and military government then existing. In deference to the wishes of the people and the pressing urgency of the case, he issued a proclamation on the 3d of June, recommending the election of delegates, to meet at Monterey, on the 1st of September, for the purpose of forming a State Constitution. There was much jealousy existing toward the military authorities, and the right of the commanding officer of the department to issue such a proclamation was very warmly disputed. However, since it accorded so nearly with the general objects in view, the election of delegates took place, and on the day named the Constitutional Convention met at Monterey. The subsequent memorial of the California delegation to Congress gives a detailed history of these proceedings.

As a citizen of California, I take pride in stating that I occupied a position in that convention, which, if not the most exalted, was certainly not the least important to the members. They made speeches, and I reported them. It has been said that I made some of the speeches myself, but that I deny. Such men as William M. Gwin, Charles T. Botts, Francis J. Lippitt, and Edward Gilbert were amply able to speak for themselves. There were many others who spoke well, and all spoke sensibly.

Forty-eight good and true men met at that convention—as earnest and honest a set of men as ever assembled together to lay the foundation of a great State. They represented various nationalities, but the majority were of American birth. Many of them were comparatively young men; most of them were in the prime of life.

Major R. S. Garnett designed the seal for the State of California, although the premium for it was given to Caleb Lyon of Lyonsdale. Garnett was a retiring gentleman, not ambitious to have his name made public as a competitor. He gave the design of the seal to Lyon, who was not troubled with that sort of diffidence. Lyon drew some stars around the rim at the suggestion of a friend, and then drew a thousand dollars from the civil fund for the purpose of buying a printing-press, which was one of the conditions. He never bought the press, and he never gave back the thousand dollars. Caleb afterward became a member of Congress and Governor of the Territory of Idaho. While on his way down to San Francisco, some years

since, in charge of $50,000 belonging to the Government, the money mysteriously disappeared, and Caleb had a good deal of trouble in his efforts to find the robber. I believe he is after him still. That robber is probably keeping a sharp lookout for Mr. Lyon.

Robert Semple, the good old president, said in his inaugural address that this was "a preliminary movement for the organization of a civil government and the establishment of social institutions." The progress of California in wealth had been beyond all anticipation; yet her progress in population had been still greater. Nor was it of people who had nothing to do at home, but it had drained from the States many of the best families and most intelligent men in the country.

I well remember the closing words, uttered in deep and prophetic tones by that good old man: "The knowledge, enterprise, and genius of the Old World will re-appear in the New, to guide it to its destined position among the nations of the earth. Let us, then, go onward and upward, and let our motto be, Justice, Industry, and Economy."

Good old Semple has long since gone to his resting-place—that quaint, genial soul, whom we all loved and honored. May he rest in peace!

Death has thinned out the ranks of the convention. Of forty-eight members not more than fifteen are living. Scarcely two years have passed since the nation paid tribute to the remains of Henry Wager Halleck, whose life and services have done so much to honor our State. Good and worthy men of less note have gone, who rendered efficient services in their various spheres: Sherwood is dead; McDougal, McCarver, Dimmick, Larkin, Rodrigues, Tefft, Reid, Foster, Shannon, Stearns, Vermiale, Norton, Gilbert, Jones, Hill, Covarrubias, and De la Guerra, with many others, have passed on to "that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns." But

"It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die."

They have left behind them a noble monument of their labors—the best Constitution ever adopted by any State of the American Union. They established for our guidance, in all time to come, the highest principles of civil, religious, and political liberty; they excluded slavery from the State by a unanimous vote; they prohibited banks of issue, and saved this coast and the whole country from financial ruin; they encouraged industry, and protected the weak against the strong; they based their whole work upon the eternal principles of justice.

The pioneers whose enterprise led to the acquisition of California—the daring spirits who preserved the territory to us amid the rush of nations for the prize—the good men who labored to give us equitable laws and happy homes—are passing away; a few years hence and not one will be left. Let not our children search for their names and find them "writ in water."

It is not alone the members of the Constitutional Convention to whom we owe this sacred duty.

I well remember the brilliant *coterie* of army officers then on duty at Monterey. There was General Riley, Captain Halleck, Colonel Canby, Major Garnett, Captain Burton, and Lieutenant Kane, all now dead. There were Lieutenants Stoneman and Tully, still living, and many others, living and dead, whose names I can not now recall.

The first Governor of California was Peter H. Burnet. He was elected to office on the 13th of November, 1849, immediately after the ratification of the State Constitution, and served with credit to himself and satisfaction to the State until the 8th of January, 1851, when he resigned.

Doctor William M. Gwin and John

C. Frémont were our first United States Senators, and George W. Wright and Edward Gilbert our first Representatives in Congress.

The services of Doctor Gwin, whose influence in Washington was paramount, in procuring the early admission of California into the Union, should be gratefully remembered by the citizens of this State. He also obtained from Congress large grants of public land and liberal appropriations for the State. No man ever devoted himself more ardently to its interests. It is time now that we should forget the differences which have since sprung up.

Gilbert died in the full flush of youth and promise, a victim to the barbarous code of honor which then prevailed.

I can not undertake to enumerate the older pioneers who came here between 1841 and 1844. Among them are some well-known names. Many of them are still living—John Bidwell, B. D. Wilson, P. B. Reading, John Temple, John I. Warner, Alfred Robinson, Jacob P. Leese, John A. Sutter (who came in 1839), and a number of others distinguished in the history of the State. But it is rather of the dead than of the living I would speak: such men as Hensley, Ritchie, Yount, Howard, Cooper, Larkin, and a host of others, now all gone. Do we not owe something to the memory of men who have done so much to give prominence and prosperity to our State? Are we so selfishly devoted to the pursuit of gain that we can not spare time or money to preserve a record of their lives? While we are drawing from the rich treasury to which they opened the way more than a hundred millions of dollars a year in the precious metals and the products of the soil, many brave men whose names I have not mentioned have died in poverty, and others are passing away unnoticed.

The lives of our pioneers are for the most part yet unwritten. Even where we have records of their daring adventures and heroic exploits, they are so scattered that few have access to them. What a book could be written on the adventures of the Pattys across the deserts of the Colorado, the wild life of Captain Walker, the wanderings of Pauline Weaver in Arizona, the heroic career of Kit Carson, and the strange experiences of Felix Aubrey! The life of Herman Ehrenburg—his escape from the Fanning massacre, and subsequent adventures in Asia, South America, and Arizona—contains all the elements of romance. Our history is full of such material.

The Reaper is reaping his harvest of noble, generous, and enterprising spirits. One by one they are falling before the sickle. The community has not yet recovered from the shock produced by the sad termination of a life which was a part of the life of this State. Years may heal the wound; but we have lost an element in the measure of our vitality. The death of an earnest, broad-minded, public-spirited man is a calamity to the cause of progress. When shall we look again upon the peer of William C. Ralston, whose sudden taking off we have so recently been called upon to mourn? Growing with the growth of this State, strengthening with its strength, he gave impulse to all our industrial interests; his far-reaching eye saw, through the mazes of weakness, dullness, and selfishness surrounding him, the magnificent destiny of the Pacific coast. Impatient of restraint, confident of his powers, inspired by a noble ambition to make San Francisco the Queen City of the western world, he swept aside all obstacles, scorned the shallowness of opposing counsels, rejected all considerations of temporary expediency. He moved onward with resistless energy and undaunted front to win the great battle of his life. He saw victory within his reach. In the midst of his triumph he was cut down

by that omnipotent hand which spares neither the strong nor the weak, the rich nor the poor, the good nor the bad, leaving to the people of his adopted State the vantage-grounds he had gained—the rich legacy of his noble deeds. Brief as his life was in years, it covered the distant future in good works.

> "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial:
> We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
> Who thinks most; feels the noblest, acts the best."

No event in the history of modern times has produced such an immediate and beneficial effect upon the commerce of the world, or tended so directly to the extension of civilization and the general welfare of mankind, as the discovery of the gold-placers of California, in 1848. Already, in little over a quarter of a century, the immensity of the results is beyond computation; no human eye can penetrate the ramifications through which the enormous treasures wrested from the earth have passed during that period. The influence of the discovery upon the world's progress is illimitable. From the 1st of September, 1848, to the present time, the State of California alone has produced upward of $1,000,000,000 in gold; other States and Territories of the United States about $260,000,000; the gold and silver product of Nevada, since 1866, reaches $240,000,000; making an aggregate of $1,500,000,000 added to the metallic currency of the world by a few States and Territories of the American Union. Australia and New Zealand did not begin to produce gold till 1851, since which period their total product has amounted to about $1,000,000,000; Mexico, Central and South America, the British Possessions, Russia, and other parts of the world, have furnished, within the same period, about $500,000,000; the production of the United States being equal to that of all other countries combined. The influence of the discovery of gold in California was not confined to our own people. It incited and culminated in the discovery of gold in Australia and other countries. It aroused the dormant energies of the whole civilized world. Every city, town, village, and hamlet in Great Britain, and throughout the continent of Europe, felt the impulse given to trade and commerce, and became inspired with new life. The toiling millions saw hope in the future. Agriculture, commerce, manufactures, all the mechanic arts, revived everywhere. The surplus populations of the states of Germany, France, Italy, and various parts of the Old World, found means to emigrate in large numbers to the New. Mexico, Peru, Chile, the Sandwich Islands, and China furnished their quota of laborers, and all were welcomed. There was work for everybody; an asylum for the suffering and oppressed of every clime. New States and Territories were soon opened up to settlement. The area of discovery was extended over the whole Pacific slope. Treasure poured in from the Sierra, from every cañon, gulch, and ravine, every river-bed, sand-bank, and bluff; towns and cities grew up; roads were opened; new demands for labor and capital were created; prosperity to all who deserved it was assured. In the language of Sir Archibald Allison, "That which for five-and-twenty years had been awanting—a currency commensurate to the increased numbers and transactions of the civilized world—was now supplied by the beneficent hand of Nature. The era of a contracted currency and consequent low prices and general misery, interrupted by passing gleams of prosperity, was at an end. Prices rapidly rose; wages advanced in a similar proportion; exports and imports enormously increased, while

crime and misery as rapidly diminished." The results show the fallacy of the doctrine advocated by many distinguished theorists — that the discovery of the precious metals in great quantity produces an injurious and demoralizing effect upon mankind. So long as a desire exists in the human breast to advance in the scale of being, to enjoy the fruits of labor, to achieve a competency, the pursuit of wealth must have its uses and attractions. The most degraded of our race are those who have the least desire to better their condition. As De Senancour says: "When money represents many things, not to love it would be to love nearly nothing;" and our own Emerson rebukes the pulpit and the press for their commonplaces in denouncing the thirst for wealth: "For if men should take these moralists at their word and leave off aiming to be rich, the moralists would rush to rekindle at all hazards this love of power in the people, lest civilization should be undone."

Many distinguished writers, however, took a much less rational view of the subject. Some contended that the value of gold would be reduced nearly to that of silver or copper; that an increase of the precious metals would add nothing to the substantial wealth of the world. The great opium-eater, Thomas de Quincey, predicted ruin and desolation to mankind generally. "From every quarter of Europe," he said, "rushed the excited plowman and artisan, as vultures on a day of battle to the supper of carrion, and not a word of warning or advice from their government!" The discovery of California he denominated a colossal job, "worked as a job by a regular conspiracy of jobbers." The American Union was inhabited chiefly by a race of Barnums on a pre-Adamite scale — characterized by Titanic energy such as would tear to ribbons a little island like Great Britain, but was able to "pull fearlessly against a great hulk of a continent, that the very moon found it fatiguing to cross." The Barnums "took charge of the California swindle, and stationed a first-rate liar in San Francisco, under whom and accountable to whom were several accomplished liars, distributed all the way down to Panama and thence to Chagres." In quoting the words of the great essayist, who probably was under the influence of his favorite narcotic when he penned them, I wish it understood that no reflection is intended to be cast upon any member of the press now residing in San Francisco. The first-class liar of whom he speaks is probably dead. At all events we have none but commonplace liars here now, and all the lies they tell are immediately nailed, so that they can't do much damage to anybody.

Look at actual results. A series of States and Territories, equal in the aggregate to a third of the North American continent, has been brought within the harmonizing influences of labor and commerce. Cities, towns, and villages have been built; telegraph lines checker the Pacific slope; transcontinental communication by railroad has been established, binding the Atlantic to the Pacific; new and important branches of trade and manufactures, employing thousands of skilled laborers, have sprung into existence; an immense area of agricultural land has been opened for settlement and cultivation; nearly all of the vast region divided in part by the Rocky Mountains and stretching west to the Pacific Ocean, bordered on the north by the British Possessions and on the south by Mexico, has been redeemed from the sway of the nomadic tribes and rendered available to the uses of civilized man. Surely this is no injury, either in a moral or physical point of view, to the human race. Within the brief space of a single generation more than a million of hardy, enterprising, and intelligent freemen have found con-

genial homes and profitable occupation on the slopes of the Sierra and in the coast valleys of the Pacific. The States of California and Oregon have won into the brotherhood of States and Territories, Nevada, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, and Arizona. In this immense range of country, so recently a wilderness, scarcely known save to trappers and explorers, all the industrial and professional pursuits are represented, from the most primitive grades of muscular labor to the highest branches of science. But this is merely a local view of the subject, affecting our immediate interests. It is difficult to conceive the magnitude of results which have grown out of causes apparently trifling and inadequate. Under the mysterious guidance of Providence, the finding of a nugget of gold by James W. Marshall, while digging a mill-race at Coloma, on the 19th of January, 1848, has changed the condition and affected the international relations of the whole human race. It has released from bondage four millions of our fellow-beings in the United States, emancipated serfdom in Russia, enlarged the area of free suffrage in Great Britain, and aroused the oppressed millions of the continent of Europe to the assertion of civil and political rights. It has opened up the vast empire of China to trade, commerce, and diplomatic relations with all Christendom. It has overthrown the barriers which for centuries have excluded every nation save the Dutch from intercourse with Japan, and effected radical changes in the Japanese form of government. It stimulated Californian enterprise to make gold discoveries in Australia. It has united the eastern and western hemispheres by systems of steam communication, sweeping every coast and ocean, and penetrating all the great marts of commerce. It has utilized the sand-beds of the sea, traversing the solitudes of the deep by electric cables flashing intelligence over every quarter of the globe, so that nations and individuals may now hold converse from the antipodes.

The population of California on the 1st of January, 1849, exclusive of Indians, was 26,000; on the 1st of January, 1850, 107,000; and now, twenty-five years later, it is estimated at 700,000. Our annual exports of wheat and flour amount to $20,000,000; wool, $8,000,000; wine, $6,000,000; and miscellaneous products, exclusive of the precious metals, several millions more. The incorporation dividends disbursed in 1874 amounted to $25,000,000. The banking capital of the State is estimated at $140,000,000, and the transactions in mining-stocks range from $200,000,000 to $250,000,000 per annum.

Of the population of the State about two-thirds reside in the cities and towns; so that there is a good deal of room for settlers yet.

San Francisco, the commercial metropolis of the Pacific, became a legally constituted city in May, 1850—a little over twenty-five years ago. The present population is probably 230,000; the real estate and personal property valuation over $300,000,000. The city is picturesquely and conveniently situated on the *right* side of the bay—as you enter by the Golden Gate. I wanted it transferred to Oakland a year or two ago, because I owned some lots at Pagoda Hill; but the public could not be persuaded to see the point. At all events, it seems to be permanently located now.

Some of the finest buildings in the United States have been erected in San Francisco during the past year. Chief among these, and towering above them all, stands the Palace Hotel, the largest and most magnificent structure of the kind ever built in any country—far surpassing in the extent of its accommodations and the simplicity and convenience of its internal arrangements the best ho-

tels of the Atlantic States or Europe. It is really a wonderful work of art and architectural skill—one that not only reflects credit upon the State, but entitles the lamented founder to the enduring gratitude of every citizen of the Pacific Coast.

Next in the list, built within the past year or two, or in process of completion, is the Nevada Bank, lately erected by the great *bonanza* kings, Messrs. Flood & O'Brien, a stately and commodious edifice, which would be accounted an ornament to the city of New York; the London and San Francisco Bank; the Safe Deposit Company's building, an admirably arranged and most wonderful institution; the new Mint, and various other fine structures, quite equal to any in the United States, and far more attractive in appearance than the best bank buildings and mints of Europe.

Nearly all the main thoroughfares of the city have street railroads, furnishing every means for transporting passengers to their homes and places of business. Eight companies controlling car-lines carry from 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 passengers a year. Owing to her insular position, San Francisco has but one outlet by steam railroad—that of the Southern Pacific, connecting with San José, Gilroy, Salinas, and Soledad. There are several others, connected by bay steamers and ferry-boats: the North Pacific, *via* Donahue; the North Pacific Coast, a narrow-gauge, running to Tomales Bay; the great Central Pacific, *via* Oakland, extending to Ogden, and connecting with the Union Pacific, Omaha, and the Eastern States, with all its floating stock of bay and river steamers, ferry-boats, barges, and scows, carrying between 600,000 and 700,000 passengers per annum.

We have six lines of ocean steamers, sailing to all points of the compass—China, Japan, Australia, South America, and Mexico. These include some of the finest sea-going vessels afloat. The Pacific Company's steamers, plying between San Francisco, China, Japan, the Isthmus of Panama, and the ports of Mexico, connecting with various English and French companies' steamers, thus putting a girdle round about the earth in nearly every direction; the Australian and American Company's steamers, running six first-class Clyde-built vessels to New South Wales and New Zealand; the Colorado Company's two ocean and five river steamers; the Oregon Company's Portland, Puget Sound, and Alaska steamers; Goodall, Nelson & Perkins' line of coast steamers; besides a large fleet of sailing-vessels plying between California and various ports of the Pacific. We have splendid bay and river steamers running to and from Sacramento, Stockton, Donahue, etc., and ferry-boats plying at convenient intervals between this city and Oakland, Saucelito, and Berkeley.

In no part of the United States are there better hotel accommodations for transient visitors than in San Francisco. Besides the Palace Hotel already referred to, we have the Grand, Occidental, Cosmopolitan, Lick House, and others, all admirably kept. The fare is excellent; our markets supplying the choicest meats, poultry, and game, and all the fruits of temperate and tropical regions. We have fine theatres, thronged nightly by the *élite* and fashion of the city; concert-rooms and lecture-halls; suburban places of amusement and recreation; Woodward's Zoölogical Gardens; the Golden Gate Park, destined to be one of the most beautiful in America; and numerous handsome public squares. A number of excellent libraries, well supplied with the best works of ancient and modern times, are accessible to the public. We have enough churches to make the whole population pious, if they are at all disposed to improve these opportunities; and, strange as it

may appear, the citizens of San Francisco are about the most enthusiastic church-going people I know of. They go to church with as much spirit as they go to the stock market; and I believe every one of them, as was said of Mr. Macready in Othello, is "terribly in earnest." It is the way of a lively, versatile, and energetic people to do things with a vim. I see no reason why they should not make as bold a dash for heaven as they do for the good things of earth. We have an excellent system of public instruction, consisting of high, primary, model, normal, cosmopolitan, special, and evening schools. Besides these we have across the bay the University of California, an institution destined at no very distant day to take rank with Yale and Harvard. We have manufactories of woolen fabrics; carriage and wagon making establishments; sugar, candle, furniture, billiard, cigar, and tobacco factories; distilleries, flouring-mills, rolling-mills, and some very large iron-foundries; glass-works, artificial stone works, a manufactory of watches, and some ship-building.

Such is the Queen City of the Pacific, of which our own sweet poetess, Ina D. Coolbrith, so sweetly sings:

> —— "the wonderful city
> That looks on the stately bay,
> Where the bannered ships of the nations
> Float in their pride to-day."

I think it has been pretty clearly demonstrated that a vast amount of good has grown out of the discovery of gold since 1848; that without the mining interests to attract population to California, this State and all the adjacent Territories would have been ranges for Indians and cattle to this day, and the vast commerce of the Pacific would have fallen into other hands than ours.

The treasures drawn from the earth have not only given unparalleled prosperity to American interests on the Pacific Coast, but have sustained the credit of our Government at home and abroad through a long and costly civil war. California has stood like a rock, stemming and turning aside the financial disasters that from time to time have threatened to overwhelm us. The late Robert J. Walker, one of the ablest statesmen who ever presided over the Treasury Department since the days of Alexander Hamilton, said, shortly before his death: "When we reflect that each nation is but a part of the great community of states, united by ties of commerce, business, and interchanges, and find the rest of the world sustained by a specie currency, which is of uniform universal international value, how can we, who are dealing with depreciated paper, expect to compete successfully with those countries whose money is gold or its actual equivalent? So long as the currency of the world is gold, any nation departing from this standard impairs its own power of successful competition, and gradually drives its products from the markets of the world." Without the Pacific States to sustain the paper issues of our Government, they would have depreciated to the standard of the old Continental shin-plasters, a bushel of which could hardly purchase a meal. I refrain from reference to the Confederate currency of more recent times, further than to say that it required a good deal of it to buy anything. Of one thing we may rest assured: had our brethren of the South, who held out for four years, unaided and impoverished, without trade, without money, and without extraneous sources of supply, against the combined power of the North, with the wealth of the world to sustain it—had the people of the Southern Confederacy possessed the treasury of the Pacific slope to maintain its forces and preserve its credit abroad—the result, in all probability, would have been different.

No part of the United States presents

at this day a greater number or variety of attractions to the tourist than California. It offers a radical change in its various aspects from any other part of the world. The climate combines very nearly all that is desirable in the tropics with the best features of the climates of the temperate zone. Within a few hours from San Francisco we have the snow-capped Sierra,

> "A swaying line of snowy white,
> A fringe of heaven hung in sight
> Against the blue base of the sky;"

we have the warm valleys of the Sacramento, San Joaquin, and Coast Range. Persons seeking health and recreation can find both, if such luxuries are to be had anywhere. Surrounded by scenery equal to that of Norway or Switzerland, invigorated by the balmy breezes of the valleys, refreshed by an untrammeled and unconventional life, the tourist in California must be hard to please indeed if he does not find "a balm for the sickness of care." The world does not contain another such natural wonder as the Falls of Yosemite, that fearful chasm in the Sierra, where

> "cedars sweep the stream
> Among the bowlders, mossed and brown,
> That time and storm have toppled down
> From towers undefiled by man."

Of late years, since easy communication has been established, the valley of the Yosemite has been visited by thousands of travelers from Europe, the Atlantic States, India, China, and Russia. The Geysers of Sonoma, with their hissing, steaming, sulphurous waters, their weird and Satanic surroundings of rock and precipice, are reached in less than a day over one of the most picturesque roads on the Pacific Coast.

The pellucid lakes of the Sierra and Coast Range furnish opportunities for water excursions, trout-fishing, and bathing. The shores abound in game, and there are excellent hotels at every available point. Among the most noted mineral waters are Harbin's Springs, Bartlett's, Siegler's, Skaggs', Gilroy, and Paso Robles. Some of these are not surpassed by the famous springs of Germany for purification of the blood and the cure of rheumatism.

The ancient river-beds are full of interest to the geologist, the mines to the capitalist, the rich soils to the agriculturist, and the commerce of the Pacific to the merchant and navigator. A fresh field is found everywhere for the inspiration of the artist or the man of letters. Bierstadt, Keith, and Hill have done their best work in the high Sierra; Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, and Mark Twain have won imperishable renown by their delineation of life and scenery on this coast. Their works are read in nearly every modern language. Their fame is ours.

And what but the invigorating and expanding process of life in California gave to our country in its time of need such military heroes as Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Hooker, Ord, Sumner, Baker, and Canby; such naval heroes as Farragut, Sloat, Shubrick, Rowan, Rogers, Craven, McDougal, and a host of others scarcely less distinguished than these?

In this hurried retrospect, extending over a brief quarter of a century, we have seen the marvelous growth of the Pacific slope in population, commerce, and wealth. We have seen a territory spring suddenly out of a chaotic condition into a leading State of the American Union. We have seen it grow in power until its influence reaches to the uttermost ends of the earth. We have seen fires sweep our principal cities, vigilance committees disrupt society, banks break, floods and droughts destroy our crops, but we have never yet seen the progress of California arrested. It is ever onward and upward, ever toward the goal of supremacy.

Some of us may live to see what I

now see in my mind's eye—a State inhabited by millions of intelligent and educated people; its broad valleys intersected by irrigating canals; railroads forming a net-work of intercommunication between every city, town, and neighborhood; the foot-hills covered with forests of eucalyptus and cypress; vine-clad slopes glimmering in their verdure; the Bay of San Francisco lined by cities and towns, making a continuous metropolis around the shores; the hills of Redwood and Contra Costa adorned with beautiful villas; the city of San Francisco, unequaled in picturesque beauty of position, abounding in triumphs of architectural skill, inhabited by a million of prosperous freemen—the Queen City of the Pacific, the gem of the American continent! Well has the impassioned poet of the Sierra sung:

> "Dared I but say a prophecy,
> As sung the holy men of old,
> Of rock-built cities yet to be
> Along these shining shores of gold,
> Crowding athirst into the sea,
> What wondrous marvels might be told!
> Enough to know that Empire here
> Shall burn her loftiest, brightest star!"

IN A CALIFORNIAN EDEN.

CHAPTER VIII.—A WEDDING IN CAMP.

THE next day, when Sandy came down, the enthusiasm was at a low ebb. He missed the great reception he had expected, and went back home that night a troubled and anxious man.

What could be the matter? He asked Limber Tim, but Limber Tim had learned the power and security of silence, and either could not or would not venture on any revelations. Besides that, he was very busy helping Bunker Hill with the baby. The camp openly and at all convenient times discussed the question now, and it began gradually to take shape in the minds of men that something was really wrong. Kind old Sandy did not dream what the trouble could be. He feared he had not been generous enough under his good fortune, and was all the time opening the mouth of his leather bag at the bar and pouring gold-dust into the scales, and entreating the boys to drink to the health of their little Half-pint.

"Yes, our little Half-pint it is, I reckons; leastwise it's pretty certain it aint yourn." Sandy looked at the man, and then the man set down his glass untouched and went off. He had not meant all that he had said, but having blurted it out in a very awkward way and at the very worst time, got off and out of it as best he could.

Sandy was tortured. The dear little Widow saw it, and asked him what the trouble was, and the man—blunt honest fellow—told all that had happened. The camp was disgusted with the man who had mooted this question. They counted him a traitor to the Forks—a sort of Judas. If he had gone and hung himself the camp would have been perfectly satisfied. In fact, it is pretty certain that the camp would have been very glad to have had any excuse, even the least bit of an excuse, to do that office for him.

The camp was angry with Sandy, too, on general principles. He had betrayed it into a sort of idol-worship under a mistake. He had lured it into the expression of an enthusiasm quite out of keeping with the dignity of a rough and hardy race of men, and it did not like it.

"The great big idiot!" said the camp. "Didn't he know any better? Don't he

know any better now than to go on in this way, half-tickled to death, thinking himself the happiest and the most blest of men?" The camp was ashamed of him.

The little Judge, finding things going against the first family in the Forks, felt also that he in some way was concerned, and that he was called upon to explain. This was his theory and explanation:

"The Widder was a widder?"

"Yes."

"The legislature met at San José on the first day of September?"

"Yes."

"The legislature granted, that first session, enough divorces to fill a book?"

"Well?"

"This young woman—this widder—might ha' bin married; she might ha' bin on her way to the mountains; she might ha' stopped in time, and got her divorce one day on her way up; she might ha' come right on here an' got coaxed into marryin' Sandy."

"Rather quick work, wouldn't it be, Judge?"

"Well, considerin' the climate of Californy, I think not." And the little man pushed out his legs under the card-table, puffed out his little red cheeks, leaned back, and felt perfectly certain that he had made a great point, while the wise men of the camp sat there more muddled than before.

However, as the days passed by men went on with their work in the mines, down in the boiling, foaming, full little streams, now overflowing from the snows that melted in the warm spring sun, and said but little more on the subject. It was certain that they were very doubtful, for they only shook their heads as a rule when the subject was mentioned now in the great centre. That was a bad sign, and very hard evidence of displeasure with their patron saint of the autumn and the long weary winter.

The Widow must have known all this. Not that Sandy had said a word further than she had almost forced him to speak; not that she had yet ventured down into the Forks, or that Bunker Hill had ever breathed a word about it; but I fancy that women know these things by instinct. They somehow have a singularly clear way of coming upon such things. Day after day she read Sandy's face as he came up from his mine, dripping with the yellow water spurted from the sluice all over his broad slouch-hat, long brown beard, and stiff duck breeches; she read it eagerly as one reads the papers after a battle, and read it truly as if it had been a broad-sheet in print, and found herself in disfavor with the camp. Then she began to think if Sandy was thinking of his promise; if he had remembered, and still remembered, the time when in her great agony he promised, though all the world turned against her and cried "Shame!" he would not upbraid her. She wondered if he ever wished he had gone when she commanded him and implored him to go, and she began to read his face for the truth. She read, read him all through, page after page, chapter after chapter. She found there was not a doubt in all the realm of his soul, and her face took on again a little of its gladness. Yet the touch of tenderness deepened, the old sadness had settled back again, and this time to remain.

The still blue skies of California were bending over the camp. Not a cloud sailed east or west, or hovered about the snow-peaks. It was full summer-time before it was yet mid-spring, and men began to pour over the mountains across the settled and solid banks of snow. Birds flew low and idly about the cabins, and sung as the men went on with their work down in the foaming muddy little rivers, and all the world seemed glad and strong with life and hope.

Still the Widow was glad no more, and men began to notice that Sandy did

not come to town at all. It was even observed that he had found a cut-off across the spur of the hill, by which he went to and came from his mining-claim without once setting foot in the Howling Wilderness, or even the Forks.

Limber Tim, too, seemed sad and sorely troubled. Sunshine and singing-birds do not always bring delight to all. There is nothing so sad as sadness at such a time.

Limber Tim no longer wrestled with saplings or picket-fences, or even his limber legs. He had other and graver matter on hand. The birds were building their nests all about him, and he too wanted to gather moss.

At last the boy-man was happy. At least, he came one night very late to "Sandy's," as the Widow's place was now called, and standing outside of the house, and backing up against the fence, and sticking his hands in behind him, and twisting his left leg around the right, he called out to Sandy in a voice that was wild and uncertain as a wind that is lost in the trees.

Sandy laid it down tenderly, covered it up, and, watching it a minute and making sure that it was sound asleep and well, went out. Limber Tim was writhing and twisting more than ever before. Sandy was glad, for he now knew that he was perfectly well, and that he had got the great matter settled, and that in a way perfectly satisfactory to himself.

And yet the two men were terribly embarrassed. What made the embarrassment very much the worse was the fact that they were at least half a mile from the nearest saloon. Fortunately it was very dark for a California night, and the men could look each other in the face without seeing each other.

There was a long and painful silence. Limber Tim wrestled with his right leg with all his might, and would have thrown it time and again, but from the fact that his two arms were thrust in behind and wound through the palings, so that it was impossible for him to fall.

His mouth was open and his tongue was out, but he could not talk. At last Sandy broke the prolonged and profound silence:

"Bully for Limber Tim!"

Then there was another painful silence, and Limber Tim twisted a paling off the fence with his arms, and kicked half the bark off his right shin with his left boot-heel.

"Sandy!"

"Limber?"

Then Limber Tim reached out his tongue and spun it about as if it had been a fish-line, and he was fishing in the darkness for words. At last he jerked back as if he had got a bite, jerked and jerked as if his throat was full of fish-hooks, and jerked until he jerked himself loose from the fence; and poising on his heel before falling back into the darkness, and twisting himself down the hill, said this:

"Git the Judge, Sandy. Fetch her home to-morrow. Spliced to-morrow. Sandy, git the Judge to-morrow!"

And "to-morrow" kept coming up the hill and out of the darkness until the nervous boy-man was half-way to the Howling Wilderness.

The Judge was on hand, a cooler man now, even though it was midsummer. His shirt was open until his black hairy breast showed through as if it had been a naked bear-skin.

The Forks came in force to its second wedding, but the Forks, too, was cooler, and had put aside to some extent its faith and its folly. And yet it liked Bunker Hill ever so much. Bunker Hill, said the Forks, was not the best of women in days gone by, but Bunker Hill had never deceived.

She stood alone there that day, the day of all days to any woman in the world, and the boys did not like it at all.

Why had she not asked the Widow to be by her side? Surely she stood by the Widow in the day of trouble; why was not the Widow there? And then they thought about it a little while, and saw how impossible it was for poor little Bunker Hill to dare ask the Widow to come and stand with her at her wedding.

The woman who stood there, about to be made the head of the second family in the Forks, had nursed the Widow back to life and health, had seen all the time the line that lay between them, and had not taken a single step to cross it. When her task was finished she had gone back to her home. She carried with her the memory and the recollection of a duty well performed, and felt that it was enough. She had not seen the Widow any more.

The Judge stood there with the Declaration of Independence, the Statutes of California, and the marriage ceremony, all under his arm, and ready to do his office. The sun was pouring down in the open streets. Little Bunker Hill hardly felt, somehow, that she had a right to be married out in the open day, in the fresh sweet air, and under the trees; and Limber Tim preferred to be married where his partner had been married, and so it was that they had met in the Howling Wilderness as before. All was silence now; all were waiting for the Judge to begin. Up in the loft the mice nibbled away at their endless rations of old boots, and a big red-headed woodpecker pounded away on the wall back by the chimney without.

There was a commotion at the door. Then there was a murmur of admiration and applause.

The men gave way, they pushed and pushed each other back as if they had been pushing cotton-bales, they opened a line, and down that line a beautiful woman with her eyes to the ground and a baby in her arms moved on until she came and stood by the side of the little hunchback, still silent, and looking with the old look of sad sweet tranquillity upon the ground.

It was really too much for the little man, who had opened his bosom, and who all the time had stood there with his books under his arm, perfectly cool, and perfect master of the situation. Now he was all of a heap. He had been acting with a sort of condescension toward the two half-children who had come before him that day, and had even prepared a sort of patronizing, half-missionary, half-reformatory sermon; but now, and all suddenly, he was utterly overthrown. He began to perspire and choke on the spot.

The silence was painful. The woodpecker pounded as if he would knock the house down, and the mice rasped at the old boots and rattled away like men sawing wood.

The Judge began to hear himself breathe. In this moment of crisis he caught a book from his side and proceeded to read. He read from "An act to amend an act entitled an act for the improvement of the breed of sheep in the State of California." Back in the saloon there were men who began to giggle. These were some men not from Missouri. They were of the hatchet-faced order, men who spoke through their noses—"idecated men," the camp called them—and men that, above all others, had put the little Judge in terror. When he heard the men laugh, then he knew he had opened his book at the wrong place, and his face grew red as fire. He could not see to read to the end, nor could he now be heard. He suddenly closed the book, and said: "Then, by virtue of the authority in me vested, and under the laws of the State of California in such cases made and provided, I pronounce you man and wife."

Then the little Judge came up, shook them both by the hand, and his voice was suddenly clear as a bell, and he felt that he could now go on and speak by the hour.

The Widow bowed down above her baby and kissed the new-made bride silently and tenderly as if she had been her sister, and then with the same sweet half-sad smile she turned to the door, her face still to the ground, and, covering up the little sleeper in her arms and looking neither right nor left, went back alone to her cabin.

The dark day was over. At the play, whenever you see the whole force of the company come forward and stand in a row, and assume the most striking and imposing attitudes, and hear the fiddlers play and the brass trumpets bray as never before, then you may be very sure the tragedy is about over. So it goes in life.

Sandy remained with the men that evening, and made merry over the marriage of his partner. He was now more popular than ever. He had acted the man, and they knew it. Right or wrong, he had gone on straight ahead, had said no unkind word to his wife, worked like a man, and waited.

The crowd had melted away a bit because it was very warm, and then the men were getting noisy enough, for this was the day on which every true American was expected to get drunk. It was a sort of Fourth of July.

The old question was being again raised. The bride was standing there in the midst of the men, a true good woman, a woman who had sinned, yet a woman who had suffered. One who had fallen was she, yet one who had also resisted more than many a woman who would have cast a stone at her. She was very glad, and not a man but was glad to see it.

"That baby! It is an angel, and its mother's name is Madonna. A man who would make a fuss about a baby no bigger than that, no matter when it is born, is a infernal fool!"

"Bully for Bunk—for—for Missis Tim! Bully for Missis Tim!" And the men shouted, and Mrs. Tim blushed from sheer joy.

The Gopher cheered perhaps more lustily than anyone, for he admired the Widow, and knew her truth and worth. The Gopher, it is true, was in disgrace, for the story went that the young man his partner, who was the first to be buried in the Forks, had fallen by his hand. The blow had been struck in a crowd, it is true, and no one saw it, or at least no one cared to tell of it if he did see it; so the Gopher had been left alone, and he had left men alone, and lived all the time by himself in a sort of cave, and that is why he was called the Gopher. Strange stories were told of this Gopher, too, and men who pretended to know said his cave was lined with gold.

"That baby!" began the Gopher, lifting up his doubled fist, and bringing it down now and then by way of emphasis. "That baby! Look a-here! Here's one baby among a thousand men. Here's a thousand men asking if it's got a father. Now, does that little baby want a father? I've got a cave full of gold, and I'll be its father! I'll be its brother and uncle and aunt and mother!" The Gopher thundered his fist down on the bar as he concluded, and the glasses there jumped up and clinked together, and bowed to each other, as if they had been dancers about to begin a cotillion.

The woodpecker flew away, and the mice were heard no more that day, for the men shouted their approval until they were hoarse-voiced as mules.

The Gopher for the last half-hour had been sitting there half-doubled over a bench. He perhaps was thinking of the old wedding, for he kept looking straight

across the room to the pine logs on the other side, and then he seemed to fix his eyes on some object there, and to fall to thinking very generally. At last he began to count on his fingers. Then suddenly he fairly laughed with delight. He sprung up, stepped across the room, put his finger on the spot where Limber Tim had stood scrawling with his big pencil the day he was so embarrassed at Sandy's wedding, and shouted out:

"Look here! There it is. That's the date. That's the day they was married—September, eighteen hundred and fifty!"

"Just eight months!" roared a man in the crowd.

"Eight months! Ten of 'em!" and he fell to counting on his fingers as he turned to the crowd, and continued right on up to July with perfect confidence.

The camp roared, and shouted, and danced, as never before. Why had it been so stupid as not to see this thing right from the first? It was the most penitent community that had ever been. The Widow was once more its patron saint.

The Gopher stood up by the wall.

"Are you all satisfied now?"

Satisfied! They would never more doubt any woman as long as they lived.

He took his bowie-knife while the crowd turned to take a drink, and cut the date from the wall; and the only record, perhaps, of the first marriage in the Sierra was no more.

A sharp-nosed man, one of those miserable men who never are satisfied unless they are either miserable or making some one else so, came up to the wall out of the crowd and began to look on the wall for the date, as if he thought there might have been some mistake, and he wanted to count it all over again. This man began to count on his fingers and to look along on the wall. Suddenly there was a something gleaming in his face like a flash of lightning.

It was the Gopher's bowie-knife. It was within two inches of his throat.

"Are you satisfied, my friend?" smiled the Gopher, with a smile that meant brimstone.

"Perfectly satisfied," said the wretch in return, and at the same time he bowed and backed as fast as he could until he came to the door, and then he was seen no more.

"Be it really on the square, Judge?" asked citizen Tim, timidly, and in confidence.

"Right!—didn't I marry 'em?"

"But it warn't twelve months."

"Twelve months! don't care ef it warn't six months. I married 'em, an' I married 'em good and fast, an' that's the end of it."

"Bein' a fam'ly man myself," began Limber Tim again, as he twisted his arms in behind him, and rolled the back of his head on a house-log while he looked up at a white cloud that led its caravan of camels over the desert sky toward the east—"bein' a fam'ly man myself, an' as seein' as how Missis Tim's a-makin' some awful small little bits of clothes, an' as seein' as how, you know, it struck me—as pretty soon—as—as how——" Here Limber Tim knocked the bark off his left shin with his right boot-heel, and, coming to a full stop, stood again rolling his head back while he looked up at the caravan of camels.

"Nothin' more nat'ral, my dear Mr. Tim—nothin' more nat'ral. It's all in the climate. All in this wonderful climate o' Californy."

CHAPTER IX.—THE JUDGE IS LONESOME.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

This was the song of the fat little Judge one fine morning, as he wandered down toward the Howling Wilderness, sniffing the glorious balm, the very

breath of the forest, and glancing ever and anon over his shoulder toward the cabin of Captain Tommy.

How new, and fresh, and sweet, and fragrant the odors of the mighty mossy woods that climbed and climbed and ever climbed, as if to mount the summits and push their tasseled tops against the indolent summer clouds that hovered like great white-winged birds above the peaks of snow. So new and fresh it seemed that summer morning, that the little Judge stopped on the hill-side and stood there to inhale its sweetness.

"How fresh and fine is this new world o' Californy! It is only finished to-day. I can smell the varnish on it."

The Judge took out his great cotton bandanna, took off his hat, and polished his bald head until it shone in the sun like a mirror. Then the little man stuffed his big handkerchief back in his bosom, and went on down the trail, humming softly to himself:

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

A man in great gum-boots, duck-breeches, a hat like a tent, with agold-pan under his arm and a pipe sticking out through a mass of matted beard, met the little man in the trail, heard his song as he passed, and looking back over his shoulder, said to himself: "The derned bald-headed old rooster! What's he singin' hymns fur now?"

The little Judge could not sit down in the saloon. He felt that something was the matter, and he thought that he was lonesome. The little brown mice up stairs could be heard all day now, for the miners were at work up to their thighs in the water, delving away there in their great gum-boots, as if they were in a sort of diving-bell.

So the Judge went away from the Howling Wilderness. There was no man to be found who had time to talk, and so he sought a woman.

Captain Tommy stood in the door of her cabin all untroubled. She had seen the little Judge approach, but she was too happy drinking in the great summer's day that filled all things with peace and a calm delight, and she did not stir.

There are days and occasions when even the most plain women are positively beautiful; and when a plain woman is beautiful she is the most beautiful thing in the world.

This was Captain Tommy's day to be beautiful, and perhaps she felt it, for there she stood, really playing the coquette, hardly turning her eyes to look on the little Judge, although she knew he was mad in love with her.

He stood before her in the sun with his hat in his hand. Then she looked into the polished mirror which he humbly bowed before her, and she saw that she was really beautiful.

"Captain," said the mirror, and it bowed still lower—"Lady, in this glorious climate o' Californy, I have snatched a few moments from my professional duties to come to you, to say to you—to—to beg of you—will you—will you, in this glorious climate o' Californy—this mornin'?"

The mirror was close up under her eyes. She smiled, and then she lifted her two hands and began to wind herself up as fast as possible, so that she could answer the eager and earnest little man before her.

The Judge waited in an ecstacy of delight, for he knew by the twinkle in her eyes that he should have to send for a black-clad man with a white neck-tie.

Years went by, and the chronicler stood again in the Forks. The town was gone; the miners had uprooted its very foundations. Then came floods and buried the bowlders and the banks of the stream, and widened it out and made it even as a new-plowed field.

Then a man, the Honorable Mr. San-

dy, who had sat down with his family quite satisfied in the Sierra, extended a fence around the site of the old city, and planted and sowed and then reaped the richest of harvests. On the site of the Howling Wilderness the yellow golden grain reached up till it touched the very beard of the giant. So do perish the mining-towns of the Sierra.

The hills are not so wild now; the woods have been mown away, and up on the hill-sides the miners have sat down, old and wrinkled and few in numbers; and around their quiet old cabins have planted fruit-trees, and trees even from the tropics. And these trees flourish here, too, for though the snow falls deep, and the sun has little room between the walls of the mighty cañon, still it seems never now so bleak or cold.

There is one little house on the hill-side, with porches, and Spanish verandahs, and hammocks swinging there, and all that, nestled down among the fruit-trees that bend with fruit and blossom. Around this cabin and back of it, and up the mountains among the firs, you see pretty children passing in and out, laughing as they run, shouting like little Modocs, shaking back their hair all full of the gold and glory of the Californian sun, and making everyone happy who beholds them.

"All in the glorious climate o' Californy!" says the little man, as he comes puffing up the hill to his home, and the children run to meet him. Can it be possible? Did she grow young again? Did she go back and begin life at the beginning? Truly, there is something in the climate, and the fountain of youth flows certainly somehow out of the Sierra.

For look! as she stands there winding herself up to welcome her husband, she is only a little stouter, and ten times as beautiful.

As for Limber Tim, being an "idecated man," he started a newspaper in the nearest town, and after many battles and many defeats finally climbed high on the ladder of distinction, and is now "the Honorable Mr. Tim," with a political influence second in that part of the country to no man, and to only one woman.

How things are changed, to be sure! The caravans of clouds that lithe Limber Tim was wont to look up to and wonder at, still cross the cañon, and march and countermarch and curl about the far snow-peaks as before. But the coyote has ceased to howl from the hill-side.

And what can that be curling like steam up from out the mighty forest that belts the snow-peaks about the heads of the three little streams that make the Forks?

It looks like a train of clouds driven straight through the tree-tops—it is so high and fairy-like and far away. It is as if it were on the very summit of the Sierra. Ah! that is the engine blowing off clouds of steam as she drops, shoots, slides, glides from the mountains to the sea. The train is a mile in length. The dust of three thousand miles is on her skirts. But before the sun is down she will rest on the Bay of San Francisco.

But the Widow?

Ah! all the time you are thinking about the Widow. Yes, and surely she was not wicked? Surely she did not sin? That of course would spoil the story and make it different from anything else that was ever written. But then by what clever device does she escape with whitened character? What cunning art of the novelist do you employ to pull this one first fair woman through the wild mountain Eden untarnished? Here were a thousand strong brawny men, not one so sinless that he could cast a stone, and yet she escapes. Was the theory of the Judge correct?

No, it was not even decent to begin with; and you would not like to believe it, at least.

Then the Gopher's theory?

Based on a violation of the simplest rules of addition to be found in the *Mental Arithmetic*.

Well, then, by what law do you save her?

By the law of nature.

Then she was not a bad woman?

She was an angel.

Then?

Listen to me. Here is an old and a beautiful story. In that Eden, of which we always speak with so much respect, whatever may be our private opinions of the cowardly excuse of Adam, the one weak woman tempted the one strong man and he fell. Here in this our wild Eden, sĕt so far away from the civilized and refined people of the Pacific, and before the day of the country's development, there were a thousand strong men to tempt one weak woman.

And she?

And she did eat even as Eve did eat when tempted by the serpent.

AFTER TWO HUNDRED YEARS.

WITH a solitary companion at my side, I stood, one bright morning in midsummer, on an Alpine summit near the head of Lake Constance, in Switzerland. The smiling villages that dot and adorn the Canton of St. Gallen were sleeping at our feet, while the distant summits of the Montfalon range, robed in white and scaling the heavens, rose in sublime and misty grandeur in the west. Before us, as far as the eye could reach, the clear blue waters of the lake spread out like a mimic ocean to the belt of the horizon; the young Rhine debouched in full sight into the lake, and for many miles mingled its crystal stream with the azure sea of Constance. With the aid of a good opera-glass we could just discern where it again issued forth, and set out on its long journey to the Northern Ocean, fertilizing the country through which it passed, and recording upon its banks the history of modern Europe. Parting here, it was again reunited yonder, rolling freer, with a broader, deeper current, and rejoicing on its way to its final bourne.

My companion was a gentleman from the northern part of Wales, and bore one of the most ancient patronymics of that old Celtic nest. It was perhaps his name and native land, or else the lesson of the landscape before us, which awakened the train of thought into which I fell, and gave expression to the Californian romance I am about to relate. At all events, commenting upon the peculiarity of the River Rhine just described, its separation and reunion, my thoughts recurred to the no less strange history of a Californian family I had recently met in the city of Washington. He was a Senator, and the representative of a sovereign State; she had been the reigning belle of the city of San Francisco. Both were opulent—she owning almost a principality in her own right, and he being a mining millionaire. Their tastes were similar—refined, highly cultivated, and intellectual. There was a similarity in the general type of their features, from which some distant relationship might easily be inferred. After I had learned *his* history—for hers I had known from my earliest boyhood—I no longer wondered at the resemblance.

"That river," said I to my companion, "reminds me of the fortunes of a Senator of the United States."

"In what manner?" he inquired.

I then proceeded to narrate the following authentic facts:

"We must leave this mountain land," said I, "cross the seas, and traverse half the American continent, to reach the first scene of my story. We must proceed even still farther, and pierce the wild wildernesses of the far Missouri. There, upon the banks of the longest river that frets the surface of our globe, and within reach of the old six-pounders of Fort Hempstead, erected in the early part of the present century, stood the little village of Franklin. It was a frontier settlement, and, like all such towns at that early day, was inhabited by a mixed but bold and enterprising population. It was the home of the bravest mountaineer that ever hunted, trapped, or climbed the Rocky Mountains—the kind, fearless, and peerless Kit Carson! It was the spot whence the annual caravans set out on their perilous trading expeditions, south-westwardly to New Mexico, and westwardly into the Rocky Mountains and beyond. In front rolled the swift Missouri, and behind frowned an unbroken forest. Hundreds of tribes of hostile savages roamed undisputed lords of plain and prairie. Danger peeped into every cabin door, and death, from the barbed arrow or the unerring rifle, very often entered the open window. Every corral was a fortification, and every house a fortress. The woods were infested by day with predatory bands of Sacs and Foxes, and the war-whoops of the Cheyennes and Sioux often aroused the hardy pioneers from their midnight slumbers. But if there were danger and privation, there were also adventure and profit to be found; and hence, in spite of the disadvantages of the location, hundreds of fierce and adventurous spirits flocked thither from every part of the globe, to whom danger was a delight and hardship recreation. Among a population with whom personal bravery is the highest virtue, the lower forms of vice are unknown, and peril and privation unite the whole community into a band of brothers.

"It was to this border village of the then far West that an early pioneer came, during the first quarter of this century, to find a home and found a family. His parents had emigrated from the northern part of Wales. He brought with him no one except a young, beautiful, and intelligent wife, and plunged eagerly into all the enterprises of western life and encountered all its dangers. Gradually the frontier extended farther back, and before he had been settled many years at Franklin he became the owner of a fine farm near the village. A large family of rosy and healthful children grew up around him, and doubly compensated him for his early perils with their love and reverence. Foremost among them was his eldest daughter, a woman of rare beauty of form and feature and possessed of a heroic heart; and many were the admirers who pined at her feet and fought bloody duels for her hand. For a long time she discarded all their offers, seeming unwilling to bestow her heart upon another. Finally, however, a handsome and youthful stranger made his appearance in Franklin, and she beheld in him her hope and destiny.

"This young man was a native of the mountains of North Carolina, and a splendid type of vigorous and perfect manhood. Tall, lithe, and powerful in frame, active in mind, adventurous in spirit, and dauntless in soul, he came to her almost as a messenger from Jove himself. She beamed upon him like the first blush of morning, the first flower of spring-time, the first breath of roses. It is needless to add that love, wild, overpowering, and mutual, vanquished both hearts at the same time. Their mar-

riage followed in due time and in the order of such events, and their home was blessed with several children. He became a successful Santa Fé trader, and for many years the monotony of their married life was broken only by the annual caravan to the West.

"Well do I remember as a boy the scenes of those partings. The whole village was out in holiday attire to bid adieu to the adventurous traders. They set out in vast bands, made up of laden teams, each drawn by a dozen mules, then harnessed for the first time; of horsemen armed to the teeth, with rifles or immense horse-pistols, with bowie-knives and ancient sabres, and almost every other conceivable weapon of warfare, offensive or defensive; of footmen and drivers, of camp-followers, and the indispensable *mayordomo* and his guides, forming a train often a mile in length, almost every family in the village being represented, either by father, husband, son, or brother. The road was unbroken for almost the entire distance to be traveled. It ran along the high table-lands and undulating plains, where the tracks of the wheels would disappear in a few days, or close to the banks of rapid streams, where the current shifted the channel almost every season, washing away the banks and obliterating all traces of travel. The trail sometimes led up steep mountains, requiring the use of improvised windlasses and the application of ropes with which to raise and lower the wagons. Bridges there were none, and every stream and bayou had to be forded. The trip was no less perilous than prolonged. The Indians, of course, had to be fought and defeated. They would pursue the train day and night, lying in ambush, or startling the camp by 'stampeding' the animals. In addition to these formidable pests, very frequently the caravan would be attacked by bands of Mexican outlaws, who, driven forth from the populated states of Mexico in their unsuccessful revolutionary *pronunciamientos*, took to the plunder of these merchant traders as a natural and easy step in their downward career of brigandage and crime. It was a happy day for the traders when the old cracked bell of the adobe cathedral in Santa Fé greeted their ears. This joy was only exceeded when the white cottages of Franklin were discerned through the forests of Missouri, upon their successful return. Such was the life of the mountaineer previous to his advent in California.

"In the spring of 1830 he left Franklin, as usual, at the head of a select party of traders, bound, for the first time, into the interior of Chihuahua —a long distance from the customary terminus of the route. General Antonio Lopez de Santa Ana, afterward so celebrated as the bloody and ambitious tyrant of Mexico, had just issued his first *pronunciamiento* at the city of Vera Cruz, and thousands of discontented spirits flocked to his banner. The *émeute* extended into all the states of Mexico, from Jalisco to Texas. Mostly destitute of arms and the munitions of war, the appearance of a trading party of Americans in the interior of Chihuahua was the signal for an organized attack upon the caravan by these marauders, at a narrow defile in the Sierra Madre. The attack, being entirely unexpected, it is needless to say was perfectly successful. The traders fought with their usual desperation, but before midday the entire party was annihilated with one single exception. Wounded and a prisoner, the mountaineer was carried far to the south and west, and after two or three months' wandering with the guerrillas, he finally made his escape and arrived safely in Hermosillo, in the state of Sonora. It soon became apparent that he could not live in a city where every inhabitant was an enemy of his race; and without a single

companion he again escaped, and pursued his journey still farther from the regions of civilization.

"It was in the spring of 1831 that he made his appearance at the old Mission of Sonoma, in the then province of Alta California. He was kindly welcomed by the good priests in charge, then the only White men on this coast. Here he found an old Frenchman who had fought as a sergeant under the star of the first Napoleon, and a firm friendship soon grew up between them. The American mountaineer was of course a great hunter, trapper, and warrior, well versed in the use of the knife and the rifle, and a perfect master of the arts of Indian warfare. For some years he followed the occupation of trapper, principally for sea-otter, then abounding in the country. In the year 1836 he obtained a grant of a large tract of land lying in the beautiful and fertile valley of Napa. During that year he remained alone on his *rancho*, and was the only White man between the Mission of Sonoma on the south to the trading-posts of the Hudson's Bay Company on the north. The whole country was overrun with Indians, there being no less than 12,000 ranging between Napa and Clear Lake. Grizzly-bears were abundant, and, as the old pioneer has stated, 'they were everywhere—upon the plains, in the valleys, and on the mountains, even venturing into the company's grounds, so that I have often killed as many as five or six in one day; and it was not unusual to see fifty or sixty within twenty-four hours.'

"Determined to make Napa his final resting-place, he erected a stockade for protection against Indians, and put up the inevitable log-cabin—the first ever erected on this coast—which contained the only chimney in the province. The Spanish *padres*, on seeing the blue smoke curling up toward heaven through an open embrasure, exclaimed to the pioneer, 'My son, you will make yourself grow old by having a fire in your house.' The Indians were no less astonished, and for the first time grew suspicious of the pale-face, and regarded him as a sorcerer. Frequent attacks were made upon his house by Indians, and in an engagement with them at what is now known as Pope's Valley, he, with the assistance of twenty-five dusky warriors, defeated more than five hundred of the Digger tribe in the open field.

"Prosperity attended him; he could look out of his stockade and see hill and valley for miles around him covered with his flocks and herds. But with all this there was an aching void in his heart. In dreams he went back to the little village of Franklin on the banks of the far Missouri, and again felt the pressure of a gentle hand within his own. But it was only in dreams; where was the trusted wife of his early manhood, or they, the first-fruits of his love and affection? Had he been silent all these years? Had absence and danger hardened his heart? Had he never sent a line to the mourning household, who had heard of his death in the defiles of the Sierra Madre, and mourned his loss, but had not learned of his resurrection in California? Far otherwise. It is true that he was cut off from the Atlantic sea-board as completely as if he had emigrated to the moon, there being absolutely no communication with 'the States.' After awhile, however, trading-ships from Boston anchored inside the Golden Gate, and Polar whalers paused for water at Saucelito, on their dreary voyages to the Arctic Ocean. But these were extremely rare, perhaps not more than once a year. He possessed no writing materials of any kind. However, after he had built his cabin, he managed to borrow some stamped paper from the *padres*, and addressed annually a fond letter to his wife and children. But they never reached their

destination, and the wife put on her widow's weeds and his children became orphans. Some of these epistles were afterward disentombed in the office of the United States Consular Agent at Honolulu, in 1847, where they had rested ten or a dozen years, and extracts from several of them were at the time printed and published at that place. One of them is now before me, and breathes the spirit of undying affection for the fond ones so long lost to our pioneer. In one of them he incidentally mentions the discovery of gold at the Pueblo de los Angeles, and predicts the future wealth of California. In the early part of the year 1841 he visited the place known as Yerba Buena (now San Francisco), for the purpose of disposing of hides and peltry, in exchange for cotton goods and ammunition, when he accidentally encountered an old trapper acquaintance from Missouri. He learned with dismay that his family had never heard from him, and that under the laws of that State his unexplained absence for such a great length of time constituted his wife a widow, with all the rights of a *femme sole*. He resolved at once to send for his family. His old friend was duly commissioned for the purpose, and joyfully accepted the holy trust, and with means then and there provided, set out, with the promise to perform his task in person, and also to pilot the family across the almost interminable plains to California.

"It was spring-time in the year 1842. The dense forests of walnut and sycamore, of hickory and oak, had made room for the orchards and meadows around Franklin, and the Red warriors of the west had all disappeared. Flowers and fruit-trees blossomed where but a few years before the jungles of wild vine and the marshes of swamp willow had afforded a shelter for the prowling Indian. Cultivated fields were seen in all directions, and the noisy steamboat passed hourly up or down the turbid waters of the winding Missouri, supplanting the keel-boat, the barge, and canoe. Stores, shops, and mills greeted the eye everywhere, and church-steeples and school-houses dotted the thriving town with their placid and quiet smiles.

"Let us visit one of the latter. A messenger hurriedly enters and requests of the master leave of absence for a beautiful and blooming lassie of fourteen summers, and the favorite of her playmates. He confers a moment with her, and the poor child is carried fainting from the room. An exciting and noisy scene followed. All the scholars, myself among the number, left their seats and went rushing into the open air, whither they had borne our companion. She was gently laid on the piazza in front, where, after a few deep-drawn sighs, she awoke to consciousness and joy—a joy that we now know was never broken afterward. Orphan no longer, rescued, too, from dependence, the little maiden passed from our sight like the fairy of a dream, to a new life of hope, joy, and happiness, of adventure and fortune.

"The village was wild with astonished delight. The lost had been found, the dead restored to life, and orphanage had wiped away its tears. We brought out the rusty iron six-pounder, raked from the *débris* of the old fort, and signalized the occurrence by the discharge of artillery. There was not a heavy heart or dry eye in all the town that night. There had not been such a 'time' since General Jackson was elected president. And what was it all about? Nothing, except that the friend of the California pioneer had arrived in town with news from the long-lost wanderer and a message to his family.

"I will pass in silence the dreary, toilsome journey across the plains, so full of adventure and peril at that early date; but at the end of six months after

the school-room scene, father and daughter were locked in each other's arms in the old log-cabin at Napa. Time swept by. This girl grew up to blooming womanhood, California changed from an almost uninhabited waste to an Eldorado, Napa Valley became a paradise. The young mountaineer had become an old pioneer, and the old pioneer a millionaire; the little orphan a belle and an heiress to his fortune. Sought by many, she accepted the hand of an honorable and highly esteemed gentleman, who came to San Francisco in 1849, and who still resides there, esteemed and respected by all the community, and who at one time represented that city in the State Senate. The daughter of this marriage is the heroine of my story."

"And what about the hero?" exclaimed my companion.

"Ah!" said I, "he is a native of Wales, also, and his accomplished wife, as I have shown, sprung from the same family. The currents were widely separated for more than two centuries, but like the crystal waters of yonder river, they have come together at last, in unison, after a career so checkered."

"But," rejoined my comrade, "you have not mentioned his name."

"Nor do I intend so to do," I answered. "Modern etiquette forbids it. But if you will read the history of the United States on your return home to your country, you will find his kinsmen figuring therein as Captain John Paul and Commodore Ap Catesby ——."

JOHN WILDE.

> "Fathoms deep the ship doth lie,
> Wreath'd with ocean-weed and shell,
> The cod slips past with round white eye,
> Still and deep the shadows lie,
> Dusky as a forest dell:
> Tangled in the twisted sail,
> With the breathing of the sea,
> Stirs the man who told this tale,
> Staring upward dreamilie."

IT was at Seacomb, a diminutive fishing hamlet on the south coast of England, that I met John Wilde, and it was there, in his lonely hut, one stormy winter night, that he told me a story which I think ought to be recorded.

"I was born here nearly fifty years ago, and came of a race of fishermen, who have starved here at Seacomb during three hundred years, all poor as the rocks they lived among, and well-nigh as ignorant, save one, my great grandfather, who ventured so far out of the beaten track of his ancestors as to do a little smuggling, and thereby managed to scrape a few pounds together, with which he bought a little piece of ground and erected this hut upon it. He then retired from the fishing business—being the first and last of my race who has been a man of leisure—and died six months afterward from over-indulgence in his own contraband whisky. I was the only child of my parents. My father was a great strong hard-working man, kind to his wife, and after his manner affectionate to me. But he was a man of few words and of a very reserved disposition. He had an idea that my great grandfather had died very rich, and that his concealed treasure would turn up some day. My mother, dear heart, doated on me. I was the one bright star on her dim road of life.

"Of the first twelve years of my life there is little to be said. I grew up wild as the sea-birds, fearless as they of the great waters that rolled and roared continually before me. My father was one

of the boldest fishermen in Seacomb, and I accompanied him upon his trips at all times and in all weathers. He had no thought of teaching me anything more than how to sail a boat and catch fish, and I had no higher ambition than to become master of those arts. But when I was in my thirteenth year an event happened which subsequently changed the whole course of my existence.

"A heavy gale had been blowing inshore with constantly increasing violence for several days, and at last culminated in a terrific storm, the worst that had been known in these parts for many years. On the night of this storm my mother and I were sitting here, she knitting and I mending nets. It might have been about eleven or twelve o'clock, when suddenly the door opened and my father rushed in violently, seized his lantern, which hung in a corner, lit it with trembling hands, and rushed out again, muttering excitedly below his breath. Alarmed at his unusual manner, we both rose quickly and followed him out into the darkness; but he waited for nothing, so, following the direction taken by the lantern, we looked toward the beach, and saw several lights moving hurriedly forward and backward, and up and down; then above the shriek of the tempest we heard faintly the shouts of men.

"'It must be a wreck!' cried my frightened mother, and she fled toward the beach.

"Her words appalled me. I had never seen a wreck, but I knew our breakers well enough to know what fearful work they would make if ever a ship got among them. Straining my gaze seaward, I soon made out a dark troubled object close in with the shore, and the next moment a flash of lightning disclosed the waves beating mercilessly over a great broken dismasted ship. Hurrying down to the beach I found most of the village congregated there—the women wringing their hands and weeping, the men getting out the life-boat. My father, perfectly calm now, cheered on the latter, and was the first to spring into the boat and seize the steering-oar. In a moment she was manned, in another she was launched and riding high upon the waves. What brave hearts there are in this world of ours. Six times that boat was dashed back upon the beach, twice disabling two of her crew, but in a flash their places were filled, and at the seventh attempt the rollers were cleared and she struggled steadily toward the wreck and disappeared in the darkness. Scared and white were the faces in the group on the shore when the lightning flashed, and I thought then of the other white faces that would be there, upturned and cold, before the day broke. Breathlessly we waited for the return of the life-boat; I can not tell how long, but it seemed hours. At last the group began to stir, and we looked in each other's faces. 'They are lost!' some one said, and the women began to wail, when suddenly a great wave rolled in, and out of its black flashing bosom sprung the life-boat. Instantly she was grasped by fifty pairs of hands and hauled up high and dry, just in time to save her from the reach of another great wave that rushed at her greedily, as if anxious to recover the prey its brother wave had lost. In the bottom of the boat lay the forms of those the sea had yielded up—yielded up, but not without a ransom, for three of the crew were missing. Carefully the bodies were lifted and laid upon the sand. They were nine in all—two women, six men, and a little girl. Of these, the two women and one of the men were stone dead. Gently they were borne in strong arms up to the cottages, and there cared for as the humble inmates never cared for themselves. The little girl was carried to our house; not by father, however, for he had been injured by one of

the shocks received at setting out, and could scarcely drag his weight along. Arrived at home, my father went to bed at once, and the child was soon brought to by the exertions of my mother and a neighbor.

"How can I describe the babe as she lay there before the fire! Her image, God knows, is engraved upon my heart. But how shall I describe her? She was about seven years old; her hair of golden brown lay in disheveled masses about her fair pale face, and its metallic lustre shot flame for flame against the fire; her features were of that refined and delicate type which can only be produced by many generations of gentle birth. But why should I attempt to describe her? I can never do her beauty justice. I know that, in my eyes, accustomed only to the brown coarse features of my playmates, she did not seem to be a mortal child. That was the first night in which her face entered my dreams; since then it has rarely been absent from them.

"At day-break I was out upon the beach again to see the wreck. The storm had subsided, but the sea still ran high. The ship had been literally battered into fragments, which lay scattered all along the shore. A great number of people were busy gathering the different articles as they were washed up, and piling them beyond the reach of the waves. At some little distance were a number of bodies lying in a row upon the sand, and partially covered with a sail. This sight so horrified me that I turned to go up to the house again, when I noticed that, as a wave receded a few yards from me, it left a small square object behind it. I hastened to rescue it, and found it to be a tin box about a foot long and six inches wide, securely locked, and having a handle on top, and what I suppose were letters—I could not read then—on its side. This I picked up, and carried to my mother. When I reached the house I found the child in bed and sleeping soundly; father was also in bed tossing about and moaning painfully, for he was sadly hurt. Mother sat by his side bathing his fevered brow, and looking very pale and worn. I showed her the box, and she bade me put it on the shelf for the present, and be quiet.

"During the next two days there was a great stir at Seacomb. Many strangers came down from the great cities inland to identify and carry away the dead and to see after the rescued cargo. On the third night one of the passengers who had been saved, an elderly gentleman, came to our house and inquired for my mother. He had heard, he said, that she had a box which had been washed up from the wreck. He had lost a similar box, containing many valuable papers and some money. If this was his, his name would be upon it. Would she let him see it? Mother showed it to him, and it proved to be his. He told us the whole story of the wreck, which I need not repeat, and said the ship was from the East Indies, and had many passengers aboard. He then opened the box and took from it a bundle of papers and a roll of banknotes. They were very slightly damaged, as the box was nearly water-tight. The former he replaced, and the latter he handed to mother, begging her to accept the money as a token of his gratitude for the recovery of the papers. At first mother seemed inclined to refuse; but he pressed the gift upon her, saying that he was rich, that the papers were worth a hundred times the amount, and that the money would help to cure her husband. Then she looked at my father's white face and took the money. Before leaving he stepped up to the cot in which the child lay sleeping.

"'Poor little motherless one,' he said, as he looked at her, 'you have lost more than any of us.'

"'Do you know anything about her, sir?' inquired mother.

"'Nothing,' he answered, 'except that she was on board with her mother, a stately pleasant lady, named Mrs. Hastings, and an East Indian nurse. She will doubtless be fetched away from here before long. Poor child, hers has been a terrible loss.' With that he left, and we never saw him again.

"So things went on for some weeks, and still the child was not fetched. But she gradually regained her strength, and would have done so rapidly had she not pined and cried so unceasingly for her dead mother. In the meantime my poor father died of the injuries he had sustained, which so weakened my mother that she took to her bed and would have died, too, had it not been for the care taken of her by the neighbors. Ah, we were a sad household in those days!

"So the months rolled on and were gathered into years, and still the child remained with us. 'Waif' we called her, her own name sounding strange and unhomelike to my ears. After my father's death, a brother of my mother's came to live with us, and thus things went on much as of old, except that the fair young face made sunshine in the hitherto gloomy household. Not that the child was merry—on the contrary, she was sad and quiet—but her sweet gentle disposition was something foreign to Seacomb, and we cherished her as an exotic flower. My mother grew to love her as her own child, and she grew to love my mother as her own parent. How gracious, how good she was to me, who worshiped her. We were constantly together when I was not fishing, and in the long evenings she would tell me what she knew of the strange land she was born in or had lived in ever since she could remember; of the great elephants and the gorgeous birds, of the mighty forests, of the palms, and wonderful fruits and flowers. But she could recollect little enough, poor child! of her early history; she had lived, she said, with her father and mother, and many servants and many soldiers; and her father was a soldier and was killed, and her mother and she were coming to England to live, when the wreck happened; and then she would cover her face with her little hands and cry bitterly. But gradually she grew to forget these things, or at least to speak less of them. And so the years went on and she became one of us.

"But my story grows long, and I must hasten on to its close. It is needless to say that I grew to love her with the whole strength of my heart. And she knew it, and in her gentle way returned my love; but I think hers was more the love of a sister for a brother than the stronger passion I would have given my life to see. My mother looked upon our union as a settled thing, and its accomplishment was the aim and end of her life. But there was something stood between us of which I only was aware. I was constantly oppressed with a sense of my own inferiority when in the presence of Waif. There was an indefinable air about her that stamped her as my superior; no matter how gentle, how loving she was to me, I always felt that she somehow lowered herself when she spoke to me. I struggled hard to rid myself of this feeling, but could not; she was ever the delicate lily—I the coarse sea-weed; she the lady, no matter how homely her garb—I the rustic boor. Worship her—ay, love her—I might, but mate with her—never!

"One night when my mother, in Waif's absence, twitted me on my pale looks, laughingly saying something about 'love-sickness,' I astonished her by exclaiming suddenly, 'Mother, Waif can never be my wife!' and bursting into tears. Then, in answer to her anxious inquiries, I told her all my secret—how that Waif knew everything, and I nothing; how that she was a lady, and I a fisher-

boy. 'But, my son, you must be crazed,' she said; 'Waif can do little more than read or write herself, and as for being a lady, I should like to see the lady who is too good for my brave big-hearted John. Has the child herself put this into your head, my son?'

"'No, no, mother,' I answered, quickly; 'how can you wrong her by such a thought! But I know it, I feel it; and while I feel it I would sooner die than ask her to mate with me.'

"Then mother laughed again, and said, kissing me: 'Well, well, John, you are only sixteen, and she is a mere child; time enough to talk about marrying a half-dozen years from now, and by then you will have outgrown this foolish crotchet.' But for all her affected cheerfulness she seemed concerned and disappointed; it was evident I had set her thinking. A few days after this she called me to her, and said: 'John, I have been considering what you said to me the other day, and I have found a remedy.'

"'What is it, mother?'

"'You complained of being beneath Waif, and were troubled because you knew nothing. You shall be her equal, if learning can make you so, and you are willing to learn. You remember the money the gentleman gave us for saving his box? Well, except what I spent to bury your father, I have got that money yet; I kept it all for you—and Waif. You shall go to the great city, John, and learn, and be her equal. I have spoken to the clergyman over at Pencliffe about it, and have shown him the money, and he says that though it is not much, yet you are so used to a hard life that it will be enough, and he has promised to arrange everything for you.'

"I was too much confused to reply—but there, I will not trouble you with details. Suffice it to say, I went, though the parting from Waif and mother was a terrible trial. The poor girl clung to me and begged me not to go; you see she did not know *why* I wanted to learn. She said she should be afraid of me when I came back, I should know so much, and finally she made me promise to come down to Seacomb as often as I could.

"This was the beginning of the end. For five years I labored day and night as few men have labored; and during all that time I could only spare time and money enough to visit Seacomb twice, though I wrote very often. At first it was terrible work, and my progress was very slow. I had to begin at the very bottom of things, and my talent, I fear, was not great; but by degrees I improved, and it came easier toward the end. I lived upon next to nothing, but I was used to that. At the end of the fifth year I came down to Seacomb for the last time before my final return, which was to be twelve months later. Then it was that I spoke out to Waif, and she promised to be my wife.

"The day before I left I was walking with my betrothed along a retired part of the beach, beyond the heads up yonder, when we were approached by a stranger, to me at least, who came down from the cliffs to meet us. He was a tall well-built man, of some thirty or thirty-five years, fashionably but plainly dressed. As he drew nearer, I saw that he was handsome, but looked rather dissipated; he was evidently a gentleman, as far as the social sense of the word goes. I was about to bid him good-day and pass on, when to my astonishment he raised his hat gracefully to Waif, and, coming up to us, offered her his hand as if he were an old acquaintance.

"'Ah, Waif, good-morning,' he said; 'pray who is this friend of yours?'

"'Why, this is John—John Wilde—whom I have told you so much about. John, this is Captain Ogilvie.'

"'I was utterly confounded, and stood staring stupidly at him. He smiled lan-

guidly, seemed amused, looked me up and down, and bowed negligently. After a few more words he left us.

"'Why, John,' cried Waif, as soon as he was gone, 'what is the matter with you?—you seem cross. Have I offended you?'

"'No, no, Waif,' I answered, absently. 'Let us go back.'

"Directly we reached the house, I called mother aside and asked her if she knew Captain Ogilvie.

"'Why, yes, John,' she answered. 'He is staying at the rectory over at Pencliffe. He is very fond of our coast, he says, and he comes over here quite often. He has been very kind and attentive to Waif, I am sure.'

"'Mother, I dislike his looks,' said I, shortly.

"'Ah, John—jealous, eh!' she retorted, laughing, and then added, more seriously: 'Is this what your learning has taught you, my son, to doubt the woman you love?'

"Vexed at the view she took of the matter, I answered not a word. I purposely kept by myself during the rest of the day, and in the evening took a brief farewell of Waif and departed. Fool! fool that I was; why did I not stay to shield her! Why did I restrain the passion that would have slain him as he stood there languid and insolent, with 'Waif,' 'Waif' upon his lips, only to let a woman's reproach drive me away from my darling in anger!"

Here my host bowed his head upon his hands, and sat for some minutes trembling and silent. At length he proceeded:

"Gloomy and sad enough I was after getting back to my labors, but the letters came at the usual intervals, and by degrees I regained my spirits and settled down to work, so that before long I had almost forgotten the 'chance visitor' at Seacomb, for it never occurred to me that he would stay in the neighborhood long. It was about six months after my return to work that the letters began to come more rarely from the coast, until at length they entirely ceased. I waited and waited and wrote and wrote, and so four more months passed, when one morning I received a letter bearing the well-known post-mark, but directed in my mother's poor hand-writing. Tearing it open, I read:

"'My Dear Son:—Come home at once.'

"That was all. Without stopping to pack an article, I fled to the coast. I arrived at the nearest station to Seacomb at dusk, and, hiring a horse, rode madly for home. When I reached our cottage it was night, but there was a light inside and the door was open. I entered, but the room was empty. I stepped out again and met my mother; her face, clearly shown by the light from the open door, as white as death. I opened my mouth to speak, but she caught me by the arm.

"'She heard your horse's gallop, and she has fled,' she shrieked, pointing wildly to the beach. 'Follow her, follow her, for God's sake, or——'

"I heard no more, but rushed forward through the darkness, over the rough bowlders down to the smooth sand; then to the right of me I saw faintly a white figure gliding with incredible speed along the edge of the incoming waves toward the great black rock down there which slopes up from the shore and projects far over the breakers beneath. Fast as I ran, the figure outstripped me; it reached the foot of the rock, glided rapidly up, ran out to the end, paused just long enough to bow its head over a bundle which it clutched to its breast, and then shot like a meteor through the black air into the boiling water below."

Again John Wilde stopped in his narration, and his emotion was terrible to witness. When he looked up again, I

hardly knew him; he looked like a very aged man.

"There is little more to tell," he went on, after a long pause. "For six weeks after that fearful night I lay raving at the gates of death. It was feared that even if I did not die I should never recover my reason. I would to God I had passed away then, and been at rest. But my mother watched by me day and night, and I slowly recovered. When I grew strong enough to bear it, she told me how the serpent had staid about the place without her suspecting that anything was wrong, until one day when she had spoken of me, saying that the time was drawing near for our marriage, Waif had suddenly burst into a violent fit of weeping. Then it all came out, and she told my mother how she loved the stranger, and was going to marry him. Then my mother saw the evil and determined to send for me at once, but just then the stranger disappeared, and she thought that she would wait and let Waif forget him. But she soon saw that hope was gone, and that the destroyer had done his work; still she had not the heart to write and tell me this. So the months went on, and Waif waited sadly but confidently for her lover's return. But he did not come, and in course of time the child became a mother. Then less than ever would she have sent for me; but Waif sunk lower and lower, and at length when she felt death near she asked for me. But when she heard my horse's furious gallop she seemed suddenly seized with a supernatural strength, and, leaping from her bed, fled into the darkness with her babe. You know the rest.

"Soon after my recovery my mother sickened and died, leaving me alone in my misery. Then I went forth to set my foot upon the serpent, but he was already dead, having been killed in a duel. I came back here, a crushed and broken man, determined to live where she had lived, in the simple manner of my fathers."

Such was John Wilde's story, and if it seems improbable and strange, I can only say it is true in every particular.

Two years after this I went to see him again, but found his cottage empty. Upon inquiry, I learned that he had put out to sea in his boat one stormy night, and had never been seen or heard of since.

SOME REMAINS OF A FORMER PEOPLE.

THE group of islands off our southern coast, of which San Miguel is the northernmost and San Clemente the farthest south, are reported by our oldest navigators as having been inhabited. In fact, Cabrillo, who discovered California and some of the islands in 1542, makes the statement that he found them thickly populated by an ingenious people. Some collections of the remains of a former race have been found on these islands at different times, and have reached the rooms of the Smithsonian Institution. Another quite large collection, made by myself on the adjacent main-land, was sent on; also, facts and conclusions reported, which induced Professor Spencer F. Baird to arrange an archæological exploring expedition to these islands, which commenced operations in May of this year under my direction, and lasted nearly three months. On our way down, our party was accommodated by the revenue cutter *Rush*,

Captain Baker, then on her southern cruise, which gave us easy access to San Miguel Island.

This island is a barren lump of sand, rising boldly from the sparkling ocean as we go south, and facing the sun in its descent from the meridian. There are some brown hills on the island—one forming the main ridge and the highest; but their dry and dusty appearance impresses the traveler with a dreariness not more comforting than the many light dunes and sandy slopes, over which the north-west winds whirl the sand in fog-like clouds that strike the practical eye with awe while roaming over these shifting hills. Cuyler Harbor, which makes in on the eastern side of the island, offers good shelter in north-west winds, and is well protected against a south-wester by a reef stretching from the shore to the islet which lies in the entrance of the small harbor, leaving the main channel on its north-eastern side. High dunes rise from the bay at an angle of forty-five degrees, formed actually by the weight of the shifting sand, which rolls down the incline as if liquid. On landing, we found it necessary to wade through a mass of this steep loose sand to at least a height of eighty feet, where alone we could find a base on the top of a shell-heap to erect the tents for our small party.

We found large shell deposits all over the island, especially on the rocky northern end, about a mile from the harbor, near a spring. Another and larger spring is near the house. We found the kitchen refuse of a former population, covering a very large space. In traveling from here along the shore toward the north-western end, we passed many shell-mounds of greater or less extent, of which the surface findings are pretty well picked up by collectors and amateur *curio*-hunters, leaving only the heavy rude stone implements we occasionally met, as nobody cared particularly to be heavily loaded in traveling over these seemingly bottomless hills. We found on one of these shell deposits—thanks to their weight and insignificant appearance—very interesting and rare specimens of mortars, which showed the different stages of the manufacture of this utensil. At the north-west end, which is the farthest point of the island from Cuyler Harbor, are undoubtedly found the largest shell-mounds on the island, but located on ever-shifting sand. We selected a wrong season, as the sand, driven by fierce north-west winds, had covered most of these deposits, and had made the two coves, which make in on both sides of the point, inaccessible for a boat-landing. Our findings, which we gathered in a week, were best procured, as we had learned during our previous explorations, in the graves. They corresponded in the main with the style of burial on the main-land, where the grave-trench is partitioned into smaller rooms, although the materials used for this purpose are not slabs of sandstone as found in San Luis Obispo County, but mainly whalebones and split redwood; the skeletons lying closely packed from two to six feet underground, in an irregular state, with knees drawn up and arms stretched out on the sides of the body or resting over the chest. The implements we found buried in the common way about the skull.

Sick and scaled by the exposure to the grinding sand, and under constant fear of losing our tents in the brisk blows that lasted day and night during our stay, we were glad to be able to charter a schooner which we found in port, owned by the Stock-raising Company (who were engaged shearing their starving sheep), to take us to Santa Cruz Island.

Santa Cruz is probably the prettiest island of the group; in picturesqueness it equals and in vegetation excels Santa Catalina. It is mountainous, with large

stretches of *mesa*-land, especially at the eastern and western ends, where fine valleys and picturesque bluffs and ravines occur. Timber is found in many places on the island, and quite extensive groves of conifers north of Prisoner's Harbor, while stunted oak-trees grow on the high rocky hills and sides of the steep gulches, and low willows in the cañons. It is the largest island of the group, and has a fair shelter in Prisoner's Harbor, and in several places upon the west side, such as Smuggler's Cove, Coche Prietos, and Forney's Cove. There is good water in different springs and creeks found all over the island the year round. It is owned by the Santa Cruz Island Wool-growing Company, which seems to be a profitable concern. Near a good wharf at Prisoner's Harbor stands a substantial adobe building, and back of it extends a beautiful valley which afforded us good camping-ground.

Our party spent about a month on this island, during which time we were active in making explorations all along its shores of fifty-eight miles in extent. Here we met the courteous officers of the steamer *Hassler* engaged in making soundings round the island. The captain and all the officers offered their assistance in the most friendly manner to convey our party to such places as lay in their route of sailing and would not interfere with their own duty. The Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, Captain C. P. Patterson, in view of the fact that the exploration was made at the expense of the Government, and for the national display at the coming Centennial Exposition, having requested Captain Taylor, the commander of the *Hassler*, to extend such help as he might deem proper, it gave us a great advantage in prosecuting our work, and saved much expense.

Our main attention was again directed to finding and examining graves. The mode of burial is similar to that on San Miguel Island, in the shell-mounds, and not separated from the kitchen refuse as described by a writer in the OVERLAND of October, 1874, the adjacent ground being too rocky for the tools of the former population. Although each burying-ground we dug up yielded but poorly in comparison with such places on the neighboring main-land, our findings on this island were numerous, and many forms are new to science. We made here a collection of about thirty cases. The main articles we gathered were: Pots of magnesia-mica, worked in a wonderful manner out of solid pieces of this material, some specimens being thirty inches in diameter; mortars and pestles of sandstone; plates (*tortillas*) of magnesia-mica; bowls, cups, and spade-weights of serpentine; perforated sinkers; fish-hooks of shell and bone, very ingeniously made, especially those of bone; borers of all descriptions; a full set of tools for the manufacture of fish-hooks, together with the hooks in different stages of finish; a wooden sword, richly inlaid with shells; bone whistles and bone flutes; paints; shell-money, and money of pebble-stones; all kinds of shell-beads and ornamental carvings; brushes of soap-wood, used as combs; wooden utensils; a stone canoe, well modeled and finished; several canoes of wood; spoons; stone knives; flint lances, spear-heads, and arrow-points; specimens of iron knives and lances; part of a cradle, showing yet plainly the mode of making it; a large painted wooden carving; pipes; drinking-cups of stone; lamps; sling-balls; all kinds of bone carvings; remains of baskets, mats, and net-work; and many stone implements, the use of which is not yet ascertained.

The burying-grounds at Smuggler's Cove, Coche Prietos, Almos, Poso, Forney's Cove, and Secret Harbor gave the best results. There is a report that a cave exists on the island, showing re-

mains of former habitation. We have been unable to ascertain anything proving the fact, and were assured by Stehman Forney, of the United States Coast Survey, then doing the last of the topography of Santa Cruz Island, that no such cave exists. This gentleman, and Captain Greenwell, of the United States Coast Survey, kindly rendered us their good services, and furnished information concerning the islands and main-land between Point Sal and San Buenaventura Valley.

While at this island we enjoyed the visits of Doctor Rothrock, Dr. Loew, and the zoölogist Henshaw, all members of the scientific corps of Lieutenant Wheeler's Exploring Expedition. Being on their way to Los Angeles, the rendezvous for the members of that expedition, they made a close connection with the island by the *Hassler*, and, having a few days' spare time, joined us in our rough camp at Forney's Cove, to observe our excavations, and also do some work themselves in their respective branches.

At Santa Cruz we chartered the schooner *Star of Freedom* to convey us to San Nicolas. We reached that island on a dark night, with the wind blowing lively, which compelled the captain to select the south end of the island as an anchorage. We fancied a campaign worse, if possible, than that at San Miguel, as the island appeared to be a faint lump in a thick fog-like cloud of sand which was whirled densely over our neat craft, although we were a half-mile off shore. The captain, with a shrill-sounding voice, recited his usual spicy prayers with much vehemence; on the sand-spit, not far off, the breakers, which form a half-mile in length, rise to a great height, and cause a roaring like thunder; at intervals we heard the howling sea-lions in the kelpy water, if not at their rookery on the near shore; which, with the darkness, the annoying sand, and the furious wind rattling the anchor-chain in madness, gave the impression that we had left rather than landed. With good prospects to lose our anchor and find ourselves the next morning probably at Santa Catalina, we awaited the coming dawn, trusting ourselves to the captain's care. The next morning was beautifully clear and almost calm; the sea was still rough, and as the swells, caused by a strong current that passes the south end, swept the shore in an angle, care had to be taken to prevent the boat going broadside on, which is equivalent to capsizing.

The island is a lump of soft coarse yellowish-gray sandstone, about 500 feet in height. The broad backbone, which seems almost level on its top, falls off on both sides in steep gulches and ravines, where the eye is met by innumerable cave-like carvings done by the grinding sand. The eastern end is sandy; dunes stretching there across the island, beginning with the depression at the end of which the house is located. The vegetation of the island is like that of San Miguel, ruined by overstocking it with sheep, which are here found in like starving condition. On the eastern end, near the house, we found some malva-bushes cleaned of their foliage to the reach of a sheep, which gave them the appearance of scrub oak-trees when seen from a distance. There are a few trees near the house, where a strong never-ceasing spring supplies the necessary water, which has a somewhat sweetish taste. The shifting sand has almost buried the adobe house, and its old inmate, the superintendent of the Stock-raising Company. Farther on to the north-eastward, at the so-called Chinese Harbor, is another spring with good water. It is at the eastern end, on the dunes, where we found the shell-mounds abundantly, although some are found at intervals all along the shore from the house toward the sand-spit on the south

end, beyond which but few small ones exist; also a few on the western shores. The mode of burial on this island is different from that previously investigated. The bodies rest in distinct graves by themselves, lying on their backs, feet drawn up, and arms folded over the chest; the head either resting on the occiput, the side, or sunk to the breast. The skeletons, as a rule, were facing the east, although other directions were observed. Some show signs of having been buried in matting coated with asphaltum. Most of the skeletons and implements are laid bare by the winds. Our *modus operandi* was here changed; spade and pick were dispensed with, and in the first days our party went over the shell-mounds and piled the findings in heaps, which afterward were conveyed to the boat by horses procured of the "governor" of the island (as the old man styles himself), and thence taken by water to our camping-ground for a careful packing in boxes brought with us from San Francisco. We obtained 127 mortars—a heavy collection by itself—about 200 pestles, cups, trinkets, a small lot of quite unique sculptures, and some articles new to science.

