The Bancroft Library

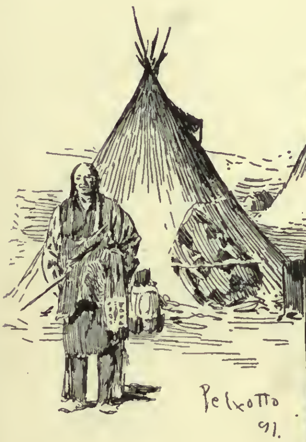
University of California • Berkeley

THE

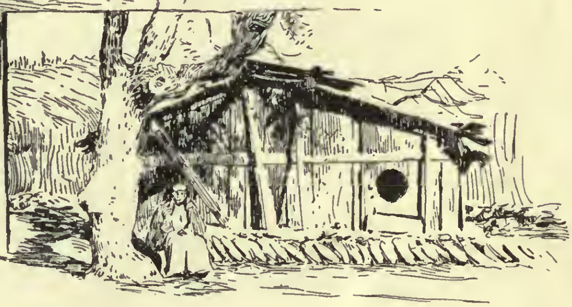
OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XIX. (SECOND SERIES.) — MARCH, 1892—NO. 111.

THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA. I.



A DAKOTA WIGWAM.



HOOPA VALLEY HOUSE.

IT is not material to my purpose to devote much time to speculation on the origin of the Indians. There are diverse theories concerning their beginning as a distinct race, none of which have yet been scientifically verified or settled. Diligent research in this branch of science is comparatively recent, and the best authorities are still at variance on the subjects of both the origin and unity of the Indian people. This part of the subject will probably always remain within the realm of speculation, for the Indians have neither record nor tradition of their origin, and none concerning them is known to exist in any part of the world. The conjectures of philosophers on the subject are sometimes possible, but conflicting; and some of the guesses, viewed in the reflex light of cognate branches of science, appear to be as absurd as the story of the Thebans that their first men sprang from dragon's teeth.

Anthropologists find two distinct types of Indians, craniologically classified as the long-headed and the short-headed. The scanty value of this distinction as an indication of origin must be apparent to those who know that corresponding types are found in the white race, and that it was a prevalent custom of many of the prehistoric people of America both to flatten and com-

(Copyright, 1892, by OVERLAND MONTHLY PUBLISHING CO.) All rights reserved.
The Wm. M. Langton Printing Company.

press the head by artificial means, and that a type of skull intermediate between the long and short has been found associated with the other two. Obviously also the two types might have become differentiated from one primitive form, from the same causes that produced the divergence in the white race.

A consensus of scientific opinion, however, seems to tend to the hypothesis that the Indians are Mongoloid in origin; although some of the greatest anthropologists, among them Agassiz, have maintained consistently that the race is autochthonous, and that it originated in the northern part of the continent, as man originated elsewhere. To hold this view, of course, involves the rejection of the Biblical account of the dispersion of mankind from an original home in Asia.

A belief in the Asiatic origin of the American Indians has long existed among scientific men, and is still maintained by nearly all those who deny an autochthonous origin. Recent discoveries, however, prove that man existed in both North and South America in the glacial, and probably in the preglacial time, and that if he entered America from another continent, he came from the north of Europe, because we know as well as we know any fact in science, that the northern part of Asia was not inhabited by men until the age of polished stone, a geological age subsequent to the time when we know that man existed in America and in Northern Europe in about the same condition. Considered all round, and in the light of recent discoveries, the theory that the American race is autochthonous seems the one that will ultimately be accepted by us, as it always has been by the Indians themselves.

Much of the evidence that is brought to support this theory goes to prove also that the antiquity of the race is so great that its measurement must be made by the geological, rather than by the secular standard. The common belief that at the time of the discovery of America the Indians were in a state of savagery is quite erroneous. There are proofs of an antecedent savage existence, but these proofs place the time so far away in the past that no reliable estimate can be made of the transition period. When discovered, the Indians of the Atlantic Coast, as well as of Mexico and Central America, possessed some arts in a rude state, and carried on a kind of agriculture that supplied the principal means of subsistence. In New York, extensive cultivation has been carried on from unknown time by the Iroquois. The manufacture of fabrics, pottery, arms, armor, and so forth, gave occupation to the people in time of rest and tranquillity; copper, silver, and gold, were wrought into ornaments of a primitive character; and architecture had become as much of an art as it was possible to attain without horses, mechanical appliances, and edged tools. The ruins still to be found on the continental plateau from Colorado to Guatemala, supply evidence of a state of civilization that had left the purely savage state behind it probably thousands of years before Columbus was born; and some of the tribes that built the pueblos, pyramids, and temples that mark the stages of their advancement and prosperity, made chronological records of their national and political events in a species of picture-writing, or word-painting, that has enabled our historians to learn much of their history in the ancient time.

The grandeur and extent of the civilization of which these ruins are an evidence, however, have been greatly magnified. The true difference between the sedentary tribes of Mexico and Central America, and the fierce nomadic tribes of the north, to which some of them are related, is one of degree only, and not one of kind. In some arts the wild hunter of the plains is still the equal of the occupant of the pueblo. His organization of society is the same, his governmental plan is like the other's, but more simple, and his religion and laws are fundamentally identical. He has the very same nature, but lives under different natural conditions. The extravagant estimate of the high state of culture alleged to have existed among the Indians of Mexico and Peru is destined to very great shrinkage on closer examination. Between these sedentary but still very barbarous people, and the wild tribesmen of the northern plains is drawn the line that some allege to be the natural division of the race into two families. We are now beginning to think that this line is artificial and without substantial ethnological reason, for we find subdivisions of the same family on high and low planes of intellectual development at the same time, not only now, but heretofore; the difference is due to environment, the opportunity for intellectual expansion, and the