The money deposits on this island are remarkable. In some places on the shell-mounds we noticed, apart from the skeletons, and not buried with them, numerous small heaps of shells of the *Olivella bipicata*, and some of the land-shell *Helix strigosa;* also, a uniform size of pebbles, seemingly blackened by fire, averaging in quantity from a half to one cubic foot, which were evidently stored there, and afterward exposed to the drifts of sand, forming conspicuous diminutive hillocks. We found as many as sixty of these deposits on one shell-mound. This, with the position of some of the implements we observed, seems to point to the fact that the last inhabitants were taken off suddenly. We found, for instance, instead of being buried with the dead, many mortars set in the ground to the rim, the pestle either resting in its opening or lying alongside, as if it had done its duty only some days before.

The last island visited was Santa Catalina. It appears to be a long mountain removed from its base and planted in the wide ocean, whose waters are here wonderfully clear on account of the micaceous bottom. This mountain, seventeen miles in length, descends in innumerable steep gulches and ravines, and often abruptly ends in perpendicular bluffs, some of which are over a thousand feet high. About five miles from its western end the island is almost cut in two by a remarkable isthmus, forming on the northern side Isthmus Cove, and on the other, the southern side, the fine but small port of Catalina Harbor. The eastern and western parts of the island are connected only by narrow strips of made land, not forty feet above water, and about 600 yards from ocean to ocean. The island is well known, and belongs to James Lick, and is settled by squatters, mostly engaged in stock-raising, fishing, etc. Some mining has been done on the island, but to no advantage. It is well timbered, with plenty of water in wells and springs. The Government barracks are still in good condition, and offer shelter to picnic parties from the neighboring main-land, also to sheep-shearers in the time of wool-clip. In front of the porch we made our collection of rattlesnakes, that creep out from under the brick base of the building to indulge a healthy digestion in the warm sunlight.

The archæology of this island is said to have been ransacked by a scientific gentleman of merit, who lingered formerly around the picturesque isthmus. He told me himself, some time ago, that he had even spotted the "fat boy"—meaning the image of the temple to the sun,

as reported by Padre de la Ascension, of Cabrillo fame, whose narratives he studied in the original. To my deep regret I found that there was but little left for our party to gather, and nothing new to science. Even the thick singularly-shaped cranium, much of a *dolichocephalic* pattern, has already been described by Bret Harte as the prehistoric skull of the Stanislaus.

THE ECHO.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

Beloved and good mother, O bear me no ill-will!
You saw that Robin kissed me out yonder on the hill;
I'll tell you all about it, if you will patient be—
'Twas the Echo on the hill-side brought this rebuke on me.

I sat out on the meadow, he saw me there to-day;
But, in his loving reverence, he stood quite far away,
And said, "Glad I'd come nearer, did I not think you proud.
Maid, am I welcome?" "Welcome!" the Echo answered loud.

Then came he to me, and we sat together on the ground;
He called me his own maiden, and wound his arm around,
And begged that I would grant him, out on the hill beyond,
The treasure of my heart's love. "Heart's love," quoth Echo fond.

He heard it, and still closer he drew me to his side,
Believing I had spoken each time the echo cried;
"O let me," quoth he tenderly, "call thee henceforth my bride!
And as thy heart's pledge, kiss me!" "Kiss me," the Echo sighed.

Now see, dear, how it happened that Robin kissed my brow;
That wicked, wicked Echo! it makes me angry now.
And mother! see, he's coming—I can hear him at the gate—
To tell you how he loves me, and learn from you his fate.

Is Robin, dearest mother, not worthy mine to be?
Then tell him that the Echo deceived him cruelly;
But, if you think we're fitted each other's joys to share,
Tell him, in accents loving—I was the Echo there.

JACK MYERS.

JACK MYERS and his crowd owned a claim in the bed of the river, which they turned and worked every summer; and this claim covered the ground occupied by our copper-lode. They had been working all winter in Garrote Flat, about eighteen miles distant, and coming down in the spring took the copper fever severely, and finding we were on a part of their ground, laid claim to such portion of our possessions. I argued that the two claims had nothing to do with each other. Possession of any portion of the river-bed implied possession only of the gravel in it, and the discoverer of any lode of ore in the underlying rock, whether above or below water, was as much entitled to it as though it were ten miles away.

Jack Myers was not an arguing man. His first and last resort lay in his pistol. He had always carried his points in this way, and he had always found such process quicker and cheaper than resort to the complicated and costly machinery of courts, law, and lawyers. He could not live comfortably without a fight every few months, and when he failed to pick a quarrel with any outsider he would work off his combativeness on one or other of his three associates, who were completely under his control and influence, and who seemed to like him all the better for an occasional beating.

Myers was a thoroughly bad man. There seemed no soft spot, no relieving quality in his nature. His speech to others alternated between a sneer and a growl. He went about always more or less under the influence of liquor—delighting in the dread his presence inspired, for he was as dangerous as a tiger turned loose. Respectable men slipped quietly out of the saloon when he entered. People talked in low and subdued tones while he was by, for he frequently criticised chance remarks, whether coming from a stranger or acquaintance, and made them the pretense for a quarrel. He shot Will Leffingwell while eating his dinner in a restaurant, having construed a few words of Will's, spoken that morning and reported to him by one of his officious toadies, into a threat against himself. He put a ball through Sam Boynton's knee, and lamed him for life, because Sam refused to drink with him. He had knifed a man to death in Aurora, no one could tell why or wherefore at the trial. These were but a moiety of his exploits; yet the law, or what was called by that name, always cleared him. He was as lucky at mining as he was at shooting. He always could and always did command the best legal talent. Next to maiming or killing a fellow-being, he liked being on trial for the offense, on account of the notoriety it gave him. His juries were always composed of picked men, born and brought up in the South and South-west, who had carried arms habitually from early boyhood, and whose estimation of any man increased in direct ratio to the number of his victims. Old Sam McCullough, of Mississippi, was his legal counselor, a great and successful criminal lawyer and eccentric character; in appearance a realization of John Randolph of Roanoke, tall and straight as an Indian, with a leather-colored complexion, a glittering black eye, a shrill squeaky voice; who had never thoroughly read a page of Coke or Blackstone in his life, who was not equal to

the task of drawing up the simplest legal document, and whose chief weapon of argument lay in appealing to that coarse and bloody sentiment which he managed to concentrate in his jury—a sentiment misnamed chivalry, but in reality behind the back murder. This old gentlemen would, on looking over the list of jurors just previous to a murder trial, remark, in his shrill voice, to the clerk of the court:

"William, where is this man McClosky from?"

"Mississippi, I believe."

"Good! he'll do for me. And Starbuck, where does he hail from?"

"Massachusetts."

"I must scratch him off; Yankees won't do on our juries."

Myers and his gang came and took possession of their cabin in May. It was but a few hundred yards from my quarters. Their presence brought pandemonium to Swett's Bar, hitherto so quiet and lovely in the California spring. There is at that season of the year, before the grass and flowers become withered and dried by the intense summer heat, a balminess and freshness which predisposes the mind to a soft waking dream; and at night, with the full moon over you, pouring down such a flood of silver light that any ordinary print may be clearly read, and in the distance the silent mountains seen quite as distinctly as in the day-time, yet entirely changed in shade and color—it seems not to belong to this earth, but to some ideal enchanted region. But Myers and his three disciples poisoned all this beauty. Until late in the night, and every night, their cabin was a scene of carousing, oaths, yells, fighting, and drunken revelry.

On the second day of their arrival the desperado called on me. He was a small man, with a face which had more of the weasel in it than any other animal. There was no time wasted by him in compliments or commonplace remark.

"Half the ground you claim," said he, "belongs to me; you must leave it. I give you twenty-four hours to get your cabin, traps, and tools off it!"

Myers' claim extended over the discovery-hole.

"But," said I, "you sold this portion of the bank to the Chinamen. We have come into possession of their claim. How can you, then, in justice ask this from us?"

"Sold them the gravel only," was his reply; "didn't sell 'em the ledge. That's ours. You can buy it of us if you want to."

"What is your price?"

"One hundred thousand dollars!"

We sat silent, facing each other, for a few moments. I didn't know what to do. To "talk up" to the man was to invite instant combat. To cringe before him was equally as bad. He was watching my every motion, ready to draw if he saw a suspicious one on my part—ready at any show of verbal defiance to apply to me some vile term which no man could hear, according to the sentiment of those times, without resenting. To gain time, I said:

"Myers, take a drink, and let's talk business afterward."

"Certainly," said he, "I'll drink with you."

And when he had poured down a tumblerful of my best brandy, which ranked with him no better than the vile whisky he consumed by the gallon, he remarked:

"Well, what are you going to do? Trade or travel?"

"I don't feel like traveling, Mr. Myers." I said this mildly and quietly.

"Well, I do," was his reply. "You get off our ground by to-morrow night, or we'll put you off, that's all."

He walked out of the door. Shortly I arose, and, going outside, saw Myers at the farther end of the claim tearing

down our notices and putting up his own scrawls in their place. There was not a man in my employ on whom I could depend to aid me. They were willing to work but not to fight. Soon Munse, my foreman, met me. He looked a little embarrassed and cowed.

"The gang has knocked off work," said he; "Jack Myers and his crowd have been tearing around, and, under the circumstances, if he says quit, we've got to quit or fight."

"And you won't fight?" I remarked.

"Well," replied Munse, digging his heel into the ground, "it's not exactly our fight or our funeral. I think it's an outrage, and I don't like to knuckle down to Myers, but——"

"But you're all afraid of him?" I said, finishing the sentence.

"Suppose you say *we're* all afraid of him," said Munse, with the slightest possible tinge of sarcasm in his voice.

I returned to the house. In an instant my course became clear to me. There must be no more hesitation. It was a matter of life or death between me and Jack Myers. Every circumstance was crowding me on to a personal conflict with him. The law could give me no protection. Its machinery was potent enough, but the despicable public sentiment of the time, which worshiped and toadied to a red-handed murderer, would paralyze every effort it might make in my behalf. I felt no longer depressed. I became cheerfully desperate. Before, I had clung to life. Now, the indignation I felt at being thus crowded to the wall by such a brute, and the shame I had experienced during the crowding process, made life a matter of little moment. Another thought also came into the scale, which made existence the lesser weight. That was the hope of, and, to be frank, the fame also which would be mine in that community by taking Myers off. In secret and for years it had been hoped that a champion might arise who would beard the ruffian; and everybody knew, although no one spoke it, that, no matter what might be the complexion of the difficulty, the law would make but little trouble for the man who killed Jack Myers.

It was night, my supper was over, and I was alone in my cabin. But I could not remain alone. I felt that a crisis was near. I could not stay quiet. The suspense was far worse than the inevitable clash, and I felt impelled to rush toward it. An hour previous and I had been a coward. I had clung to life and knuckled to a bully. I could not see how far I had demeaned and degraded myself until it was all over. Now, when I looked at the picture of the interview between me and Myers, I felt a sensation akin to remorse, as if I had committed some shameful offense. Sometimes I think cowardice to be only another form of selfishness. The moment a man rises to that condition where he may renounce what is very dear to him, he becomes brave.

The Swett's Bar store was the common resort at night for almost everybody in camp. It was a place I visited as little as possible, for its greasy deck of cards, its wrangling noisy game of "seven-up," its commingled odor of whisky, tobacco, pork, and codfish, and its rough loungers perched on boxes and barrels dimly seen at night in the dark corners by the uncertain light of a smoky lamp, all these had no attractions for me. I preferred to wander amid the lonely hills. I heard loud talking and laughing within the store as I neared it that evening. I knew what that meant. Myers and his followers were there holding a jubilee over their supposed victory.

"Got any more fancy mining superintendents to come up from Frisco and jump Jack Myers' claim? I hope they'll send 'em, for I can chaw 'em up as fast as they come along."

These words were being uttered by the hero of the hour as I entered. The store was full. The usual camp-loungers, my own men, and Myers' gang were fraternizing on the basis of whisky brotherhood. Myers ordered drinks for the house every fifteen minutes, and it was obligatory on all to drink. It was, however, a cross they endured with fortitude and resignation.

My entrance caused a sudden silence. The bully was the last to see me. The gradual cessation of noisy conversation at last attracted his attention, as he stood at the bar. He turned, and, on seeing me, remarked:

"Hullo! Just in time—just had drinks all round. Come, put another nail in your coffin!"

This was spoken directly to me. His next observations, as he walked up and down the store, were aimed at me, and for the general benefit.

"I'm Jack Myers—free, white, and twenty-one. I can run alone, I can. I'm chief here. Is there any other chief? Is there any other chief in the house? Is there anybody here who won't drink with Jack Myers? Cummings, your whisky's waitin' for you—drink."

"I do not wish to drink," was my reply.

It was a dramatic silence then which reigned in that greasy grimy store. For a moment the roar of the Tuolumne as it rushed and foamed along on its way to the sea, and the cry of a coyote on the hill above, were the only sounds heard.

"Well, now, you shall drink, or I'll set you on my knee like a baby and pour it down your throat," was his sneering remark.

"Jack Myers," said I, "I know what you want. You want to force a quarrel on me, so that you may shoot me down like a dog. You want me to turn and take water, and run back like a scared wolf to San Francisco. You think I'm afraid to fight. I'm not. I'll fight you now. Take off your three men; give me a fair show. Come along with me to the barley-field yonder, where there's no trees and the ground is level, and I'll fight you, and we'll see who's chief."

I turned to the crowd. "You men, you are Americans. Will you stand by and see fair play? I am alone here—alone and, I suppose, friendless. Munse, will you be my second?"

"Yes," promptly replied Munse.

"Thank you. Now, Mr. Myers, I am ready. You are a fighting-man, and can't refuse such a fair invitation. Before we leave the house we'll take another drink at my expense. Mr. Myers, I'll drink with you now." And I swallowed the liquor which had been prepared for me.

This was a turn in affairs which Myers evidently had not expected. It had been his intention, as was ever his custom in such cases, to abuse, taunt, revile, possibly to dash the liquor in my face, and thrust me from the door. Blindly, as it were, he understood that the magnetism of fear, if I may so express myself, would not only prevent any interference on the part of others, but would, like a succession of intoxicating draughts, stimulate him to still greater fury.

But my unexpected stand had developed an opposing influence. It came from the men around me. It was something mysterious, silent, subtile, the working of one mind on another, the creeping forth as it were into the air of a spirit opposed to brutish tyranny, the invisible sympathy and respect for a man who dared to stand up for himself; all this concentrated and fell like a sort of blight, a damper on the hitherto invincible Myers.

"Well, gentlemen," I continued, "you will drink with me, will you not? I'm not the chief yet. I'm not going to try

and force you to drink against your wishes. But we must be quick, for we have business to attend to."

They crowded about the bar, but in silence, broken only by the clink of the glasses. Myers, whose surprise and inward wavering had been but momentary, and who perceived that even his own men regarded him curiously, now suddenly found his defense in the sneaking cunning spirit of cowardice, and said:

"Come up here, jump my claim, and then want me to fight for it, do you? You can't play that on me."

"You are a coward, and dare not fight fair!" were my words.

This I knew would bring the climax. His hands and those of his gang went for their pistols. But the spirit of manhood was now uppermost in the rest of the crowd. Munse and a half-dozen others jumped to my side. "No—no—no!" was the excited cry. "That won't do, Jack Myers. You fight this man fair!"

"Is your grave dug?" said he, falling back upon his only real courage—the spirit of intimidation and bravado. "Well, we'll adjourn to the barley-field."

I must disclaim here any endeavor to establish a reputation for bravery. I am brave only in streaks, and they are few and far between. It required generally strong pressure to bring out what little was in me. I have passed days in mental distress before I could summon up sufficient courage to go through any trying ordeal. I have sneaked away from trivialities—little lions in my path—until my despicable estimation of myself caused me to loathe myself, and yet at certain times and in certain moods of mind every trace of pusillanimity disappeared, and I could look any possibility in the face without fear.

Myers was in a trap. This was to be his first fair stand-up fight. Hitherto there had been considerable method in his desperation. His wonderful quickness "on the draw and the shoot" had been his secret of success. If he struck a man, it was to jump backward almost with the motion; at the same instant his right hand was drawing and cocking his revolver. He relied on a skillful sleight of hand, and used every effort to induce his victims to the commission of some act which should give him a justification for putting it in operation.

We arrived at the barley-field. On a low hill directly in the rear of the ground chosen for the encounter was the camp grave-yard, a small square inclosure. Out of the tall rank grass rose a few white head-boards, and in the light of the full moon they stood out in even more prominent ghastly relief than in the daytime. The choice of this spot was accidental. But the tallest head-board of all was that of Will Leffingwell, Myers' last victim.

The preliminaries were very simple. We stood twelve paces apart, and were to fire as the master of ceremonies counted three. I had asked Munse to stand as my second at the store merely to test his temper and that of the crowd. On the ground we dispensed with such fashionable formality.

It was but a moment given me for reflection, as we stood thus facing each other, but in that moment the silence and splendor of the night, the great ragged castellated peaks—apparently but a mile distant, in reality twenty—looking sternly down upon us, the monotonous babbling of the Tuolumne as it struggled and fretted over and through a broken dam near by, the chirping of the crickets in the grass, the huddle of men silently regarding us, the white gravestones keeping their faithful watch and ward over the dead, the ruffian confronting me—with his slouched hat, gray shirt, and dirty-white canvas pants, on his face an expression of annoyance and

vexation—all this in that moment was photographed on my brain never to be erased.

We never fired. I was not to be the "avenger of blood." The fates with their superior wisdom had decreed a more fitting punishment for Jack Myers. As the word "One" was spoken, something between a rustle and a groan was heard among the graves; the next, a tall form, clad in black, slowly arose. It clung to the pickets and surveyed the party below. The moon shone full upon the face, which seemed as white as the surrounding grave-stones. The situation was such that the eyes of every-one present necessarily fell upon the apparition, which suddenly found a voice and shrieked:

"Jack Myers, haint ye done killin' yet!"

Myers uttered a yell of fright, dropped his pistol, which was discharged by the fall, and broke for the hills. A half-dozen other by-standers retreated in various directions. Then came a shout of laughter from the cooler of the party, as the voice again cried out:

"Don't run, boys; don't run. I'm no ghost yet! Don't you know me? I'm Clamp—old Dick Clamp—just back from Shanghai; back to see the boys."

Dick Clamp had been a resident of Swett's Bar since 1852. He had also been drunk since 1852. Concerning old Dick, men never thought of remarking, "He's drinking himself to death." Whisky seemed his natural sustenance. He had the "horrors" occasionally, but they agreed with him. He talked of birds, beasts, and creeping things around him, but went on shaking his rocker as usual, and seemed entertained by them. He would see a string of monkeys a half-mile in length following him, and regarded them as curiously as if they had not been the unnatural creations of a whisky-steeped brain. Crows and ravens fluttered into his cabin, perching on his bed and table, and he swore at them. Men also followed him about, shaking their fists at him, threatening him with drawn weapons, gibbering, whispering in his ear at night, talking without his cabin in low tones, plotting to kill him. "They worried me some at first," said Dick. "I'm used to 'em now. Snakes, that's all; got up one night and followed a crowd on 'em way from here to Marsh's Flat. They were going to burn down the Bar. When I got to the Flat, they scooted over the tree-tops all in a body on to Pino Blanco Hill. Then I cussed, for I knew it was nothing but the snakes. Can't fool me now."

About two years previous, Dick, with the usual good luck of a drunken miner, which in California used to be proverbial, had struck a "pot-hole" on the river-bank, overlooked by the earlier miners, from which he had taken several hundred dollars. Returning after dark in company with Myers from Saloada—a small mining-camp, which he had visited for the purpose of exchanging his dust for coin—the latter, in one of his brutal fits of rage, had set upon old Dick and pummeled him until he became insensible. Dick was left lying upon the trail, near Rocky Point, a steep declivity bordering the river. Dick's cabin was vacant next morning and many other mornings. None troubled themselves about him; none save Myers knew that he had ever been near the Bar again since leaving it to exchange his dust. Myers naturally concluded that he had fallen into the river, which was then swollen from the melting snow-banks on the upper Sierra. Dick passed into the history of the Bar. None ever expected to see him again.

But Dick, blind and stupid from the combined effects of rum and the beating given him, had indeed slipped into the river, was carried in a very few minutes a couple of miles down-stream, eventually struggled out on the bank, and,

still dazed and bewildered, traveled all night wherever his legs carried him. At day-break he found himself on the Stockton stage-road. His belt full of coin was about his body; the stage was passing him on its way to the city, he hailed it, and got on board, concluding it to be a good time (now that he was thus cut adrift from Swett's Bar and the irresistible influence of its whisky-shop) to see the world. He arrived in Stockton drunk. He arrived in San Francisco drunk. He was industriously drunk during his whole stay there. His observations of the Pacific metropolis were confined for a few days to the four walls of a low drinking-den; he awoke to full consciousness and sobriety in the forecastle of a clipper-ship bound to China; he found himself in the grasp of a brawny second-mate, who was dragging him up the companion-stairs, and with a kick sent him to his first maritime duty. Dick had been "shanghaied." He drifted about the China seas for awhile, finally found his way back to San Francisco, and immediately started on foot for his old home at Swett's—the dearest spot now to him on the whole earth, since there was liberty, a living, and comparatively light work. Arriving in Saloada, seven miles distant, he had expended his sole remaining capital in the purchase of a bottle of whisky to celebrate the return home of the prodigal son; this he drank on the road. Stumbling on the grave-yard, in a drunken freak he had clambered over the palings, stretched himself between two graves, and, after courting slumber for a few hours, had awakened, to re-appear just as Myers and myself were about shooting each other. Myers was overcome at seeing one supposed victim rising from the earth, and probably feared that Leffingwell might follow. He was never seen about that locality again. His prestige was gone. Old Dick was afterward known as "Myers' Ghost," and I am still John Cummings.

IN TIME OF STORM.

Sunshine and melody follow the rain—
   Patter the rain-drops merrily!
Spring joy follows the winter pain,
   Then, ho! for the earth's green holiday.

Flutter the rovers from over the sea—
   Greet them, robin, right heartily!
Nest and twitter in field and tree,
   And O! for love's sweet holiday.

Wait, and the winds of the winter cease:
   Up, little heart, beat hopefully!
After the warfare cometh peace—
   And O! for a life's glad holiday.

ETC.

Our Quarter-centennial.

On the 9th of September, 1875, California entered upon the twenty-fifth anniversary of her existence as a State of the American Union. During that limited period an advancement was realized in material progress, in civilization, refinement, culture, and artistic development, unequaled in history. When, weeks after Congress had disposed of the question, the intelligence was received that California had been recognized as a sovereign State, her population scarcely exceeded in numbers that of the single town of Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1870; now, it approximates a million. San Francisco then was but a hamlet by the sea-side, but at present she is the third in point of commercial importance on the American continent, and must take the second rank ere the lapse of half-a-dozen years. From a mere village she has risen to a position of proud eminence, and incloses within her limits fully 260,000 souls. In 1849 this State was dependent upon the East and foreign countries for every article consumed by its people. The very houses under which we sheltered were framed and fitted abroad. What was her record on the 1st of January, 1875? California exported through San Francisco 11,000,000 centals of wheat, besides leaving a large surplus for domestic requirements, the whole crop being 20,000,000 centals. Of gold and silver we added $85,000,000 to the circulation of the outside world; and since 1849 have exported $800,000,000 in those precious metals, exclusive of the very large amounts carried by individuals and forwarded through the mails. From 1854 to the end of 1874 our Mint coined $378,000,000. The value of our merchandise exports for 1874 amounted to $28,500,000. Instead of depending upon eastern supplies of lumber we are exporting it, in enormous quantities, to many foreign markets, and our receipts for the year above mentioned were 253,000,000 feet, all from Pacific Coast resources. In fifteen years we recovered from the earth 2,250,000 tons of coal, largely contributing to build up and foster our manufacturing enterprises. Among the products of 1874 were 7,000,000 gallons fine native wines and 40,000,000 pounds of wool. At the commencement of 1875 the industrial classes of California had $70,000,000 gold coin standing to their credit in various savings-banks, and the banking capital of the State was $140,000,000. Real estate exchanged hands in San Francisco alone to the extent of $24,000,000, and the appraised value of personal and real property within her borders is upward of $300,000,000.

From an apparently arid, unpopulated, barren waste, California has become a land teeming with wealth and inherent power. Through her influence the State of Nevada and the Territories of Washington, Idaho, Utah, Montana, Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, and Arizona have been reclaimed from a state of nature and been made the abodes of intelligent, thriving, and progressive populations, pursuing all the arts of peace, developing the boundless resources of that vast region, and pressing forward with energetic pace toward a more advanced rank in the world's recognition. Twenty-five years ago New York was distant a month's voyage, and the great European centres could not be reached in fewer than forty or fifty days. The nations of the Orient and the isles of the Pacific were only visited occasionally at great expense of time and money. Now, New York is within six days of our homes, while regular and rapid communication has been established with nearly all other portions of the globe. The magnetic telegraph and a fine system of railways exhibit their traceries of speaking wire and commercial iron in every direction over our domain. The comparative annihilation of time and distance has given to

dwellers among us an additional lease of life. With a more extensive line of sea-coast than the Atlantic side, indented in many places with safe and commodious harbors, possessed of many natural and important resources, its waters were almost unfurrowed by the keels of commerce twenty-five years ago. From Alaska to San Diego, with the single exception of San Francisco, the eye might look in vain over the vast expanse in search of sail or steamer. Now, a busy and constantly increasing fleet of steamers and sailing-craft are continually plowing these waters and utilizing the abundant resources of their shores.

Wonderful, almost astounding, as have been the material results of the last quarter of a century, they are fairly paralleled by the moral, social, and political developments of the same period. The time-crusted barriers of oriental exclusiveness have been prostrated before the advancing hosts of civilization and Christianity. Japan, which for centuries denied access to all nations, saving an unimportant concession to the Dutch, has not only opened her arms to receive us, but has really become a voluntary missionary in promoting enlightenment with political and social reformation. The effect of her example has been potent with China, and is extending itself to other portions of the Orient. Sons and daughters of her nobler families are receiving education and culture in our seminaries of learning, and commercial intercourse with the peoples of Asia and India has been placed upon a better and more satisfactory footing. Australasia has been stimulated to renewed exertion, and is becoming a valuable ally to California. All these, and innumerable other boons to mankind, have been the legitimate sequences of discovering the existence of gold in California. We can not do better than quote, in this connection, the eloquent words of the Honorable J. Ross Browne, delivered before the Society of Territorial Pioneers of California. No event in the history of modern times has produced such an immediate and beneficial effect upon the commerce of the world, or tended so directly to the extension of civilization and the general welfare of mankind, as the discovery of the gold-placers of California in 1848. Already, in a little over a quarter of a century, the immensity of the results is beyond computation. No human eye can penetrate the ramifications through which the enormous treasures wrested from the earth have passed during that period:

"From the 1st of September, 1848, to the present time, the State of California alone produced upward of $1,000,000,000 in gold; other States and Territories of the United States about $260,000,000; the gold and silver product of Nevada, since 1860, reaches $240,000,000; making an aggregate of $1,500,000,000 added to the metallic currency of the world by a few States and Territories of the American Union."

Such, then, in a condensed relation, have been the wonderful products of one-quarter of a century. Such is the legacy bestowed upon the world by the handful of gallant patriots who carried the standard of our country victoriously through the Mexican war, and the hardy brave band of pioneers whose spirit of daring and adventure led them first to this golden land. The remembrance of their services will not be permitted to perish. The Association of Territorial Pioneers of California made the promise through its president, Captain James M. McDonald, who, in his opening remarks at the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the State of California, said:

"All who arrived in California prior to the admission of the State into the Union, seemingly the most natural period at which to draw the line, are eligible to membership. It has already about 375 contributing members, and a number of junior members, the descendants of pioneers; in addition to which there are some honorary members, most of whom are veterans of the Mexican war—men who, on account of the gallant service rendered in the war that led to the acquisition of this country, are entitled to this distinction under the by-laws of the society. The objects of the association are succinctly set forth in our constitution, and may be briefly stated as *social, historical,* and *literary.* We propose to collect and place in an enduring form accounts of events as yet unwritten, and of the discovery, exploration, and naming of the various mountains and valleys, forests, lakes, rivers, bays, and so on, that lie within the boundaries of our extensive State; objects which call forth the wonder and admiration of all beholders, and excite a desire to hear and know more concerning them. We hope also to gather and preserve the reminiscences and biographies of many men whose lives have been identified with the development and progress of the Pacific Coast. With every pioneer that passes away from our midst there is buried a fund of authentic historical information, as well as of romantic story connected with his experiences and ad-

ventures in a new land during those busy days so full of hardships and hope, of excitement and change, so characterized by novel pursuits and fluctuating fortunes. With every passing year we lose *some* of those whose memories reach back into and beyond the strange and eventful times which marked the rapid transition of an almost unexplored wilderness into a wealth-producing State peopled by energetic and civilized men. Much of the matter which is thus, alas! drifting so rapidly into oblivion would be not only interesting and valuable at the present time, but would be cherished by posterity in connection with the memory of those who participated in the events narrated."

Our Financial Condition.

Events of a remarkable character have recently disturbed the financial repose of California, and to their calm consideration we shall devote a brief space. The afternoon of August 26th witnessed the temporary suspension of cash payments by the Bank of California, the Merchants' Exchange Bank, and the National Gold Bank and Trust Company. The causes are readily explainable. From January 1st to August 26th, inclusive, this city exported the enormous amount of $30,500,000 in treasure, being nearly $15,000,000 in excess of shipments for the like period of 1874. The rise in gold at the East was the inciting motive, and heavy payments, as well as large sums forwarded for speculative purposes, were contemporaneously taken from this market, leaving it weak and poorly supplied. At the same time, our crops were being harvested and moved to tide-water, absorbing at least $5,000,000 more. The increasing scarcity of gold coin induced a number of heavy depositors to withdraw their funds and temporarily retire them at the very time that the assistance they would have given was most needed. At that most critical juncture a "run" was precipitated upon the banks, culminating in the suspensions above stated. That pressure forced $4,000,000 more from the vaults of our monetary reservoirs, making a total drainage of not less than $19,000,000 or $20,000,000 from our ordinary resources. The storm was weathered nobly without leaving a wreck. Not a single failure has occurred, not one mercantile house has succumbed, not an industry has been permanently affected, not a workshop closed, not an interest destroyed. The Merchants' Exchange Bank shortly re-opened its doors, the National Gold Bank and Trust Company soon followed, and the Bank of California on the 22d of September was preparing to resume, with a greater volume of paid-up capital in gold coin, and all its connections unimpaired. At the same date, the new Bank of Nevada was nearly ready to commence operations with $5,000,000, and coin was flowing in from a variety of exterior sources. A large portion of the harvest was still held in the State ready for conversion into money, the mines were yielding with unprecedented liberality, and public confidence was completely restored. California "still lives."

An Artist's Trip in the Sierra.

SECOND LETTER.

As the light gains in the east, faint twitters are heard, gradually gaining strength and volume, and just as the first flush of sunlight falls on distant snow-covered dome and peak, the song is loudest. You spring up, not as in the sleepy town, but with a keen sense of enjoyment. A drink at the soda spring, of clear cool champagne-like water, and you are ready for your simple breakfast, which is all the better for its simplicity. On looking about we find ourselves on a broad plateau, about 100 or 200 feet above the Tuolumne Meadows; at our right the soda springs bubbling out in half-a-dozen places, dyeing the earth around with reddish incrustations, and gradually oozing its way through rank grass to the river. Beneath spreads the Tuolumne, winding in graceful curves through the meadow; beyond, Cathedral Peak, patched with snow; at its base, a noble forest growth of Williamson spruce, and mountain, yellow, and two-leafed pine—groves of the latter interspersed in the meadows, as if planted by a landscape gardener; farther to the left, a series of nameless peaks leading on up the valley toward Mount Lyell, which is hidden from sight by the lofty walls girdling the meadows; the panorama completed by an immense rounded mass of smooth-polished rock called Eagle Cliff, around whose base the river roars in rapids: all this landscape in clear gray shadow which does not give one

the feeling of shadow, and only the tops of the peaks in warm-colored sunlight. I was much struck by this appearance, and found myself wishing for a little conventional studio-shadow tone in the landscape. There are, I fancy, but few painters who think for themselves, and who leave the studio behind them when studying from nature, who have not had some sense of this puzzled feeling in finding nature oblivious to their preconceived ideas. Saddling and packing our animals, we leave our camp for the next comers, and, with a glorious sense of freedom, we ride up the meadows for a mile or two, past Eagle Cliff; pass flocks of sheep that stupidly run and ba-a-h, in treble and bass. We cross the river, and after climbing a thousand feet or more of steep hill-side we come to another meadow full of white bowlders, flocked together in the green pastures; the background filled by Dana and Mount Gibbs, a reddish purple in the morning light (they being composed of metamorphic red slate). Patches of meadow, and pines — green and purplish-brown — stretch up their rounded sides, contrasting beautifully with a foreground of living green; clear water flowing stilly over sparkling beds of sand, at times over loose rocks in hurrying gurgling speed, at our right, walled in by cliffs whose feet are bathed by small lakes of melted snow, clear and cool, to which a few groups of *contorta* give a character both stern and wild. Slowly climbing the Mono trail, the sternness and wildness increase. Patches of snow melting in the hot sun—the grasses becoming thinner and more gray, boggy, and marshy — make walking anything but pleasant for the animals. Three hours of hard exercise bring us to the summit.

The elevation is 11,000 feet above sea-level, and at this season of the year (middle of June) the landscape looks very different from the summer appearance of things, 5,000 or 6,000 feet below. It reminds me of sketching-days in Maine in the early spring — the ground where uncovered by the snow pale and dead-looking, every now and again a feeble tuft of grass trying to live in the thin and marly soil—but the distance and foreground tree-foliage was Sierra itself; the *flexilis*, hardy and vigorous, round and fleshy-trunked, its sombre velvety rich foliage contrasted by dead trunks of a pale straw color, spiked and stiffened by death, in their attitudes defiant still. There is a feeling of sadness in the whole landscape, and in the blue-black sky which seems to close in upon you. Muir here told us that we were near the top of Bloody Cañon, and we all gave an extra cinch to the saddles: "For," said Muir, "the descent is dangerous." With stake-ropes in hand, leading our animals, in a short time we were cautiously placing our feet in the smoothest places; the slate (metamorphic red slate composes the top of Bloody Cañon) standing up like knife-blades, chafing and cutting the horses' feet; sliding and scrambling; now skirting a lakelet bridged by the winter's snow, and dripping softly in miniature falls through slushy sedgy mud; coming to long avalanches of snow, down which shouting and sliding we glide, followed by the plunging snorting animals; brought to a sudden stand at times by the reluctant horses refusing to budge; in places breaking through down into the torrent flowing beneath, the spice of danger adding a fierce pleasure to our efforts. By and by we are cautiously threading our way over loose rock, our left hands almost touching a perpendicular wall; close at our feet a dark cavernous-looking lake about 500 yards wide and looking as if bottomless. Careful climbing brings us to the outlet of the lake, where we find a narrow place to rest. As the excitement of motion dies away, we begin to feel the influence of the savage desolateness of the place, and impressions from Dante's *Inferno* crowd the mind. Here, right in front of you, the black lake — colorless, except at your feet, where the submerged bowlders look green and brown, abruptly fading into the blackness—suggesting unknown horrible depths; behind you the shadowed wall, sombre and terrible in its brown blackness; in front, and across the lake, long stretches of shadowed snow; reaching up among the chocolate-colored rocks, dusky olive-green patches of squatting scrubby pine. A general feeling of blackness of darkness completes the picture, leaving fearful impressions which the real danger behind and before us failed to create. Up and at it again. We pass alongside of the fall which forms the outlet of the lake, tearing and foaming its way down to the Mono

plains; crossing and recrossing where practicable; stopping now and again for a few minutes' rest. At one of these resting-places we see Mono Lake, the volcanoes, the eastern flank of the Sierra peak piled on peak, flashing fields of snow glistening and shining in the sun, luminous gray rocks, fields of forest sinking to the purpled sage-brush plains below. Faint markings of greenish gray show the tracks of streams directing their course toward Mono Lake, which fades in the distance, shimmering and fainting, into the quivering sky—light and heat radiating and reflecting from lake to sky, and from plain to peak. A contrast this to the sights of an hour ago. Without accident we arrive at the bottom of Bloody Cañon, at the close of a memorable day, skirting the shores of another lake lined by willow, cotton-wood, and yellow pine, and cross a long meadow where 2,000 or 3,000 sheep are grazing. Following the stream for a mile or two, we camp on its banks for the night. WM. KEITH.

Notes from a "Private" Letter.

The "kind and complimentary" from you arrived at my *wickiup* in the evening, and found me interviewing beans with a pitch-fork. Do you know beans? For many years I did not, but now I do. I raise him; and, following the great advice of Solomon, I thrash him, so that he may not spoil. Please take notice: if children were as tiresome thrashing as beans are, Solomon would never have made his literary reputation by his short sermon on sparing rods. I have much more to say about Solomon, but I postpone, in order to step—as I often do—from the sublime to the ridiculous. . . . There was one painter of pictures —I forget his name, and I think he was a Dutchman—who painted a woman (he said it was his wife), whose work I like to look at. If I were a paint-artist, and were called upon to paint a woman "out of my own head," the way the boy's father made his hominy-block, I guess I should paint about such a feminine ideal as that Dutch fellow did. If "pull-back skirts" mean anything to me, it is hip. I never look upon the style walking against itself and well filled out, but I am ready to cry with the old Crusaders to the Holy Land, "Hip, hip, *Je*rusalem!" In short, if a certain virtuous coarseness is Dutch, "that's me." I can not realize any goodness which is more good than the true natural good. I know of no joy so joyful as healthy natural joy. I comprehend no ecstatic thrill equal to a natural thrill. I can not apprehend, conceive, or imagine any picture equal to nature when disrobed of man's drapery of law, custom, and affectation. Even laziness, which is my highest ideal of human happiness, when he lounges along a stream, in the sun-pictured edge of the woodland, with a gun or fishing-rod, hunting a duty but fearing to find it—just tantalized with the thought that he might do something, perhaps ought to do something, but really *need* not do it—laziness, pinned thus upon the bosom of nature, makes a picture at once bold and most beautiful—a photographic foretaste of heaven, where we are to do nothing but loaf about town and sing. I wish we may *not* have to sing in the next world—that is, *all* of us—because there are some people who, if their musical sense is not improved by translation, will make heaven howl like ——. . . . My sins of the pen and pencil (lead) are numerous as well as tedious. When I am done thrashing beans and picking apples I will write you some "pieces"—perhaps if I get "took" with a big sudden inspiration, I'll drop everything, and, in great haste, run home and attend to it. J. W. GALLY.

Powers' Work on California Indians.

Stephen Powers' (one of our valued contributors) Indian book was accepted some time ago by the Government, and will, in the course of time, be brought out as a part of the *Ethnological Series of the Reports of the Territorial Surveys*, in the section over which Major Powell has command. To enable him to put some finishing touches on the book, he has received from the Secretary of the Interior an appointment as Special Commissioner, to proceed to western Nevada and California, to purchase Indian objects for the Centennial. He is authorized to spend $1,000 in Nevada and $1,000 in California in such purchases. He will visit the coast soon, accompanied by an assistant, to spend three or four months.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Queen Mary. A Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

Whatever may be the fate of Mr. Tennyson's drama of *Queen Mary*, should any attempt be made to present it on the stage, it can not be doubted that he has succeeded in presenting the reader with a very vivid picture of a page of history which will live while the world is round. It was not alone for the liberties and life of the one small country in which the scenes of the drama were enacted, that this high game was played. The character of the civilization of the age, and of succeeding ages, hung upon the issue; whether the world was to be permitted ever again to think or not—whether the battles which had been fought and won in the quiet studies of Luther and his companions, and in the stormy resolution of bluff Harry, whose "colossal kinghood" had dared the rage of the whole Catholic world—whether all that had been gained was to be lost forever—depended, as it seemed, upon the sturdy manhood and true-hearted trust of some half-a-dozen men whom destiny had stationed around the tottering throne of England to play the man there and die.

The said Harry being quiet in his grave, and Catholic Mary on the throne, hungering with her crowd of Spanish friars and priests to re-establish the old religion and become the minister of destruction and death to the heretics, the hearts of men began to fail them. Upon the wave of this "new learning," with a stout crew, with a bold helmsman, and a rising tide, the ship of state had sailed gallantly along, and all was triumph and hope. But now the helmsman is gone, the tide is turned, a crazy woman and a mob of wrangling churchmen and hungry friars are masters of the decks, and the ship begins to stagger back into the receding tide.

The first scene opens with a street procession, in which Mary and Elizabeth pass, riding side by side, amid the cries of the people: "Long live Queen Mary!" "Down with the traitors!" and "Death to Northumberland!" Elizabeth has met the queen at Wanstead with five hundred horse; Mary took her hand and called her "sweet sister," kissing her. She is riding to the Tower, to loose the prisoners there, and among them Courtenay. The question is eagerly discussed among the bystanders, Who is the queen to marry?

In scene second all jubilation is passed, for among those who know the queen's mind it is understood in what direction things are tending. Cranmer is discovered sitting in a room in the palace at Lambeth, and musing with himself. All the bishops, he says, have fled from their sees, the deans from their deaneries, and hundreds more, all hurrying across the Channel. He says:

"I shall be left alone.
No; Hooper, Ridley, Latimer will not fly.

"*Enter* Peter Martyr. Fly, Cranmer! I tell you fly, my lord! . . . Your creed will be your death.

"Cranmer. It was a wheedling monk set up the mass.

"Peter Martyr. I know it, my good lord;
But you so bubbled over with hot terms
Of Satan, liars, blasphemy, Antichrist,
She never will forgive you. Fly, my lord, fly!

"Cranmer. I wrote it; and God grant me power to burn!

"*Enter* Old Servant. O, kind and gentle master, the queen's officers are here in force to take you to the Tower.

"Cranmer. I will go.
I thank my God it is too late to fly."

After this the actors begin to crowd in upon the stage. We have a scene in St. Paul's Cross, with Father Bourne in the pulpit, and swords are drawn. Bourne calls the queen "Our second Virgin Mary," and the crowd answer him, "We want no Virgins here! We'll have the Lady Elizabeth!" Noailles causes slips of paper to be dropped in the palace under the queen's nose—"There will be no peace for Mary till Elizabeth lose her head." He (Noailles) is playing at "the game of chess with Henry, King of France.

His highness makes his moves across the Channel. We answer him with ours." Courtenay is discovered by the queen flirting with Elizabeth, and the latter is ordered down to Ashbridge. But more and more it is becoming apparent that Mary will marry Philip, King of Spain, at whatever cost to her people. Poor Elizabeth, talking with Howard, thinks that they mean

"In that lone house to practice on my life,
By poison, fire, shot, stab——
"HOWARD. They will not, niece;
Mine is the fleet, and all the power at sea.
If they dared
To harm you, I would blow this Philip and all
Your trouble to the dog-star and the devil."

In a room in the palace Mary is seen sitting with her ladies and kissing a miniature of Philip, whom she contrasts with the "red and white that is the fashion of our land." She talks loudly and angrily against the king, her father, who—"that traitor past forgiveness, the false archbishop, fawning on him"—had married the mother of Elizabeth. Lady Jane is lying in the Tower awaiting trial. The air is full of slander, treachery, falsehood, and deadly hate. The lady who is sitting with the queen finds occasion to introduce the name of Lady Jane, and to repeat her heresy. "Monstrous! blasphemous!" cries Mary; "she ought to burn!" Gardiner comes to persuade the queen against the Spanish marriage, for that all England hated the thought of Philip. She answers him:

"Is it England or a party?
"GARDINER. My answer is, I wear beneath my dress
A shirt of mail.
And when I sleep a hundred men-at-arms
Guard my poor dreams for England. Men would murder me,
Because they think me favorer of this marriage."

The French embassador tries for the same end and fails. The very Simon Renard himself, the embassador of Spain, exhorts her to tread softly with the heretics until her throne "has ceased to tremble." But Mary will not tread softly—having one cure for all her troubles, the Tower and the block—and so she rushes on!

There is a pretty scene in Arlington Castle, where Sir Thomas Wyatt is overlooking some sonnets of his dead father. The messenger who has come to tell him that the time for action has arrived, looking at the sonnets, says:

"Look you, Master Wyatt,
Tear up that woman's work there.
"WYATT. No; not these,
Dumb children of my father, that will speak
When I and thou and all rebellions lie
Dead bodies without voice. Song flies, you know,
For ages."

It seemed to Wyatt and the rest of them that all England was roused at last, and they pushed for London. "If this man marry our queen," said he, "however the council and the commons may fence round his power with restrictions, he will be king—King of England—my masters; and the queen and the laws and the people his slaves. O, my God! the rope, the rack, the thumb-screw, the stake, the fire!" Forward to London! Wyatt had the true metal in him. In London a paper was brought to him: "Whosoever will apprehend the traitor Thomas Wyatt shall have a hundred pounds for reward." Wyatt took the paper and stuck it in his cap. But the time was not yet ripe, and the Wyatt rising went out in blood. "Now," said the queen, "my foes are at my feet, and I am queen." Messengers follow one another with the names of lords and gentlemen who are taken. Mary sits, white with passion, to receive them. "To the Tower—to the Tower." The names of Lady Jane and of Elizabeth are given to her as implicated in the late rebellion. She answers, "They shall die." Lady Jane, a girl of seventeen, so lovely that it took away men's breath when it was first whispered that Mary would have her head,

"Came upon the scaffold,
Then knelt and said the *Miserere Mei*,
And, when the headsman prayed to be forgiven,
Said, 'You will give me my true crown at last;
But do it quickly.' Then all wept but she,
Who changed not color when she saw the block,
But asked him, child-like, 'Will you take it off
Before I lay me down?' 'No, Madam,' he said,
Gasping; and, when her innocent eyes were bound,
She, with her poor blind hands feeling, 'Where is it?
Where is it?'"

"Did you see her die?"

asked Stafford of Bagenhall.

"No, no; her innocent blood had blinded me,"

he answers.

Victory now was altogether with the queen and her Spanish husband. The marriage swarmed with priests and friars, and everywhere the hated face of the Spaniard.

> "She wore red shoes,
> Scarlet, as if her feet were washed in blood—
> As if she had waded in it."

Not a man left in all the little island, but the two or three that breathe hard there within the Tower walls.

> "A hundred here, and hundreds hanged in Kent.
> The tigress has unsheathed her nails at last;
> In every London street a gibbet stands."

> "We have no men among us.
> Why, even the haughty prince, Northumberland,
> The leader of our Reformation, knelt
> And blubbered like a lad, and on the scaffold
> Recanted, and resold himself to Rome."

Yes, there is one man whom Spanish gold can not buy, nor the block can quell. The two houses of Parliament are assembled, the queen and king, the lords spiritual and temporal, with the commons, in a scene of dazzling splendor. At the far end is a dais. On this three chairs, two under one canopy for Mary and Philip; another on the right of these for Cardinal Pole. In the foreground sits Sir Ralph Bagenhall and other members of the House of Commons. As the queen enters all rise and stand, and Gardiner—who has sold himself to hell—conducts her to the chair of state. England is to record her solemn act of repentance, to declare the Reformation to have been a rebellion and a lie, to give herself back to the pope, to proclaim the unity of the universal Church, to pray forgiveness and absolution of the holy father, to fling all the past "into the blind sea of forgetfulness." The petition is presented, and Pole, still sitting, makes reply. Then as he proceeds he rises and stretches forth his hands to absolve the nation in the name of the holy father. The queen is heard sobbing. Some of the members embrace each other, and all kneel but Bagenhall, who rises and remains standing. *Exeunt* all but Bagenhall.

> "*Enter* Officer. You were the one sole man in either house
> Who stood upright when both the houses knelt
> Before the legate. Because you stood upright
> Her grace the queen commands you to the Tower.
> "Bagenhall. What! Will she have my head?"

The people hate her, hate her Spanish husband, hate the Church; but all the life is crushed out of the land. The very fight is gone out of England's soldiers and sailors, and the French are masters in the Channel. Calais, the gate-way to the continent, over which the English flag has floated for two hundred years, is taken. But still the queen's star rises, for she is hoping to become a mother, and the pope has blessed her with "Hail daughter of God and saver of the faith!" Mary is triumphant, but all the world is sad, and a low deep growl, like a coming earthquake, is felt rather than heard everywhere. Even Spanish Philip feels it, and goes back to Spain. By and by the queen's new hope gives way—there is no child! And still the rage and hatred grow and grow; and still the block and the fire are at their work. Slips of paper are thrown into the palace, and dropped everywhere where Mary is passing. The queen picks up this:

> "The Queen of England is delivered of a dead dog."

Her health fails; she is growing fierce and haggard, and still Philip does not return.

There is a scene of almost matchless power, in which Thirlby, Paget, and Howard go to petition the queen for the life of Cranmer. Mary answers:

> "Did not More die, and Fisher?—he must burn.
> "Thirlby. O madam, madam!
> I thus implore you, low upon my knees,
> To reach the hand of mercy to my friend.
> "Mary. All your voices
> Are waves on flint. The heretic must burn.
> "Thirlby. O, yet relent. O, madam, if you knew him
> As I do, ever gentle, and so gracious,
> With all his learning——
> "Mary, *to* Pole. Make out the writ to-night."

So Cranmer has to die. Gardiner and Bonner are gone mad with hate and triumph, and the latter goes to Cranmer in his cell to taunt him with his recantation. But Cranmer's heart is fixed this time. With a bitter remorse he remembers that he signed the burning of poor Joan of Kent, and that his hand was never raised to plead for Frith. "Latimer had a brief end, but not Ridley. Hooper burned three-quarters of an hour. Will my fagots be as wet as his were? It is a day of rain." Cranmer was to be tricked

;nto believing that pardon would be extended to him at the last, so he would read his recantation to the people. But he knew well that none would come; and, pardon or no pardon, it was all the same to him. He had done with recantation.

"He walked upright;
His eye was like a soldier's, whom the general
Hath rated for some backwardness, and bidden him
Charge one against a thousand, and the man
Hurls his soiled life against the pikes and dies."

He in haste put off the rags

"They had mocked his misery with, and all in white—
His long white beard, which he had never shaven
Since Harry's death, down-sweeping to the chain
Wherewith they bound him to the stake—he stood.
Whereat Lord William gave a sudden cry:
'Make short! make short!' and so they lit the wood.
Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to heaven,
And thrust his right into the bitter flame;
And, crying in a deep voice more than once,
'This hath offended, this unworthy hand!'
Still held it till it all was burned.
He never stirred nor writhed, but like a statue
Unmoving in the greatness of the flame,
Gave up the ghost."

Two old crones, sitting crouched together in the church, give what history records as a tolerably true account of matters: "A-burnin', and a-burnin', and a-makin' o' volk madder and madder; but tek thou my word vor't, Joan—and I bean't wrong not twice in ten year—the burnin' o' the owld archbishop 'ill burn the Pwoap out o' this 'ere land vor iver and iver."

The queen's sickness grows worse, and the gnawing hunger of disappointment and slighted love are eating at her heart. The rising voice of a people's hatred shakes the palace walls. Who is it that drops these papers where Mary must needs pick them up? "We pray continually for the death of our accursed queen and Cardinal Pole." Philip i gone, Calais is taken, and—death is coming on! In the last scene, where Mary is lying in her death-chamber, cries of "Elizabeth" are heard in the street, and she starts up:

"What's that? Elizabeth? Revolt?
I'll fight it on the threshold of the grave."

Cecil is in that room, and talks with a lady there in waiting, who says:

"It was never merry world
In England, since the Bible came among us.

"CECIL. It never will be merry world in England
Till all men have their Bible, rich and poor.

"LADY. The queen is dying, or you dare not say it.

"*Enter* ELIZABETH. The queen is dead."

W. M. HUNT'S TALKS ON ART. Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co.

This extraordinary work is composed of extracts, fragmentary and incomplete, from Mr. Hunt's instructions, jotted down by one of his pupils, Helen M. Knowlton, "on backs of canvases and scraps of drawing-paper, without knowledge of short-hand, and its "publication has been requested," adds the lady-editor, "by artists in Europe and America."

It is a strange book in every way—both as to its "get-up" and as to its contents. Printed on coarse yellow-tinted paper in large clear black type, with the lines running from top to bottom of the pages—or rather, half-way to the bottom, for there is a wide margin at one end—it strikes one at once as being a veritable eccentric Bohemian among books; and its contents fulfill the promise of its exterior. A few—very few—words of introduction, and we are in the class-room, with the master slashing right and left among his pupils in terse, abrupt, epigrammatic sentences. He touches upon every conceivable point in drawing and coloring; criticising freely, instructing wisely, illustrating simply, clearly, and with wonderful readiness. Now it is a sunset that he has something to say about, now a background, now a streak of shadow, now color, masses, values, tones, simplicity, sentiment, expression, consistency, harmony, finish, and a thousand other details. His every word is to the point; there is no long-windedness here; he is a man who can instruct without wearying his pupils. Listen to him:

"Why draw more than you see? We must sacrifice in drawing as in everything else. You thought it needed *more* work. It needs *less*. You don't get mystery because you are too conscientious! When a bird flies through the air you see no *feathers!* Your eye would require more than one focus—one for the bird, another for the feathers. You are to draw not reality, but the *appearance* of reality."

"Elaboration is not beauty, and sand-paper has never finished a piece of bad work."

"Art is all that remains of man."

"If you could see me dig and groan, rub it out and start again, hate myself and feel dreadfully! The people who 'do things easily!' Their things you look at easily, and *give away easily!*"

"Nothing exists without a background. It's *where* the bird is that makes the bird."

"If art depended upon literature there would never be much. The artist needs *help!* The critic should come to him in love and ask to help him."

"Be carefully careless."

How many writers as well as painters, who have been wrongfully accused by the half-learned of plagiarism, or who have perhaps been tempted to accuse themselves of having involuntarily committed that worst of sins, will recognize a great truth and solace in this:

"I have just finished this little sketch, painting it in twenty minutes, with the intention of simply getting light in a sky. When I left it I thought the first person who comes in will say: 'O, trying to paint like Corot!' I wasn't trying to paint like anyone; but I know when I look at nature I think of Millet, Corot, Delacroix, and sometimes of Daubigny. Just as if were we to write a line of poetry that hit the nail sharp on the head, it *might* make us *think of Shakspeare.*"

We have quoted a few paragraphs at random, but it would be easy to go on making extracts from a work like this. It is so literally crammed with epigrams and "jewels five words long," that it is difficult to believe they were uttered by any man, no matter how wise, upon the spur of the moment. Yet such, there is every reason to believe, was the case. There are a few apparent inconsistencies, but these might well be accounted for by the many different kinds of work to which the speaker alludes; besides, different pupils would require different advice.

Our practical acquaintance with art is not so close that we can presume to criticise Mr. Hunt's system or rules; that we must leave to our brothers of the brush: but this we can safely say, that no man, artist or otherwise, can read the book without deriving benefit from it, and being struck with admiration for and wonder at the man whose sayings are recorded therein.

WYNCOTE. By Mrs. Thomas Erskine. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Those who have read *Marjory*, Mrs. Erskine's first effort, will be prepared to find in *Wyncote* something more than is usually found in the so-called "brilliant stories" that come so thick and fast upon us in these days. And they will not be disappointed. *Wyncote* is well written, in an agreeable style, and is full of human interest throughout.

The story opens in Rome, where we meet a widow lady, Mrs. Cooper, and her two daughters. One of these, Rose, a generous, kind-hearted girl, becomes acquainted with a certain sad-faced young lady named Phœbe Heron, whom she had previously observed from her window trying to dispose of a gold cross to a jeweler across the way. Miss Heron is the only daughter of Mr. Heron, an English artist in Rome, who, having begun to grow blind, is no longer able to paint; so that, his means being gone, there is apparently no outlook for him and his daughter but starvation. But the meeting of Phœbe with Rose turns out fortunately for the former. A certain Miss Camilla Wyncote had written to Mrs. Cooper that old Mrs. Wyncote needed a new companion, and Phœbe, hearing of it, eagerly applies for the post. She obtains the position and prepares to leave for England. But before she goes she meets at a picnic party a male member of the Wyncote family, one George Wyncote, the presumptive heir to a dissipated property, nephew of the living bachelor squire, a young man of a strong practical turn of mind, but who nevertheless falls in love with Miss Phœbe at first sight, and secretly relieves her father by buying his last painting. Presently the scene changes to England, where we are introduced to certain members of the Wyncote family, and among them to Miss Camilla Wyncote, who at first sight appears to be a prim and disagreeable old maid, but who, as we grow to know her better, proves to be of a peculiarly sweet and lovable disposition at heart. Indeed, it may be said that Miss Camilla is the best and most carefully drawn character in the book. Phœbe's father, Mr. Heron, is an old love of Camilla's. Twenty-five years before the opening of the story she had refused his hand for certain self-sacrificing reasons, and now, when Phœbe, the only daughter of her former lover, who had married, and whose wife was dead, was coming to Wyncote as an attendant on her aged moth-

er, the old memories awoke in Camilla's heart, and made her look more kindly than ever upon the motherless girl.

She has strong match-making proclivities, this old maid, and exerts herself indefatigably to bring about certain marriages, which she plans for Phœbe Heron and Rose Cooper. She is doomed to be disappointed in her schemes, however. But of the plot and windings of the story it would perhaps be unfair to say more. The female characters are better drawn than the male, and the end of the story scarcely fulfills the promise held out by the beginning; but, taken altogether, there is little left to be desired in *Wyncote*, and Mrs. Erskine may congratulate herself on having written a novel that must be pleasing to every reader.

The Satires of A. Persius Flaccus. Edited by Bail L. Gildersleeve, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: Harper & Bros.

This book belongs to Harper's series of cheap and accurate "Greek and Latin Texts," in imitation of the late European publications of the same class. They are wider in their reach than school-books, and summarize the best efforts of the most distinguished preceding editors. Professor Gildersleeve, who had charge of the volume before us, has done his work well, as befits a graduate of Göttingen and a professor in the University of Virginia. His introduction is a model in interest, fullness, terseness, and good English, and, taken with the copious notes, should make the crabbed, involved, and slangy style of Persius intelligible alike to the students who have only mastered the elements of translation, and to the most rusty of *alumni*. It is, after all, a pretty doubtful question, that of M. Nisard, "*y a-t-il profit a lire Perse?*" whom Mr. Gildersleeve himself admits to be "a callow philosopher." Persius is, we are afraid, as much of a youthful prig (he died at twenty-eight) as a moralist; he imitates Horace in an angular way, and poses stiffly at times after Lucilius. He is a stoic, pure in life, and considered by the fathers as a "natural Christian;" yet he at times, after the manner of moral satirists, "outbids the worst passages of Horace and rivals the most lurid indecencies of Juvenal." He was a special favorite of the early Christian divines. Augustine and especially Jerome follow his locutions, and quote him continually for his high moral tone and pithy knotty little maxims and reflections. They set him "up on a high chair, a big schoolboy, to teach other school-boys." Then, again, in the words of our learned editor, "an author whose poems have furnished so many quotations to modern letters, can not be dismissed from the necessities of a 'polite education' with a convenient sneer. Persius deserves our attention, if it were only as a problem of literary taste." As a matter of private opinion, we think that when Monitor (Sat. 1, 2) asks of Persius, "*Quis leget hæc?*" he put to him, on the whole, a poser; and that Persius might address the circle made up of himself and his admirers with that to them individually and collectively hard question to answer: "*Auriculas asini quis non habet?*" (Sat. 1, 121.)

Dead to the World; or Sin and Atonement. From the German of Carl Detlef. Translated by M. S. Boston: Wm. F. Gill & Co.

This is a tale of Russian high life. Prince Ugarin, when more than half his life has been passed in reckless debauchery, marries, as such men do, a woman, young, high-born, and dazzlingly beautiful, but whom he does not pretend to love, and whom he fails to treat with even common respect. This woman, his wife, lives with him for years in the splendid solitude of a home from which truth and trust, love and purity, have fled away. At last, when she can bear it no longer, she goes away, leaving a letter in which she reveals her knowledge of the villainies of his past life, and confesses her own sin. "Leon, my favorite child, is not your son." The princess is overtaken with her lover and their child, both of whom disappear, while she is left "dead to the world," a guarded prisoner for life, behind the walls of a nunnery in the heart of Russia. The prince announces his wife's death to his only legitimate daughter—a mere child, whom he installs as mistress of the palace—keeping from her the

whole story. This girl, as she grows to womanhood, becomes violently in love with the prince's nephew. He again is in love with and secretly marries an illegitimate daughter of the prince, a foundling who had been kept in the palace—the fact of her relationship unknown to any but herself. By and by the nephew is seized for participation in a conspiracy, and, flying to the palace for refuge, shoots himself rather than allow himself to be taken. The foundling daughter claims her relationship to the prince, and confesses the secret marriage with his nephew. Poor Olga, the prince's daughter, is utterly crushed for a time, and is only restored when she finds again in a convent the mother whom all had believed to be dead.

All this to prove that men and women can not live together in treachery, falsehood, and adultery, and that every attempt to do so will be followed by hatred and misery, such as that with which the author has filled these pages. No doubt this book will find plenty of readers. In the judgment of the present writer it is a book which, written apparently with the object of exposing and correcting vice, fails even to state what are the real problems offered by the aspects of the social life with which it professes to deal; still less does it offer any solution of them, able to command the attention and respect of the reader. In all time and in every country people have tried to live after the fashion described in this novel, and have failed. It is possible to read about such doings when the writer, by commanding ability or by a deep insight into character, is able to throw light upon any of the riddles of human life. But the reader wearies of this sort of thing, so soon as it is made apparent that the beginning and end of the whole story is simply this, that tyranny, pride, arrogance, falsehood, and adultery make life very miserable for everybody concerned. Some glimmer of light appears at the close of the volume, when the prince reveals to his daughter that her mother is still living, and the mother returns the affection of her child. No doubt a return to the truth is the beginning of every real atonement possible to us in this life. But this solution is not brought out with enough of force and clearness to justify the title and pretensions of the book.

BURLESQUE. The Treasure-trove Series: Edited by R. H. Stoddard. Boston. Wm. F. Gill & Co.

The first volume of this series promises well. It is a pretty little book, containing a dozen pieces of burlesque, selected from various English and American authors of reputation. The selections are all good, some of them the best that could be made. There are, among others equally well known, Charles Dickens' "Noble Savage," Thomas Hood's "Parish Revolution," Washington Irving's "Golden Age of New York," and the inimitable "Encounter with an Interviewer," by Mark Twain. Many will be glad to possess so choice a selection of humorous pieces in a volume so convenient. The writings themselves are, for the most part, too well known to need any introduction or commendation from us. Every care has been taken to make the volume attractive.

MINES AND MINING IN THE STATES AND TERRITORIES WEST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. Sixth Annual Report by Rossiter W. Raymond. Washington: Government Printing-office.

The present elaborate report, comprising statistics for the year 1873, possesses one very great merit, and that is the systematic arrangement of its contents; and in fact this may be said of the previous yearly issues of this admirable work. It is divided into three parts; the first embracing the condition of mining industry in the ten States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains; the second covering the metallurgical processes; and the third is devoted to miscellaneous matters, such as sinking shafts with the diamond drill, the defects of the mining law, and a valuable aggregation of statistics.

It will be observed that this report covers the mining-field for the year 1873, and, although issued in somewhat better season than some of the previous reports, it is nevertheless so long-deferred that much of the information is rather aged, in the light of the developments made upon the Comstock Lode within the past two years, to which no allusion is made, and for the very simple reason that the manuscript was placed in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury on the 18th

of February, 1874. One would naturally suppose that a work of this character, which is placed before the public in September, 1875, would refer in some way to the great *bonanza*, which was so plainly foreshadowed by Doctor Henry Degroot in the mining review written for the *Commercial Herald*, of this city, early in 1874. Speaking with almost prophetic intuition, he made the following reference to what has since been demonstrated as the largest ore deposit the world has ever known: "Next in this category comes the Consolidated Virginia—simply another great mine—all the exploratory works below the 900-foot level being in *bonanza*, which shows a steady improvement 400 feet down, the lowest point to which this ground has yet been opened. Everything in this mine is shaping favorably, the ore increasing in both grade and bulk with descent; that now being raised, some 300 tons daily, giving an average assay value of more than $200 per ton."

This review was written to cover the year 1873, and the writer well remembers the Doctor's endeavors to persuade his friends to invest in such a promising mine. At that time—early in 1873—this stock was selling at $40 per share; in October of that year the capital stock was increased to five shares for one, which were then selling at $60 and upward per share, bringing the original to about $250. This all occurred before the close of 1873, and now it is presumable we will have to await the publication of two more volumes in order to obtain a full account of the marvelous development of this "find" during the current year. We must, however, accord proper praise to the compiler and his assistants, who have done their work so well. The record is a valuable one, and we only regret that Government can not see the importance of an earlier issue.

Improvements in mining appliances for the reduction of the precious metals are constantly being made, one of the most recent being the Fryer process. It is well known that the mineral regions of the Pacific Coast, as well as those of Mexico, abound in rebellious ores, which can not be successfully treated by the ordinary methods of working, and on this account many mines have been in a measure abandoned. This new process is confidently expected to solve this problem, and from every reliable source of information at our command we believe it will prove a success. In experimental tests it has demonstrated all the inventor expected, and he and those associated with him — Messrs. Hall, Wallace, and others — are now erecting machinery at Grass Valley for reduction on a large scale. If successful, and we confidently hope it will be, this process will produce a revolution in gold-mining hitherto unheard of, and an excitement not equaled by the first discovery of gold on this coast; and, furthermore, the inventor's name will live in history with those of the world's greatest geniuses and benefactors.

In the compilation of the *Mineral Resources* due and deserved credit has been bestowed on W. A. Skidmore, who superintended the chapter on California, and which is undoubtedly the most valuable in the work.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW. September–October, 1875. New York: Barnes & Co.

THE TREASURE-TROVE SERIES. Edited by R. H. Stoddard. Burlesque. Boston: Wm. F. Gill & Co.

THE SATCHEL SERIES. Vol. I. Stories, Poems, etc. Boston: Wm. F. Gill & Co.

THE SILENT WITNESS. A Novel. By Edmund Yates. Boston: Wm. F. Gill & Co.

WHITELADIES. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

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

MYSTERY. By E. R. Sproul. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.

From Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco:

SCHILLER'S DIE PICCOLOMINI. Edited by James M. Hart. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Miscellaneous:

A STATEMENT OF AFFAIRS AT RED CLOUD AGENCY, MADE TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. By Prof. O. C. Marsh.

CIRCULARS OF INFORMATION OF THE BUREAU OF EDUCATION. Washington: Government Printing Office.

MINERAL RESOURCES WEST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. Sixth Annual Report by Rossiter W. Raymond. Washington: Government Printing Office.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

From Matthias Gray, San Francisco:

WOOING IN THE LANE. Ballad. Words by E. E. Rexford. Composed by Felix Marti.

THE MINER. Song for Basso. Written for and sung by Mr. John Clark. Words and mu sic by Felix Marti.

THERE IS A NAME I NEVER BREATHE. Words by J. E. Carpenter. Music by M. W. Balfe.

NACHTGESANG. Reverie for piano-forte. By Jean Vogt.

WHERE IS HEAVEN? Song. Words by E. E. Rexford. Music by Felix Marti.

AH ME, HOW FAIR! Song. Words by D. W. C. Nesfield. Music by Felix Marti.

LA JOLIE PARFUMEUSE MARCH. Arranged by Ad. Dorn.

LETTER SONG FROM LA PERICHOLE. Arranged by Ad. Dorn.

CONSPIRATOR'S CHORUS FROM LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT. Arranged by Ad. Dorn.

AVE MARIA. Composed by Rev. A. Affranchino, S.J.

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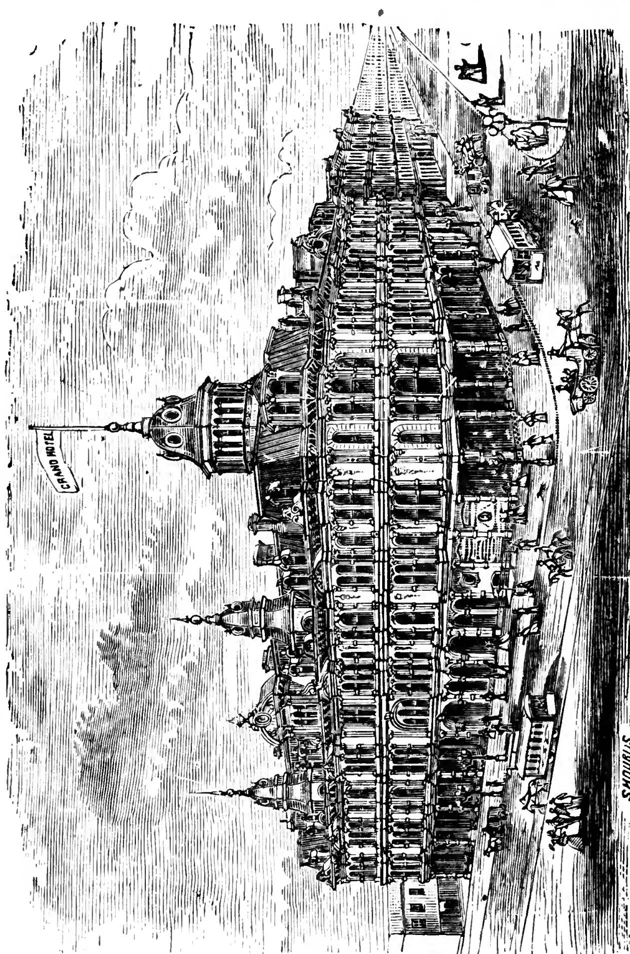

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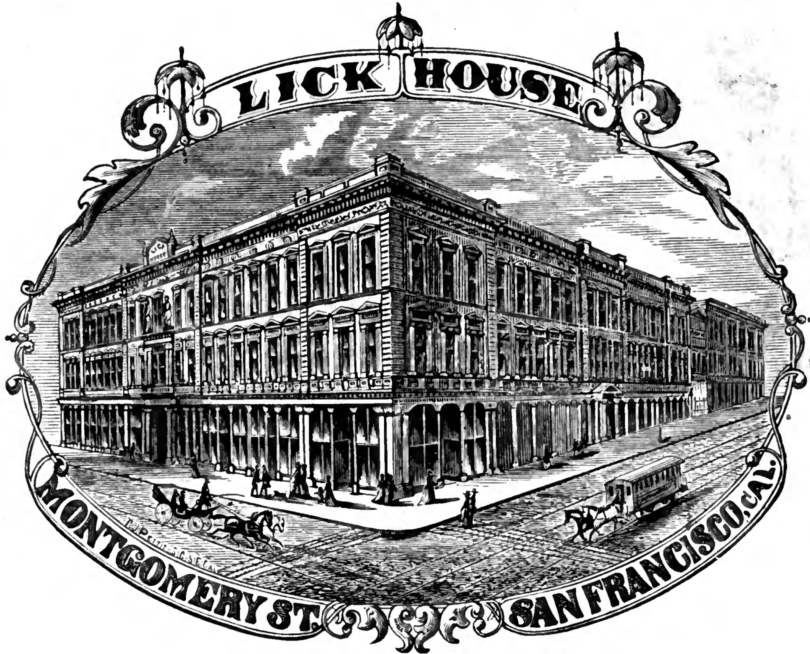

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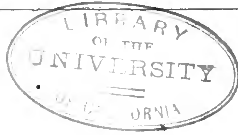

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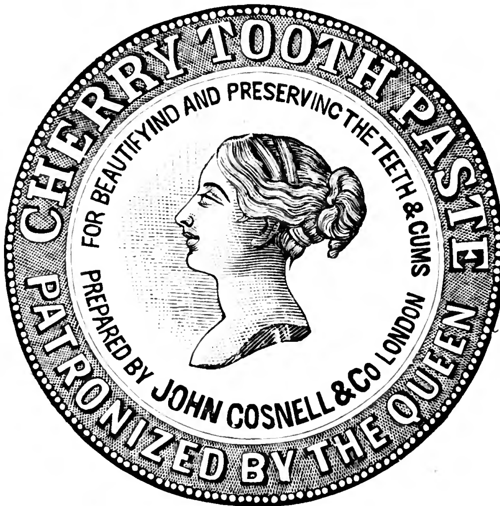

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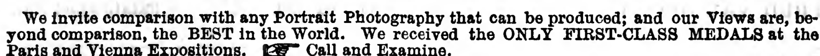

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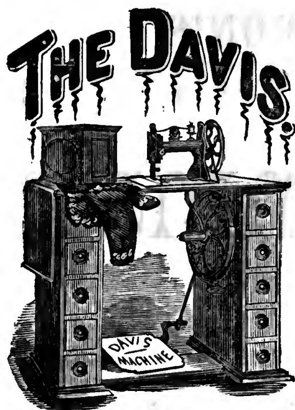

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The commercial interests of the world depend to so great an extent upon the maintenance of good tidal harbors, that the various conditions upon which their permanency depends have received the consideration of the most able scientific minds in all ages, and it may be said that these conditions have been sharply and fully defined. The most essential are, that the fresh-water and silt-bearing streams should not discharge their burden of sand and sediment directly into the anchorage basin, and that there should be interior basins or reservoirs above the harbor to give order to the tidal epochs.

All streams that flow through alluvial districts carry more or less suspended matter. When their waters encounter the tides from the ocean, or reach a deep and broad basin, the current slackens and the suspended matter is deposited. The accumulation of sediment from this source, where streams flow directly into a harbor, is rapid and disastrous, and in artificial and often in natural harbors it is found necessary to exclude the streams and make new channels for them.

The principal avenues in all harbors are maintained by the scour of the tidal currents. The effective working power of the currents does not depend wholly upon their velocities; since, if they are precisely opposite and equal, the sedimentary matter will drift back and forth, and not be permanently removed. There should be an excess of the ebb over the flood current, or *vice versa*. It is now a well-established fact that the ebb-tide performs much more effective work in keeping a channel open than the flood. The former is concentrative, while the latter is dispersive; the ebb moves from the shore to the centre of the channel; the flood moves from the centre of the channel to the shore; the ebb confines its work to the deep-water avenues, its velocity being constantly maintained by the tardy drifts from the flats and distant estuaries.

Interior basins render effective service to the ebb by increasing the velocity of the current when its action is confined to the most valuable avenues. They are not emptied as rapidly as the upper reaches of the harbor, and their waters enter the main channels after the ebb has commenced its work in the principal avenues. In other words, a large interior reservoir, which is not too distant to be filled and emptied at each tide, performs the important office of reinforcing the ebb-current when its scouring power is most active. Where large fresh-water streams flow into the reservoir, it not only collects and retains the sediment, but it gives order to the velocities and epochs. "Rivers yield but little water in the dry season, but they may become torrents after long rains. . . . A harbor which has extensive basins above it, into which the land waters flow, is furnished with a compensating or regulating arrangement by which the stream which passes through the anchorage below is maintained in some degree of uniformity and unity of flowage. . . . The flood-current in the avenue below is not so strong, of course, as it would be without the resistance of the accumulating back-water, but it is steady, slacking only on entering the basin. The basin becomes a balance-wheel to the physical forces of the harbor." *

Reference to the maps will show that all the streams of any magnitude that flow into the harbor of San Francisco enter it through broad and deep basins. Near Ravenswood on the south the bay contracts to a width of about one mile, and then spreads out again, forming a basin, into which the Guadalupe River and Coyote Creek empty. On the east are San Leandro Bay and Lake Merritt, which receive the drainage of a large

* Report of United States Commissioners on Boston Harbor.

extent of territory. San Pablo and Suisun bays, having an aggregate area of 188 square miles, receive the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, being nearly two-thirds of the drainage of the entire State of California. Nature has supplied our harbor with every requisite for protection and permanency.

It is proper to refer here to one feature in respect to the tidal currents, which has an important bearing upon the question of the power of the currents to keep the principal channels open. It has been stated that the current forces should have a resultant, and that the ebb-tide performs the most effective scour. When it is remembered that the outflow of water from the harbor exceeds the inflow by the amount of fresh-water that drains into the bay, it can not be doubted that the velocity of the ebb-current (measured in the main channel at Fort Point) will exceed that of the flood, but to what extent this is modified by the directions which the two currents take can not now be definitely stated. The location of Yerba Buena, Alcatraz, and Angel islands with reference to the main channels undoubtedly exercises a controlling and different influence upon the ebb and flood currents. No tidal observations have been published which throw any light upon this subject, but it is probable that the flood-current predominates between Alcatraz Island and San Francisco, and between Yerba Buena Island and Oakland, and that the ebb predominates between Yerba Buena Island and San Francisco, Alcatraz and Angel islands, and Angel Island and the Marin County shore. The flood-tide sweeps through the Golden Gate in a grand swelling wave and impinges directly upon the Oakland shore, where it is diverted to the north and south, creating strong currents on the eastern margin of the bay; the ebb returning seeks the shortest outlet into the main channel.

The history of commercial cities teems with instances of the deterioration and final destruction of harbors, sometimes from the operation of natural laws, and in many cases from the total disregard of these laws. It is well, therefore, to ponder over the future of San Francisco harbor, and consider whether or not there are any agencies at work which will affect injuriously its capacity, usefulness, or permanency.

From what has been said in regard to the obvious principles involved in the maintenance of the principal channels by the scour of the currents, and the important part performed by interior basins in aiding this scour, it will be readily seen that the dangers to be apprehended are, the reduction of the tidal area of the harbor and of its interior reservoirs by schemes of reclamation, and the filling up of those reservoirs by sedimentary deposits.

Owing to the want of positive data, any discussion of the subject now must of necessity be general. Here, more than anywhere else, is required positive information of a character which can be acquired only by patient study. With proper data the problem admits of an exact solution. It would be possible to predict with certainty the effect of the reclamation of a given quantity of land, and to trace the effect through all its stages to a final result. But none of the elements which enter into the problem have been ascertained with that degree of certainty that will give to the conclusions drawn a scientific value. We should know the area of the water-shed that drains into the harbor; the average rain-fall upon that water-shed; sectional measurements of all the water-courses, with the velocity of their currents; the proportion of solid matter held in suspension as well as the amount that is rolled along the bottom; the average rise and fall of the tides; the sectional area of the main entrance to the harbor, and the average velocity of the

tidal currents. Many of these facts can only be ascertained by long-continued, patient, and intelligent observation. They have not escaped the attention of scientists, but most of the results obtained are at best only rough approximations.

The erosive power of running water is one of the potential methods by which nature transforms the topographical features of the earth. The work is performed so quietly, and with so little of those grand exhibitions of energy we are accustomed to associate with great changes of the earth's surface, that it seldom attracts attention. Every drop of water that falls takes part in this wonderful operation. The little rills that form on the steep declivities of the mountains gather up more or less solid matter, some of which finds no resting-place until it reaches the broad expanse of the ocean. The rill receives accretions from various sources and becomes a streamlet, the streamlet gradually grows into a mountain torrent, and every time the velocity of the current is doubled its capacity to carry suspended matter is increased *sixty-four times*. In this manner the hills are cut down and the valleys formed. During the floods many streams break through their banks and flow over the adjacent country. Here the current is checked and deposits take place, forming the rich alluvial plains which are so valuable to the agriculturist. A large proportion of the sedimentary matter finds its way to the sea, eventually driving back its waters and forming deltas, or wresting land from the dominion of the ocean.

Within historic times the shore of the Adriatic, from the northern part of the Gulf of Trieste down to the south of Ravenna, has advanced from two to twenty miles. The delta of the Po on the Adriatic is now advancing at the rate of seventy metres per annum. Adria, which was a sea-port in the time of Augustus, is now about twenty miles inland; and Ravenna, which was also a sea-port, is about four miles from the main sea.

The Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, owing to the mining operations conducted upon their tributaries, contain an unusually large quantity of solid matter; the amount in the Sacramento being, according to Doctor Logan, an average of 1-1000th part by weight. In an interesting paper read before the Agassiz Institute in September, 1873, Doctor Logan says: "We are not aware that a sectional area admeasurement has ever been made; but estimating the amount of water which passes down the river each second during high water at 327,600 cubic feet, we find on an average there are carried in suspension past Sacramento City (a certain portion being deposited, as is shown by the elevation of the low as well as high water mark on the chart) 150,569,012 and 380-458ths grains per second, or 38,717 and 8-10ths tons every hour, more or less, according to the stage of the American River, that affluent, owing to mining operations, being always most charged with *detritus*. The solid matter thus ascertained to be suspended in the water is found, on calculation, to be sufficient to cover in one year a square mile to the depth of 256 and 5-10ths feet."

It is difficult to comprehend the enormous magnitude of this result. Assuming 320 tons to be an average load of freight for a locomotive, it would require a train of thirty-two cars, leaving Sacramento every *thirty seconds*, day and night, to transport this material.

Doctor Logan's estimate applies to the high stage of water in the Sacramento, and is not an average for the year. The figures given, however, will serve as a basis for a calculation of the discharge from the entire water-shed that drains into the harbor. He estimates the water-shed of the lower Sac-

ramento, extending from the junction with the San Joaquin to Lassen's Butte, to be 27,000 square miles, and the upper Sacramento or Pit River, 9,000 square miles. Upon the latter the rain-fall is three times as great as it is upon the former. The water-shed of the San Joaquin River and of the various streams that flow directly into San Francisco and San Pablo bays aggregate about 18,000 square miles, making the total area of the water-shed that drains into the harbor 54,000 square miles.

The rain-fall upon this water-shed can only be approximated, but the limited statistics bearing upon the subject indicate that it does not vary much from twenty-five inches. At Fort Crook the average for eight years is 23 7-10 inches; at Fort Reading for three and three-quarters years, 29 1-10 inches; at Clear Lake for six years, 34 4-10 inches; at Sacramento for twenty-four years, 19 6-10 inches; at Benicia for thirteen and one-half years, 15 1-10 inches; at Stockton for three and one-half years, 13 7-10 inches; at Millerton for six and three-quarters years, nineteen inches; at Pilarcitos dam for nine years, fifty-eight inches; at San Francisco, 23 5-10 inches.*

The rain-fall from the foot of the west slope of the Sierra Nevada to the summit of that range varies from twenty-four to sixty inches, and the rain-fall over the entire water-shed of the upper Sacramento, embracing an area of 9,000 square miles, is nearly as great. Averaging the entire water-shed upon the figures above presented, gives the following results: On 15,000 square miles the average rain-fall is about forty inches; on 14,000 square miles, twenty-four inches; on 16,000 square miles, eighteen inches; on 9,000 square miles, fourteen inches; being an average of twenty-five inches. Nearly two-fifths of the entire rain-fall occurs in the months of December and January, when the ground has been more or less saturated with the November rains, and when evaporation is reduced to a minimum. The snows on the summit of the Sierra melt rapidly in June and July, producing high water in all the streams that have their sources in those elevated regions. The result is that a larger proportion than usual of the total rain-fall, probably not less than fifty per cent., finds its way to the sea through the Golden Gate. Assuming that thirteen inches of the rain-fall is consumed by absorption and evaporation, the total amount of fresh-water annually discharged into the harbor will be 1,505,433,600,000 cubic feet. Taking Doctor Logan's estimate of the proportion of solid matter held in suspension by the waters of the rivers — namely, 1-1000th part by weight — and adding ten per cent. thereto for the sand and heavy material which is not held in suspension but which is rolled along the bottom, it will be found that there is annually discharged into the tidal waters connected with San Francisco harbor 1,149,984,000 cubic feet of solid matter. This is found, on calculation, to be sufficient to cover in one year a square mile to the depth of forty-one feet and three inches. Reverting to the illustration above used, it would require a train of thirty-two cars passing a given point every three minutes and six seconds, night and day, to transport this material. A large proportion of this sediment is deposited in Suisun and San Pablo bays; some of it reaches San Francisco Bay, and a portion doubtless is carried into the ocean. During the seasons of flood the discolored water from the harbor may be traced for a considerable distance along the shores of the Pacific, generally stretching north of the Golden Gate, indicating the existence of an ocean current in that direction. Without doubt the great mass of this material is deposited in Suisun and

*Report of United States Commissioners on Irrigation in California.

San Pablo bays and upon the submerged flats adjacent thereto. At mean low tide Suisun Bay contains 17,620,000,000 and San Pablo Bay 35,822,000,000 cubic feet of water. If, therefore, the sedimentary matters were all deposited in Suisun Bay, the bay would be filled up to the line of low water in 15⅓ years, and San Pablo Bay would be filled up to the same level in 31¼ years more. These facts indicate the great value of these two basins as receptacles for sedimentary deposits that can not be otherwise diverted from the harbor.

About one year ago, the writer prepared for the Board of State Harbor Commissioners a map "exhibiting the salt-marsh, tide, and submerged lands disposed of by the State of California in and adjacent to the bays of San Francisco and San Pablo, and now subject to reclamation." This map was compiled from official records, and shows that the State has sold and donated to private parties and corporations 67,465 acres of tide and submerged land, and 125,564 acres of salt-marsh land, bordering upon the above-named bays. The title to all of these lands is absolute, and so far as State control over them extends the owners are at liberty to reclaim them in any manner that they may see fit. The effect of the reclamation of so large an amount of submerged land would, without doubt, be disastrous to the harbor.

To illustrate: It has been stated that the channel of communication between the harbor and the sea is maintained by the scour of the current which sweeps in and out of the Golden Gate with each recurring tide. The scour depends upon the velocity of the currents, and the velocity depends measurably upon the volume of water that flows in and out. The average duration of each tide is not increased or diminished by the volume of water that enters the harbor, and consequently the velocity of the currents will be greater or less as the tidal area to be filled and emptied is increased or diminished.

The total area of San Francisco, San Pablo, and Suisun bays is 466½ square miles. The State has sold or donated 67,465 acres, or 105½ square miles, of tide-lands in San Francisco and San Pablo bays. Of the total area of the three bays, 44½ square miles lie between mean high and mean low water, and of this amount the State has sold thirty-three square miles.

The tidal prism of the three bays has not been accurately determined, but it probably does not vary much from 6 4-10 feet for the average range from high water large to low water large. The natural slope from the line of high water to the line of low water is not uniform, being more precipitous near high-water mark, and the average tidal prism of the 44½ square miles of the three bays lying between high and low water may be assumed to be 4 2-10 feet. Upon these assumptions, the total volume of the tidal prism is 80,504,455,680 cubic feet. The sectional area of the channel between Fort Point and Lime Point, as determined by the United States engineers, is 1,064,200 square feet. The average duration of the ebb-tide is about six hours and fifty minutes. The mean velocity of the current during the entire ebb, calculated by these data, is 184 5-10 feet per minute, or 2 1-10 miles per hour. But as the current increases from 0 at the beginning of the ebb to a maximum at the middle of the time, and then decreases to 0 again at the end of the ebb, the maximum velocity would be twice the mean velocity, or 4 2-10 miles per hour. The reclamation of the tide-lands sold by the State would reduce the volume of the tidal prism to 63,704,931,840 cubic feet, and the mean velocity of the ebb-current would become 1 66-100 miles per hour, and its maximum velocity 3 22-100 miles per hour. Now, when it is remembered that the scour of the

current is proportional to the square of the velocity, an idea of the mischief threatened will begin to dawn upon the mind. The working power of the current, at its maximum velocity, will be reduced about two-fifths, the proportion being 10 92-100 to 17 64-100.

An eminent engineer has suggested the theory that the bar at the mouth of the harbor is formed by the waves of the sea and the action of an ocean current which sweeps in a northerly direction along the coast of California; that it is a "submerged sand-spit," over which the ocean and the tidal currents of the harbor continually contend for mastery, the forces being nearly in equilibrium. The reduction of the tidal area of the bays would immediately destroy that equilibrium, and the bar would move toward the shore and increase in altitude. With the information at hand, it is impossible to know just where the equilibrium would be re-established; but, taking into consideration the proportional reduction of the tidal prism and of the working power of the currents, the writer will hazard the assertion that the depth of water on the bar will be reduced from thirty-three to less than twenty-five feet by the reclamation of the submerged lands sold by the State. It can not be assumed that the reduction in depth will correspond precisely with the diminished velocity; there are various elements that would modify the result to a certain extent.

The subject is an exceedingly complex one, and involves the consideration of numerous perplexing phenomena. The theoretical velocities do not correspond in all cases with the observed velocities; the currents, no doubt, being controlled to a greater or less extent by the physical configuration of the harbor.

The exact determination of the tidal prism requires careful study and extensive and simultaneous observations over the whole area of the waters to be computed. The plane of high water is far from being at a uniform elevation over the whole area, and high water does not occur upon the three bays at the same moment. Indeed, in some of the distant estuaries the ebb has barely ceased when the flood has attained its greatest height at Fort Point. The fresh-water that enters the harbor, while it is small in comparison with the tidal influx, constantly contributes its quota to retard the flood and augment the ebb, and is an important element in the study of the hydrography of the harbor.

The western coast of the American continent is remarkably deficient in harbors; and the interests of San Francisco, of the State, and indeed of the entire commercial world, demand that this one should be carefully guarded against injurious encroachments from all sources. The legislature would do well, not only to protect it in the future, but also to remedy if possible the mischief already done.

LITTLE MARIE.

"MAIS, *Monsieur, excusez*"—Claude turned sharply—"*voici le gant!* Monsieur has dropped his glove."

Claude took the recovered waif, and, with a little word of acknowledgment, thrust it rather impatiently in his pocket. "Many thanks, *ma fille.*" He carelessly glanced down at the small, thin, and clearly cut face which was gazing up at him so earnestly, and then he went back to his picture-gazing. But the charm had fled. His thoughts turned backward. He remembered how Claire had a trick of teasing him about his lost gloves. Sometimes she would pretend he was influenced by a vain desire to display the shapeliness of his white aristocratic hands; sometimes she would lecture him for what she termed "a shameful habit of slothfulness;" and then again she would steal softly up behind him, just as this unknown little Parisian *artiste* had done, and, proffering the delicate bit of primrose-colored kid, would sedately murmur, "Monsieur has lost his glove!"

O, what happy memories! O, what sweet-prized hours of the past! Lost like his glove, would they, like the unprized glove, some day be restored to him? Would Claire repent and call him to her side once more? Tears rose into the young Parisian *fainéante's* large proud eyes. Little Marie, busy with her copying, once or twice lifted her pretty bent head and sought him with a wistful gaze.

"He is very handsome," she mused. "I have seen him here before. He loves the fine painting; but why does he always regard the '*Départ pour Cythère?*' He lingers ever before that. He is noble and gracious, but he is unhappy as well. He has a wound in his heart! I am sure he has loved."

Her tender maiden thoughts flowed on; her hands worked swiftly. Claude was turning to leave the gallery when the little copyist's golden lily-fair head came between him and the light. He hesitated an instant, then paused and addressed her. Something in the soft eyes, lifted to his, touched the young *monsieur*, so utterly weary of himself, of the light of day, of this great glad *riant* Paris, sporting and coquetting without the Louvre walls.

"You are doing that very well!" he exclaimed, glancing down at the Greuze growing into life beneath her faithful hands.

"Monsieur thinks so?" Little Marie's face lighted up like a pretty transparency. She gave the speaker thanks in every curve and line and dimple of her features.

"More than well," Claude pursued, bending lower, partly to look at the incomplete *cruche cassée* on the paper, partly to be nearer the dimples above. Another pink petal unfolded in the rosy cheeks. "*Pour qui le faites-vous?*" he asked. "For yourself; for your own amusement?"

"Amusement?—*moi?* O, no!" and Marie shook a pretty glittering head. "It is for to sell. I paint many of them—very many. They are much in demand—the copies," finished the little one, with a tired look and sigh.

"O, then, if it is for market, perhaps it will be possible that I may possess it," pursued Claude, gallantly.

"If Monsieur wishes." And then, with one quick glance at him, deciding that

he had money, and to spare, little Marie proceeded to explain how she wished to vend this picture without delay. There was to be a festival on Sunday—a grand *fête* at Fontainebleau—and she wished to buy herself a new hat and gown—something delicate, fresh, and new.

Claude listened, interested in spite of himself. The slender willowy figure stood up in its blue dress graceful as a lily-stem, and like a lily-flower on its standard looked the little noble head with its masses of fair hair.

The next morning when Claude visited the gallery he saw Marie at her post. She smiled and nodded and blushed when the young *monsieur* approached her. Their friendship ripened fast. Many people turned to watch the noble, melancholy, handsome young *fainéante* loitering by the side of the pretty blue figure with its crown of glorious golden hair.

"Papa used to call me little Blueling," she explained to Claude, "because I always wore this blue dress to paint in. Do you think it an odd name? I like it. But no one calls me that now. No one waits now to cry, 'Welcome, *petite* Bluet,' when I come home late from my work."

When Claude left the gallery Marie always followed him with her soft fair-fringed eyes. Thus she noted that he always paused for a farewell glance at the Watteau. The sad look in his large proud eyes grew always sadder when he looked at this picture.

The little painter having noted, pondered on this fact as she lay that night musing into the smaller stiller hours of morn. "I shall ask him why he cares so much for that one picture, and why he is always sad when he regards it," she decided, as she clasped her hands on her white bosom in drowsy meditation. Her eyelids fell, veiling her wistful gaze into the sombre dusk; a soft sweet smile curved her pretty unkissed mouth; the moon crept nearer and looked kindly on the ingenuous Greuze face nestling in the pillow. Ah, well! good-night, little Marie. Of all your plenteous sisterhood there is no one so stainless, so sweetly pure as you to-night.

The next day Marie's work did not advance so well. It chanced that Claude did not come until late to make his daily visit, and then he was gloomy, morose. He spoke little, and when the timid child got sufficient courage to put the question to him why he always lingered before the Watteau, he frowned and turned abruptly away.

"I like to regard it because it was a favorite with the woman whom I loved, and who betrayed me," was his bitter answer, and then he left her.

Poor little Blueling! She could not tell why her fingers trembled so that day. She could not work. Her sight was dim; her touch uncertain. "I kept too long awake last night," the poor child thought. "I need rest and sleep; perhaps to-morrow I shall do better."

But when Claude—penitent, regretting his harshness of the previous day—hurried on the morrow to the gallery, he missed the little blue figure at its accustomed post. Instead a large brisk-eyed old Frenchwoman was there, enameling with nimble fingers the *cruche cassée* on porcelain. The young *monsieur* looked anxiously about. A little dim blue heap in a recess caught his eye. He hastened to it. It was Marie—*le petite* Blueling—in tears.

Another moment she was pouring her grief into Claude's brotherly ears. She could not finish the picture. *Le gros tante* Margot had driven her away, saying that she was a sluggard; that she wasted her time; and now—and now——"

"What! is that all?" interrupted Claude, smiling. "Why, you can finish the picture to-morrow, when the aunt is gone. Why do you weep?

There is no haste. There is plenty of time to come."

"But do you not see?"—Marie's eyes flashed disappointment and rebuke through their tears—"I wished to go to the festival, and now I have no money. I wished to buy me a fresh bonnet and robe, but—but"—she broke down again.

"But then you must permit me to purchase the bonnet and gown," interrupted Claude. "I shall pay for my picture beforehand. *Tiens*, little one! Dry up your tears; no more of weeping, but let us go and seek for the prettiest toilet in all Paris."

And a moment later little Marie—glancing, smiling, tears past, only a tender quiver of the mouth left—was dancing down the *boulevard* by Claude's side to the *magazins de mode*. All the world assisted at the *fête* next day. Claude, if he had not already compensated himself for any trouble he had taken by watching Marie's dainty dimples of the previous day, might now have felt amply rewarded in seeing the little transformed Blueling dancing under the oaks of Fontainebleau in the pretty dress he had provided for her. As for her, she tricked the sunbeams of half their brightness. A robe of soft gray and blue silk, demi-length, enveloped her pretty young *élancé* figure. A dainty Watteau hat shaded the face at once so fine, clear, serene, and her lovely hair fell drifting like a cloud. Taken all in all, the little Blueling was a sight that would have been a joy forever, had not a certain event occurred which dimmed its brightness and brushed away its bloom in the young *monsieur's* memory through days to come.

Claude lingered near his favorite for awhile, enjoying her happiness; then, leaving her surrounded by a group of dancing comrades, he sauntered away. He looked about him, musing dreamily as he loitered down those fragrant alleys where of yore many a noble knight and dame had lingered, coquetted, mocking lightly, and playing with wondrous grace the skillful game of hearts. Francis I., Bayard's king, stood up a knightly figure that no age could dim. Henri II. glided by, holding Diana of Valentinois by the hand; the two dim old-time lovers looked up and pointed to the entwined ciphers on the palace walls, and smiled into each other's eyes. Napoleon was there, carrying his dying eagles smitten in all their fiery pride to sudden death beneath the alien skies of Moscow. Queen Christina of Sweden and the murdered Monaldeschi stalked frowning past. Groups of ladies—courtly dames and proud patrician beauties—trailed past the dreamy watcher, loitering by the tiny sunlit lake where the swans slept. He saw their smiles, he watched their trick of manner. A scent of passionate old-time perfume floated to him from the broidered robes they swept back so gracefully. He caught the gleam of jewels on snowy arms. Diamonds flashed, pearls nestled in those dainty boddices, flowered, scalloped over rosy bosoms, garnished with knots of ribbon—"*nœuds de parfaits contentements*." O, what grace—puffed, powdered, perfumed! What toil! They smile on Claude. "Behold us," they say. "We are the past; we were the true mistresses of France. Are we not beautiful? For us the gaiety, the light of life, for us the love and feasting. We are history. Our smiles light up the songs of France's dead chivalry."

Claude started up. He rubbed his eyes and gazed about him bewildered. "Have I been sleeping?" he muttered, with some vexation. He heard the laughter of the revelers, and had turned to join them, when he caught sight of a figure leaning against a tree near him. Was this a part of his vision, then? He watched it a moment, irresolute; a slight fair female figure. Claude could not see

the face; it was turned away, the brow bent down as if in thought. The young *monsieur*, respecting the unknown lady's silence, was about to move noiselessly away, when he caught sight of a glove, lying on the grass close to the hem of her sweeping robe. He advanced and picked it up; and then, startled, hearing his footsteps, the woman stirred. She looked around; Claude saw her face. He stood mute, transfixed, holding the glove in his outstretched hand. His face turned white and then red. She, too, stood staring, trembling. She, too, turned pale, then flushed like any Provence rose. She made a slight movement forward.

"Claude! is it thou?" she murmured. "Claude!"

"Claire! thou?"

That was all. And then somehow they both seemed to move together. The outstretched hands met in a clasp that promised never to unlock. The lovers, parted, were now united again.

They had a cool swift ride *en voiture* back to Paris. Claude attended Marie to her home. He was in a state of queer high exaltation that was strange to his little ignorant companion. As for Marie, she dreamed golden dreams. She regarded Claude with soft glamourish eyes. Who so generous, so good and kind as he? Was not this pretty dress his gift? O! he must care for her, else he would not have given it. He must; he did. She took off her hat and stood gravely, with clasped hands, in the centre of the little low-ceilinged room.

"Are you happy, child?" asked Claude, who was watching her with an indulgent smile.

Marie lifted her soft eyes to his. "Happy? O, yes, yes! I have been very happy! I am happy!"

"I am glad of it!" The young *monsieur* laughed a low exultant laugh. He took little Marie's hands in his, and kissed her on either cheek. "I am glad of it, for I am happy, too. Good-night, little Blueling."

The pretty child's face turned first crimson, and then pale, under that kiss. She drew a long slow breath. Her happy loving heart swelled full to bursting; then a sigh fluttered from her lips.

"Good-night," she whispered, half to him, half to something else of herself—a part of her own being that seemed to be going with him as he went, softly humming a *chanson*, away.

All that bright, long, sleepless night, Marie flushed and dimpled on her little bed, and crumpled her rose-leaf cheek on the white pillows. "I don't want to sleep," she said to herself, sitting upright and putting back the falling masses of bright hair from her forehead. "I want to keep awake and think of him. I wish to-morrow would come. I wish it was here now, so that I might see him."

The so sweetly wished-for "to-morrow" came in due time, but little Marie did not see Claude. She hastened to the Louvre. All day she lingered there, but he did not come. It was not until the third day after, that chancing to lift her gaze from the work over which she was bending listlessly, with wan cheeks and tear-dimmed eyes, she saw the well-known figure coming near. She uttered a low cry; a flood of joyous color rushed over her face, grown so soon wan, for these three days had been an age to the poor child; and then, ah, then, the bright gay coloring faded from her cheeks. She shrunk back into herself, crushed and cowering, and strangely abashed. For Claude was not alone. A lady, with a beautiful *brune* face, was leaning on his arm. He was looking into her dark eyes, and he did not see poor Marie. As for her, she stood there, mute, stunned, watching with wide-strained blue eyes the coming of the happy lovers. They stopped before "*Le Départ pour Cythère*," and Claude

whispered something to his companion. A lovely blush dyed her brilliant face. Then the young *monsieur* lifted her fair gloved hand to his lips. The little golden head beyond sunk down, down, as a flower does when weighted with summer rain too heavily.

Little Marie seemed all at once, in the spring-time of her life, to have lost both youth and happiness together. She crept home from the gallery that fatal day. She had a vague perception that for her all was finished. She tossed feverishly on her pillows that night. "I am not well," she thought, "but it will pass. To-morrow I shall be better, and will finish the picture."

But she did not finish the incomplete work "to-morrow;" neither to-morrow, nor to-morrow, nor to-morrow. When Claude came, after many days, to seek his little neglected friend, he was shocked at the change he found.

"What, little one, are you ill?" he cried.

She was lying back on her pillows, her bright golden locks tossed from her thin face. The pretty gray and blue dress she had worn at the festival, together with her hat, was lying beside her. She started up when Claude approached. She hesitated one moment, white, uncertain; then, with a feverish sob, she flung herself forward on her friend's broad breast, and nestled there, quivering like a homesick bird.

"Hush! hush!" he cried, frightened at the storm of emotion that shook her fragile form. He put her back on the disordered couch. "Why did you not tell me you were ill, little one?"

But Marie, pushing back her hair, smiled gaily. She would not be sick now. She lay there, content. Claude sat by her side, holding her hands. They nestled, like little soft white downy birds, tenderly in his; wee happy hands once more.

"I am well now; I am happy once again," she sighed.

She could not talk much. Claude, too, was silent, moved, as he was, by the soft serene burning out of this white life. When he went away, he stooped and kissed her. She did not speak, only her blue eyes flickered, her weak breath stirred, her tired heart panted with its last earthly throb.

"Good-by, little friend, you must be better to-morrow." He touched the golden head. She lay quite silent when he was gone; not dimpling now, not flushing under his kiss. The moon rose, higher and then higher. She seemed to linger—resting her cheek on the lattice, and looking in on the little ivory sleeper on whom her clear light bestowed a fragile and delicate immortality.

Poor little Blueling!

Her "to-morrow" was all eternity. Claude keeps the unfinished copy of the "*Cruche cassée*." Sometimes he looks at it, and then little Marie's golden head comes between him and the light.

Poor little Marie! Poor little prodigal! She emptied her joyous heart in one long and deep libation at Love's feet, and then, exhausted, died.

THE LAY OF THE NIBELUNGEN.

THE man who goes out on a hunting expedition makes the conduct of his eye and gun the main object of his work and attention, but subservient to it may be made an endless variety of experiences, in the sense of the French meaning of the word *expérience*, by which any and every new impression on the human mind may be embraced. It depends altogether on the whole make-up of the man, what he will bring back with him as the reward of his toil. If he be nothing but a hunter, he will have his game; if a hunter and traveler, he carries with him besides the game impressions of land and people; the botanist probably would not lose sight of the modest forget-me-not and the boisterous sunflower on his path over mountain and dale; the geologist-hunter is not contented with the surface of the various regions, but his spiritual eye unconsciously penetrates deeper into the mysteries of things. So we see that the impressions which we receive every day, in fact every moment of our lives, depend in great measure on the whole of our former acquirements—experiences, if you like it better.

The statement regarding the hunter holds good, however, in all human enterprises. The butcher and the great physiologist view the same carcass with altogether different purposes and results. The one counts the dollars and cents coming from it; the other listens to the secret voices of nature, which point out for him the remotest recesses of the wonderful structure. The one harvests worldly riches; the other stores away riches of the mind, to be used for the interests of his fellow-men.

From this we may learn the noble lesson that it is the *purpose* with which we look upon things that constitutes the difference between man and man. Some creatures, both men and brutes, seem to have no definite purpose in mind at all. They breathe, eat, drink, sleep, and do other things, just to keep themselves vegetating. But there are many degrees between this and the fullest recognition of duty and an aim in life. The first studies the classics, French, German, Spanish, or Italian, because it happens to be the fashion, or because it belongs to the education of the "gentleman." The second likes to be able to say of himself and have people say of him in society, "What a master of languages!" The third wants to make money; he will get more gold-dust at the end of every year with every additional language. The fourth man needs the languages to better get along in foreign countries. A fifth means to make the study a servant to other studies. The chemist might be studying German, French, and Italian to avail himself of valuable untranslated works in his special department; the physicist, Greek, and Latin, to examine into theories of natural phenomena as held by his Greek and Roman predecessors. All this may be very necessary and noble; but, I think, there is yet a grander purpose possible in such a vast and unsurpassed study as that which we have under consideration—I mean, of course, the study of language in itself, which can not be undertaken without directly and indirectly serving the *highest* interests of man. From this point of view it presents two quite distinct phases. One, philology, deals with the whole universe; it tells the tale of everlasting

struggles between forces in one form—man; and forces in another form—all that is outside of man. The birth of human speech, the rising, the life, the sufferings, the changes, the sleep, the downfall, the death, and numberless other metamorphoses in language, offer so many stupendous phenomena to us weak mortals, that we are utterly unable to grasp them, but we stand in silent admiration, just as we admire nature, although we can not understand her grandeur. Every word in human speech bears in its bosom its own remote history, and besides the history of mankind and nature. We could not ask the first letter of the alphabet for its origin, without entering upon a boundless field of inquiry, before which all the wisdom of all the Humboldts that ever lived would modestly bow down into the very dust. Some great philosopher—I do not remember his name—said something of this kind: "If we wanted to penetrate into the very essence of an atom, we would have to know *all* about the universe; and to know the essence of the universe, we would have to know *all* about *every* atom." With some modification this might be applied to language. If we wanted to penetrate into the secrets of any sound, we would not only have to know *all* about language, but also *all* about *everything* in nature. This may not seem perfectly rational to him who has never given himself to thought on language and words. But if we examine any word, we see that it is made up of single sounds represented by letters. In the word "book" the first letter is *b;* it may be found in all modern, and, probably, in all ancient languages. How did it come there? Do we know the history of the first development of speech to answer the question? Was it first gradually developed in man? or did it come into existence with man, and when? The answer to these questions would involve a much greater knowledge of the history of man than we now possess. Or, a third possible case, was that letter *suddenly* bestowed upon man? When? where? This whole question is, then, as you see, very complex, and I am sure you agree with me when I say there is *no* man wise enough to answer. And granted there be a solution to this first question, how shall we dispose of the second in the series? Why was it, and how became it necessary for man to possess that and other sounds? Here you stand before the *sanctum sanctorum* to which no human erudition will offer a key. *Behind* words and letters there is much information to be gained, but *in* words there is often expressed a world of real history impartially told. Words like "printing," "thermometer," "steam-engine," "telegraph," "phonography," disclose in their present signification, to our vision, much of progress in man's history, reminding us at the same time of darker ages that knew little of the civilization of these latter days. Impartially study words like "reformation," "Protestant," "Lutherism," and you may see heaven's torch descend to illumine man's path through life. You may behold man battling for intellectual freedom, battling to throw off fetters the most oppressive. The words "Columbia," "America," "Washington," "Dakota," "Pennsylvania," "Georgia," "Delaware," "New York," "Richmond," "Massachusetts," "Oakland," the many Spanish names on this coast, the name "Berkeley," and thousands of others, must cause the patriotic strings in your heart to vibrate whenever you trace their history. The study of words like "Maundy-Thursday," "picnic," "ultramontane," "carnival," "rosary," "pax" as in "to kiss the pax," throws light upon many a dark point in the *culturgeschichte* history of development of customs and manners of nations.

"Vallisneria," a peculiar plant; "Eustachian tube," a canal that connects the drum of the ear with the back part of the mouth; "Spinozism," a form of pantheism; "Xantippe," a quarrelsome woman; "Darwinism," and of late, "Beecherism," are words that in some instances immortalize, in others perpetuate, the names of remarkable men, and, if carefully studied, are full of revelations. I might continue the enumeration of these dictionary sphinxes for many an hour, but that is not the present object. I do wish, however, to recommend to the reader rambles through English and foreign dictionaries. The cry against literary studies in general and language-study in particular, in these days, arises from ignorance. Can a subject be treated lightly that demands of you constant application in *all* directions, and is productive of the widest culture? The so-called practical education alone is no education at all. It is a sort of training that may produce at best one-sided little men to be handled by others; it never can produce independent workers—thinkers. But let us follow the subject to the other, if possible, still loftier phase which it presents.

The writings of great men comprise not only all that has been hinted at, but they invite us to deeper and more direct meditations upon all things that may be worthy of our thoughts. The careful study of these writings forms the culminating point of all language-study. Prose and poetry do not, however, stand on an equality. The latter adds to the mere expression of thought all the beauties of euphony, of metre, of rhyme, of choice of words and constructions, and often even of melody. Where in prose we would read, "Liberty can prosper only at the expense of the blood of the citizen," the poet, this time Schiller, the noblest of the noble, sings,

"Peace sows its harvest in the patriot's tomb."

Where we might say, "With advancing civilization navigation commenced; man built himself dwellings," Schiller sings:

"The azure river-god his watery fields
Lends to the raft; her home the dryad yields."

Notice how much mastery in two lines. The words "river-god" and "dryad" (the nymph who, according to Greek fancy, inhabited and guarded the tree), lead you back many steps in the history of man. How much of art and music in two lines, yet only a most insignificant part of the whole of Schiller's compositions. On the rise of the fine arts, we find in the same poet:

"Flushed into life, the pictured image breaks:
Waked by the chisel, stone takes soul and speaks!"

Our engineers may be interested to hear how Schiller speaks of the noble beginning in that direction:

"Light as aloft we see the iris spring,
Light as the arrow flying from the string;
O'er the wide river, rushing to the deep,
The lithe bridge boundeth with its airy leap."

Of scientific research in general the poet creates for us this picture:

"But all the while, best pleased apart to dwell,
Sits musing Science in its noiseless cell;
Draws meaning circles, and with patient mind
Steals to the spirit that the whole designed;
Gropes through the realm of matter for its laws,
Learns where the magnet or repels or draws,
Follows the sound along the air, and flies
After the lightning through the pathless skies;
Seeks, through dark Chance's wonder-teeming maze,
The guiding law which regulates and sways;
Seeks, through the shifting evanescent shows,
The central principle's serene repose."

What true scientist could read those words and refuse his admiration for a man who was able in a dozen lines to give in substance the whole aim and work of science? How much of insight into scientific research behind that statement. Who could have made it but a great man, at home in the sciences and arts—a Schiller, a man treading the earth, and reaching with his intellect far out into the universe? Who finally could refuse his admiration for studies that bring one into communion

with such men, except he who knows little or nothing about them?

See, then, how in poetry you may find *all* the depth and splendor of thought ever presented in prose, with the additional charm of enchanting form, associated with a good deal of the poet's ideality, that appeals to all there is in you, not only of mind, but of soul and divine emotion. To our lot falls the greatest intellectual treasure when we become able to enjoy the gems of poets' creation. Toil, much toil, long-continued toil, alone will lead slowly up the steps to the temple of the art of arts; but with every forward movement heaven's greatest blessing silently descends upon you to increase your portion of human happiness. All this is the offspring of rational language-study!

The Lay of the Nibelungen ("*Das Nibelungenlied*," as we are wont to call it), is one of the most attractive pictures in the kaleidoscopic panorama of German poetic art. Before we go farther let me say something of the contents of the poem, as we shall then better understand what may be said about it. The whole poem consists of about 2,660 stanzas of four lines each, covering 358 pages of an ordinary octavo volume, and in its last recast is divided into thirty-nine chapters or *Abenteuer* ("adventures.")

Chriemhild, the fair daughter of a powerful king, lived with her brothers, Gunther, Gernot, and Geiselher, in Worms, a city on the Rhine. She dreams of a noble falcon being attacked by two eagles, and her mother explains that by the falcon is meant her future husband, and by the eagles, his destroyers.

At the same time there lived in the Netherlands, in a stronghold on the lower Rhine, a young prince, Siegfried. Of "mighty name" was the brave youth, and great his glory upon earth. Before the bold knight had yet grown up to full manhood his hand had performed "many a marvel." The second "adventure," from which I take this, is full of the heroism of those days. You follow the trained fiery steeds with your eye, while in your ear resounds "great noise of weapons and of cheer."

Hearing of the great beauty of Chriemhild, Siegfried determines to venture with only twelve knights into her land. With grief and evil forebodings in their hearts, his parents, Siegmund and Siegelinde, let him go away. "Then sat beautiful women many days and nights, that hardly any of them would permit herself repose until the rich garments of Siegfried were ready there." He arrives in Chriemhild's land, and is recognized by Hagen, of Chriemhild's court, as the one who alone could have conquered the Nibelungen, a powerful nation of the time. Hagen then relates the story of Siegfried's great deeds, which is full of allusions to the customs, manners, and *sagas* of the day. This chapter gives a vivid picture of the life of knights and ladies. Siegfried remains a whole year without once seeing the one for whom his heart is longing. War is made against Gunther, Chriemhild's brother, by two northern kings, and Siegfried volunteers to fight against them. He conquers his enemies and leads the noble kings as prisoners before Gunther. "I will speak this, and both of you let go free, only your pledges you must give not to leave my country as our foes." Thereupon the kings shook hands with him. Chriemhild hears of Siegfried's heroism. "Her beautiful face became rose-red with joy" as she listened to the tale of Siegfried's safe return; which probably means, in ordinary prose, that she fell in love with him.

During a tournament, given to honor Siegfried, he, for the first time, beholds the maiden of his heart. "She appeared, the lovely one, like the morning red free of darkening clouds. Wish what one might, everybody must confess he

had never seen here upon earth aught so sweet. As the clear full moon leads the stars, so she shone above other women fair." Siegfried finds one or two opportunities to speak to her. Whether with gentle pressure he caressed her white hand in fond love, the poet can not tell. "Nor can I believe he did *not* do it," he adds, leaving us to ponder over so important a question.

The poet goes on in the next "adventure," telling us how Gunther, the brother of Chriemhild, having heard of Brunhild, the majestic giant-woman, conceives the idea to win her. Brunhild, the invincible Queen of Isenland, enjoys the reputation of great strength; the knight who wants to gain her love must measure himself with her in open contest. Many a warrior lost his life in the daring attempt. Gunther requests Siegfried to accompany him upon the dangerous journey, which Siegfried promises. In exchange Gunther gives him hope that Chriemhild may become his wife. Accompanied by Hagen and Dankwart they start, provided with precious garments made of silk "as white as the snow," and embroidered with gold, diamonds, and pearls, the work of a goodly number of the ladies of the court. "In seven weeks created they the garments." On the twelfth morning the adventurers arrive in Brunhild's land. Success crowns the efforts of the brave knights, but only after severe encounters, in which the queen shows her superior skill, and during which Siegfried, making use of his *Tarnkappe* (the cloak of invisibility), guides the arm of his friend. Thus he overcomes the giantess. Brunhild is, however, unwilling to sail with Gunther until she has assembled "her cousins and those in her pay." Those from Worms fear that evil might spring from this for them, and Siegfried hastens off to the land of the Nibelungen whom he formerly had subjected, and there, after many chivalrous deeds, he equips a thousand warriors. He then leads them to Gunther, who explains to Brunhild that they were his body-guard whom he had left behind. The queen finally consents to accompany her lover, after having provisionally intrusted her sceptre to her uncle. Siegfried hastens forward to announce the distinguished pair. The imposing feasts that followed I shall not attempt to describe.

Siegfried reminds Gunther of his promise, who I may say obtains without any difficulty Chriemhild's consent to become Siegfried's. If I interpret this chapter rightly, at this time we receive the first clews to future complications. The best judges in such matters are at a loss to decide which of the two women is the more beautiful; and besides, it seems as if Brunhild sheltered in her heart the first germs of love-hatred against Siegfried, springing from his superior bravery, which in such a woman must cause admiration; but it is counteracted by the fact that he is to marry Chriemhild, her rival in beauty. Do not accept my view too readily, but read for yourselves. No commentator has come to similar conclusions.

Brunhild is in the beginning none too tender to her husband, as we learn from his own complaint to Siegfried, which might seem to us highly comical were it not for sympathy with poor Gunther. His own words are: "I offended her, when she bound me; to a nail she bore me, and high up on the wall me hung. I there remained in great distress the whole night, ere she freed me. How sweetly she rested all that while!"

We next accompany Siegfried and his beautiful bride to their home, where his father surrenders to him the throne. The queen bears him a son, who is named Gunther, after his uncle. Gunther returns the compliment by calling his son after the noble Siegfried. Ten years have elapsed, and during this time the two couples have seen nothing of

each other. Brunhild is rather vexed that Siegfried, whom she likes to consider only a vassal of her husband, should stay away in this manner from her court. This fact—being prompted by others which she may not wish to state—she urges upon her spouse, who in consequence sends an invitation to his brother-in-law, which is accepted. Siegfried and his wife set out, accompanied by the venerable king (Siegfried's father) and an imposing suite of the best Nibelungen knights. Their child they left at home. I need not describe the ceremonies and the pomp with which they were received.

One day, as the two queens were witnessing the tournaments of the nobles, Chriemhild chanced to drop a remark which led to a discussion concerning the merits of their husbands. In the heat of the argument the language is not weighed, and stinging words fly from the lips to wound the hearts of both. Chriemhild thinks Siegfried the bravest of all *Recken*, while Brunhild maintains he is only a tributary of her incomparable husband. Insult follows insult, and the two women become deadly enemies. Siegfried is implicated in this contest, and, though innocent, incurs Brunhild's hatred. She must have revenge. Hagen, who can not forget the insult to his lord's wife, offers his services. Under pretext of a hunt with Gunther, Hagen, and others, Siegfried is taken out, in spite of warnings from his beloved wife. "O no, Siegfried dear, I fear your destruction. Last night I had an evil dream; two mountains crushed you, and I saw you nevermore. If you leave me this time it goes to my heart." Notwithstanding the supplications of his wife, Siegfried leaves with his treacherous companions. After a tiresome hunt, in which Siegfried excelled as always, all meet at a spring to refresh themselves, and while Siegfried stoops to drink, Hagen stabs him mortally.

This scene is at the same time one of the darkest and most touching in the whole poem. We see poor dying Siegfried with the spear in his wound, the grass and flowers wet with his blood, the fright in the faces of those around him; we hear the words of the man in the last agony, so full of tenderest love for his wife and child even in this bitter hour. "I pity nothing upon earth so much as I do my faithful wife Chriemhild. O! that the Lord has given me a son whose fate it is to count among his kindred a low murderer! Never has a man committed a blacker deed, spake he to the king, than you have now; you, whose interests were so dear to me! But let me entreat you in her behalf; remember that she is your sister!"

What gloom, despair, and desolation came over poor Chriemhild with this news. All the pleasure of life, all her happiness, her love, everything had been swept away. There was no longer any sunshine in that heart; her life belonged to tears and sorrow. That boundless love produced endless mourning. She does not allow herself to be deceived for a moment; she knows his murderers; and, if she had had any doubt, did not the wound commence to bleed at the approach of Hagen? Was not that the clearest evidence of guilt? What a grand picture of womanly devotion, mixed with so much of the superstitions of the age. Chriemhild would implore the priests at the grave: "Allow the soothing sight after so much grief; let me see his beautiful face once more. They bore the noble queen where she found him resting; his beautiful head she lifted with her tender hand, and kissed the dead man, the noble knight so good. Her fair eyes wept blood, so great was her pain."

This event really closes the first part of the tragedy. For years Chriemhild lives retired, and continues to cherish the memory of her dear Siegfried; in

fact, to the last hour of her life it is he who fills her whole mind. She lives separated from her son, whom she has placed under the watchful care of his grandfather in Friendsland. She had intended to go there herself, but was induced to stay at Gunther's court by her youngest brother's assurances of love and protection, and perhaps more by her own inclinations. Chriemhild is a woman who can not forget the injury done to her, and, probably without being fully conscious of it, sees dimly in a far-off future an opportunity for revenge. She does not allow Hagen ever to approach her, for she can not forget that he caused the dead body of her husband to be placed before her chamber door, where the terrified woman found it on the morning after the horrible murder. The crafty Hagen, of course, has no friendly feelings toward Chriemhild, and finds now and then opportunities to add to the gloom of the friendless woman. He contrives a plan by which he manages to rob her of her immense treasures, the wedding-gift she had received from Siegfried. Such misfortunes and persecutions would drive even stronger women to despair. Chriemhild (as we have it in German, *die Jammersreiche*, "the rich in misery") henceforth bows down and weeps forever. After years of this kind of suffering and life-destroying prostration, during which the darker sides of human nature seem to be gaining slowly but constantly the upper hand over this once so virtuous and great-hearted woman, a shadow of hope that she may satisfy her longing for revenge appears to her vision. The most powerful and wealthy King Etzel, ruler of the mighty Huns, sends from his distant country his confidential embassador and friend Ruediger, through him to gain favor in Chriemhild's eyes, and win for himself her hand. Under ordinary circumstances all such endeavors would have remained barren of favorable results; but, as matters stand now, Chriemhild sees in the message indications flattering to her secret passion. As the spouse of the peerless monarch she may hope to crush some day those wretches, the cause of all her distress. She accepts the flattering proposal, and consents to accompany the noble messenger of her to-be husband.

Let us confess that this is not a very elevating scene; but, at the same time, the change in Chriemhild from the most loving and noble character to one full of bitterness and revenge is not unnatural, when we bear in mind how much she has endured, and how her entire isolation gradually spreads gloom over her whole mind. Continual darkness has blinded her eyes to the light of charity.

Chriemhild's journey to the land of the Huns on the Danube resembles a triumphal march; her reception at Etzel's court is worthy of the noble king's splendor and fame. "The wedding lasted entire seven days; of no other king has poem ever spoken who equal nuptials had. All who there appeared new attire wore. To celebrate the feast many a noble *Recken* gave freely to the poor, and nobody more than the noble king himself. Generous beyond measure was he."

Chriemhild allows seven long years to elapse without making any move to accomplish her secret designs; but she makes use of that time to acquire power over King Etzel and his brave knights, in which her womanly instinct guides her right. After this time she sends, or rather induces Etzel to send, messengers to Gunther's court, with a pressing invitation to come to the magnificent court of the Huns. The invitation is accepted, notwithstanding the caution of Hagen, who does not relish the idea of such a visit. Gunther equips over ten thousand of his bravest followers, and departs. Hagen and his brothers are at the head of Gunther's army.

The incidents of the journey occupy in the epic many pages; but I must limit myself to state that Gunther's people, who, since Siegfried's death and their appropriation of the great treasure, begin to be known by the name of "Nibelungen," arrive safe and sound at Chriemhild's court. She watches their approach, and says to those around her: "The friends from far-distant lands are coming; how their armor shines!" But she thinks to herself: "Now my turn comes. He is among them who has robbed me of life's joy. My revenge now reach him must." Chriemhild receives the guests coolly, and makes it a point to ask Hagen, at the very first meeting, if he has brought her treasure with him; and, upon his somewhat rude reply, she reminds him of his crimes in rather plain language. The situation here becomes quite critical. Chriemhild understands how to excite the sympathy of her soldiers for herself, and there is soon a hostile feeling in their hearts against Hagen and all his companions. In those last chapters you may read of the fierce struggles that ensued between the two parties, during which thousands of noble soldiers upon both sides were slain. The Nibelungen were, however, annihilated; not one of them survived.

Chriemhild in the meantime has fully come up to Schiller's picture:

> "The hyena-shapes (that women were!)
> Jest with the horrors they survey;
> From human breasts the hearts they tear,
> As panthers rend their prey!"

This frantic woman meets Hagen; she tears from him his sword, which formerly had belonged to Siegfried, and with a powerful stroke she kills her foe. Hildebrand, one of Etzel's *Recken*, enraged by the horrible deed of this madwoman, and by the woe brought by her upon his country, kills her on the selfsame spot. This ends our great tragedy.

I trust the reader will understand the injustice I must have done to that noble epic, in relating so briefly what is elaborately written on nearly 400 pages. I may have succeeded in showing you the skeleton; but if you wish to fill in the muscles and the nerves, to behold the animated whole, go and read for yourself. But do not read the poem in the ancient German, the old language being full of words and constructions that today have become obsolete and archaic. Besides, you would become impressed with a vocabulary which bears to modern German nearly the same relations as the English of the twelfth century bears to the English of to-day. There is an excellent translation into modern German, by Carl Simrock, which I can not too highly recommend; and there is a version in English, by J. Birch (Berlin, 1848), of which I know merely the existence. I believe there is another and more recent translation.

The author of *The Lay of the Nibelungen* is not known, and there are many theories about the origin and composition of this work. If the Germans ever succeed in tracing the name of him who contributed most to make this *epos* what it is, the list of Goethes, Schillers, Lessings, and Shakspeares will be enriched by one more name—one more monument will be erected. The Germans are very proud of this poem, and I think they have reason to be, when I consider that it dates back to the very dawn of German literature—to a time in the history of man when it was incomparably more difficult and meritorious to compose such a work than it would be to-day. It is the foundation-stone of a now majestic structure, and a foundation-stone which serves at the same time as a repository of much history and superior intellectual work. No modern language has, to my knowledge, anything like it.

UNTO THE END.

"Wait but a little, sweetheart," you said—
Her fine hair under your finger-tips,
Watching the droop of her fair young head,
And the death-white curve of her quivering lips—
"Wait till the violet-beds are filled
By the bountiful hand of the maiden Spring;
Wait till the birds are beginning to build;
Wait till the brooks are beginning to sing.

"Wait, with a song in your heart, my girl,
For the life I bear to the land so new—
A life as pure as the purest pearl
And white as a lily—because of you.
And, O! remember that, come what may,
Ere the robin's call to her mate is heard,
I shall lean to the light of your eyes and say,
'Our nest is waiting, my wounded bird.'"

Hard was the snow on the hills that day,
Winds were cruel as want or war,
The sky was sullen and cold and gray,
And ships were wrecked on the harbor bar.
And, "O! but, my love, my love and mine,
Whithersoever your way may be,
My heart shall cling to your faith divine
Till its pulse is under the dust!" said she.

And so you parted. The desolate days
Went loitering on to the longed-for time,
When all the glittering garden-ways
Were red with roses and rare with rime.
The birds were merry in every tree,
The wind sang high and the brook sang low,
And ships sailed cheerily out to sea,
And the sea was summer's in foam and flow.

And she—your darling? I smooth your hair,
But words fall back from my pitying lips
A-faint on my heart! For how can I bear
To prison your life in a long eclipse?
Here is her picture. She bade me say
Your faith had failed her (God help you! friend),
But added: "Bury my face *his* way;
He will know I loved him unto the end."

THE NAVIGATOR ISLANDS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

WHO are the Samoans? To this question unfortunately no thoroughly satisfactory answer can be given. Their descent, like that of the Scythians, the Phœnicians, and the early inhabitants of America, is lost in the darkness of prehistoric ages. Nothing is known about the origin of the Samoans with any certainty. Some ethnologists have surmised that they are of Malay extraction, others that they are the lost tribes of Israel, while others again have suggested that they are the descendants of a race that once inhabited a great southern continent, of which geologists say the islands of the South Pacific are now the sole vestiges. It is better to dismiss all these conjectures, and say at once we know nothing of the matter. But if we know little about the origin of the Samoans, we know at any rate something definite about their history and family relations. Improbable as it may seem, the Samoans, the Maories of New Zealand, the men of Raratonga, Tahiti, and the Sandwich Islands, are nevertheless all kinsmen, and have all come from one common stock. They all belong equally to the so-called "light race" of the Pacific. Now this light race inhabits almost exclusively the various archipelagos that stretch from the Marquesas to the Friendly Islands. Westward of them, from Feejee to Australia, there dwells a dark swarthy race, with whom these fairer Polynesians have as little in common as the European has with the negro. The boundary-line is not very sharply defined between these two great ethnological divisions, but may be placed about the meridian of 180°; although in one instance the lighter race has spread as far to the west as New Zealand, while the darker has distinctly modified the figures and faces of the Friendly Islanders.

Between the inhabitants of eastern and western Polynesia generally there are many strongly marked points of difference. The men of the western groups are as a rule small and ill-formed. Their hair is scanty, their features coarse, and their complexion black. They are destitute of even the rudiments of civilization, and, as seen in Australia and the Solomon Islands, are among the lowest specimens of humanity. The eastern Polynesians, on the contrary, are a handsome and well-formed race. Their complexion is straw-colored, and, in many cases, not a whit darker than that of a Portuguese or an Italian. Their heads are well-shaped, their foreheads broad and ample, their features regular and sometimes even classical. Nor are the mental and moral differences between the two families less distinctly marked than the physical. The western Polynesians, since the days of Captain Cook, when Europeans first became aware of their existence, have ever been a cruel, inhospitable, intractable set of cannibals. They have welcomed strangers with poisoned arrows, have devoured shipwrecked crews, have found their most congenial employment in war and plunder, but have never advanced one step up the ladder of improvement. Their religion and their traditions have alike been gloomy and ferocious. The worst among them to-day are as bad as the anthropophagi of Homer, while the

best are not better than the inhabitants of Ashantee or Dahomey. With the eastern Polynesians the case is far otherwise. They have never been slow to receive strangers, they have never been cannibals, they have never been cruel for mere cruelty's sake. They have always welcomed white men to their shores, and with siren-like voices have too often charmed the crews from out of passing ships. Their religion, while yet a living creed, was neither gloomy nor oppressive; their traditions were never bloodthirsty nor barbarous. For ages they have been in possession of a kind of latent civilization, and have always shown themselves ready to accept and act on new ideas. They have long possessed among themselves a rude system of law, sanctioned by usage and venerable from its antiquity. The worst that can be said of them is that men and women alike are devoted to pleasure, and sunk in indolence and sloth. Morality, as we understand it, scarcely exists among them. They neither comprehend nor appreciate it. They live a lazy, lax, indifferent life, enjoying the present and troubling themselves little about the future.

Whatever may have been the origin of the Samoans, the race they came of must have been endowed with energy and vitality. Some of this energy apparently descended as an heir-loom to the Samoans, and, as time went by, the small ocean-bound group of islands became too narrow for the bold spirits that dwelt within it. When this takes place in a vigorous people it results in colonization. Such was the case in Samoa. Some men, hardier, braver, and more restless than their fellows, set sail from their native islands, and, after an ocean-voyage of two thousand miles, reached New Zealand. Thus it came to pass that New Zealand was first settled by Samoans, who gave it the name that was most familiar to them, the name of their own island—Savaii. It may be asked how all this can be satisfactorily established. The question is a fair one, and deserves a fair answer. It can be established partly by tradition, but chiefly by a comparison of the Maori and Samoan languages. Words are to the ethnologist what fossils are to the geologist. They both furnish irrefragable evidence of many facts long after all other evidence has perished. By their aid we can show that the ancestors of the Maories and Samoans once dwelt together and spoke the same language. The Samoan and Maori names for "house," "woman," "man," "water," "fire," "land," and many other things, are alike. Such resemblances are no more accidental than family likenesses. No other hypothesis will explain them than that of a common origin. But further, in the languages of other groups of islands many affinities can be found to exist with the language of the Navigators. By a comparison of all these languages we are at length in such a position as to be able to prove, even if all other evidence were lost, that this light race of the Pacific, no matter how widely and apparently unlike many of its members are, is really only one great family. To-day a "man" is *tamata* in Auckland, *tama* (or *kama*) in Apia, and *Kanaka* in Honolulu. All are really one and the same word. Nevertheless the people who use it are separated from each other by 4,000 miles of ocean and more than fifty degrees of latitude.

As to the language spoken by the Samoans themselves, and which is really only a dialect of one widely extended form of speech, a few remarks may be made. Its frame-work is very simple, for in truth it has neither genders, cases, nor conjugations, properly so called. Its vocabulary is meagre, as might be looked for among a people whose wants are few, and who, never possessing any

written literature, never learned to think or write with logical precision. The missionaries were the first to reduce it to writing, and to give it an alphabet, which consisted only of sixteen letters. By its aid, however, they have been enabled to translate the Bible and some other works, which some of the natives have learned to read. Samoan, owing to its having never been used for literary purposes, is in a comparatively crude and unsettled state. It is undergoing changes every day, and within the last fifty years has probably changed more than the English since the days of Spenser, or the Italian since the days of Dante. Savaii, Upolu, and Tutuilla, each of them possesses a well-marked dialect of its own; while, as if this were not enough, there is a special form of the language, a courtly dialect, as it were, in use only with chiefs. Thus with an ordinary man you would say "*moe*" for sleep, but to a chief in courtesy you must say "*tofa*." An arm is generally called "*lima*," but a chief's arm must only be spoken of as "*aao*." Like Homeric Greek, and indeed all other imperfectly developed languages, the Samoan abounds in irregularities, redundancies, and small words called particles, which help to explain the meaning of doubtful expressions. It is formed of soft vowel-sounds, and when spoken by a native has a peculiar rhythm that falls pleasantly on the ear. It has been called the Italian of the South Seas, and justly so, for it is a language of sweet sounds and happy turns of expression. It is perhaps more suited to lyric poetry than to calm dispassionate prose. This, however, is now a matter of small moment, for the language and they who speak it will alike in a few years be no more. Pretty and graceful as it is, it must pass into the limbo of forgotten things, to be remembered occasionally by a few learned pundits, but to be ignored by the rest of mankind as utterly as the language of the dead Aztecs or Modocs.

Many pens have essayed to describe the character of the Samoans, but perhaps none has done so with much success. The truth is, there are few things more difficult than truthfully and graphically to draw the character of a single individual, much more of a whole people. After all, most men are made up of contradictions and inconsistencies, and more especially is this true as regards the Samoans, who are every day being subjected to the contact of new ideas. To give an account of such a people, which should be open to no exceptions, be true to nature and yet not overdrawn, and which would apply equally well to-day and ten years hence, is scarcely possible. There is much among this people that eludes an accurate analysis, and many traits of character that a foreigner can never hope thoroughly to understand. Just as you think you have found out a solid spot on which to build a superstructure of inference, one salient point, one disposition more clearly marked than another, up comes a plain man, and, by acting in a manner inexplicable on your theory, brings all your grand deductions to the ground. The Samoans, indeed, like other people, are a strange compound of inconsistencies. If they were not, they would be *automata*, and not ordinary men and women. That they are so is their greatest charm. Most foreigners who live among them undergo as a rule three phases or revulsions of feeling. At first the natives are all that is good and delightful; then they are all that is bad and contemptible; finally the good and bad qualities are found to be mingled in a just proportion, and the intelligent observer is forced to the conclusion that the Samoans are after all very much like other people.

In judging semi-civilized races, the mistake is too often made of ignoring the

fact that their standards of comparison are totally different from ours. What they prize we contemn, and our most cherished canons seem frequently to them either incomprehensible or absurd. It is even so with the Samoans. We can scarcely understand their want of ambition, their indolence, their indifference to the future, their lack of truth, of honesty, of morality. To them our anxiety for the morrow, our love of wealth, our energy, our industry, and our high regard for female virtue, are equally incomprehensible. After all, there is something to be said on either side. Our civilization has been developed in cold latitudes, and has been tempered by a somewhat ascetic creed. With theirs the case has been different. He who is conscious of his own unworthiness will be the least captious in his criticisms of others. More especially will this be the case when he comes to deal with a kind-hearted impulsive race like these eastern Polynesians. They have been described not inaptly as grown-up children. They have the freshness, the keen zest for enjoyment, the boundless confidence in the future, that youth alone feels. When not transformed by war or passion they are the gentlest and kindest of men. Like the primitive Christians they have all things in common, and scarcely recognize among themselves the exclusive right of any one individual to his own property. It is this very community of goods, however pleasing the notion may be, that more perhaps than anything else has tended to check their material progress. No man, of course, will care to work when he knows that his neighbor may claim an equal right with himself in the proceeds of his toil. Compared with most South Sea islanders the Samoans may be called a brave and even warlike people. They are also fairly industrious, considering that they might live if they chose without working at all. They are hospitable and polite, and their politeness is all the better for being the offspring of good-nature and kindly feelings. Among the chiefs there is a strong aristocratic bias, the result, no doubt, of their feudal form of government. With them the old idea of *noblesse oblige* is still strong, and, as a rule, they are not deficient in a sense of their own importance. Of late years every native has taken to calling himself an *alii*, or chief; but for all that the old governing families have still much power in the country, and are still able to keep base-born men out of their charmed circle. The Samoans may be called a domestic people, for they are fond of their homes and their children, and are not, like many other South Sea islanders, anxious to emigrate. They are also intensely superstitious. No monk of the middle ages was ever more so. Above all things the Samoan dreads to be out after dark. If he is obliged to be he says a prayer or crosses himself, not because he trusts in heaven, but because he dreads the *ditus*, those spirits that like fauns and satyrs haunt the depths of the forest and come forth to do evil during the hours of darkness.

The average native lives in a very primitive style. His house is nothing but a few posts driven into the ground and thatched over with cocoanut-leaves. During the day-time there are no sides to it, but at night a few mats and leaves stretched from one post to another close it in. The floor is of fine gravel, and has a hole in the centre for a fire-place. Of furniture there is none, unless such articles as a stray looking-glass or a mosquito-curtain may claim the name. There are generally, however, plenty of beautifully clean mats, some of them veritable works of art. A chief's house may be a little better furnished and a little more pretentious, but the vast majority of native houses are as described. One end is usually

set apart as the family sleeping-quarters. Here clean cool mats are nightly spread, and here the whole family, and any strangers that may be present, retire to rest together. It is a good old patriarchal custom, but one that has been sadly misunderstood by foreigners, some of whom have thereby given offense to hospitable and friendly natives. Samoan life has fascinated not a few civilized White men, and in truth it has very much that is attractive about it for every man. Its even tenor is undisturbed by great events or grand catastrophes. It is more than arcadian in its simplicity. There is little that is dramatic about it, but much that is good, pure, and pleasant. It is a life which no amount of civilization or western ideas generally will make one whit happier or better. The Samoans in times of peace and plenty are probably as nearly absolutely happy as any men can ever hope to be. They are neither too rich nor too poor; they can work or not as they choose; they are free from the tortures of a vaulting ambition, free from the blighted hopes and depressing fears that too often to other men make life an intolerable burden. So smoothly does time pass over them that they care not even to register its flight. No Samoan can tell you his own age. It is only by waning strength or wasting infirmities that he knows he is becoming old. Of a truth, all that Virgil said of the Roman husbandmen applies with ten-fold force to these Samoans, if haply they knew it:

"*O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint.*"

Many a man sick to death of the contentions, conventionalities, and utter hollowness of civilized life has sighed in vain for such an easy simple existence. Such was the day-dream of the poet Cowper, and such may have been Tennyson's idea when he wrote of

"Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea."

The picture, indeed, is not unattractive, but the reality is sadly disappointing. Men forget that before they can become real lotus-eaters, they must first bathe in the river of Lethe. Before they can live the life of Samoans they must first unlearn their civilization and most of those habits of life which have become, as it were, second nature to them. If they can do this it is well. But most men who have tried to do it have turned away in disgust, and have been heard to declare subsequently that fifty years in Europe were after all better than a cycle in Cathay.

The earliest White residents in Samoa were probably buccaneers from the Spanish Main, who have left no records of themselves except a few words bequeathed to the language. In the early part of this century there came a succession of runaway convicts from New South Wales, at that time the chief penal colony of England. These men, as might be supposed, were a fierce and lawless set. Their numbers were every now and then increased by runaway sailors, who managed to desert from whalers or ships-of-war. The life that such men would lead in a place like Samoa may be imagined better than described. They have left no materials, indeed, for a history of their own times. But a few are still living who are able to remember the good old days before the advent of missionaries, consuls, traders, and men-of-war. One of these ancient mariners, since dead, told us how he had been wrecked on the group about thirty years before. He described the country then as more fertile than at present, and food of all kinds as much more abundant. Cocoa-nuts were of little value, for no one had thought as yet of turning them into oil; bananas were so plentiful that they were used to feed horses; a pig could be purchased for a yard of calico, while for an old musket a man might acquire as much

land as he could compass in a day's journey. There were even in those early days many Europeans domiciled in various parts of the group, and feuds between them and the natives were of very frequent occurrence. The only vessels that at this time visited the group were whalers, and an occasional slaver bound to South America. Many of these passing visitors requited the hospitality of the natives with outrage and cruelty. Sometimes the crews would come ashore in a body, steal food, carry off women, and when resistance was offered fire upon the village. At other times captains of ships would purchase native produce, and when it was safely on board, would send an armed party from the ship and forcibly take back what they had paid for it. The vast majority of the Whites then in the group were a worthless and degraded set, but some were possessed both of energy and ability. A few of these, like Savage and Whippy in Feejee, were bold and ambitious spirits, and endeavored to gain power by various methods among the natives. One of these was not a little curious, considering the character of the men by whom it was practiced. It was neither more nor less than to instruct the natives in religion, the instructor constituting himself a sort of high-priest, and wielding a temporal as well as a spiritual authority. A missionary writing on this subject, at a later period, says: "It was all the fashion to have a foreign religion; . . . and any worthless upstart was sure to get a number of followers. Some of these irregular efforts were, however, remarkably successful, and subsequently gave the missionaries no little trouble."

With the advent of Christianity, shortly after the visit of Commodore Wilkes, a new chapter may be said to commence in the history of Samoa. The first missionaries who came were received with the greatest enthusiasm. The doctrine they taught was eagerly embraced by the natives, and before very long the whole group was at any rate nominally Christian. Like the Romans of the age of Augustus, the Samoans had apparently outgrown their national religion, and were glad enough to have any substitute for it. The Whites, too, whom they now met for the first time, were a very different class from their old convict and sailor acquaintances. The missionaries represented a higher civilization than any they had as yet come in contact with. They regarded them with a queer mixture of affection and awe and curiosity. They were prepared to accept any doctrine at the hands of such men, just as they accepted their clothes, their boats, and their tools, partly because they admired them and partly because in a vague way they feared them. But, the first burst of enthusiasm over, the ardor of the new converts cooled rapidly. Moreover, each year the number of respectable White men in the group increased, and in proportion the native mind lost those feelings of awe with which it had at first regarded the teachers of the new religion. Indifference succeeded to enthusiasm. A missionary after awhile was no better than any other man. As the novelty of Christianity passed off it gradually lost its power, and at the present moment has no more real influence over the great body of natives than their own cast-off heathenism.

Christianity has been the professed religion of the Navigator group now for more than a generation. It is about time, therefore, to ask what it has done for the people. We answer, nothing. We write the word with feelings of disappointment and even humiliation, but we write it because we are convinced of its absolute truth. In all that constitutes amendment of life the natives of Samoa are not one whit better to-day than they were fifty years ago. Nay,

by all accounts, they are rather worse. They are less brave, less truthful, less moral, less honest. The men are at heart superstitious skeptics; the women frivolous devotees. During the late war Apia on Sunday was wont to be the scene of hideous orgies. Men and women might then be met rolling about the streets, insulting the Whites, singing ribald songs, and conducting themselves more like frantic bacchanals than Christian converts. Something may be allowed for a period of exceptional excitement and demoralization, but even then no one who knows anything about the natives will maintain that Christianity has been a success among them. It has sadly disappointed those who looked to it for great results. Moreover, by lessening the power of the chiefs it has removed many of the checks to immorality and vice that formerly existed. Nor has it practically substituted any in their place, for its precepts now possess no hold on the hearts of the people. Its outward forms are still adhered to and practiced, while its moral teachings are utterly ignored. Perhaps the worst feature about the whole case is the seeming devoutness and even sanctimoniousness of so many of the Samoans. Some of them have succeeded in imitating even the grave faces and solemn demeanor of their pastors. They have copied with accuracy the priestly look of intolerance and self-righteousness that has so often been presented to their gaze. The forms of religion enter as largely into the daily lives of many natives as they did into the daily life of Tartuffe. There are few natives who do not go to church, do not wear long coats on Sundays, do not say grace before meals, or do not sing a hymn before going to bed. In these observances is summed up the whole of their religion. It is by this hollow show that the missionaries gauge the work of the Holy Spirit. If they judged of their success by the results of their teachings on the lives of the people, they would scarcely be able to write those glowing and magniloquent reports with which the inhabitants of both hemispheres are by this time pretty familiar.

And here a word should be said about the contentions and unseemly rivalries among missionaries themselves, which perhaps more than anything else has tended to bring Christianity into disrepute in Samoa. It would appear, as regards facts, that the London missionaries were the first to settle in the group, and they were followed by the Wesleyans. It was mutually agreed then that the Wesleyans should leave Samoa and have exclusive control over the Friendly Islands. But after awhile the Wesleyans returned, and, as may be imagined, the greeting that awaited them there was not very cordial. Meanwhile the French missionaries had established themselves in the group, and had even constituted Apia the metropolis of the diocese of Oceanica *in partibus*. Then between each of these sections of the Christian Church there sprung up a fierce rivalry. Their zeal to make converts knew no bounds. In a contest of this sort the wealthiest body would be pretty sure to win, and consequently the various missionaries made large purchases of land from the natives. Many hundreds of acres are thus held in the group, though we believe that land-jobbing is as much opposed to the rule of missionary societies as any other kind of trading. So bitter at length did the rivalry become that one party even descended to attack the other in the language of the Samoans, and thus made the natives arbiters of the quarrel. From that moment the respect felt by them for their teachers and for Christianity was gone. The more clever among them henceforth knew how to play one body of missionaries off against the other. If remonstrated with, they retorted, not unfairly, that Christians should settle their differ-

ences at home before they came abroad to teach others. These unhappy disputes were even extended to the offices of religion. A marriage celebrated by one missionary was not recognized by the others. A Roman Catholic would not recognize a marriage performed by a Wesleyan or a Congregationalist. A Wesleyan or a Congregationalist would not recognize a marriage performed by a Roman Catholic. The Congregationalists recognized the native rite (*fa Samoa*), which to the Wesleyans and Roman Catholics was no rite at all. In this imbroglio there was only one thing tolerably clear, and that was that any Samoan man or woman of vicious propensities might easily gratify them by a timely change from one form of Christianity to another.

And here seems the place to say something touching that want of morality with which the Samoans have been so often and justly charged. How any man who knows anything about them can maintain that they are a pure and virtuous people is difficult to understand. He must do so either from a love of paradox, or because, like a mediæval schoolman, he is prepared to defend a pet thesis against all comers. If, however, such a man should only mean that the Samoans are not immoral in the same way that a naughty Frenchman or Italian is immoral, then we should probably be inclined to agree with him. The truth is, the Samoans have no morality in our sense of the word. They do not understand nor would they desire to have the same social code that we have. Among them virtue in an unmarried woman is one of the rarest of qualities. Few men value it, and no women are any the worse socially for the loss of it. Chastity for its own sake is quite as absurd an idea to an ordinary Samoan as self-sacrifice or disinterestedness might be to an ordinary politician. Nevertheless, no Samoan woman is as degraded as a vicious White woman. She has not lost self-respect nor the respect of others, and may any day get married and be as decent and well-behaved as her more virtuous sister. In married life virtue indeed exists, but only to a limited extent. It has an objective rather than a subjective value. It is esteemed not because it is good and beautiful in itself, but because it insures a careful mother and a decent and orderly home. If anyone still doubts whether or not the Samoans are a moral set of people, let him only consider for a moment a few of their pet usages. There is one, for instance, by which the husband of the eldest daughter of a family can dispose of her sisters as they arrive at maturity. It is scarcely possible to imagine anything more utterly subversive of every feeling of honor and self-respect in a woman than this. By another custom dances are nightly practiced by both sexes compared to which the "can-can" seems staid and modest. In childhood all are trained in a school of vice the teachings of which produce in after life their natural results. Apia for its size is probably the most dissolute place in the South Seas.

So far as can be gathered from tradition, the Samoans were never without a rude but efficient system of law and justice. In nothing is this more clearly shown than in their land-laws. These resemble in a very remarkable degree the feudal system of the middle ages. The system of land-tenure that still holds good in Samoa is essentially the same that prevails to-day in Feejee and other parts of the Pacific. In Samoa, as in Feejee, every inch of land has an owner, and its owner is known. Every man and family and tribe has a hereditary right to a portion of the public domain, nor can one individual alienate his right without the consent of the others. A collection of families forms a village, which is under the jurisdiction of a chief,

who again is under a superior lord. All these minor chiefs are distinctly subject to their higher chief, are bound to follow him in war, and to render him certain services in peace. He claims like the feudal lord of the manor all lands within his district; in practice, however, he can rarely venture to sell or otherwise alienate them without the consent of those who hold under him.

For many centuries such a simple mode of government has sufficed for the Samoans. They have probably enjoyed as much real freedom and protection as would have been possible under any system. Family feuds or individual quarrels were, of course, never wanting, to vary the monotony of a too tranquil existence. The Manono chiefs were always professed politicians, and interest and choice alike urged them to let no opportunity slip of fomenting a disturbance or bringing about a difficult situation. How long this state of potential rather than actual anarchy continued it is impossible to say. Old residents believe that the great civil war of 1848 — that year so fruitful of revolutions all over the world — was the first that had taken place for a very long period. However this may be, there have been several since, the last of which terminated in 1872. It was caused by disputes between Malietoa and other chiefs, and seems at bottom to have been a war of disputed succession. Malietoa, like Cacoban in Feejee, had always had a titular supremacy over the other chiefs of Samoa, and was no doubt their lawful and generally recognized feudal head. But the native tribes in the neighborhood of Apia, whose intercourse with Whites had been more intimate and whose ideas had possibly thereby become unsettled, determined to throw off the yoke of Malietoa. Their head-quarters were in Apia itself, and they were known by the name of "Tua Masagas," or sometimes as the "Small Party." The Malietoas were much superior in numbers, for they not only drew their forces from all Savaii but from a great portion of Upolu and Tutuilla. The Savaiian chieftains in especial mustered strong in defense of their liege lord. In large war-canoes, and with a fleet of boats well freighted with provisions, they crossed the sea that separates them from Upolu. Their favorite method of fighting was to make a descent somewhere on the coast of that island, burn and waste everything that came in their way, and then retire to their canoes. Sometimes, however, they would attack the forts of the Tua Masagas, and then the fighting would be generally severe. These forts were built of cocoanut-wood, hard and thick enough to turn a rifle-bullet, and could only be taken by storm. When this was done, the fort was burned, and the country for miles around or up to the next stronghold laid waste. On one occasion during the last war a pitched battle was fought just outside Apia. Neither party gave or asked for quarter, and neither prisoners nor wounded even were spared. As seen immediately after the battle, the camp of the victorious Malietoas presented a strange spectacle. At the entrance stood a pyramid of human heads, as grim and ghastly as the head of John the Baptist in the Italian painting. Round this hideous trophy stood some women with baskets, waiting until the enemy should give them permission to take them away and bury them. One was the head of an old man, which his daughter in vain begged for; another was that of a Tongan who that morning had at his wife's request volunteered his services in an evil hour — "*impar congressus Achilli.*" Farther on lay a man badly wounded with a rifle-bullet, and indeed sinking fast. Those around knew it, and, with a worse than animal want of sympathy, would scarcely give him a drink of water, or a bit of calico wherewith to make a bandage. Hard by was

another wounded man, tended by a Samoan doctor, who, like Homer's Æsculapius, was both soldier and surgeon. This gentleman was dressed in leaves, and, with body oiled and face painted half black, half red, looked as unlike a learned professor as anything it is possible to conceive. Every house was more or less full of armed men, begrimed with dust and paint and gunpowder. On them were a number of attending Hebes, who shampooed (*lomi-lomi*) the weary ones, and brought food and water for all. The appearance of the men was strange and romantic. Some of them had their brows bound, not with laurel, but with shells, while their bodies were only clad with a few scanty ivy-leaves. Others had dressed their long locks in elaborate style, and had painted their faces black or red or blue, as the taste of the owner had prompted. Muskets, rifles, battle-axes, spears, and shields were lying about in all directions, while amid all the confusion were a number of young girls busily and quietly engaged in chewing *kava*. With this native nectar the warriors pledged each other as they sung their pæans of victory. The whole scene was one of intense excitement and novelty, and had it not been for the occasional whistle of a round-shot through the camp, might have been mistaken for some scenic melodrama rather than real downright bitter warfare.

Apart in a lonely house, alone in death as he had been in life, lay a great chief. He had been among the other Samoan chiefs what Capaneus had been among the Seven against Thebes, the bravest, the sternest, the most determined, the least forgiving of them all. This day he had rushed to the fatal breach as gaily as King Richard at Ascalon, and had found death in the moment of victory. In life he had been a redoubtable and pitiless slayer of men, more feared than liked even by his own. He lay quiet enough now, but still grim in his war-paint, and wearing even in death the old haughty look. He hated missionaries, and died as he had lived, a stern, proud, impenitent, unbending man. The prayer that was offered up for the bold moss-trooper must needs be offered for him, too, and we will say

> "May God have more mercy than man
> On the soul of such a bold rider."

During this war the good and the bad in the Samoan character were amply displayed. Of individual bravery there was no lack, while the fidelity of the retainers to their chiefs, and of the chiefs to their feudal lord, shone as brightly as at Cressy or Culloden. But this is the most that can be said in their praise. The whole conduct of the war was stained by wanton cruelty and unnecessary bloodshed. The demoralization of all ranks was complete. Every check to vice seemed to have been removed, and even the semblance of Christianity was put away. In such a crisis it was fortunate, perhaps, that the power of each party to do evil was strictly limited, the Tua Masagas by the want of food, the Malietoas by the want of ammunition.

At such a moment the need of a people like the Samoans naturally becomes the opportunity of the White man; and thus it actually happened on the present occasion. Some months before the breaking out of the war, an American gentleman had taken up his residence in Apia in order to purchase land from the natives on behalf of an American land company. This company was understood to be a powerful and wealthy corporation, and to have ramifications from the capital to the Pacific slope. Its designs, if ambitious, were certainly praiseworthy, being neither more nor less than to colonize the Navigator group with American citizens. As a preliminary, it was held to be necessary to get possession of a quantity of land, in order to sell it subsequently to the immigrants.

With this object the company set to work to buy land in real earnest. The natives, pinched for money, were only too glad to sell. In many cases, indeed, they sold what did not belong to them. No such consideration, however, daunted the agents of the company. They bought all lands that were offered, and asked few questions about title or locality. As a consequence many of the company's acres are now known to belong to hostile chiefs, while others consist of swamps, stony wastes, and the inaccessible peaks of mountains. Many thousands of acres—some good, some worthless—were thus purchased, but, it need scarcely be said, never taken possession of. Meanwhile, immigrants did not come to the islands, either from the East or yet from the West. Whether it was that they had read *Martin Chuzzlewit* to some purpose or not does not much matter. They did not come, at any rate, and so the lands of the company have remained untilled and unoccupied to the present day.

Quite recently another attempt to get a footing in the group has been made by Americans. Colonel Steinberger, we are told, has been sent as a commissioner from Washington to the Navigator Islands. Now, we do not for a moment suppose that he is a "commissioner" in the same sense as Holloway, the man of pills, is a "professor," or Norton is an "emperor." What the nature of his commission can possibly be we are, however, at a loss to understand. If he has really received a commission to do something, why does he not do it, and return to Washington and report in the usual manner? Is it not a little curious that a commissioner sent down on a special errand should suddenly resign his appointment on the field of action, and, instead of reporting on the people, accept from them the office of prime-minister? Such an office, of course, presupposes a constitutional government, and a ministry, of which the gallant colonel can take charge. These, however, have no existence whatever in Samoa, nor are likely to have for many years. Altogether there is reason to believe that the premiership of Samoa will not be a more successful affair than the great American land company, and this is saying a good deal.

After all, it is hard to see what attraction the Navigator Islands can offer to speculators or immigrants from the United States. It can not be too clearly understood that the amount of really good land available for settlement in the group is exceedingly limited, and that the best of it has been bought up long ago. A large Hamburg firm with plenty of capital and business knowledge has for many years been established in the group, and has been engaged in the purchase of land on terms so favorable as probably to prevent competition. This firm has practically had a monopoly of all the Samoan trade, has carried it on under exceptionably favorable circumstances, and yet has reaped very moderate profits. Where it has failed it is scarcely likely that others under less favorable conditions will be more successful. At the present time and for years to come money or labor invested in Samoa must be looked on as simply locked up. Feejee, with more natural advantages than Samoa, has hitherto proved an unproductive investment; and the same, no doubt, would be the case with the Navigator Islands. The difficulty of procuring laborers is almost insuperable, while the natives are more intelligent, more warlike, more ready to take offense, and less inclined to work than even the Feejeeans. Between the White purchasers of land and the natives disputes will, sooner or later, arise, and it may be predicted will not be settled without heavy losses on both sides.

Politically the case is somewhat different. If the interests of the United

States necessitate a foothold in the South Pacific it can be had in Pago-Pago. This harbor is adapted to all the requirements of modern warfare, and has moreover no necessary political or other connection with the rest of the group. It is farther from Apia than Dover is from Calais, and quite as independent. If, however, the United States want an increase of territory or a new field for industry, which we do not for a moment believe, it surely is not necessary to look for it eight hundred miles south of the line. The Navigator group geographically belongs to Australia, as distinctly as the Sandwich Islands belong to America. It is from Australia and New Zealand, by way of Feejee, that they must eventually be settled. Such is the course most natural for colonization to take, and any attempt to interfere with it can only end in disappointment. With the annexation of Feejee and the distinct predominance of English influence in the South Pacific all political value to the United States has departed from Samoa. As the case stands at present, no prudent minister would care to burden his hands with such an estate. Nor will the people of America be much inclined to invest their money in the group, while they have before them the warning example of the Feejees and of the late land company. In a word, then, the capabilities of the Navigator Islands are not such as to give any encouragement to would-be investors or immigrants. There is little agricultural and no mineral wealth, but, above all, there is no protection for property, no law, no order, no civilization in the islands. There is nothing to induce any sensible man to have anything to do with them, except the fact that Colonel Steinberger has been nominated prime-minister by the confiding natives.

A QUEEN OF SPADES.

I.

It was a vexatious chance which kept me from New York when the Tyrrells arrived, for I thereby missed Bob Lyon, who came home in the same steamer.

A decent deference to the claims of kindred would have worded that sentence otherwise, and, indeed, I am fond of Aunt Tyrrell, while Clara — but let that go. I was but a stripling, look you, grappling Latin syntax, and she just learning to make eyes and prattle French, and no doubt the verb we conjugated in those languages described a callow temperate yearning quite different to the peremptory passion for which you, madam (who inspire it), have a Saxon name.

But Bob — or Robin, as we liked to call him, recognizing in a rude unconscious way the sturdy honesty and simplicity of the lad—had laid hold of some college mates (he was no general lover) with a grasp which absence, possibly, and the slow alterative of time, but nothing else, would loosen. Our early friendships strike their rootlets deep, and a good many years must pass, and some rich loamy natures be parched to thin arid soils, before the crop of household interests quite strangles those hardy growths.

Well, I was not there to seize the old boy's hand and march him off to my own snuggery, and laugh with him over the vernal days when he daubed my class-books with nymphs and warriors, and revealed his dream of becoming a great painter. These diversions the young artist lost, but he did not want

for hospitality during the week he tarried in Manhattan.

"Of course you come with us, Mr. Lyon, to Gramercy Park. I don't know how we shall requite all you did for us in London—poor unprotected creatures that we were—and on the voyage, too. You must not think of going to hotels. So that is settled."

Thus did Aunt Tyrrell prescribe the movements of my tractable friend, and though Clara said not a word, why should her eyes brighten if she disapproved the suggestion?

It is true Robin meekly protested that he ought to go to his people in the country, but it was clear a studio had first to be chosen, and some preparation made for the autumn's campaign, which he admitted might require a day or two. You are aware, however, that the selection of a studio, embracing grave questions of light, frontage, seclusion, and immunity from noise, not to speak of the traditions and associations which evolve an æsthetic atmosphere, is a business not lightly dispatched. The ladies, too, were sincerely anxious to attest their gratitude for the patient guidance which had laid open the art-treasures of Britain, from Sir Richard Wallace's *thesaurus* even to those unfinished masterpieces (yet sacred from the vulgar eye) of embryo academicians, and were fain by way of quittance to show their guest those unrivaled collections which affluence and enlightened connoisseurship have accumulated in this island. And it may be that one of his companions in that edifying round could go back farther than those London days, and recall long rambles in Florentine galleries, when a few plain thoughtful words had provoked a wistful sympathy and quickened a girlish mind to unaffected zest.

It is scarcely possible to know less, in a worldly sense, of a young gentleman whom one chance or another has repeatedly thrown in your society, than the Tyrrells knew of Mr. Lyon. Concerning his outward circumstances and personal history, beyond the fact that he was a classmate and friend of mine, those ladies were quite in the dark. Not that Robin could lay any claim to that austere discretion and nice reserve which some circumspect but rather empty-pated fellows succeed in passing for the very finest breeding. On the contrary, he would chat most freely about his little triumphs and reverses, his aversions and private hobbies, and confide to you on moderate encouragement the cherished dreams and wishes of his heart. But then these all happened to be bound up with his vocation of painter, which did in truth evoke what solicitude and fervor he had; and it no more occurred to this eccentric youth to call the roll of his connections and acquaintances, or descant on domestic matters, and the doings of the people at home, than it occurs to many lively persons to talk of anything else. Not that I like Othello a whit the less because he rehearsed his stirring passages so movingly; and when a raw Yankee lad has maintained himself at a first-rate college by school-teaching in the long vacations, has positively lived some years in Italy on the proceeds of weekly letters to the press, and found means so to improve his opportunity as to make a little stir in the world, I say, in heaven's name, let him seize his trumpet and blow a blast or two if he will. But you might as profitably applaud the sprouts of a potato for feeling their way toward sunshine, as try to make Robin comprehend that his own earlier struggles were anywise commendable or noteworthy.

Whether the species of reticence above acknowledged must be reckoned a merit or a blemish in Mr. Lyon's character, shall be left to individual judgment; at all events, it did not offend Miss Tyrrell. A capricious, fanciful, rather arbitrary young woman was my cousin,

who, I remember, at our children's parties, would often tease me with her wayward behavior, and was accounted by some juvenile admirers of quite a captious and sarcastic turn. And to this day many ingenious gentlemen, whose sprightly anecdotes find favor in drawing-rooms, do not esteem Miss Tyrrell sympathetic.

Now an artless headlong enthusiast, like my friend Robin, would make, I should suppose, a capital butt for female raillery; yet, strange to say, this variable damsel bore herself very humbly in his society, and after those Florence experiences before referred to, would let him pour forth his quirks and theories (wild enough, I dare say) for hours together. Or it might be, when a pause fell, she would hazard some queer little notion of her own, which Bob was sure to proclaim vastly suggestive, though I doubt if he could find it in the standard authors. I will not quarrel, however, because a high-flown rhapsodist may have preferred a girl's company to my own, for while I have read Taine, and can impart to my discourse, when I choose, a very delicate æsthetic flavor, I trust I graduate too justly the claims of life to dawdle away my mornings in art-galleries, or climb steep hills, as Clara will, to see the sun pop out some seconds earlier.

I would not deny that Bob's absorption in his art, and single-hearted devotion to that mistress, is a very fine thing indeed, and a refreshing spectacle in these languid times; but obviously it must isolate the artist from the sympathies and pleasant commerce of his kind, and lead him into many *gaucheries* and some neglect of the social amenities. Whether Robin had luckily escaped those untoward consequences may appear from some account of an interview with Miss Tyrrell which took place the evening before his departure. Bear in mind that he was practically taking leave of the young lady, as it was most unlikely she would see him in the morning.

"And you mean to bury yourself in a farm-house the whole summer?" Miss Clara said to Mr. Lyon, having for once been persuaded to discuss mundane topics. "I give you a month; you're no Arab, after all. You'll soon weary of those deserts, and we shall welcome you back to civilized life. We—that is, mamma wants you to come to Newport."

"You don't know my country," said honest Robin; "I think no man leaves it willingly. You would love its rugged scenery, I know that. There's nothing like it east of the Sierra!"

This was the moment to ascertain the precise State and county wherein the homestead lay, but the damsel's mind, perhaps, was not dwelling on matters geographical.

"I might like it," she said, dubiously, "for a week or two; but I should perish with nobody to talk to. Of course there can be no society"—this was put forward interrogatively—"none that you would care for, in those wilds?"

"Only my own people," said Robin, gently. "They are fond of me, and I of them."

"O!" she began, and stopped suddenly, flushing quite rosy with regret and self-reproach. I suspect Miss Tyrrell, intent on a certain vein of inquiry, had dropped unconsciously that ungracious phrase. She tried another tack.

"My poor picture"—this was a portrait Mr. Lyon had been commissioned to paint—"will you promise not to neglect it? Perhaps it might better wait till autumn. Are you sure you need no more sittings?"

"Quite sure," he said. "It ought to be finished in a week. I'll touch nothing until it is done, Miss Tyrrell, and then forward it instantly."

Perhaps the covenant to cede so promptly a lady's likeness is not particularly flattering, and probably you, ac-

complished reader, would have given the speech a pretty turn, but blundering Bob made matters worse. "I only hope Mrs. Tyrrell may like it," he went on. "I shall do my best, but portraiture is rather out of my line. The fact is, my heart's not in it." And then they began to talk of other things.

Now, I ask, was this a correct mode of parting from a young woman of fortune, who had really gone out of her way to notice and be kind to a struggling artist—on the eve, too, of a protracted separation?

When Aunt Tyrrell, next morning, after wishing the young painter good-speed, went to her daughter's room, she found Miss Clara dressed, and weeping. Of course she had the girl in her arms in a moment.

"My child, my own, what was I thinking of? O, my love, my darling!" But who can paint the pantings and soft moans of the parent dove fondling her stricken nestling and soothing it.

I can not tell what tender story was whispered in that rapt ear, but something it certainly was which made mamma ruffle her plumage fiercely.

"He's a selfish moon-struck brute," she cried; "I wish we had never seen him!" And a feeling of resentment, akin to hatred, against that poor harmless Robin began to stir in the maternal bosom.

II.

When I appeared in Gramercy Park, that evening, of course the hawk had flown, and, in perfect keeping with his tiresome heedlessness, neglected to leave his address.

"Somewhere in New England," said Aunt Tyrrell, peevishly, and vague reminiscences of the college catalogue helped me to place Bob's home toward the far north.

"And what do you think of my friend Robin? Isn't he a rare piece of rural honesty?" were my next questions; and here the acute female intellect might have drawn shrewd conclusions from my aunt's cautious cynical replies, and perhaps connected them with Miss Clara's listless abstracted air.

But the reader doubtless understands that the scenes and incidents heretofore recorded, as well as others to be presently set forth, were made known to the writer at a period considerably subsequent to their actual occurrence. Otherwise he would have bethought him at this juncture to communicate a little circumstance calculated to dispel with magic cogency the worst symptoms of a certain distemper, and cause the mind of a well-regulated young woman to recover instantly its normal tone. I mean the circumstance of my friend's engagement, which I might, without much difficulty, have resuscitated from my memory (the idiot had engaged himself before he left off jackets), and even drawn a tolerable likeness of a rosy-cheeked bustling lass, who, on class-day, danced with ardor upon the college green, and betrayed a lively interest and sense of proprietorship in Master Bob's concerns.

While I was ruminating on Aunt Tyrrell's equivocal demeanor, and my kinswomen, by sheer want of confidence, lost the comfort and healing virtues of a timely word, Mr. Lyon was rapidly nearing the natal village, which proved to be —as I guessed—in New Hampshire, and was, in fact, no other than the township of Conway, in the county of Carroll. It was late at night when he reached the quiet station which lay nearest the farm, and leaving his traps on the secure platform, set out cheerily to walk home.

How well he knew the road! There was the red school-house, and the Baptist church, and the clump of maples at the Four-corners. That was the Saco humming on his left, threading the meadows, and feeding the pool above Squire

Allen's mill; and here were sheep on the upland—Ruth's sheep, perhaps—asleep in the dry June weather. West and north rose familiar hills, clothed to the peak with pines and hemlocks, kneeling, it seemed, before the mountain lords that reared above them their bare heads, gaunt and weird enough in the moonlight, and hid somewhere in their shadow the wonders of the haunted Notch.

He spied the gleam of a candle—in the keeping-room, no doubt—as he swung open a little gate and strode up the graveled walk flanked with sunflowers and hollyhocks. "That is Ruth, darning and mending—faithful soul!" he thought, letting the clapper fall against the door; and Ruth, indeed, it was, who trotted forward in great amaze, thrust back a bolt nervously, stared a second doubtfully into his eyes, then caught him in a warm embrace.

"Is it you, Bob—really you?" cried the eager girl. "Come to the light—let me see your face!" She led him to the low-ceiled room, where all looked spruce and prim and neat as wax. "Why, how you've grown!" she said, scanning her cousin with admiring eyes. "You've got a beard, too—a great brown beard. Is it the fashion, Bob, in foreign parts? What haven't you seen and done! And is it true, Bob—do they give you heaps of money for bits of canvas like that you sent us from France? How much now?—come——"

"How are you all?" said bewildered Robin. "How's little Nell?"

"Little—why she's a woman, Bob! Where is she?—Nellie!" And excited Ruth ran into the passage to bid her sister dress quickly, and come down speedily, and welcome somebody who had come home to his friends at last.

And then modest Robin was again inspected and marveled over and catechised, and presently in bounced Nellie—a gamesome sprightly lassie—and flung two plump arms about his neck; and Ruth made tea, and woke up Reuben the hind (hired help she called him) and dispatched him to fetch the great man's luggage, and Nellie filled Bob's pipe, and gave him currant-wine, and altogether there was joy and festivity that night in the Lyon homestead.

Nobody could help liking Ruth Lyon who marked the kind firm mouth and honest eyes, or watched her earnest matronly ways. A little too brisk, too careful and practical, you may think, with scarce sentiment or leisure enough to play the *rôle* of sweetheart, but no such doubt or cavil occurred to those who, like Cousin Bob, knew the story of her loyal life.

He ran it all over, lying awake by and by in the best bedroom, and noting the bright woodwork, spotless curtains, quilted coverlet, and other vouchers of Ruth's housewifery. He remembered his introduction to the farm, when his father, the genius of the family—poor, luckless, abortive, rustic genius, we have all seen such—succumbing finally to strong drink and disappointment, left nothing behind him but a fretful wife and sturdy boy. He could see his uncle—plain, overworked, kindly man—tending the widow (while she lasted), patient always of her peevish plaints, pinching his girls to buy Bob books, and putting the lad to Exeter school (for the son of a genius must have advantages), and at last throwing up in his turn the hard task of living. And then Ruth, a mere girl not seventeen yet, with a big barren farm ill-stocked and mortgaged, and a little sister on her hands, taking up the burden quietly and singly (Bob should never forego his college and the chance of a fair career), and wringing from those reluctant acres independence and comfort, and even profit. Was it not a fine brave thing, he thought, and could heart of man wish more generous comrade, or helpmate more efficient and true? And Cousin Ruth had waited for him all

those years, and now he was come home to marry her. They would be married at once. That, at least, was certain in an uncertain world—fixed and certain as that he would finish Miss Tyrrell's picture and forward it, as per contract, within a week.

I dare say it incommoded Ruth to sacrifice her capacious store-room, which, happening to open from Bob's bed-chamber and to possess a sky-light, was at once promoted to the function of *atelier;* but she proceeded cheerfully to transfer her household stuff, stowing it away in nooks and pigeon-holes, merely craving permission to leave some strings of dried-apples which depended from the rafters. She could not find it in her heart, however, to rebuke the kitchen-maid, who bewailed lustily the confiscation of her clothes-horse (so she termed a drying-frame), and probably Ruth condemned in secret the perversion of that machine to art purposes. But she esteemed it her plain duty to further Bob's wishes, and forestall them if she could, so when he had rigged a tolerable easel and got fairly to work, Ruth enjoined the utmost quiet on her subjects, and strove to compass the death-like silence which she presumed congenial to æsthetic toil.

It was a shock, therefore, to the well-meaning girl, when she stole in on tiptoe to announce the midday meal, to find Nellie at Bob's elbow, giggling and prattling right noisily, and daubing a strip of canvas with enthusiasm. Ruth disliked to scold, but some reprimand seemed necessary.

"Why will you be so thoughtless, Nell?" she said. "Look at all that fine paint wasted! How can Bob keep his wits with such a din!"

"O, let her stay," said the artist. "Talking don't tease me; rather helps this sort of work."

"Does it?" said Ruth, astounded, and beginning to find small difference between such work and play. "Why, Mr. Greathead, the Baptist minister, locks himself up for days when he writes sermons."

"That's what makes them so musty," said profane Bob. "But come here, Ruth; what do you think of this?"—and he pointed to Miss Tyrrell's portrait.

"I think she's lovely," protested Nellie, who had bestowed close attention on the young lady's toilet. "See how she does up her hair; and the ruff round her neck—I wish I had one!"

"A comely face, but dreamy-looking," said wide-awake Ruth, and picks up a landscape with more interest.

"That's a view in the Morena," explains Robin, "the region you're always hearing of in *Don Quixote*."

"I don't remember," said his betrothed dubiously. "It seems a hilly country. What breed of sheep is that?—such curly wool and twisted horns. Mine are common stock, but I clipped two hundred pounds last shearing."

"We'll go and inspect them, dear, after tea," said Bob, who was looking forward eagerly to the evening walk.

"O, come here!" shouted Nell, and made her sister look at some junketings in the Tyrol—a pretty scene enough—where the bright costumes of the women had caught the damsel's eye. "It's too sweet," she murmured tenderly; "how I should love to go there!"

But Ruth opined they were barbarous creatures, of thriftless habits, and probably Roman Catholics. "I guess there's more dancing than plowing over there," she said, and marshaled Bob and Nell down to dinner.

In the busiest households the evening is a season of leisure and refreshment; but after sundown Squire Allen must needs stroll over from the mill and shake Bob's hand, and take Ruth aside to disclose a notable project for supplying the Notch House with eggs and but-

ter. The sagacious housewife discerned much promise in that scheme, forthwith got out pens and paper, and was presently deep in figures, renouncing utterly for that occasion such frivolities as moonlight walks.

"Nellie will go," she said; and accordingly Robin, who would have preferred, perhaps, to drink in solitude the spirit of the hills, was attended by that vivacious young person, and regaled with divers histories of sewing-bees, spelling-matches, maple-scrapes, and sleigh-rides which had signalized the previous winter.

Nor am I sure when the times were more auspicious and no graver cares balked the communion of lovers, that Ruth and Robin were often betrayed into the rhapsodies of strong emotion, or developed a very fervent sympathy. You see their attachment was no giddy impulse, or brief heyday of the blood; it had withstood the test of years, and approached (on one side, at least) the calm beatitude of that wedded fondness which invariably (as you know, madam) gains depth and volume from close acquaintance with the dear object. You might have discovered many tokens of that serene affection, if you had followed them in their rambles and marked how inevitably the converse of this pair drifted away from the dream-land of sentiment to the homely topics of domestic life.

"Look, Ruth, what a site for a painter's home!" cried Bob, on one occasion, when they had walked out along the Bartlett road to a point where Mount Washington itself looms grandly against the northern verge, shouldering a way between Mount Franklin and Mount Monroe.

"You can't mean," said practical Ruth, "you would exchange the old farm for such worthless ground? The view is very pretty here, and I know our house lies in a hollow, but the soil is ten times richer down the valley. Why, the country hereabouts is scarce fit to graze over, and even buckwheat would starve in land like *that!*" And she pointed to a field where the stones were, no doubt, discouragingly numerous.

"But we don't intend to go on farming," explained Robin plaintively. "I was only thinking of the summer months, and what a paradise we might make of this quiet hill-side, ringed with forest and river and set in the eye of that glorious scene. We need know nothing of its bleak winter, for then we should be in New York. I thought you understood, dear Ruth. Didn't I tell you I had taken a studio in town?"

"New York!" cried Ruth, almost heart-broken by this disclosure. "Give up the farm, take me away from home?" And the poor girl, though unused to the melting mood, gave way to most unreasonable tears.

Here was a plight for a sensitive young artist, who could not seriously think of relinquishing his calling, and yet was loath to see a woman cry—how much more a buxom cousin with a hundred claims to his regard? What arguments and blandishments, what humorings and compromises, were there resorted to I can not tell, but it is certain the betrothed pair did not quarrel. How could they? There exists not a gentler more considerate being than modest Robin, or one less qualified to take the tyrant's vein; while Ruth, with all her sturdy purpose and executive turn, held quaint theories of female obedience and wholesome notions of the rights of man. Yet all the fostering and comforting in the world can not sweeten the cup of exile to the foolish Switzer lass, nor will the model meekness of your Griselda rob bereavement of its sting. I think Bob read this in his companion's patient looks, and, no doubt, he noticed that she seldom thenceforward went singing about the house.

There is no situation more trying to the temper than to find yourself the reluctant exacter of an irksome rueful sacrifice, and no wonder Bob's spirits at this epoch underwent considerable depression. I suppose he was conscious of his uncompanionable mood, for he began to roam about the farm alone, and evinced less relish for Miss Nell's light chat during hours of labor. Over Miss Tyrrell's portrait he was most assiduous, but somehow the picture made no progress. Had Bob addressed himself specially to portraiture, he might naturally seek to make the most of a rather fantastic subject, and surprise by one piquant masterpiece the suffrages of the Academy. But I have often heard him disparage that particular province of his art, and am, therefore, at a loss to explain his present feverish and unsatisfied behavior. Two or three weeks slipped away, and still he was dawdling and fiddling with the canvas. Was it poor Ruth's pensive shadow which thwarted and obscured his work, or was there something in the face he pored over which drew the cunning from his hand?

Why should Squire Allen, who regarded art much as Bob regarded top-dressing, select this moment to visit the studio and ventilate his unvarnished heterodox opinions? To be sure he was always loitering about the house and consulting with Ruth Lyon, but matters of moment engrossed those discussions, and it was a rather tardy politeness that prompted him to ask what Bob was doing?

The squire's attitude, as he surveyed the *atelier*, whither Ruth conducted him, was very affable and friendly, and the discourse he pronounced on the occasion abounded in fresh fruitful suggestions, which Bob in a normal frame of mind would have devoured with infinite gusto.

"Them picturs o' scenery," he remarked, in the course of his review, "air good and val'able. They aint no kind o' use to me, but city folks that live cooped up in them brick dwellins, and haint got room to keep a garding, they kin hire a chap to paint off suthin' green and country-like which is hulsome to the mind. Aint that the idee?"

Robin thought perhaps it was.

"As for them palaces," pursued the squire, pointing to a street-scene in Ferrara, "and marble meetin'-houses, I set my foot agin 'em as savorin' o' the pomps and superstitions o' the Old World. They air the high places of idolatry, and the sink o' corruption. Let 'em crumble to the airth!"

"Crumble!" said Bob, indignantly. "Can't you see the beauty of them as mere models?"

"As models, p'raps," allowed the critic, "for a state-house or Boston post-office they kin be used. But that 'ere thing," he continued, snapping a finger at Miss Tyrrell's picture, "you kin say nuthin' for! There aint *no* sense in it."

"What do you mean?" cried Robin, reddening.

"Why, they was fust-rate," the squire explained, "in the old times, and wuth money, too. I've got one o' them likenesses to home that cost a sight"—he referred to his sire's presentment, executed by Luke Slingbrush, a local artist of some fame—"but who's goin' to pay nowadays for all them paints and varnishes when you can buy a photograph for a dollar? You air smart, Robert, I kin see that; but you can't beat the sun, nohow!"

"The sun's an ass!" shouted Robin, provoked beyond endurance. "The sun would make Shakspeare look a blockhead, staring and gaping at that big bull's-eye. Good Lord! man, do your *features* say anything? And the expression of your face, too, at a given moment, what is it but the reflex of *one*

mood—a single letter in the alphabet of character? They're well fitted to fools—your photographs! But the pregnant face, the soulful face, demands a painter to probe and ponder it, until he has spelled out its last secret, and printed it there on the canvas for the world to read. Talk of photographs for a face like that!" And the excited artist flung a cloth over the insulted portrait.

I am not going to revile Robin for that ranting intemperate speech, for he was presently heartily ashamed of it. Ruth on her part could not have looked more confounded if one of her sheep had bitten her, and speedily invented an excuse to draw the squire away.

"That's no business for me," the squire observed, when the two had retreated to a less fervid atmosphere. "I guess it pays, though, when you get the knack of it. I'll tell ye," he added, "what Robert ought to do: jest hurry up, paint off a dozen o' them picturs, stock the old farm complete, and settle down."

"I don't know," Ruth said, in her heart much impressed with the idea; "you might talk to him—but I'm afraid he don't like farming."

"You don't mean to say," shouted the disgusted squire, "that he'd go on paintin' arter he'd made his fortin? Darned if he aint takin' right arter his father, and he was crazy as a loon!"

"You mustn't say things against my uncle," said loyal Ruth, and the squire looked contrite, and then she confided to him the projected removal to New York.

The grief which shook her friend at this announcement was unquestionably sincere. "O Jericho!" the squire groaned, "that beats the Dutch! Who's goin' to post me about them new-fangled tools, and study the sile and lot out the crops accordin'? There aint nobody reads them papers and gits the meat out of 'em, Ruth, like you. And the winter evenins, Ruth—what'll I do in the winter evenins?"

"You must get married," said Ruth, archly.

"P'raps I will," he returned, gloomily; "I guess I'm young enough." And indeed he was, and some athletes of twenty might envy his stalwart frame and ruddy cheeks. "You wasn't thinkin' yourself," he went on, with a curious hesitation in his tone—"I mean, you wasn't goin' to git married *right away*, was you? Next month—aint that kind o' sudden? Howsomever, I wish the boy well, and you, too, Ruth—from my heart, I do." And the worthy fellow meant what he said, but for all that he looked dejected.

"It'll be kind o' lively next month in Conway," the squire continued, with a fine assumption of cheerfulness, "what with weddins, camp-meetins, Fourth o' July, and city folks thick as bees! I'll have a houseful myself, I expect. Bill Cutler, up at the Notch House, can't take no more, and wants to send a string of 'em down here. I guess I'll have to accommodate 'em."

"From Boston?" Ruth presumed.

"Wal, no—they aint Boston folks," the squire thought. "Teirell—Tyrrell! Sounds more like a York name." And then he bade Ruth good-morning, and walked homeward.

III.

When they happen to possess a cottage on the cliff, the most inveterate nomads might subdue, I think, their roving propensities, and consent to sojourn—say three months—at Newport. I was surprised, therefore, by a summons to Mr. Tyrrell's bank, and my abrupt nomination to the command of an expeditionary corps. "Clara's not well," I was informed; "finds Newport much too hot. Your aunt proposes the White Mountains, and wants you to take them there."

This intelligence distressed me a good deal; but I own that, coming from the

hot pavements of a smoky town, I discovered all sorts of tonic virtues in the breezes of Narraganset Bay, and eyed Miss Clara's lassitude with wonder, until my aunt reminded me how different, after all, the climate was to that of Scarborough or Trouville—which, no doubt, explained the phenomenon.

We were already familiar with the Franconia region, and, being minded to try the Conway side, were not disposed to quarrel with the accident which transferred us from a rather shabby hotel to absolute control of an old-fashioned farm-house. We promised ourselves not a little entertainment in the naive discourse of our primitive host, and my own contentment was complete when a preposterous, hare-brained painter-fellow, whom Squire Allen hit off in his catalogue of curiosities, proved to be no other than my friend Robin. I must say, however, that Aunt Tyrrell seemed in no wise pleased with this discovery, having lately contracted, as I mentioned, a prejudice against my friend; but it was absurd to suppose a *contretemps* so trivial would be suffered to derange her plans. "Now, at least," she said, "that singular young man may have the goodness to finish my girl's picture."

It is not likely many hours could pass before Bob and I came together, and, of course, I was speedily apprised of an impending interesting event, and presented to the bride-elect, before whom and her young sister—when Robin sped away to pay his respects to the Tyrrells—I pronounced a eulogy upon that artist. In the course of the same afternoon the Misses Lyon came to call on my kinswomen, and insisted we should drink tea at the farm, where they set forth all the dainties they could think of, showed us the flower-garden, the bee-hives, and the chickens, and treated us generally in a most hospitable fashion.

I happened to be present at my cousin's meeting with Bob's *fiancée*, and thought I had never seen Clara look so well. Perhaps she may have been a trifle pale, but her eyes were very bright, and she talked with the greatest spirit and vivacity. She watched Miss Lyon rather narrowly, too, in a swift observant way, but no doubt her observations were satisfactory, for her manner was quite soft and kind when she took Ruth's hand at parting.

But while clear-eyed downright Ruth conquered the hearts of her new acquaintances—persuading even my Aunt Tyrrell, whose attitude at first was slightly captious, to declare her a good active little body—Robin's behavior was less gratifying. No one certainly could have predicted that his native air would cloud the man's sunny temper, yet something of the kind seemed to have occurred. I found him taciturn and moody, and his demeanor at times decidedly tart. For instance, when he was taken to task good-humoredly by Mrs. Tyrrell about his remissness in the matter of the picture, Bob was almost surly, thought he must renounce the undertaking altogether, and condemned his rashness in meddling with portraiture at all. When we were alone, however, he bore himself more genially, and this circumstance led me to conclude that he had lost his relish for ladies' society.

Of course Bob's inclinations in this respect were not abetted by me. I had brought my friends, as you know, to Conway in pursuit of health and the exhilaration of fine scenery, and since Ruth's household duties would not suffer her to guide our rambles, Robin's services were plainly indispensable. It happened for the most part to be Miss Tyrrell's fate to endure Sir Dismal's company in those excursions, and while what he vouchsafed to say was crisp and bright enough (Bob's tongue had a pretty trick of interpreting his eye), his fits of silence must I know have

depressed her, although I can not remember that she made any complaint. I will avow that on one occasion the young man seemed to regain his buoyant humor, and shone out with his old flash and fervor.

We had driven out that day to the Notch, for while we knew the Franconian Pass, the grandeur of its southern namesake was yet strange to us. It was afternoon when we reached the middle of the gorge, and we lingered there until sunset, held and mastered by the scene. Who that saw it forgets the desolate ravine choked with bowlders and bristling with dark pines, the giant walls black and bare that seem to bulge and topple and hide the sky, and the puny shivering river flung headlong down the jagged steep? There is, you know, a contagion in strong feeling, and I am sure the glow on Clara's cheek warmed us all. No wonder Bob, then, watching the girl's kindling eyes, shook off the weight upon his spirits and gave himself to the empire of the hour. The Notch, and the eager talk of my companions, and the drive homeward in the twilight, wrought me up to so romantic a mood that I sat smoking in the squire's porch until a late hour, and even when I retreated a single candle was still gleaming from Bob's studio.

Why would he not stay and smoke a cigar, and what in the world could Robin find to do alone in that grim comfortless chamber? Was he going over, perhaps, the pleasant day, and yielding anew to the sweet sorcery of an emotional nature, which had quickened and compelled his own? Or did he check those thoughts sternly, and recognize with sad sincerity that such companionship was not for him? Must his days, then, know no storm, no torrid sunshine, but be always cool and sober and calm? Could he call it *living*, the pale spiritless existence which stretched before him and Ruth. Poor Ruth! No, upright, noble Ruth—who was he to pity that true heart! Had he forgotten what her life had been—the patient cheerful self-surrender, the long meek sacrifice to duty? and was the fault hers if her eyes, fixed on that mild star, had missed the hectic splendors of the west? Was he not man enough to love her for what she was, and mock and stifle the mad thirst for sympathy? That holy mystic charm of sympathy, truly a potent spell in Paris *salons;* but such simple words as gratitude and honor may out-conjure it amid Yankee hills.

On the day following our drive to the Notch—it was just a week, as I remember, before Bob's wedding—Clara and I strolled over to the farm, and found Miss Nellie strumming the piano and Ruth busied about many things.

"Where is Robin?" I inquired.

"Nobody knows," said Nellie, laughing; "he was prowling up and down his den all night, and this morning he went out at day-break."

"In that case," I suggested, "suppose we avail ourselves of the priest's absence and invade the sanctuary. There are many tricks and devices familiar to the painter's art which I shall be happy to expose. Likewise, the business of an unfinished picture seems to require investigation."

There is no doubt that Clara looked inquisitive, and Ruth at once volunteered to show the way.

"You would never know my trim store-room," said Ruth, as she let us in to the *atelier*, and indeed it was a chaos of disorder.

Bob's easel was near the window. Nellie ran to it and gave a cry.

"Look!" she said, and stared in stupor at the canvas.

We looked. My cousin's figure was still there, but some studious strokes of the brush had totally erased her features.

"Hullo!" I cried, "what's the meaning of this?"

Clara's face was very pale. She did not speak.

"It means," said Ruth, with a quivering lip, "it means we had no right to come here." And she led us silently from the room.

I do not claim to possess the fine intuitions of some gifted natures, but I confess that Master Bob's performance provoked sundry reflections, which I was shrewd enough to keep to myself, and I think it regretable that another member of the company, having less experience of the ways of men, failed to exhibit an equal discretion. I had strolled into the garden, having observed that the ladies were drifting toward feminine topics, and was ruminating over a cigar, when Miss Nellie, equipped with a basket and intent on blackberries, came running out, aglow with mischief and hilarity.

"Such fun!" she explained between peals of laughter. "We were in the parlor just now, Clara and I—she was teaching me a waltz—when Bob came in, glum as a ghost. So, of course, I began to tease him about spoiling that lovely picture, and said he just wanted an excuse to potter over it, and then he grew white, and Clara was in a flutter, so I left him to defend himself. Won't she scold him, though!" And the picture of Bob's predicament afforded her infinite delight.

I was not quite artless enough to be carried away by the damsel's merriment, and opining that the presence of a third person might be grateful under the circumstances, set forth at once to break the *tête-à-tête*. But a veranda skirted that side of the house, and a window of the keeping-room, which adjoined the parlor, standing open, I glanced into it as I passed, and stopped. There was Ruth, half-risen from a chair, in a strange irresolute attitude, her work fallen to the floor, one hand shading her eyes and the other pressed against her side, while her lips looked dry and parted, as if some word she sought to utter found no breath. Why she failed to hear my step I understood when presently voices, low but audible, reached us both through an open door. I recognized Clara's first.

"Indeed you must not say that, Mr. Lyon; it is we who owe excuses. You must have been greatly annoyed about that picture, and it was a selfish thing to ask it at such a time. If mamma had known; but I—but she—you must try to pardon us."

"Clara!" Bob could say no more.

She went on hurriedly.

"Let me have it as it is. I will not like it less because the artist was too happy to finish it! It will remind me of your happiness and Ruth's—dear Ruth, whom I love dearly, and who loves me."

"Clara!"—Bob's voice came hoarse and short—"you are worthy of each other, and I of neither. Do what I will, I must be false, disloyal. I can not even give you that blotted canvas, because"—here the man's voice shivered into a kind of passionate sob—"because it is a confession and a prayer!"

He was gone—I heard his footsteps in the hall. But I would not look at Ruth; my own pulse quivered, and I moved away.

Ruth and Clara were thrown much together at this period, and a very cordial sincere attachment appeared to bind those young ladies. It had been decreed in secret conclave that Miss Tyrrell should be one of the bridesmaids—Miss Nellie of course being the other, and urging forward with the utmost zeal and excitement the necessary preparations for the wedding. That event was now at hand, and Robin bore himself quietly and thoughtfully, as became a man vowed to grave responsibilities, and evinced little of that petu-

lance and restlessness which I had remarked at an early stage.

It may have been a day or two before the ceremony that Bob was roving about the orchard, when Ruth came out to him, and laid her hand shyly on his arm.

"What is it, dear?" he said gently, for the girl's cheek was flushing and her eyes did not meet his own.

"There is something," Ruth whispered, "something, Bob, that ought to be said. You are different now, dear, from what you were when we liked each other first. Something greater and higher, I know well. While I," she went on sadly, "am just the same—a farmer's child, fit only for the farm. I can not talk to you and hope and feel with you as others do."

"Dear Ruth!" he said, and his eyes were wet with generous tears, "what could put that nonsense in your head? You can make me happy, dearest. None knows you but is happier and better."

"Thank you for saying that," she said simply, and looked up once into his face; "you have a loyal heart, dear. I judged it rightly. Perhaps I may be worthier of you than I said, and"—here her voice again sunk to a whisper—"I will try to prove it."

At last it came, the wedding-day. We were assembled in the big parlor—Aunt Tyrrell, the squire, and I—joined presently by the two bridesmaids; Miss Nellie radiant and eager, Clara colorless as a white rose. Bob followed in grand *tenue*, and our little *cortege* was ready to set out for the village church, whose bell was ringing a merry peal.

"Where's Ruth?" cried Nellie. "Ah, here she is!" And Ruth came in, robed in white as became a bride; with her wedding-veil, too, but that she carried on her arm. There was a dew, I think, in her kind eyes, but her lips were parted in a smile.

"Were you waiting for the bride?" she said.

A screen stood in a corner of the room, and she moved toward it, holding Clara's hand.

"Move the screen, dear Bob," Ruth said; "I want to show you something."

He pushed it aside, and saw the mutilated portrait.

"You can finish that," said Ruth softly, "if the lady sits to you all her life." And she put Clara's hand in his.

Of course, the wedding, ladies, did not take place that very day; but, although Aunt Tyrrell's bewilderment and perplexity were extreme, she was not long obdurate, being naturally of a romantic turn, and recalling sundry episodes of her youth. Besides, she could not but acknowledge Ruth's authority in the premises, and consented at the end of a week that her will should be made law. Possibly, had my advice been solicited, I should have counseled a still longer postponement, remembering a certain banker in New York who might be deemed to have an interest in the matter. But the stoic army of husbands holds no veteran more thoroughly disciplined, and I doubt not my excellent uncle received such dispatches from his commanding officer as well-nigh reconciled him to the catastrophe.

I can vouch that the wedding breakfast—for that feature of the ceremony was not omitted—was, in all respects, a delightful feast, although the happiness of the married pair may have been a thought less beaming and irrepressible than we are wont to see it on such occasions. Squire Allen was the life of the banquet; indeed, he could scarcely have shown more elation had the wedding been his own. There was another person in the company who might have liked a place beside the gentle hostess, but, as the squire sat on Ruth's right hand, Miss Nell and I diverted one another.

UNEQUAL DISTRIBUTION, AND REMEDIES.

AS a postulate from which we shall argue in favor of great changes in political and social science, we may assume that ultimate perfection has not been attained in government, nor scarcely in any of the machinery thereof. Mankind has advanced wonderfully in many respects in the last half-century; but we must not assume, therefore, that as much or more is not possible in the fifty years to come. Indeed, it is not improbable that the gain in knowledge and progress has increased our capacity to do more in somewhat of a geometrical ratio. The conclusion, however, to which we would come, is not that based upon arrogance and conceit, that we know all that is worth knowing already, and that any suggestion of a change is to be received like a proposition among the Chinese for an advance in civilization.

We are about to bring forward some propositions of a radical nature and subject them to the crucial test of public criticism. The favored classes will scout them, in like manner as the privileged orders under a monarchical system of government cry out against republicanism as the rule of the rabble; and then the rabble that never thinks will be likely to fall in as the slaves of the privileged ranks. Such is the general order of things. The poor Whites of the South were more intolerant toward abolitionists than slave-holders themselves, although slavery debased them in a worse degree than it did the Blacks. We submit our propositions, therefore, to the many who are struggling upward to the light, and who have the patience to investigate and the brain to comprehend, without the arrogance to reject, a reasonable suggestion because it happens to be new and at variance with notions supposed from long acceptance to be correct. Old ideas are no more sacred than newer ones, any more than despotism which is older than freedom in government is better than individual liberty, fetichism superior to the Christian religion, or the boomerang to the rifle. Absolute truth alone is unchangeable and sacred, and those approximations to truth and justice are entitled to respect which are progressively made with the advancement of civilization.

The enormous tax to which each individual is subject at the present day, for the ostensible support of national, State, county, and municipal governments, is claiming, as it deserves to claim, a large public attention. In California, according to a recent speech delivered in San Francisco by the Honorable T. G. Phelps, it amounts to upward of $40 to each individual of the entire population, or more than $200 per annum to each family of five. This does not include the tax paid in the way of tariff and internal revenue duties for the support of the national government. Nor does it include the immense royalties paid upon sewing-machines and the thousand-and-one patents continued through long periods of years to enrich the Howes, Goodyears, and the like. It ignores the large sums paid in cities for gas and water, more than they are worth, and the subsidies drawn everywhere from the people to inaugurate and perpetuate innumerable franchises in the form of railroads, toll-roads, bridges, etc. Put all these amounts together, and the sum paid by the individual is swollen to more than the average annual salary of a working-man thirty

years ago. If it could be shown that the money drawn from the people is well expended, or that, in other words, a *quid pro quo* is obtained, or likely to be realized, or that the expenditures are not out of proportion to the purchasing power of money now as compared with the past, and that wages have been brought by an equalizing process to the proper level, then there is less cause for complaint than a bare statement of the enormous cost of government would leave us to believe. But this has not been attempted, and it is, perhaps, outside the range of this discussion. The fact that reform in taxation, or cheapening the expenses of our system of government, is receiving a large measure of attention, is enough for our purpose.

What are the objects of government? Daniel Webster declared the great objects to be "the *protection of property* at home, and respect and renown abroad." Perhaps the great statesman did not intend to assert what the great objects of government *should be*, but, as a profound lawyer, declared *what they were*, as shown by the laws of the country. We do not deny that this deduction is correct. But the protection of life, it would seem, ought to cut a larger figure among the great objects of government. Self-protection is the first law of nature. "Thou shalt not kill" comes before "Thou shalt not steal," in the decalogue. And self-protection means a great deal more than one individual defending his person against the aggressions of another, or the many. As it is the first law, so it is the foundation of all law, lying at the base of all governmental as well as individual duties. Self-protection includes the family and the nation; and the principle goes farther than the immediate present. The doctrine of taking care of the present and letting the future shift for itself, is only fit for the lazzaroni of Italy, to whom the *dolce far niente* is the sum of human existence. Prescience and providence are essential guards of the future, without which no person, family, or society is safe. That government which does not provide for the great future is wanting in one of the highest attributes of government, and its people are left to pauperism or final extinction. Plainly, nature makes provision against the extinction of species. The duty of man in his associated capacity is to follow nature's highest law and provide against the destruction of himself, his kind, his race. Has he ever made such provision in all the history of the past? Is he doing so now? What civilized government has any such object in view? Man is a vandal upon the planet. Look upon the seat of ancient empires in Asia. The forests have been extirpated, the soil worn out, sirocco blasts sweep a land once teeming with life, and drifting sands overwhelm a country for whose wealth and dominion marshaled millions have contended again and again in the ages gone. So it is and has been in northern Africa and southern Europe. The forests, those great natural reservoirs that hold the waters, the snows, and the soil upon the mountains, have been cut away. Moisture is thrown at once upon the plains in deluges; the rocks are denuded; infertile soil is poured upon the valleys; the sloping lands are furrowed and channeled, and in time stripped of their mold and finer particles; the low lands are not fertilized by percolating water from the hills, but are subject to droughts; and man, instead of trying to repair the ruin he makes, increases it by cropping the last rood of ground until it will produce no longer. The tobacco and cotton lands of the South show what selfish man will do in a few brief years, when left to himself. The life-time of another generation will be required to restore them to fertility. What right has one man, or one generation, or five generations of men, to ruin a soil that

all will agree has been countless ages in forming for the great ultimate purpose of supporting human life for an indefinite period? Civilized society pronounces against cruelty to animals, and has organizations with funds to protect the poor creatures. But the brute is only for a day, while the land was for all time, and for the sustenance of millions upon millions successively forever. Decreasing the productive capacity of the soil robs the generations to come of the right to live. It is not self-preservation in the broad sense. It is its opposite. It is the destruction of the race. It is a base violation of the first law of nature, upon which all government should rest. We lay it down as an axiom in political economy, that every generation should leave the soil in as good a condition as when taken, and improve its productive capacity if possible. We say no society, no government, is mindful of its first duty, that does not have this provident care of the future in view. The practice of the world is abortion, Restellism, a "slaughter of the innocents" on a terrible scale. It is a bare-faced robbery of the coming ages of their patrimony; a merciless deprivation of generations of the right to appear and live. Malthus has shown that mankind increase in a geometrical ratio, while the ratio of the productive capacity of the earth is only arithmetical. Hence, it follows the time must come when procreation must be repressed, while the soil is stimulated to produce its utmost. Man, by his improvidence, selfishness, and thoughtlessness, hastens the day, by reducing the soil to barrenness, and making a country a dreary irredeemable desert.

What follows but that the principle should obtain, that, as the soil was made for the many, the voice of the many should be heard in its defense? Earth, water, and air belong to all, and absolute ownership or fee simple pertains no more to one than to the other. Absolute ownership of land is claimed under our style of civilization; by which is meant the right to ruin it, if the person chooses so to do. We have men in California who individually own 100,000, 200,000, and 250,000 acres each. There are hundreds of men in this State whose individual possessions would support fifty families with every luxury. When we take into consideration the enormous wealth accumulating here in the hands of a few, it is easy to see that every arable acre in the whole State could soon be owned by them. Yea, there is wealth enough already in the possession of fifty men in California, which if invested in land would virtually make all other landholders tributaries, and the landless but little better than peons. Have the people, for whom the soil was formed, nothing to say while this wholesale disinheritance is going on? When poverty, slavery, and extermination stare a thousand generations in the face, are they powerless against selfishness and greed? Land and water are sought to be controlled, and the air would be monopolized if it could be dominated by the few. Legislation is called in to preserve the air and the water from poison. Why should not the people in their sovereign capacity protect the land from barbaric hands as well?

The effect of absolute ownership in land is seen in the decreasing productiveness of the soil in all parts of the country where greed, ignorance, and unthrift go together. Lands in the Eastern States that formerly produced thirty and forty bushels of wheat to the acre, are unable to yield more than fifteen bushels, even less, and sometimes nothing at all. It is a patent fact that the production of wheat travels westward, the new States taking the lead in the growth of this cereal. California and Nebraska take the front rank in this business, and, looking at California, we can see the ruinous effect of the con-

stant cropping of lands. Sixty bushels to the acre were once usually harvested. Even volunteer crops of forty and fifty bushels were not uncommon. The same lands can make no such showing now, after the lapse of but the life-time of half a generation. It is not so in England, where cultivators realize the insular character of the country, restricted by the surrounding seas. There is no wide expanse of virgin territory to which to wander and spoil when the ancestral homestead is ruined, and necessity compels the preservation of the soil, with the alternatives of emigration or death. It is not so in Japan and China, those half-civilized countries on whose frugal people we look with contempt, where a superabundant population teaches the sacredness of the soil's fertility. No right in the soil in those countries exists but that based on good conduct toward it. The land belongs to all in their collective capacity, but the right of possession is maintained so long as no abuse is practiced on the patrimony of the many, of which each individual possession is a part. Are there not lessons to be learned from nations we may deem lower in the scale of civilization than ourselves?

But the injury to the intrinsic value of the land is not the only difficulty of which we can complain. Extensive possessions cheat multitudes of their natural rights. Should the laws of a people regard more the accidents of man than the man himself? A foreigner just landed upon our shores, with no affinities it may be with our institutions, by chance falls upon a rich mine. He appropriates the millions therein, and, seeing thousands of acres of land that can be purchased for a trifle, and having fixed in his own mind how aristocratic and lordly the possessor of land is in the country from which he came, he appropriates to himself with the gold he has found by accident vast tracts, enough to make an earldom or principality in Europe. He and a few more *parvenus* like himself gobble up by land-warrants, half-breed and university scrip, and other processes, all the productive soil and timbered land in a dozen counties, and hold it to the detriment of thousands of families whose right to live is just as sacred as that of the persons who stand in their way and virtually dispute that sacred right. The land is held, perhaps to sell at enormous profits, perhaps to rent, and thus to control the labor of generations, to fatten a few whose only merit is a fortunate circumstance to which neither industry nor genius contributed. When the nature of mankind is studied, when history is consulted, and when it is plain that the domination of a landed aristocracy is productive of disorder and bloodshed, is it not equally plain that an ounce of prevention should be prescribed for a threatened malady? In our own country, what troubles have resulted from the large landed estates under rent, called the Livingston and Van Rensselaer manors? Who has not heard of and sympathized with the poor tenantry of Ireland? What but similar causes have twice drenched France in blood, by uprisings of a furious people intent on bettering their unequal lot? Under existing civilizations there is a constant antagonism between artificial or acquired and natural rights; while, as the Californian Bancroft says, "one of the greatest objects of civilization is to distribute among men more equally the benefits of this world." What higher object can a republic have than this? When great inequality begets discontent and is the parent of revolutions, the doctrine of self-preservation or the greatest good to the greatest number comes in, and natural rights rise paramount to pampered greed.

Let us further see how our laws relative to ownership in land work in other ways. In cities a person of supera-

bundant wealth buys a large tract in the heart of what is soon to be a great commercial emporium. All others perhaps see the future of the city as plainly as he, but he has the advantage of accidental wealth, dropped upon or inherited, which he can use, while the others have it to earn in a hard but honorable manner—in the only way that wealth was designed to come to the majority in this world. The new owner does nothing upon his possessions, waiting for the industrious and producing classes to build up homesteads and a city all around his property. He compels the active citizen to go farther away from his business to find a home for his family, thereby consuming two or more hours a day going to and from his place of occupation for the balance of his life, and for years paying more for car-tickets by half than would be necessary if the routes were shorter, as they would be if the city were more compactly built, or if there were more passengers to carry, as there would be if the whole area of the city were occupied. The scattered condition of the city entails additional expense in the way of more policemen, gas-light, paving, and sewerage. The man driven away into the sand-hills is compelled to put up barricades at considerable cost, as in San Francisco, against the drifting sand from the landholders' acres of waste, and to sweep his sidewalks daily to get rid of piling dunes before his door. And then he has the consolation to remember that, during a pitiless war waged for the protection of our nationality, he was compelled to pay an income-tax on a well-known salary, and perhaps take service, too, under the flag; while the accident of being in possession of a large tract of land gave the greedy possessor an immunity from military duty, and, not selling any lots, which were rapidly, year by year, advancing in value, he claimed to have no income, and escaped the income-tax as well. More than this, by the influence his capital wields, he manipulates assessors and saves himself from paying his share to the support of either the local, State, or national government. This is no overdrawn picture, but is seen on every hand in hateful colors.

Is it not plain that under our system industry and enterprise are taxed?—that the industrial classes are made to support the governments, and pay heavily from their purses, as well as make enormous draughts upon their time and patience, that the unproductive may grow like drones larger than the workers in the hive, and like drones be worthless?

The common idea to rectify such wrongs as these is to continue the system, but to tax the unoccupied lots and acres in such a way as to compel a sale. That may be one of the best modes after a system is established, to get once more upon a tolerable basis. It may do to ameliorate conditions; but we submit that the system is not founded in nature and needs to be overthrown. Suppose a city in its incipiency should have the right to grant lands for occupancy by the payment of a small sum for the support of a municipal government, to lay out and grade streets, and to be expended for the general good, and that such lands should be allowed to individuals restricted to the amount required for reasonable uses without allowing any to remain unoccupied for speculative purposes? Homes might, under such a system, be possible to the many, and good citizenship be secured, with that equality that comports so well with republican institutions.

The fact is not denied that a country is most prosperous and productive that is parceled out into small farms. For like reasons it can not be denied that the happiness and well-being of the residents of a metropolis are best secured,

the more universal is the ownership of houses. To that end, then, should the laws be made; the wise legislator should always have the first and greatest object in view.

There is no more common saying than "a man has a right to do what he pleases with his own," and yet there is none more untrue. Civilization says we shall not abuse our horses, or give unnecessary pain or torture to any living animal. We can not burn our houses when life or property is thereby endangered. Our right to do with our own is limited by the common conscience of the community in which we live. The standard of right changes with the progression of mankind; and, with this change, who shall say that the public will not soon determine how far the power of the individual to vandalize against nature shall extend, and where the great rights of humanity begin? That Roman law was declared by some infamous which forbade the sending of one's slave to the amphitheatre and the beasts. It was said, by those who could not come up to the advancing humanitarian standard, to interfere with the rights of property and the manly amusements of the people. The right to curse a whole land with slavery, or, in other language, to take one's property anywhere in our republic, was the prime cause of a rebellion more costly in blood and treasure than any in modern times. In Rome and in the United States the nobler sentiments of the people prevailed, and so will it be in all time. What is to-day regarded as right may not be so in the years to come. In the centuries gone the aged and the weak were left to die. Only the strong could live. So is it now with savages. But with the growth of ideas, with the elevation of soul in man, the affections gained the mastery, human rights came to be considered; until now, instead of selfishness and brute force, the common conscience of civilized man has deemed the virtues of self-denial, care for the infirm and the aged, meekness, patience, and forbearance, fit to be perpetuated.

Germane to the subject of extensive ownership in land is that of piling up colossal fortunes in the hands of the few. Wendell Phillips struck the keynote when he said he had no patience with a civilization which allowed one man to accumulate and hold $50,000,000. It was a sentiment to arouse the antagonism of wealth and all who are slavish to the rich. That conservatism that believes, or affects to believe, in the traditions of the past, or that nothing new can be tolerated without danger, is shocked. Yet other men of thought and conscience have given to the world similar opinions. Many have said wealth beyond need is generally a curse to the possessor. Gerritt Smith inherited a large estate in land, and after a few years spent in an attempt to manage it, he found it absorbed all his time and left him no chance to keep pace with the progressive ideas of the age, and he gave it away to those of industrious habits who had the least opportunity to accumulate a competence. He claimed no great merit for so doing, it being the best thing he could do, in his judgment, for his own highest good. Human nature is the same in all parts of the world. While the love of money is a ruling passion, and great fortunes are in few hands, which must guarantee all the more hardship and poverty to the many, the inequality is antagonism—war. Capital must be aggressive, continually using its great power to maintain its supremacy, or it must be constantly on the defensive, because of the jealousy and consequent enmity of the multitudinous poor, until that time when revolution has restored the many to more nearly their equal rights, or the sentiment of human liberty and equality is extinguished from the people, as was done in India. Buckle has given us some

idea of the debasing effect of huge fortunes in that country. The dominant classes had unbounded wealth; and the more colossal the fortunes, the more abject and miserable in consequence were the laborers. According to the splendor of one was the pitiful condition of the other. As one went up, just so far the other went down. Interest was exacted on the lender's own terms, and ranged from fifteen to sixty-five per cent. per annum. The result of such a state of affairs was seen in a thousand lamentable forms. Fortunes grew, and with fortunes power, absolute and uncontrollable. The laboring classes multiplied, but were nothing but slaves. A few bags of rice was the compensation for the labor of a year. Ignorance with poverty, of course, went hand in hand, and with ignorance went superstition also. The religion of the Hindoos became admirably adapted to perpetuate the unequal condition of society, if that could be called society which separated men into castes and kept them as inseparably asunder as man is separated from the inferior animals. That religion taught abstinence from animal food, thus depriving the votaries of a great source of physical strength and repressing the passions, cheapening the cost of living, saving the more the earnings for the masters, and so, as by a fiat of the Almighty, reducing the masses to a helpless and hopeless condition of religious, mental, and physical bondage. No wonder that in such a people the sentiment of human liberty was utterly crushed out, was wholly extinct; no wonder that the *nirwana* (the heaven) of the toiling Hindoo was not one of joy or emotion—when all his life he had felt or known no such luxuries—but a state of absolute eternal rest!

The effect of immense fortunes in the control of the few—in other words, of extreme unequal distribution—is seriously felt to-day even in this young republic of but a hundred years. It is notorious that the rich do not contribute their proportion toward the support of the governments. Their power is seen everywhere in the administration of the governments and the laws. They impress themselves upon congresses and legislatures, upon sheriffs, district attorneys, assessors, and grand juries. They act upon the dogma of Webster, that "the great object of government is the protection of property"—that is, to save as much as possible to those who have, and take as much as is necessary from those who have not. They paid comparatively no income-tax when the country was in need during the late war. They kept out of harm's way in the field, and took the advantages that great convulsions always bring of doubling and quadrupling capital. A bachelor of $10,000,000 to-day may escape paying as much to extinguish the debt of the nation, under our system of tariff, as a soldier with his family is obliged to contribute who has periled his life and left a leg or an arm on the field of battle. Is this right? Who pretends that it is? Let the minions who cursed Canaan a few years ago and defended the right of the White race to his earnings, answer. Let him who arrogates to himself the right to hold that which makes a slave of himself, in derogation of the interests of thousands and what would give happiness to the many now pressed by the deprivation, answer. Let sycophants and the hunkers of society, that seek privileges for the few against the rights of the multitude, answer.

Nor is the effect of vast inequality in the distribution of wealth seen in this generation alone. Its baleful influence tells upon the generations to come. The rich, the pampered, the selfish, and ungenerous are in a condition to raise families. To them the future is assured. There are no carking cares about the maintenance of a family in store for

them. If the qualities of the parents are transmitted to offspring, what a stock is this to breed from to improve the race, and invest a progressive civilization with its sublimest virtues!

The greater the fortunes of the few, the greater the hardships of the many. Gorgeous palaces are associated in the world's history with squalid hovels. One must be the accompaniment of the other. The sensitive, sympathetic, and thoughtful poor, those of nice sensibilities and organizations, see and comprehend the difficulties in the way of raising a family, and crush the noblest affections of the human heart; and thus it is left to the bloated and the heedless and indifferent to stock the world and furnish greatness and humanity for the progression of the ages.

We have said that great convulsions afford grand opportunities for the doubling and quadrupling of capital. Wars are the harvest-times for the rich and the speculative. Capital at such times is sensitive. Money is so tightly griped that its value is increased, and governments, like men, are compelled to come to more favorable terms with the lender. Besides, contracts for army supplies are numerous, and only those who can show responsibility can compete for jobs in which millions are involved. The capitalist takes advantage of the power his money commands, and increases his wealth with astonishing rapidity. The late war made a thousand millionaires, and many thousand fortunes; while he who went to the front lost his time, if not his limbs or life, and came back to the struggle for existence, finding his lot harder than it was before his country called him to the field. Drawing a million of the ablest-bodied men from the shops and the farms increased the value of the labor left at home, while the supplies necessary to maintain the waste of war stimulated industry in every channel. Those who escaped the perils of the field and camp reaped the golden harvest which activity and demand produced, while the soldier took his life in his hand and received from the nation not much more than enough to give him the luxuries denied in the service. In other words, the demands of patriotism made the patriot poor and deprived him of the chances of accumulation, while the stay-at-homes were given an opportunity to wax fat and be independent.

It must be evident that just compensation is not attained under any system yet devised for cases such as these. The man who makes sacrifices for the general good, is he not entitled to the care of the people he defends and salvage upon the property he contributes to save? Unless we are deceived, something more is due to him who devotes himself to the public good, in any sphere, than has been accorded him under any laws yet enacted.

But what more ought to be given, and in what shape is the reform to come? Exact justice in everything can hardly be expected in this world, but great inequalities are within the sphere of civilized government to amend. Suppose, on going to war, the life, limbs, and health of the common soldier were insured by the nation in some respectable sum, as well as a pension granted of an amount sufficient to equalize for the loss of time and the opportunities of gain while in the service? It will be objected that the sum to be raised would be enormous. What of that? Ten per cent. upon the gains of five thousand men, accumulated in consequence of the war, would pay it all; and, if need be, let a tax be levied upon too plethoric fortunes alone to pay the scot. Shall the patriot soldier, the useful member of society, and his family suffer or struggle for life, while sordid greed is dying of surfeit? There is too much tenderness for property and too little for man.

The accidents of the man are regarded more than manhood itself. It should not, it must not be so. The history of mankind is not without its agrarian wars, undertaken as a last resort to throw off the tyranny of wealth and equalize more nearly the condition of men.

Another principle is demanded in law, and that is the property safeguard to families. A certain amount of property to every family, and it may extend to every mature member of society, should be inalienable. No tax or debt should touch it. Our homestead law, in a limited way, recognizes the principle. The late income-tax assured a certain amount for the support of the family, and assessed the balance of the annual gains of the individual. It went farther in the right direction, and taxed a limited income at a certain per cent., and a larger one at a larger per cent. It was based upon the truth that taxation should be graduated according to ability to pay—that more of that above one's needs belongs to the public than that below.

The exemption of a certain sum to each family or mature individual is self-protection in the larger and better sense. It encourages accumulation, and is a guarantee that the individual will aim at thrift and respectability. In all countries where, as in Mexico, the people are robbed of the little they have repeatedly by insurrectionary mobs, there is no incentive to industry or accumulation. The effect is the same, whether the earnings of a people are taken by armed force or by creditors and tax-gatherers. Discouragement and depression dampen the energies. We see this throughout our entire mining region, and much of it in our cities. The country is full of men of blighted hopes who have capacity for great enterprises, and, if encouraged until confidence in themselves and their "luck," as they call it, were restored, would show themselves not inferior to the men who have already, under more fortunate auspices, achieved success. Grant was but a tanner, and Sherman not a success, until circumstances, when past the middle of their lives, put them in the front rank of the chieftains of the age.

The exemption we advocate is no hardship to any. It bears on all alike. As all must pass the youthful stage of accumulation, it is absolute equality, and injures no one. It stimulates to exertion, and gives tone and manhood, satisfaction and content, to individuals. It takes away the discouragement and horrors of the future, insures a healthy feeling, invests the many with a motive to be industrious and patriotic, and destroys the tendency that inequality and consequent discontent carries toward vice, agrarianism, and revolution.

We do not propose that this exemption shall extend only to the clothes on one's back, or to a few hundred dollars in household goods, tools, teams, and the like, but to property in any shape, valued at five thousand or even ten thousand dollars. We propose to make the principle of the homestead law more general as well as more liberal. No evil has come of that law; no one proposes to repeal it. Is there a reason why the individual who desires and is fitted to rear a family should not be encouraged to undertake the support of one? Exact justice indicates that all should be alike before the law. There is no chance for a just complaint on the part of anyone who is put on the same footing with his fellow-men so far as exemption from taxation is concerned. It is nothing but equality. It is a more certain guarantee than any yet devised against expensive and crowded almshouses and prisons. Pride of character that comes of thrift and a consciousness of protection while in a feeble state, and the buoyant hope that is the greatest stimulus to exertion springing

up in the breast from this encouragement, would elevate the standard of mankind and result in substantial moral, intellectual, and physical endeavors. The greatest danger to public peace, private virtue, and republican institutions comes from those who have nothing to lose, and who have no pecuniary interest in the country and no common property tie with the balance of the people.

In conclusion, therefore, we assert that, mankind depending for existence upon the products of the soil, self protection or preservation—which is the first law of nature, understood in the liberal and most rational sense—demands that the fertility of the earth should be preserved and protected; that this is an obligation which, if not observed by the individual, rests upon society in an organized state; that to secure this end the use of land must be controlled within rational limits in order to prevent abuse; that absolute ownership, unrestricted by any consideration of the well-being and rights of the present and coming generations, is not sanctioned by right reason or by any analogies in law or nature, and it has been shown by more than one thinker that the laws of society should be analogous to the laws of nature. We assert as firmly that immense fortunes are inimical to republican institutions, productive of envy, jealousy, poverty, and discontent on the one hand, and aggression, selfishness, tyranny, and political corruption on the other. We claim that, if civilization is to distribute more equally the things and joys of the world, its wisdom should be expended in such a way as by equalization to prevent the shocks that the antagonisms of great inequality are bound, as all history has proved, to produce; and we confidently declare that the minds of intelligent men have not been brought generally to bear upon the subject we have in hand, or the truth and the danger would be seen and remedies suggested. The giving away of large quantities of land by Gerritt Smith and immense sums by George Peabody has made their names famous in the annals of mankind. The world applauds such acts. What is this but an acknowledgment of the principle that men should part with wealth for which they can have no rational use, for the amelioration of the condition of others less fortunate? Why should not an act, recognized as just and commendable when performed by a liberalized intelligence, be enforced upon the miser who, by his meanness, both cheats society and himself? We do recognize this principle in some respects. To love one's country, to fight and die for it, or in defense of the right, are counted among the cardinal virtues of the race. When the trial of war comes, the laws assert the principle that the selfish shall not shirk their share of the responsibility in the fight and its expense. But the principle is not thoroughly enforced. We merely propose that the law shall be more general, enforce more what is commendable, and more thoroughly what is recognized already as right. We suggest that the homestead and exemption laws should be vastly more extended and liberal, as a matter of protection both to individuals and to society, elevating the hopes and inspiring exertion on one hand, and protecting society from dependence resulting from depression and discouragements on the other. And, finally, we propose graduated taxation based upon a principle directly the reverse of that in vogue, which is but a practical enforcement of the saying, "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

But all of this we have, perforce, to leave to the society of the future, contenting ourselves with the warnings of history, and suggesting means to avoid the conflicts of unequal castes.

AT THE GATE.

The great church-clock has ten times flung
  A brazen stroke upon the wind.
I know 'tis late, and yet I wait,
  And feel the while as though I sinned.
For sin is folly—so they say.
  I fear me folly, too, is sin;
Where could you find in many a day
  Two fonder fools than we have been.

Why, Elsie, darling, I have thought
  In my sweet madness, scores of times,
This house a tower, this walk a bower,
  Till came again the thousand rhymes
Of earliest childhood—half forgot—
  Of prince and princess, knights and squires,
And troubadours who rested not,
  But plucked quaint music from the wires.

For when the moonlight, soft as now,
  Peers through the gently stirring leaves,
The shades of night are edged with light,
  And pale enchantment weirdly weaves
A spell upon the things of day;
  Then spiréd castles I behold,
Where stately cedars guard the way,
  And clinging ivies drip with gold.

How still you are to-night, my love.
  Is it for sadness or in thought?
Your cheek is white with pallid light;
  The dark leaf-shadows overwrought
Hang strangely. Press my hand; you seem
  A league away. There, now, I know
You are no bog-born sprite, a gleam
  Of flickering life so quick to go.

Once on a time a jasper-stone,
  Moss-grown but agate-hearted, saw
Bud day by day, from leaf to spray,
  A sweet slim butter-cup that bore
One wind-blown flower, and idly leaned
  Against the rock, as thou on me;
That loved the frail thing that it screened—
  Lost love, as oft mine seems to be.

For mightier chasms lie betwixt
The immortality of stones and gods
And the short hour of leaf and flower,
Than stretch between these garden-clods
And far, dim, viewless Alcyon.
There was some moral, love, in this.
But I grow garrulous, and rattle on;
What matter what the moral is.

The beautiful can not endure;
'Tis this that haunts me with a fear;
For heavenly forms ill bear the storms
And shocks that are their portion here.
And love, too, like those exquisite
Sweet moments at the verge of day,
When God's celestial fires are lit—
Too sweet to last—may pass away.

But see, the topmost poplar-leaves
To unseen spirits wave adieu.
And in reply a tender sigh,
As of the night-winds breathing through
The slumb'ring boughs; and leans the moon
To hear the words the hills may say.
The night has come an age too soon—
Good-night!—sweet dreams!—I must not stay.

AMONG THE RUINS OF ROME.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

SHE was a real countess. We Americans called her "The Pink Countess," because she always dressed in pink—and then she had such a pink-and-pearl complexion. Her little dimpled hand and her sweet child-face—these, too, had the soft rich pure tint of a shell of the sea.

He loved her. But he, the artist, Murietta, feared her. Who and what was this woman of such enormous wealth, who was forever driving her splendid carriage, filled with foreigners from the four parts of the earth?

Murietta's loyalty lay in another direction. He was engaged to another; therefore, with a lover's consistency, he loved the countess. He had tried hard to rally and escape her allurements, and but the day before had bidden her an eternal farewell.

This morning saw the carriage of the Pink Countess nearly filled with a singular party of people from the far Pacific, and making its way up the Corso. The countess was sad beyond utterance. Perhaps this is the reason—for one can not well conceive of any other—that she had chosen the honest merry-hearted Mollie Wopsus and her odd old parents as the companions of her drive this morning. At last she seemed to take

heart, and to have resolved upon some certain course of action. She said softly to herself:

"He forsook me yesterday. He shall return to me to-day, and then——"

At midday Murietta stood half-leaning against a marble pillar by the pool and fountain of Trevi. The sun was pitching down into the cool clear basin of water, over the top of the shops to the south; and women, pretty brown Roman peasant-women in short petticoats of gay colors, were coming and going with their pitchers; and now and then one would lift up her great dark eyes to the dreamer as she passed, and wonder who his love might be, and why she kept him waiting so long, and looking all the time so forlorn.

The man was thinking of Annette. He again was wishing he had never seen the countess. True, he had never given her a thought or look that suggested love. Yet he somehow felt that he had been disloyal, and he was unhappy.

Had he ever, at any time, had any affection for the lady in pink in all the forty days just past, he would have had a fearful account to settle with himself as he stood there listening to the soft fall of the waters, so like a cascade of the mountains.

But nothing of this kind had ever been, and he was not, therefore, much at war with himself; but was certainly very ill-content, to say the least of it, and was fast shaping a resolve in his heart to see the Pink Countess no more, if he could so devise it without wounding her very sensitive nature.

And this, not because the world advised it, but because he felt that he was becoming disloyal to his ideal love. True, he had overthrown his ideal love. He had driven a dagger through her image. He had stood up and sworn to himself to forget her, and to put her utterly away from his heart. Yea, the man had done all this, and done it but a little time before. Therefore, like a true lover, of that type and temperament, he now stood damning himself before himself, and holding her dearer in his heart than ever.

The streets were packed as tightly as possible. Carriages were coming and going past, and people on foot were wedged in and making their way along among the wheels as only Italians can.

"Bet your life it's he!"

Murietta, as one just awakened from a dream, looked up.

"There! there! what did I tell you? Murietta!"

The carriage stopped, and the artist, hearing his name called by the loud clear-voiced Californian girl, turned and made his way through the crowd.

The countess put out her little hand in a pearl-colored glove, and smiling, said in a low sweet voice:

"I have kept the Appian Way as something sacred, as a sort of dessert to be taken when all else palls, you see."

"But, my dear lady, what are you speaking of?"

"Why, do you not understand?" The little hand fluttered about over the pink-and-rose robes of the lady as if it had been a sort of butterfly in a garden of flowers. "We are on the way for a drive—my last drive in or around Rome. We are going over the Via Appii."

"A pleasant drive and a speedy return!" said the artist, lifting his hat, and stepping back to say good-by.

"No, no, no! Come!" cried the countess, reaching her hand. "We will not go without you!"

"Come on, stupid. Hop in! There! Take that if you won't sit by yourself." And little Mollie rose up, left the side of the countess, and sat opposite.

The street was getting blocked, and a little Roman, in a beautiful uniform, overshadowed by an enormous plume of red cock's-feathers, came up smiling and

bowing, and beckoning for the carriage to move on.

"Come!" cried Mollie, "you will have us all arrested!"

"Well, sit back by the countess, and I am with you."

The artist climbed into the carriage just in time to escape a speech from the policeman, and the party moved slowly on through the jammed and crowded streets above the buried city, and around the partly excavated Forum of Trajan.

"And Mollie, is she well?" said the artist, settling down in his seat, and looking at the picture of health before him.

"Well, and happy, too, as an apple on a tree!" And the little Californian lady, as if just reminded of it, put her hand in her pocket, laughed while doing so, and then drew it forth and held it out full of nuts, raisins, and candies.

"No, thank you."

Then she wanted to divide with the countess, who had settled back as if hiding away out of sight behind the bouncing warm-hearted girl, and as if half-hurt that she was not all the time the centre and the one person present.

"After all," said Murietta to himself, as he noticed this, "she is only a woman; and what a perfect woman, too!"

"Then you were going without me?" The artist looked at the countess, and spoke as if he meant to reproach her.

"On the contrary, I should not have gone without you at all."

"But you did not know I was here?"

"I knew you would be found on a morning like this, and after a day like yesterday, either at the fountain of Trevi listening to the water, or in the garden of the Palatine looking at the flowers. Had I not found you here, I should have driven directly to the garden."

The artist sat silent, and was a bit embarrassed.

"Something more than a woman, after all!" he said to himself. "For, true as I live, I was just thinking of turning my steps to the Palatine."

"You are moody and dissatisfied." The little butterfly-hand in the pearl-colored glove again fluttered about over the flowers of rose and pink, and the great brown eyes looked at the man with their old wonder.

"Not at all," he answered—yet he answered with a sigh. "Not at all. On the contrary, I am glad to be with you this morning—glad to make this wonderful drive with you, whatever it may be. But what is the special attraction?"

"We shall see! In the first place, listen." The pearl-colored butterfly fluttered about, and then dived down among the roses and pinks, and brought out a little Bible. "Listen to this." And the countess read:

"And from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii-forum, and The Three Taverns: whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage." (Acts xxviii., 15.)

Then closing the book, and looking at the artist, while all the time Mollie sat munching her nuts, raisins, and candies, she said:

"We are going out over that road toward the Three Taverns, and over the same stones that were pressed by the feet of Saint Paul and his followers."

"Good!" said Murietta; "you are more than kind. It is the one thing certainly in the world to do—a sort of pilgrimage."

Then he fell to wondering again what manner of woman this countess was, and found himself more puzzled than ever.

After a little time she began:

"When a man, from the far, far west, from the under-world as it were, makes his own way around the globe, and comes first upon the foot-prints of the apostles, he is thrilled by a sort of awe that nothing else can produce. He feels somehow that he has come upon the confines of another world—a

better world, and a fairer one—and he, for the day at least, is a better man for the fact."

Murietta leaned forward and listened. His heart was again vibrating between two idols. Here was a sincerity, a sort of religious devotion that he had never seen in this woman before. He was certain he had done her wrong. The lady lifted her little pearl-colored hand as if she would put Rome and the ruins behind her.

"You get tired of Rome in a month or two in spite of yourself," she said. "Ruins, galleries, towers, and churches (three hundred and sixty-five churches! and if there had been more days in the year there would have been more churches in Rome)—and you want to get outside the great brick walls somewhere and sit down and rest. You are a sort of anaconda, that has at last swallowed an ox, and you want to steal away and lie down and digest it."

Just then a boy stood up on the box by the side of the driver of the carriage in advance, and shouted aloud: "I say, Moll!"

"O, Johnny! do sit down, or you will break your neck!" said Mollie, answering back.

"And who is Johnny?" queried the artist.

"O! that's my big little brother, just down from school at Florence, and he is the worst—bet your life!—he is the worst that ever was! Sit down there, Johnny, or you'll drive mother into the tantrums!"

The mother and the good general also kept reaching out to the rosy mischievous boy just from school, who would persist in riding on the box with the man with the fire-crackers; and Johnny, for their pains, kept them in a constant state of terror by standing up on the box and turning around and shouting back to sister "Moll."

"O, Johnny! Johnny! will you never sit down till you break your neck?" cried Mollie.

"Never, Mollie, never!"

"Then break it and be done with it!" And the pouting Mollie once more filled her pretty mouth with goodies.

But Johnny still stood there on the seat, still looked back and called across his shoulder.

Mercy! the carriage-wheel has bumped against a bit of tombstone, and Johnny is pitched forward on the horses, and lands among them and under their heels. Murietta now had a good opportunity to observe, and did observe, with a great deal of satisfaction, that the horses of degenerate Rome, under very aggravating circumstances, kick much in the style of the horses of the great American republic.

Johnny is fished out, however, at last; and, like very many other bad boys, has escaped almost scot-free. This boy and similar other boys convince one of the absolute necessity of a first-class and well-regulated hell.

The trouble is, these bad boys are nearly always as sharp as briars, and as quick as traps. If they would only consent to be fools! You can compromise with a good-natured idiot, and get him to capitulate on very reasonable terms; but this boy among the tombs of the Via Appii was quite another thing.

As soon as the mother, who had been shrieking, wild with terror, discovered that he was not hurt, she said she wished he had broken his neck—a wish that was joined in by at least one of the party with more heartiness than she would have desired.

The party drove up for a moment beside the excavations of the Roman Forum, and, getting down from their carriages, stood together and leaned over the rails and looked down at the little indolent army of workers twenty-five feet below them.

"There," said the countess, pointing

to a heap of stones that stood on the clear pavement away down there, that had just been laid bare, "there is the spot, almost underneath us, where Cæsar's body was buried, and Antony and Brutus spoke their respective pieces."

The general stood and looked earnestly at the work of excavation, and then said:

"It looks for all the world like a Californian mining-claim!"

The excavation, which lays bare the Forum as it was in the time of the Cæsars, is about three hundred yards long, two hundred wide, and fifty feet deep.

"I think the owners are doing just about work enough to hold the claim," said Mollie.

"Nothing," said the general, thoughtfully, "can more closely resemble a placer-mine than this ugly excavation. There lies the bed-rock, the old Roman pavement, swept clean and creviced out; there are the picks and the wheelbarrows, and there the granite bowlders and the quartz, only the quartz happens to be marble, and the granite bowlders to be broken columns."

Mrs. Wopsus wiped her eyes, as if overcome with some sort of emotion; and then she reached out her hand and took Johnny by the coat-collar at the back of the neck, and held on to him until they again moved on, lest he should tumble over the bank and break his mischievous neck.

People were standing in hundreds looking down idly over the rails at the idle workmen. Here and there stood groups of tourists, with red guide-books in their hands, that looked like lamps hung up by the authorities to give notice of repairs.

Never did a live American see such indolent men as these Italians at their work. They move as if half-asleep. Their tools are awkward, and always dull; their wheelbarrows have an old primitive wooden wheel, and hold about a saucepanful of earth. They use no running-planks, but push their load slowly upon the uneven ground.

"A Californian," said the general, "could carry twice the load in his hat."

"Ay, that he could," cried Johnny; "particularly if it was apples from some forbidden garden."

The countess was thoughtful. Somehow this levity did not suit her. Then they climbed into their carriages, and went on to the gates of the Palatine Hill, only a pistol-shot distant.

They passed through in the presence of the two or three Romans in uniform to be found at every gate in Italy, and then climbed up, up, up a thousand steps, and stood at last on the level where Romulus had set his capital.

The old general was puffing and blowing from the long ascent of the stairs, and his son Johnny was very affectionate, and very anxious that he should sit down and rest.

The old man was moved, was much affected by his son's solicitude and tenderness. Mrs. Wopsus wept. At last Johnny led his tired father to a fallen column of Assyrian marble, that had once formed a part of Cæsar's palace, and there the general did sit down. And then, as if shot from a mortar, he sprung up into the air, with a yell that would have taken the first premium in a Comanche war-dance. The gentle-hearted Johnny had slipped a prickly pear into his father's coat-tail pocket.

The countess kept aloof from the party. She patted the little she-wolf on the head, gave her some nuts, and asked her about Romulus and Remus. The wolf only drooped her bushy tail, scratched in the crack of the floor for a nut which she had dropped, and pretended not to hear.

The countess turned to Murietta, and to him alone all the day, as she now did, and told him every little thing that might be of interest, as if to keep the way open

between their hearts. He, on the other hand, would have built a wall colossal and high between them.

"Two of these wolves are kept at the public expense—the one on the Capitoline Hill, and this one on the Palatine."

"And shabby, dirty, indolent-looking things they are, to be sure," answered the artist. "They are just the size, build, and color of the Californian coyote."

Farther along the hill and on the other side of the beautiful garden of flowers, they came upon the excavations where the stones of twenty centuries ago are laid bare. But the countess would not descend from the roses and sunshine.

Mollie ranged herself beside the others at the edge of the garden, and, standing on the bank, called attention to the little Negro lad that had just been exhumed.

"Bet your life, pa, he's a New York Negro! My! just look at him with his head held sidewise as he looks up at you! I could almost hear him say, 'Black 'er boots, sah? Black 'er boots?'"

"What is most remarkable about this statue," said the countess, "is that its nose is perfectly intact! It is the only very old face in Rome that has not a broken nose. Of course this is because it has such a broad foundation, and is set so closely to the face; but it is not the less noticeable."

"But O! to think," said Mollie, "what this curly-headed good-natured little fellow has had to endure for two thousand years. Two thousand years to endure the smells of Rome!

'Monk and Mussulman, Pagan and Jew,'

all have filed past our woolly-headed little friend, have left their filth, and gone away."

Then Mrs. Wopsus, holding her handkerchief to her nose with one hand and holding Johnny by the collar with the other, slowly spoke and said:

"No wonder that Mr. Cæsar and Citizen Brutus and General Antony, and all the rest, have had their noses broken to the very base!"

"We must push on," said the countess, after a moment, as she looked at the sun. "Will you allow me?" She took the artist's arm, and they returned together through the garden of roses to the gate.

"You are not strong?" he said, as he handed her into the carriage.

The lady's face was pink-and-rose as her dress, for the blood mounted to her cheeks as she said:

"I fear I lean heavily on your arm."

"No, no, not at all!—not that, only——"

"Never mind!" cried Mollie. "Take a pea-nut!" And she laughed and reached her full hand to the artist as the carriages whirled away from the crowd of beggars that was gathering round.

They drove under the little triumphal Arch of Titus. On the marble pillars of the gate Murietta marked the figures of great strong men bearing the holy candlesticks and other sacred vessels of the tabernacle which were brought to Rome by the son of Vespasian when he overthrew Jerusalem.

"Tradition," began the countess, talking entirely to Murietta, "says they were thrown into the Tiber, when the Vandals came down and plundered Rome. There is strong talk of turning the course of the river to search for this and other treasures supposed to be hidden there."

The carriage rumbled on down a sloping hill, over a very rough and broken section of old Roman pavement that has lain there unrepaired for perhaps a thousand years.

Suddenly the countess reached a pink-and-pearl hand to the left, and lifted her beautiful face all aglow with enthusiasm, as she said, pointing:

"Now we come close up to the Coliseum! The gray Coliseum, lifting its stony circles against the eternal rounds of Time!"

"But Time," cried Mollie, "has set his teeth in it!"

"How old!" said Murietta.

"No," said the countess, "it does not look old! It is not old. It has outlived the Cæsars, the Charlemagnes, and will probably outlive the *kaisers* of Germany. But the Coliseum does not look old! It has stood as a stone-quarry for a whole city for centuries, and all the fine palaces of Rome have been built from it, and yet it does not seem to have suffered any material damage."

"Damage — no!" rejoined Mollie, munching away at her nuts, "not a bit! It still looks as though it might furnish material for two or three Chicagoes, and yet hold its place as the biggest thing out of doors."

The carriages stopped for a time, and sitting there together they contemplated the colossal structure.

"Look up there! Holy spoons! what can that man be doing up there with a broom?" cried little Johnny, as he pointed to the topmost rim of the Coliseum. The party looked as the boy pointed with his hand; and lò! there stood an Italian leaning on his broom in the most graceful pose, as if he was standing on a cross-walk calmly awaiting the approach of some good-natured countryman whom his quiet eye had selected from the crowd as a probable contributor.

Then the man with the broom swept right and left, walked on along his lofty precipice, poised his broom in the air on his forefinger, and danced as he did so, and sung a snatch of an opera. After that he stooped as if he had discovered something in a crevice of the rock, drew a pair of nippers from his pocket as if he was a sort of traveling dentist, and, inserting it in the open lips of the crevice, he seized and drew forth and flourished in the air a blade of grass so large that it seemed to be distinctly visible to him as he held it up before him, and contemplated it with an air of triumph without the aid of glasses.

"And look there!" cried Johnny again, as they drove still nearer to the Coliseum. "Look up and down the broken wall and on the borders there. Do you see those people clinging here and there, and pulling little weeds and grasses from out the crevices of the rocks?"

Sure enough, there they hung and clung, some by ropes, and some by help of the broken and decayed parts of the wall that gave them a foot-hold, while they jerked at the grass and weeds as if they had been of a species of two-legged goat.

"And what does it all mean?" asked the general curiously.

"It means," answered the countess, "that the government of Italy is spending the genius of her gifted sons, and the revenues of her coffers, in a glorious attempt to pursue the work of renovation."

The general looked puzzled.

"Ah! you are surprised," continued the countess, sarcastically. "But let me give you the reasons of these Italians, and recount some of their labors in that line."

The general settled back and prepared to listen, while the party drove slowly and pleasantly on between the avenues of overarching trees and shade.

CENTENNIAL GLEANINGS.

IT is a century since *The Essex Journal and Merimack Packet*, or *The Massachusetts and New Hampshire General Advertiser* flourished and recorded the stirring events then transpiring on the soil of New England. The art of newspaper-making was then in a crude condition. American journalism was certainly in its cradle. The *Journal and Packet* was a representative colonial newspaper, but it was only a four-page quarto with four columns, narrow measure, to the page. The number which I have before me, and which I find in a repository of literary treasures collected and owned by Honorable D. W. Cheesman, formerly Treasurer of the United States Branch Mint at San Francisco, and Sub-Treasurer of the United States, is dated Wednesday, January 11, 1775. It is in an excellent state of preservation, the letter-press clear and distinct, notwithstanding the partial fading of the ink and the rusty color of the paper from age. The latest news from London contained in this number of the *Journal and Packet* was sixty-seven days old, bearing date "November 5, 1774." The New York news summary was at least thirteen days old before the readers of the *Journal and Packet* had an opportunity of perusing it, being dated "December 29, 1774." Editorial writing was evidently not a necessary accomplishment in the art of newspaper making. That seems to have been the growth of a more recent civilization. This, the fifty-sixth number of the *Journal*, only contains one editorial article, occupying about one-third of a column. It is headed "The following is a short extract from the History of Spain," and draws a comparison between the Spanish Cortes under Charles V. and the British Parliament under George III. A little over a column is devoted to "Nimrod's" correspondence with the *Pennsylvania Packet*—a contemporary newspaper—on the subject of the freedom of the press.

In those days episcopacy had not been established in the American colonies. Colonial candidates for ordination had to make the voyage to England for that purpose. Government had formed a plan for the establishment of the institution in the American colonies, and private gentlemen had contributed a considerable sum toward its execution, but owing to the apathy of the British premier, Lord North, no steps whatever had been taken in the matter. This apathy of Lord North concerning the establishment of episcopacy in America was one of the many grievances of which the disaffected colonists complained. "A Friend of the Government," resident in London, addresses an open letter to Lord North, under date "October 27, 1774," in which he satirically says:

"*The author of an intended speech* [Lord North] is in high esteem and reputation *with all the Americans of whatever sect or profession*. There is not a private family where his name is not mentioned with singular pleasure and respect. What is to be done? As this gentleman hath no more credit in court, and his advancement is at a stand, what think you, my lord, *of making him Metropolitan of America?* This is certainly a most fortunate event, and should not be lost for want of improvement. His majesty will get rid of a P—— [premier] who may be disagreeable to him, and the Americans will receive episcopacy from a principle of gratitude to a gentleman who hath, with much candor, ingenuity, and learning, defended their cause."

The London news is principally concerning the conduct of the British Government on American affairs. The pre-

mier, of course, comes in for his share of notice. One paragraph says:

"Lord North went down to Kew on Saturday last, being worn out with the chagrin of office, and made the offer of a formal resignation of his places, which his majesty refused to accept, at so critical a period, commanding his lordship to continue the business of office till it was more convenient for the affairs of the state to admit of it."

Another paragraph gives another reason for the course pursued by Lord North:

"It is said that a misunderstanding happened between the king and Lord North, respecting the dissolving of Parliament, in consequence of which the premier had intimated a resolution to resign."

Political preferment was granted a century ago for flimsier reasons than it is in these days of political degeneracy:

"Mr. Thomas Oliver, of Boston, was appointed lieutenant-governor of that province, in consequence of Richard Oliver [presumably a near relative] giving the casting-vote last year against Mr. Wilkes being lord-mayor."

Shipping arms and ammunition to the American colonies from Great Britain had been proscribed by royal edict, with what effect the following paragraph shows:

"The proclamation against sending guns and ammunition out of this kingdom will be of very little use or effect, because the Americans will certainly procure whatever quantity they want of them from Holland, France, and Spain; and if orders were given to stop and seize such ships as were laden with the above commodities by those nations, it would bring on an immediate war with them, an event which the present ministry dare not hazard with any foreign power, though they assume courage sufficient to send fleets and armies to cut the throats of our American brethren."

The reason given for the proscription of the exportation of arms to the New England colonies is thus explained:

"Saturday's proclamation, prohibiting the exportation o gunpowder, it is said was occasioned by intelligence received from Sheffield and Birmingham, of amazing quantities of fire-arms, etc., being nearly ready to be sent to America, in consequence of an order received from thence some time since."

The extensive preparations by the home government for the suppression of the rebellion are thus tersely stated:

"There are twenty-one men-of-war and frigates now building at the different dockyards of this kingdom. At Deptford, three seventy-gun ships and two frigates; at Woolwich, two of sixty and one of fifty-four; at Sheerness, two frigates; at Portsmouth, six ditto; in all, twenty-one, besides two beginning at Plymouth."

King George and Lord North were sanguine of success. The annexed paragraph is calculated to excite a smile, in view of subsequent events:

"Government is determined to enforce her power; nor will she withdraw her troops from America till they are drove into the sea, or the laws of despotism are submitted to and established."

The news of the burning of the city of Boston had only just been received in London at the time the summary for the *Essex Journal and Merimack Packet* was being made up—November 5th:

"By the last letters from America we have the melancholy account of the burning of the town of Boston, and that the fire had been occasioned by a general skirmish between the army and the inhabitants, in consequence of the general's issuing press-warrants to man those ships which are short of complement, through a violent epidemical distemper. The general is now encamped on Boston Common, and the country-folk are hourly expected in to give them a general attack."

There were plenty of English sympathizers with the colonists in their struggle for their rights; but the following paragraph is rather severe on the "canny Scot:"

"We are informed that two English captains in the navy refused the command of the *Scarborough* for the service against Boston, saying they understood they were only to be employed against the natural foes of the country, and not against the natural friends. However, a hungry Swiss-Scotchman took the ship with much avidity. They are the men for any king that will pay them."

The trials of Boston were great in the latter part of 1774 and the beginning of 1775. But the sister colonies of Massachusetts responded promptly to the appeal made to them for assistance, and, on Thursday, January 5th, 1775, a vote "expressive of the gratitude of the town for the benevolent assistance received from the other colonies under" its "calamities, and the kind recommendation

of the late respectable Continental Congress for the future support," was passed *nem. con.* An extract from a letter received in Boston from Philadelphia, dated December 20th, 1774, announced the fact that Georgia had ceased all its opposition to its concurrence with the other colonies. "Even the protestors," it adds, "have appeared openly at the polls and voted for delegates to meet the next Congress;" and furthermore, "that they are fully resolved to retrieve their late neglect, and do heartily join in the association of the General Congress. As a proof of this, a subscription has been opened for Boston, and already makes a respectable figure."

An extract from the journals of the Philadelphia Assembly for the session held on "Thursday, December 19th, 1774," furnished to the *New York Gazette* by Charles Moore, the clerk of the Assembly, and republished by the *Essex Journal*, represents "that the Hon. Edward Biddle, Speaker, John Dickinson, Thomas Moffin, Joseph Galloway, Charles Humphreys, John Morton, and John Ross, Esqrs.," were appointed deputies, "on the part of the province, to attend the General Continental Congress, proposed to be held at the city of Philadelphia on the 10th day of May next." The deputation received imperative instructions that at least four of its number should be present at that Congress, in case the then existing grievances of the colonies were not in the meantime redressed. Samuel Roberts, who had officiated as a deputy from the province in the preceding Congress, was omitted from the foregoing appointments, because he had since been made mayor of the city of Philadelphia.

An extract from a letter from Newport, dated December 14th, 1774, and published in the New York summary of the *Journal and Packet*, says:

"The people here have, I think, openly declared themselves against government, and in such a manner as surely must be pronounced rebellion. . . . There has been a most extraordinary movement here, a few days ago. The public authority of the colony have dismantled the king's fort, and moved all the cannon and stores to Providence, in order, as it is said, to assist the Bostonians against the king's troops."

Strange to say, the news from Boston in this issue of the *Essex Journal and Merimack Packet* is unimportant—not a word about the condition of affairs in it. And the items relating to Newburyport, the place of publication, are uninteresting, referring principally to marriages, births, and deaths in the community.

At a meeting of the deputies appointed by the several counties in the province of Maryland, held at the city of Annapolis, by adjournment, on the 8th day of December, 1774, and continued until the 12th day of the same month, eighty-five members being present, it was represented to the convention that, owing to the scarcity of cash, several merchants had sold their goods at less than prime cost. The following resolution regulating the future dealings of traders in the province was adopted:

"*Resolved unanimously*, That no merchant ought to sell his goods at wholesale for more than 112 per cent.; at retail for cash, for more than 130 per cent.; on credit, for more than 150 per cent. advance on the prime cost; and that no merchant, or other person, ought to engross any goods, wares, or merchandise whatsoever. And in case any question should arise respecting the prime cost of goods, every merchant or factor, possessing or owning such goods, ought to ascertain the same on oath, if requested to do so by the committee."

Resolutions were also adopted pledging the support of the province to Massachusetts, provided its grievances were not redressed, and providing for the organization of a militia, in which "all gentlemen, freeholders, and freemen," between the ages of fifteen and fifty, were required to serve. It was also determined to raise the sum of £10,000 by subscription, "for the purchase of arms and ammunition."

The following is a curiosity in the way of an advertisement:

"Just published in Boston, and to be sold by the PRINTERS hereof (price, half a pistareen), the Wonder of Wonders! or, the wonderful appearance of an ANGEL, DEVIL, and GHOST, to a gentleman in the town of Boston, in the nights of the 14th, 15th, and 16th of October last: to whom, in some measure, may be attributed the distresses that have of late fallen upon that unhappy metropolis. Related to one of his neighbors the morning after the last visitation, who wrote down the narrative from the gentleman's own mouth; and it is now made public at his desire, as a solemn warning to all those who, for the sake of aggrandizing themselves and their families, would entail the most abject wretchedness upon millions of their fellow-creatures. Adorned with four plates, viz.: 1. The DEVIL. 2. An ANGEL, with a sword in one hand, a pair of scales in the other. 3. BELZEBUB, holding in his right hand a folio-book, and in his left a halter. 4. A GHOST, having on a white gown, his hair much disheveled."

Of the brilliant galaxy of eminent men which the revolution of a century ago brought to the surface, there was none — not excepting the illustrious Washington — whose name is deserving of a more conspicuous place in the list of patriots than that of Robert Morris. To his financial genius the infant republic was indebted for salvation from hopeless insolvency during one of the most critical periods it has ever witnessed. Robert Morris, first Superintendent of Finance of the United States, did for his generation and country a century ago what Jay Cooke did at a later date. But Morris' melancholy fate was sadder than Cooke's. Morris, like Cooke, was a wealthy banker, who finally drank deep and long the dregs of poverty. In the fullness of his patriotism he gave freely of his wealth and credit to help along the feeble new-born republic. When independence was assured and peace restored, Robert Morris was a poor man. In 1798 we find him in the debtor's prison in Philadelphia, forgotten and neglected by the country he had saved from the ruin in which he himself was involved. There he subsequently died. From within those prison walls Robert Morris wrote the following touching letter to his warm friend John Nicholson, which is now published for the first time:

"MY DEAR SIR: — Your letter is gone to the sheriff, but I fear his timidity will overcome his feelings of humanity, friendship, etc. In that case Mrs. Morris desires me to let her and Maria join me here. Their distress (alone and deserted as they are, for none dare go near them), preys on them, although they have borne up against it surprisingly. I do not like the idea of their residing in this place, but I will consent rather than leave them alone, a prey to agonizing reflections. I wish Mrs. Nicholson was freed of all fever. Your friend,

"ROBERT MORRIS.

"JOHN NICHOLSON, ESQ.

"11th of October, 1798."

The ingratitude of republics is proverbial, and there is no more striking illustration of it than in the case of the patriot Robert Morris. Had the law of imprisonment for debt been still in existence, Jay Cooke, of course, would now be pining away in the recesses of a debtor's prison-cell in the same way, notwithstanding the service he did the country in its direst extremity in working off its promises to pay when its credit was gone and its treasury empty.

COROT, THE FRENCH PAINTER.

PERHAPS the pleasantest reading-matter lately issued by the French press is a series of memoirs of recently deceased artists. Written in a popular style, with very few of the technicalities of art to stumble over, they attract not only the *litterateur*, but the art-student as well. These *brochures* — for they scarcely aspire to the dignity of books — are each written by some intimate friend of the artist in question, and contain much matter which would not be included in a more pretentious biography. Bits of gossip, personal peculiarities, anecdotes, loving tributes of remembrance, and partial estimates of ability, make up a charming work, and help the art-student to appreciate better the aims, failures, and successes of these modern artists. There is no more fascinating story than the blind gropings of a gifted nature after its place and work in life. The struggles with adversity; the opposition of friends, who always think themselves best capable of deciding the future of the young; the abortive attempts at "putting the round man into the square hole;" the myriad obstacles to be overcome from the outside, to say nothing of the inward struggles; the doubts that will come at times to the most gifted; the difficulty of impressing others with what is so clear to the genius himself — all these are told in these little books with the frankness and simplicity of a Frenchman and an artist. The list includes the names of Regnault, Fortuny, and Corot. The last, which has just appeared, is entitled *Corot: souvenirs intimes, par Henri Dumesnil*, and it is from this that I propose to cull a few memoranda in regard to an artist of whom there are so many diverse opinions. Corot occupies in the art of our time, by his talent and influence on the school of landscape, no insignificant position; perhaps one may even say, in the general history of painting, for the reason that he was among the small number of those who put something of their personality in their work, and who, remaining classic themselves (his drawings show that), protest against the excess of impoverished traditions which produce only false conventionalities. By his taste for the antique, his love of pure lines, and the care he brought to his compositions, he approached the masters. He was one of the first to endeavor to unite style to love of nature, thus seeking again the old paths become new by neglect.

Many difficulties were in his way, which he fought bravely, to his honor be it said, sustained by courage and will, to the moment when perseverance was crowned by victory at the end of a trial nearly as long as his life. His execution is yet discussed, and there may be ground for criticism in this particular; but no one dreams of denying the object he pursued and his tendency to the ideal, for he expresses in his own manner the most elevated sentiments, those which dominate all others in us—poetry drawn from the eternal springs of nature! The impression made on one in examining his works is that they possess qualities worthy of respect even by time, an honesty of purpose, and an unshaken constancy in the pursuit of the beautiful and the charms of truth.

Jean Baptiste Camille Corot was born in Paris the 26th of July, 1796. His father had, at the corner of the Rue du Bac and the quay, a little shop where

were sold ribbons, flowers, etc., or, as he expressed it, "frivolities and gewgaws, which gave us a living and a little more." He had two sisters; the elder he was very fond of, and did not long survive her death. The younger died in her youth. Corot never married. In 1806, he was sent, for economical reasons, to the Lyceum at Rouen, and remained there seven years. According to French custom, the pupil was always accompanied by some older person. Young Corot's companion was a friend of his father—a grave man, fond of solitude, of lonely places, and who generally walked in the evening or twilight. He led the young lad to the environs of the city, over little-frequented roads, under the wide-spreading trees of the plains, or sometimes by the banks of the streams. These dusky images were then engraved on the mind of the child, and made a lasting impression. Later, after his return to Paris, he spent the summer at Ville d'Avray, where his father had a country-house, bought in 1817, and which was afterward his home with his sister. This house was near a lake—now dried up—and often, when all were sleeping, he remained the greater part of the night at the open window, absorbed in the contemplation of the sky, the lake, and the trees. The solitude was complete; no noise troubled the reveries of the young dreamer on that lonely hill-side. He passed long hours in these poetic meditations, and doubtless his mind in that humid atmosphere saw in the light transparent vapors rising from the bosom of the lake, those vague floating forms, graceful nymphs, daughters of the air, and the living idyls which very soon made their appearance in his landscapes. The memories of his childhood at Rouen were thus more deeply impressed, and he always attributed to them in a great degree the origin of his tastes and his peculiar artistic career. What are we, or rather what are artists of sensitive and delicate organization, but the translators who are charged, by virtue of the peculiar faculties with which they are endowed, to communicate to others that which they feel and see? As yet the young man's aspirations were dreams, and night alone his confidant; with daylight came practical things and real life. His father, for whom he had great respect, at this time placed him in the shop of a cloth-merchant in Rue Saint Honore; soon after he was changed to another place in the same business, in Rue de Richelieu, where he began drawing at every leisure moment, hiding his work under the counter. His new master proved indulgent, and gave him facilities for access to pictures, telling M. Corot that the boy was good for nothing in trade, and he had better let him follow his inclination. Here he remained, however, for eight years. Fancy what those eight years of servitude were to that restless eager soul, full of aspirations and unuttered poetry! There was some compensation in the habits of order, regularity, and industry which he then acquired, and which remained fixed for life. Eight o'clock, even in winter, saw him always in his *atelier;* his dreams were of his work, and his first thought in the morning was of his unfinished pictures. He usually sung while dressing, and then hurried to his easel. His love of painting at this time was probably increased by a friendship he formed with an artist of reputation; and, one day, arming himself with courage, he begged his father to permit him to quit trade and take the brush, for that was what he most desired in this world. The wealthy man—a successful trader, who found his ideal in the things "where one succeeds, where one gains"—was not enchanted with his son's request, but gave him the conditions on which he would give his consent. "Your sister's marriage portions are ready now, and I hoped very soon to be able to

provide you also with a good establishment, for you are old enough now to be at the head of a house; but since you refuse to continue your trade in order to become a painter, I give you fair notice that I have no capital for you. I will give you an annuity of fifteen hundred livres a year, but don't count on another thing. See if you can live on that!" Camille, much moved, thanked his father, saying that "it was all that was necessary, and made him very happy. He has kept his word; has known how to be happy for more than thirty years on this little income, without deviating a line—a sincere lover of art, satisfied with his independence, pursuing his task with earnestness to the moment when fame came to recompense his honest labor and faith." As soon as he was free—the same day, even—he procured his artistic outfit and made his "first study" in the centre of Paris, by the side of his father's house, on the steep bank of the Seine, not far from the Pont Royale, looking toward the city. Those who have had access to Corot's *atelier* remember this *début* of his brush, preserved with care, and which he loved to talk about.

"When I did that—it is now thirty-five years ago—the young girls who worked for my mother were curious to see Camille in his new trade, and ran from the shop to see me work—one we called Rose came oftener than the others. She is living still, not married, and comes sometimes to see me. She was here last week. O! my friend—what changes, and what thoughts they bring! My little study has not changed. It is always young; it brings up the hour, even the time of day, when I made it. But Rose and I—what are we?"

This "first study" in gray harmonious tones contained the germs of artistic qualities which developed in the sketches which he always made in his travels, for he not only used the pencil freely but sketched in oil. Several of these studies are celebrated—that of Tivoli, of Pont Saint Ange, and the Coliseum. The last drew him out of his obscurity, began his reputation, and has a history, while others have sold for fifteen cents! One, for example, found by an amateur on the quay near where Corot lived, was brought to him, to know if it was truly his work.

"Yes, certainly; it is mine."

"The merchant told me so, but I did not believe him. See, what a low price!"

"Ah! well, if it were not mine, think what a price it might bring!"

These studies are like detached leaves which will resume their existence in the finished work of the artist.

All these attempts, which show failure as well as progress—hesitation between two opening paths—were of especial value; and in the evening of life, he said with much satisfaction that, though his studies were very unequal in merit, yet their general tone was healthy and good, and showed no feebleness in following the course he had marked out.

He never sold one, and had lost but very few—a dozen in thirty-five years. Sometimes those which had been loaned were returned after long absence, when they were quite forgotten; one, among others, after *fourteen years'* absence, came home "in these last days to the sheep-fold." "This," pointing to one, "was done when I was with Michallon, who, poor fellow! died at twenty-six, just when I was commencing to paint. He had talent which would have made him famous, had he lived. To carry me back to fifteen, all that is necessary is a handful of hazelbush-leaves. I find in the perfume all my youth and the vivid impressions which had their birth there!"

Each spring found Corot in the country. April saw him either at Ville d'Avray, or with his old friends the cloth-

merchants. Bad weather never stopped him.

"That is nothing. I go to rest myself—with work! Think of it! I have but thirty more years to live, even if I live to be a hundred, and they will pass so quickly. Already seventy have flown like the travels one makes in a dream! I must not waste the rest, which will go yet more rapidly."

After the death of his first master, Corot entered the studio of Victor Bertin, a pure classicist, whose pictures recall, if one can use the expression, all the coldness of the accessories of tragedy. It was not under such teaching that he could acquire the suppleness and the manner of rendering masses, the transparency of the atmosphere and the trembling of the foliage—in a word, the delicate and tender side of nature. All these qualities were happily well-enough rooted to resist the influence of Bertin, while the lessons he received were invaluable for precision of form and laying the foundation of composition.

In 1825, Corot visited Italy for the first time, and found in Rome that galaxy of young French painters, among whom were Leopold Robert, Schnetz, Aligny, Edouard Bertin, Bodinier, etc. Pierre Guérin had the direction of the academy. The new-comer was well received as a "good fellow." At that time he was a man of medium stature, with a frank, free, healthy air, a quick eye, great mobility of countenance, a high-colored complexion, and a manner in which good-fellowship was mingled with much delicacy of feeling. There was no question of his work; it was not considered worth a thought; it was his sprightly nature they loved. He sung well, and in the evenings, at the restaurant Della Lepre, often surprised them with his ready translations of the songs of the day. There, and at the Caffe Greco—a place of habitual reunion after the work of the day—they listened with pleasure, but that was all. His work was even treated with a certain irony. Such was the situation when, one day, Aligny, who was an authority in landscape, passed near where Corot was occupied in making a study of the Coliseum. He was struck with its truth, and, looking at it with attention, expressed his surprise at finding qualities of the very first order, precision, skill, and the broad treatment which he had so admirably rendered. He congratulated the artist, who at first thought it a piece of pleasantry, and was little disposed to accept it; but Aligny made his praises with much seriousness, and in the evening, before his comrades, repeated them, giving good reasons for his opinions, and concluded by saying that this young man, who had until now been in the shade, would in time be the master of them all. His position was changed as by a miracle. Aligny was a grave skillful man, not liable to be deceived, and his judgment was respected. From this moment the author of the lovely "Study of the Coliseum" was considered an artist of value, and with a future. Sustained by the example and counsels of Aligny, who had discovered his talent and given him confidence in himself—that great sustaining spring of life—he devoted a large portion of his time to outdoor studies. Those which belong to this period can be easily recognized by the firmness and precision in drawing and strict adherence to nature. There is nothing in them of the fantasies to be found in those of later date. Corot was deeply touched by the approbation of Aligny, the first who had given him words of encouragement and cheer, and always regarded him with great esteem and gratitude. In 1874, Aligny was buried in the cemetery of Mont Parnasse. Although it was at eight o'clock of a winter morning, scarcely daylight, and the snow falling still, Corot was there, and, in speaking of it

afterward, said: "It was a duty, a sacred debt; could I do less?" The half-century which had passed away since those cheering sincere words were spoken in the gardens of Cæsar had not enfeebled his gratitude.

After his return to France, in 1827, Corot appeared for the first time in the exhibition, or *salon*, as it is termed, and from this time to the end of his life never quitted the field of battle of the exhibitions. For him, in truth, it was a fight, and a long one. He was alone, ranged under no banner, seeing in his own way, resisting experiments which, notwithstanding their undoubted value, did not respond to his instincts. He wished to be truthful, but at the same time he felt in himself the fire of poetry which demanded satisfaction. He could not be pleased with a translation alone of material things—with an exclusive naturalism, however strong. From this came the carelessness and half-disdain with which he regarded his works. He looked at things from a high stand-point, being well persuaded that the arts are a power in the state, that they have a grand *rôle* to play in the march of civilization, and mark the progress and decadence of a people.

When he had attained his fiftieth year, he exhibited his "View in the Forest of Fontainebleau," which gained him a decoration. In the future his way lay in the broad sunlight, although yet he was far from being accepted by the crowd that afterward besieged his studio. Even his father for a long time could not believe in his son's genius, for he had always regarded him as a humbug. After he was decorated, he asked M. Français—one of his pupils, who had already some reputation—"if truly Camille had any talent, any merit? Tell me, for you know what painting is." It was difficult to persuade the old man that his Camille was "stronger than all the others."

Corot was nearly sixty before he achieved any marked success with the general public. His fellow-artists were the first to give in their allegiance; Diaz the very first. The picture which attracted Diaz had been painted for an amateur, and refused. Corot composed it one evening when returning from Versailles to Ville d'Avray on foot. He dreamed over it in his childish fashion at the open window, and by next day all was complete in his mind. He returned at once to his studio in Paris, and by nightfall it was finished.

"What!" said he to himself, "done already! I have made a lot of money in a very short time. It can't be possible; I must retouch it, yet I will very likely spoil it if I do. No; I'll let it alone, and watch the clouds through a little tobacco-smoke."

A few days after the amateur came, looked at it in front, then from the side, walked about and remained silent, and at last finished by saying: "It is not very gay. I will speak to my wife; she does not love melancholy things. I will let you know soon."

A few days after he wrote and gave up the picture. "Decidedly, my wife would find it too sad, after what I told her about it."

Despite this pitiful result, Corot was satisfied with the picture. "I feel that it ought to be good, and it is not every day I can do as well. Some one else will take it, some time."

That some one was Diaz, who was struck with admiration for the "beautiful canvas," and at once made an effort to obtain it. The bargain was not difficult to conclude, and Diaz was the proud owner of the once despised picture.

As age crept on and a younger generation of artists clustered round Corot, seeking words of counsel and cheer, he loved to recount the chances and changes which had befallen his different pictures; for instance, the one which was ex-

hibited in the *Salon* of 1851. It was very badly placed, being in the first hall near the staircase. Everybody passed without giving it a glance. "One day, Corot, seeing that no one noticed it, said to himself: 'Men are like flies; if one lights on a plate, others will follow immediately. Perhaps if I stand here and seem to be interested, it will make some one else stop, too.' So it proved. Very soon a young couple approached the picture. The gentleman said: 'That is not bad; seems to me there is something in it.' But his wife, with a languid glance, drew him away, saying, 'It is frightful; let us go.' 'Now,' said Corot to himself, 'are you satisfied? You wanted to know the opinion of the public, and you have it! So much the worse if you don't like it.' After hanging on the wall of my *atelier* for several years, without notice, this same picture was bought one day by a courageous individual, who gave me seven hundred francs. Afterward he sold it at public sale for twelve thousand, and the purchaser was so delighted with his bargain that he gave a dinner, and I was invited and overwhelmed with kindness. Yet it was the very picture that once no one wanted. I am doing the same things now; only, after forty years of work, they run after them. It is not I who have changed; it is the triumph of my principles, and I swim in happiness."

This constancy to principles he unceasingly preached to his pupils, and to all young artists. To him the first duty was sincerity, to render the truth. "It is not at once that the artist comes into possession of the means to do this, of the instruments necessary to transmit the thought; but it *can* be gained little by little each day, and in the course of life sooner or later his object will be attained; but it is only by working without ceasing, studying always to make progress. Can you make a sky, a tree, or the water? No! We but seek the appearance; we must try to imitate them by an artifice that can always be improved. Movement is nearly impossible to render, and yet we ought to give an idea of it. If I paint a wheel, the spokes of which I see in rapid motion without being able to distinguish them, I ought to show in some way that it is turning. As to the sky, it is profound and changeable, full of vibrations, and this effect is not easy to give. This is why, knowing our weak points, I am always trying to go farther, to learn more. Some have said to me, 'There is no need of your studying more.' It is not that; one must be always learning. Ah!" said he, pointing to his easel, "all my happiness is there. I have followed my way without changing, and for a long time without success; but it came at last, the compensation for a neglected youth, and I am the happiest man in the world!"

At another time, in talking of certain things generally considered essential, he said: "There are but four principal points: form, by drawing; color, which results from truth in 'values;' sentiment, from which comes expression; and last, execution, to render the whole complete. As to myself, I believe I have sentiment—that is to say, a little poetry in my soul—which shows me how to express in a certain way that which I see; but I do not always have color, and of drawing I have but the elements. My execution, also, is faulty. This is why I still work, and say to the young, 'Seek above all that which you feel you lack; try to perfect your drawing, for it is of the first importance, but above all obey your instincts in your manner of seeing—it is what I call *sincerity*—and do not trouble yourself with the rest.' It is the same with a head. For a portrait, the artist ought to study the model, see him in his joy or sadness, his anger, or when some other sentiment touches him; and the brush should indicate all this. It

should not be a gay man, or a sad one, but the complete man, the entire physiognomy of this mobile being; not for one moment—photography gives us that—but a portrait of all times, each moment." All this is very simple and just, and is what the "masters" have succeeded in doing.

The pictures which he exhibited in 1859 were remarkable. His horizon seemed to extend, and embraced not only the tender and poetic side of nature, but touched the grand epics of Dante and the drama of Shakspeare. His fertile imagination had need of the aliment he found in the creations of the poets, and he lent a willing ear to their songs. He abandoned the open air, the running brook, and the broad prairie, to follow Dante into the obscure and murky forests of the poet's hell. Struck with the grandeur of the opening of the "Divine Comedy," Corot represented Dante and Virgil at the entrance of hell, when Virgil says to his companion, "It is better that you should follow me; I will be your guide." They are placed before a sombre mass of trees and rocks, which occupy the right of the picture. Near them are the lion and panther. At the left, where the light streams in, is seen the she-wolf which so frightened Dante, and which is admirably expressed in his attitude. Virgil is calm, and with a simple gesture indicates the way. This is a faithful translation of the Florentine poet. The general effect of the picture is grand. The expression of the figures is noble and just, showing to advantage the serious side of the artist's nature.

In another picture, still following the supernatural, he represents "The appearance of the three witches to Macbeth and Banquo," who arrive on horseback, and find themselves confronted by the spectres, who have scarcely a corporeal substance and will soon disappear in the air. The painter has understood the poet. The sky in greater part is full of light, but banded with sombre clouds, seemingly full of flashing lightning. The effect is startling.

During the last war, Corot, foreseeing the siege of Paris, returned in August, and remained in the city during those trying times. Speaking of those days, he said: "I took refuge in painting, working hard; without that I should have gone crazy." He added very severe things against those who caused the war, and set folk to cutting each other's throats. This sensitive and delicate nature had a horror of this remnant of barbarism; he even found it "beastly." "Is it not inconceivable that there are men who would be proud to destroy the Louvre, and put cannon, petroleum, and dead bodies in its place?" While busy with his work he did not forget the wounded and their dire necessities, but visited them and comforted them by his sympathy and presence, allowing nothing to be wanting for their comfort that it was possible to procure. Corot opened his purse so willingly, that he had clients who did not seem to realize how frequent their calls were. He would go simply to the drawer and take out what was asked for, and give it to the solicitor as a matter of course. One of his friends, who saw this, said: "What a generous heart!" "Not at all," he replied—"it is nothing. It is my temperament and my happiness. I can earn it again so soon, just in making a little branch. All I do costs me nothing, and I work better with a heart at ease. At one time I gave 1,000 francs from my little hoard. It was a great deal; but the next day I sold a picture for 6,000. You see that made me happy. It is always so."

Corot scarcely felt the weight of years; his faculties remained in their integrity, and he knew nothing of the usual indifference of the old, when everything has lost its power to charm, and life becomes a tale that is told.

His picture for the *Salon* of 1874 was very beautiful, but did not bring him the grand medal of honor, much to the surprise of everybody. When the decision of the jury became known, a reunion of his friends took place, and a letter was addressed to him expressing the warmest admiration of his work and regret at the decision of the jury. This was the general feeling, and proved the germ of a movement which spread in the artistic world, and which culminated in offering him a gold medal, to be procured by subscription.

About this time his heretofore excellent health began to fail; and the death of the sister he so dearly loved, who was near his own age and with whom he had always lived, was accepted as a warning of his own approaching end. It was at this time he made the rule to receive but one or two visitors to his *atelier* at the same time; by doing this he could talk and work, too, without too much fatigue.

The 29th of December, 1874, a *fête* was given in his honor at the Grand Hotel. There were between three and four hundred persons present. At nine o'clock Corot entered, leaning on the arm of M. Marcotte; he was warmly received, and when quiet was restored, and the old man seated at the end of the hall, near a table on which was a small jewel-case, the president of the committee on subscription said, very simply: "Gentlemen, there will be no speech. There is too much to say of the man and the artist! This medal will speak for us!" It was enough—in perfect taste, and also in harmony with the character of him for whom the gift was intended. The medal is nearly nine centimetres in diameter. Upon one side is a profile-portrait of Corot, surrounded by the legend:

"A. Corot.
"*Ses confreres et ses admirateurs.*
"*Juin*, 1874."

On the reverse, the emblems of the artist—a palette and brushes in a wreath of laurel. When his health was drank he was heard to say, in a low voice, "What happiness to be so loved!" Soon after this his health failed rapidly, but still he finished the pictures intended for the *Salon* of 1875. They were his last work, for even before he had signed them he had ceased to go to the *atelier*, and they were brought to his bed-side to receive his name—the last touch of his brush. After the effort he said: "That is all; I have finished." His disease proved to be dropsy, and beyond the reach of medicine. When he saw the end approaching, he said: "I am almost resigned. It is not easy to say. I have worked a long time, but I do not complain. Far from it; I have had the best of health for seventy-eight years; love for nature, painting, and work. My relatives are good people. I have had good friends, and have tried to do no evil. My lot in life has been excellent, and, far from repining, I am grateful. I must go. I don't want to believe it, and I have yet a little hope."

During his last days his mind still dwelt on his pictures, and, with fingers disposed as if holding a brush, he traced imaginary lines on the wall, exclaiming: "How beautiful! Never have I seen such an admirable landscape!"* After this he desired to see the Curé de Coubron, whom he greatly esteemed. "My father died thus; I wish to do as he did!" was his only explanation for a wish so unexpected. His desire was gratified. There is nothing to be said. Matters of conscience ought to be absolutely respected. According to the teachings of the Bible, he was good, loving, and charitable; what would you have more? Creeds have but a relative value. Wisdom is the object, and there are many examples, Socrates among others. Corot loved the poetic symbols by which the ancients had

*Troyon in his delirium did the same.

written their ideas and hopes, and he has, under the influence of such feelings, rendered homage to the gods—the friends of the arts, venerated in Greece. One time, "the third day of the month, which was in Rome that of the great ides of April, he took part with his comrades in the inauguration of the antique head of Jupiter Phillios, protector of friendship, father of the ingenious Minerva, the laughing Venus of Apollo, the adorable Muses, who was a tolerant god, worshiped by Pythagoras and Phidias, as well as Homer and Orpheus. An eloquent invocation was pronounced by one of the posterity of those who built the temples. Two torches were held near the venerable image—one by M. Barye, the other by Corot, the author of the 'Dance of the Nymphs.'"

The scene which is thus recalled was simply an act of respect toward tradition, and in one way a salutation addressed by the artists to their ancestors—*the* civilizers, *par excellence*. Corot was of their race, and belonged to those elevated spirits who are an honor to humanity. His *rôle*, in a time when there was little place for the ideal, was to draw us to nature, make us understand her charms, dream of her mysteries of eternity.

Corot died in Paris the 23d day of February, 1875. His funeral took place on the 25th, at the Church of St. Eugene, and was attended by an immense crowd. Carriages were forced into the adjoining streets by the swaying mass. From the Rue du Faubourg-Poissonniére to the door of the church the sidewalks were crowded by a public full of emotion, and desiring to show their respect. The coffin was covered with fresh flowers, and the gold medal struck in his honor reposed on a velvet cushion by the side of his cross of officer of the Legion of Honor. In a few moments the three aisles of the church were filled. The sides had been occupied in advance by ladies dressed in mourning. The crowd which filled the main body of the church was in some respects peculiar, and from a certain style of dress and manner of wearing the hair, the artistic element could be very readily discovered as being in the majority. The services were impressive and touching, and bore witness to the esteem and regret felt for the loss of a good man and a great artist.

Unhappily an incident occurred to mar the solemnity of the occasion. Much to everyone's surprise—for it is not customary there to pronounce funeral discourses in the church—the priest in attendance mounted the pulpit and began to address the people. After having announced that Corot had confessed and received the communion some days before his death, he added: "I ran over all the journals printed in Paris yesterday, and in the concert of praises given to the artist and the man, one alone declared that the deceased was a spiritualist; it did not *dare* to say that he died a Christian! Look at the signs of the times! Mark the degradation of the soul——" Here he was interrupted by murmurs and a storm of hisses; but he continued in a bitter exasperating tone, until another incident put an end to the shameful disorder produced by the harangue. A poor woman, said to be an imbecile, excited by the tumult, jumped upon a seat, and with piercing cries attracted the attention of the assembly. The *curé* concluded then to allow the service to proceed. The requiem sung by Faure did not succeed in calming the excitement. After the mass was concluded, the same crowd followed the funeral-car to the cemetery, where M. Chennevières, Director of the Beaux Arts, pronounced a very touching and eloquent address.

As to the place Corot will occupy as an artist in the future, it is too soon to judge. It is impossible to form an impartial and correct estimate of a man's

influence on the art of his time, while still the magnetism of his presence is round us, and the sound of his voice is in our ears. That it is a marked one none will deny. A life-work of fifty years of unceasing industry, with one aim kept constantly in view, can not fail of leaving its impress on the next generation of painters. Indeed, it is already seen in the works of D'Aubigny, Francais, and many other prominent names. Corot's work carefully avoids all that is meretricious in treatment and color, and appeals only to the most elevated sentiments. An artist of whom this can be said surely merits a high place upon the roll of contemporary painters.

A BARBARIC YAWP.

AMONG the many graceful affectations which haunt the newly-built walls of what we may call the structure of American intellect, there is none more beautiful and harmless than that which expresses a full apprehension and comprehension of the motives, emotions, objects, and convictions which impressed Shakspeare, while he was writing his great plays for the London stage. To stand as a demonstrator of the anatomy of the Shakspearean intellect is a proud position. Except that of preaching the gospel, there is no more exalted position; nor, we might add, a position more practically useless or purely ornamental. Yet, if Shakspeare wrote under the pressure which commonly weighs upon authors who write to live, there can be no doubt that the object he had in view might be expressed thus: *£ s. d.*—and the only questions he put to himself were: "Will these characters draw crowds to the 'Globe?'" "Do these parts fit the men of our company?" and "Can Dick Burbage, as chief actor, bring down the house and raise the groundlings with these round sentences of full-chested English?"

If the character and convictions of authors, in matters about which they are not writing, are to be found in the general tone of what they do write about, then it were easy to follow the care and caution through which minute truth is pursued in the Baconian books of philosophy, and triumphantly conclude that Francis Bacon loved the truth in all things, and was a most honorable upright man; yet we know, if biography knows anything, that Francis Bacon was a moral snob, a social sepulchre, a character black to rottenness with the gangrene of official corruption. And yet, withal, Bacon had an architectural, Gothic-like, solemnly high-arched veneration for the beauty of sacred things! And here, by the by, we may make a sporadic jump, and break out in a new place, to observe that great veneration for sacred things is often the high ideal accompaniment of a petty-larceny character; and that a gushing holy devotion and an eloquent pious ardor sometimes walk up the short church stair-way hand in hand with a moist-lipped lechery.

That the dyer's hand may be temporarily the color of his dye-stuff is true; but you can not tell, by looking into his dye-pots and measuring his yarn, what manner of man he was, particularly after he is dead, and you have read his epitaph written by the village curate, and the scrivener's chronic verbiage in his last will.

That Shakspeare was absorbed in his art—determined to live by it and die

with it—there can be little doubt; but that he had any other object than the perfect putting of human nature upon the stage, in a paying style, there is no proof.

With a kingly manly character upon his hands to work up in parts for Burbage, he probably watched the gait and words of England's natural kings in living and historic Britain, and gave this gait and these words, with the tone of his own harmonies, to his embryonic character; or, if he had royal poltroonery to portray, he could find it among his fellow-men, and acquire it cheaply, for a king-tinseled cheap man in "ye goodlie companie of her majesty's poore players."

To him the mimicry of mankind meant money, and money meant a house and lands for Will Shakspeare on Avon. He is the highest style of theatrical Englishman—the actor, in the widest sense—whose intellect could walk the "boards" of his imagination in buskined Anglo-Saxon. And such seems to me to be the end and aim of the man. The meaning of the rest of him is purely accidental. Like his own Polonius, if you think his cloud looks like a camel, it is to you a camel, so far as he cares; if a weasel, weasel goes—to him it is the ware for sale.

The antiquarian critic, in some other field of investigation, may find a clay pot that has lain long buried in the compost-heap of unwriting and unwritten races, and make much meaning out of its shape and the dim figures on the bulging sides, and place the vessel high up in his cabinet, as a rarity of great import; but if the old prehistoric hag, who probably molded, turned, and burned the pot for her own private use, were to come softly into the professor's study, and, leaning upon her rude stick, point her dirty skinny finger, and say in some unknown lingo, "That's my pot!" the romantic meaning would all fade out of its history, leaving only the fact that prehistoric old women made very good pots, considering the circumstances they lived under.

So if Shakspeare could walk into the studio of a Shakspearean anatomist and say:

> "Sirrah, mark ye! those plays are mine,
> And if it be that money may be made
> Forth from their dusty rolls, that, too, is mine.
> Ay, marry, and I want it!"

the romance would pass out of Shakspeare himself, leaving only the fact that he made very good stage-characters, considering the chance he had.

There was, so to speak, no medium of public ideas in his day, no real news-life, no hourly report of men and things and thought; and his presentation of what men might do or had done was, to folk in those old times, what the reporters' columns in the daily newspapers are to us. In these newspaper reports, which hold the mirror—often, the horrid mirror—up to nature, there is, in a course of years, everything, in every conceivable style, that pertains to the actions, feelings, fancies, etc., of men; yet we can not tell what are the morals, or the manners, or the impulses, the local habitation, or the names of the reporters. All we know of them is that their name is legion, and they write for pay. When permitted to use it, their fancy falls like a harlequin drapery over the humanity in the daily fact, and the citizen at breakfast smiles under his greasy mustache.

Shall men, in after years, gather these reports, or the better of them, into solid volumes, and proceed to analyze their hidden meaning and their hinted facts, and thus solve the moral *status* of the reporters, and try to lend a legendary dignity and a deliberate unity of design to works which were written "on the jump" and printed by steam? Forbid it, ye gods!

Or shall we let Mark Twain die, and

in future days dig his writings from oblivion, in order to determine how the jokes got into him, why they came out of him, and what were his notions of the immortality of his soul, without thinking that he wrote for money, joked for coin, and carried his immortality in his cheek?

It does not need that the art-man shall be any part of what he puts on paper, any more than that a preacher's soul shall be as lovely and faithful as the ideal in his eloquent sermon. Indeed, it is a solemn fact that the home-life of the artist, who paints sweet fancies on the finished canvas, is odorous of onion-stew and musical with buzzing flies—that his days are filled with labor, and his nights with lager-beer.

Certain persons are born with a susceptibility to certain impressions—not necessarily to a *belief* in those impressions—and that susceptibility, driving or wooing such person in the line of those impressions, determines, under "your devil opportunity," for life the avocation of such individual, whether it leads across Niagara River on the highway of a single rope, or through Austerlitz and glory to a sea-girt solitude. The will of such a person is in that manner impowered that it can force the whole being into the service of this susceptibility, and, when the opportunity opens, so demean itself that men admiringly shall cry out, "Bully!"

With Shakspeare, the susceptibility was the mimicry of man; and all impressions leading to that end remained with him, the servants of his will, in his daily fight for bread and property. That this susceptibility enabled him to be momentarily a king—"ay, every inch a king"—there is no doubt; but that is no proof that he was either a ruling or a ruined monarch. That he could be a fool or any other thing ruled by a human attribute nobody doubts; but no one thinks he was a fool in fact.

From his works it were an easy thing to prove that William Shakspeare, in whom nature conspired with art to make from England's humbler dust the mouthpiece of mankind, was, after the measurement of ordinary men, trained to all trades, schooled in all schools, apprenticed to each profession, and carefully fostered in every faith. We could easily show that he was a most profound M. D.; in witness whereof, notice the living lunacy of Lear, side by side with the simulated madness of Edgar. Modern medical science, with all its improved microscopic powers of diagnosis, can not deliver a clinical discourse on the subtile and confusing diseases of the brain, comparable with the tragedy of *King Lear;* yet no one thinks of pretending that Shakspeare ever thundered in a mortar with a pounding-pestle, or put up petty paper packages of pills, squills, and tartar-emetic.

How futile it is, then, to endeavor to prove that he was a Christian, or this, or that, out of the mouths of his characters!

His is not the intellect which you can in the least, in any manner, steal away from the play-house to drop as a rich jewel at the foot of a cross. He belongs to the stage. He *is* the English stage. Behind the foot-lights of his wondrous *varieties*, you can find mankind, but you can not find the man Shakspeare.

In former days, not greatly remote, it was fashionable (even pious, as are all the graver fashions) to relegate Shakspeare to the old-style "pit" of the play-house; and the "boys" down there, with that instinctive good taste which they sometimes loudly manifest, were glad to accept him, and boast of how he "poached deer," "'eld 'osses at Black-friars," and "went afore 't squire to be vined," and "'ow 'e were a bootcher's lad, an' spaike a braive piece when 'e a hox's throwt 'ad cut"—in short, that

there was a touch of the "rounder" in him, which proved that he belonged to the "boys." And no doubt, in a great degree, he did; for in those days it was England's own blood that filled the "pit," while Normandy arrayed the "boxes." In another sense he belonged to the "pit;" because all successful actors and playwrights belong in some degree to that element in the house—woe is to him who does not.

Then, in years drawn nearer to our time, the Normanism of England tried to show that he belonged to their class, to which end they traced him a fancied long lineage, phrenologized his head, unwove the lines of his stone-wrought effigy, and wrote him down pure Norman.

And not to be outdone as a claimant, Pat comes forward to aver that, "Be jabers, he waz born in Oireland!" where they have two skulls of him—one when he was a child, and the other when he was grown up to be a man. And this claim is about as rational as any of the other special claims; inasmuch as the great dramatist belongs to every place where his mother-tongue is spoken, not in dogma.

There is hardly any end to the efforts made to prove from Shakspeare's plays what Shakspeare was, outside of his office in the theatrical world. Even those ingenious fellows, the lawyers, like rows of rooks, have dropped softly from the atmosphere of Blackstone down upon the scenic stage, to strut about with knowing look, and exclaim: "Caw! this genius was bred an attorney. How else could he know and aptly use, with admirable fitness, so many of the 'quiddets and quillets' of our very honorable profession?"

How, indeed, could he have known the fitness of law-lingo? His father was a magistrate of the borough of Stratford; so much is history, and not drama. He may in fairness be said to have been raised among law-forms. And there is no great force of imagination in picturing how his susceptible absorbing young intellect would grasp and play with the uncouth Latin sounds, until they and their various meanings and their no-meaning haunted his head through life. And if this were not enough to introduce him to the lore of law-phrases, it is pretty well believed, on good legendary grounds, there was another, a more impressive and a ruder introduction to the lip-service of the law, when Sir Thomas Lucy, whether for "deer-stealing," or for what not, prosecuted and re-prosecuted him in the courts of justice; for which Shakspeare nearly immortalized the old "duffer" in the court of the muses. It is not difficult to imagine—even for a wild Americo-Anglo-Saxon to imagine—the father of English expressiveness coming into court, marshaled on his way by the ponderous dignity of the rural bailiff, and solemnly commanded to look upon the severe face of the magistrate; while the neighbor gossips, male and female, into whose sagacity had crept some homely touch of the prisoner's rare quality, smilingly loiter about, with the premonition that the court had, in the language of this new land, "caught a terranteler." In these prosecutions his vivid young intelligence would undoubtedly photograph the print and image of the day—the sights and sounds, lights, shades, and variations—and in older years, giving the kaleidoscope of his imagination a half-turn, evolve you the Dogberries, the Vergeses, the Seacoals, the Shallows, and the long line of robustious periwig-pated pretenders of official ineptitude and pomposity.

It is a narrow-minded slur upon the abilities of Shakspeare to infer, after all this, that he must have been apprenticed to the study of law, to possess his power to use technical law-words aptly. As well may we say that he was groom to a

stallion, because among his very earliest productions he gave us *Venus and Adonis*, in which, as in a mirror, shine all the points and traits of an entire horse.

Aside from what has now been said of his opportunity to hear what law-forms had to say, there is abundant documentary evidence in the Shakspearean archives that he and Richard Burbage and the "goodlie companie of her majesty's poor playeres" had often to resort to the law-forms of petition, etc., to be protected against the fanatical religious prejudices of that day—in order that "Black Friars" and "Ye Globe" might wake the foggy midnight echoes of the Thames with loud applause of that power which the posterity of a larger globe has nightly encored, with wild delight, through many generations.

And here, going off again under the pressure of the suggestive, we may not wonder, considering the heavy attempts which English religionists have made to squelch the "play-actors," that Shakspeare gives no sign of his adhesion to any form of superstition—rather was superstition his plaything. He peopled the world's fancy with a thousand sprites and goblins, and thereby played upon faith as upon a harp; but there is no proof that he *worshiped* the images of his own brain, or those of any other brains, ancient or modern.

The so-called Christians who now so gravely place the Bible and Shakspeare upon their family tables, side by side, as the guides to life, are the offspring of that lovely spirit which, not many generations agone, cast the volume of his dramas into the consuming fires of a righteous indignation, because it was one of those "unsavory, bawdy, playhouse books." In regard to which spirit of persecution, if it were in point to draw upon his art (which it isn't), we might quote Launce—Launce, the sweet-scented dog-man, in evidence of Shakspeare's ideal of a Christian. Launce, when summing up the qualities of his lady-love, says: "She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare Christian."

There is, though, a similarity between the Bible and Shakspeare's dramas. If God dictated the Bible, and if Shakspeare composed the Shakspearean volume, the similarity is, that the author of each can be proved by his works to be a promulgator of almost any form of faith.

If Shakspeare had any religious belief beyond the rules of right and wrong, and the "pricks and stings" of conscience, the "unco-pious" of his contemporaries took full means to cause him to "dry up" on all such matters. The godly lord-mayor and corporation having driven the actors outside the corporate limits of London, the God-fearing must needs follow "ye poore playeres" out to that monument of Christian benevolence, the puritanic ruins of the ancient monastery of Black Friars; and there in that ghostly retreat of the muses, command the play to cease and the applause to expire, as may be seen by this humble petition, which is here copied from a reprint of the papers of Lord Ellesmere, the attorney-general:

"These are to certifie your right Hon'ble Lordships, that her Majesty's poore Playeres, James Burbadge, Richard Burbadge, John Laneham, Thomas Greene, Robert Wilson, John Taylor, Anth. Wadeson, Thomas Pope, George Peele, Augustine Phillipps, Nicholas Towley, William Shakspeare, William Kempe, William Johnson, Baptiste Goodale, and Robert Armyn, being all of them sharers in the black Fryer's playe-house, have never given cause of displeasure, in that they have brought into their playes maters of state and Religion, unfitt to be handled by them, or to be presented before lewde spectators: neither hath anie complaynte in that kinde ever bene preferrde against them, or anie of them. Wherefore, they trust most humble in your Lordship's consideration of their former good behavior, being at all tymes readie and willing to yielde obedience to any command whatsoever your Lordships in your wisdome may thinke in such case meete, etc.

"*November*, 1589."

It will be seen by this that William Shakspeare, at the age of twenty-six

years, entered into a bond, as it were, to keep his art-life untainted by political or religious bias—and he did it.

In the domain of dogma there is no Shakspeare. Warned by his art alone, he walked before a public which was red-hot with ecclesiastical discussion, wrote and acted for a queen who was herself champion in the Latin diction of dogma; and yet, though the questions of the day must have been open to a mind so large and active, there is no tint in all his mental coloring to indicate his soul's livery.

His mission was to play mankind upon all men, especially on those who heard with English ears. His duty done, he laid him down in that heroic soil from which he sprung—giving to Britain all he took of earth, and to her language all it needs of art.

REGRET.

Mine, to loose or to hold,
I held it, thus, in my hand.
Mine, to fetter or free—
Which should it be?
Dear little wings of gold,
Dear little voice that trilled
All the gay summer long,
Making each day a song!
Well, but one tires, at times,
Of even one's favorite rhymes;
Of roses, oversweet;
Of joys that are too complete;
Of all things in one's reach:
And just to be alone
With silence sweeter than speech,
Seems best of all things known.
Mine to command,
Hold captive, as I willed:
Little light wings, away!
Into the golden day—
Away, away,
Into the golden sky—
Good-by! good-by!

That was a year ago.
Was it well—was it wiser so?
Shall I ever know?
A whole long weary year,
And summer is here.
But the rose a redness lacks,
And the sun is chill,
And the world, somehow, too still,
And time a dreary tax
On body and heart and brain.
Would it be less, I wonder,

If I could only hear
A piping, soft and clear,
A little mellow strain
Come back again?
Or see the flutterings
Of dainty golden wings,
That clove heaven's blue asunder,
Away and away from me
Away and away,
On one poor foolish day?
Ah, well! was it so to be,
And better so?
I shall never, never know.
It is gone—let it go.
But O! for the dear love-strain
Mine once, mine never again!
For the fluttering wings of gold,
Mine to loose or to hold—
Held lightly, loosened—so,
A year ago!

ETC.

Our Indian Problem.

The American Indian problem exhibits itself in so many phases, each one possessing somewhat distinct characteristics, yet all so intimately connected, that it is difficult to present them with distinctness within the necessarily circumscribed limits of a magazine article. For a thoroughly analytical review of the subject one should "begin with the beginning;" but as this is clearly impracticable, we are necessitated to take it up from the period when what is generally known as the "Quaker Policy" was indorsed by the administration. That policy is founded ostensibly on the principles of religion and philanthropy. It purports to supervise the management of Indian affairs after a manner that shall benefit the savage mentally, morally, and religiously; protect him from a repetition of the alleged abuses he has suffered from the White man, and at the same time prove economical to the government and acceptable to the nation, by preventing expensive wars and maintaining peace along the frontiers. That it has not only failed to answer those ends, but has proved a source of annoyance, expense, suffering, and discord, both to the White and Red races, has been established by the history of General Crook's campaign in Arizona, the Modoc War, the disturbances in Utah and Nevada, the restlessness of tribes in Oregon, the unpleasant occurrences near San Diego, the hostile attitude of Sioux, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes, and recent conflicts between Indian tribes and our soldiers. In addition, charges of gross fraud, mismanagement, cruelty, and oppression, have been fastened upon it by the Board of Commissioners appointed to inquire into the conduct of the Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, and Cheyenne agencies, by means of the revelations made by Professor Marsh and other well-known gentlemen of mark and national reputation. Cautious and dexterous as the gentlemen who composed that commission were in their employment of language for the double purpose of condemning the fraudulent agents and shielding the Indian Bureau, their report makes it painfully manifest that the peace or "Qua-

ker" policy has in nowise accomplished the rose-tinted expectations based upon its execution, or fulfilled its boasted mission.

A moderate amount of intelligence would suffice to show that the Indian Department, like any other, should be administered by persons most conversant with its merits, and not of those whose education, training, and experience have been gained in totally different fields. Why this natural precaution should have been lost sight of and abandoned in this instance may properly be referred to political considerations.

The army is not a political machine, and could not be made available in a presidential campaign. The transfer of Indian affairs from the Department of War to church management was an easy and alluring method of procuring a large and effective body of political adherents bound together by ties of mutual interest. It was also one that would immediately find a convenient disciple in every self-styled Christian throughout the Eastern States, where an Indian is never seen, and of whose real condition the inhabitants are in blissful ignorance. People of other persuasions were estopped from expression of disapproval by its avowed philanthropic mission, unless they were ready to incur the imputation of being dead to that sentiment. It was a deftly conceived bit of political diplomacy, and, but for the blundering, coarse, and outrageous manner of execution, would have been a masterly success.

Aside from the consideration of these salient points in reference to our Indian problem, there are several others of equal importance that require dissection. Very recently much discussion, attended with no little heat, was had as to the propriety of permitting the Bible to be read in our public schools; and we propose to show a strong family likeness between that proposition and the peace policy of church recommendation and management.

The spirit of propagandism which has always characterized the church militant, irrespective of creed or denomination, has also led it to meddlesome interference with state matters, and imbued it with an anxious desire to direct and control affairs not strictly within the sphere of clerical advisement. As it exhibited this tendency in relation to public schools, and by insisting that the American Constitution should be amended so as to recognize the existence of the Deity, and, furthermore, that such recognition should at least be stamped upon the national coin, it has in like manner insinuated itself into the workings of the Indian Bureau, and has so far intrenched itself within that department of state that it now insists upon keeping actual possession by "divine right." It is no secret that appointments to Indian agencies are entirely subject to the dictation of some religious denomination, whose craving for temporal power must be appeased, even by violating the constitution under which we live. All the Arizona agencies are bestowed upon the Dutch Reformed Church; those of Montana upon the Catholic Church; those of California upon the Methodist Church, and so on; each receiving a slice of the temporal loaf to insure its political aid, or at least to prevent its possible opposition. So far from finding any commendatory feature in this condition of things, we are prone to regard it with deep apprehension for the future, and unless the incisive knife be applied to it with an unfaltering hand, it will spread and taint other departments of the public service.

So firm is the grip which churchmen have already fastened upon the Indian Bureau, that when it was rumored that it probably would be transferred to the War Department, a band of excited clergymen waited on the President, and with anguished tones expressed their belief that such a change "would greatly disappoint *Christian* people all over the country, and be a blow to the cause of *Christianity* all over the world." The false reasoning and vaingloriousness of such an assertion is only paralleled by the covert insinuation it embodies against the *Christian* qualities and philanthropic attributes of our army officers. Those gentlemen appear to have thought that the transfer would imply want of faith in Christianity; that it would be deemed a directly hostile attack upon the church; whereas, its true and only signification would be want of faith in the competency of churchmen to manage affairs of which they must necessarily be quite ignorant, and for which they are wholly unfitted by training, want of experience, and uncongenial habits of life. How such a transfer can be

construed into an attack upon Christianity will puzzle anybody but the trembling pastors to determine. That it is needed and must eventually be done is now generally admitted by all intelligent minds that have given the subject proper consideration.

We now pass to the Indians themselves, as being the ones more directly interested. The policy adopted in their regard has been erroneous and mischievous from the commencement. Instead of treating them as citizens of the United States, and imbuing them with a sense of what would be required of them under that condition of existence, they have been treated as independent nationalities possessing sovereign rights, and have been recognized as the equals of powers occupying territory to which we had no legal or moral claim. These ideas have been instilled into them from the beginning, and can not be eradicated without extreme caution and judicious management, certainly not by such means as have been so notoriously put into execution by fraudulent and cozening agents of church appointment. The system of government employed toward them should be made to tally with their own as nearly as circumstances will permit. The mind of an untutored, independent, and haughty savage can not easily comprehend the rapid mutations which occur in our political conditions. They fail to understand how it is that their agents are changed every four years — sometimes more frequently — leaving them subject to a similar change of treatment by people who are entire strangers to them, and almost always new to the business. By the time that an agent commences to learn their true character, and begins to get a clear insight into their natures, dispositions, habits, and wants, so that he can adapt himself to their requirements and intelligently perform the duties of his office, he is displaced to make room for another, who is then compelled to go over the same ground with the same unsatisfactory results. The supposition in this case is that the agent is an honest, capable, and sincere man, zealous to do right, and faithful in its performance. The task is evidently a delicate one, requiring much tact and nice discrimination, coupled with firmness, yet tinctured with patriarchal kindness. It is not wonderful that the Indian should be restless and suspicious whenever a change of agent occurs; it is not singular that he should be uneasy and imbued with that apprehension which possesses his White neighbors during an electioneering canvass; nor is it to be wondered at that such feelings are more intensified with him, as he knows nothing whatever about the causes, but finds himself subjected to influences beyond his reach.

The next phases for examination are, How can the Indian be best governed? and who are best fitted to perform the task? Manifestly there should be as few changes in the persons and performances of their agents as possible, and, likewise, that those only should be selected for this especial duty who are by education, training, experience, and admitted ability, most suitable to administer honestly, zealously, and intelligently. The military arm of the Government is the only one of which the Indian stands in awe and holds in respect. It is the one with which he is most familiar, and can comprehend without effort. It is the one whose pursuits are somewhat similar to his own, and which inspires his confidence. There are but few officers in the army who have not had much experience with Indians, certainly none that have been long in the service. The roll of retired officers — retired with honor and credit after distinguished careers of usefulness to the country — contains the names of many renowned for skill in warfare, prudence in action, zeal in the performance of duties, ability in council or the field, and the possession of those qualities which have made their records a series of triumphs. All those gentlemen are receiving pay in recognition of their worth. A large number of them are still serviceable, and anxious to be placed upon active duty. There are enough of them to fill all the Indian agencies without increasing the army list. Their re-employment in the field of Indian duties would not only be acceptable to them, but to the whole nation, outside of political place-hunting churchmen, because it would go a long way in the path of economy and purifying the political atmosphere. Army officers hold position for life or during good behavior—those on the retired list more especially — and in this particular also would be far more ac-

ceptable to the Indian. Intimacy and mutual confidence would be readily established between the officer-agent and his *protégés*, which would result in substantial benefit to all concerned, and with every prospect of continued peace on our frontiers. Such a transfer would sweep from existence a cormorant corps of political frauds that is now, and has long been, fattening upon the national treasury and fomenting discords, wars, and all sorts of disturbances in the pay of unscrupulous contractors.

The rottenness of the Indian Bureau, as now managed, has been made grimly manifest time and again. It should cease to exist as a separate department, and should be annexed to that to which it naturally and logically belongs. President Grant himself confessed his conviction that extensive frauds had been systematically practiced against the Indians by "peace policy" agents, when he avowed his determination to have their supplies purchased and distributed by army officers. The Indian mind can readily understand the rationale of that system which makes those who are called upon to punish him for his offendings also those to whom he can look for justice and steady government.

As we stated in the commencement, it is not possible to give this important problem the full consideration it deserves within the limits of a magazine article, and we have only pointed out a few of the more salient features, rather in the hope that it will evoke a more thorough analysis from abler writers, than from the expectation of effecting any radical change by what we have said.

Consolation.

How knewest thou that I was sad and weary,
Foot-sore and fainting on my troubled way?
That human life seemed only lone and dreary,
As I toiled on in silence, day by day?

What white-robed angel came from out the glory,
The glad hosannas and the chanting choirs,
And moved thee to divine my sombre story
Of broken hopes, lost joys, and dead desires?

Moved thee to come to me, O, gentle-hearted!
O, tender friend! heaven-sent in sorest need!
To bid me mourn no more o'er joys departed—
To say to me: "Take courage!" and "God-speed!"

Blessings be thine! Thy gentle accents tender
Fall on my heart as on parched fields the rain;
Or, as on landscape dark the cheering splendor
When breaks the sun through sullen clouds again.

And now, take to thy soul this deep conviction:
Not only doth my heart respond to thee,
But thou at last shalt hear this benediction—
"Done to the least of these, 'twas done to me."

SARAH EDWARDS HENSHAW.

Rotation in Office.

To my mind there is a great and crying evil in our system of government, one which calls loudly for reform. The necessity is the more pressing, by reason of its universality, extending as it does through every department of government—Federal, State, and municipal—and because day by day are its consequences becoming more disastrous and more apparent. I refer to the frequent rotation among the subordinate officers of the government. To-day a Republican president is elected, and at once the bureaus and offices of government are swept clean, to make room for favorites and party friends. The next election restores the Democracy, and with their success comes in a flood of Democratic subordinates to oust their predecessors. Even without change of party, succeeding executives have friends and supporters whose fidelity demands recognition, and the expected compensation is always public place. In the affairs of every State, city, and county we find in vogue the same pernicious practice.

The evil consequences of this are manifold. The affairs of government are in many instances exceedingly intricate, requiring for their successful management peculiar faculties and long experience. Should men of capacity undertake such duties, their merit has scarcely time to develop itself and to ripen with experience before they are called upon to make way for others. The experience gained, to a great extent the essence of their good management, is lost, and the successor commences his labor as ignorant as was his predecessor at the inception of his employment. The blunders which taught each its valuable lesson are to be re-enacted, and the interests of the people must accordingly suffer.

Indeed, the changes are frequently so rad-

ical that the humblest scrivener shares the decapitation of his official principal. Thus does a novice every few years assume control, with no assistance but that of a corps of underlings as ignorant and inexperienced as himself. In such hands the public interests can not prosper as they should. Indeed, when we consider that such frequent changes must bring into position, at least occasionally, men of weak mind or dishonest principles, we must recognize the injurious consequences of such a system.

If, on the other hand, such offices and subordinate positions were for life or during good behavior, the government could retain its efficient officers, and each year, with its experience, would increase their value to the people.

Another lamentable result is that the subordinate is made less the servant of the people than the adherent of him upon whose favor depends official position. Employment depending not so much upon fidelity and capacity as upon the continuance of the good-will of the superior, the latter must wield a larger influence than the good of the people would justify. For this reason an unscrupulous executive may surround himself with a host of political vassals of every degree, scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land, whose continuance and support are all the more effectual by reason of the authority with which they are invested. The greater number of such positions are held by men whose salaries are their sole dependence for support, and for this reason there is the greater pressure upon them to induce obedience to the superior whenever a conflict might arise between his interests and that of the people.

Not only are such men tempted to sins of omission in this respect by failing to check the superior when duty demands it, but their support is unfortunately frequently of a more active kind. Their selection is too often the result of their political influence, and it is always an implied, if not an expressed, condition of their appointment, that they shall uphold the political supremacy of party and the political fortunes of their chief. Hence the baneful activity of United States marshals, collectors, postmasters, and others; first, in behalf of the personal interests of a president; secondly, in the interests of his party. Hence the nefarious interference of Federal officers in State politics. Hence the ready and corrupt support accorded to unscrupulous State executives by tax-collectors, judges, justices, police authorities, recorders, and the thousand-and-one underlings of every grade and every place.

On the other hand, were such positions independent of the executive will, the requisites of office being honesty and competency, and its tenure life or good behavior, each officer would strive to retain it by a faithful performance of its duties. As the years rolled on, the political and private interests of chief and subordinate would drift farther and farther apart, until finally they lost all identity. Then we would have in such positions servants of the people, and not adherents of particular men.

Another serious objection to the present system is that uncertainty of tenure is stimulative of official dishonesty. Let us take as an illustration a subordinate with modest salary and large facilities for peculation. He speedily realizes the fact that but a short time can elapse before another takes his place, and his family will lose the support his salary affords them. Is it not natural that the temptation should present itself to make the most of the position, regardless of the principles of honesty, so that on retiring he may take with him enough to keep his family in comfort when his salary is discontinued? Is not this prospective poverty the strongest incentive to the practice of dishonesty, in order to avert it? On the contrary, an appointee for life or good behavior feels no such uncertainty for the future. He knows that so long as he acts honestly and conscientiously, his family are above distress. Being certain that dishonest practices will endanger a life position, he is more apt to avoid all that may bring this misfortune upon him.

Moreover, the present system debauches politics, forces out of public life men of the best principles, and fills the high places with those of small calibre and of questionable integrity. It enables men of local influence to make that influence valuable to themselves. It introduces the contract into politics, exacting promises and guarantees, express or im-

plied, as the price of support. It induces men to strive for popularity in order that they may reap a benefit therefrom, and make their countenance valuable to the candidate for public favor. It brings such men into the arena to compete with those whose public aspirations are based upon motives of patriotism and commendable ambition. The contest is unfortunately not an even one, for the mass of voters are more easily controlled by the former, as they are less scrupulous in the means employed for the furtherance of their interests.

The result is that the better classes have been practically excluded from politics, which has been to a great extent surrendered to their more wily competitors. These latter, constituting themselves a species of brokers between the people and the candidate, make the most of their facilities. They crowd the nominating conventions, and scheme and labor each for his man, with an ardor that is in proportion to the value of the positions promised. For this reason we see the earnest delegate to nominating conventions cropping out, after the election, into a marshal or postmaster in Federal politics, a tax-collector, a wharfinger, or market commissary in State and city affairs. The citizen too honorable and high-toned to owe his selection to such agencies, whatever may be his capacity and integrity, seldom meets with success against his more accommodating antagonist. The result is that office no longer seeks the man, but the man strives and labors for the office. The best fitted are debarred from hope of successful competition. It needs no further elucidation to show that all this must debase politics, by making it a trade and giving it over to men not the best or most honest. These baneful results are universal. In presidential nominations, influential State politicians support the man from whose bounty they expect the most. They in turn owe their position and influence in their States to promises and favors to the lesser lights of county and city. Passing through these last, we come to the country cross-roads politician and the ward leader in the cities. And the support of each man constituting this pyramid of power must be frequently purchased, by the promise or conferring of subordinate positions.

In view of such extended ramifications of self-seeking, has not the man of pure intention, of integrity, of pride, and laudable ambition, most terrible odds against him, when he enters the field against the office-seeker, whose sole ambition is a livelihood and the advancement of selfish interests? And do not the interests of the people suffer by such practical exclusion of our best men and the advancement of their inferiors? Does not the commonwealth lose when its politics degenerate into a matter of trade and barter?

Were appointments made for life, before many years these evil influences would vanish. High officials having little patronage to distribute, place would soon cease to be a controlling power in political affairs. Men of the class described, having no means of foisting themselves upon the public, would soon abandon politics. At all events, they would lose the controlling influence which readiness of promise and facility of compliance now accords them. The control would pass again into the hands of the better classes. Candidates having no means of securing nominations but merit, the choice would fall upon worthier objects.

Thus would the reins pass into purer and firmer hands, to the great advantage of the people. The higher officials, owing election to no pledges, could when vacancies occurred allow merit alone to guide their choice, and by degrees the lowest public office would find the occupant most worthy of it. Defalcations would become more rare, and the public receive full value for salaries paid.

The system now practiced breeds the professional politician—the man who abandons more useful employment, and looks to politics alone for a livelihood. Taking into consideration the great number of subordinate positions under every department of government, and remembering that each position, although providing for but one, has had a dozen aspirants, we may form some conception of the vast number who have their desires fixed upon public place. We need but to be reminded, in order to appreciate the numbers of those who have no other trade or occupation, that many of the unsuccessful, instead of turning to other employment, pass their time in schemes and plots calculated to insure success upon the next opportunity.

The successful party always finds the spoils of office by no means sufficient to satisfy the hundredth part of the demands upon it. The outs are perpetually scheming to supplant the ins, and then the defeated party has likewise its formidable array of would-be placemen; and were we to add all these together and extend the calculation so as to apply to the national government and all the States, the grand total would be simply astounding.

The disastrous feature of the matter is that, having once fed at the public crib, the placemen lose all taste for aught else in the way of work. Instead of devoting their energies to some other means of livelihood, when, after a few years, they lose public office, their whole attention and endeavors are turned to schemes for the ultimate recovery of the position lost. During the years that class them among the "outs," they are drones upon the community, consuming but adding nothing to the common stock; and when at last they do attain success, it is but to consign some predecessor to the shiftless existence from which they have themselves temporarily escaped. And thus do the ranks of this mighty army remain forever filled, until they outnumber almost by five to one their more fortunate brethren who draw the public pay.

Is it profitable for any community to have so large a portion of its members who spend their time in expectation and political schemings, instead of legitimate industry? Such are the men who, depending upon place for a living, have made politics a trade. They are the ones who aspire to the control of nominating conventions, and but too frequently succeed. They are the ones who, when successful, accept no guide or prompter but self-interest, and lose in their selections all consideration for fitness and capacity.

If, on the other hand, there were none but life appointments, offices once filled would no longer claim a host of eager aspirants. The hope which now bears up the outs during their years of famine would be withdrawn, and necessity, breaking their ranks, would force them to more useful occupation. The tendency of rotation is to increase the expenses of government, as it brings into existence the professional politician and the political retainer. It imposes upon successful parties and elected candidates the obligation of rewarding those who have labored for them. Their number being legion, the legitimate offices are insufficient to afford the means of compliance with such obligations, and gradually the number is increased until they are far in excess of the public need; and each of these unnecessary *employés* draws pay from the public purse. But beyond this the once-sufficient salaries of many officers must be increased, or else they form no fitting reward for the more zealous among the political henchmen. And so, in unnecessary offices and unjustifiable increases of salary, the treasury bleeds, and the expense of government is sadly increased.

The public welfare demands a more or less frequent change in the heads of government. Our presidents, governors, mayors, and heads of departments should not be permitted to retain perpetually the offices they fill, lest each generation should be ruled according to the ideas of its predecessors. But below these, the deputies, clerks, and subordinates in general, should retain employment as long as life permits or as good behavior merits. In this way alone may politics be expelled from minor offices, and appointments cease to be matters of party exigency. The maxim, "To the victor belongs the spoils," would no longer be disgracefully adopted into the politics of the country. The public service would be sought by our best citizens, and in time be weeded of the dishonest and inefficient. Defalcations would become more rare, and year by year, as experience gave its lessons, the government would find its service better and more complete. The number of offices would be curtailed, and so the public work be done better and with less expense. The era of the ward politician would pass away, and the political drone be forced by starvation to labors more profitable to the community. Politics would be purified, and the baser ingredients of selfishness, fraud, and dishonesty eliminated.

This subject should receive the careful study of our most profound thinkers. From them we should receive some remedy, so well considered that, while it removed the ills we now endure, would not bring upon us others of a more grievous character.

F. McGloin.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Theistic Conception of the World. By B. F. Cocker, D. D., LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

We rise from a perusal of this "essay" with a high respect for its author. His purpose in writing it is to reconcile science with theology; to exhibit the recent advances and inductions of physics in their relations to Christianity; and, in doing this, to furnish an antidote for atheism, pantheism, and materialism.

The arrangement of the book is faultless; the style is clear, and unusually free from the small pedantries which have come to be associated with metaphysics; and, given the premises, the argument is cogent, and will doubtless be to certain minds convincing. The aim and design of the author appeals to the best sympathies and instincts of our nature. Many of those who doubt the theistic theory, doubt regretfully, and, like Job, go backward and forward unable to find their Creator.

A noticeable and very agreeable feature of this book is the entire absence of that spirit of denunciation which is the bane of all controversy, and especially of that which deals with themes like those under present discussion.

The author traverses a wide field. From the deluge to the millennium is not a circumstance to the sweep of his telescope, which shows him back before the beginning and forward beyond the ending of the present cosmogonic arrangements. "Has the universe always existed? If it had a beginning, what is the originant causative Principle in which or from which it had its beginning? What conception are we to form of the nature and mode of that beginning? Was it an unconscious emanation from or a necessary development of the First Principle? Has the process of formation been gradual, continuous, and uniform, a progressive evolution from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from lower to higher forms, according to a changeless law of uniformity and continuity? What is the relation of the Creator to the existing creation? Is the Deity in any sense immanent in, or does he dwell altogether apart from, and out of all connection with the universe? Has any finite thing or being an independent existence? Is there any ethical meaning, any moral significance in the universe? Has man a spiritual and immortal nature? Is he under a moral government?"

These are a few of the questions which Doctor Cocker proposes to himself. He may well approach them "with a profound sense of their magnitude and difficulty"—a difficulty which would have been disheartening, one would think, when he found it necessary to expend from ten to twenty pages in proving, contrary to the teaching of various eminent philosophers and theologians, that time and space are not entities, and that there is no such thing as infinite space or absolute time! Indeed, he is himself a little shaky on this point, for, after declaring time to be only "a certain correlation of successive existences," and eternity "the timelessness of God"—a striking characterization—he refers to the time which elapsed *before* creation, or, in other words, to the time which passed before there was any time. Apart from such a confusion, to what materialism must not religious philosophy have descended to be capable of the astonishing assertion quoted and refuted by Doctor Cocker, that "space, matter, time, and number are coeval and coeternal with God, and yet independent of Him!" It reminds one of that most downright and explicit of the early fathers who explains that the second person in the trinity is of the same substance as the first, but is a smaller portion of the original mass.

It is refreshing to find that Doctor Cocker's theory of creation does not make the Creator a sort of magician performing a species of creative legerdemain, nor yet a vainglorious

manufacturer getting up the universe from motives which would disgrace an average showman. Doctor Cocker finds love to be the motive of creation, "the highest determining principle of the Divine efficiency." All honor to such a solution of the great problem of existence!

Doctor Cocker will by no means admit the Topsy theory of the evolutionists, that things "*wasn't never made by nobody; s'pose they growed.*" Yet it seems scarcely necessary to emphasize, as he does, the destruction of all things as a correlative of creation. An end as a necessary consequence of a beginning seems to prove too much. But at Ann Arbor it seems *en règle* to entertain rather a sombre view of future prospects. "Even the planets must at length be ensepulchred in the sun. . . . Not one can escape its fiery end. And finally the heat of the sun itself . . . must be transformed into radiant energy, and diffused and lost as a working force in infinite space. Then at last all differences of temperature must disappear, and everything end in a universal death." It is much to be hoped that our own University will find us some escape from the necessity of believing in such a frozen wreck of matter and crash of worlds, or at least will not set its face against a more cheerful outlook into the next few quintillions of æons.

We are not of those who fear the discoveries of science or the overthrow of religion. Our little century noisily proclaims its doubts and its discoveries, and good people are anxious in consequence. Let them possess their souls in peace. Present theology will, doubtless, be compelled to submit to reconstruction, and present interpretations of Scripture will be demoralized. But theology is not religion, and commentaries are not Holy Writ. Meanwhile we look with respect and sympathy upon all such efforts as the one under consideration.

MADAME RECAMIER AND HER FRIENDS. From the French of Madame Lenormant, by Isaphene M. Luyster. Boston: Roberts Brothers. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Men and women of rare and splendid genius are not only themselves stamped with the image and superscription of the times in which they live, but they in turn stamp their image and superscription upon their own and succeeding ages. Though dead, they yet speak.

To such as have read and appreciated the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame Récamier*, translated from the French and edited by the same author, the present volume will prove a grateful supplemental work. From the mirror of private correspondence we catch a clear and vivid portraiture of the character of this remarkable woman, whose marvelous career extended over such a momentous and exciting epoch of modern history. Though less voluminous, less rich in anecdote and incident than the *Memoirs*, the present volume may justly claim precedence in its vivid and natural representation of the inner life and personality of its subject, as shadowed forth in her own writings and those of her most intimate friends. We catch satisfactory glimpses of the matchless Récamier at her own fireside, not only as the regnant queen of her famous *salon*, but in the slippered stillness of the more cloistered introspective life, which, after all, is the truest index of personal character.

Mr. Maurice's idea that history should be made up of a series of biographies is, in some respects, entitled to consideration. The best exponents and interpreters of any epoch are the leading spirits that intone that epoch, and the very best way to catch the harmonies of the age to which they give inspiration is to permit them to interpret their own music. Hence, he is the true biographer and historian who brings his subject into bold relief, and loses his own identity in an all-absorbing sympathy with the personality of his subject—in other words, who introduces the artist, and lets him warble his own melodies.

This is exactly what Madame Lenormant has done in the volume before us. She modestly tells the story of her own relations with Madame Récamier, and then permits us to trace the development and growth of that intrinsically exalted and unique nature through the medium of her own recorded thoughts and inspirations. We see her among the *coterie* of distinguished friends of earlier and riper years. We note the harmony and

progress of heart and soul life; we see the coquetry of youth giving place to loftier aspirations and deeper impulses; we trace the gentle footfall of society's sceptered queen through the glittering *salons* of social splendors into the more sequestered avenues of gentle and loving ministries; we see the incomparable lady expand into the gracious, tender, and lovely woman, dispensing kindness as the heavens dispense the dew.

Of the brilliant circle of devoted friends who constituted the court of which Récamier was the central figure, very few survive. The private letters, which for the first time appear in this volume, have been gathered from the correspondence of that charming circle, "that vanished world," of which she was at once the life and inspiration.

We note, as among the more valuable indicators of character, a series of letters written by Madame Récamier to her niece, the author of the volume under review, whom she adopted and reared with tenderest care, and who rewarded her gentle ministries with a lifelong love and devotion.

In the publication of the different series of letters and correspondence, the author has very wisely chosen a chronological order of detail, thus disposing of the several intimacies of Madame Récamier, so as the better to exhibit the growth and development of her wonderful nature through the different stages of youth, womanhood, and matured years. The prominent figures in the volume before us, as friends and contemporaries of the great Récamier, are Camille Jordan, Madame de Boigne, and J. J. Ampère. Of Chateaubriand we catch, here and there, an occasional glimpse, but with no hint of the turbulent, exclusive, and exacting temper that caused her so much vexation and distress, through the long years of rare and beautiful fidelity to friendship, which for nearly a quarter of a century she cherished for this eminent and extraordinary man, until at the age of fourscore years she closed his eyes in death, her own having been long sealed in blindness. Verily it has been well said, that "Madame Récamier brought the art of friendship to perfection."

Among other pleasing characteristics of this readable book, we note the letters of Alexis de Tocqueville, and the sparkling correspondence of Madame de Boigne. We lay aside the book in a spirit of heartfelt commendation, conscious of a closer fellowship with that most remarkable of women, Madame Récamier.

THE HISTORY OF OUR COUNTRY. From its Discovery by Columbus to the Celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of its Declaration of Independence. By Abby Sage Richardson. New York: Hurd & Houghton. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

A history of this country, adorned with many beautiful engravings, and written in the attractive style of this volume, is sure to be popular with the class for whom it is intended. It is a book for boys, and is dedicated by Mrs. Richardson to her own children. The accounts of the discovery of the continent, of the courage and sufferings of the first settlers, of the horrors of Indian warfare, of the conflict with the British crown, on to the Declaration of Independence, are written in such a way as to rivet the attention of the reader. All through the book there is plenty of the bright incident and brilliant description so necessary to make the study of history attractive to the young. The sketches of the leading characters are well drawn, and generally—not always—the position of parties and the political situation are clearly stated. Considering the large extent of ground covered in a volume of only five hundred and ninety pages, it must be granted that the prominent features of American history have been well brought out. The book has one grave fault. Mrs. Richardson's writing lacks the repose of history. She too often allows her history to become a defense and justification of the American people, instead of a record of facts, and a calm statement of the causes which produced them. This kind of writing, which disfigures many pages in the early part of the volume, almost destroys the historical value of her account of the great rebellion. In the spring of 1864 some one asked President Lincoln for a pass to Richmond. "I should be glad to oblige you," said the President, "but my passes are not respected. I have given passes to a quarter of a million, and not one of them has got there except as a prisoner of war." Does not

an account of a struggle like that deserve to be fairly written, without bitterness or assumed contempt? Any smart lad, after attentively reading these chapters, would conclude that there is another side, which has not been stated here. The time has now come when we have a right to expect that this kind of thing should disappear, and that those who undertake to write the history of our country should be able to bring to the study of the events of our own time some measure of the calmness and discriminating judgment which these events will inevitably receive from future historians. Mrs. Richardson has not succeeded in doing this. In her anxiety to awaken the spirit of loyalty and patriotism in the young, she has too often allowed herself to be betrayed into the anger and bitterness of a mere partisan. Having said this much, we are bound to add that the book is in other respects altogether to be recommended. In another edition it would be well to give one or two good maps, which greatly help the young reader's memory in identifying places with the events which have made them famous.

EIGHT COUSINS; OR, THE AUNT-HILL. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Miss Alcott has fairly won the title of "The Children's Friend," and she will lose nothing of former prestige in the chatty volume before us, dedicated "To the many boys and girls whose letters it has been impossible to answer," and to whom she would now make a peace-offering. The fact of the work having first appeared serially will not decrease its popularity, for, like the author's previous works, it carries its own recommendation with it. There are the same vigor, discrimination, character-portraiture, and racy dialogue that characterize all her writings. It is no mean artist who can group with consummate skill a score or more of prominent figures, and still bring his hero or heroine into bold relief, at the same time preserving the distinct individuality of every leading character. This Miss Alcott achieves with rare genius and ability. She marshals her battalion of uncles, aunts, cousins, nephews, and nieces with the dexterity of a commanding general, and every one of them steps forth with military precision at the word of command. It would be quite impossible to mistake the beautiful and meek Aunt Peace, with hair as white as snow and cheeks that never bloomed, but ever cheerful, busy, and full of interest in all that went on in the family, especially the joys and sorrows of the young girls growing up about her, to whom she was adviser, *confidante*, and friend in all their tender trials and delights. Equally impossible would it be to fail to discern instantly the striking individuality of Aunt Plenty—the stout brisk old lady, with a sharp eye, a lively tongue, and a face like a winter-apple, always trotting, chatting, and bustling amid a great commotion of "stiff loops of purple ribbon that bristled all over her cap, like crocus-buds."

In character analysis, Miss Alcott shows herself the true artist. She is also most skillful in the construction of her plot, if, indeed, she can be said to lay out a plot; for plots too often have a well-rounded completeness that suggests unreality, whereas Miss Alcott's stories are too life-like to have smooth sailing throughout the voyage; nor must the reader expect everything to come out "just right," as the world would have it.

The heroine of the story before us, little Rose—a delicate, sensitive, fastidious child, with much good common-sense and generous gifts of mind and heart—is left an orphan at an early age, and turned over to the tender mercies of a bevy of aunts, uncles, and cousins, who pass critical judgment upon the "morbid, spoilt girl, so plainly marked for the tomb." But Rose herself has no predisposition in favor of early death, and with keen womanly instinct betakes herself to the sheltering fondness of sensible Uncle Alec, and on the wings of his gentle counsel she mounts toward sunnier skies. Uncle Alec is in strong contrast with Uncle Enos, to whose tender mercies Christie was consigned, in Miss Alcott's wholesome and able story, *Work*. Whether Rose is to develop any of those fine qualities of womanly character evinced by Christie in the manifold vicissitudes through which she passed before she found her David only to lose him again, the ingenious authoress leaves us to guess,

only promising to divulge the secret in a forthcoming volume, whose advent will be hailed with ill-concealed curiosity and interest.

We catch a momentary glimpse of some of the strong points of Rose's character in her occasional outbursts toward some pet aversion in the way of a playmate, as, for instance, Ariadne Blish, who was picked out as the model child of the neighborhood to come and play with her, but whom Rose declared to be so perfectly horrid that she could not bear the sight of her, and said "she was so like a wax doll that she longed to give her a pinch and see if she would squeak."

Phebe, the girl from the poor-house, evokes the keenest interest, and the real character of the heroine Rose is best displayed by her treatment of and interest in this hapless but happy child, "whose heart was so full of content that it overflowed in music, and the sweet voice singing all about the house gave thanks so blithely that no other words were needed. Her willing feet were never tired of taking steps for those who had smoothed her way; her skillful hands were always busy in some labor of love for them, and on the face fast growing in comeliness, there was an almost womanly expression of devotion, which proved how well Phebe had already learned one of life's great lessons—gratitude."

The sequel to this interesting and delicious little story will be eagerly looked for by the many admirers of this gifted author, who is always welcomed not only by the children in short-clothes, but by the "children of a larger growth" as well.

MYSTERY. By E. R. Sproul. San Francisco: Printed for the Author by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

It is only fair to the reader that he should be informed that, in order to make himself acquainted with the theory of the interpretation of the Bible advanced in this book, he will have to read through seven hundred and thirty-four pages of closely printed matter, without division of chapters or headings of any sort to assist him in his endeavors to understand the author's meaning. The books of the Old and New Testament, written so many hundreds of years apart, by various authors, without any knowledge of each other's intention or of their own mystic meaning, consisting sometimes of the simple records of history, and more frequently still of the earnest aspiration of the heart of the writers toward God, are presumed in this essay to have a unity, the discovery of which was not even possible until the present time, and the key to which is now alone in the hands of the author of this book.

A mystical interpretation—one compared with which anything that Swedenborg ever wrote is plain and easy—is given to the history in the Pentateuch of the creation, the flood, the building of the temple, etc., by which all these accounts are made to refer to things of which the writers themselves had not the remotest knowledge or suspicion, and to be in fact prophetic accounts of the future developments of modern history and of facts which only the science of yesterday has made plain. It is not possible, in this short notice, to give the reader any minute account of this amazing book. Here is one illustration, taken at random, of the author's mode of interpretation:

"Now, the inner court of Moses' tabernacle was formed by fifty-seven posts or upright pillars—twenty on the north side, twenty on the south, eight on the west, four inside for the holy of holies, and five for the entrance at the east. Philosophers who have made the human mind a study, have defined forty-eight separate faculties belonging to it, and have also attributed certain powers to the lower physical frame, such as the digestive and breathing capacities. These physical endowments, we judge, may be summed up in four primary faculties, namely: life, appropriation, nutrition, and motion; thus making fifty-two proper powers of the physical and mental organism. Then add the five elements which form the connecting link between the inanimate substance and organized life, and which are judged to be the door-posts between the two tabernacles, and we have the fifty-seven pillars agreeing with the inner court or tabernacle of Moses."

It is possible that Mr. Sproul will find readers for his book. It is possible, also, that he may find some to agree with him in his mode of interpretation. But it is not to be supposed that a book which totally ignores the existence and results of modern criticism and makes such large demands upon the credulity of its readers will command general attention or respect.

MABEL MARTIN. A Harvest Idyl. By John G. Whittier. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

The Quaker modesty of the author permits the following prefatory reference to this beautiful edition of one of his charming poetic productions: "The substance of this poem, under the name of 'The Witch's Daughter,' was published some years ago in the volume entitled *Home Ballads*. For reproducing it in its present form, with some additions to its original text, the author hopes to find an excuse in the beauty of the illustrations which the change has suggested." With this aid to the text it is certainly one of the most attractive holiday books of the season. The numerous and finely executed engravings of the harvest-scenes of the olden time vividly portray the ease and simplicity of the people of those days, and compared with modern ways they are truly refreshing. In "The Husking" we have a fine description of plenty in these words:

> "And the loose hay-mow's scented locks
> Are filled with summer's ripened stores,
> Its odorous grass and barley-sheaves,
> From their low scaffolds to their eaves.
> On Esek Harden's oaken floor,
> With many an autumn-threshing worn,
> Lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn."

In brief, the mother of Mabel was accused, convicted, and executed on the gallows for the crime of witchcraft, and in consequence Mabel is scorned, despised, and forsaken by her neighbors, all of which is affectingly described in the poem, until Esek Harden, in his matured loving manhood, folded her to his bosom,

> "And the wind whispered, 'It is well!'"

NORSE MYTHOLOGY. By R. B. Anderson, A. M. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

We have read with unusual interest Professor Anderson's work entitled *Norse Mythology, or the Religion of our Forefathers*. The author is enthusiastic, and gains the reader's sympathy, at once holding his interest in all the strength of a superior novelist to the very close of the volume. There is a grandeur in the religious conceptions of the Norsemen that infinitely surpasses the conceptions of the Greek and Roman ideals of their numberless divinities. Nothing low or sensual seems to mar their gods. Their homes were on the summits of their unscaled mountains, in the deep forest, on the brilliant glacier, in the devastating storms of their inclement homes, or the cheering calm that chased the storms away. There is a spirit of earnest real worship pervading the life and literature of these grand old Norsemen that comes nearer to the lofty conceptions of the great Father who is now worshiped by their descendants than we had dreamed it possible for men to reach without some glimpses of the truths contained in the productions of Moses and the other writers of the Bible. The literature of the Norsemen is one of the sources from which our language has drawn a thousand excellences hitherto unacknowledged. But Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Carlisle, and others have tracked the stream up to its sources, and Professor Anderson has now given to the age a volume that will prove a mighty incentive to the study of the *Vedas* of the Norsemen, and make the grand literature of our forefathers an essential part of education in our higher schools.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

LIBRARY NOTES. By A. P. Russell. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

TALES OF THE ARGONAUTS, AND OTHER SKETCHES. By Bret Harte. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

THE MASQUE OF PANDORA, AND OTHER POEMS. By Henry W. Longfellow. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

THE NEW DON QUIXOTE. By Alphonse Daudet. Boston: W. F. Gill & Co.

THE WAGES OF SIN. By Edmund Yates. Boston: W. F. Gill & Co.

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

THE THEISTIC CONCEPTION OF THE WORLD. By B. F. Cocker, D.D. New York: Harper & Bros.

MADAME RECAMIER AND HER FRIENDS. Boston: Roberts Bros.

EIGHT COUSINS; OR, THE AUNT-HILL. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Bros.

FOR A WOMAN'S SAKE. Boston: W. F. Gill & Co.

THE CALDERWOOD SECRET. By Virginia W. Johnson. New York: Harper & Bros.

MABEL MARTIN. A Harvest Idyl. By John G. Whittier. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

Miscellaneous:

HESTER HOWARD'S TEMPTATION. By Mrs. C. A. Warfield. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

A GRAPHIC METHOD FOR SOLVING CERTAIN ALGEBRAIC PROBLEMS. By George L. Vose. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

From Matthias Gray, San Francisco:

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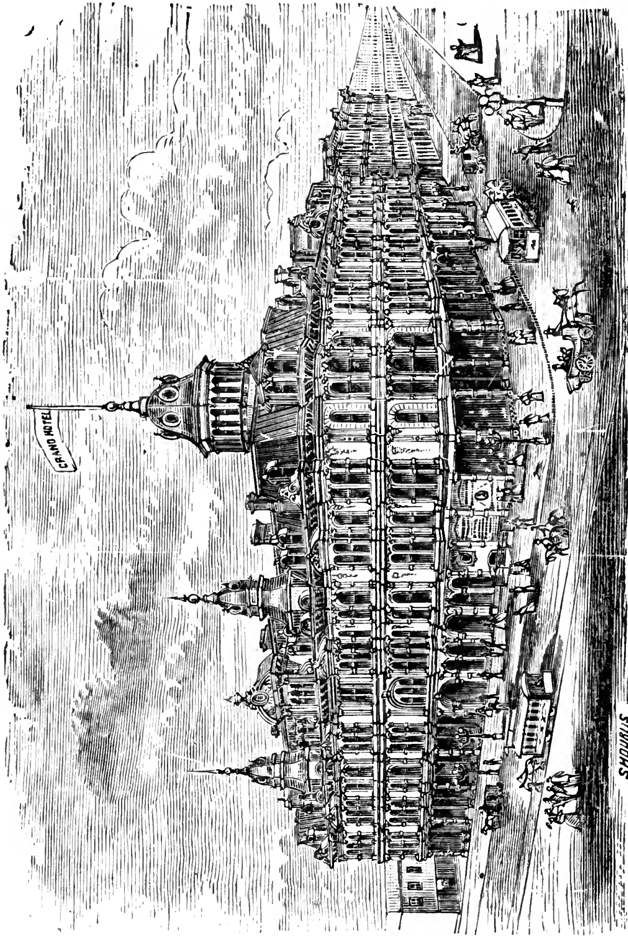

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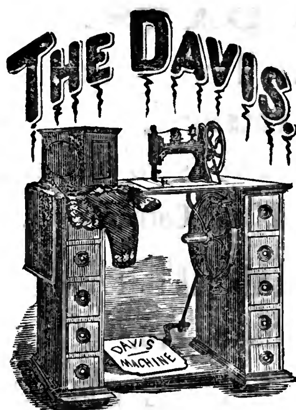

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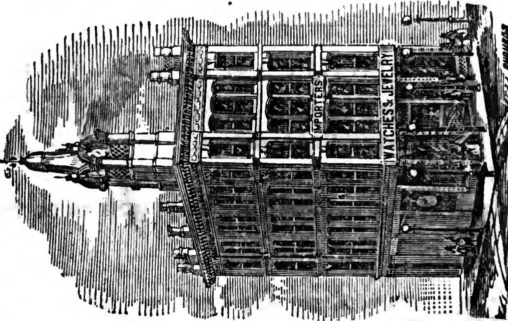

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VOL. 15.—DECEMBER, 1875.—NO. 6.

VICTORIA AND THE VICTORIANS.

THE little town in north-western America, which is honored with the name of her most gracious majesty, the Queen of England, has the advantage of a most charming and picturesque site as well as a beautiful name. The winding little inlet which forms the harbor of Victoria, though it may not be appreciated by the navigators who have to thread the narrow rocky passes which form the entrance, can not fail to charm the tourist with its romantic surroundings. From the Royal Roads, which affords a magnificent anchorage just outside the entrance, no sign of a harbor is visible. The whole coast-line of Vancouver Island at this point seems to be formed of massive rocky ledges of trap and granitic formation, rising in naked grandeur boldly from the water, while farther inland the rugged hills gradually lift in overlying masses, clothed to their summits with firs and pines, while here and there the roof of a house rises into notice from the open glades.

After rounding the rocky point which conceals the harbor, the town appears in full view, with a mile or so of clear placid water stretching out between the bare rocky banks and sweeping past the wharves until it is lost in the forest beyond.

Like many places more pretentious, Victoria needs the enchantment of distance to reveal its greatest beauty. Viewed from either the Cathedral Hill at the back of the town, or from the entrance of the harbor, the scene forms a picture of beauty seldom realized in nature or art. A closer acquaintance dispels much of the illusion. The town site was originally occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company as a trading-post, which was inclosed with a stockade as a protection from the Indians. Prior to 1858 the *employés* of the great English fur company, with their Indian and half-breed dependents, were the chief part of the inhabitants. In that year the famous Frazer River gold-fever broke out, which at one time threatened to depopulate California, and which fill-

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ed British Columbia with hardy adventurers in search of the precious metal. It was then that Victoria reaped her harvest. The Hudson's Bay Company, finding their post the chief base from which to furnish supplies for the new mines, laid out at that point the present town, and sold lots to an eager army of traders and speculators for the nominal price of fifty dollars each. The company made a handsome figure by the transaction, but their first purchasers reaped a much greater profit. Desirable business-lots soon ran up in value to thousands of dollars, buildings were erected with marvelous rapidity, and the sanguine investors were confident that San Francisco would fade into insignificance before the rising splendor of their new metropolis of the North-west.

But a few short months sufficed to change the entire prospects of Victoria. With the approach of winter thousands of disappointed miners flocked back to the town, penniless, and cursing the folly which had led them to abandon a certainty of plenty in California for the hard vicissitudes of a northern winter, and had left them beggars in a strange land. They were as anxious to get back as they had been to leave the Golden State.

In December, 1858, and January, 1859, Victoria was estimated to contain nearly 40,000 people, the greater part of whom were destitute of resources and eager to do anything to ward off starvation or secure a passage back to their homes. Besides the difficulty the multitude found in obtaining food, the supply of water was limited and in the hands of a few, who doled out the indispensable element at extortionate rates. Owing to the rocky nature of the soil and the difficulty of digging wells, most of the water used was gathered in broad shallow pits which collected the surface-drainage after the rains. For the privilege of drawing a bucketful of muddy water from one of these pits, twenty-five cents was the usual charge. During this state of affairs great distress could not fail to exist in the town. Professional men were glad to get the most menial occupation. Lawyers, doctors, and clergymen could be found at work in the kitchen, or humble dependents upon the favors of those more accustomed to manual work. The gold-bubble had burst; with it went the dream of Victoria's immediate greatness. The millionaire in city-lots in September found his property comparatively valueless in March.

The gold-fields of the Frazer were found to be limited in area and irregular in their yield. Instead of giving wealth to an army of a hundred thousand miners, it was found that they would not support a twentieth of that number. The disappointment was a bitter lesson to the multitude who were congregated at Victoria, but it was a wholesome one. It gave an experience which went far to check the tendency of Californians at that time to swarm from point to point in whichever direction gold was rumored to be found.

To the American from the United States visiting Victoria, the distinctive English character of the place is particularly noticeable. As compared with the Pacific Coast towns within the limits of his own country, with their restless, energetic, driving people, who seem hardly to know what rest and recreation mean, Victoria seems almost lifeless in its business. But a residence of a few days in the town will generally show the stranger that the Victorians, though quiet in their way, do an amount of trade far surpassing that of many larger and more showy places.

The people of the town seem to live for the sake of enjoying their journey through this world instead of rushing through existence like a rocket. Their homes are plain, comfortable, and inexpensive. Their social life is pleasura-

bly cultivated, while the savings-banks statistics prove that their business is not neglected. The banks of Victoria show a total of over $700,000 deposits of the working-class and small traders. The religious life of the town is strong, judging from the number of churches sustained, there being some twelve religious societies. The place has a population of about 5,000, which may be divided as follows: English, 2,500; Americans, 1,000; Indians, half-breeds, and Chinese, 1,500.

Victoria is still the depot from which the farmers and miners on the English territory of the main-land draw their supplies, and the town yet holds the bulk of the trade of British Columbia. As it is the only British port of entry in the province, the custom-house returns give a fair idea of the commerce of the British Possessions in north-western America. According to the statistics of the San Francisco Custom-house, the trade between the latter port and Victoria gives promise of reaching large proportions within the near future. Apart from gold and silver coin and bullion, coal is the chief article of export from British Columbia to San Francisco. In this item of coal the custom-house returns show that, in 1870, San Francisco received 14,989 tons, valued at $84,453. In 1874 the shipments of coal to San Francisco amounted to 50,184 tons, valued at $282,223. These figures will have to be largely increased to show the coal-trade of 1875. Within a few months past the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, in connection with a mail contract lately entered into with the Dominion Government, is said to have assumed an obligation to take five thousand tons of coal a month from the province for five years. This increase of production, taken in connection with the discovery and development of the coal-fields of Puget Sound, which now approximate a daily yield of 1,000 tons, indicates the growing immensity of the coal-trade of the North-west.

Nearly all the gold-yield of British Columbia figures in the custom-house returns of San Francisco. The gold and silver coin and bullion which passed through the San Francisco Custom-house from the province in 1874, amounted to $1,265,019, against $726,095 in 1870—an increase of about seventy-four per cent. in four years. From the port last named it is distributed to the other great money-centres of the world—London receiving the lion's share.

The following summary, taken from the records of the custom-house at San Francisco, will show the amount and character of the commerce between that city and Victoria:

IMPORTS FROM BRITISH COLUMBIA TO SAN FRANCISCO.

	1870.	1874.
Coin and Bullion	$726,095	$1,265,019
Coal	84,453	282,223
Miscellaneous	34,051	349,661
Total	$844,599	$1,896,903

EXPORTS FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO BRITISH COLUMBIA.

	1870.	1874.
Bread and Breadstuffs	$14,712	$19,819
Cordage, Rope, and Twine	1,573	11,533
Manufactures of Cotton	10,069	23,357
Clothing, all kinds	53,824	121,593
Machinery	12,463	13,181
Nails and Spikes	5,950	10,740
Other Manufactures of Iron and Steel	26,928	82,275
Coal Oil	13,053	6,538
Provisions, all kinds	25,730	57,386
Sugar	15,861	15,169
Tobacco, and Manufactures of	28,491	36,565
Wood, and Manufactures of	12,480	37,504
Miscellaneous	78,021	177,833
Total	$299,155	$613,493

On the north-west side of the town lies the Indian and Chinese quarter. Here the humble *siwash* and the patient Chinaman peacefully unite in the struggle for the "survival of the fittest." The resemblance between the aboriginals of the North-west Coast and the natives of the Flowery Kingdom is quite

marked. The same figure, complexion, and high cheek-bones mark both races; and, when dressed in the same garb, it is often difficult to distinguish between them.

The Indians of British Columbia are more numerous and more industrious than those of the lower coast of the Pacific, and seem to take more kindly to the restraints of civilization. Perhaps this may in a measure be due to the superior policy of the Dominion Government, which casts upon the Indian more personal responsibility than is given by the United States to its native wards. While the policy of the last-named government in the management of the Indian tends to keep him an improvident vagabond and dependent, the system pursued by the Dominion of Canada is well adapted to cultivate in him a self-reliant and ambitious spirit. But on the North-west Coast, as elsewhere, strong drink and immorality are the great obstacles to bar the progress of the Indian race.

The Indians are largely employed with profit in the fisheries, which are fast becoming a prominent source of revenue to Victoria. Large quantities of fish are also cured by the Chinese and Indians in their quarter of the town; and, between the peculiar Chinese opium smell and the pronounced presence of decayed fish, the combined odors of the orient and the occident render this part of the town anything but agreeable to the visitor.

Among the places of note in the Indian quarter is the Indian mission chapel. This is a neat little wooden edifice, built and paid for entirely by the Indian converts. It is under control of the Wesleyans. The worshipers in this church are chiefly Indians and half-breeds, who in their Sunday attire make a most respectable-looking congregation. The Indian converts often lead in the singing and prayers, and show an earnest devotion too seldom seen in more aristocratic houses of worship.

The term *siwash* is applied to all the Indians of the coast, without regard to their tribal relations. It is a corruption of the French *sauvage*, which was applied to the natives by the early French explorers. The common language used between the natives and Whites in their intercourse is a jargon manufactured by the *employés* of the Hudson's Bay Company for the purpose. It is without a grammar or system, and seems to embrace the rudiments of words from almost every known tongue. The Indians use their native language between themselves, and only employ the jargon in talking with the outside races. This common vehicle of thought, though framed in somewhat of the style of the "pigeon English" of Hongkong and other Chinese ports, is far less intelligible to the stranger, and requires months of patient effort to master it.

The water-front and much of the immediate vicinity of Victoria consists of the naked bed-rock of the country. So destitute of soil is the portion which first greets the visitor's eyes, that it would seem as if nothing more promising than the magnificent crop of rocks could be raised. But a walk through the gardens which skirt the town to the north and east serves to reveal the possibilities of the soil and climate. Rich black loam supports fruit-trees heavily loaded and propped up with their burdens of apples, pears, and plums. Nearly all the vegetables of the kitchen-garden flourish in and about Victoria with a luxuriance unknown save on the Pacific Coast. The summers are not warm enough for the grape and peach to flourish, but the small fruits are delicious in flavor and abundant. The latitude of Victoria is higher than that of the most northern part of Maine, being about 48° 22′, and yet, owing to the warm currents of the Pacific, its mean temperature is like that

of the southern part of England. The thermometer seldom gets as low as zero in winter, or above eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit in summer. The fogs and rains keep the grasses of the country perennially green, and as but little snow falls in winter, stock is in many instances permitted to go without housing the entire year.

As with the Mohammedans everything dates from the hegira of their prophet, so with the Victorians the Frazer River rush seems to mark an era. Nearly all of the business part of the town was built at that time, and all the old firms that have survived the shock incident to the bursting of that bubble have inscribed upon their signs, "Established in 1858." None date their foundation beyond that epoch save the Hudson's Bay Company, which still does the heaviest business of the coast. Few repairs or improvements have been made to the private buildings of Victoria in the business streets since the collapse of 1858–9, and they present a weather-beaten antique appearance in consequence.

By reason of its position, Victoria is of prime importance to England as a naval station for the North Pacific. At Esquimault, four miles to the south of Victoria, is an excellent harbor for large ships. At this point the British Government contemplates the erection of a stone dry-dock, and an appropriation of $500,000 has been made for that purpose. The Dominion Government of Canada, under whose protecting wing British Columbia was placed in 1871, is especially generous in its appropriations for public works and improvements at Victoria. Possibly these generous concessions to this little outlying English community may be prompted by a half-defined fear that the strong and growing American interests at Victoria and Nanaimo may eventually lead to the transfer of Vancouver Island from the flag of England to that of the United States. Be that as it may, the Victorians seem to have unbounded faith in the ability and willingness of their government to make their city a great commercial metropolis. They look forth with confidence to the near future in which a Canadian-Pacific railroad shall span the continent and find its terminus at Victoria. They look to their government for the millions necessary to build and equip the road, and bridge the straits which separate their island from the main-land. When this is done the patient and hopeful Victorians will sit down in smiling contentment, and the riches of the Old World and the New will pour into their laps. Happy Victorians!

LOVE AND MONEY.

IN ENGLAND.

IT was at school that he first made her acquaintance. He was the youngest son of an English baronet, the head of his form in the class-room, and the pride of the school in the play-ground. She was only the daughter of a draper in the town—a well-to-do respectable person enough in his way, no doubt, but assuredly not the social equal of Gerald Langley. But it was his first love—his "calf-love" some would contemptuously have styled it—and it threw a halo of romance for him over the dreary routine of his studies, and brightened up the gray old cathedral town with a fresher poetry than he could cull from the classics.

What was it that he saw in little Ruth Gwynne to attract him? She was a

proper prim little maiden in those early days of their acquaintanceship, with scarcely an idea save what she had gleaned from notoriously puritanical parents; and he was—well, pretty much what nine out of every ten British youths are, save that Gerald was blessed, or cursed, with a poetic soul, and a strong appreciation for the beautiful both in nature and art. And many would have called Ruth pretty, even beautiful. Her hair—primly rolled up as it always was in tight plaits, or confined under a Quakerish little cap—was very abundant, and of that rare shade of brown which seems to alternate in various lights from dark to golden. Her eyes were undeniably fine, though Gerald had never satisfactorily determined in his own mind whether they were blue or gray; and for the rest, she had a complexion of lilies and roses (of which demure Miss Ruth was extremely careful), a plump little figure, and hands and feet of the daintiest. Such as she was she had all Gerald's heart, though he never could learn if he had any of hers.

Gerald did well at Cambridge, and even achieved some literary distinction, of which he was disproportionately proud. At Cambridge, too, he made his first strong friendship. Lawrence Paget—stroke of his college boat, a crack shot, a straight and plucky rider to hounds—could pick and choose his acquaintance from the best the university afforded; and, indeed, so could Langley. So it was scarcely wonderful that these two should become in a short time firm friends; so firm that, when they went to London to read for the bar and struggle out life on a younger son's allowance, they took rooms together in a dingy little street off the Strand, and smoked and read and idled and dissipated in company.

But all this time Gerald never forgot Ruth, and he took the earliest opportunity, while ostensibly paying a visit to his old master, to call and see her. He found the queer little shop in the High Street just as he had left it. There are places that never seem to change; and persons, too, Gerald thought, when he met the demure little damsel he had come to see.

Her father and mother were out, but Ruth, with a quiet cordiality all her own, asked him to tea. Conventionalism was not very strong in the old cathedral city, and Mrs. Grundy's supervision was rarely exercised in the little Quaker's rank of life.

Needless to say Gerald accepted. He had a great deal to say, and wanted nothing better than such an opportunity of saying it. He had made up his mind to propose to the little Puritan maiden that evening, and he was not usually bashful, yet they had nearly finished tea before he saw what he considered a good opening to his subject.

Ruth was picking up crumbs absently, and Gerald was watching her with a preoccupied air. He did not see that she was aiming at the same goal as he was himself, and was now marveling at his stupidity and slowness.

"Do you know, Ruth, you remind me very much of your old ancestress—namesake rather, I mean—in the Bible, you know," he began rather nervously.

She looked up with a most encouraging smile. "How is that?"

"Well, she went in for gleaning wheat and barley, or whatever it was, the same as you are picking up those crumbs now. Do you know, I don't think I'd have let her glean too much if I'd been the old party?—at least, not if I wanted good partridge in the stubbles that year."

This was provoking. He had commenced quite hopefully, and here he was drifting away again, goodness knows where. But Ruth was a general, and she knew her time was short.

"Yet, after all, Ruth had the best of it; and she got a rich husband by it,

too." This with the archest air imaginable, and a provoking little smile on the demure lips.

It did the business. Gerald was on his knees in a moment, and proposing with orthodox rhapsody. There was a little hesitation and coyness—not much; and he rose the accepted suitor and affianced husband of Ruth Gwynne.

Gerald was his own master, and desperately in love. Ruth was determined to be a lady, and liked him, as a means to that end, as well or better than anyone she knew. But there was one obstacle, and that was not long in arising, in the shape of old Mr. Gwynne. Pious as he was, even to puritanism, the old man had no mean opinion of filthy lucre, and very sensibly and pertinently asked Gerald how he designed to support his wife when he got her.

"Like a lady, of course," was the indignant answer.

"I don't doubt that, Mr. Langley; but I'd like to know where the money is to come from. I have a few pounds that Ruth will have at my death, but I couldn't take a ten-pound note out of the business. What is your income, Mr. Langley?"

Gerald was obliged to own, unwillingly enough, that his younger son's portion was only £2,000, a sum not a little impaired by his own extravagance and recent necessary expenses.

"'Twon't do, sir; 'twon't anything like do. When you come to me and show me three hundred a year you shall have the child. Till then you are both young enough to wait."

So with this answer Gerald had to be contented, and he returned to London, with his breast full of love and his brain working with schemes for amassing a rapid fortune.

Obviously the life he was living would never do that. A young law-student of no particular legal aptitude and of Bohemian proclivities rarely becomes very rich; at least, the process usually takes time. Of this Gerald was so fully persuaded that he had determined to abandon the legal profession long before he reached London, and to embark in something more immediately lucrative. The question only was, what? This knotty point he mooted as he reclined luxuriously amid the cushions of the first-class carriage. He mentally discussed it in all its bearings as he rattled in a hansom through the lighted streets; he considered it over a tumbler of punch in his solitary lodgings as he waited for the return of his friend, who was roaming away, heaven knew where; but he could not arrive at any satisfactory conclusion.

Lawrence returned in due time, talkative enough, and glad of his chum's return, but scarcely in a condition to consider any serious topic. He was a young man of a character very frequently to be met with. Intensely selfish, he yet passed with most of his acquaintances for a jovial good-hearted fellow, as he undoubtedly was, so long as his good nature did not interfere with his own pleasures. He was thoroughly, though good-humoredly, unprincipled; and as he made no scruple to acknowledge it, he passed for a candid outspoken fellow. In short, he was popular, for it was no trouble to him to be so; and his natural gifts were sufficient to secure him friends of a certain calibre. He was scarcely Gerald's superior in either good looks or social acquirements, and he was decidedly his inferior in all mental cultivation; yet he was, perhaps, in a superficial way, the more popular man of the two. They were firm friends, however, and Gerald never doubted but that his friend's inner life was a reflex of his own. So they built their airy castles in concert—Gerald's poetical and impossible; Paget's utilitarian and probable—and lived the idle, pleasant, profitless life that nine out of every ten young men of their dis-

positions and opportunities do, and were, after a fashion, happy.

Gerald had long since made his friend a confidant on the subject of his grand passion, and "Ruth" had long been a household word between them. Now he further developed his views, which extended as far as an elopement and private marriage.

"How do you propose to live if the stern parient should cut up rusty? You wouldn't like to tell your governor, I presume?"

Gerald confessed that he would not, and furthermore admitted that his plans for the future had not been extended beyond the first parallel, which he had already laid down.

"I thought as much," said Lawrence, "and I am convinced, furthermore, that it won't do. You'll have to wait for a few years, and by that time you'll have changed your mind on this as on a thousand other points, or I'm much mistaken."

Gerald protested the unalterable nature of his attachment, and indulged in a good deal of poetical rhodomontade about "love stronger than death," and "hearts that beat as one." We have all done this kind of thing in our day, but generally when we were much younger. Paget had some worldly wisdom, and knew tolerably well how much importance to attach to all this. Still, it suited him, for purposes of his own, to seem to be impressed, and it was with the air of a man who gives up an argument that he said:

"Well, Gerald, since you are so fond of the girl and she is so fond of you, I suppose you know best what will most conduce to your own happiness. Still, it is impossible, as you must see, to marry on nothing a year. You *must* wait. As soon as you have made an independence you will be your own master, and, as the old man said, you are both very young."

"Wait! What should I wait for? In a few years I will be a briefless barrister, instead of a penniless law-student, always supposing I can pass my exams, and I don't see how I shall be any better off in that capacity. No, no, Lawrence; I must find some way of getting rich quickly. Hang it all, a man would be blue-molded here before he could earn enough to keep body and soul together."

Paget had a purpose of his own to gain, in the interests of which he had been all along carefully leading up to the very answer he had now received. He was, therefore, well prepared to take advantage of it when it came.

"By Jove! old fellow, I believe you are right, after all. This worn-out old country is no place for young men of spirit. I have not the same inducements, perhaps, to tie me to it as you have, but then, again, I have not the same object to stimulate me to exertion, and I am half-inclined to pitch law and England to the deuce together, and try my fortune in the New World. There you have room to breathe and to spread yourself; there your talents, cramped no longer, would have scope and breathing-space. I have a great mind to try it."

This was the spark that was requisite to fire the train in young Langley's inflammable mind.

"By Jove! old fellow, I'll go with you. 'Tis the very thing. We will start for 'Westward ho!' and it will go hard if, with youth, health, strength, and mother-wit, we can not push our way in the New World; and the happiest day of my life will be that on which I see the English cliffs again, with money enough to claim Ruth for my own."

So spoke the would-be young emigrant, and so has spoken many a one whose buoyant mind could leap across the interval of ocean as easily as the lapse of years, and whose strong young vision pierced at once to the distant goal

of his bright ambition, and saw not the weary tracks, marked with the toil and studded with the graves of many as bright and as hopeful as he, who had perished miserably at the outset of the battle, or had sunk fainting down where they stood, like Tantalus, on the very eve of fruition. But the mighty wave rolls on, with spirits such as his dancing amid the brightest ripples on its surface, crushing lives and hearts in its progress, but ever augmenting as it rolls, and impelled ever to the occident by the genius of emigration; for "westward the star of empire takes its way."

Gerald's first care was to secure his father's consent, which was not long withheld when it became apparent that the boy's mind was set on the experiment. Indeed, British fathers as a rule are not averse to the emigration of their younger sons, and there was no mother in this case to wail for her Benjamin. So Gerald realized his slender fortune, and the preparations for departure proceeded apace. The first difficulty came from Paget, who had been unable, so he informed his friend, to realize the money he had expected, "owing to unforeseen circumstances." This made no difference to Gerald, who in the generosity of his heart at once proposed to frank the disappointed emigrant to the place of destination.

"You can pay me back any time you have it, old fellow. I know you'd do the same for me if you found me in a hole."

This proposal Paget was induced to accept after a show of reluctance, which greatly raised him in the other's estimation. Then the objective point of their journey had to be fixed, and many pipes were smoked and many pots of beer consumed over this knotty question. America, of course, that was settled; but then America was a large place, and the merits and demerits of almost every State in the Union were discussed over a great map. Neither of the young gentlemen were very well versed in either geography, statistics, or climatic variations; but one name on the map attracted their eyes —California. Here was a country they knew something about, and the country above all others for their purposes. California!—why, the very name was redolent of gold. They knew very little of how it was to be obtained, but people made fortunes there, and the logical sequence was that they could do the same. Then it was "very far west, indeed," which was an additional advantage.

But this point satisfactorily determined, there remained for Gerald what was to him the most difficult task of all—to say good-by to Ruth. He did not relish the parting, and still less did he relish the idea of breaking it to her. Paget, whom he consulted on the subject, recommended him to write a letter of adieu from Liverpool just before starting; but this Gerald rejected as an unworthy and pusillanimous subterfuge, and one not to be entertained for a moment. Finally he went down to the old cathedral town to look his last on the haunts of his boyhood, and to say good-by to his old school-master. Perhaps he had another object in view. At any rate, the afternoon of his arrival he was to be found ensconced in the little back-parlor of Mr. Gwynne's drapery establishment, and enjoying with Miss Ruth a *tête-à-tête* of that demure young lady's contriving.

Gerald, after a few lover-like conventionalities, broke the ice with a plunge:

"I'm going away, Ruth."

He was hot, nervous, and fidgety. He had a task to perform that was very uncongenial to him, but he was honest and meant well, and all the love of his great good-natured heart was looking out of his eyes at the quiet little figure beside him. She was placid and pretty as usual. Her little Quaker cap, ordinarily so trim and tidy, was slightly disarranged. Perhaps Gerald had exacted a lover's privilege at entering. The afternoon

sun was shining through the low window, and one ray was lost in a loosened tress that had somehow become detached from the coif at the back of her head and was hanging down to her waist in its native luxuriance. The poor sunbeam was struggling to escape, and had turned every thread of the prisoning tress to burnished gold in its foolish efforts to break free. Gerald noticed this as his wandering eyes rested on it and then returned to her face. The roses were in the ascendant of the lilies there just then; but the afternoon was warm, and, as he announced his departure, looking into the deep blue-gray eyes, they expressed no other emotion than their usual placid beatitude. He was disappointed for a moment, but perhaps she had not understood him.

"I'm going away, Ruth."

"What's your hurry? I'm sure you don't come to see me very often, and you've only been here a minute or two."

She *had* misunderstood him. This was so far satisfactory, but the explanation had to be recommenced, the ice broken anew.

"Yes; but, Ruth, I'm going to California, where the gold grows, to make my fortune, and come home rich in a year or two, and marry you. It will not take me long to get rich there, and we can write to each other very often. It is no use for me to say I won't feel the separation, for I shall feel it every hour in the day; but I hope you won't fret, my precious, that you will keep up a good heart, and look your best and brightest to welcome me home—as you look now." And the cap fell off altogether this time, and the whole wealth of golden-brown hair came tumbling down, catching several more sunbeams and holding them prisoned closer than ever.

Short as the interval was, it was sufficient for Ruth to collect herself. With all her demureness and apparent shyness, she was a very ready-witted as well as resolute young lady, and she had set her heart on *being a lady* in what she considered was the only true application of the term. Gerald was the only means she could see at present to that end, and here he was, proposing to start off for goodness knows where. This would never suit Miss Ruth's book. He might die, or, if he ever came back, he would probably have forgotten her altogether. Her line was taken in a moment. She would risk anything, but she *would* be a lady.

"To California! That is a long way. When do you propose to start?"

Not a quiver in her voice, not a shadow in the clear upturned eye. A slight deepening in the carnation in her cheek, and a scarcely perceptible compression of the ripe crimson lips, as she realized what a desperate game it was which she proposed to play; but Gerald did not notice them.

Was it any wonder if he thought her cold, unfeeling, passionless? She had not even a regret at parting with him. She could ask him in her ordinary tone when he proposed to start, as she might have asked an every-day acquaintance, who was about to visit some neighboring town. Her face and voice were cold and sad; so was his heart, poor fellow, as he answered her:

"I thought you would have felt parting with me more, Ruth. I might have saved myself some anxiety had I known you could take it like this. I go in about a week."

The color was fading out of her face every moment. "The little change from red to white" grew more and more marked. She realized now the magnitude of the desperate step she was bent upon, but she never shrunk from it. She was pale to the lips as she answered him, and the tone was still unchanged.

"In a week, you say. I shall be ready, dearest. I suppose we had better meet in Liverpool?"

Gerald gazed at her for a moment with parted lips and heaving breast, then he caught her and strained her wildly in his arms.

"And you would—you will?" he murmured, as he kissed her again and again, and chased the madcap sunbeams from tress to tress of her gold-brown hair. "I was mad, I was a wretch to doubt you. You are the only woman I could ever love, and I swear you shall never repent having trusted me. Good God! how happy I am now—so happy, that neither man nor devil can ever make me regret what has happened to-day."

Take care, Gerald Langley! Men have much power for evil, and devils in human shape have more. Such as they have severed many a knot wreathed with roses as fresh and with *immortelles* as imperishable as your fancy is weaving to-day.

In a short fortnight from that day a noble steamer was standing out of the Mersey, and on its deck were Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Langley, discussing the thrilling excitement of their late elopement—*his* eyes, at least, already closed to the fast-fading shores of old England, and opening gradually to the fancied wonders of the New World, where fortune awaited him—while below, Lawrence Paget, with a new-made acquaintance, was at that moment drinking with enthusiasm the stirring toast of "Westward ho!"

IN CALIFORNIA.

Much praise has been lavished on the climate of California, and undoubtedly it is pleasant to have no extremes of temperature to endure—no scorching summer heats or biting winter frosts and snows. Still, like everything mundane, it has its drawbacks. A San Francisco summer can scarcely be considered the *beau ideal* of climate, even by the most partial. The city is swept every afternoon by high winds, which permeate each street, and from which there is no escape, for they seem to blow from every quarter at once. Indeed, a windy afternoon in San Francisco is as trying to the temper of the average mortal as any of the minor ills of life over which we are accustomed to be loudest in our complaints.

Little did all the inconveniences of wind and dust seem to affect a young man who stood, this blustering August afternoon, on the corner of California and Montgomery streets. He was very plainly dressed in ordinary miner's rig, and his mind was free, no doubt, from any disquieting reflections about the detriment to his costume. He merely shaded his eyes when an unusually heavy dust-cloud swept by, and when it was past resumed his conversation with his companion. This companion was rather a contrast in attire. His plug-hat, neatly cut suit of a quiet pattern, and shining patent-leathers would have been *de riguer* in Broadway; but every costume is alike on California Street, and the most sumptuous is no more an indication of wealth than is the simplest of poverty. No one thought the pair ill-assorted. A dozen such groups might have been seen on the same street within a single block, and it was only the acquaintances of the well-dressed little man, who frequently exchanged a nod and a "How goes it, Davis?" with him *en passant*, that seemed to notice the couple at all.

"And you say, then," said the miner eagerly, and resuming a conversation that had been momentarily interrupted by one of these salutations, "and you say, then, I can sell at a profit at once?"

"I say you can clean up $50,000 this very evening if you like," replied Davis; "but mark me, Mr. Paget, I don't advise you to do so. It would be sheer madness to realize with the market in its present state. It may fluctuate for a week or two, but it's bound to go up.

Your stock will touch $300 within the month. When it does it'll be time enough to sell."

"O! curse fluctuations, and curse a month. That'll clean me up all I want. Besides, I haven't got a cent to my name. What am I to live on while you fellows are rigging the market?"

"You might hypothecate a few shares. I'm not sure that I might not be able to manage it for you myself."

"I dare say you could, and I am very much obliged to you for all you've done for me in the business; but the fact is, I'm sick of this place and want to get away. Besides, I was thinking—well, the fact is, I'm going to get married; and these stocks, even the best of them, are so confoundedly uncertain. You understand?"

"I believe I do, Paget, understand that you are throwing away the biggest chance of a fortune that you'll ever strike. However, you know your own business best. Am I to take your order to sell your stock to-morrow?"

"Yes, please; and I am to call round at your office ——"

"Any time between boards. So 'long."

"Hold on a minute. You haven't a twenty you could loan me till to-morrow? I'm flat broke. I'll——"

Mr. Davis cut him short by handing him the desired coin, and then, having renewed his appointment, walked up the street whistling. Lawrence Paget, having turned the gold-piece over in his hand a couple of times, muttered, "I may as well melt this, anyhow," and adjourned to the nearest saloon, where the melting process was so satisfactorily conducted, that before evening had fairly closed in he was "the world forgetting," though he was very careful he should not be "by the world forgot."

A few words here may not be amiss to explain Paget's recent windfall, and the relative position of the two friends, though to an old Californian the former would seem a circumstance too ordinary to demand explanation. While in England, and during the progress of their preparations for departure, Gerald Langley had been far too much in love, as well as too anxious to conceal the true cause of his emigration for as long a time as possible, to trouble his head much about mere matters of detail, or to take any measures to secure himself a favorable start in life on reaching the land of promise. Not so Paget. He was not in love, he had no reason for concealment, and withal he was a calculating clear-headed fellow, with a very good eye for the main chance. He therefore procured as many letters of introduction as possible, which he had duly presented on his arrival. Among others he had a very strong letter to a Mr. Davis, a prominent Montgomery-street stock-broker, who had taken an interest in him from the first, and had done all in his power for his advancement. Of course, Langley had been introduced to Mr. Davis, but as Gerald had been fortunate enough to secure a position on the local press soon after his arrival, he was altogether out of the stock-broker's sphere, as well as, to a certain extent, independent of his aid. But that gentleman seemed to like Gerald even better than he did his more directly introduced friend, and frequently told him, "Whenever you have a few dollars to spare, come to me, and I'll give you the best tip I know of for investing it;" and, as Mr. Davis was popularly believed to occupy a position very near the centre of the inner ring, such words from him were indeed golden. But Gerald would only smile and shake his head, and profess his disbelief in these rapid fortunes; alleging, and very truly, that there were more people "cinched" in stocks than ever made money in them. So the stock-broker would laugh and shrug his shoulders, and say, "willful will to water," and the

question would be suffered to drop. For Paget, however, Mr. Davis procured the best thing at his command—a good situation in a mine near Virginia—and the income derived from this the young gentleman contrived to augment by gambling, while every penny he could raise was invested according to Davis' instructions, with what result has been seen. Latterly Paget had ceased to send down money for investment, but a growing passion for drink and its unfailing consequence, ill success in gambling, had sent him, while really a tolerably rich man, down to the city in the thoroughly "busted" condition in which he had "struck" his friend for twenty dollars. For to win in a miner's game of draw requires not so much luck as a cool brain and a quick hand and eye, coupled with an unflinching nerve, and not too closely directed by conscience.

The following day at the appointed hour Lawrence entered Mr. Davis' office, and was handed by that gentleman an oblong slip of paper, the figures in whose corner indicated that the Bank of California was indebted to the bearer in the sum of $50,000.

"Be sure you pay your friend Langley whatever you owe him, the very first thing," were Mr. Davis' last words as he turned to go. "I haven't seen him for some time, but by all accounts I'm afraid he's pretty hard up."

And Paget, who had flushed darkly at the mention of Gerald's name, muttered a few words of assent and thanks, and quitted the office.

The same evening Lawrence Paget, no longer in mining costume, but dressed in a quiet gentlemanly walking-suit, rung at the door of a neat little house far up near the wind-swept summit of Bush-street hill.

Ruth herself opened the door, and in an instant he had clasped her in his arms and was covering her face with kisses, which she did not even affect to resist.

"Come in, Lawrence," she said at length; "it is such an age since I have seen you! And O! dear, we're in such a peck of troubles here."

"Troubles, darling! But never mind, I'll take you away from them all. I'm in a position to do it now. But where's your—where's Gerald?"

"O! he's down at that stupid newspaper. We won't be interrupted these three hours. He goes out most every evening after dinner."

And they sat down side by side on the little *tête-à-tête* sofa which had been poor Gerald's last gift to Ruth.

Very bright and pretty the little woman looked, seeming scarcely older than on the memorable day when she and Gerald had settled the momentous question, as he fondly hoped, for life, in the back-parlor of her father's shop. But her eyes were raised to Lawrence's now with a look in them the other had never seen, and the luxuriant tresses (the Quakerish coil had long been abandoned) were flowing wantonly around her flushed cheeks, and she was looking perilously lovely. And so, amid all her calculating ambition, the little woman had a heart after all; and though the honest, sincere, manly love of her husband had never found its way to it, it had opened to the unprincipled touch of the thankless libertine. Perhaps she was more to be pitied than Gerald. Who can say? For both loved truly and devotedly, and in each case the object of affection was utterly unworthy.

And how had this state of things arisen? Simply enough, like many great results. A liking for a pleasant companion at first ripened into something very closely resembling love by propinquity and attention, and was finally fanned into an uncontrollable flame by a timely absence. It is a little drama in three acts that has been played over and over again on the world's broad stage, and will continue to be played so long as there are

false men and frail women among the *dramatis personæ.*

Paget, who had at first paid his friend's wife some attention as the proper thing to do, found himself insensibly attracted by her piquancy and evident preference for himself, and ended by walking deliberately into the danger; and when irretrievably committed, he suffered himself to believe that he had been led into the entanglement blindfold, and that there was nothing to do now but go on with it. His mind once made up, he suffered scruples to trouble him very little. His chief difficulty, lack of funds, was now removed, and he proceeded to unfold to Ruth the projects he had been revolving in his brain the entire morning. Their parting an hour afterward was as affectionate as their meeting had been, and it was with a clearer mutual understanding of what each expected of the other.

Gerald came in, about half an hour after Paget's departure. His Californian experience had changed him a little, but it was more a change of manner than of appearance, and even this had been perceptible only during the last month or two. The fact was, Gerald had begun to doubt the reality of his wife's love, and even that doubt rendered him very unhappy. It was not that he suspected any rival, or even feared a permanent alienation of her affection, but he thought he perceived symptoms of weariness, as if she were beginning to realize that she had made a mistake in her life, and was now repenting it. Perhaps it might be only homesickness, after all, and that would surely wear off. Latterly, too, he had been finding it harder than ever to make both ends meet, and he had been compelled to curtail their little establishment wherever there seemed the least excrescence for the pruning-knife of economy to work on. Ruth doubtless felt all this, and that might account for her altered manner. Still it was hard never to find a bright smile to welcome him when he came home tired at the close of a weary day; and, after all, he was doing his best.

"Well, Ruth?"

"Well, Gerald?"

She was sitting on the little *tête-à-tête* sofa still, drooping and downcast. The color had faded out of her cheek, and she did not raise her eyes as her husband accosted her. He crossed over and took the vacant seat beside her—the seat which Lawrence had occupied a short time before.

"What's the matter with you, Ruth? You seem tired. Come, cheer up and be lively. Aren't you well?"

"O! I don't know. I suppose I am tired. Never mind me," she answered pettishly; and then suddenly burst into a passion of tears.

Ruth was usually a quiet little woman, with all her emotions hidden far below the surface, and this ebullition was so unexpected and unusual that Gerald was thunderstruck, and could only gaze at her in mute astonishment.

"What ails my little Ruth?" at last he found voice to say. "To-night of all nights I expected to have found you in good spirits, or put you in them when I came. I've good news, darling—the first good news I've had for many a day. Paget has made a raise in stocks, and has paid me the money he owed me. God knows it never was worse wanted."

Ruth's sobs had ceased as if by magic while Gerald was speaking. For the first time since he had come in she raised her eyes, swimming with tears, to his.

"Paget?—you have seen him, then? When did you meet him?"

"Not very long ago. It was down town, on my way up here."

"I'm very tired, Gerald. I think I'll go and lie down." And she passed from the room, leaving him puzzling his head over a problem that has baffled many a subtler brain—the inextricable convolu-

tions and combinations of the heart of a woman. A moment afterward she opened the door and put in her head:

"Did Mr. Paget mention if he purposed making a long stay?"

"He said he would be obliged to return to Virginia City to-morrow or next day, but that he would try and see me again before he went."

Ruth closed the door, and returned to the solitude of her own room. So Lawrence had not told Gerald that he had been to the house. Well, it was fortunate she had not betrayed it, either. He had said that he was going away in a day or two. There was, then, no alteration in his plans. The whole project was to be carried out as sketched originally to her. Well, she was determined not to shrink from her part.

The following day Paget dropped into Gerald's office for a few minutes. Although still early in the afternoon, he had evidently been drinking, which accounted for his husky voice and flurried manner as he made his adieus.

"I'll be in the city from time to time, old fellow, so we'll often meet. You'll make my excuses to Mrs. Langley for not paying her my respects at this visit; but my time is confoundedly short, and I am overrun with business. Well, by-by, old boy, and take care of yourself."

That night, when Gerald went home, he found Ruth more considerate and attentive toward him than she had ever been since their wedding-day. She was a little silent and preoccupied, it is true, but very gentle and kind. And the next morning, as he started down town, she bade him good-by with more warmth in her kiss than he had felt there for many a long day. Perhaps the cloud that had so long rested between them was clearing away at last. Gerald could not be sure; he was not sure of anything but that he felt very happy.

"Bless my soul! An awful thing for poor young Langley—and he so thoroughly wrapped up in the girl, too. No wonder he is half-crazy." And Mr. Davis leaned back against the counter of the saloon, and looked up in his companion's face for further information.

"Yes," replied the other, "he came into the office of a Thursday morning, looking, I declare, half-distracted, and as if he hadn't been in bed all night (which I'm sure he hadn't been), and says to me, 'Mr. Johnson, I shall be sorry if I put you to any inconvenience, but I shall be obliged to resign my position on your staff at once.' And when I asked him what was the reason, he muttered something about 'a terrible domestic calamity;' but he broke down so I could ask him nothing more. I learned the fact of the elopement since, but without any particulars. You won't take another glass of wine before we start? Well, a cigar? I must get back to business. So 'long."

Mr. Davis strolled slowly down Montgomery Street, puffing mechanically at his cigar, and in a very brown study indeed. Gerald had always been a special favorite of his, and the news he had just heard shocked as much as it astonished him. He had often met Mrs. Langley, and she was one of the last women he would ever have dreamed of connecting with an affair of such a nature. He had noticed, too—indeed, he must have been blind had he failed to notice—the thousand marks of unobtrusive affection which Gerald hourly lavished on her. "It's a d—d shame!" was Mr. Davis' ultimatum, as he involuntarily quickened his pace and turned into his office, there to meet face to face the very man who had been occupying his thoughts.

"Bless my soul, Langley, you here! How do you do?"

"I wanted to see you for a few minutes, and your clerk said you would not be long gone, so I concluded to wait."

Gerald spoke in his ordinary tone, and indeed looked very much as usual. He had always been an accurate dresser, and there were no signs of negligence about his appearance now. He looked a trifle pale, perhaps, and there were dark circles under his eyes indicative of sleepless nights. That was all.

"Well, my poor fellow, this has been a dreadful business," began Mr. Davis, when they were ensconced in his private office.

"If you please, sir, I would rather not discuss that subject. The wound is recent, and bleeds at a slight touch."

"I will ask you but one question, and believe me, Langley, I ask it as a friend, not through idle curiosity. Have you any idea who was the—who she——"

"Who she eloped with? Not the slightest, and at present I do not wish to find out."

Mr. Davis pondered for a few moments, and then, rousing himself, remarked:

"You said you came to see me on a matter of business, Langley. What can I do for you?"

"Well, sir, some time ago you were kind enough to tell me you would put me in the way of investing a few dollars when I had them to spare. Paget paid me $2,000 the other day, and, as I have no particular use now for the money, I thought I would remind you of your promise."

"Oho!" said Mr. Davis, smiling, "is Saul also among the prophets? Bitten with Paget's success, I suppose?"

"Well, no, not exactly. You see," pursued Gerald, with the very ghost of a smile flitting for a moment across his lips, "you see I have no occasion for care or economy now. I may speculate as wildly as I please."

"My poor, poor fellow," said the kind-hearted stock-broker, wringing his young friend's hand, "you may leave me the money, and I am much mistaken if it will not be worth 10,000 per cent. to you before the year is out."

Those were stirring times in the San Francisco stock-market—unequaled but by the crowning excitement of the "Big Bonanza" in which they culminated. The Comstock lead was rising in popular estimation, and steadily carrying Gerald's $2,000 with it. Mr. Davis had kept his word and got him good stock at bed-rock prices, and Gerald let the money "sweat," and gave himself no concern about the fortune that was accumulating for him. He had left the city immediately on concluding his business arrangements, for all its associations were hateful to him, and for any kind of brain-work he felt, for the time, utterly incapacitated. So he obtained work on a rancho in the San Joaquin Valley, where, in consideration of forty dollars a month, and board, which consisted principally of "slapjacks" and coffee, he worked twelve hours a day and earned a sound night's rest by sheer force of fatigue. The monotonous life and the hard work did him good. He had no time to think, and he certainly gained nothing by thinking. Gradually his old spirits came back to him. He began to think of the "old folks at home," and arrange plans in his own mind for going back to see them. In short, Ruth had ceased to be his life, and was merging into an episode of it.

So the fall and the winter and the long dry summer passed away, and the gathering clouds began to indicate that the next fall was giving way to its successor—the memorable winter of 1874—when Gerald Langley, having grown tired of ranching, returned to the city to look after his affairs, and, if possible, revisit England. His first call was naturally at the office of Mr. Davis. The stock-broker was out of town, and the clerk, the same who had been there at his last visit, failed to recognize him. Indeed, it would have been hard to identify Gerald Langley with the indi-

vidual who now inquired for Mr. Davis. Burnt as brown as a Mexican, and with chin innocent of a razor for fifteen months, he presented a very marked contrast to his former self. Besides, the Gerald of former days, though not stout, was still always "in comfortable case," whereas the Gerald of to-day was lean and sinewy as a grayhound; for slapjacks and coffee, however nutritious they may be, are certainly not fattening. Had the spruce young clerk known that the man who was addressing him was one of the lucky investors in mining-stocks, he might have studied to infuse a little more respect into his answer; but neither of them knew it, so Gerald walked out, and strolling into Kearny Street, turned into the Plaza and sat down to kill time as best he could for half an hour.

Some of the colony of English sparrows which are located in the Plaza were hopping about and twittering merrily. Their chirrup sounded home-like, and Gerald determined to sell out his stock and go home. Presently, induced by these reflections, and by the warmth of the sun (for California has often as much warmth in winter as in summer), he dropped off into a doze. From this he was presently aroused by voices near him—a man's, angry and impatient; a woman's, reproachful and pleading. There was something in this latter voice that made him open his eyes and gaze in its direction.

On an adjacent seat were a man and a woman, shabbily dressed and evidently very poor. The man had all the appearance, with his muddy clothes and broken boots and whisky-besotted face, of a habitual "bummer." The woman's face he could not see. It was turned toward the man, and she was speaking very earnestly to him in a voice Gerald could not help fancying he recognized.

"You have treated me worse than ever man treated woman," she was saying. "You won't work, you won't look for work, you'll do nothing but loaf around low groggeries, and you're happy enough if you can bum a drink. I'm sure I wonder why I stay with you."

"I'm sure it's not because I press you to," answered the man, in a voice hoarse and cracked from liquor; "I've told you to git often enough, I'm sure. You wouldn't want to be shown the door so often if you'd any proper pride left."

"Pride!" she said bitterly—"O, I left all that behind me when I took up with you. I might have known that the man who was ungrateful to his friend wouldn't scruple to throw off on a poor helpless woman he had betrayed; but O! Lawrence, if I had known it was for a drunken sot like you that I was sacrificing the truest kindest love that ever a woman won, I'd have——"

The conversation here was suddenly interrupted. Not a word that had passed had been lost upon Gerald, and long before the last words had put the matter beyond a doubt he had become convinced that he was listening to Ruth. He rose from his place and walked over to where they sat, and confronted them. His face was ashy pale even beneath its dark tanning, his lips were tightly compressed, and his eyes were flaming like coals beneath his bent brows.

They both recognized him instantly, despite the alteration in his appearance—as instantly and as easily as he recognized them, though they also were changed in many ways.

Ruth looked up in his face with the mute expression of appealing agony that comes into the eyes of a helpless hunted creature when it has made its last effort to escape and is constrained to submit to its fate. She looked worn and much older, and the deathly pallor of her cheek was but heightened by the rouge she had used to conceal it. As Gerald encountered the mute misery of her

eye his glance softened, but as he turned it on her companion it expressed all the loathing and contempt which the human eye can convey. He had never suspected Paget. It had never occurred to him to suspect anyone, and it was only the statement of his China-boy that his wife had gone away with a "belly fine man," that had induced him to consider it an elopement rather than an unattended flight. As he glared down into the whisky-brutalized face before him, the full force of the crime, the enormous turpitude of the deceit, came fully before him, and he could only hiss out:

"Well, false friend—viperous seducer—what do you think of your conduct now?"

His voice seemed to break the spell which had hitherto held Paget immovable in his seat. With a hoarse cry he leaped to his feet, and, darting through the nearest gate, ran down Washington Street at the top of his speed.

The moment he recovered from the surprise into which this unexpected movement threw him, Gerald started in pursuit, and kept his prey in sight as he turned up Montgomery Street.

Paget turned into the first saloon that he encountered, which at that hour was crowded with gentlemen enjoying their before-dinner cocktails. As Paget, half-wild with terror, burst into their midst, he created no small sensation.

"What's the matter with the fellow? Is he crazy or drunk?" asked several voices; but Paget crushed himself into the middle of a group, ejaculating:

"O! save me, gentlemen; there is a man following me to shoot me!"

He had scarcely uttered these words, when Gerald, looking hardly less wild than the other, flung open the door and stood a moment glaring round the room in search of the object of his pursuit. Just as he caught Paget's eye he observed him pass his hand behind him, and, divining the object of the motion, drew immediately. Paget was a few seconds in advance, and fired his first shot before Gerald cocked his pistol. The expensive plate-glass in the swing-doors cracked sharply as the bullet passed through it above the head of Gerald. Then two explosions rung out nearly simultaneously. Langley half-turned round and staggered back against the wall. Lawrence, with his pistol still in his hand, ran forward toward the door. Some of the by-standers sprung to intercept him, thinking he was advancing to attack the wounded man, but ere a hand could touch him he fell to the ground a corpse. The bullet of the injured husband had found its billet in the heart of the seducer.

"Say, Tom, were you present when the shooting-scrape was on, t'other evenin'?"

"You bet! and I wanted to get out the worst way in the world, but couldn't. I was standin' as near to Paget, the feller that got shot, as I am to you. Precious lucky it was that he did any wild shooting that was done; not but that the practice was very pretty on both sides. I tell you, there were a dozen fellers all behind and around Paget who couldn't get away. I know when I saw the other feller, Langley, bringin' up his pistol I wished to be as thin as a knife-blade. I thought he couldn't help but hit me, the way he had it pointed. However, he plugged him, plumb centre, I must allow, and hurt nobody. And richly the cuss deserved it."

"Then you agree with the verdict?"

"You bet I agree with it! Why, no one could call it anything but self-defense. The feller fired first, and had his second shot, if anything, a little in advance, too. Why, he'd have blazed away every chamber in his six-shooter, if the other feller hadn't chipped in and blocked his little game. Besides, Langley's wounded."

"That's so; I didn't think of that. Nothing serious, is it?"

"O no; somewhere about the shoulder. The ball's out, and he's doing well."

"He's a lucky devil, that Langley."

"How so?"

"Why, he got two thousand dollars into Consolidated over a year ago, and he's cleaned up now with considerable on the right side of a quarter of a million."

"Lucky devil! I suppose he'll shake the dust of California from his feet now?"

"Yes; he starts for Europe as soon as his arm's all right. By the by, I wonder what's to become of the little girl that all the trouble was about."

"I believe he's made some provision for her. She's awfully cut up over the whole business, as indeed she ought to be. Going to the theatre to-night?"

"Very likely, if nothing better turns up. See you there?"

"I guess so. Ta-ta."

"Till then."

And so it fell out that Gerald Langley's fortune was made. When his wound permitted he went overland to New York, and took the first steamer for Liverpool. He scarcely realized at first, as he neared his native shores, that the events of the last few years had actually been real. It seemed like a story he had read, not like a life-scene in which he had been an actor. And how changed were his circumstances! He had left the Mersey with a light heart and an empty pocket; he had for companions a wife he loved and a friend he trusted. He shuddered as he thought of the latter. Now the giant steamer swung-to in the river as she felt the check of her anchors, and the screaming busy tender was alongside to take the passengers ashore. What was he bringing back with him? Neither wife nor friend. Nothing but a heart very full of strangely mingled feelings, and a quarter of a million dollars.

THE POWER OF TEARS.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF LEITNER.]

With comfort sweet as from a fount runs o'er the holy tear,
Like to a healing well-spring so bitter hot and clear;
Therefore, thou breast sore wounded and full of speechless pain,
Wouldst thou assuage thy sorrow, bathe in its blessed rain.

There dwells in these clear waters a secret power to cure,
Which lulls the pain and soothes the smart—a balsam kind and sure;
Growing as grows thy misery, it lifts and rolls away
The evil stone that would have crushed the heart whereon it lay.

I, too, have felt its power, here in the sorrow-land,
When flower-laden by the loved ones' graves I took my stand;
And, as against my God I cried in my presumption vain,
Then only tears have floated my bark of hope again.

And should there wind around thee a shroud of troublous night,
Then trust, in all thy sadness, of tears the magic might;
Soon, when, with weeping reddened, thine eyes have ceased to gleam,
The dawn will break, and morning shed o'er thee its kindly beam.

FIVE MILES ON A KEEL.

THE harbor of Swatow, China, opening as it does toward the north-east, and being of considerable extent, presents a wide field for the strong gales that frequently, during the continuance of a north-east monsoon, rage along the China Sea, to the dread of the mariners, foreign and native, who are endeavoring to make any of the northern China ports or the harbors of Japan. Double Island —two high hills at either end, that have the appearance from a distance of being two islands, give it its name—lies at the mouth of the harbor, very near the south shore. Between it and the main-land on the south is a narrow deep channel used by steamers and incoming sailing-vessels. On the north side the water is shallower, and the distance between the island and main-land much greater, being in fact over a mile. The town of Swatow lies on the north shore of the bay, five miles from Double Island. Opposite and a little over a mile away is the small hamlet of Kak-chio, where many of the foreigners reside, I being of the number during my stay in the place. Those of us whose offices were in Swatow used (weather permitting) to cross in the morning and return in the afternoon. On both sides of the channel leading from the anchorage off Swatow to the harbor's mouth at Double Island, and at irregular intervals, are rows of heavy stakes anchored securely, and connected by a stout rope to which the Chinese fishermen attach their nets during the ebb-tide. The nets are in shape like an eel-pot, and are of such huge dimensions and so heavily weighted that they reach nearly to the bottom of the harbor. Vessels leaving the anchorage off the town for sea usually take two tides, during the north-east monsoon, to get over the bar; reaching the island on the first tide, and standing out to sea with the second. These particulars are necessary to explain an ugly ride I had one dark stormy night in January, 186–.

I had been dining in Swatow that evening, and about eleven o'clock determined to start for home, though urged by friends not to do so. The wind had been blowing a gale all day, and though it had lulled a bit at sundown, it was still strong enough to make a very heavy sea as it met a strong ebb-tide. My boat, a four-oared gig, was rigged to carry a lug-sail, and was a good seacraft; so I determined to run across the harbor under small sail, rather than submit to the drenching showers of spray I knew would fly from the oars if we pulled across. When I bade the boatmen (four stout Chinamen) put up the mast and close-reef the sail, they, for the first and only time during my entire experience with them) remonstrated, declaring that the wind was too strong and the sea too heavy to think of such a thing. I repeated my order in a sharp tone, and they reluctantly obeyed. After pushing off from the wharf, we shot over the still water in-shore at a tremendous pace. I was just congratulating myself on a comfortable sail home, and rejoicing in my forethought in saving myself from a wet jacket, when we ran into the tide-way and a tremendous sea. I saw in a moment that I had made a sad mistake, but my foolish pride kept me from acknowledging it to the boatmen, and, instead of ordering them to lower the sail and man the oars, I stood on, hoping to pull through somehow or other.

For a few moments I succeeded in keeping the boat from broaching-to or "ducking" under one of the long and curling waves; but, when just about the middle of the harbor, a fearful roller threw her broadside to the sea, where, as the sail was close-reefed and therefore very low, we lay for an instant becalmed between two huge glistening combing waves, and then shot up on top of the third one. The wind struck us so suddenly and at such a disadvantage, that in a twinkling the boat was turned bottom upward, and we five men were floundering in the cold water. Fortunately we could all swim well, and—guided by the voice of the stroke-oarsman, who had hung on to the sheet when the boat went over, and had scrambled upon her—succeeded in getting to the boat, and crawled on her keel, where we sat astride. Those four Chinamen proved themselves "trumps" that night, for they made me ride in the middle, and sat facing me, two behind and two before me; and when, as happened more than once during that frightful ride, I slipped from my precarious seat, and was in imminent danger of sinking beneath the black cold water that seemed so anxious to ingulf me, there was always one to come to the rescue and ready to help me back again.

Imagine our feelings! Drifting out to sea on the bottom of a small boat; the waves running as nearly "mountain high" as is possible in five fathoms of water; the wind whistling about our wet shivering bodies, chilling us to the very marrow, and the night so dark that I could barely distinguish the figure of the Chinaman who sat scarcely six feet from me. At intervals for about fifteen minutes we called lustily for help, and then listened, O! so eagerly, for an answering cry; but none came, and finally we gave it up, knowing that we were too far from shore and too far below the shipping for the lookouts to hear us above that roaring sea. Then came the frightful thought, "Suppose we drift into the nets!" If we had, not one of us would have escaped, for none could have held on to the ropes until the change of tide, and letting go meant being carried to the bottom of the nets and sure death.

How fast we drifted we could not tell, and therefore had no idea where we were or when we had passed the last of the terrible fish-stakes, until—it seemed a life-time, though it could not have been over two hours and a half from the time we capsized—we suddenly passed close to a vessel. I knew instantly it must be the bark *Moldavian*, which had left the anchorage at Swatow that morning, and was now waiting at Double Island for the weather to clear up before putting to sea. I told my boatmen to yell as loud as they could to attract the attention of the lookout; and they did, too, good fellows! Then, bidding them keep quiet, I called at the top of my voice, to which desperation lent a power it never had before or since: "*Moldavian*, ahoy!" This was repeated three or four times before we got too far away from her, and then we waited. Had they heard us? If so, had they distinguished my call, and would they send a boat to rescue a foreigner? If they had only heard the yells without distinguishing my hail, it was doubtful if they would risk the lives of a boat's-crew to save a few Chinamen. If they had not heard at all, of course our last chance of rescue was gone; for we knew we were passing the island, and would soon be on the bar, whose angry thundering we could already hear above the roar of the waters around us. Once let us reach it, we might say good-by to all earthly things.

How terrible was that agony of suspense! It is a wonder to me that my hair did not turn gray. Indeed, I wonder that I was not driven crazy. It seemed hours since we shot past that black outline now so far from us. I had

nearly given up all hope, and was thinking how little prepared I was to meet the death that awaited me in that angry sea each moment getting nearer, when one of the men shouted, "They are coming, master!" I think the yell we five poor, cold, worn-out, half-drowned human beings gave when we distinguished the click of oars away off in the darkness, would have done credit to five times our number of college-students. During my life-time I have heard a good deal of fine music, and listened to many sounds that are pleasant to the ear, but I never heard so sweet a sound as that, and probably never shall hear one that will thrill through me as that did.

When our oft-repeated calls had at last been answered, and we could see the light in the bow of the boat as it showed now and then from the top of a wave, I cried out, "This way!" and Captain H—— answered, "All right!" As they came alongside of us, I said: "God bless you, Captain! How glad I am that you heard our hail." "So am I," replied he. "I expect you thought we were a long time coming; but we had no boat at the davits excepting a small dinguy, and it took us some time to break this one out." "Never mind," I answered, "we are all right now." And I shook his hand with a heartiness that must have astonished him. I know his sailors thought I was crazy when I gave them a grip all round.

While the congratulations upon our rescue were going on, my boatmen had righted the gig, bailed out enough water to make her tow easily, secured the sail that had been dragging underneath her all the time, and, after making her fast to the stern of the *Moldavian's* boat, sat shivering in the bows. As the only wrappings in the boat had been given to me, I made the German sailors give up their places to my gigmen; and if ever oars bent to their work, those did that night as we pulled back to the *Moldavian.* When we reached her, I had to be carried on board, I was so weak and numb. After being welcomed and congratulated by mates and seamen on my narrow escape, I had to tell them how the affair happened. My host, the captain, gave orders for my boatmen and gig to be cared for, and then took me below to the cabin, where he gave me a change of clothes, and administered a glass of hot grog, which, although it brought the tears, seemed to warm me to the very marrow, and give me some life again.

It was now three o'clock in the morning, only three hours and a half since the accident happened, but what an age it seemed. The mere thought of it made me shudder, and brought back the chill to my heart. Before "turning in" I asked the captain to call me at eight o'clock, that I might be able to report at the office on time, lest there should be any uneasiness on my account. As may be readily imagined, it was a long time before I fell asleep, and when I did the terrors of that ride passed before my mind's eye constantly, and I lived over again the horror of that night; so that my sleep was anything but refreshing, and I was really glad when the captain called me to breakfast.

My boat was none the worse for wear, though the oars were all gone, together with gratings and all other movables. The rudder, fortunately, was fastened so that it could not get adrift, and, as the gale had subsided and the tide was running flood, I was enabled to sail back to Swatow very comfortably. As I expected, I found my friends on each side thought that I had spent the night on the other, and all were greatly surprised at my appearance and shocked at my accident. The pleasure of knowing my friends would be as delighted at my escape now as they were then, would hardly tempt me to repeat that "five miles on a keel."

AMONG THE RUINS OF ROME.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

THE countess dusted down the folds of her pink dress with a little baby-hand in a pearl-colored glove, and went on:

"You see, the Coliseum had only stood two thousand years when this new order of things was established in Italy. It is true it was not at all affected by time in this little period of twenty centuries, for those blocks of tufa of which it is built are about as tough and imperishable as the lead that held the blocks together. But then these gentle Italians began to fear that it would be affected if they left it standing out here in its coat of grass and its glorious company of old fig-trees and splendid folds of ivy; and so they cut all that away, and made the Coliseum seem the newest thing in Rome!"

"And what are they sweeping it down for?" queried the general, twisting his head and looking back at the actor on the top of the ruin with his broom.

"O, they intend to paint it, perhaps!" laughed the countess. "Paint it—paint it in the three colors of Italy!"

"Certainly—paint it, whitewash it, you know, and make it look gay and lively," chimed in Johnny.

"Yes, and then put green window-blinds in its windows!" said Mollie, leaning over and looking into the old general's face. "And, O! won't that be a jolly ruin then—bet your life!" laughed the little maiden from California.

"To be serious, general," began the countess again, as the little baby-hand smoothed down the rose-colored silk; "to be serious about a really serious matter, these men are mad about their ruins. They see the whole world come here to look upon these relics of old Rome; and these men, now lacking even the little sense shown by the pope, who thought to make a woolen-mill of the Coliseum, have, in these few years, almost destroyed what it took nearly two thousand years to attain."

"But," remonstrated the general, "the people were destroying the Coliseum. You see whole palaces built of it in Rome."

"Not for nearly a century," said the countess. "Not for nearly a century has a hand been laid on a stone of it, till these new Vandals came and cut down the trees and tore away the ivy."

"And why not?"

"Because the popes counted it as a holy spot. They set up a cross there, and the stones became sacred. And," said the countess with earnestness, "that was the only one of their hundreds of shrines and churches that I would have bent before within the walls of Rome; for it was, indeed, a temple that nature had reclaimed from man. It was so magnificent, and so imposing, that she took it as if it had been her own work and made a garden of it, and planted flowers there found nowhere else on earth."

The general wrinkled his brows with wonder.

"It is very true," the countess went on; "when the place was undisturbed the botanists came here, and on the walls, and about the floors among the fallen columns, they found hundreds of plants and flowers that were utterly new to the world. Look at it now!"

"The floor is like a parade-ground," said Murietta.

"The walls are bare as if built yester-

day," said the countess. "There is a man employed like a parlor-maid dusting it down with a broom as if it was a sort of child's toy, or at most a parlor."

The party drove on. The irrepressible Johnny bawled back from his father's carriage that he would like to see old Joshua march around that and toot his horn, and see what would come of it; and then his mother reached and took him by the collar.

They now passed under the great triumphal arch of Constantine, and then had a long leafy ride through a lane of elms.

Peasants were spinning ropes of flax to the right; and all along they came and went to and from the city with great loads on their heads, and often leading their little children by the hand.

"The urns that lined this road," said the countess, after a long silence, "have disappeared. At one place you can pass through that high stone wall for a franc, and see some of the old jars of ashes; but there is nothing now to be seen from the carriage."

Then again the party was silent, for Mollie was absorbed in her nuts and candies, and Murietta was moody and his mind was drifting far away.

They passed through the great wall of Rome, and were in the wide open Campagna, a place that looks more like a bit of the great American plains than anything else to be seen in Europe.

Barefooted peasant-girls, and beautiful, too, as red May roses, were going into town in Indian file, with bundles of wood and cane on their heads. A shoemaker sat in his cottage-door as they passed, with half-a-dozen children at his knees, and he stopped work to look at Johnny, who had set his thumb against his nose, and was wriggling his fingers in the air in the direction of his mother.

"I never saw so many shoemakers in my life as there are in Rome," said Murietta, at last. "At the door of almost every house you enter there sits a little dried-up wrinkled old shoemaker."

The great soft eyes of the countess twinkled just the least bit mischievously here as she looked at Murietta, and said:

"Is it not possible now, after all, that this is why Rome is called the 'City of the Soul?'"

He only smiled in reply, and there was again a long silence as the carriage rattled on over the rough stones.

The Appian Way is dreadfully disappointing. It is not more than twenty or twenty-five feet wide, and there is not a shady tree to be seen along the way.

On either hand lift great walls that hide the gardens and peasants at their labor; and but for the interesting relics which compose these walls in part, you would find but little to amuse you.

These walls, in many places, have been repaired, or were originally built of broken marble, plundered from heaven knows what ruined city or palace; for these Romans seem to have no respect whatever for antiquity. The great St. Peter's Church, for example, is built for the most part out of stones taken from their most picturesque ruins.

You will notice a broken arm reaching helplessly out of this wall on the Appian Way in one place as you pass, and in another you will see a pretty cluster of flowers. A part of a giant serpent is also to be seen, with a hundred other like fragments of art, where storms and time have laid bare the rough masonry of the wall.

Latterly, however, these gentle Romans have come to preserve all these things, and stick them up in the stucco walls of the houses all along the roads. This, of course, spoils the effect, and you take less interest in the broken marbles when you find they are posted up for exhibition.

Capuchin monks, in brown gowns and sandals, went by, indolent-looking and

filthy, though they are the best of their kind, and very attentive to the sick in times of the plague.

Then they met a family of peasants going into town. They all had loads on their heads, and chatted and sung, and seemed very happy. Then came another party of Capuchin monks, and, looking at them, Mollie observed:

"I have never yet seen a monk carry anything heavier than his little basket, where he puts whatever may be given him in charity."

"And that," answered the countess, "is just one basket more than I have seen any other clergyman carry."

There was another silence as they still rumbled on over the stones of the Via Appii.

Virgins and holy families look down from niches in the walls, and here and there is a Madonna with a burning lamp. One or two mossy urns only are now noticeable of all the thousands that sat of old on either side of the way.

Johnny climbed the wall as they stopped for a moment for a carriage full of English people to get by, and, lifting the lid of an urn, bawled out to his mother to know if she would have a "pickle!"

"Here in this little church to the left are the two foot-prints of our Saviour in the stone," said the countess, as they drove up, and found two monks at the door stringing beads. Then, as they looked in, the countess told the party this story of the foot-prints.

Saint Peter had been condemned in Rome to be crucified, but his heart had failed him, and, having met with an opportunity to escape, he was now making his way at night along the Appian Way toward the sea. But suddenly here, on the site of this church, which is built over the old road so that the new road has to pass around, he came face to face with his Master.

Peter said, "Master, whither goest thou?"

"I go to Rome to be crucified."

At this Peter returned to Rome, and died at the hands of the Romans on the site of Saint Peter's Church.

The very paving-stones of the old road are still here, and form the floor of the church. But the good priest told them that this was only a copy of the stone in which the feet of the Saviour pressed as he spoke to Peter.

Once more on the road, the party in a little time pulled up at another gate, with the usual man in keeping, who expects, and looks daggers, indeed, out of his black Italian eyes if he does not get, the usual fee.

The countess sat in her carriage, and would not enter the six hundred miles of Christian catacombs. But Murietta went on with the party. Having voted to take a mile or two of this singular burying-ground and resting-place of martyrs, they passed through a gate on foot, they climbed a little eminence, and there, amid the grape-vines and garden plants, with peasants all around them at work, they went down, down, down narrow stairs, led by a guide, who at last stopped at the door of a shut cavern, and furnished them each with a coil of lighted taper.

He led them along a level, narrow passage, with its sides all cut into niches, not much unlike the berths of a ship, in tiers on either hand, as high as you can reach.

Here the bodies had been placed, sometimes a whole family side by side, in the red sandstone. After interment, the mouth of the little shelf had been closed with a marble slab, bearing the name and date, and the whole tightly sealed with cement. Many of these had fallen away and had disappeared. Perhaps they now are used to build the wall around the garden of some modern Cincinnatus.

Some of these little tombs are still sealed as they had been at first, and the

inscriptions on the polished marble are the same as if made yesterday. Often you see a dove bearing an olive-branch, and now and then a pea-fowl, or some other bird familiar to the Romans. Where the marble slab is gone, there lie the bones crumbling to ashes on the stone—only a handful of dust; nothing more.

The enterprising Johnny hid the brown and crumbling jaw-bone of a possible Christian martyr under his waistcoat, and then loudly declared to the unsuspecting guide that he would assist him in detecting anyone who attempted to carry off any of the sacred relics, even though the guilty party should be his own mother.

To the infinite satisfaction of Murietta, as he was talking back over his shoulder to the guide from a side-passage, this promising youth fell over a broken stone coffin and nearly broke his neck.

A very noticeable thing here is a great marble slab, which was the tombstone of a bishop, with a long and elaborate inscription. The interest of the thing hinges on the fact that on the other side of the great slab is another long inscription, showing it to have been primarily used as the tombstone of an ancient Roman pagan of consular dignity.

"Stealing each other's tombstones!" exclaimed the general.

"Let's get out of this," sighed Mollie. "I feel queer."

Then Mrs. Wopsus was in tears, and she, too, wanted to go away and get up out of the earth and from among the dead.

And the place was unpleasant to Murietta, too, despite the little lamp hung at every corner, and the old pictures, and the crosses and images of the Saviour everywhere.

To him there was something wanting. He did not know how much he missed the countess all the time. He would have laughed if anyone had told him the truth; and he really would have believed this truth to be a lie. There was one light that was more to him than all the little lights that hung along these mournful walls of the dead—the light of her great sad eyes of brown.

But the general must see the tomb of Saint Cecilia, and thither the guide led the way.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of all this underground place of tombs is the resting-place of Saint Cecilia. On the stone wall is a fresco painting of the departed, in a fair state of preservation, and a picture of the Saviour.

You are bound to admit, however, that these paintings were very poor productions from the first. They are done altogether in red and black colors, and look more like the paintings of the savages of the plains in their skins of buffalo.

In another place you are shown two bodies in stone coffins. One is that of a mummy, and it is not much unlike those of Egypt, save that it is perfectly white. The other is more ghastly—only a little line of bones lying at the bottom, sinking, as it were, into the stone—resting, resting, resting.

Mollie stood in silence. Her hand was full of candies and sweets, but they were untasted.

"Come," whispered she to her mother, "I hear strange sounds. Perhaps that is somebody lost away out yonder in the labyrinths among the dead."

Even the general shuddered at the thought of being lost in the six hundred miles of this awful place, and instinctively reached out his hand and took Johnny by the coat-collar and held him tight and fast.

Mrs. Wopsus threw her arms about Mollie's neck and burst into tears.

"Don't muss my hat, mother," said Mollie. And then she shook her parent off, and began once more to eat her candy.

The voices were drawing nearer. There was a glimmer of light through the solemn passages. It was only another party that had descended another way, now coming up to pay a pilgrimage to the tomb of the patron saint of song.

Our party here moved on, to the infinite delight of Mollie, and the relief of all. The countess sat in her carriage, leaning her face on her hand. She did not see the party until they came suddenly through the gate. She evidently had not expected them to return so soon. She lifted her face, half-frightened, and as she did so there were tears on her great sweeping lashes, and her face was still wet with weeping.

The artist took his seat in silence, and Mollie was, for the first time and for a wonder, thoughtful. They drove rapidly on, for the sun was setting.

In a few minutes they were before the little church of Saint Sebastian; and, without yet having spoken to the countess, and without speaking, the artist descended and entered, while she remained seated still in the carriage as before. A very small black monk was kneeling before an altar, and rising as our party entered, he lighted a taper on the staff, and, coming forward, pulled aside a red curtain, and showed the original footprints of our Saviour.

The stone is of a brown color, hard as marble, and eighteen inches square. The prints are side by side, as close as possible, are rather large, and set at least an inch deep in the stone.

The rim or edge of the stone seems to be cased in gold. It stands up against an altar to the right of the entrance to the church, or monastery as it is called here, and is kept under cover behind a double iron gate. Here we are also shown an arrow, said to be one of those by which the martyr fell, and also a portion of a stone pillar to which he was bound when slain.

Johnny told the quiet little monk that he had seen the whole column at Milan.

"Very likely," answered the priest, gravely; "for there were three of these small columns set together, and to these three was Saint Sebastian bound."

Ah! the wealth and the levity of these places of worship!

"It looks bad to see so much extravagance in this way, when there is so much poverty and misery among the poor," said the general to the monk.

"But," said the monk in answer, "when we reflect that it is the poor who chiefly use these sacred houses, and that they there, at least, are peers with the proudest of the land, it is not so bad, after all."

The general saw that the subject, like nearly all others in the world, had two sides to it, and was silent.

While they were here, an old woman came in with her weaving apparatus—a part of a loom it seemed—on her shoulders, and setting it down in a corner, crossed herself, said a prayer, and then asked to see the sacred relics. Murietta remarked, with pleasure, that the priest lighted the taper and put the red curtain aside precisely the same for this old weaver-woman as he did for the party of sovereigns from America.

What had come between Murietta and the countess? Surely nothing had been said or done that day by either that they should now be standing wide apart as it were.

The artist took his seat once more, and once more without a word. The lady did not look up. As the carriages whirled away that the party might see the sun go down from the tomb of Metella, the lady's little pink-and-pearl hands lay still on the flower-beds of rose and pink, and her pretty baby-face kept trying to hide back behind her companion.

Yea, they were standing wide apart. A stream was flowing between them. It was growing cold in their hearts—

cold enough to freeze the flowing stream to ice.

Ruins! ruins! ruins! right and left. After passing the tomb of Metella, with its girdle of ox-skulls bound in wreaths —a tomb that has been a battlement, a palace, and a prison—they came to a tomb that has not even a name, and yet it is almost as colossal as a pyramid and twice as high.

"Marvelous, marvelous!" mused the general, as they turned their carriages, and rested here for a moment before returning to Rome.

On the top of this lofty and colossal structure, that even the most imaginative Italian falters before, there is growing a grove of olive-trees, and there is a little farm-house perched up there, and the man has really a little farm on the top of his tomb.

While our party rested here, a cock came to the edge of his little world, and strutting up and down, he flapped his wings and crowed above them, loud and clear and defiant.

Then Johnny rose, and, standing up in his seat, answered back the challenge. Then the cock again strutted along the edge of his little world, and, looking contemptuously down again, crowed and crowed and crowed as the party drove across.

Here are ruins that will probably survive all other structures now in existence, save the pyramids, either old or new.

The one thing that saddens a man in contemplating these great works is the reflection that the labor was all done by slaves—done by men chiefly brought captive from other lands and made to waste out their existence here in most ignoble toil for masters as cruel and as insolent as the Pharaohs.

Yonder is the sacred wood, and hard by the ruins of the temple of Bacchus. Here and there are mounds, and you can guess what lies beneath. Only now and then the ruins lift in mass above the climbing grass and shrubs and trees. Sometimes, however, they loom up as if they would never stop, and stand hundreds of feet in the air. These will never fall. The earth may climb up around them; the grass will take root, and in time will smooth the rugged path; but they have melted together as it were in one solid mass, and stand like a spur of the Sierra.

Kind earth claims them for her own, and has pressed them so long and so close against her breast that they have sunk all together, brick and mortar, in one undistinguishable mass.

The sun had gone down on Rome, and round about Rome on the mighty mountain-tops was drawn a girdle of fire.

Twenty miles away to the west, as they returned, flashed the sea in the dying sun of Italy like a hemisphere of flame.

Behind them, in the middle of the great Campagna, with its far-off wall of eternal and snowy mountains, huddled together the white houses of Rome like a flock of goats gathered to rest for the night, and mighty Saint Peter's towered above them all like a tall shepherd keeping watch and ward.

"Now I can see that it was no chance or accident that built the Eternal City in the centre of this mighty amphitheatre," said Murietta. "Nature ordered it. She pointed to the little group of hills lifting out of the plain by the Tiber, and said, 'Build your city on the Palatine.'"

The countess did not answer; but the man seemed inspired with the scene, and went on as if speaking to himself:

"Yonder mighty crescent of snowy mountains seems to me, as the sun is fading from the forked summits, to be but another, a more magnificent Coliseum. Yonder are the gladiators now, battling to the death—Papist and Protestant, Turk and Jew. O! this was a

land to live and to die for, where cities stood upon every hill and rose if by enchantment from the valleys. It is even holier now. I would be content to live here, to die here, and let the world go by the other way."

The others of the party left the carriage to climb the summit of a little mound of ruins to get the full glory of the Italian sunset on the tomb of the Cæsars, and the countess and Murietta were left alone. She was first to speak.

"And you love this land of mine, this spot, this scene?"

The artist thought of the wild battle of the world before him; the defeats, the heart-hunger after fame, the long delay of success, the jealousy of men, the cold criticism of women, the face that was far away waiting for his triumphal return from the capital of art. Would he triumph? Could he win the fight, and finally bear the palm in the day of peace? It was doubtful. Here were love, rest, fame, and plenty. His heart beat as if there was a battle within his breast. He bowed his head in the hard struggle. It was over now. He lifted up his face and put out his hands to take her to his heart. He had in that brief battle surrendered his devotion to art, denied his master, renounced his love, and betrayed his loyalty to one who was waiting over the sea.

"Stop!" said the countess. "You bear her picture in your bosom?"

"Yes."

"Give it to the winds."

He drew forth the tiny picture whence it had rested ever since her own hand had placed it above his heart. Once more he hesitated.

"Do you falter?"

He tore it to pieces and threw it away on the wind, and it blew away and fell among the tombs.

"And now you have renounced her entirely and forever?"

"I have."

"And you love me, and me only, and will remain in my land, and will worship me to the end?"

"I do, I will! I promise you all that you ask."

Again he reached out his arms.

She looked in his face with a look that was terrible.

"Murietta," she slowly began, "I loved you yesterday, I hated you last night, I despise you now."

THE LITTLE TROUBADOUR.

ALL readers are travelers! Moreover, they are *voyageurs* by the easiest locomotion in the world, for the pen of the writer bears them without exertion from land to land, from sea to sea.

We two, my reader and I, are now in northern France, in lovely "sea-coast, nook-full Normandy!" (Forgive me, O best great poet, Robert Browning, for borrowing your happy words.) We will loiter for awhile, and sketch the scene. The fair deep orchard-land of St. Lo lies still, so still and picturesque, under the rain of streaming sunshine! Little children with brown bare legs, and keen-eyed men and women in white cotton caps, are picking up the fruitage of rich apples, shaken from the branching boughs overhead. The presses groan all day long, and the cider, clear like the sunshine, drips, drips, drips! The driver of the patient shaggy horse, drawing round and round, swears at times lustily, or drowsily chants the refrain of some old Norman love-ditty.

It is *now* with us, but it seems to be very long ago!

When was long ago, in truth? Here we are in a room with a curtained balcony, overlooking the estates pertaining to an old *chateau* with a Norman tower. Two persons, besides ourselves, are loitering here: a lady and her attendant cavalier. The lady is French, but the gentleman is English. They are playing at the world-old game of "Hearts," and they both have youth, and beauty, and wealth, together with gay temper and proud will, to back them in the audacity with which they "make their play."

Lieutenant Bertram had to-day, in his visit, appeared ill at ease; this disturbance at length grew so apparent in his *distraite* manner and wandering speech, that it drew upon him a glance of reproof from the sweetest violet eyes that ever charmed a lover.

He colored. "Pardon my *brusquerie*," he said; "but the truth is, I am unexpectedly bade to return to England to-night. I am trying to find the courage to say 'Adieu!' but on my soul it is hard!"

"What!" cried Madamoiselle Ninon; "you are going to England, to-night?" She felt that a treacherous quivering of her mouth was betraying her. She caught up a cluster of fresh-gathered violets and held them to her lips. "One does not like saying adieu to a friend." She smiled with her dark-purple eyes over the violets, so like them below.

"But this shall not be adieu, Mademoiselle Ninon!" He caught her hand, flowers and all, and held them in his. "I shall return to Normandy. Why, what a beautiful ring you wear, Mademoiselle!" he cried suddenly, in a changed voice. "And what a singular motto: 'Hatred.' Your ring ought to have a history, Mademoiselle Ninon."

"It is an heir-loom, and was given me by my cousin Gaston, when he went away with his regiment into Algeria," returned *mademoiselle*. "It was worn by the Huguenot d'Etoiles through all those dreadful wars, and has more than once been drenched in brave blood."

There was a pause; a bell in the old Norman tower struck the hour in fine great loud metallic strokes.

"I have often," pursued the maiden reflectively, "thought, what if my cousin Gaston should unexpectedly come back some day. Then I should not be *Madame la Marquise* any more among my people. You know his body was found after that dreadful expedition of Mac Mahon's into the mountains; and—and if——"

With pretty malice she left her sentence suggestively unfinished. She knew very well that her speculations regarding her cousin's possible return were utterly wild. She knew that if Gaston d'Etoile's body was never seen by his comrades who accompanied him on that terrible march into Algeria, it was because the brave young French soldier had, in the hands of the Kabyles, under that scorching sky where his monument was now glittering, suffered a fate too terrible for words to tell, but one written in many of the annals of bloody barbarian warfare. *Mademoiselle* knew all this very well; but Lieutenant Bertram had announced his intention of a speedy return to England too suddenly not to hurt her vanity, and she meant to make that evening's journey uncomfortable for him, if she could.

"Ah! if he should return," she sighed. Then she smiled coquettishly. The young Englishman dropped her hand. He did not even ask her for one of the violets. She began to fasten them in her dress.

"Your cousin Gaston could not be otherwise than generous when he looked in your face," said the lieutenant sharply. "He could not do less than *share* his riches with you."

"Do you have violets in England,

Monsieur Henri?" asked the young girl. She brushed back her brown hair and looked up at him. She was smiling, and her face was like one of the roses in her garden, softly flushed and fair, with a little tremble through it; some quick emotion was flashing past with its bird-like wings.

Lieutenant Bertram stalked to the window, looked out, and then returned to her.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle," he said gravely, "but the steamer leaves the dock at six o'clock, and I find by my watch that I have just half an hour left me. Will you sing me one song before I go?"

"O! with pleasure, Monsieur Henri. Only you must tell me what it shall be."

Mademoiselle Ninon took up her guitar and drew the broad band of scarlet ribbon about her neck. Henri assisted her, and as he did so he noticed with his keen hungry lover-eyes, what a pale pink reflection—just the ghost of a lover's lovely blush—the crimson satin threw upon the brunette cheek. The one deep dainty dimple there seemed to fill and overflow with happy color.

"What shall it be?" asked Ninon, bending her cheek down and thrumming the strings with white fingers. "My last song for you must be a choice one, you know."

But Henri, gazing at the rosy dimple, lost his head for once.

"It is just the spot where a lover would place a kiss," he murmured. "Deep down, to get the sweetness."

"Monsieur!" exclaimed the girl, astonished.

"I beg your pardon," faltered the young man, his face all aflame with confusion. "I was thinking of something else."

"Then I will put away my music," said Ninon, with an air of offended dignity. "It will simply annoy you, since more important matter fills your mind."

"No, Ninon! surely you will not punish me thus severely for a moment's thoughtless folly? You will give me the song—one only? I implore you."

He put back the ribbon which she had thrown off displeased; she did not resist the touch of his hand; she sung, with downcast face, a simple Provençal air. Then she put the guitar away.

"I can not sing to-day," she said; "I am not in the mood—and at such times music comes hard to me."

Yet what she did sing was beautiful, both in words and execution. The young *marquise* possessed a wonderfully sweet and sympathetic voice. Henri paid her the stereotyped compliments of society to beauty; then he added a word of his own in sincere thanks.

"You have the true musician's art of putting yourself *en rapport* with your hearers," he said. "If you were obliged, by stress of fortune, to make song your profession, you would soon win all the laurels fame has stored up in her treasury for future aspirants."

"I'll try some day," cried Ninon joyously. "Then, Monsieur Henri, be on your guard. I shall speedily ascertain then how many of these fine society compliments are sincere, if the number paid to the *marquise* in her *salon* falls off when wasted on the professional singing-girl in the concert-room."

"Will you come to England and test us?" retorted the young officer gravely.

He took up his hat and stepped toward her, as if to say adieu. She involuntailry made a little quick impulsive gesture of regret.

"Ah! is it time?" she murmured. The violets in her belt fell to the floor. He gathered them carefully up and restored them to her.

"Will you give me a flower, Ninon?" he asked softly.

"Ninon held a violet out to him, without speaking. But her lips quivered. Her fingers touched his, and she

drew her hand back burning from the contact.

"You asked me a little time ago," said the young man gravely, as he put the flower safely away, "if we have violets in England. Sometimes we are fortunate enough to be permitted to transplant them from France, and then I think they strike down deeper roots, and blossom into richer lovelier color, than in their own native soil."

Then he took her hand and held it to his lips in parting.

"Good-by," he said. He kissed the trembling hand. "Good-by, Ninon—*my* Ninon!" he added to himself.

A moment later, and Mademoiselle d'Etoile was alone, listening to the echo of his steps as he passed beneath her balcony to the gate. "O!" she cried passionately, clasping her hands tightly together, "how I hate to hear the footsteps of those I love going from me, *when I can not follow.*"

Ninon sat a long time with her chin dropped into her palm, musing. Then she went to her library, and, selecting a certain big book, opened it at a certain page. It held a map of England, infinitesimal, but complete. Ninon, with her finger, traced a route from the coast inland to a certain shire.

"It is not very far from the coast," she murmured. She pushed away the book, and sat lost in thought again.

How different are the skies of France and England; they seem to be separate patches, curtaining separate countries. On a certain day, for instance (in our voyage), when a crowded excursion-steamer left the French harbor, it left blue skies, soft summer airs, and mellow warmth behind it. When it, across the channel, slid slowly up alongside the English pier, dark lowering clouds were discharging a mist so chill that everybody shivered and turned blue.

Among the crowd of cheap British tourists who landed was a young French girl, who seemed to be all alone, and who glanced with timid shrinking looks about her. She had pretty dark Norman features, and dark piquant eyes, fringed with curled lashes that rose and fell as she shot those frightened quick glances about.

She tripped up the landing, her little high-heeled boots clicking musically as they flashed from beneath her slashed black-and-crimson skirt. Her ravishing little vandyke boddice was bordered with a heavy, gold fringe, that clashed merrily when she moved, and the broad ribbon of a guitar was passed over her neck. She looked to be music personified, gliding with little light feet up that noisy, dingy, rainy pier.

When she had separated herself a little from the thickest of the crowd, she paused. She looked around upon her late companions, then with a demure smile on her pretty lips she raised her guitar, touched the strings, and began to sing a tender pathetic old Norman love-song, in a fresh sweet girlish voice.

It was a sight sufficient to draw a crowd in any thoroughfare, this slim figure of a girl, half-timid, half-fearless, pretty, pathetic with her youth and helplessness, singing a quaint old love-song in a voice fresh and clear as the dew and buttercups of May. The crowd looked and grew denser.

The music trickled on, limpid, sparkling, brook-like. The little white hands flashed over the strings; the gold fringe of her boddice sparkled; her short crimson skirts fluttered on the air, together with the long wavy tresses of yellow hair, that fell thickly from underneath her coquettish cap.

There was nothing but the sweetness and freshness of her guileless unfearing youth about her; innocence smiled on her lips and sparkled in her eyes, but it could not protect her from the insolence of a rough, loud, jeering

crowd. Silent at first through sheer amazement, the loungers about her grew by and by less respectful. One or two coarse jokes were ventured, which, being in English, fortunately conveyed no meaning to her pure ears. She had finished her song, and was touching the guitar-strings to a plaintive closing strain, when of a sudden the troubadour felt a coarse hand crawling round her waist; a rough bearded face was close to hers, the odors of stale beer and tobacco sickened and overcame her, and in a moment more, urged on by his companions, the ruffian was begging for a kiss.

With a shudder she tried to spring away from the coarse grasp that held her. White and terrified, feeling herself lost, she held up her hands to shield her face, and cried out one or two gasping sentences in French. The crowd, hearing the foreign language, only jeered the more.

"Don't understand any of that outlandish gibberish," persisted her chief tormentor—a big red-headed cockney. "You must speak plain English, my darling, if you want me to listen. Come, now——"

And then, before he could finish his sentence, the wretch was caught by a strong hand and flung backward, while the little *minnesinger*, sustained and upheld by this same protecting arm which had so magically come to her assistance, was borne off rapidly up the landing, out of sight and hearing of her assailants.

"The brutes! What a pity that one can't punish them corporeally—treat them to a rough flogging, like unruly boys at school. There, you are quite safe now, Mademoiselle. I hope you have sustained no serious injuries."

This brave champion, who had arrived so opportunely on the scene, spoke in French, which he instinctively felt was the girl's native language. He took off his cap and looked—an expression of puzzled baffled wonder dawning meanwhile in his handsome blue eyes—into her face.

The pretty troubadour, so quickly it all had happened, hardly realized that she was saved. She stood pale and gasping, trembling from head to foot. But this new voice, the words spoken in French, the respectful and solicitous accent, acted like a charm on her quivering nerves.

"O!" she gasped, "how much I thank you for coming! I felt myself lost, sinking down, down, in darkness. Ah——"

Suddenly, as she was speaking, she looked into her deliverer's face. She started away from him, cried out a quick exclamation—frightened, wondering, amused, all together—and, cowering back, held up her hands as if she would shield her own features from the young man's sight.

"You are faint. Shall I get you some water?" he asked, mistaking her gestures, and thinking she had not yet fully recovered from the shock of her late peril.

"No—O, no! I am better. I shall be better soon. O! how can I thank you enough for what you have done? You are very brave and kind, Monsieur, and the poor singing-girl thanks you."

The little troubadour's head drooped as she said this; but with her soft tear-wet dark eyes she tremulously surveyed her companion's large and strong figure. That figure looked very brave and handsome in its dress of an officer of the guards, but her eyes never once were lifted above the gay scarlet coat—never once! They seemed to shrink from resting on his face, perhaps from maiden modesty.

Her guitar, meanwhile, forgotten in her fright, hung suspended by its broad crimson ribbon from her neck. She had not noticed that two of its strings were snapped.

"There will, literally, be a broken chord in your music now," said the young officer, smiling. He pointed to the broken strings.

"Ah!" cried the little troubadour, pityingly. She caught up her precious guitar, looking ready to cry again, and ejaculating, fondled it with caressing touches of her slender hands. "Ah! Monsieur, was it not wicked of them to do this? My poor little guitar!" She pulled at the strings. "O! but it was wicked!"—and she all but stamped her foot. "How can I make them whole again? It is such a bad omen, too!"

"A bad omen of what?" The young man smiled at her quaint way of saying, "A bad omen," and the next moment he was touched by the merry little troubadour's grief. He looked on compassionately, as with flushed cheeks and little trembling fluttering touches of her hands she caressed the injured guitar and sought to make whole the broken strings.

"What shall I do?" At the tender plaint of those grieved lips the young fellow wondered that the severed obstinate fragments did not immediately unite themselves together. "Ah! Monsieur, is it not too bad? Now I can not sing any more!"

"If you will come with me, Mademoiselle, I know an old musician in the village—it is but a few steps up this street—who will set the broken chords all right in half an hour."

She turned about at once to go with him. "Ah! you make me so happy with your kindness. *Merci, bien merci, Monsieur l'officeur*," she continued, with such an indescribably gracious soft society accent that he turned and looked at her more puzzled than ever.

An hour later, with her precious guitar—its broken chords by the healing fingers of the old musician made whole again—in her arms, the pretty troubadour stood ready to resume her wanderings. She held out a grateful hand for her benefactor to take in his.

"Many—O! many—thanks for your kindness," she murmured. "I shall remember it always. I pray that all others in your cold England may be as gentle to the poor homeless singing-girl as you have been."

Some faint quiver of emotion, some tender tremulousness, in the low voice speaking these parting words, struck a familiar chord in the young man's memory.

"Stop!" he cried bluntly, for she shrunk involuntarily away from his eager look. "Will you not tell me your name before you leave me?"

"My name? Ah! but Normandy is not——" She caught her breath, blushing.

"Ha! you came from Normandy, then?" interrupted he.

"My name, Monsieur, is La Fleurette," was the dignified answer.

The little troubadour turned and fled away from him. She pressed her cheek down on her guitar. "My name is La Fleurette, is it not?" she said to it—"La Fleurette, La Fleurette!" And she laughed out sweet trickling laughter.

Winning her way with sweet looks and graceful rustic manners into all hearts, the little *Bohemienne*, softly singing, traveled inland from the Cornish coast. Her guitar always on her arm, its crimson ribbon gleaming on her shoulder, she went her careless course without further molestation. Her lovely eyes sparkled joyously at times; and sometimes, when a bit of silver had been tossed her in return for a song, she would laugh aloud, touched by some secret sense of oddness in her position—laugh out gleefully, looking up with softened eyes into that strange blue sky bending above her: a sky not so very different, after all, she thought, from Normandy's.

The little French song-bird came to

be well known. She and her guitar and the sweet Provençal airs she sung were long remembered, when she had gone her way, and the "little troubadour" grew to be a household word in the market villages. She sung her tenderest ballads at the door of the peasant's cottage, sitting on a wooden bench or on a mossy stone step, with groups of apple-cheeked barefooted children staring at her. Many a time, too, her eyes were blurred with tears, when she saw how, though they did not understand the language she sung to them, these listeners of hers were always moved by that subtile sympathy of nature breathing in the well-beloved airs of her own land. The golden chord of love that runs round the world thrills always to the electric touch of song.

One day, sitting on the steps of a stile, she sung one of Beranger's loveliest *chansons* to a company of hay-makers in the field. They shared their luncheon with her, and then for the first time in her life she drank English beer. When she left them they shook hands with her.

"Thou art a brave-hearted harmless lass," said one brown-fisted leather-faced old farmer. "Here's a half-crown to buy thee another ribbon to pass round thy neck. I've heard no better music—no, never! I speak of thy voice, for the words pass me, bein' forrun. Bein' thou sung them, I take them to be worthy."

She blushed and looked humble. She never forgot him or his words.

Once, too, this wandering warbler lost her way. She had quite heedlessly wandered from the highway, and, far from any human dwelling, night fell upon the poor frightened strayling. However, she said her prayers, and then curled herself up on a mound of hay in the open field. There she cowered the long night through, alone under the scented summer sky.

"I never knew till then how many stars there were," she said, naively; "and, O! how many—how very many—there seemed to be that night. And then, frightened as I was at my situation, I could not help laughing, thinking they had all come out, big and little, to peep at the little weeping figure curled up on the hay in that great solitary English meadow."

Thus the time sped by, and La Fleurette went singing with it. She grew stronger and lither. Her step became brisk; her slender limbs were rounded out to firmer outlines; her dark cheeks took a rosier healthier tinge of color; and her splendid sunshine-sifted hair shone, tossed on her shoulders. She asked herself sometimes if one might not be always happy, traveling thus, *en troubadour*, from hamlet to hamlet.

She was sauntering dreamily one morning, when, aimlessly looking up, she saw coming along the highway toward her a drove of large white oxen. They were being driven by their owner to a neighboring estate. Doubtless they were harmless enough, but they *looked* terribly ferocious and threatening to the slight timid girl. She clasped her hands together and cried out, while every drop of blood in her body seemed to be turning to ice. Wildly she glanced about her. There was no refuge. On one side was a thick-set prickly hedge; on the other a high park fence, with a glimpse of water in the distance. On came the oxen, their massive hoofs making the earth quake, tossing their heads up and down, and clashing their great curled horns. La Fleurette turned and ran back a few steps; then, fascinated by terror, she stopped and fixed her great dilated eyes on the dreaded animals.

It was just at the moment when her strength seemed failing that the huge creatures, startled perhaps by the watch-dog behind them, broke into a run and came dashing on. Surely, surely destruction was certain now. The little

troubadour clasped her hands in helpless petition; her limbs grew weaker; her eyes closed like the petals of a lily, and she sunk down. Yet as she sunk, dimly through her swimming senses she felt that deliverance was approaching. She heard the thunder of hoofs as a horseman galloped up the highway behind her. Nearer he came. The kneeling girl did not stir; she dared not. The horseman braced himself for action. Leaning forward and stretching out his arm, he swooped the little helpless figure up as he passed, and, swinging her to the saddle in front, flew like lightning on his way. As he drew rein under the elms by the river-side, he saw that the girl was in a dead faint.

When the little troubadour opened her eyes, she felt herself lying along the turf, with her head supported on somebody's arm. Water from a wet handkerchief on her forehead was trickling down her face. Ah! what had happened? She tried to rise. She put up her hand. The wig of glossy golden curls was displaced and flung disdainfully to one side, and her own luxuriant abundance of soft bronze-brown wavy tresses was streaming in unbound beauty on her neck and bosom. She started up confusedly, gave one look into her deliverer's grave face, then she sunk down again.

"Henri! — Monsieur Bertram!" she stammered.

"Ah! Ninon, I have found you again. You are better now?"

He helped her to a sitting posture. Why was his face so grave? She struggled up from his arms.

"You know me, then? I am discovered!" she said, humbly; and her thoughts flew back to that other day when she first stepped on English soil — to the broken guitar-strings, and the peril from which he had then rescued her.

"I suspected you that other day," he answered, "but was not quite certain. There were times when I was sure 'twas you, and then the next moment I said to myself I was a fool for thinking of such a thing. But what does it all mean — this masquerade and disguise? Why are you here alone?"

Lieutenant Bertram, as he asked these questions, looked at the little troubadour gravely. He remembered the beautiful *marquise* whom he had left in Normandy. He recalled her wealth, her position. He thought of her luxuriant surroundings — her tiny satin-lined nest of a *boudoir*, pictured and perfumed—where she had toyed with her guitar and sung to him like a bird in its bower.

"Why are you here thus, alone?" he asked again.

"Why?" The little song-bird's pale face flushed guiltily as she thought to herself truly, "Why?" Simply for love of him!

"I thought to earn my bread thus," she stammered. "I had my voice — my one poor gift of music. Why should I not make it serve me?"

"But, Mademoiselle d'Etoile!" interrupted the lover, astounded.

"No, Henri; not Mademoiselle d'Etoile any more," she cried impatiently. She was vexed, tired, mortified. She had hard work to keep back her tears. She was ready to renounce the whole world now; everybody — everything — was so stupid. And he would not understand. O! why was he so blind? — why could he not see?

"I am only a poor little singing-girl now," she cried, starting up, proudly determined. "I shall never be *Madame la Marquise* again."

Henri's face brightened. Her words innocently deceived him. This was no vulgar freak, then — no bold caprice. He recalled what she told him that day in Normandy, of the cousin who might return one day and reclaim his hereditary wealth. And so he had come — so

soon! And how nobly this fragile untaught girl had acted, thus taking the burden of life into her own delicate hands! Henri took one of those tiny sun-browned hands in his own.

"Dear Ninon, at least, if you can not be Madame la Marquise d'Etoile any longer, you will be my wife and the mistress of Bertram Court." And then, after he had said that, breeze and bird and woodland water sung the old tender tune of youth and happiness together—love, love, love! 'Tis a beautiful tune, easily learned, they say.

"But would you marry me thus, in this dress—the poor little troubadour?" she asked, by and by. "And my poor faithful guitar, too?"

"Would I not marry you in that dress far more proudly than in any other?" was his happy answer.

She looked at him with eyes full of pride and exultation. Ah! that was where the full pathos of the situation revealed itself. To be wedded like this—for love, pure love! "Ah! love," she chirped out like a bird.

"You could not kiss me with such a smile as that if you were deceiving me," he said. "Put your hand in mine, Ninon, and swear that no disgrace lies behind this masquerade of yours."

She put her hand, unhesitatingly, in his. "There is no disgrace. I swear it by my love for you, Henri."

And so in due time they were married. They have two homes now—one in Normandy, and one in England, where Ninon is the happy mistress of Bertram Court. But I think their children love the old *chateau*, the white-capped peasants, and the apple-orchards of Saint Lo, best. They love to drink the yellow cider gushing from the old wooden presses, and say that it is more to their taste than English ale. And, for my part, I agree with them, for I, too, love Normandy.

LITERATURE AND ART IN CALIFORNIA.

A QUARTER-CENTENNIAL REVIEW.*

IF one may find by the way-side in early spring-time so much as a harebell or dandelion, a springing blade of grass or an unfolding bud, as much real satisfaction may be drawn from these scant treasures as from the more abounding fullness of summer or the mellow ripeness of autumn. In all that relates to education, literature, and art, it is early spring-time in California. What would you have more than some way-side evidences of the serene summer yet to follow, and an intellectual fruitage, of which the gold and purple of the vintage are but the faintest symbols? What is a quarter of a century in the life of a commonwealth to the rounded centuries which have matured the great universities of Europe, or even the two centuries which have enriched Harvard and Yale? The canvas tents of '49, pitched on the sandy slopes of the peninsula, promised no great city, no perfected system of common schools, no academies and seminaries, and no university planted at Berkeley, in sight from a city of a quarter of a million of inhabitants. The dissolving gravel-beds of a placer-mine and the arid plains were neither symbols of permanence nor of bread. What could you expect in this

* Delivered before the faculty, students, and visitors of the University of California, November 12th, 1875.

stress of humanity, even though the agglomerated community were not lacking in some of the best and bravest of all lands?

There can be no beginning of a commonwealth until a Divine Providence begins to set the solitary in families. Homes, children, the economies of domestic life, the commonwealth of husband and wife, the law of the household, and that human providence which grows tender and thoughtful with each young and dependent life—these are precedent conditions of the future state.

It was most fitting that a graduate of one of the oldest colleges in the country should have opened the first public school in California. As I read the record, Thomas Douglas, a graduate of Yale College, began a public school in San Francisco on the 3d day of April, 1848. It was a good beginning. But when a few months later nearly the whole population had drifted away to the mines, Douglas was left high and dry on the sand-hills. In the month of April, a year and three weeks later, Reverend Albert Williams opened a select school in the same hamlet, and continued it a few months. The gold-drift was probably too strong for this school also. It dried up in the same sand-hills.

The foundations of the public-school system were laid by a clause in the State Constitution, framed at Monterey in the year 1849, which appropriated the proceeds of 500,000 acres of land as a perpetual school-fund. In December of the same year, the Common Council of San Francisco authorized John C. Pelton to open a public school in the Baptist Chapel on Washington Street. This solitary teacher began his school on the 26th day of December, 1849, with *three* scholars. It was a day of small things. But the germ of the free-school system was there. Its roots had even then gone down under the very foundations of the commonwealth. Twenty-five years from that date 100,000 children were enrolled as attendants upon the 1,500 public schools of California. The annual expenditure for these schools exceeded $2,000,000. The expenditure in 1873 was $2,113,356, and the valuation of school property in that year was $4,057,415.45. There are also not less than 12,000 pupils in attendance upon various private schools in the State. The educational work in California, which stops short of the college or university, is prosecuted at an annual cost of not less than $2,500,000. There are also ten colleges, besides the six associated colleges which are crowned by the University; two medical schools, two theological seminaries, one military academy, and about a dozen academies and seminaries devoted to secondary instruction. The California Academy of Sciences and the San Francisco Art School are justly entitled to a place in this review; and not less so the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Asylum, and the Normal School. Let us take account also of the 175,000 books to be found this day in the nearly 100 public libraries in the State, and of the rich collections at Santa Clara and at Berkeley, illustrating every department of the natural sciences.

Nor can any complete presentation of the educational forces and influences of this State be made which does not include the large number of excellent denominational schools which, although not free, are supported by the voluntary contributions of the public. Working in their own way, and on a system peculiarly their own, the Catholic fathers have built up, besides other institutions, the prosperous college of Santa Clara, endowing it with the most complete philosophical apparatus and one of the best libraries on the Pacific Coast. The College of Notre Dame, three miles distant from the former, in point of numbers and endowment leads all the female seminaries in the State.

And all true scholarship has breadth and catholicity. Let not ours be impeached by ignoring what others have done in the domain of letters and science. The fact is none the less significant that the public school, with its canvas roof and three scholars in 1849, is crowned by the University of California in 1875.

But let it go upon the record that no truer corner-stone was ever laid for liberal education than that which the pioneers laid for the College of California.* It had its inception in the Contra Costa Academy, established at Oakland as early as 1853, by the late President Durant. It has continued as a preparatory school, under various names, for sixteen years. That college graduated six classes, and transferred three undergraduate classes, its corner-stone, and its unquenched spirit to our University.

Possibly the pioneer educators builded better than they knew. Douglas, the master of arts of Yale, setting the first stakes in the sand-hills; Pelton, with his three scholars; Marvin, the first State Superintendent of Public Schools, who, having made a campaign against the Indians, turned over his emoluments to the school-fund; Nevins, who drew the first school-ordinance for San Francisco; Brayton, who conducted for years the most successful preparatory school in the State, a brave, patient, and lovable man, whose life went out all too soon in the midst of his noble work; Durant, who, beginning at the foundations, saw the University with the clear vision of a prophet, and lived to see the fruition of his hopes—the gentle and profound scholar, the dignified president, the wise and firm civil magistrate, who in the richness of his intellect, the purity of his soul, and the steadfastness of his friendship, was more than president, magistrate, or scholar. Tompkins, as a legislator and as regent, worked with unflagging zeal for the University, and fitly crowned that work by endowing, out of his moderate fortune, the first professorship. When he had made his last public speech in behalf of the institution for which he had wrought so well, it remained for him to enter into the sacred guild of those pioneers who had gone a little before.

The name of one living educator ought to be mentioned here: Gilman, the second president, whose organizing mind grasped every detail of the University, who wrought effectively for it by day and planned wisely for it by night—a man of rare executive ability, who seemed half-unconscious of his own power to influence men in behalf of the great interests for which he wrought. Let it be said of him that he bore himself in his high office with a patience and dignity befitting the devoted Christian gentleman and accomplished scholar. Such a man rarely misses his place, because he is a citizen of the world of letters. It is here for a few years, and on the other side of the country for more. But here or there I think he will never need a better testimonial than that which his work will offer.

Some good work has also been done in a scientific way. The geological survey of this State was arrested by the impatience of the people for immediate results. The topographical survey alone, than which nothing better has ever been done in this country, was more than an equivalent for the entire outlay. There will come a time when the practical value of such an enterprise will be better understood. The physical problems in a single State like California could not be solved in half a century. Was it

* Reverend Samuel H. Willey, late Vice-president of the College of California, procured from the first Legislature, sitting at San José, a general law incorporating colleges, one of the precedent conditions being that there should be a property valuation of $20,000. At his instance, lands were donated at San José for a college; but, on account of the unsettled condition of titles, satisfactory proof could not be made that the property was actually worth the amount required by the statute.

well to ask a scientific commission to solve them and publish the results in a few months?

Through the munificence of a single citizen, the Academy of Sciences has been handsomely endowed, and will soon be equipped for effective work. Through the same liberality an observatory, with one of the largest telescopes of modern times, will soon be under the control of the University, and will, for all practical purposes, become a part of its scientific inventory, which year by year will become richer in the resources that make all growth, all researches, and all culture possible.

The public journal, as a factor in education, is here as elsewhere the outgrowth of our civilization. It embodies the passions, caprices, and enterprises of the community. In its best estate it gives the history of the world for one day. In its poorest estate it is content with a patent outside, the puffing of some mountebank, and the abuse of rivals. But at the close of this quarter-century the only complete history of the rise and progress of this commonwealth is that which the newspapers contain. I have seen an artist sketch an accurate likeness of his friend on his thumb-nail. But the modern newspaper every day sketches the likeness, the pulse, and the throbbing heart of the civilized world.

Just as the ideal state is something far in advance of the actual, so the ideal newspaper is something far better than exists on this side of the continent. Here as elsewhere it is largely the product of steamships, railroads, and telegraphs. The best journals here have hardly yet escaped the limitations of a somewhat narrow provincialism. They are in transition from an isolated and pioneer condition to one of greater breadth, a better tone, and a more judicial temper. But the journal of the future will, after all, be very much what the community makes it. It is the child of civilization, going forward with the community to a better condition, or going backward with it to coarseness and barbarism. The best newspaper a hundred years ago was a poor affair. A hundred years hence, the journal of to-day will probably be viewed with as much interest for what it lacks as for what it contains.

Our ideal newspaper will pander to no mean prejudices. It will be no generator of slang phrases. It will not murder the king's English. It will have ripe and well-digested opinions. It will not truckle to base men. It will not sneer at religion. It will keep its editorial columns above all just suspicion of purchase. It will leave garbage in the gutter. It will assail no man unjustly, nor fear to defend any man or interest because he or it may be obscure or unpopular. No good citizen will fear the honest journal of the future, and no bad man will like it.

The conduct of a successful journal in any large city will hereafter require not only the best executive ability, but as broad and varied a culture in the editorial department as is found in any other profession. These are now the conditions of success in the metropolis of this State. Pioneer journalism has come to be well-nigh a thing of the past. It is retreating by the back door, and if bowed out respectfully, and with an appreciative estimate of its more salient features, we shall no more want it back again, with its coarse vituperation, its fierce and often brutal spirit, its lack of breadth and tone, than we shall want the moth-eaten blankets which once made up the luxuriant bed of the tired tramp or the tireless prospector.

Observe how the outer bark of the madroño and eucalyptus, with the coming of every summer, bursts, rolls up, and falls to the ground as so much rubbish. That is a sign of expanding life. A great deal of newspaper rubbish

to-day is a sign of growth. The outer rind and husk of things fall to the ground by that vital force which is continually developing a larger and nobler life in the community. But in your estimate of the press, count it not a small thing that it has fostered and defended that system of public education which is the glory of the State. You will need its influence in this behalf a thousand-fold more in the future. You will need that public sentiment which it has power to create and confirm. It is not the diviner's rod, but the rod tipped with burnished metal, which conducts a subtile and dangerous element from the angry heavens to the ground. In this threatened play of dangerous elements—dangerous because subtile and half-unknown—you will need the press to draw them from the disturbed social atmosphere and conduct them safely into the ground.

I cherish the hope that on this very ground some of the best journalists of the near future may be trained. Not that universities and colleges can make editors. For if that were so there would be thousands of capable men in the place of the small number in the upper rank of this profession. But never before did the curriculum of the modern university furnish so good an outfit for the future editor. The very exigencies of his profession require that he should know something about every human interest. Observe that no man will hereafter go to the head of this profession without fair scholarship, a wide range of observation, a large capacity, to deal in a general way with human affairs, and that keen insight which catches the spirit and essence of this on-going life. Most difficult of all is a certain power of statement which no school can teach, and without which the highest plane of the journalist can not be reached. Your long story will not be heard. The world is waiting for the man of condensation. Tell it in few words. If you can master this high eclecticism of thought and statement, I know of no more promising field for a young man to-day than that of journalism. If you can not, the potato-field in a season of blight is quite as promising.

Without this broader culture for the journalist, there will be great danger that the exigencies of his work will make him a superficial man. The habit will grow upon him of touching merely the surface of things. He will come to think that, as his journal is only for the day, his errors are for the day also. The habit of careful investigation and exactness of thought and statement will be discarded for random guesses and the temporary expedients of the hour. Nothing but the balancing influence of generous culture will arrest this lapsing tendency. It will be disclosed in platitudes and commonplaces; in writing against space, and in that dreadful amplitude which buries a thought under a mountain of verbiage. Nor will the larger equipment of the university avail, unless one shall be able to carry both the discipline of study and the love of literature along with him into his profession. If he lets the dust gather upon his modern classics, or fails to know something of the range of modern scientific discovery, as well as the best thought which gets into the periodical literature of the day, he will sooner or later write himself out. His slipshod days will come, when he will be running round in little circles, originating nothing fresh and new, but as content to overtake an old thought every few months as an impoverished toper may be to swallow the "heel-taps" of a country bar-room.

Observe, too, that for lack of this better mental equipment, what a fearful defilement of speech has originated in the local department of modern journalism. Is it not a reproach to the profession that so many scholars, referring to these

corruptions of speech, have come to talk of "newspaper English," as if it were in some way related to the "pigeon English" spoken at Hongkong or Canton? Who will take the club of a philologist and knock on the head the more than one hundred corrupt words and slang phrases which have obtained more or less currency through the public journals of our own State? If by accident the club should descend upon the head of any coiner of such vulgarity, be assured that small damage will be done.

One can not fail to note that the newspaper has been gradually encroaching on the domain of literature. It has absorbed monthly magazines or forced publishers to resort to illustrations — to a sort of picture-book literature for grown-up children. It has driven the lumbering quarterlies into smaller fields and diminished their relative importance. The average citizen craves the news from a journal having the very dew of the morning and the evening upon it. It must come to him damp and limp, bringing whatever is best at the smallest possible cost. The newspaper is the herald of the new era. Its errand must be swift, its statements compact, and its thought eclectic and comprehensive.

Three thousand years ago one of the grand old prophets spoke mysteriously of the "living spirit in the wheels." Was it other than the modern newspaper thrown off by the pulsing of the great cylinder press? But observe that through yonder Golden Gate, which the sun and the stars and the lamps of men glorify day and night, the devil-fish comes sailing up, and is no whit concerned whether his accursed *tentacula* close around saint or sinner. Is not that the fittest symbol of a public journal conducted by ignorant and unscrupulous men? Rather would you not choose, as a more fitting symbol of the ideal journal, one of the small globules of quicksilver which you shall find on any of these encircling hills, so powerless to draw to it an atom of filth or rubbish, but ever attracting the smallest particle of incorruptible silver and gold?

It can hardly have escaped notice that California, during this quarter-century, has produced more humorists, and more of that literature which is essentially humorous, than all the rest of the country. It may be difficult to trace to any outward sources the inspiration of so much wit. Does it lie in the odd contrasts and strange situations which so often confront the observer here? Nor has this facetiousness depended at all for its development upon any degree of prosperity. In fact, the boldest and bravest challenge which has ever been given to adverse fortune here has been by the gentle humorists who have suffered from her slings and arrows. It is said: "Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away." But these modern satirists made faces at bad fortune; they lampooned her, and defied her to do her utmost. The more miserable they ought to have been, the happier they were. They found a grotesque and comic side to the most sober facts. They were facetious when there was small stock in the larder and smaller credit at the banker's. They smiled at the very grimness of evil fortune until she fled, and, in doing this, they half-unconsciously tickled the midriff of the world. A ripple of laughter ran over the surface of society. It sometimes made slow progress when it here and there met a mountain of obtuseness. But wit is wit; and what difference does it make if, failing to see the point, some people laugh next year instead of this? I will not be distressed because my friend does not, to this day, see how the immortal "Squibob" conquered his adversary at San Diego by falling underneath him and inserting his nose between his teeth. Nor does it

greatly concern me that he does not assent to the proposition that John Phœnix, having made a national reputation by editing the San Diego *Herald* for one week, was the greatest journalist of modern times. If reputation is the measure of greatness, Phœnix is to this day without a peer. He made the very desert sparkle with his wit. He was a humorous comet, that shot across the dull horizon of pioneer life. Men looked up and wondered whence it came, and whither it had gone.

Possibly there is something favorable to the play of humor in a greater freedom from conventional limitations. If one grows into this larger liberty, or is translated into it, a flavor of freshness comes to pervade all the intellectual life. A certain spontaneity of expression, a spring, a rioting song of gladness, are some of the signs of this more abounding life. In homely phrase, we say there is a flavor of the soil about it. It might, therefore, have been necessary that Mark Twain should sleep on this soil, and should have a wide range of pioneer experiences, before he could become the prince of grotesque humorists. He got up suddenly from the very soil which in its secret laboratory colors the olive and the orange, and began to make the world laugh. With a keen sense of the symmetry and harmony of things, he had a keener perception of all the shams and ridiculous aspects of life. His pungent gospel of humor is as sanitary as a gentle trade-wind. He knew a better secret than the old alchemists. Every time he made the world laugh he put a thousand ducats into his pocket. But never until he had slept in his blankets, had been robbed on the "Divide," and had learned the delicate cookery of a miner's cabin, could he do this thing. But now he can not even weep at the tomb of his ancestor, Adam, without moving the risibles of half the world. He has also a finer touch and flavor, not of the rankest soil, but of that which gives the aroma and delicate bouquet to the rarest mountain-side vintage. When this man had tried his wit on a Californian audience and had won an approving nod, he had an indorsement which was good in any part of the English-speaking world.

Of a more subtile wit and a finer grain was Harte, who did his best work as a humorist in California. All his earlier triumphs were won here. His subsequent indorsement in a wider field was only an affirmation of this earlier public judgment.

Sometimes in the thicket one may come upon a wild mocking-bird which is running up the gamut of its riotous burlesque upon the song of every other bird, and the sound of every living thing in the forest. But when all this is done, that mocking-bird will sometimes give out a song which none other can match with its melody. As much as this, and more, lay within the range of this poet-satirist. His mocking had, however, a deep and salient meaning in it. When Truthful James rises to explain in what respect Ah Sin is peculiar, he has a higher purpose than merely to show the overreaching cunning of this bronzed heathen,

> "With the smile that was child-like and bland."

So long as Ah Sin and his race could be plucked and despoiled at will, he provoked no antagonisms. But when he overmatched the sharpness of his spoilers, we have this tale, with its moral:

> "Then I looked up at Nye,
> And he gazed upon me;
> And he rose with a sigh,
> And said, 'Can this be?
> We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor!'
> And he went for that heathen Chinee."

Every demagogue in the State, who had rung the changes on the evils of cheap labor, felt the thrust; and it is doubtful if one of them has forgiven Harte to this day.

The dogmatism and intolerant assumption which sometimes become rampant in scientific societies is thus punctured by Truthful James, in his description of "The Society upon the Stanislaus:"

"But first I would remark that it is not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,
And if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member for to 'put a head' on him."

When Jones undertook to prove that certain fossil bones were from one of his lost mules, then the trouble began:

"Now I hold it is not decent for any scientific gent
To say another is an ass—at least, to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him, to any great extent.

"Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order, when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

"For in less time than I write it every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of the paleozoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in."

When the supposed pliocene skull, found in Calaveras County, had developed a good deal of scientific quackery, Harte, in his "Geological Address," makes the skull declare that it belonged to Joe Bowers of Missouri, who had fallen down a shaft. For six months thereafter no theorist was able to discuss the character of that fossil with a sober countenance. No Damascus blade ever cut with keener stroke than did the blade of this satirist, even when it was hidden in a madrigal or concealed in some polished sentence of prose.

As a humorist he appreciated humor in others. When Dickens died, not another man in all the length and breadth of the land contributed so tender and beautiful a tribute to his memory as did Harte in his poem of "Dickens in Camp." The rude miners around the camp-fire drop their cards as one of them draws forth a book:

"And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the fire-light fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the master
Had writ of 'Little Nell.'

"Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was youngest of them all—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall.

"The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp with 'Nell' on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

* * * * *

"Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire,
And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah! towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

"Lost is that camp, but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

"And on that grave where English oak, and holly,
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too-presumptuous folly—
This spray of western pine!"

It was left to this shy man, who came forth from the very wastes of this far-off wilderness, to lay upon the bier of the dead humorist as fragrant an offering as any mortal fellowship could suggest. It was a song in a different key—as if one having entered into the very life of the great novelist had also for a moment entered into his death.

The wit and the poetry which ripen here are under the same sun which ripens the pomegranate and the citron. The grain and texture have always been better than that suggested by the coarser materialism without. It is little to him who is cutting his marble to the divinest form, that the whole city reeks with grime and smoke, and all its outlines are misshapen and ugly. It is little to poet or painter that sometimes the earth has only a single tint of gray, since he may sometimes see in contrast what a trans-

figured glory there may be on mountain and on sea.

There are not at any time in this dull world so many genuine humorists as one may count on his fingers. For lack of some healthy laughter the world is going to the bad. It welcomes the gentle missionary of humor, and for lack of him it sometimes accepts those dreary counterfeits who commit assault and battery on our mother-tongue. As in olden time the prophets were sometimes stoned in their own country, so in modern times one can not tell whether the poet-prophet who comes up from the wilderness will fare better or worse. Woe to him if the people can not interpret him, or are piqued at his coming. It is a curious fact that when Harte had brought forth his first book with the modest title of *Outcroppings*, it was pelted from one end of the State to the other. It did not contain a poem of his own. But it did contain samples of the best poetry other than his own which had been produced in California. His critics, catching the suggestion of the title, flung at him porphyry, granite, and barren quartz, but never a rock containing a grain of gold. He might have put a torpedo into a couple of stanzas and extinguished them all. But he saw the humorous side of the assault, and enjoyed it with a keener zest than any of his assailants.

None of us would be comfortable with only some pungent sauce for dinner. But when a dreadful staleness overtakes the world, it is ready to cry out, "More sauce!" Whoever comes, therefore, bringing with him salt and seasoning, and whatever else gives a keener zest to life, never comes amiss. Sooner or later we shall know him. He will come very near to us in his books, and by that subtile law of communion which through the brightest and noblest utterances makes all the better world akin.

After we have seen the trick of the magician, we do not care to know him any more. But the magician of wit works by an enchantment that we can never despise. His spell is wrought with such gifts as are only given from the very heavens to here and there one. It is not the mythical Puck who is to put a girdle round the world, but the man of genius, whose thought is luminous with the light of all ages. So Shakspeare clasps the world, and Dickens belts it, and the men of wit and genius furnish each a golden thread which girds it about. The book of humor is the heart's ease. In every library it is dog-eared, because it has in it some surcease for the secret ills of life. If a million souls have been made happier for an hour through the fictions of Sir Walter Scott, what is the sum of good thus wrought! What lesser good have they wrought who have come in later times to lighten the dead weight of our overweighted lives?

Do not despise the evangel of humor because he comes unlike one of old, wearing a girdle of camel's hair, and eating his locusts and wild honey. Bear with him if he comes in flaming neck-tie and flamingo vestments, hirsute and robust. You shall know by his wit that he is no charlatan; but you can not tell it by his raiment, nor his bill of fare. It can not be shown that the wit of Diogenes was any better for his living in a tub. It is not probable that a diet of water-cress would inspire a better humor than a flagon of wine and a saddle of venison. I would rather look for your modern humorist in the top story of the crowded and garish hostelry; because if he is after game he will be sure to find it there.

Another humorist, radically the product of California, was Prentice Mulford. When it was found that the boy had a genuine vein of wit in him, recognized alike in the brilliant *salon* and the miner's camp, he was sent forth as another missionary to reclaim the world.

Stoddard went through a gentle transition from poetry to prose, becoming subordinately a humorist because he could not help it. If he excites no boisterous mirth, so much the better. The best wine hath a delicate bouquet; so subtile, indeed, that one must taste often and daintily to know its better quality.

Without exhausting the list, these five humorists, both in quality and number, as the product of one State in a quarter of a century, exceed the product of all the rest of the Union.

The exacting conditions of pioneer life are not favorable to authorship. If during this quarter of a century not a book had been written in California, we might plead in mitigation the overshadowing materialism which, while coarsely wrestling for the gains of a day, finds no place for that repose which favors culture and is fruitful of books. But over the arid plains, in the heat and dust of the long summer, one may trace the belt of green which the mountain stream carries sheer down to the sea. So there have been many thoughtful men and women who have freshened and somewhat redeemed these intellectual wastes. They have written more books in this quarter of a century than the great State of Ohio has produced in fifty years; more, in fact, than have been written in all the other States west of the Mississippi River. The publication of some of these books has cost nearly their weight in gold. During this period of twenty-five years, more than 150 volumes have been written by persons living at the time in this State.*

Many of these books have had but a local circulation, and are now almost forgotten. Some have gained more than a national reputation. I enumerate among these Halleck's *International Law; Mountaineering*, by Clarence King; *Marine Mammals of the Northwestern Coast of North America*, by Captain Scammon; *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, by Bret Harte; and *Native Races*, by Hubert H. Bancroft. Another work just missed a more than national recognition. Grayson, the self-taught and heroic naturalist, traversed the forests and swamps of Mexico, stopping neither for morass nor jungle, until he had drawn and painted to life more than a hundred of the rarest birds of that country. His work, which is still in sheets and manuscript, was probably at the cost of his life. But, besides the works of Audubon and Wilson, I know of nothing better in its way by any naturalist, living or dead.

In this more notable list the OVERLAND MONTHLY is justly entitled to a place, because it has not only been read in every State in the Union, but has had a considerable circulation in Europe. It is more than seven years since the first number was issued. Fifteen octavo volumes now represent the aggregate numbers, and they are essentially the product of California writers. Ignoring all provincial limitations, they not only gave to the magazine a cosmopolitan character, but they made it the exponent of a literature which did not fall behind that of any other magazine in the country.

You will not have to go far to find some sheltered valley, where both or-

*The following is a list of books written in California. Law reports, digests, and school-books are omitted.

History of Oregon and California ....R. Greenhow.
View of California...............Alfred Robinson.
Three Years in California..........J. D. Borthwick.
Three Years in California............Walter Colton.
What I saw in California............Edwin Bryant.
Colonial History of San Francisco.John W. Dwinelle.
History of California.............Franklin Tuthill.
Phœnixiana.....................Lieutenant Derby.
California, Indoors and Out.....Eliza W. Farnham.
California Life Illustrated..........William Taylor.
Dow's Patent Sermons...................Dow, Jr.
Sermons on the Decalogue........D. F. McDonald.
Poems....................Mrs. C. A. Chamberlain.
Life on the Plains and in the Diggings...A. Delano.
Los Gringos......................Lieutenant Wise.
The Republic of Nicaragua.......William V. Wells.
Mountains and Molehills..........Frank Marryat.

ange-blossoms and fruit abound in midwinter. In wonderful contrast you shall see, far up the heights of the Sierra, the snow-plant blossoming amid sterility and eternal snow. The OVERLAND has been the one consummate flower of our better intellectual life and thought. Its fittest symbols are the snow-plant and the orange-blossom, which so nearly compass all the zones, and are yet in some special sense our own.

No one has sought to live here exclusively by authorship. It has only been the incidental occupation of most persons, who have written out of the fullness of their own lives. If they heard no mysterious voice saying unto them, "Write!" the great mountains encamped about like sleeping dromedaries, the valleys filled with the aroma of a royal fruitage, the serene sky, and the rhythm of the great sea, all made audible signs to write. They have written, out of a fresh new life.

In the streets of Herculaneum you may see the ruts made more than two thousand years ago. The grooves of society are often narrow and rigid with the fixedness of centuries. It may be better, by way of change, to propel a velocipede on a fresh track than to run four gilded wheels in the dead grooves which have been cut by the attrition of ages. After one has known the satiety which comes from the mild gabble of society, there is a wonderful freshness in a war-whoop uttered in the depths of the wilderness!

Glimpses of Spirit Land..........Samuel H. Lloyd.
A Treatise on Earthquake Dangers..T. Rowlandson.
History of San José..................Frederic Hall.
Vagabond Adventures...............Ralph Keeler.
Gloverson, and his Silent Partners....Ralph Keeler.
Sketch of Napa, Sonoma, and Mendocino Counties........................C. A. Menefee.
Montalban.........................Mrs. R. Pacheco.
Things to Think Of................H. A. Sawtelle.
Secrets of the Sanctum..................A. F. Hill.
Gems from the Tailings...........Samuel W. Smith.
Six Years of a Book Agent.......Mrs. J. W. Likins.
Reply to Bishop Colenso's Attack on the Pentateuch........................J. L. Stone.
Preparations of the Earth............C. F. Winslow.
Little Shells from Many Shores.......Mrs. Hopkins.
Explorers', Miners', and Metallurgists' Companion..........................J. S. Phillips.
John Guilderstring's Sin.........C. French Richards.
Mining in the Pacific States.........John S. Hittell.
Practical Treatise on the Chemistry of Gold, Silver, Quicksilver, and Lead....Edward Pique.
Jumping Frog of Calaveras.........“Mark Twain.”
Reindeer, Dogs, and Snow-shoes........R. J. Bush.
Goethe's Faust................Theodore H. Hittell.
The California Hundred..............J. H. Rodgers.
Poetical and Prose Writings..........James Linen.
Saint Twel'mo.......................C. H. Webb.
Personal Adventures in Upper and Lower California..................William R. Ryan.
The Golden State..............R. Guy McClellan.
Confucius and Chinese Classics......A. W. Loomis.
In Bonds........................“Laura Preston.”
Aldeane.........................“Laura Preston.”
The Greek Slave........................“Ianthe.”
Annals of San Francisco..............Frank Soulé.
Wines and Wine-making in California. Agoston Haraszthy.
Going to Jericho.....................John F. Swift.
Robert Greathouse...................John F. Swift.
Chandos Picture..................Edward Pollock.
Poets of the Pacific............“May Wentworth.”
International Law..................H. W. Halleck.
Military Tactics.....................H. W. Halleck.
Checkered Life....................J. L. Ver Mehr.
Life of Samuel Adams............William V. Wells.
Central Idea of Christianity..........Jesse T. Peck.
Poems.............................John R. Ridge.
No Baby in the House...........Clara G. Dolliver.
Unnoticed Things of Scripture..Wm. Ingraham Kip.
History of Missions...........Wm. Ingraham Kip.
California Geological Survey........J. D. Whitney.
Mountaineering in the Sierra........Clarence King.
Leah's Confession ....Mrs. C. Stevens.
Letter Writer.........................Carrie Carlton.
Belles-Lettres...........................A. Layres.
The Elements of Composition............A. Layres.
Financial Economy..................W. W. Ferris.
Silver and Gold Extraction...........Guido Kustel.
Scenes of Wonder and Curiosity in California..........................J. M. Hutchings.
Yosemite Guide-book............J. M. Hutchings.
Trade and Letters ....W. A. Scott.
The Wedge of Gold ....W. A. Scott.
The Giant Judge.......................W. A. Scott.
Esther................................W. A. Scott.
The Church in the Army..............W. A. Scott.
The Bible and Politics................W. A. Scott.
Guide to Yosemite................J. D. Whitney.
Who would have Thought It?.........Mrs. Burton.
Fairy Tales...................“May Wentworth.”
Golden Dawn.................“May Wentworth.”
Youth's History of California.....“Laura Preston.”
A Boy's Trip Across the Plains....“Laura Preston.”
The Resources of California.........John S. Hittell.
History of Culture..................John S. Hittell.

It is this large acquaintance with nature—this lying down with the mountains until one is taken into their confidence—a grim fellowship with untamed savageness—that may give a new vitality, and enlarge the horizon of intellectual life. Whence comes this man with his new poetry, which confounds the critics? and that man with his subtile wit borrowed from no school? I pray you note that for many a day his carpet hath been the *spicula* of pine, and his atmosphere hath been perfumed by the fir-tree. He has seen the mountains clad in beatific raiment of white, and their "sacristy set round with stars." He will never go so far that he will not come back to sing and talk of these, his earliest and divinest loves. So Miller sings of "The Sierra, of "Arizona," of "The Ship in the Desert." And Harte comes back again to his miners' camp, and to the larger liberty of the mountains. And there fell on Starr King a grander inspiration after he had seen the white banners of the snow-storm floating from the battlements of Yosemite.

We have brought forth nothing out of our poverty, but rather out of an affluence which could not be wholly restrained. As a gardener clips his choicest shrubs, casting the tangled riotousness of bud and blossom over the wall, so there are many here who have only trimmed a little what they have planted in their own gardens of poetry and fiction.

The little that has been done here in

Natural Wealth of California.........T. F. Cronise.
South Sea Idyls..............Charles W. Stoddard.
Poems......................Charles W. Stoddard.
Life Among the Apaches.........John C. Cremony.
Path of a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church.........................P. H. Burnett.
The Hermitage, and other Poems........E. R. Sill.
Our Sister Republic................Albert S. Evans.
A la California.....................Albert S. Evans.
California Pilgrim...................J. A. Benton.
Sermons......................Charles Wadsworth.
The Luck of Roaring Camp............Bret Harte.
The Lost Galleon.......................Bret Harte.
Poems..............................Bret Harte.
Outcroppings..........................Bret Harte.
Condensed Novels.....................Bret Harte.
California Indians.................Stephen Powers.
Muskingum Legends..............Stephen Powers.
Manual of American Ideas......Caspar T. Hopkins.
The Resurrection..................D. A. Dryden.
The Birds of Mexico.................A. J. Grayson.
Inglenook.........................Carrie Carleton.
Candy Elephant................Clara G. Dolliver.
Phœbe Travers.................."Aunt Florida."
The Oatman Children................Mr. Stratton.
Chips of the Old Block.................A. Delano.
Republicanism in America.......R. Guy McClellan.
Ben Nebo......................Hector A. Stuart.
Onward.........................A. W. Patterson.
Songs of the Sierra..................Joaquin Miller.
Songs of the Sunland................Joaquin Miller.
Life Among the Modocs...............Joaquin Miller.
Pacific Poems......................Joaquin Miller.
Marine Mammals of the North-western Coast of North America............C. M. Scammon.
Ars Oratorio.......................Martin Kellogg.
Science and Religion...............Joseph Le Conte.
The Golden State..................John J. Powell.
Men and Memories of San Francisco..Barry & Patten.
Pleasant Hours......................W. F. Stewart.
Representative Men..............Oscar T. Shuck.
Life and Adventures of James Marshall. George F. Parsons.
Military Tactics...................W. T. Welcker.
Diseases of the Heart.............David Wooster.
Manual of Phonetic Short-hand........A. J. Marsh.
The Law of Judgments.............A. C. Freeman.
Cotenancy and Partition............A. C. Freeman.
Native Races of the Pacific States—5 vols. Hubert H. Bancroft.
Sulphurets........................William Barstow.
Browne on Insanity...............J. H. B. Browne.
Desty's Federal Procedure...........Robert Desty.
Sharpstein's Life Insurance........J. R. Sharpstein.
Wine Culture in California.........Henry Gibbons.
Teachings of the Ages.......Mrs. H. K. W. Clarke.
Mystery............................E. R. Sproul.
A Journal of Army Life.................R. Glisan.
Poems......................Edward Isaac Dobson.
Songs of the Sand-hills................Joseph Ross.
Silk Culture.........................J. R. Prevost.
Grape Culture.......................T. Hart Hyatt.
Bee Culture................Theodore H. Harbison.
Silver Shimmer.................William D. Crabb.
Legal Titles to Mining Claims and Water Rights in California...............Gregory Yale.
Distillation, Brewing, and Malting....J. McCulloch.
Chinese and English Phrase-book...Benoni Lanctot.
Russian and English Phrase-book..A. Honcharenko.
Fairy Tales from Gold Land...."May Wentworth."
Overland Monthly—15 vols. Harte, Bartlett, Avery, and Fisher.
Patrons of Husbandry of the Pacific Coast.E. S. Carr.
Life of James Capen Adams....................Hittell.
The Pacific Law Encyclopedia.......J. F. Cowdery.
Semi-tropical California...........Ben. C. Truman.

art is rather a sign of better things to come. Art must not only have inspiration, but it needs wealth and the society of a ripe community for its best estate. It is possible to paint for immortality in a garret. But a great deal of work done there has gone to the lumber-room. Not only must there be the fostering spirit of wealth and letters, but art also needs a picturesque world without—the grand estate of mountains and valleys, atmospheres, tones, lights, shadows—and if there be a picturesque people, we might look for a new school of art, and even famous painters. Where a poet can be inspired, there look also for the poetry which is put on canvas.

In one respect our modern civilization is nearly fatal to art. Philip Hamerton says that "a noble artist will gladly paint a peasant driving a yoke of oxen; but not a commercial traveler in his gig. ... Men and women have a fatal liberty which mountains have not. They have the liberty of spoiling themselves, of making themselves ugly, and mean, and ridiculous. A mountain can not dress in bad taste, neither is it capable of degrading itself by vice. Noble human life in a great and earnest age is better artistic material than wild nature; but human life in an age like ours is not."

If a great artist were asked to paint a fashionable woman in the prevailing stringent costume, do not blame him if he faints away. There will never get into a really great painting any of the stiff and constrained costumes of our time. Observe that the sculptor rarely cuts the statue of a modern statesman without the accessories of some flowing and graceful attire. He can not sculpture a modern dress-suit without feeling that he has offered an affront to art.

But in spite of our civilization we have a great deal that is picturesque among the people—the Parsee, Mohammedan, Malay, and Mongol, whom one may sometimes meet on the same street—the red shirt of the Italian fisherman, and the lateen sail which sends his boat flying over the water. The very distresses and distraints of men here have made them picturesque. I have seen a valedictorian of a leading college deep down in a gravel-mine, directing his hydraulic pipe against the bank. Clad in a gray shirt and slouch-hat, he was a far better subject for a painter than on the day he took his degree. The native Californian on horseback, with *poncho*, *sombrero*, and leggings, is a good subject for the canvas, as well as the quaint old church where he worships, so rich in its very ruins. Moreover, the whole physical aspect of the country is wonderfully picturesque. The palm-tree lifting up its fronded head in the desert, the great fir-tree set against the ineffable azure of the heavens, the vine-clad hills, the serrated mountains which the frosts have canonized with their sealed and unsealed fountains, and all the gold and purple which touch the hills at even-tide—these are the full rich ministries of nature. It may take art a thousand years to ripen even here. For how many ages had the long procession of painters come and gone before Raphael and Michael Angelo appeared?

Our little art-school will some day have its treasures; and there will be hung on these walls the portraits of other men whose culture and influence will be worth more than all the gold of the mountains. Let the artist set up his easel and write his silent poem upon the canvas. Welcome all influences which soften this hard and barren materialism. Before the mountains were unvexed by the miner's drill the land itself was a poem and a picture. One day the turbid streams will turn to crystal again, and the only miner will be the living glacier sitting on its white throne of judgment and grinding the very mountains to powder. Fortunate they who

can catch this wealth of inspiration. Welcome all poets, whether they sing as Harte or Stoddard, as Coolbrith, Sill, or Soulé. And welcome all painters, whether they paint as Rosenthal or Hill, as Keith, Brookes, Hahn, or Tojetti. These are the ministers and prophets whose larger and finer interpretation of nature are part of the treasures of the new commonwealth.

The day is surely coming here when the fellowship of poet, artist, author, and teacher shall be rated above all vulgar wealth. Of the poem and the picture half-unwrought and the problem half-unsolved, some student here to-day may speak when he comes a quarter of a century hence, with frosted head, to tell what better intellectual fruitage there may be in the land.

EL CABALLO DE MI QUERIDO—SANTA CRUZ.*

O, steed that stole the fawn's soft hue,
My fondest gaze thou stealest too;
O, steed with mane like silken floss,
Or white foam that proud billows toss,
I search for thee with eager eye
On rugged wood-paths wending high;
I search for thee, and strain mine ear
Thy hoofs' first ringing sound to hear,
And when it nears, my bosom swells
To hear th' *espuela's* soft sweet bells.

Grace guides thy every pace, O steed!
That grace of homage claims its meed;
But ah! truth bids my heart confess
That I would love were grace the less.
I see thee flying o'er the plain;
I stretch my hands—"O, come again!"
I see the white dust rise in cloud,
I breathe my prayer again aloud:
"O, steed! O, steed! thou canst but know
My heart thou tak'st where thou dost go."

And by the cross, from whence thy name,
Our Virgin holds her sacred claim;
Before it, brigand stands confessed,
And saint bows low upon his breast;
Nor ills of earth, nor powers of air,
'Gainst her protecting power shall dare
Raise aught that may thy path impede,
Or harm thy rider, sacred steed;

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* A Spanish maiden addresses the steed of her lover, which bears upon its forehead a cross—a mark always beheld in Spain or Mexico with much reverence, the owner being considered under the special protection of the Virgin. The steed is fawn-colored, with snow-white mane and tail; a most beautiful animal, universally christened "Santa Cruz," from the peculiar mark described.

But as the dust thy proud hoofs toss,
So danger flies thy frontlet's cross.

Thou lov'st the hand that guides thy rein;
I love it too, and dream 'tis mine.
Thou lov'st the foot that ne'er would stir
Thy haughty blood with galling spur.
To hear it fall at even-tide
O'er land and sea I've wandered wide.
Yon fringed *rebozo's* broidered hem
Shades eyes more bright than eastern gem;
And, steed! O, steed! when bent on me
I see but love — but love I see.

An emblem of the name ye bear
In gold upon my breast I wear —
Gift of thy master — and I pray
For horse and rider night and day.
I bless the hoof and bid it speed;
I bless the rein his hand doth guide;
I bless the hour when soft and sweet
Come silvery bells mine ear to greet;
Then, *Santa Virgen*, I am blessed
When to his bosom fondly pressed.

HEARTS AND HANDS.

I AM a widow with one son and one daughter. We live on the north-western coast of Scotland, in a spacious house, built one hundred and fifty years ago by one of our ancestors. I have heard that he was a naval officer in the British service, and had lived under the English flag, "wherever the breeze could bear or ocean foam," until, weary with roaming, he sought this world-forgetting spot, manifesting his enduring love for the ocean by settling within the sound of the siren's voice, yet safe from her embrace. The mansion which he built must be an emblem of himself — half-feudal, half-modern — clinging to graceful tradition, yet mindful of living facts. Everything in and around the dwelling and the place suggests to me the symptoms of family traits: the wild shore, unvisited save by the heaving ocean; the dark forest in one direction, looking as though its recesses might be the abiding-places of bogies or of beautiful fairies; while on the other hand lay the desolate yellow hills, crowned by gray clouds that seemed ever unwilling to yield to sunshine.

The house itself suggested refined comfort. It was spacious and substantial. Every part of it was molded with a symmetry that lent grace to its strength, and clearly bespoke a nature cultivated and proud, secure of its own claims and confident of its own taste; but the lofty vestibule, the wide stair-way, and the spacious halls were imbued with a gloom that no fancy decoration, nor music, nor laughter, nor the intoxication of wine could unbend, for there was an invisible

presiding influence that seemed to penetrate the hollowness of mirth and to predict the briefness of joy. From long seclusion in such a haunt, my own mind has become assimilated to the atmosphere, and when I attempt gayety it is in that subdued form which expresses a due reverence for the stately gloom of surrounding associations.

It was a gloomy night, the rain poured heavily, but the winds lay still as if spectators of the performance of the pitiless flood—a slow heaving of the tide that was coming in full from the sea. The fire roared and crackled as if trying to be hilarious in spite of the sullen gloom without. Cousin William, my children, and myself sat around the broad hearth, and a sympathetic silence seemed to fall upon us all. I tried in vain to think of something pleasant or cheerful to say, but as each idea presented itself I found some fault with it, as being too light, too sombre, or too commonplace to be worth the utterance. At length, Cousin William—more in a tone, however, of soliloquy than of conversation—said:

"Yes; just thirty years to-night since he died."

Anything was a relief to the long silence, and we all eagerly caught at the opportunity.

"Since who died?" "Whom do you mean, Cousin William?" "How strange that you should remember so well anything that transpired so long ago!" "Who was it that died?"

"Anyone in whom we are interested?" I asked.

"Only as a kinsman," he said, "and one of whom you have sometimes heard—our cousin, Sir Hugh, who was once possessed of these domains: one who enjoyed the position and advantages which wealth and title gave; one who had a brilliant career, who should have had a happy life, but whose death was strange and sad."

"Do tell us," I said, "something about him. I have always felt a curiosity about him, for all the intimations I have ever had of him have been faint indistinct glimmers—nothing plain and explicit like the details of our other dead kinsmen—and I am just in the mood to-night to enjoy a rummage into the secret drawers and hidden passages of the past; so, Cousin William, if you will lay aside your cigar and drink this glass of wine, I know you can make yourself so entertaining that the beating rain and moaning sea will be forgotten. I will even volunteer to place you on the train of the forsaken past, by asking if our cousin Sir Hugh was not a very eccentric person?"

"Rather strange, I might say," replied Cousin William, "because his unlikeness to others did not show itself in overt actions, as do the whims of eccentric men. Society recognized him as one conforming to her rules, and welcomed him as a leader who could dictate its opinions or grace its pleasures. His strangeness was known to those who mingled in his daily life, and who, like myself, looked up to him and by chance looked into him. He had the faculty of obtaining the entire confidence of his associates without yielding anything in return, and while seeming to open his mind to you he was only penetrating your thoughts; so that, on comparing your revelations with what you had heard, you were made to know that you had given all and received nothing."

"Was he handsome?" asked my daughter.

"That was always a mooted point," said Cousin William; "those who had only a passing view pronounced him almost homely, while those who knew him well considered him incomparably handsome, the influence of his voice and manner being irresistible."

"I can understand exactly how it was,"

said I; "even at this distance, I know that cousin of ours, and I feel his power. I believe that I can even tell you what portion of this house he built, for I can see it has some touches greatly differing from others. I believe that he built those two towers on the west side that look like far-seeing eyes, trying to catch visions of something longed for which never came and never was to come to him. I feel as though his heart longed always for the taste of some joy it could never reach, or was imbittered by the thought of something foolishly flung away."

"You are romantic," said Cousin William.

"Not romantic, if you please," said I, "only very impressible; for although, as you already know, I am a widow, possessed of a stout boy and budding daughter, I am not one of those dutiful dames who confer all their bloom upon their daughters and all their heart upon their sons. I still can boast roses on my own cheek, and acknowledge some flushings of the heart when either dead or living heroes are the subject of conversation. No," I reiterated, "I am not romantic, but I can enter into some people's natures, though their possessors have been long dead, and I can gather them close to my heart, and suffer the longings that made them sick, and mourn for the faults that made them forlorn. I wish I had lived when he lived, and had been his sister, or——"

"Or perhaps his sweetheart," continued Cousin William.

"Did he have a sweetheart?" eagerly inquired my little son. "Did he not love any of the pretty ladies?"

"He was married," I said, anticipating Cousin William's reply.

"He was," said Cousin William, "but unfortunately marrying and loving do not always go hand-in-hand, and his was one instance in which, I think, they walked very far asunder."

"And yet," I said, "from all you tell me, I imagine he might have chosen and been satisfied."

"His success with women," replied Cousin William, "was without parallel. His lightest attention seemed to have more weight than the earnest devotion of other men. I might even say he was sought of women. Wealth, family, position, personal fascination, all tended to make him the marked ideal of the female sex; but I fear that his choice fell in what he considered an unpropitious spot, and in this fact lay the secret of his strangeness. It was during the summer preceding his death that I became acquainted with incidents which opened many mysteries to me. He and I were affectionate companions, I being the younger of the two; and, as I have said, during the summer preceding his death he proposed that we should prosecute together a pleasure-tour among the Highlands; so we set off provided with hunting and fishing implements, and for many days pursued our sports with much avidity—at least I did, but I could afterward, in thinking of this expedition, recall the restless desire which Sir Hugh seemed to repress, while he exhibited an unconscious anxiety about something not present.

"We had pursued our sports for the space of ten days, when, on the afternoon of the eleventh, we suddenly and without any warning arrived at a cottage situated snugly in the cleft of the mountain, looking like the nest of a bird. I was startled by the cultivated beauty of its surroundings, just in the midst of the mountain wilds, reminding me of some rare flower borne by the winds from a foreign shore, with no kindred blossom to bear it companionship. The welcome accorded us by the heads of the family proved that Sir Hugh was a valued if not a frequent guest. A look of inquiry showed me that all the usual family were not there; but the rustling

of a dress, the sound of a light footstep, and in the door-way there stood a young woman whose presence certainly answered to Sir Hugh's unuttered question. 'Miss Esther Montrose, allow me to make you acquainted with my cousin;' and I felt a soft hand for a moment within my own, a frank pressure, as though the introducer were a guarantee for anyone, and in a few minutes I was feeling myself unaccountably at my ease among total strangers. The father and mother, though their faces reminded one of the old Covenanters, were plain and kindly in their manner; and the daughter had that sweet graciousness, that dignity of innocence, that no fashionable training can ever confer, but which always accompanies a tender heart and refined imagination. The hours passed unheard, and the days grew into weeks almost unheeded by either of us. I think for the only time in my life I saw Sir Hugh seem quietly happy.

"I can not recall any of our conversations, but my memory of her is like the effect of an autumn day, and her beauty seems to have been made of the tints of the sea-shell, the odor of jasmine, and the fettered rays of sunshine. I watched Sir Hugh closely, and he did not forget his usual caution. His bearing toward her assumed a high tone of gallantry, mingled with a sternness which I knew was affected; for several times when he thought himself unobserved, I read in his glance a passionate devotion which made me know that here was the talisman which in society shielded him from all the charms and wiles spread before him by courtly dames.

"I have said that hours became days, and days became weeks, in this dream of happiness, when at last I announced that I must be turning my face homeward. Sir Hugh immediately sanctioned the movement, and it was agreed that two days more should conclude our visit. Esther was not present when we spoke of our intention to leave, nor do I know how she became informed of it. I only remember that when it was alluded to she seemed not at all surprised.

"The last evening of our stay was unusually beautiful. The clear orange sunset was soon suffused with the silvery beams of the full moon. Tea was served in the arbor, where music, song, and subdued tones of conversation beguiled the time until midnight. I know I reproached myself at the time for intruding on the parting hours of those whom I felt were lovers. I think they watched the night out together, and, without any endeavor on my part, I heard so much of their conversation as served for a key to his past and his future life.

"'Are you in earnest about not returning here?' I heard her say.

"'I said I would not return until I brought my bride.'

"'Your bride!' she said. 'Is she already selected?—and how long have you loved her?'

"'That is a question,' said he, affecting to laugh, 'hard to answer. I have known her these two years. As to loving, you are the only person authorized to speak on that matter. Surely you know, or ought to know, that no living woman except yourself has ever caused my heart a throb.'

"'You love me, and yet you leave me! Strange contradiction,' she said. 'But it shows me that what has been my entire life has been with you only a passing episode.'

"'If your design is to be severe,' he said, 'you certainly have driven home the weapon this time, and given me an undeserved thrust. I am glad to say you have done me the greatest injustice.'

"'I judge you only by your own actions,' she said. 'Surely no man should demur to such a tribunal.'

"'You forget,' he said, 'that I am not

my own master. Position has its demands.'

"'None,' she said, 'but such as a strong man could control without any detriment to his manhood.'

"'You mistake,' he said. 'You do not know the world and its dictates—how it sets aside feeling when it conflicts with custom and public opinion.'

"'I confess that I know little of the world, and I wish I knew still less of institutions that demand falsehood in the holiest ties of life; but I do know that neither the world, nor life, nor death should sever me from that fealty which should be governed by higher laws than man ever enacts.'

"'You should know that rank pays heavy penalties for its privileges, and the heaviest penalty is the one which concedes the choice of wives and husbands to the dictation of our peers. As a prince seeks a princess, so must an earl seek a countess.'

"Can I ever forget how my chivalry fired at this expression! Sir Hugh was my kinsman, yet how I longed to stand before him as her champion, and tell him that the wealth of her heart was richer than the rubies of the bridal gifts, and her brow a throne before which coronets might kneel.

"I heard but little more of the conversation. I thought I heard a sob, and he seemed to be pleading earnestly and tenderly for some token or privilege. Her last words were these:

"'Promise me that, whatever betide, you will come at my summons.'

"'I promise,' said he. I heard no more.

"Early the next morning we set off. Esther pleaded indisposition as an excuse for not appearing, and through her mother sent her farewells and kind wishes for our journey.

"Our journey home was anything but pleasant. Sir Hugh was moody beyond all power to be roused. Had I known less of his secret, I might have rallied him on the subject of his pretty treasure; but I knew too well where the forbidden ground lay to dare place my foot upon anything concerning her. To me she seemed so holy, so far above the ordinary level of badinage, that for her sake, even more than for his, I refrained from all reference to the subject.

"We had returned from our excursion only about one month, when Sir Hugh made known the fact that, ere long, Lady Louisa Page would be the mistress of Darkwood Place. I had never seen the lady, but rumors of her beauty, high birth, and fashionable prestige had reached me, and I felt no little curiosity to see the future bride.

"The day of her arrival was exceedingly sunny, and with the bustle of arrival, the reception of strangers, the gay supper, the loud music, and merry laughter, the old house seemed for a time completely transformed, and I almost wondered if all my former life had not been a concatenation of dreams, and if this were not my first awakening to actual life. Nothing here before had ever worn such a look of reality. The bride was a stately beauty, her personal charms being such as were grasped at a glance, consisting of regular features, fine eyes, and a noble carriage.

"Some of the guests remained several weeks; for Sir Hugh was a graceful and gracious host; but I could see how little his heart was in all these gay manifestations. At length all the visitors departed, and things resumed their usual routine.

"Lady Louisa was a woman fortunate in her composition, which rendered her nearly if not entirely independent of the sentiment of daily life. If conventionalities were observed she never troubled herself about the motives by which they were actuated, and if forms were maintained she was never affected by the expression. She valued what the

world valued, and, if not disappointed in the facts that life yielded her, she sought neither pleasure nor pain in fancied interpretations of material things; therefore if her lord dispensed the hospitalities of his mansion with fashionable grace, it mattered not to her if the smile he wore reached no farther than the lip. If he sustained his share in the conversation, she cared not though his eye and his thoughts might be wandering far away from the scene.

"It was not long before everything assumed the moody look that again rested on Sir Hugh, for I verily believe the master-spirit in a household does endow mute surroundings with its own colors. Lady Louisa was healthy and possessed a physical vivacity that was able to triumph unconsciously over it all. I know that I felt grateful to her for giving a wholesome air to the daily occurrences of our establishment. I was glad that she had the faculty of always being able to talk and laugh about commonplace things in a commonplace manner, and I found that the fact of my finding relief in this daily chat made me very companionable to her, and sufficed for much negligence on the part of Sir Hugh, who never made, or seemed to make, any effort to adapt himself to her society. Things wore on in this way until the approach of autumn; a season welcome to me and to him, because it furnished us with outdoor sports; a season welcome to Lady Louisa, because it was the precursor of a London season, a period which summed up for her all the vivid enjoyments of existence.

"'This is actually the fifth of September,' I said one morning at breakfast. 'The air is keen enough to make hunting very enjoyable.'

"'You could not have hit my mood more exactly,' said Sir Hugh; 'and let us start before the edge is taken off the air. I love to feel my cheeks tingle with the cold while I am pursuing my game.'

"The day could not have been better suited to the purpose. The gray clouds admitted a level light, rendering distant objects more distinct than even a bright sunshine would have done. We had a long tramp, and toward the close of the day returned, bearing ample evidence of our success, and we found the fire at home and the handsomely served dinner very welcome creature comforts. It was as we were slowly sipping our wine that we heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs in the yard, and, after a lapse of a few minutes, a servant handed Sir Hugh a note. This was nothing remarkable, for social occasions, as well as business requirements, brought such missives, but the blackness that fell upon his face was singular as he read this note, and crumpling it in his hand, ordered his horse to be made ready without delay, saying that important business demanded his instant departure for the north. We begged him not to leave until the morning, as it was now late, and there was every indication of a snowstorm. To all of our importunities he paid no heed, but as quickly as portmanteau and steed could be made ready he bade a hasty adieu, and left, saying that he might be absent three days, perhaps his absence might reach the length of two weeks.

"I found it impossible to banish a vague apprehension of gloom that would fix itself upon my mind, and I nervously watched the road many times, to catch, if possible, the first glimpse of the comer. It was on the afternoon of the ninth day that I had the pleasure of seeing a horseman approaching the house, who, upon a nearer view, proved to be Sir Hugh; and having summoned Lady Louisa to ascertain if my convictions were correct, we both watched him for some time, and were quite unable to comprehend why he should return bearing a veiled lady behind him, for we could distinguish her with sufficient

clearness to see the folds of her veil floating in the breeze. We conjectured in vain as to whom it might be, when, to our amazement, as he rode to the foot of the steps, the lady was no longer to be seen.

"Almost before we had greeted him we exclaimed:

"'But the lady! What have you done with her?'

"'What lady?' he said. 'I am sure I saw no lady during my ride to-day, excepting the wife of the landlord at the inn, twenty miles distant.'

"'But we both saw the lady mounted behind you—a lady wearing a long veil—and she did not leave you until you were sufficiently near for us to distinguish her hand, as she held it about your waist.'

"Sir Hugh looked much annoyed, and said he was so weary and hungry that he could relish rest and refreshment, much more than meaningless jokes. This remark ended all our badinage, and I think the strange circumstance was never referred to again.

"Sir Hugh volunteered nothing to anyone on the subject of his trip, and his evident reserve prevented my intruding any question or remark bearing on the point. I could not, however, but be impressed with his extreme sadness.

"It may be fortunate, in the general arrangement of Providence, that the future is concealed from us, but I do think that preternatural vision would at certain times be better for us all. If, for instance, what was to transpire in our household at that time could have been revealed to me, I imagine that much suffering might have been averted. An overburdened heart, like a battery overcharged, deals destructive shocks upon the human system, and sympathy is a great and safe conductor of those tremendous thrills, which otherwise tear and rend the human vitality. I am trying to say that had I induced Sir Hugh to confide his secret to me, such an outlet would have benefited his mental condition. A pent-up sorrow, like fixed air, stifles him who breathes it. But it is useless now to speak of what I might have done, or its probable results. Suffice it to say that in a few weeks after his return Sir Hugh sickened, and though all was done which science, skill, or the closest attention could do, it had no visible effect. He said but little during his illness about his situation. He was apparently calm, and when alluding to his state always spoke of his recovery as a thing not to be expected. Several times we thought him delirious, because he was evidently talking with some one who we thought was not present. But a few days before his death his attendants insisted that on several occasions they saw a female figure near him, which was closely veiled. I, for one, can testify to the fact that there certainly was a palpable, visible, intangible presence, more distinct in a faint light than in a full light; and this I suppose was the reason why Sir Hugh cried so earnestly, 'Light! more light!'

"The nearer he approached dissolution the more distinct the image became, until we all felt as though a stranger was present, of whose home or name none of us knew aught. After many pangs, Sir Hugh breathed his last. The night was close and sullen, and the stillness of death pervaded everything, when a deep moan penetrated every portion of the house, from room to room, through stair-way and hall, then passed into the wide air, and with it went the everlasting soul of him, who, but a few days before, had been the fortunate possessor of all that makes life grand and sweet.

"There has always been a superstition," continued Cousin William, "that on the anniversary of his death, the same strange moan permeates the air."

"Do you believe it?" I asked.

"I can't say I believe it," he replied;

"yet there are strange coincidences in the case. I was not thinking of this being the anniversary, until my ears were arrested by a singular moan."

"I heard it," said I, "but thought it was the sudden swelling of the wind."

"And so did I!" exclaimed my son and daughter.

"If it was the wind," said Cousin William, "it is the only blast we have had to-night."

"What became of his wife?" I asked.

"She returned to her family."

"And the fair woman of the mountains?"

"I afterward ascertained that she died in the arms of Sir Hugh. It was her summons that called him away on that memorable day. Grief for his desertion killed her. Her last words were, 'Meet me soon!"—words that it seems were but too faithfully obeyed.

A RUSSIAN BOAT-VOYAGE.

IRVING, in his *Astoria*, speaks of the hard-drinking and iron-ruling government of Russian America, which, according to its early history, maintained an existence for many years under the fostering care of the renowned Baranoff. The chief metropolis of the territory was situated on an island bearing his name, and known as Sitka, or New Archangel. The *employés* imported from the old country were of a class inured to hard labor and frugal living, aside from their inordinate indulgence in strong drink.

Military rule was exercised over the colony, and at the capital the discipline was punctiliously strict; moreover, a watchful eye was ever kept upon the different departments to prevent desertions. Notwithstanding this vigilance, it appears from the record that at one time several restless spirits concocted a plan of absconding, which was carried into effect successfully, but at great hazard. As usual in such cases, the tale is prefaced with complaints of ill-usage in justification of appropriating the Russian company's property to private uses. The journal kept by one of their party begins as follows: "This perilous voyage—launching out on the broad Pacific Ocean to seek harbors for fresh supplies of water and provisions, among wild Indians, on a rough coast not known by any of us to contain any settlements of civilized people before reaching the Columbia River, a distance of nearly six hundred miles—was undertaken to liberate ourselves from one of the most tyrannical governments on the face of the earth, under which a laboring man, and even the best mechanics, receive but a trifle as wages."

One of the confederates, named West—a sail-maker—while ostensibly employed repairing and making sails for the company's vessels, contrived to complete the sails for their own boat, but with a hair-breadth escape from detection. A scanty supply of other indispensable articles of outfit being at last collected, at two o'clock on the morning of the 20th of April, 1853, they silently embarked in a canoe or boat previously selected, and began their flight. A dead calm prevailed, and a gloomy darkness. Once they thought they heard the plash of oars, and again the voice of the sentinel as he reported the hour. With anxious hearts they plied their oars, and prayed fervently for a favoring breeze to widen the distance from the fort before daylight.

At five A.M. the wished-for breeze

sprung up from the northward, when all sail was set, and they cut through the ruffled waters, winding their way through whirling narrow passages between rocks and islets, or running along the open coast, as their southerly course led them. At daylight they saw three canoes at some distance containing Indians. "Not knowing their disposition toward us," reads the journal—"whether they were friends or enemies—we fired a shot over their heads, which they understood and turned their canoes back toward the shore."

On the morning of the 21st they passed the island of Baidarka, and at noon were up with Emheline; toward evening the island sunk in the distance as they dashed along with a freshening wind from the south-west. Every preparation was now made for rough weather. "A new mainsail was bent, some new rigging was rove, and one of the party (a carpenter) repaired the main-gaff; a new cleet for the main-halyards was made, and a tight canvas bag to keep tobacco in." From this one might infer that they placed great value on the weed.

On the 22d they were under all sail, running rapidly along the coast. About eight A.M., they saw two islands. At three P.M., Bilur Island was seen, and at midnight the wind came out at north-west, clearing the haze, when the Queen Charlotte Islands were seen in the distance.

Early on the morning of the 23d they attempted to land on an island, finally succeeding after barely escaping total wreck; the boat struck heavily in the surf, which started leaks, and all articles aboard were wet by a roller breaking over them. Luckily, however, all was saved, and the boat hauled high up the beach. Then Ridderston and West, two of their number, being boat-builders, improved every moment to make the necessary repairs, while the others got the fire-arms ready for use, and in the afternoon went in search of fresh-water, which, to their great relief, was found in abundance, and a supply brought to the boat. "To celebrate our success," says the journalist, "in being free from Russian bondage, we prepared a bowl of warm toddy, and drank a toast to a brighter future." Toward evening the whole party went for an additional supply of water. While on their way one of their number discovered a quantity of gum, some of which was afterward used in paying the seams of the boat.

The 24th was ushered in with a dismal rain-storm, that lasted through the day; nevertheless, all hands were busily engaged in repairing the boat. At night, being fatigued and drenched with the incessant rain, "made another bowl of toddy," and toasts were given, "hoping that the number of our friends might exceed the number of our enemies."

The weather proved pleasant from April 25th to the 28th, permitting the completion of the repairs on their crazy craft. On the evening of the 28th they launched it. Unfortunately during the operation they lost an anchor, and the boat sprung a new leak; however, with great risk and difficulty all was at last embarked, and they made the best of their way along the shores of the island until a smooth bay was discovered, which they entered and there landed without difficulty.

The 29th, a pleasant day, was improved in again repairing the boat. In this bay they "shot two sea-birds."

April 30th, at midnight, they left the harbor, using their oars. At eight A.M. they were out at sea; the wind came fair and fresh, soon increasing to a gale, but they made good way with a reefed mainsail—a mere speck of sail.

May 1st brought a change of weather; the wind lulled and the sea went down. At meridian two canoes with Indians were seen making toward them. They

immediately tacked their vessel and stood out to sea. Soon after the canoes changed their course, and were last seen making for the land. The fugitive vessel again resumed her southern course. Night set in with thick weather and rain, obscuring the land from view, and they groped their way as best they could by a pocket-compass, which was now and then consulted by the faint flicker of a transient light of pitch-wood. At dawn on the following morning an island was seen to leeward; their prow was immediately turned for it; in a few hours they landed, and "killed six sea-birds and made a good meal of them." At this place they remained until the 8th, high winds and rainy weather prevailing, and during the time they succeeded in killing ninety "sea-fowl," which afforded them a supply of food. At this date the diarist remarks: "We were also fortunate enough to find some mussels and small lobsters, and fish also; consequently we enjoyed ourselves, and had a good time and felt happy."

May 8th, in the evening, they left "Happy Harbor," using their oars until the offing was gained, when, a light wind springing up, they set sail to it, but made little way. On the 9th, the wind came from the north, which carried them along at their utmost speed.

At daylight a heavy squall struck them, carrying away the mainmast, with all attached. Luckily the squall passed quickly over, when, mustering all their strength and resolution, they succeeded in picking up the broken spar and saving the sail. The mast was soon temporarily repaired and sail again set, but the wind settled into a hard gale, which obliged them to heave-to. In a few hours the wind abated. On the morning of the 10th it came from the south, compelling them either to head seaward or close in with the land. They chose the latter alternative. The wind soon became a gale again, to which they shortened sail, but held their course and steered for Vancouver Island. On gaining the southern side of it, they were enabled to land. Here they found mussels as well as other kinds of shell-fish in abundance, on which they feasted until the cravings of hunger were satisfied. A good supply was then taken on board for a sea stock. Stormy weather prevented their departure until the 13th, when at an early hour they sailed on their course with a favoring breeze.

May 15th they passed a point of land, and soon after found themselves among shoals and breakers. The vessel struck on a sunken rock. "It seems," mentions the chronicler, "almost a miracle that we got through this dangerous place and into deep water again." The same day they attempted to land again, but the natives fired at them; so they continued along the shore and landed at another part of the island, but passed an anxious night, fearing another attack. At an early hour on the 16th they were again under sail, with a light wind.

The 17th was a still calm day, without a breath of air to ripple the undulating swell as it swept along the coast. As the day dawned nothing was heard but the distant sound of the surf dashing against the rock-bound shore, and the shrieking of sea-fowl, as if boding a coming storm. The sun rose out of a thick haze, betokening wind, but none came. The supply of half-putrid provisions, consisting entirely of shell-fish, was nearly exhausted, and with heavy hearts the famishing party gazed almost hopelessly in all directions as their frail vessel rose and fell with the waves. At length one of their number thought some black-looking objects could be seen toward the shore. Anxiously every eye was turned in that direction. Soon twenty canoes came dashing along with their savage crews, who proved nevertheless to be friendly. They had come out for

the purpose of fishing, and all were at once busily engaged in the sport.

As the glaring sun went down a light air sprung up, wafting them slowly southward. Before parting with the fleet of canoes they were given a supply of fish, which proved a timely addition to their scanty fare. The following three days they coasted along with light fair breezes, but dared not land, as the Indians seen daily in their canoes appeared to be hostile.

On the 21st they passed two canoes, when the Indians fired at them; fortunately no one was injured.

On the 22d they landed at a place called "Dearmost," where one of their party, named Ridderston, was shot dead by an Indian. The starving fugitives re-embarked and fled for their lives, setting all sail to a strong fair wind.

"May 23d," reads the journal, "we got into shallow water, the sea high and breaking. We were very near being wrecked, but the Almighty saved us from the calamity."

This place proved to be Shoalwater Bay bar, and we most sincerely agree with the narrator that their escape from being overwhelmed by the breakers was quite providential.

After passing the bar they were unable to land, on account of the rough shallow water, so they lay at anchor from the 24th to the 27th, anxiously waiting a favorable time to get on shore.

May 28th they saw a boat with White men in it, but they could not communicate with them, as a broad flat intervened. The following day they ate the last morsel of their provisions. On the 30th, the weather becoming more moderate, they left their anchorage, sailed up the bay a few miles, and landed. Immediately two of their number set out in quest of game, or anything to appease their craving starving hunger; nothing was found but some wild fruit, which they voraciously devoured. Soon after they heard the report of fire-arms. On going in the direction whence the report came, to their great joy and relief they found, to use their own expression, "civilized Americans."

Quickly did those distressed men manifest their wants, and as quickly were they relieved by our countrymen, who gave them meat and drink from their haversacks, and conducted them to their dwellings on the banks of the Palla.

Here ended this voyage of hazard and suffering, and when assured (in answer to their overanxious inquiries) that they were in a free country and would not be molested, the voyagers' past adventures seemed nothing in comparison to their inexpressible joy at realizing their fullest anticipations.

It may be well to add that the brief journal closed as follows: "The names of those four gentlemen who so kindly received us after our long and perilous passage, and who we all with sincerest gratitude shall remember so long as we live, were Captain Plig, Charles Dunlap, August Fairfield, and Edward Banks."

THE BONNIFIELD CLAIM.

"THE claim doesn't pay, and never will in my opinion. What a miserable, horrid life this is! Oo-oo!"—throwing one leg out of the bunk, built into the side of the cabin.

Heavy snoring heard from under the blankets in the bunk above him.

"Kind o' stiff this morning! Oo-oo!"—drawing the leg back beneath the blankets. "Them bowlders must be moved to-morrow, and that win'lass soaked and heavy as lead—and my back—Oo!"—turning with difficulty his face to the wall.

A shock of coarse gray hair showed above the gray blankets which covered the rudely constructed bunk. Heavy snoring then, both above and below. A slim and beautifully spotted snake glided from beneath the logs on one side of the cabin, moved slowly across the earthen floor, raised its head when near the centre of the room, and looked around, its two eyes gleaming like two coals of fire. Then it glided noiselessly away, disappearing beneath the logs on the opposite side of the cabin. A brown lizard crept through a chink in the logs, darted like lightning to a spot of sunlight on the wall, caught two unlucky flies, and then ran down upon the bunks and ventured within a foot of the gray head resting there, raising himself on tiptoe once or twice, and turning his head from side to side knowingly. Evidently in doubt about the object, he turned and slowly crept down the wall to the floor, ran nimbly across to where a table stood, each leg thereof standing in a battered tin dish, half filled with dirty water. Around the rim of each dish moved a close file of small black ants, stopping often and turning their *antennæ* in the direction of the immersed table-legs. The lizard swallowed a score or two of them, sprung over the rim of one of the dishes, and was soon upon the table, making great havoc among the flies, which had settled in a cloud upon a tin cup containing some brown sugar. Outside, and near the cabin, could be heard the cheering call of a mountain quail.

A movement of the blankets in the upper berth, and a head appeared over the side, looking down to the sleeper below—a head exhibiting brown curly hair, a pair of blue eyes, a bronzed cheek, and a full silken beard, with a mustache that curled away from the mouth in a way that would at once lead one to think its owner possessed a large fund of wit and jollity. The foregoing lizard retreated in haste from the table with tin shoes, at the first movement of the curly brown head. The owner of the head drew one brawny arm from beneath the blankets, and securing a long splinter of pine from the "shake" roof above him, cautiously reached down and tickled slightly the tip of an ear that peeped out of the shock of gray hair. And the silken mustache curled more humorously than ever as the sleeper moved uneasily in his bunk, and murmured in a piping voice, "Oo-oo-oo!" The tormentor desisted for a moment, and his berth shook with suppressed laughter. An audible snore coming up from below, he reached down and again annoyed his slumbering companion by tickling the ear which showed itself so temptingly there.

"Y-e-e-a-a-s?"

The tormentor rolled over in his bunk, and for a few moments the frame-work

of his resting-place shook violently. Then followed a roar, a whoop, a howl even, of laughter. He bumped his head against the low roof above him, and kicked against the foot-board, rattling down a shower of pine-needles through the cracks in the bottom of his bunk upon the sleeper below. He finally ended by bounding to the floor, dancing about the room in a paroxysm of laughter, and then he rushed out into the broad sunlight and gave one long and loud yell, that made the pines and ravines echo far and wide.

The fit over, ten minutes later he entered the cabin very sedately, and found his companion upon his knees before the fire-place, blowing vigorously at the few live sparks among the dead embers.

"Good morning, Uncle Luke," from "Blue-eyes."

"Good morning, John," from "Gray-head," puffing away at the fire, and not turning to his companion.

"How do you find yourself, Uncle?"

"Bad, ill, and worse! My—Oo-oo-oo!"—clapping his hand to his back. "My—oo-oo-oo!—rheumatiz is getting the best o' me, John!"—filling a camp-kettle with water and hanging it over the fire.

"Drink some wormwood, Uncle!"—arranging the tin plates and tin cups upon the small table with tin shoes.

"I've tried that!"—filling a stew-pan with cold beans from yesterday's cooking. "And manzanita, and man-root, and wild blackberry-root, and the 'root of all evil.'"

"You've been swallowing gold-dust?"

"No; whisky!"—with a grim smile.

"Tea 's getting low, Uncle Luke!"—putting a small pinch into a black teapot and hanging it over the now roaring fire.

"Beans, too!"

"Flour, very little!"—looking into a small barrel in a corner.

"Pork's petered!"

"Pretty near the bed-rock in every shaft, eh?" And the brown mustache began to curl again.

"Come to beans, John!" said Uncle Luke. "For what we are about to partake may the Lord make us thankful."

"A waste of words, Uncle Luke."

"How so?"

"You've said that three times a day for the past ten years."

"Y-e-e-a-a-s?"

"I'd ask you to spell that word, only I know I couldn't survive it. The way you speak it is all I can bear." And a wave of laughter seemed rippling over his face. "Now you have prayed thus, three times a day, for ten years or more. Thirteen words, is it, each time? Very good: that is thirty-nine words each day, and"—performing the multiplication on his fingers—"two hundred and seventy-three words a week, one thousand and ninety-two each month, thirteen thousand one hundred and four in a year, and in ten years one hundred and thirty-one thousand and forty!"

"Y-e-e-a-a-s? Well?"

"Q. E. D."

"What's that, John?"

"Demonstrates, proves. Don't you see it?"

"I don't see that you have proved anything."

"Don't you think all those words wasted?"

"No, sir!"—quietly removing the pan of steaming beans from the table and placing them on the floor behind him.

The young man had at that moment finished his first plate. Beans being the only dish that graced the table with tin shoes, he mechanically passed his plate for more.

"Hullo! where are the beans, Uncle?"

The deep gray eyes looked out from beneath the shaggy brows, upon the humorous face opposite, with a stern expression.

"Scoffings are heard as well as prayers, young man. The Lord has removed them."

The brown mustache curled again, the blue eyes twinkled, a grand swell of laughter shook the stalwart frame, but he controlled himself with an effort.

"Pass on the beans, Uncle; I haven't half-finished yet!"—with a comically sober face now.

"Pray, John!"

"To you?"

"To the Lord. He alone can answer prayer."

"Nonsense, Uncle; you removed the beans."

"A humble instrument in His hands, young man!"—speaking still more sternly. "Pray!"

"I don't think I will."

"I am positively certain, John, that He will never influence me to restore those beans, until you express yourself penitently in prayer."

"Never prayed in my life, Uncle Luke."

"'Never too late to mend.' Pray!"

"You will have to teach me."

"I have been teaching you for years."

"For what——" He paused, but with a strong effort composed himself, and commenced again: "For what we are about to partake, may the Lord make us thankful."

Gravely were the beans placed upon the table again, and the meal was finished in silence.

When ended, Uncle Luke, seeking out from the mysterious recesses of his bunk certain articles of soiled clothing, a gray shirt, a pair of drawers, and some cotton handkerchiefs, took his way down to a spring in a ravine, a short distance below the cabin. John came out, lit his pipe, and stretched himself upon the dry leaves beneath the glossy foliage of a live-oak, which overhung the cabin.

They were a strange couple, these two men, partners together for so many years. The young man, as he lay upon the ground, began to review in a dreamy mood the past. Sometime, years ago, he had forgotten how long, he remembered being upon a steamer bound from the sultry malarious Isthmus to the port of San Francisco. He, a mere youth, had been a victim to the fever that lurks in the depths of the tropical forests. While thus sick, and a stranger among the crowded passengers, one among the number had taken pity upon him, and nursed him to health and strength—a rough man, of uncouth features, ragged beard, and a huge shock of gray hair covering his head—Uncle Luke, who was scrubbing away at that dirty shirt down there by the spring. His real name?—well, he had actually forgotten it, if he ever had known; he had always called him Uncle Luke. Their fortunes had been one for ten long years; poor fortunes at best, prospecting in the placer-mines.

He had never thoroughly understood his partner. His secret belief was that Uncle Luke, although the soul of honor in all his dealings, a man whose word was truth itself, was, nevertheless, something of a hypocrite. He always had a faint suspicion that when Uncle Luke was in his sternest mood, it was only a cloak to hide the mirth within him, that his piety was more of a burlesque than otherwise, and that, if he would act his real nature, he would often indulge in freaks as mad as his own, play jokes as absurd as his, and laugh as uproariously.

Uncle Luke, scrubbing away at the soiled shirt down in the ravine, was also reflecting upon the past, and upon his young companion. Forgotten, too, was John's name, although he believed when he first met him on the crowded steamer that he was called Lauchlin—there was an old valise in the cabin now, somewhere, marked "J. L." He ran over in his mind all their wanderings through cañon and ravine, the days and years of

weary tramping and toil, the promise of good fortune here and the bitter disappointment there, and the steady whitening of his head, and the growing pains in his limbs as the years crept on. He loved John. Not with the love of father for son, not as brother loves brother, but with an affection he could not fully analyze. But he, too, was doubtful if he really understood his young partner. He believed his uproarious mirth, his jokes, and whimsical tricks, were often screens to cover heart-aches and sore disappointments.

So diverse in temperaments and tastes, each was to the other a mystery, and each was happy in the other.

The warm June day passed away. The washing was finished, the cabin put in order, the few periodicals on the shelves of a rude cupboard over the window had been looked through by Lauchlin, and Uncle Luke had read from a pocket Bible, guiltless of cover, several chapters from the Prophecies of Isaiah. The jays had ceased chattering in the cedars, the turtle-doves no longer were mourning, and the martial cries of the quail were hushed. They two sat together in the twilight, in two rustic chairs under the thick boughs of the live-oak.

Uncle Luke nodded. Lauchlin smiled and picked up a pine-needle. The old man nodded again, and then his head sunk upon his breast, and he muttered something in his sleep.

The young man, on the point of tickling the sleeper's nose, paused; he had heard a word spoken that had for him a strange interest, which word was the name of "Mary."

John Lauchlin had never known anything of the history of his partner. He did not know even the name of his native State. Ten years had they tramped together through the mines—had run a tunnel at Table Mountain, sunk a shaft at Shaw's Flat, prospected for quartz at Downieville, and hydraulicked at Red Gulch. And through all these years not a word had the old man lisped of his past life; not a word except in his sleep, for he often talked in his slumbers, and Lauchlin had at such times overheard the name of "Mary." His curiosity was excited to know who Mary was—whether mother, wife, or daughter; but the words were incoherent and disconnected.

The old man awoke with a snort, and sat bolt upright in his chair.

"You did not sleep long," said his companion.

"Oo-oo-oo! Rheumatiz again. Bad place to sleep, John. You oughtn't to let me."

"You have not slept five minutes."

"Five years would be a short time in which to pass through all I dreamed of."

"Pleasant dreams?"

"Y-e-e-a-a-s!"—musingly to himself. "I saw her, the sweet lass—and so beautiful, so lovely, and so good! Eh?"

"I did not speak, Uncle."

"I forgot. I thought I heard you. I thought——" Then to himself again: "The years are long, and 'tis coming night fast, but it's all right. Things will be bright by and by. Poor Mary! Eh?"

"I did not speak."

"I thought you did, John. It is getting dark and chilly. I had best go in"—slowly rising from his chair. "Old joints getting stiffer all the time. This night-air is bad for me. I've had a strange dream, and it has unsettled me a bit. You can stay longer if you like, John, but I think I'll turn in now." And he disappeared within the cabin.

John Lauchlin sat for a long time alone under the oak. It was a propitious time for quiet solemn musing, and the distant death-wail of an Indian band, performing the funeral rites of their tribe in the valley below, echoed sadly through the cañon. It was dark at last, and as the crickets chirped in the hollow trees,

and the owls hooted in the thick treetops, and the desolate cry of the mountain panther echoed through the forest, he, too, went in to his rest.

It was broad daylight when John Lauchlin awoke on the following morning. He missed the heavy breathing and complainings of his partner in the bunk below. He descended from his berth to find that his companion was not there. Save the lizards, ants, and flies, he was the only living being in the cabin. He was not surprised at that, as he thought it might be that his partner had arisen early and was doing some light work about the claim. He kindled the fire and prepared their simple breakfast. The food was placed on the table with tin shoes, and then, standing in the open door of the cabin, he shouted in his clear ringing cheery voice: "Beans!"

No answer was returned—only the multitudinous re-echoes from the hillsides and trees of "BEANS! *Beans!* Beans!"

It served to rouse the humor within him, and he indulged in a burst of laughter. As he took a seat at the little table with tin shoes, his eye caught sight of a note, folded and lying upon his tin plate. It was addressed on the outside to "John." He opened it, and read the following, written in a stiff and cramped hand:

"DEAR JOHN:—You must not think hard of me for this. It is best that I go so, and get away without any trouble. You will come to see it as I do in time. You will call me mad and crazy, but I can not help that. After my dream last night under the oak, I saw plainly that nothing would ever come to us so long as we remained together. It has been so ordered that we must part. *Don't leave the old claim!* There is something for us yet, and I am going to find it. In my dream I saw the very spot, and when I chance upon it, as I know I shall sooner or later, then, John, our fortune is made. It may not do me any good, but it will you, and perhaps one other in whom I have an interest. I shall return: when, I can not tell. In a month, a year, or ten years—God only knows. DON'T LEAVE THE OLD CLAIM! Good-by, John. L. B."

Did the brown mustache curl when the note was finished? One could not have seen his face, for his head was bowed upon his hand, and his elbow rested on the table. But something very like tears fell with a faint tick-tick upon the inverted tin plate, and his broad chest rose and fell in something like sobs. John Lauchlin was alone in the world.

Each morning, as the birds awoke the cheerful echoes of the forest with their songs, did the lonely man listen for the sound of the coming footsteps he knew so well. Every evening, as the sun sunk behind the purple summits of the Coast Range, did he gaze longingly down the mountain slope for the familiar form which never appeared. He went twice a week down to the small mining-camp, Reed's Flat, some miles away, to make inquiries, and to visit the post-office and see if there were letters from Uncle Luke. No one knew aught of him, and a letter to John Lauchlin never came. Life grew monotonous, and the humorous face became almost misanthropic in expression. It was the opinion of many that Uncle Luke was the victim of a hallucination—that he must have been partially insane. John Lauchlin did not think so; or, if he did entertain any such belief, he was careful not to express it. But as time passed on he grew more grave, more lonely and sad, and had it not been for his partner's repeated command, "Don't leave the old claim," he would gladly have gone elsewhere, hoping that time and change of scene would restore to him a measure of his old cheerfulness.

It was a hot day in September, when there came into Reed's Flat a small pack-train of mules. There was nothing remarkable in this, for all the goods obtained in that obscure place were, of necessity, brought in that inconvenient manner. What was particularly remarkable about this particular train was, that the owner of the mules, Tom Jeggs, had

neglected to bring from Sonora an article he had promised to bring repeatedly, and which neglect was the cause of much uneasiness in the minds of at least two of the inhabitants of Reed's Flat. Those two were Gottlieb Melch and his wife Katrina. The article which Tom Jeggs had been heartless enough to forget was nothing less than a baby's cradle. Gottlieb was proprietor of the only restaurant at the Flat. He had, by industry and strict attention to his business, acquired enough to send money to Katrina, who came all the way from beyond the Rhine, across oceans and continents, to join her lover in his mountain home. She had been Mrs. Melch for nearly a year, and both she and Gottlieb were particularly anxious that Tom Jeggs should attend to the order given him (which had been standing for three months), and bring from Sonora the above-mentioned and highly desirable piece of family furniture.

Now, it must be known that the neglect to bring the long-looked-for cradle on this trip was not the fault of Tom Jeggs. He did pack the article in question upon his strongest and most reliable mule, so he informed Gottlieb; but as he was leaving town, and just as he was passing the American Hotel, who should come out and stop him but Jackson, the hotel-keeper, and tell him he must take a passenger in to the Flat. Jeggs declared he could not do it, and Jackson said he must. Jeggs said he would not, but Jackson swore he should. Jeggs said he believed he was engineer of that train, and started up his mules, when out from the hotel came running a young lady, saying "she was the passenger, that she must get to Reed's Flat as soon as possible," and begs he will please be so good as to take her, with tears in her eyes. And Jeggs said he could not stand that, and so stopped at the hotel and took off the cradle, which he left in Jackson's care, and the young lady was placed upon the mule, and in less than half an hour would be in camp, coming in with the rear section of the train, in charge of one of his muleteers. And Tom Jeggs further expressed himself, by stating it as his opinion that "she could jest knock the spots off uv any shemale in the mountings."

Reed's Flat did not boast of a hotel. The only public-houses were the store, saloon, and restaurant. And Katrina Melch was the only woman in camp. It was, therefore, a matter of much conjecture where the expected young lady should be domiciled, if she concluded to stay long with them. It was generally conceded that the only respectable place in which she could be properly entertained was the restaurant of Gottlieb Melch.

It was not strange that the young German woman should hail with joy the advent of one of her own sex in that lonely place. Her eyes had not beheld a woman for more than twelve months. Had an angel of light rode into that mining-camp on that hot September day, it is not likely that so many rough faces, with unkempt hair and shaggy beards, would have raised above bowlders and peered from out deep races, as there did when the last band of Jeggs' mules toiled slowly down the mountain trail and wound into the little hamlet of Reed's Flat.

The young lady passenger had arrived! And having arrived, she was immediately taken in charge by Tom Jeggs, who conducted her at once to the presence of Mrs. Katrina Melch, and introduced her as "Miss Bonnifield, the young lady from Sonora."

And then Tom Jeggs felt it incumbent upon him to repair to the Long Tom Saloon and treat all hands. He also declared most emphatically that "that 'ere gal could jest knock the spots off uv any shemale in the mountings!"

John Lauchlin was hard at work ground-sluicing. Water was not plenty, and much labor was required to pick up the hard gravel and pulverize it sufficiently for the water to wash it thoroughly. It was a warm morning. The thermometer must have stood at one hundred in the shade; and down in the claim, with the sunlight reflected from the glaring banks on either hand, it must have been intolerably hot. But that he was used to, and so toiled steadily on. So intently was he occupied that he did not notice the approach of a person on horseback, winding slowly up the trail, along the side of the cañon below. As the rider approached it proved to be Tom Jeggs' passenger of the day previous, Miss Bonnifield. But Lauchlin saw her not until she reined up her horse on the bank near him, and, above the dash of water, and the grinding of bowlders, he heard a faint voice calling him:

"Mr. Lauchlin!"

As he clambered up the bank it occurred to him that he was scarcely in a fit condition to appear before a lady. He wore a heavy pair of gum-boots, reaching to the waist; a gray shirt with many rents covered his arms and shoulders, and his brown hair was protected by a wide slouch-hat, red with mud and water. His face was spattered with mud, and his flowing brown beard was dull and full of grit.

"Excuse me, sir—Mr. Lauchlin—for taking you from your work," said Miss Bonnifield, "but I wish to make some inquiries of you. My name is Bonnifield."

"Ride up to the cabin, Miss. It is too hot for you to stand here in the sun. I will turn off the water from the claim, and be there directly."

He was under the live-oak as soon as she, and assisted her to alight.

"Be seated, Miss. Allow me to hitch your horse at the tree here. A hard ride up the mountain on so hot a day as this. If you will allow me, Miss Bonnifield, I will go into the cabin a moment and remove a little of this mud and dirt, which so completely covers me, and then will listen to any inquiries you wish to make."

She smiled and bowed. In a short time he returned in a more presentable costume, and signified his readiness to listen to her inquiries.

"You must think strange of my seeking you here alone, Mr. Lauchlin," she began; "but I am in hopes you will be able to give me the information I so anxiously desire. You have had a partner here for some years past?"

Lauchlin admitted he had.

"He is gone now, I understand—disappeared in a strange manner. What was his name?"

He started and stammered. "I—well—really, Miss Bonnifield, I shall be obliged to make a most singular confession. I do not know his name!"

Then she, in turn, looked surprised. The statement he had made struck John Lauchlin as being the height of absurdity, and, in spite of his efforts to control himself, he burst into a fit of uproarious laughter. In a few moments he was calm.

"Please excuse me, Miss Bonnifield. A bad habit I have of laughing in the wrong place. This is a serious matter to you, I see. I wish I could give you the information you wish. But in truth I do not know the real name of my partner, whose disappearance has been to me a source of much unhappiness, for we had never been separated during a period of ten years. He was always 'Uncle Luke' to me, and I was 'John' to him."

Miss Bonnifield took off her dusty hat, for she was very warm, and hung it on a limb of the oak. Her luxuriant hair in wavy curls fell down and shaded her brown face. She made a pleasant picture, with the flecks of sunlight falling

through the oak-leaves upon her well-rounded form—at least, John Lauchlin thought so. Presently she spoke again:

"'Uncle Luke,' as you call him, is, as I have every reason to believe, my father. There is an unhappy family history which I will not trouble you to listen to, sir"—she bowed her head, and a faint blush rose to her brown face—"but while I loved my mother with the natural affection of a daughter, yet I believe my father was guiltless of all wrong. My mother is no longer living. I am alone in the world, and I naturally have a great desire to discover the whereabouts of my father, if he is living. I have been led to believe that the man living at this place is he, and I have made a journey of thousands of miles to find him. His name is Louis Bonnifield. It seems to me very probable that your partner Uncle Luke and my father are identical. And," she continued, her voice trembling slightly, "it is a sore disappointment to me not to meet him here."

"Come into the cabin, Miss Bonnifield," said Lauchlin. "Let us talk this matter over carefully. You need some lunch, also, after your hard ride up the mountain."

They sat together at the little table with tin shoes, and talked long and earnestly. Miss Bonnifield was shown the note left by Uncle Luke, but she could not identify the writing. "L. B." certainly was suggestive of Louis Bonnifield, and her name she admitted was Mary. These facts were significant, but not conclusive. She had no likeness of her father, and was too young when the painful separation between her parents occurred to remember his features. She had believed it to be him from information received from a person who had seen Uncle Luke at Reed's Flat, and had known Louis Bonnifield when a young man. This man believed the two to be identical.

Miss Bonnifield bade the young man good-by at last, and rode sadly down the mountain trail. Nothing could be done. She could only wait, as Lauchlin was doing. She would remain at Gottlieb Melch's, so long as there were any hopes of the return of the missing man. Then followed long weary days, weeks, and months. Tom Jeggs' mule-train toiled back and forth over the mountains to Sonora. The baby's cradle arrived at last, and in good time the baby also. Gottlieb and Katrina were happy as birds.

Twice a week a brown-faced girl with flowing curls rode up the dusty mountain trail to the claim that paid so poorly, and twice a week John Lauchlin stood in the shade of the live-oak, shook his head sadly, and said:

"No news yet, Miss Bonnifield."

There came a time, however, when this address was changed a little, and Lauchlin, as he smiled sadly, would say:

"No news yet, Mary."

December came, with storm and tempest. It was a terrible night in the mountains. There was a fearful flood at Reed's Flat, for the mountain torrents sent down such swollen streams that the water rose and swept away pumps, trestles, sluices, and flumes. The Long Tom Saloon was carried away, and the restaurant of Gottlieb Melch barely escaped. Higher up in the timber, where the claim of John Lauchlin was located, no rain fell, but thick blinding snow. The wind howled about the lonely cabin, the trees bent and groaned before the blast, and now and then a shriek seemed to echo through the forest, as a limb of some gigantic pine yielded to the storm and fell with a crash to the earth. Broken twigs of oak fell upon the cabin roof, rapping out an ominous refrain.

John Lauchlin sat before a blazing fire and dozed over some prosy book. How the wind howled. How it rattled the

little window and shook the stout door. Then he nodded sleepily. Was it the wind, or was he dreaming? Did he not hear his name called? He listened a moment. It was nothing but the wind, and he must have been dreaming. Then he did sleep.

He woke with a start. He certainly heard his name called. Without stopping to reflect, he sprung to the door, drew the bolt, and swung it open. A man fell forward, with a groan, and sunk heavily upon the ground. By the fire's red glare he beheld stretched upon the earthen floor the emaciated form of Uncle Luke.

Tenderly, as if handling an infant, John Lauchlin raised the senseless form and laid it in his bunk. He saw at once that the old man was worn out with toil and exposure — that he was dying. He applied such simple restoratives as were at hand, and was rewarded by signs of returning animation. Uncle Luke opened his eyes at last, and whispered a few unintelligible words; then he sunk to sleep. And through the long hours of that tempestuous night John Lauchlin watched by his partner's side. Dawn came at last, and the storm ceased. The old man opened his eyes, and, as they rested on his companion's face, he faintly smiled.

"Home at last, John! I'm so glad!" —with a weary sigh.

"You kept me waiting a long time, Uncle Luke."

"You could afford to wait, John. I've found it—I knew I should! It's all laid down in my note-book, and the book is in my pocket. You are wealthy now, my boy! No more picking in the old claim, for you—nor for me, either, John. I'm through! I've struck the bed-rock at last. I'm sluiced out, boy — but it don't matter much. Sit closer, John. There's much I want to tell ye — much I must tell ye. Don't miss a word. There's a bit of a girl of my own blood somewhere in the world. My daughter — although I never have spoken her name to you, John — my own daughter, boy. Her name is Mary — Mary Bonnifield. You must find her, John, for half of the ledge I've located is in her name."

"Uncle Luke," John interrupted, "do not worry yourself by telling me what I already know. Your daughter is living — she is in this State. I have seen her since you left; in fact, she is at the Flat now, and if it were not for the storm would be here this morning."

The old man closed his eyes, and for some time was silent. At length he spoke in a whisper:

"What brought her to this place?"

"To find her father, Louis Bonnifield."

"That's me, John" — smiling faintly —"that's me, but you didn't know it."

"I hoped it."

"Will she come early?"

"At ten o'clock, if she comes."

"What time is it, John?"

"Six, Uncle Luke. I look for her in four hours."

"A long time. Take good care of my note-book, boy. And for what you are about to receive may the Lord make you thankful. Do you think I can keep up till ten, John?"

"I trust to keep you a long while yet, Uncle Luke."

"No!" — with a slight motion of the head—"I'm going fast, boy. Take good care of the book, and look out for Mary. Do you hear?"

John bowed assentingly.

"Don't let anything rough come to her, John. You've been true to me, boy — will you look out for the girl? You are joint owners in the claim, you know."

And John promised: "I'll be true."

"Then let me sleep. At ten — ten!" And his lips were still.

Anxiously did John Lauchlin watch

through the hours of the long winter morning. At last, as he looked down the trail, he saw the well-known horse and his brown-faced rider toiling slowly up the steep ascent. Under the oak, with the white snow falling from the branches, he waited to receive her.

"At last, Mary, at last, thank God!" he said, as he helped her down.

"But too late—he is dying! Heaven help us both now!"

They passed in. Their tears fell in silence together, as they stood by the dying man's side. At length Lauchlin placed his hand upon the sleeper's brow, who slowly opened his eyes.

"Is it ten, boy?"

"Almost."

"Has *she* come?"

"She is here, Uncle Luke."

Mary Bonnifield bent over her father. A loving smile lighted up his wan face.

"Thank God! at last—at last! Kiss me, my sweet girl. I couldn't go until you came. My work is done. But do not grieve for me. 'Tis better as it is. Be kind to John, lassie. He's the right 'color.' He'll take care of you, my girl. Kiss me once more, darling. Be kind to——"

As she pressed another kiss upon his lips, his right hand rose slightly, then fell upon the gray blanket. A faint sigh, and John Lauchlin and Mary Bonnifield were alone with the dead.

There was great excitement in the mountains that winter over the discovery of the wonderful gold and silver bearing "Bonnifield Ledge." It was a remarkable claim on account of its unparalleled richness and on account of the manner of its discovery. It was reported that a dream of the locator was what led him to prospect in that particular spot. But what was most remarkable of all, was that the Bonnifield Claim was not owned by an incorporated company. It was owned by a company, however—a company which God had joined together—and which it is hoped no man will ever put asunder—John Lauchlin and his wife, *née* Mary Bonnifield; a woman that, as Tom Jeggs says, "Can jest knock the spots off uv any woman in the mountings."

THOUGHT.

I held my sweetheart's hand in mine;
I looked into her dreamy eyes, and saw
My own face mirrored there. She spake—
The air was thrilled with rhythm, and the birds,
Entranced, forgot their songs and listened
Unto her. She ceased—her ripe lips shut
The portals of her soul, and all alone
She plunged into the whelming sea of thought—
Into that sea which has no shores, no tides,
But which is peopled thick with lives
And beating hearts. Fathomless, waveless,
Wider than eternity, clearer than the skies,
Darker than depths of hell this sea.
She entered in alone, and I, with her fair hand
To lip, was far away as had a life-time swung between.

THE PIT RIVER CAÑON.

FEW persons who see the turbid sluggish waters of the Sacramento in the lower part of its course know that for more than 200 miles it is a bright clear dashing stream, flowing through wild and romantic scenery. For, like many large rivers, it is shorn of half its glory by being called by another name in the upper part of its course; Pit River, rising in the very north-eastern corner of California, in the mountains west of Surprise Valley called Warner's Range, and flowing to the south-west for over 200 miles, being the true Sacramento.

There is much of early romance connected with this river. Cutting as it does, right through the Sierra Nevada mountains, and coming from the east, the early explorers accredited it with being the continuation of the Humboldt and the outlet of Utah Lake. Under the name of Buenaventura, it was searched for by Lieutenant Fremont, in his first expedition to this coast, all along the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada.

The origin of the name "Pit River" is uncertain. In the Government explorations it seems to be assumed that it was named after the great English premier, as Mount Pitt in Oregon undoubtedly was; but a general impression prevails that it was named from the fact that the early settlers found upon its banks pits dug by the Indians, in which to catch grasshoppers and other game.

Where the Pit River cuts through the Sierra is the "cañon." This includes the portion from the mouth of Fall River to the Sacramento—about a hundred miles by the windings of the stream. Though not a cañon proper throughout its whole extent, this portion is so full of cañons and obstacles, that it has never been traversed consecutively by anyone who has told or left a record of the trip. Still, the cañon of Pit River was not altogether *terra incognita.* At some points hundreds have crossed it. The former town of Pittsburg, on Squaw Creek, had its mining "excitement" once, and its votaries all crossed the Pit River in the cañon. In its deeply sequestered nooks some half-wild White men have long consorted with the Indians. But no one cared to pass along the difficult precipices and jungle-like slopes to make the long journey through the cañon.

Last August, it became my duty, in the way of business, to make a reconnoissance of this cañon. Knowing it to be impassable to such animals as horses or mules, my first plan was to take but one companion with me, in order to have as few impediments as possible, and to hire Indians to pack what we had on their backs along the river-bank.

Redding, the terminus of the California and Oregon Railroad, is reached in about seventeen hours from San Francisco, and from there the stage started with us a little after midnight on our long moonlit ride. The beauty of hill and forest and river, by moonlight, was at once impressive as we emerged from the woods down on the banks of the Sacramento at Reed's Ferry. Between the dark shadowy sycamores the glittering river, whirling and gurgling, swept by without any intimation of the dangers and hardships and death which awaited us along its waters. Steeped in the full enjoyment of the scene, and free from forebodings of evil, we lumbered through the low hills on the east bank

of the river, under the shadows of the oaks and pines, and past the dark thickets of manzanita—the night-wind just strong enough to blow the dust away, and bring that coolness and sense of freshness befitting the moonlight—past the gravelly flats of Buckeye, where, in former days, miners made their "pile" or lost their hopes of fortune, and where still some hopeful ones struggle and toil. Presently the hills grow higher, and beyond Basser's, where we changed horses, steep slopes of what Whitney tells us is carboniferous limestone overlook the road. Through these hills we wound; then up steep summits, from the slopes of which we caught dim weird views of moonlit forests; down into dark shady valleys, until at last we descended the longest slope of all, and found ourselves on the banks of the Pit River at Smith's Ferry.

The United States Fish Commissioners' camp, four miles above on the McCloud River, was our destination, and there were the Indians we hoped to employ. So we had another long winding range to cross, and must descend into another valley of shadows, before we could find the McCloud dashing and roaring down below the road. Soon we saw the white tent and new board houses of the fishery slumbering in the moonlight, and just beyond them, towering high in air, the spectral range of limestone mountains that wall in the river above. The stillness of death—or its brother, sleep—overhung the camp, and not disturbing it, we spread our blankets and were soon numbered among the sleepers.

At the fishery next morning all was bustle and preparation. Mr. Stone was arranging to gather double his former amount of salmon-eggs. In the prosecution of my own plans I encountered my first difficulty. The Indians I expected to accompany me were uncertain, unwilling, and taciturn. While Mr. Lieber, my companion, was trying to induce the splashing salmon to bite at his hook, I went down to see the Indians in their camp. Crossing on the dam constructed by Mr. Stone, and following down the river a winding trail among the sand and bowlders for half a mile, under a group of oaks I came upon the *rancheria*. All around the brush-wood was covered with salmon, split open and drying in the sun. A circular structure of willow poles sheltered a group of Indians. In the foreground four "bucks" were playing cards. Half a dozen more were sitting back of these watching the game. Still farther in the background some half-dozen *mahalas* were busy at domestic occupations. On approaching this little group the barking of a small dog was my only greeting, and the glances of the Indians were half-averted, so that it was necessary for me to speak at once.

Indians have no word of greeting, but watch a stranger, who comes up and sits down among them, in silence, until little by little they find out his purpose and where he comes from. When they get up to leave they say, "I am going;" and the answer comes, "Go." On this occasion I could not wait for all this ceremony, and so spoke up at once:

"I want to see Jim."

"I am Jim," said one of the card-players, in very good English. "What you want?"

I looked at him a moment. A short thick-set young Indian, with glittering black eyes and rather a black but good-looking face. "I want you to go with me up Pit River."

Immediately all eyes were turned on me, and Jim asked:

"Are you the man Mr. Stone tell me about?"

"Yes, I am the man. Are you ready to go with me?"

After some hesitation and talk with the other Indians, he answered:

"I can't get Indians to go."

After spending much time with them, and a great deal of talk, the reasons for their reluctance were at last elicited. The cañon, they said, was very rough, and without any continuous trails. Two tribes of Indians occupied the cañon. I was among the Wintoons. The upper half of the cañon was occupied by the Pushoosh. These tribes are unable to understand each other. Long hostility had left them still jealous of each other's encroachments, and the hunter of either tribe that followed his quarry into the territory of the other was himself in danger of being made game of at any moment. I argued that they would be safe from the Pushoosh while with me, and that, though the way was rough, we would make short journeys and get through.

At last, for the compensation of a dollar per day each, three of the Indians agreed to take my camp through, and would be on hand at the fishery early next morning. Early enough next morning our Indians came; our camp was ferried over the McCloud, and packed up the long winding trail, through groves of oak-trees and thickets of manzanita, where wild pigeons were feeding, and quails with their young broods were parading in great numbers; over the crest of limestone; then down, down, through jungles of ceanothus and thickets of buckeye to the banks of the Pit River; then up along the river-bank to near the mouth of Squaw Creek, where we made our first camp.

That night we lay down to sleep full of pleasant anticipations. We seemed to have come into a land of beauty, of mountain, rock, and river. We were well equipped for our long trip, and this first day found us well supplied with game. Morning dawned with a different aspect of affairs. During the night two of my Indians had deserted, and Jim sat solitary and moody beside the crackling camp-fire. A promise to take him with me eventually to San Francisco had kept him faithful, but the night's reflections had given him another idea. He would not go on unless he could take his young wife, Hilda, along. In this dilemma I sought advice of Doctor Silverthorn. The doctor is one of those early pioneers who came into this country on the flood-tide of the gold-fever, and was left stranded in one of the farthest nooks to which the argonauts attained. He adapted himself to circumstances, took a daughter of the forest to wife, and made a home on the banks of Pit River. Here he established a ferry and built a toll-road when Pittsburg was a thriving mining-camp. And when the camp was deserted, and that occupation gone, he raised grapes and traded with the Indians. A gray-haired and gray-bearded man, erect and vigorous, and full of stories of combats and adventures with Indians and grizzlies. The doctor's dark-eyed tall young son ferried me over, and the doctor himself was ready with an expedient. It was useless, he said, to try and get Indians to pack us up the river. But he could take us, with Jim and his *mahala* (whom he advised us to engage), in his wagon round by the stage-road to Fall River, at the head of the cañon, where we could get a boat, in which he judged it would be practicable to descend the river. I had already been inclined to adopt this plan, and now decided to do so. I hastened across to have the camp packed up, and make Jim glad with permission to take his Hilda with us; and, in spite of our disappointment, it was a merry party that rattled past Woodman's in the doctor's new wagon.

Our route lay up Cow Creek, over the excellent grade built by the patrons of the new mining-camp. As the shadows of evening crept up the hill-side we passed shafts, dumps, and prospect-holes, all showing the freshness of recent work. Right on the road workmen are grading

out a place for the furnace of the "Afterthought"—a mine that is filling its owners with golden dreams. The smelting furnaces where Mr. Peck is successfully turning his copper-ore into mat are next passed. Several times we are stopped where some dusty miner steps into the road, brushes his hat back from his glowing face, and holds up his specimen, taken out that day, for our inspection. Splendid specimens they were, of copper, silver, or gold ores. On a more lonesome part of the road two deer crossed in front of us, but got away into the thicket before we could get a shot at them. Darkness compelled us to camp on the bank of Cow Creek, and Jim and Hilda showed their usefulness in camp by placing a good supper before us.

All day on the morrow we were climbing higher and higher into the mountains. We soon entered the region of the fir, the sugar-pine, and the pitch-pine. The blue valley quail gave place to the more handsome mountain variety, and many a specimen of both Mr. Lieber secured. At evening we were tramping through the still forest of great firs and sugar-pines, looking for grouse and gray squirrels. It would be impossible for me to convey to those who have not witnessed them an idea of the grandeur of these forests. At an altitude of 5,000 to 6,000 feet all these conifers reach their grandest proportions. Many a symmetrical tree shoots up from the ground in a mighty column eight to ten feet in diameter. Among these grand trees, beside a mountain spring, we camped, to be serenaded by the great owls until a shot brought one from the dark tree-top, another specimen for my taxidermist friend.

Next day we soon left the verdure of the western slope behind us, and descended to the sagebrush-covered valleys and lava ridges of the eastern slope. At night we camped in Fall River Valley. Next day the camp was sent with Mr. Lieber to Miller's Bridge, six miles below the mouth of Fall River, while I gave my attention to procuring a boat. Finding none suitable, I had one built. In two days the *Fall River* was launched, the best and stanchest skiff ever seen in that country.

Fall River Valley, like Big Valley and Klamath Lake Valley, is one of those plateau basins that have been inland seas or lakes for eons, probably, before reaching their present elevation. An infusorial marl exposed in Big Valley and Birney Valley, formed during this time, is several hundred feet in thickness. The lava-flow covering them all is of a much later period, or rather of later periods, for several distinct overflows can be noticed. The present river-channels seem to have been established before the later lava-flow. The effect, in many cases, has been to fill up the channels for two-thirds or more of its length, and by that means compel the streams for that distance to be subterranean. In this manner many branches of the Pit River only come to the surface within a mile or two of their outlet. Fall River Lake bubbles up in the middle of the valley from subterranean streams of this kind, as if it was one giant spring; and the river flows out of it full-sized, deep, and broad, on its short but winding course to the Pit, into which it plunges over beautiful falls, that, the denizens claim, form the "finest water-power in the world." Farm-houses are scattered all through the valley, and at the falls a little village has sprung up about the fine grist-mill and saw-mill of Winters & Cook. Thousands of dollars have been expended on these structures, and the bridges and roads leading here. These men are martyrs to their faith in the natural advantages of this locality. Religion and science have their martyrs; so, too, has civilization. The man who, recognizing the wants and advantages of

a district, risks his wealth in placing needed improvements there—risks it in an almost hopeless cause—risks and loses—is as much a martyr as if he suffered for some dogma or idea. While the wail of the lost spirit often is "Too late," the wail of these martyrs is "Too soon." The improvements may be wanted and the locality well adapted for them, but if population is lacking, *cui bono?* But there is an end to the struggle of our pioneer martyrs. If they can only hold out a little longer, humanity with its wants and wealth will soon fill these beautiful valleys.

At Captain Winters' mill our boat was built; but as the cañon immediately below this is full of rapids, I had it carried in a wagon six miles over the road to Miller's Bridge, where Lieber and the Indians were camped. Right glad I was to see them again, and I am sure they were equally glad to see me, and to feel that our explorations could now begin in earnest. Mr. Lieber had shot several species of birds new to him. Jim inspected the screws and calking of the boat, as it lay in the wagon, with a critical eye, and Hilda looked up from her culinary work at the camp-fire with a broad smile of welcome. On launching our boat we found it to possess all the qualities of stability and ease of management desired, so we determined to pack up and make a short trip that day.

I had previously explored the cañon between here and the mouth of Fall River. Immediately below the mouth of Fall River, for some ten miles or more, the Pit River winds, roaring and rushing, through a cañon of immense depth. Where it is deepest, and cut almost vertical for a thousand feet, a beautiful sample of a mountain section is presented. Above the talus at its base rises a great wall of sandstone and slate, the strata, distinctly visible, forming a great arch in this one wave of flexure. Half-way up the rhyolites begin, layer after layer marking different periods of eruption, and showing an enormous depth of lava-flow, even high on the mountain. The graded road at points winds along the very edge of this cañon, and gives glimpses down into its yawning depths.

While we were packing up at Miller's Bridge, a band of Pushoosh came dashing up on their ponies, to the evident disquiet of our Wintoons. From the impudent bearing of these braves it was evident that only our presence prevented them from annoying Jim. I asked Jim what they would do if I was not there. "Maybe steal the *pocta*" (woman), he said. In spite of this interruption, we were soon packed and aboard of our boat, floating under the bridge and down the rapid current beyond. As we found ourselves gliding so swiftly among the bright dancing waves, we could not repress a cheer, which was answered from the bridge just as a bend of the river hid it from our sight.

Round willowy bends and under overarching oaks and sycamores we glided, now fast, now slow, as the current flowed, until at last we heard rapids roaring ahead, and our boat was to be tried. Not overconfident as yet, we ran ashore, and I went ahead to reconnoitre. Crushing through the brush into a sharp concave bend, I found the river roaring a white mass of foam among dark lava bowlders. The scene was wild and grand enough, but terrible when I thought that we must go down through those boiling waters. This is what I had been warned against, and I had laughed at their warnings, but now I must go through it. While I watched the white flakes of foam leaping up against the black rocks, Jim pushed his way through the brush and stood beside me.

"Pooty bad place."

"Yes, Jim; very bad."

"Have to let her down with the rope."

The idea was an inspiration. I felt relieved at once. For this time, at least, the dangers of the mid-channel might be avoided.

"Yes, Jim, we will let her down with the rope. Let us go back."

In a short time it was accomplished, by clambering along the slippery rocks, fending her off from the sharp angles, holding to the bight of the straining rope, until at last we were through it all safe, though drenched.

Once more all embarked, and we went floating down the more gentle current below. Now we were passing where the river had cut through an ancient lake basin, and the cliffs on either side were the white infusorial marl—chalk, as the people here call it. It has a curious and not pleasant effect among the green herbage. The dust is white, fine, and light, powdering everything. Cattle, and even the scampering rabbits, stir up a cloud of it as they pass. For twelve miles the river traverses this marl.

As we float noiselessly down in mid-channel we take by surprise many of the wild denizens of the river. Flocks of ducks are overtaken, and some fall before Lieber's gun. A mink, watching us from the river side of a clump of willows, is the next victim. As evening came on we went ashore on a little island, and there made our camp. By this time we had gained confidence in the seaworthiness of our boat, and next morning we determined to try the mid-channel passage through the rapids we heard roaring below.

Hilda was set ashore to walk across the bend; everything was tied down in the boat. Lieber took his place in the bow, Jim amidships, and myself in the stern. We had fully discussed the course to be pursued. No matter how swift the river ran, we must all paddle hard, so as to get headway in the swiftest current to enable us to steer through among the rocks. With this understanding we moved down the centre of the river, toward where it fell away roaring down among the rocks. Swifter and swifter we shot along, the water now foaming among the bowlders in-shore; and now, as we pitch down the slope of the rapid, the boiling foam-waves seem to leap in chaotic confusion all over the channel in front; but a steady eye can see a narrow path of darker water among the breakers. With arrow speed we enter it, and, partly by steering, partly by being fended off by the cushion of water that boils back from the rocks, we get through, and shoot out through the heaving slopping waves below the rapid, our boat full of water, and our hearts full of triumph at our success. Lower down we pass the mouth of Rising River, coming in from the left, and I landed to inspect it.

A little way up I saw the dam built by the Indians to impede the ascent of the salmon, and the little foot-bridge of poles where they stand to spear the salmon struggling over the impediment. Less than four miles above, the river rises up from under a bluff of lava, and in its short course is a spawning-ground for most of the salmon that ascend the Pit. A little farther down we pass Thomas' Ferry and enter on the unexplored cañon. But first we pass the mouth of Birney Creek, rushing down through a portal of dark lava. This is a stream of rare interest. Like Rising River, it comes up from under the lava a short distance above. It has a surface channel, but that channel runs dry toward the close of summer. Two miles above where it enters the Pit it plunges down in a water-fall, in many respects the most beautiful in California.

The falls of Birney Creek are very difficult to describe. On the left of a level valley, overgrown with yellow pine, flows the creek. As you follow it down along its banks it begins to rush and roar into

a rapid; then it divides to embrace a little isle-like rock, and disappears in space. As you walk to the edge you find yourself looking down into a great amphitheatre-like chasm, about 150 feet deep, the sides and slopes of which are blocks of dark lava, with here and there a tall fir-tree planted among them. Into this abyss the creek plunges. Coming round in front, where you can look back upon it, you see that the water from above, which you have followed down, is but a small part of what is falling into the deep blue pool beneath. Like the two ends of a white scarf, it waves to and fro in front of the dark rocky wall on either side of a green buttress of moss-grown rock, the top of which is the islet we have seen above. Half-way down the fall a strange phenomenon appears. For more than a hundred yards along the face of the rocks, making an arc of nearly half a circle, the water gushes out and tumbles down in a white spray. This is, in fact, a second rising of the river, at the base of the oldest lava-flow and in the vertical face of the cliff. The whole effect is at once strange and beautiful. Only on the artist's canvas could you get an adequate idea of it. Let us hope that some time soon a Hill or a Keith will find the spot. The stream is well stocked with trout, and is quite tempting to the angler.

Shortly below the mouth of Birney Creek the Pit River plunges in between high mountain walls — a rapid winding stream—and at many a point our nerves were tried by the thickening dangers around us. Many a Scylla and Charybdis yawned for our little craft, but by the middle of the afternoon we had penetrated about five miles into this cañon in safety, and, as everything was soaked with water, I judged it well to camp and get dry. As I went forward to examine a little flat for a good spot to camp, I came upon two large otters swimming close to the shore, in their tawny summer fur looking exactly like lions in color. I shot one, and was so eager to secure it that I got into the water beyond my depth, and in the struggle with the wounded animal was being carried down into the rapid below. Only by drifting against a rock did I escape the danger. I climbed on to this bowlder, and, leaping as far as possible toward shore, swam out. The rest of the day was spent basking in the sunshine like lizards, with all our wet traps spread out to dry.

We were camped on a little flat covered with great pines and firs. On the south side the cliffs, though steep, were covered with a dense growth, composed principally of ceanothus-brush and young firs; but on the north side the cliffs were too steep for vegetation, showing the formation to be coarse gray sandstones, hard brittle slates, and above them a deep cap of lava. While I was tracing with the eye the flexures of the contorted slate strata, an eagle darted down and seized some animal among the rocks. For a moment there was a struggle, then both combatants rolled down the talus a short distance, when the eagle let go, and, after wheeling round the spot once, soared over to the top of a pine-tree on our side of the river. The animal that foiled his attack so completely I think must have been a badger, but I could not be certain from where I was lying.

The next day we made about twelve miles, the whole distance through a cañon like that already described. This was a hard day's work. The distance made was so short because we found it necessary to go forward often and reconnoitre the rapids in order to find a way through among the rocks. The speed of the boat when in the current was so great that there was no time to look for a channel, and a mistake at any point might be destruction. Often, in going forward to see the rapids, we had to climb along the face of a sheer precipice or over some talus of broken rocks, so

steep that any displacement of the rocks in stepping would bring a slide down from hundreds of feet above, threatening to hurl us into the river below.

Soaking wet, as usual, we were glad to camp by the middle of the afternoon. Above the camp was a little terrace notched in the mountain side, shaded with fir-trees. From this spot I startled a herd of deer, and saw from the number of deer-beds that it must be a favorite place of repose for them. After running up the slope a short distance two of the bucks stopped to watch me; though I fired twice at some quail, they still remained, but were gone when Jim came back with the rifle. Our fire was built between a great yellow pine and a cedar. On both of these trees were the fresh marks of a grizzly's claws. These animals seem to have a habit of tearing and scratching at the bark of trees, apparently for the exercise of their claws.

Two more days of cañon navigation passed, so fraught with dangers and excitements that we could only note in a general way the changes in the geological formation. The lava-cap changed to a porphylite, then disappeared. Limestones, as well as slates and sandstones, appeared in the cliffs. On the third day a great wedge of granite was passed. The evening of that day found us camped on the north bank among some oak-trees. The main course of the river was still south of west. I had expected before this to find it bearing northward. Anxious to see ahead, I took my rifle and started to climb a near peak. The flat on which we were camped was 100 acres or more in extent, and bore a scattered growth of white-oaks. After climbing several hundred feet up a steep slope covered with cherry and wild-plum bushes, I came to another similar flat. Following the ridge still higher, I soon got among the firs and pines again. I saw abundance of deer-tracks, yet no deer; but a black bear jumped from a log on which he had been standing watching me, and made his escape into the manzanita thicket.

After a long climb I reached a point from which I had a view both up and down the river. I was half-way up what I found to be a mountain, and it was just sunset. The grandeur of the view I enjoyed it would take long to describe. What pleased me most was to see that below me the river's winding course bore a little north of the setting sun, so I thought I could nearly tell the point in the cañon we had reached. I noticed that below us in the river the rapids still occurred very frequently, three or four in every mile. Just beyond me rose another mountain, with sides of dark rugged rocks. At the foot of this mountain the river wound with many sharp curves and bends, giving promise of whirlpools and dangers to come.

On my return to camp I found that Mr. Lieber and Jim had captured a string of fine large trout, and with these, our game, and Hilda's excellent bread, we had just such a dinner as we needed, and were in the right spirit to enjoy our camp-fire, chatting until late in the night. It was well we enjoyed that night, for it was our last pleasant camp. Many a saying of that night was impressed on my memory by the event that followed.

Next morning we embarked as usual, and had turned many a curve and bend, and shot down many rapids, until I knew we were winding along the foot of the high mountain I had noticed the evening before. As we glided along we came to a little flat formed by a landslide, a portion of which had been cut off by an arm of the river, making a narrow island. Just below the island was a sharp bend and a rapid. As we neared the head of the island the Indians called out "*Knope, knope!*" (deer), and pointed to a buck feeding on the little flat. I ran the boat into the bank, and,

taking the rifle, jumped ashore, intending to get a shot at the deer and then go down and measure the angle in the river. The deer was startled and got away, so I told them to go on down and wait for me below the rapid. Jim sent Hilda ashore to walk past this more than usually rough passage, and gave her the shot-gun to carry. This proved a most fortunate circumstance for us.

The bank of the river at the bend was a precipice. I had to climb some 200 feet on the rocks to get past it. While upon the rocks measuring the angle of the river, I saw the boat coming down the main channel, which was there close to the island. Some long alder-boughs overhung the channel, and Lieber had leaned back to avoid them, and lay there with folded arms as the boat shot down. Jim, too, I noticed had stopped paddling. I was startled at the risk they ran in drifting down such a dangerous rapid without headway enough with which to steer. On they came, dashing down with fearful speed among the foam toward the cliff beneath me. Suddenly Lieber appeared to see some danger, and sprung to the bow with his paddle. At that moment the boat disappeared from my sight under the brow of the rocks. I watched eagerly for their re-appearance round the bend, but the next thing I saw was blankets, paddles, and broken boards drifting down among the foam. "Smashed to pieces," I involuntarily exclaimed, as I threw away my rifle and rushed down over the rocks to the water's edge. My clothes were stripped off in a moment, and just then I caught sight of Jim's black head as he clambered out upon a rock. "Where is Lieber?" I shouted. At the same moment our blankets came drifting by, and I plunged in to rescue them. I drifted some distance down before I could reach the rocks again. Jim hauled the blankets up, and as soon as I could climb out, I again asked him where Lieber was? "We will never see Lieber any more," he replied, at the same time running excitedly up toward the foot of the precipice, against which the water plunged and roared. I was shocked at this confirmation of my worst fears, and followed him as fast as I could along the rocks up toward where the boat had struck. By jumping in and swimming in the eddy close to the rock, I got past the angle of the wall of rock, and could see over the whole rapid. No Lieber was in sight. Allowing myself to drift down again, I sent Jim to a point some hundred yards below, while I took my station at the foot of the rapid to watch for any sign of the missing man. Long, long we watched, while the waters roared and foamed past us; the last fragment of our poor boat had long gone by, but no vestige of my comrade was to be seen. While I sat and began to realize that his brave cheerful face was hidden by those rushing waters forever, a feeling of utter desolation came over me. My mind was full of regrets. Above all I regretted that I had left the boat when there was any danger to be encountered.*

All hope of ever seeing him was long past before Jim and Hilda came up to ask what we should do. Jim had rescued our saddle-bags and a small sack of flour that had been tied to one of the seats. I told him we must spread out what we had saved to dry. While it was drying on the warm rocks I felt glad that I could watch the water a little longer. I could not bear to think that our comrade must be abandoned to the whirlpool.

*William Lieber was a German by birth, and just in the prime of young manhood. In his short life he had traveled and studied in many lands. He was a taxidermist by profession, and was a devoted naturalist. His love for science and the hope of collecting rare specimens led him to volunteer on this expedition, and to face all its dangers and hardships. Throughout he was active, brave, and patient. It was sad, indeed, that one with so many good and promising qualities should so early perish.

Evening came on at last, and we carried what was left of our effects to a little strip of beach at the head of the next rapid, and there made our desolate camp. Next morning our first thought was to search the shore and the rocks where the drift came in, but nothing more was seen. We were in a sad predicament. Without means of transportation, on the north or uninhabited side of the river, in the middle of the cañon; the country about us a nest of steep rocky mountains, their sides, where not steep rocks, covered with dense thickets of manzanita and ceanothus almost impenetrable. Nearly destitute of food, all our cooking utensils gone, our only resource was the guns and some ammunition that by chance we had ashore at the time of the wreck. We made our effects into three packs, and, each one shouldering a load, we sorrowfully moved away.

We soon found it to be impossible to follow down the river, cliffs and precipices compelling us to go higher and higher up the mountain, until at last we found that the best we could do was to follow the spur we were on to the very top. And thus, as my barometer showed, for 2,800 feet in height we toiled over the rocks and through the *chaparral*, until, tired and parched with thirst, we reached the top. In our toilsome ascent I could not help but notice the endurance and courage of the Indian girl. With a pack heavier than mine, she bore it with less fatigue, and even on the most difficult slopes coolly avoided the rocks that I unavoidably dislodged.

Once on the top, we found we were on a ridge that at this point receded from the river, sweeping away to the northward in a great curve. At one point on the slope a slide had occurred exposing the strata for a mile across, showing the rocks to be white almost as snow; probably another of those infusorial deposits already mentioned.

As soon as Jim saw this he exclaimed: "Paas Bully! I know this place; it is Paas Bully. *Wintoon yahmin* (Indian road) over there"—indicating the place beyond the slide—"Cherri-poem is not very far."

I was very glad to hear this, for I judged that Cherri-poem (sandy place) must be in the Big Bend, and was, I knew, an Indian crossing-place. If necessary, I thought we could reach the stage-road from there. However, we had not yet reached Cherri-poem, and we were parched with thirst. Far below us I could see a little flat formed by a land-slide, and the dense growth of verdure with which it was covered led me to think that we would find water there. On reaching it we found it covered with a growth of maples and oaks, and under these a dense growth of ferns and large-leafed plants. Bear and deer had broken their way through in different directions. Following one of these trails, we soon found the much-needed water.

We had to toil over another high ridge before we could get down to the banks of the river again. The western slope of this last ridge was exceedingly steep, almost a precipice for 1,800 feet. It was with great difficulty, burdened as we were, that we made the descent. Before we were half-way down, Hilda discovered Indians crossing the river. Although Jim was afraid, I was too eager to see anyone who could help us, to let them go. So I shouted, and my shout was answered from beneath. But it was a long time before we got down to the river's bank. There we were confronted by two Indians armed with rifles. Jim addressed them, but they could not understand him. I went up to one, and, throwing down my pack, told him in English and by signs to take it up and lead us across the river. After some hesitation he handed his rifle to his companion, took up my bundle, and marched on down to the river. Then they pulled

out a canoe that was hidden among the willows, and in two trips we were all landed on the other side. As soon as we landed more armed Indians came out of the bushes and squatted down in front of us. We found they were disposed to keep us there, penned in, with our backs to the river.

I was not much afraid of them, for I did not think they would dare to injure us. Judging that some of them could understand more English than they pretended, I told them that I had come down the river in a boat, and that my boat had been broken; that I wanted them to pack my camp to Cherri-poem. Thereupon a long discussion arose, to which we were obliged to listen without knowing a word that was said. Evidently they regarded us as waifs of the river, very much as the old wreckers used to look upon the unfortunates who had drifted to their beach. Perhaps if I had been alone I would have met a better reception, but coming in company with the helpless Wintoons, their *quasi*-enemies, they were not sure just how to treat us.

At last two more Indians came up. Jim sprung to his feet when he saw them, exclaiming, "Hullo, Tom!" A fine-looking Indian, with a wondering expression of pleased recognition, came forward and sat down beside us. Jim and he began to talk with great rapidity. Jim was evidently much pleased. At last he turned to me, and explained: "He my friend. He half-breed Wintoon." I was much pleased, too, for I saw at once that Tom was a man of influence.

After some more talk the Indians went off, and, Tom taking up my pack, we followed them, and soon reached a place where they had made their camp. Here we found two squaws broiling salmon on the coals. With a keen relish I sat down beside the fire and ate salmon "straight" from a piece of bark. Jim and Tom talked incessantly. At last Jim got up and told me they were ready to take me to Cherri-poem, and that it was not very far. I thought it far enough before I reached there, and I went to sleep that night thankful for the favorable future prospects.

Cherri-poem, the Big Bend of the Pit River, is a remarkable locality. At this sharp turn from a northerly to a southerly direction the river is clear of cañon for about six miles. On the right bank the receding hills leave a beautiful little valley, containing a small lake that empties into the river through a creek about two miles long. In this valley a Russian, named Koske, and a Dane are living a sort of hermit life, subsisting, as I found, in dirt and discomfort, on a few vegetables and chickens, while they looked after a small band of stock.

I found the cretaceous coal-measures cropping out in a ridge of hills that divides the valley, and on the south bank I found a remarkable boiling-spring, coming up right in the bed of a beautiful little trout-stream within a few feet of where it falls in a small cascade over some rocks into the river, the hot and cold water so mingling that some fish we frightened down the stream came to the surface dead, having swum into an ascending jet of boiling water.

After some time spent at Cherri-poem in exploring the vicinity, I started southward to examine the lower half of the Pit River Cañon. I had hired Tom to pack for me, and expected that some of his family would go along, but was hardly prepared for the retinue of Pushoosh that mustered round us that morning— six or eight bucks, with some ponies and two squaws. I had procured a pony to ride, and rather enjoyed the cavalcade as we wound along in Indian file under the oaks.

A series of terraces stretch back from the river, covered with a growth of handsome white-oaks. The trees we passed

were often laden with acorns, and were pointed to by the Indians with great satisfaction. The young men scattered as we marched along, and, rushing about with shouting and laughter, treed the gray squirrels, and then called on me to shoot them.

I made my way at intervals to points where I could look down on the river. The lava-flood had not reached so far as this point, but the strata were much contorted and metamorphosed. Great land-slides had terraced the slopes everywhere. These terraces often contained little lakelets surrounded by willows, and had slopes covered with a mingled growth of oak and maple *(acer macrophyllum)*. After we had reached the altitude of the pine forests, and looked through vistas of giant sugar-pines down on this brilliant deciduous foliage, it formed the foreground of one of the loveliest views in California. Beyond, across miles of empty air, rose range on range of lofty mountains, with Mount Shasta, about twenty-five miles away, towering over all, its pink-white cone seeming more a thing of the sky than of the earth. As the rest of my journey was mostly along the mountain tops, these magnificent panoramas were constantly grouping themselves before us in unending changes.

On the third day I got rid of my Push-oosh followers, with the exception of Tom, and in the evening crossed the river at Brock's place. James Brock is a hunter by profession, and has located in one of the most inaccessible nooks on the banks of the Pit. He has had a rough experience in his constant warfare waged against wild beasts and wild Indians. His cabin is adorned with numerous trophies of his prowess—among them a string, two yards long, of the claws of bears he has slain.

The cañon proper extends below Brock's place. Indeed, the river-channel has that character as far as the mouth of Squaw Creek, twelve miles farther down. Through the cañon the Pit River is a stream about sixty yards broad, with a channel often from ten to twelve feet deep, even at low water. The whole distance is full of rapids, averaging in number about three to every mile. The passage of these rapids in a boat is barely possible, but would require the exercise of ceaseless vigilance and great skill. The rise of the river at high water is small above the mouth of Squaw Creek, owing to the fact that the tributaries are mostly subterranean streams, but little affected by the rain-fall, while the area of water-shed in the cañon is very small. The water in the river is always clear and cool, and is well adapted for the habitat of fish of the salmonoid kind. It contains at present two species of trout, and is sparsely stocked with salmon, which have their period of spawning about the first of October, at least a month later than in the Sacramento and McCloud rivers. The capacity of Pit River to furnish spawning-ground for salmon is very great, and should the State expend a little money on artificial propagation of salmon in these waters, it might add some millions to the yearly catch at the mouth of the Sacramento River.

While encamped at Brock's, I reconnoitered the cañon below, and so was prepared to take the trail over the mountains and down Squaw Creek to Silverthorn's, making the distance in one day. Coming down Squaw Creek, we passed many deserted houses, and saw gardens and fields that had lapsed back to a state of nature—the manzanita and buckeye rapidly recovering the ground from which they had been cleared, and choking out the intruding rose-bushes and peach-trees. The abandoned towns of Pittsburg and Copper City were passed with their still ungathered *bonanzas*. For miles along the creek

at this point, copper and silver bearing rock crops out. All along, the water from the springs is so strongly impregnated with copper that it can not be used.

Near the mouth of Squaw Creek we found the Wintoons assembling for a great dance, to celebrate the ripening of the manzanita-berries. There are two kinds of manzanita-berries; out of one of these the Indians make a sort of wine, which they had on this occasion in large quantities. They were all delighted to see Jim return from what they regarded as a hazardous trip. My Indians stopped to partake of the feast and relate their adventures, leaving me to ride down to Doctor Silverthorn's alone.

When the doctor saw me coming down unaccompanied he suspected some mishap had befallen us, and crossed over in his canoe to meet me. Mr. Lieber's death was a source of deep regret to him, as he felt in part responsible for having recommended the attempt to navigate the river. I assured him that I still considered the descent of the river possible—that we knew the enterprise to be a dangerous one, and went prepared to take the attendant risks.

That night I spent at the Doctor's, and next day reached the stage-road at the United States Fishery, and was once more within reach of civilization. During the trip we had gone through more than ninety miles of cañon, sixty miles of which had never before been consecutively explored.

THE PIONEERS OF NORWAY FLAT.

THE pioneers of Norway Flat were a motley gathering. They presented a strange union of opposing elements—adventure, recklessness, profligacy, and dissipation, in the closest association with industry, energy, and enterprise. There was a slight deviation from the general rule in the case of Bummer Bob—Bob Smith. He disclaimed all relation with the horny-handed yeomen by whom he was surrounded; he made no profession of industrious habits. He had a positive distaste for physical exertion; for that his organism was too fine-grained, his blood "too blue." There was no sweating of the brow in the manner in which he earned his daily bread, nor any care or provision for the morrow. The preaching and practice of his life were, "Enough for the day is the evil thereof." He lived by his wits, or, as he more quaintly put it, "traveled on his shape." In every trying emergency he "trusted to luck," in which mythical existence he had implicit faith.

Bummer Bob's career had been a checkered one. He had accompanied the vanguard of Frémont in the Mexican war, and had subsequently linked his fortunes with Walker in his filibustering expedition to Nicaragua, and, narrowly escaping the fate of his leader at the disastrous ending of the campaign, drifted in some mysterious way to Norway Flat.

Brown's—"The Occidental"—was Bummer Bob's head-quarters. One of the rude benches at Brown's was his seat in the day and his couch at night. Brown's bar was his cellar; Brown's "free lunch" his larder; Brown's customers his paymasters.

The pioneers of Norway Flat were not a reading people. They were too much absorbed, perhaps, in the pursuit of wealth to take any special interest in literature, and journalism had not in

those days mustered sufficient temerity to attempt to obtain a foot-hold in that mountain-bound community. The Norway Flat *Sentinel* was the offspring of a subsequent and more enlightened civilization. But Bummer Bob officiated then as news-gatherer and reporter, and in many respects excelled the mechanical institution which afterward succeeded him. Bob was the common centre toward which the social gossip of Norway Flat and adjacent camps gravitated. On the movements and operations of the prospecting parties obtaining their outfit at the Flat he was "posted;" and he was as full of "points" relative to the merits of the leads coursing through the surrounding hills and neighboring valleys as a bone is of marrow. And Bummer Bob was, fortunately for the inquisitive, communicative, especially if there were any prospect in the near future of an invitation to "take suthin'" being extended. He who liked to listen to Bob's "gas," as poor Shakes was wont to call it when he flourished in Norway Flat, seldom failed to learn. As newsmonger Bummer Bob was faithfully performing his destiny, and doing Norway Flat an incalculable service.

Bummer Bob's head-quarters was the nightly rendezvous of the pioneers. It was the temple in which they worshiped strange gods and held communion with familiar spirits. And they were exceedingly devout. With the thickening shades of even-tide they hurried from all directions toward its gilded shrine, and not until the silvery dawn fringed the eastern horizon did the last votary depart with an uncertain step to his lonely home, and the high-priest curl up in his blanket behind the altar.

It was the dead of winter. The mercury in the thermometer hanging upon a nail in front of the Occidental had descended far below zero. The cold was intense. A recent snow-storm had cast a white covering over the dark pine forest surrounding the clearing of Norway Flat. The morning sun shone forth with a fierce glare, but there was no warmth in its rays. The air was tranquil; even the delicate tendrils of the long yellowish hairy moss hung pendent from the drooping snow-laden branches, undisturbed by the breath of a zephyr. The flutter of the butcher-bird's wings as it flitted from bough to bough was startlingly distinct. Its nervous movements loosened the snowy crystals from the points of the bayonet-like leaves, and they descended to the ground slowly, but with the perpendicularity of the plumb-bob. Trembling filmy columns shot upward into the cloudless sky from every chimney-top. The forest gave forth no sound, except the occasional chatter of a restless jay or the sharp crack, like the report of a pistol-shot, from the frost-contracting timber. Outdoor work in Norway Flat was suspended, but in-doors the activity incident to a "cold snap" prevailed. The Occidental was thronged. "Barkeep" was in a state of perspiration, owing to the pressing demands made upon his services by his impatient customers. The great stove standing in the centre of the saloon was all aglow. The circle round it was well extended, and Bummer Bob, occupying his wonted seat, was correspondingly vivacious in view of the increased number of drinks to be obtained.

"Struck it, you bet! A dollar to the pan every pop. Dorg my skin ef it aint the biggest thing on ice!"

Bummer Bob's narrative became suddenly uninteresting. The attention of his auditors became riveted on the little man who had thus unconsciously intruded. He had a lank frame, a pinched and withered face, and deep-set gray eyes. His hair had been bleached by the snows of many winters, and the icicles of age hung from his lantern jaws. Not excepting Bummer Bob, the in-

truder was the best-known man in Norway Flat since the untimely taking off of Shakes. It was "Doc." There was some doubt in Norway Flat's mind as to whether he had "a legal right to the handle to his name;" whether he graduated from the medical halls of an obscure western college, or received his diploma as cook's-mate from the hands of the "old man" of the good ship *Leonora*, in which vessel he was reported to have rounded the Horn. But Norway Flat seldom bothered itself about the antecedents of any man, and Doc had found more than ordinary favor in its sight, much to the mortification of Bummer Bob. Doc had just arrived in Norway Flat and stepped into the Occidental, from one of his periodical prospecting tours. The remark which had diverted the attention of Bummer Bob's auditors was directed to Brown.

"It's the biggest thing on ice," he repeated, and, observing that his assertion had attracted the notice of all in the room, he continued: "That's so, you bet! Say, boys, all hands take a drink. Barkeep, look lively; sling yer forty-rod chain-lightnin' 'long this way."

Norway Flat was in a commotion—that is, the Occidental, which represented the Flat on such days as the one on which Doc returned from his successful prospecting tour, was crowded with an unusually animated throng. Bummer Bob wandered about the great saloon like a lost spirit. He was welcomed by none of the little groups congregated on every hand discussing the topic of the hour—Doc's find—and as he quietly retired to a secluded corner to brood over his imaginary disgrace, he silently vowed to have revenge on the one who had thus summarily supplanted him.

Norway Flat wanted to know the whereabouts of Doc's new discovery, but Doc was very chary in giving information. (The pioneers of Norway Flat will be pardoned for desiring to reap some of the harvest of another man's sowing. The disposition to gather of another's fruits has been characteristic of the human race from time immemorial.) What information he did impart was vague. The locality was very dimly defined. Every man in the Occidental, except Bummer Bob, in turn interviewed him, and before noon there was not a plank in the floor of the saloon that did not bear a diagram of the route to the newly discovered gold-bearing creek, drawn with charcoal from the description given of it by Doc. But no two were alike in any particular, and Norway Flat arrived at the conclusion that Doc intended keeping his own secret. It was pretty generally known throughout Norway Flat before night that Doc was to be trailed when he undertook to leave camp for his newly discovered diggings. With the settling down of the shades of night Doc started. In an hour afterward Happy Jack and Dancing Bill, well equipped with candles and improvised lanterns, that had originally done duty as whisky-bottles, started off on his trail, which was easily followed in the soft snow. The tracks led over hill and dale through an unbroken waste of timber; and the weary march was kept up through the long hours of the entire night, until dawn found the trailers on the banks of a broad stream, up which the tracks made by Doc continued to lead. As the sun rose the smoke of many fires was seen ascending in the distance. Then it began to dawn on their intelligences that Doc had outwitted them, and after piloting them through the mountains had led them back to Norway Flat, knowing full well that the darkness would preclude the possibility of their recognizing any familiar landmark. They resignedly accepted the situation, and were prepared to meet Doc at the door of the Occidental waiting for their arrival. With a merry twinkle in his eye he remarked:

"Boys, that's a darned ugly tramp to them 'ere new diggins. What d'ye say if we licker-up now?"

That was a peace-offering which dissipated whatever bitterness the mortification of being so badly victimized may have possessed. The jingle of glasses and the hearty inartistic rendition of the refrain of the familiar ditty,

"For he's a jolly good fellow,"

by Happy Jack and Dancing Bill, quickly followed. The revelry which then set in disturbed Bummer Bob. It annoyed him to be thus rudely woke up. It annoyed him still more that he was not invited to participate in the bacchanalian festivity which had just been commenced. He was angry when he realized that Doc, his supplanter of the previous day in the good graces of Norway Flat, was at the bottom of it all. He approached his innocent rival, and, hissing something in his ear unintelligible to either of the others present, struck him a heavy blow in the face. That was the signal for open hostilities. Quicker than the story is told Doc and Bummer Bob grappled and fell. The struggle was short, sharp, and decisive. Two men rolled over and over on the floor; two knives gleamed in the early sunlight which penetrated the frosted panes of the windows of the Occidental. A few rapid passes and the struggle ended. But only one man rose, and that was Doc. He was unscathed, while the life-blood ebbed rapidly from the writhing body of Bummer Bob, ending his checkered career as he had often said he would: he had "died in his boots."

At the time when the sanguinary conflict between Doc and Bummer Bob took place, Norway Flat was beginning to creep out of its primitive lawlessness, and some of the institutions of a more enlightened civilization than the one which had hitherto obtained were being introduced. The honored office of coroner had been established. It was true that its adoption was due more to a desire not to be outdone by other mining-camps, than to any necessity felt for it. It was generally conceded that the old way of disposing of such cases as would henceforth come within the coroner's jurisdiction was the most expeditious, and often the most satisfactory. The informal burial in a hurriedly dug grave was sometimes quickly supplemented by the consummation of a tragedy under the auspices of Judge Lynch.

Coroner Kurtz's first inquest was held over the body of Bummer Bob, at the Occidental. He felt all the importance of the occasion. He selected representative men of Norway Flat as his jury, with Brown of the Occidental as foreman. He was very precise in his questioning; very careful in the manner in which he took down the answers. Happy Jack, Dancing Bill, and Barkeep, the only witnesses examined, were put through what he termed "a coursh of shproutsh," but their story was straightforward and corroborative.

Notwithstanding the habitual recklessness of the pioneers of Norway Flat, they were on the whole a law-abiding people. Not that they heeded, in any sense, the written law of the land—they did not—but there was an unwritten law, which each one tacitly recognized. At times obedience to this common law had to be enforced at the pistol's mouth, and any infringement of it was always followed by a terrible punishment. Petty offenses were few, for each member of that community was at once guardian of the peace, judge, jury, and executioner. The statutory law was too slow and uncertain in its operation, and a sense of insecurity of life and property possessed those who placed their trust in it. Hence this broad principle was laid down: Where the laws of civilized life failed to give protection, they would protect themselves after whatsoever fashion circumstances dictated and their re-

sources warranted. This was the principle recognized by the jury in the verdict of justifiable homicide, presented through its foreman in the following crude form:

"MR. CROWNER — We're 'greed on a vardick. We're 'greed that Bummer Bob passed in his checks, and we guess it sarved him right."

Time has wrought wondrous changes since then in Norway Flat and its surroundings. Those who knew the Flat only as it was twenty years ago, would no longer be able to point out the spot on which it stood, for it is numbered among the mushroom towns which sprung up in a day to disappear in an hour. It lies "full fathoms five" deep, beneath an ocean of tailings, and its foibles and shortcomings have been buried with it. Every landmark by which it was formerly recognized has been obliterated. The well-wooded slopes of the surrounding hills have been denuded by a class of men of recent in-come, whose views of enterprise are infinitely broader than those of Norway Flat's fossorial pioneers. A net-work of flumes, scaffolding, pipes, and water-ways cover deep-furrowed banks, at whose base silvery, fan-like shafts batter, bursting into a shower of splinters, and bringing down an avalanche of *débris*. Streams of liquid mud course between walls of cobbles. Here and there the jagged edges of the naked rock project—the ghastly skeleton of the once comely valley. A moving army of human workers, picturesquely attired, give it the appearance of a gigantic ant-hill, and a sound like the unbroken rumbling of distant thunder or the suppressed hum of a bee-hive ascends from these busy scenes. Overlooking the buried Flat there stands a new city whose buildings are substantial and elegant, and whose inhabitants enjoy a liberal measure of ease and comfort. But it bears no name calculated to awaken any reminiscence of the past. Only the old cemetery on the hill remains unchanged. No desecrating hand has disturbed the ashes of its inmates. Wind and weather only have affected its confines, and most of the rude tablets, which rough but kind hands placed at the heads of the moss-grown mounds, have long since mingled with the mold; but in a secluded corner a weather-worn shingle still stands from which this rudely carved inscription has not been effaced:

"DOC,
"THE LAST OF THE PIONEERS OF NORWAY FLAT."

THE ROPE-MAKERS.

It seemed I walked beside the sobbing sea
That breaks upon an edge of barren land,
And as I went I saw before a band
Of maidens, sporting, as it seemed to me.
But as I came unseen on two or three,
Who heaped the shining grains with either hand,
I saw that they were making ropes of sand;
And when I asked them what their work might be,
One turned upon me pitiful sweet eyes,
While all the rest hung head upon the bosom,
And said, We are poor maidens who have found
By sad experience how quickly flies
Love, and we make, lest we again should lose him,
These chains wherewith he may be firmly bound.

IN MEMORIAM.

[BENJAMIN P. AVERY DIED IN PEKING, CHINA, NOVEMBER 8TH, 1875.]

God rest thy soul!
O, kind and pure,
Tender of heart, yet strong to wield control,
And to endure!

Close the clear eyes!
No greater woe
Earth's patient heart, than when a good man dies,
Can ever know.

With us is night—
Toil without rest;
But where thy gentle spirit walks in light,
The ways are blest.

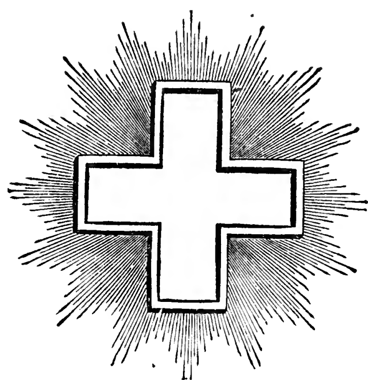
God's peace be thine!
God's perfect peace!
Thy meed of faithful service, until time
And death shall cease.

Just as our last form goes to press, news comes of the death of Honorable BENJAMIN P. AVERY, United States Minister to China, and late editor of the OVERLAND. The shock is so sudden we can hardly realize our friend has gone from our gaze forever. Have the cruel wires lied, or has his gentle spirit passed from this world of care and pain to "the land where all is peace?"

Mr. Avery was in many respects a remarkable man. He typified the ripest fruitage of our western thought and culture. He was essentially Californian, but he represented the finer feminine side of California—California in those gentler moods of which we see too little. He had the freshness without the brusqueness of the frontier spirit. Perhaps no one person did so much to educate the people of the State in the right direction—to lift the thoughts of men above the sordid interests of the hour and the mean ambitions of personal gain. He embodied in his life and character that spirit of a broader culture, purer morals, and loftier aims which constitute the basis of all healthy growth. He loved California with an almost idolatrous love, but lamented its hard materialism, and strove to make it more worthy of its great destiny. And he was unwearying in his efforts to elevate and refine. The hours that other workers gave to rest and recreation he devoted to the building up of new æsthetic interests and the study of those gentler arts that uplift society and smooth down the sharp angles of our western life. He was one of those rare men who are estimated rather below than above their true value. His modesty made him shy; and some people, who but half knew him, made the mistake of thinking he lacked force. No man was more firm in upright purpose—could be more courageous in the assertion of honest conviction. His adherence to principle was firm and uncompromising. He was constitutionally incapable of putting a falsehood in print or perverting facts to partisan uses. His pen was never soiled by an attack upon private character. He abhorred with all the intensity of a pure soul the personalities of journalism.

His capacity for work was marvelous. We can not recall a journalist, with perhaps the exception of the late Henry J. Raymond, who could write so rapidly, yet so pointedly and correctly. His well-stored mind poured forth its treasures in a rapid-flowing copious stream. He was equally ready in all departments of journalistic activity. He was an admirable dramatic critic, was well versed in the elementary principles of music, while in the specialty of art criticism he was without a rival among Californian writers. His editorials were models of clear statement and strong but elegant English, while all that he wrote was pervaded by a certain spirit of candor and a power of moral conscience that compelled attention and carried conviction. While the prevailing tone of his mind was serious, few writers could be more delightfully playful, more charmingly humorous.

Socially Mr. Avery was very lovable. In him all the virtues seemed harmoniously combined. He was absolutely without guile, as he was without vices. His heart overflowed with love for his fellow. He could not bear to think ill of anyone, and if a sense of public duty compelled him to criticise, it was done so kindly, so regretfully, that censure lost half its sting. And his friendships were so firm and steadfast, his trust in those he loved so deep and unquestioning! Who that has felt the grasp of his manly hand, and looked into the quiet depths of his kindly eye, can ever forget the subtile influence that crept like a balm into his soul? He lived in and for his friends. Caring little for general society, his social world was bounded by a charmed circle of intimates. He was such a delightful companion: so fresh and bright and genial, so apt in repartee, so quaintly witty, so rich in various learning without taint of pedantry. To know him, to be much in his society, to feel the sweet influence of his pure life, was a boon and blessing. He is dead; but the seed of thought and culture he has sown has not fallen on barren ground. His work survives him. The interests he promoted and the institutions he helped found, are living monuments of his beneficent activity. We shall see him no more in the flesh, but his spirit will long be a pervading presence to hosts of loving hearts.



ETC.

Opinions.

* * * * And now, as to opinions. Opinions are troublesome. I have had the measles, mumps, whooping-cough, matrimony, and nearly all the earlier ills that life is heir to, but now I have got *opinions*, and they make the most tedious, uncomfortable disease I have yet suffered. I do not know how an opinion gets into a fellow, but once in, it is assiduous always, and sometimes clamorous, to get out. Once out, if it is a bold opinion, it becomes covered with myriad parasitic additions, comments, sneers, fleers, jeers, and then pestilently flies home to roost and riot in the brain where it was hatched or housed.

Bancroft Library

Yet a fellow must have opinions—everybody has them—or the indulgent world will say: "Ha-ka! out upon such a fellow. He has no opinions of his own." As if one man in nine hundred ever had an opinion of his own, or was capable of honestly and fully adopting the unmarred opinion of his neighbor. I tell you, opinions are terrible things. If a fellow—I say "fellow" instead of man, because we have in the world of opinion fellow-sisters, have we not?—if a fellow has opinions and expresses them, he will, by his very nature, be sensitive about them; and then all the callous, ingenious, thick-skinned plod-workers will lift up their voices and cry out: "Go to. He hath opinions—he hath expressed them. Now, verily, shall he live up to his opinions." Alas! for this poor fellow, the days of his peace are numbered; his "goose is cooked;" the enemy surrounds him, demanding not honorable surrender, but, dancing in critical war-paint and feathers, shouts for his continued slow torture. The inconsistent world clamors for consistency. Ah me! what a bilk "the world" is.

Job "O'd" for two things—namely, an answer from the Almighty, and a book written by his adversary. Now, Job was several thousand years younger than I am, and in his inexperience failed to express himself. What he should have said is this: O! that mine adversary had written an *opinion. Then* I would have had him. Write a book! Why, there are books written which even "Solomon in all his glory" could make nothing of, as against friend or foe. But, mark you! No sooner did Elihu the Buzite (whose tribe is numberless on California Street) arise and even verbally proclaim his opinion, than down went the Buzite, and from that hour Job warmed into health, strength, and prosperity.

Opinions must be supported, or they perish. What opinion had the fellow who bossed the contract of building the Sphinx? No doubt he had opinions running through his head, as he ordered about the busy swarm of Egyptian onion-eaters, while they hewed, hacked, chipped, cut, and carved the mysterious image; but he left his opinions unsupported, and now, like himself, they have perished. It takes money to support an opinion. It costs more to support an opinion than to carry on an ordinary Dutch family. An opinion without courage behind it is as a still-born baby—no hope in its early beauty, and a mere excuse for a funeral. With courage and plenty of money a fellow may support an opinion—otherwise not.

How easy it is to exhort a bold honest newspaper: "Give it to them! Your opinions are correct." Alas! thou fool, knowest thou not that dollars are risked in the expression and impression of these "correct" opinions? What riskest thou in support of opinions? "Lip," and "lip" only.

I mean this for you, O intellectual swaggerer! If you had lived in the days of Galileo, and the studious old man had met you, a prosperous upholder of the faith, and, taking you by the neighborly button, had stepped aside to whisper in your ear, "It turns!"

"Ah! does it?" you question.

"The world is a globe, and turns about, day unto day, with a rapid motion."

"The world, under our feet, turns? Ah! very curious idea, Gali."

"O, yes. I will show you, to your satisfaction, that it does so, if you will follow me to some secret quiet place," says the old man, glancing about and half-drawing a parchment roll from the bosom of his robes.

"Secret! No, no—no secrets for me. If she turns I won't stop her. But secrets—that means business before the *inquisidor*. Good-day, Gali. Ahem!—a very good-day." And you would have gone by on the other side, leaving "correct" opinion in the hands of moral highwaymen; but now, after the struggle, the cost, and the battle is past, you roll, bask, revel, and swagger in the warm light cast against historic walls, where never more may come the moldy, pulpy shadow of old Dogma.

Men tell me about *hari-kari* in Japan. This is a method by which a high official Japanese confesses he has been false to his country. Adopted in the United States, *hari-kari* would be a boundless blessing. Next to *hari-kari* in the disemboweling process, is the support of an honest opinion. Thousands of men in America have gone, spread-eagle fashion, upon that blade, turned suddenly pale, and perished in their prime. And yet, correct opinion, like the storied car of Juggernaut, finds yearly numerous new victims prostrate before its oncoming. How shall we account for such follies? The impractical, improvident, boldly intellectual scum of each rising generation must be made way with, to give room for the many easy-going fools to be fleeced by the cunning of the non-committal few. Thus the world wags, has wagged, and will wag so long as the manner of things is so much mightier among men than the matter thereof. * * *

J. W. GALLY.

Art Appreciation.

It is not generally known that Keith's recent and most satisfactory art production, entitled "Morning on the Upper Merced," was painted to the order of O. J. Wilson, the noted educational publisher of Cincinnati, Ohio. This gentleman, while on a pleasure-trip to our coast during the past summer, met Muir and Keith in the high Sierra, and it was there that he formed a warm attachment for each in his special study—the first as a scientist and the latter as an artist. Mr. Wilson's letter, acknowledging the receipt of the picture, is full of warm and generous appreciation—a true, heart-felt, honest appreciation. On the day the package arrived (we begged the privilege to copy portions of this letter, because the expressions are so rare) he writes: "I have not yet had the box opened, but presume the picture came safely. I shall arrange to-day for having it stretched and framed, after which I will again write you as to our impressions concerning it. I do not doubt, judging from the two large landscapes of yours I saw when in San Francisco, that it will realize our expectations." And then he closes in the following modest but substantial manner: "In naming the price of the picture you put it at $2,500, not specifying whether gold or greenbacks. I was about to procure a check for the latter, when it occurred to me that *our* money is not *yours*. I therefore inclose a gold check for $2,500, payable to your order. If I am in error, you can rectify it." It gives us great pleasure to place the above on record, and we hope the example will be followed by the money-princes of our own community, and so give the lie to the old proverb that a prophet, etc.

As Near as I Know.

"Was ever I in love?" you ask.
Ah! that I scarce can tell.
I've been married twenty years, or so,
And like *that* pretty well.

But I've had curious feelings,
In the spring-time of my life:
On days before I married her,
And since I had my wife.

Though I don't have them now so much,
Still, even at forty-six,
Some ill-defined nonsensicals
Play me their old-time tricks.

I used to think, for months and years,
That all the world to me
Was in a woman's smiles and tears,
And all was naught but she.

If that is love, I've had it—bad,
And sometimes have it yet;
And when it leaves me I'm not glad—
Nay, rather I regret.

But I don't rave on flowers and rings
Which her hand may have pressed,
Or dote on curls, hair-pins, and things,
And gloat on how she's dressed.

I don't now feel Sahara's blight
When she has left the room,
Nor wake from visions in the night
And babble in the gloom.

Those were the days of hope and fear,
With anxious fierce desire;
But they have passed this many a year—
Love's fuel to the fire.

And though there 're ashes on the hearth,
And little graves we know,
There still are embers—steady heat—
To keep two hearts aglow.

Though power *has* gone out from us,
Through old affection's door,
To those who live and those who died—
Still craves the tide the shore.

Ah! yes, I guess I've been in love.
I must have been! else how
Could I have lived in such a state?——
If I'm not in it now.

J. W. Gally.

A Note from Abroad.

We are permitted to extract the following paragraph from a private letter of our valued and esteemed contributor, Charles W. Stoddard:

"Munich, October 19th: * * * Birch, Strong, and I are living together. The boys take coffee about 7 A. M., and then go off to their art-schools. I doze an hour or two, and rise with the idea of accomplishing a vast deal of writing, but it usually ends by my dipping into a book until I get tired, when I loaf down to Rosenthal's studio and talk with him hour after hour. He talks well, and we get on charmingly together. The whole story of 'Elaine' (the picture), as he tells it, is very interesting. So many things happened to it before he finally sent it to California. He says he feels as if the success that has followed was sent by Providence to compensate him for two years of sorrowful experience during the progress of the picture. Sometimes we go down to a beer-hall and see gymnastics and hear English songs from the lips of English girls who drift over here somehow or other and astonish the Germans with a cockney accent and a pair of lively eyes. I have been to hear Wagner's operas, and here in Munich they are magnificently produced. The king is mad on the subject of music, and Wagner is, in his eyes, little less than an archangel, so he gives him vast sums of money to produce his operas in the best style." * * *

A Pacific Day.

We can not refrain from publishing the following beautiful thoughts, taken from a private letter addressed to us:

"To-day and yesterday have been (or *are*, for who shall say that a day is dead?) the prettiest days I have seen in nearly a year of sojourn in California—days almost worthy of the high-arching wide-canopied horizon of Nevada. Ah! there have been, and I hope will be, days in Nevada which gleam and glitter like priceless diamonds upon the breast of Time—days so clear, so still and pure, that night comes brilliantly upon them only as the shadow of a deeper stillness, in which the full round moon orbs out upon the scene, with endless hosts of glinting stars far back and upward in the boundless depth of stainless air. I grieve to add that through all the beauty of this weather I have been boxing up apples and talking ruptured English to emotionless apple-pickers from Hongkong, when I had far rather sit in the sunlight and watch the spider-threads float dreamily among the yellow shower of autumn leaves."

Juvenile Books.

We have received a number of very fine juvenile books, which space will not allow us to review at length, as we intended, but which we would bring to the attention of heads of families in particular, and others in general, at this holiday season of the year. A. L. Bancroft & Co. have sent us *Jack's Ward*, *Herbert Carter's Legacy*, *The Peep-Show*, *Little Wide-awake for* 1876, *History of the Robins*, *The Children's Pastime*, and *Nine Little Goslings*. From A. Roman & Co. we have received *The Big Brother* and *Herbert Carter's Legacy*.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE MASQUE OF PANDORA, AND OTHER POEMS. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. For sale by A. Roman & Co.

Time does not seem to dim the lustre of Longfellow's genius, if we are to judge from the little volume before us, which contains, in addition to that from which it takes its title, the "Hanging of the Crane," familiar to all readers, "*Morituri Salutamus*," and a number of minor poems.

The Masque of Pandora is the old, old story over again, very beautifully told, of the evils let loose upon the unhappy world by the hand of woman, Eve with the name of Pandora. Surely the gods wrought in evil mood an evil thing when they created her in all her loveliness, only to bring misery upon mankind. Prometheus seems to have understood them pretty well, judging from his speech to Hermes, who brings to him the maiden:

> "I mistrust
> The gods and all their gifts. If they have sent her,
> It is for no good purpose." . . .
> "Whatever comes from them, though in a shape
> As beautiful as this, is evil only."

Epimetheus, however, proves less wise, or less distrustful, and accepts the beautiful gift with love and gratitude. Within his house, sacredly intrusted to him, is the fatal chest containing the dread secrets of the gods.

> "Safely concealed there from all mortal eyes,
> Forever sleep the secrets of the gods.
> Seek not to know what they have hidden from thee
> Till they themselves reveal it."

What mortal woman could resist such a temptation! Not Pandora, who was less—or more—than mortal. In an evil moment the lid was lifted—alas! and alas!

We can but express our admiration of Epimetheus, who finds only excuses for the woman, while bitterly reproaching himself:

> "Mine is the fault, not thine. On me shall fall
> The vengeance of the gods, for I betrayed
> Their secret, when, in evil hour, I said
> It was a secret; when in evil hour
> I left thee here alone to this temptation."

Unlike the man Adam, who, in somewhat similar circumstances, seeks to find a cover for his own cowardly soul in accusation of "the woman thou gavest me, Lord!"

Almost too sacred for mention seems "*Morituri Salutamus*." More than any other poem he has written will this draw and bind to him the love of his people—a poet's richest meed of praise. Very sacred also seem his tribute to Charles Sumner, and the sonnets on "Three Friends of Mine." These, with a few other lyrics and sonnets, close the volume.

THE NATIVE RACES OF THE PACIFIC STATES. Vol. V. Primitive History. By H. H. Bancroft. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.

This last volume on the history of the *Native Races of the Pacific Coast*, whose manners, myths, and relics have been described in the preceding parts, forms a fitting close to a work which has marked an epoch in the history of our literature.

In a former review of the first volume, we remarked upon its scope, completeness, and accuracy, and upon the clearness of style which has made attractive, even to the general reader, a subject that at first appeared intended only for the student. These characteristics have, we are glad to note, been preserved and even improved upon in the succeeding volumes, in spite of the ever-increasing depth of the subject. In the second volume, to which the essay on civilization and savagism formed a fitting introduction, the subject was such as to render it more suited for the public in general, and in the third volume we found ourselves more within the domain of science, and treading in one of the yet unthreaded mazes of mythology; now witnessing the depths of human degradation in the crude fetich; now beholding a monotheism more imposing perhaps from its shadowy outline, its undefined worship; now

pleased with the simple adoration which finds utterance in the offering of a flower or fruit; now harrowed by one of unparalleled bloodshed; all relieved at last by the picture of Elysian bliss in the bright sun-house. The fourth volume does not offer the exciting allurements of strange customs and pleasing myths, but in devoting it to the deeper subject of antiquities, and the sober student, the author has not overlooked the claims of the general reader. He has on the contrary rendered it attractive, even to them, by the addition of copious illustrations. The study of man must begin with the study of his works. The stately ruin, the musty relic, speak in mute yet incontrovertible terms of a by-gone race, lifting in part the veil that hides their life, and forming a guide to the traditions and records presented to us in the fifth volume.

The history naturally includes as a part of it an account of the origin of the people, but we find that it was thought best to make this a separate division, and justly so, considering the number of statements and speculations brought to bear upon it; yet the subject, from its peculiar character and consequent treatment, can only be of secondary importance as compared with the history. At the time that America was discovered, the bigoted policy of the church had impressed its stamp upon all minds, by education or by decree. Opposed to science as incompatible with its pretensions, it allowed no speculations outside the limits marked by itself; hence, the then attempted solutions of the problem of origin all ran in the channel of Biblical simplicity, "where the riddle must fit the answer, if the answer should not fit the riddle;" and if some heretical observations were ventured upon, they were drowned in a deluge of bare condemnations, based on Holy Writ. Adam and Eve in the traditional paradise of Asia Minor, or Noah with his ark, are the starting-points; for a separate creation for America was heterodox. The strongest support of the Noah theory is evidently in the flood-myths which have been built up everywhere upon some general or local inundation, or upon deposits of shells and other marine relics. Nor has the fertile imagination of the *padres* failed to find traditions of Noahs, of Babels, of confusion of tongues, which, however, have failed to pass the muster of late researches. The difficulties presented by the existence of wild and poisonous animals which could not have been transported by man, some have surmounted by a passage over now submerged land, others by letting them swim across!

The culture-heroes presented by the traditions of so many people have generally been seized upon by the orthodox as Messiah—or, rather, St. Thomas the apostle, who in his far-and-wide wanderings must naturally have stumbled upon America. To whom could the intricate emblem of the cross otherwise have been owing? The bulk of the theories referring the origin to a particular people turn to Asia, and innumerable actual or fancied resemblances are brought in to support them, some presenting the important testimony that the Americans and the people in question were equally despicable, idle, boastful, and dirty, or that they bathed frequently. Among these the Behring Strait people have evidence of actual intercourse or contact, while the Japanese are supported by wrecks found on our coast. The Jewish origin theory, supported among others by Lord Kingsborough and Adair, has been discussed with more minuteness than any other, based as it is upon the Bible tradition of the wanderings of the ten lost tribes in an easterly direction. It derives additional interest from the fact of being connected with the Mormon Bible. Next to the east-Asiatic theory, the Scandinavians are shown by Mr. Bancroft to possess respectable proofs, in their Sagas, of at least a pre-Columbian intercourse with our eastern coast, and Abbé Brasseur even traces some Central American tribes to this source. One of the most interesting theories is that connected with the ancient Atlantis, indirectly supported by those who advocate a former connection between the Old and New World. The story of its disappearance beneath the waves of the Atlantic some 10,000 years ago, with all its great kingdoms, as told by Plato, is connected with a tradition of a similar cataclysm in America, to which the imaginative Brasseur has devoted a whole volume; but the author of the *Native Races* points out the changeable and confused character of his subject, and does not seem inclined to ac-

cord it much credit. It is, perhaps, to be much regretted that Mr. Bancroft should have left the reader so entirely to his own judgment with regard to the probability of the respective theories. In concluding, he remarks, however, that "no theory of a foreign origin has been proved, or even fairly sustained. The particulars in which the Americans are shown to resemble any given people of the Old World are insignificant in number and importance when compared with the particulars in which they do *not* resemble that people." He admits the possibility of stray ships having been cast upon the coast, and survivors left to impart some of the resemblances noticed, although it is just as probable that they are mere coincidences. Hence it is "not unreasonable to assume that the Americans are autochthones, until there is some good ground given for believing them to be of exotic origin."

Turning to the subject of history, we are glad to note that it is handled with greater freedom. In discoursing on the value and character of the sources from which the material is taken, he does not omit to deplore the bigotry of Spanish writers, which led them not only to misrepresent the ample records at their disposal, but with fanatic zeal to destroy the great bulk of them. He divides the subject into four great periods—pré-Toltec, Toltec, Chichimec, and Aztec—and devotes the last chapters to nations outside of the central plateau. He proceeds to show that all conclusions drawn from the previous volumes overthrow the once accepted theory of a southward migration to and from Mexico, for neither the customs, language, mythology, nor the antiquities of Mexico and Central America find analogies in the north; while the ruins in the south are older than those of Mexico, and could not have been built by the Toltecs, who are assumed to have migrated southward. The resemblances between the institutions of the two great branches of Mayas and Nahuas he accounts for by supposing that they may have been one people in remote times. Mr. Bancroft proceeds to prove these conclusions by a mass of evidence, connected by a chain of ingenious arguments, which, if only from the research indicated by them, must receive the respectful attention of historians.

Following the road thus marked out by previous investigations, the author proceeds to the myths of the "Sacred Book of the Quichés." The story of the creation; of the adventures of certain heroes, who, like Hercules, had a number of tasks set them, but failed to perform them from the want of the godlike nature or aid given to him; of the deeds of their sons to avenge their fate; of subsequent wanderings and struggles, are all given in approved fairy-tale style, but followed by a solution which tends to convert them into valuable historic evidence. Nahua traditions, of a similar character, are then introduced, and comparisons instituted which indicate their common origin with those of the Quiché or Maya. The culture-heroes of the representative people are also identified, and link by link the chain of evidence is welded in support of the assertion that in the Usumacinta region flourished what he calls the great Votanic empire; that this was the most ancient home to which American civilization can be traced, and whence it spread north and north-east. This is further proved by the many stately ruins in this region, abandoned already at the Spanish conquest, without even a trace of their builders.

Turning to Anahuac, which next rose into prominence, the author pronounces the generally accepted migrations of its different tribes to be merely their successive rise into prominence; that each tribe "preserved a somewhat vague traditional memory of its past history, which took the form, in every case, of a long migration from a distant land. In each of these records there is probably an allusion to the original southern empire; but most of the events relate apparently to the movements of particular tribes in and about Anahuac at periods long subsequent to the original migration, and immediately subsequent to the final establishment of each tribe."

This ends the pre-Toltec period, and brings us more within the domain of recorded history, which opens with the immigration of the Toltecs—a name since synonymous with all higher culture—their rise, progress, fall, and exodus. The deserted lands are occupied by Chichimecs, and we are told how this rude race gradually submitted to the culture of Toltec remnants; how an insignificant tribe

of Aztecs, by cunning and bravery, managed to establish themselves in spite of oppression, and at last wrest the sceptre from their masters. They had ruled only one brief century, when they fell before the mightier empire of the Spaniards. Mr. Bancroft shows us, however, that their tyranny and bloody rites had already made their fall a speedy probability at the hands of oppressed neighbors, and that the coming of the Spaniards probably rather retarded than hastened their fate.

TALES OF THE ARGONAUTS, AND OTHER SKETCHES. By Bret Harte. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. For sale by A. Roman & Co.

The sketches, eight in number, comprised in the above-named collection, have already appeared in various magazines. The verdict of the reading public has been given in their favor, and the honest critic can but approve the finding. No American author has ever excelled Mr. Harte in the particular line of writing covered by the book before us. The characters have a clearly defined individuality which impresses the most careless reader; nor does it break the force of this fact to admit, what has been urged by some critics, that this or that delineation is overdrawn.

The skill with which the material of the sketches is handled is worthy of admiration. The author runs over the entire gamut of human passion, from broad farce to deep tragedy. We laugh, we are filled with a noble scorn, we rage, we feel sarcastic contempt, we overflow with tender pity, we weep, at the will of the narrator. And the smoothness of the strokes of satire is scarcely equaled save by that storied executioner whose victims did not know they were struck until they tumbled their heads off by attempting to nod.

Having thus spoken in commendation of the sketches named, we must add that they are not such as an author can rely upon for establishing a permanent literary reputation. What Mr. Harte is really capable of in the domain of fiction on an extended scale is a problem yet in obscurity. Whether he has the ability to group new characters in fresh scenes, or merely to re-arrange his puppets by making them face east where they formerly looked west, and so on, is what we will probably ascertain during the coming year.

LIBRARY NOTES. By A. P. Russell. New York: Hurd & Houghton. For sale by A. Roman & Co.

This compilation is unquestionably unique in structure and original in conception. It is constructed somewhat on the principle of Southey's *Commonplace Book*. In it we discern the book-maker rather than the author. Mr. Russell displays his architectural endowments, and his facility for constructing a comely edifice from a great variety of materials.

No mere review could convey an adequate conception of the work before us. Mr. Russell has evidently been a careful reader, a student of the best English literature. He has not failed, in his extensive reading, to make a note of what he deemed most choice and valuable. There is an affluent profusion of quotation from manifold authors, grouped under the several heads of "Insufficiency," "Extremes," "Disguises," "Standards," "Rewards," "Limits," "Incongruity," "Mutations," "Paradoxes," "Contrasts," "Types," "Conduct," "Religion." In the scope of the thirteen prolific characters, we catch a glint of several hundred authors, and it is assuredly something novel to be privileged with a bird's-eye view of such a sweeping panorama in "a moment of time." There is *multum in parvo*, but it is kaleidoscopic, and the reader must be quite content to flit from Sir Isaac Newton to John Brown. But what matters it? The reader has exactly what he bargains for. The very title of the book is its best interpreter. It does not purport to be a stately disquisition on the science of the universe, but merely *Library Notes*. The simple question is: Has the author fulfilled the pledge implied in his title? We think he has. In repressing his own individuality, Mr. Russell has failed to mortise the frame-work of his structure together as neatly as a master-mechanic in literature should strive to do. A little more of the well-tempered mortar of his own intuitive skill would have added much to the symmetry and durability of his work.

We intended to indulge in numerous quotations, but space will not permit. It is true that dilettant critics may sit in severe judgment upon the questionable propriety and aptness of some of the matter grouped under the several heads, and the pertinency of some of the quotations to the subject indicated may be justly called in question; but the very nature and plan of the work presupposes an *olla podrida*, and we get just this and nothing more. Mr. Russell has done his work judiciously, and deserves the grateful recognition of those who enjoy choice flowers and exotics, and who are best pleased to have the skilled florist cull, cut, and arrange the fragrant blossoms for them. This Mr. Russell has done with the charming grace of a skilled connoisseur, notwithstanding the foibles apparent to the critical eye. Of his own scholarship he permits us to catch little hint, but as an interpreter of scholars he has placed us under tribute, and he has our thanks. His book will be welcomed in all educated households. The elaborate and carefully collated index greatly enhances the value of the book for the library table.

Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1874. By John Eaton, Commissioner. Washington: Government Printing Office.

We confess to a feeling of national humiliation in seeing that General Eaton has made an argument in the outset for the existence of the bureau of which he is the worthy head. Yet we fear it is necessary, on account of a vicious sentiment that can tolerate better the lavish expenditure of millions upon worthless specimens of naval architecture, and other frauds in the war, navy, and Indian service, than the useful employment of a few thousands in disseminating information relative to the best modes of educating and thereby elevating the people. Have we come to this, that there is such an indifference to education on the part of those who uphold the social and political fabric, or blindness to the fact that intelligence lessens pauperism, disease, and crime, increases the sum of human happiness, and lengthens life by teaching man how to live, that the Commissioner of Education of a great republic is obliged to assert, what ought to have been settled long ago in the mind of every American freeman as axiomatic, and almost apologize to the public for the existence of his office? When, as estimated by the commissioner, the annual expenditures of the people of the nation reach $100,000,000 for educational purposes, it would seem that there should be no question of the utility or need of some compendium of facts, like the report before us, to teach the people of one section what experiments have been tried disastrously in another, what plans of schoolhouses have been found most economical and healthful, and what methods of discipline and instruction have been found most efficient in producing the best results.

It ought to be impressed on the public mind that there is genius in educators as well as among inventors, and that the discoveries of this genius should be known, to secure at the earliest moment the most solid advantages to the thousands rapidly coming on the stage as parents and responsible citizens of the republic. The discoverer of new combinations in mechanics gets out a patent and is interested in disseminating his discoveries, and will make them useful for pecuniary profit. The educator has no patent-office to which to apply for reward for discoveries as to the best modes of obtaining the most desirable educational results, and as he ought not to be expected to furnish advertisements gratis, as well as brains and experience, the least thing the Government can do is to distribute such information to the people without the burden of patent-office profits. This it is doing through the Bureau of Education.

Leaving out of the count the advantages gained by a knowledge of what the experience of the best instructors has discovered, so as to avoid the experiments that have resulted in failures, the mere publication of the statistics which are gathered in the volume is of incalculable benefit to the friends of education, and notably to those communities that are behind and require an educational impulse to bring them up in rank. The statement alone that the ratio of attendance in New Jersey is 192 days against sixty-five in Georgia and but fifty in North Carolina, is worth the cost of the Bureau of Education, because the fact being made public will nat-

urally arouse a State pride in the laggard States to wipe away in the future such a disgraceful exhibition of ignorance.

The report contains more than 900 pages, and, like all works devoted largely to statistical information, no comprehensive or even proximative idea can be given, in a review of ordinary length, of the masses of valuable matter within its cover. If asked the question, What does the volume contain? we could only reply, Everything bearing on education, in all its phases and applications. It is to be hoped that every school library is supplied with a copy, and that every educator reads it.

As heretofore, the Californian part of the book, employing twenty-three pages, is principally furnished by Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, whose enlarged culture and abounding zeal for the elevation of mankind are so well known to the readers of the OVERLAND, and fit her for any work in which she may engage.

THE STORY OF THE HYMNS. By Hezekiah Butterworth. New York: American Tract Society.

The author of this volume does not claim to give anything like a complete history of the origin of all hymns in common use, but only of such as are the result of some peculiar circumstances or special religious experience.

That story or recital takes deepest hold of the human heart which carries along with it the unmistakable evidence of personal experience and reality. There is an omnipotence in naturalness. It is likewise true, as the author suggests, that the hymns that human hearts best love and most sacredly preserve are, for the most part, the fruit of eventful lives, luminous religious experiences, severe discipline, or unusual sorrow. In the volume before us it is evidently the writer's object to wed this class of hymns to the peculiar experiences that gave them inspiration, and so interpret the personal and local allusions that enter so largely into their composition.

The work is on a less extended scale than that of Miller in his *Songs and Singers of the Church*, who purports to give a succinct history of the origin of all the hymns in general use. Mr. Butterworth proposes to deal only with the *crême de la crême* of sacred song. No well-considered work could embody all good hymns and keep within any endurable limits. The hymns contained in this work are of standard excellence. The compiler deserves credit for the good judgment displayed in selection. For when it is remembered that in a single catalogue of hymns, published by an English writer, no less than 618 authors are represented, and that Sir Roundell Palmer estimates that the hymns of Watts, Browne, Doddridge, Wesley, Newton, Beddome, Kelly, and Montgomery alone number upward of 6,000, we can form some estimate of the labor of selection, and the good judgment necessary to a judicious preparation of such a work.

Mr. Butterworth has produced an exceedingly interesting and readable book. He does not assume to be a critic of art or a canonist of poetry, but simply a historian of song. He tells the story of the hymns, and that is all that he proposed to do in the outset. Those who wish to study up the different schools of poetry, and analyze the individual characteristics of each, must consult Devey in his *Comparative Estimate of Modern English Poets*, where they will find a serviceable classification and exemplification of the different schools.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW. November–December, 1875. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

HOME PASTORALS, BALLADS, AND LYRICS. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

THE BIG BROTHER. By George C. Eggleston. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

OUT OF THE DEEP. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Boston: W. F. Gill & Co.

A HERO OF THE PEN. By E. Werner. Boston: W. F. Gill & Co.

HERBERT CARTER'S LEGACY; OR, THE INVENTOR'S SON. By Horatio Alger, Jr. Boston: A. K. Loring.

ST. GEORGE AND ST. MICHAEL. By George Macdonald. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

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

THE PEEP-SHOW. Amusement and Instruction for the Young. London: Strahan & Co.

LITTLE WIDE-AWAKE, FOR THE YEAR 1876. New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons.

THE HISTORY OF THE ROBINS. By Mrs. Trimmer. New York: T. Nelson & Sons.

THE CHILDREN'S PASTIME. By Lisbeth G. Séguin. New York: T. Nelson & Sons.

NINE LITTLE GOSLINGS. By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Roberts Bros.

WATER AND WATER SUPPLY. By Dr. W. H. Corfield. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

JACK'S WARD; OR, THE BOY GUARDIAN. By Horatio Alger, Jr. Boston: A. K. Loring.

HERBERT CARTER'S LEGACY; OR, THE INVENTOR'S SON. By Horatio Alger, Jr. Boston: A. K. Loring.

From Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco:

SEWERAGE AND SEWAGE UTILIZATION. By Dr. W. H. Corfield. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

From Honorable John S. Hager:

ANNUAL REPORT ON THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND FOREIGN NATIONS FOR THE YEARS 1873–74.

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ABRIDGMENT OF MESSAGE AND DOCUMENTS—1873–74.

Miscellaneous:

EVERY-DAY ERRORS OF SPEECH. By L. P. Meredith, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

NOTES ON THE MANUFACTURE OF POTTERY AMONG SAVAGE RACES. By Ch. Fred. Hartt, A.M. Rio de Janeiro: The Author.

THE STORY OF THE HYMNS. By Hezekiah Butterworth. New York: American Tract Society.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION FOR THE YEAR 1875. Washington: Government Printing Office.

CAMP LIFE IN FLORIDA. Compiled by Charles Hallock. New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

From Matthias Gray, San Francisco:

THE SONG OF THE CANE. From Princess of Trebizonde. Arranged by Ad. Dorn.

LOVE ME, DARLING, LOVE ME. Song and chorus. Composed by D. P. Hughes.

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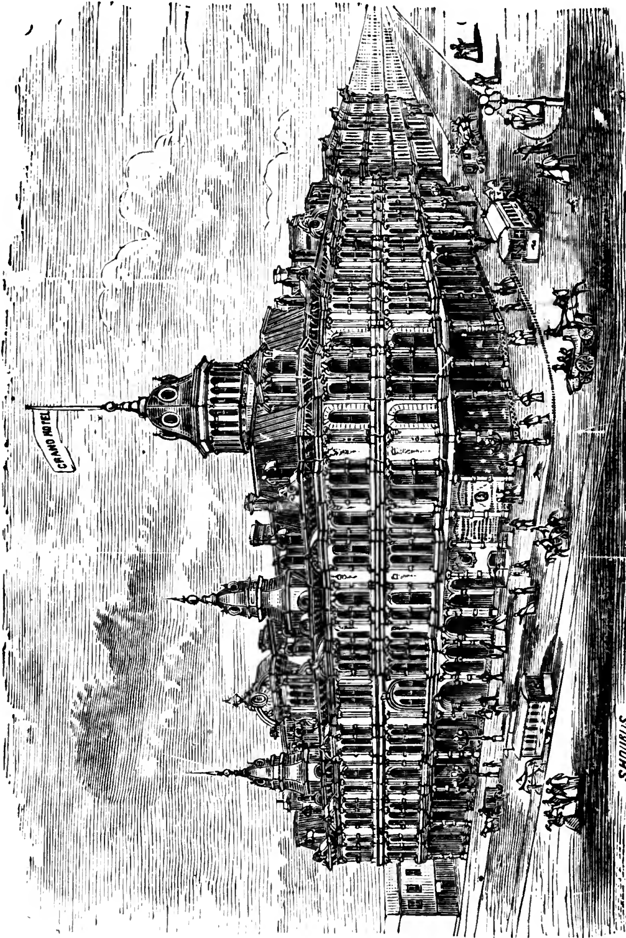

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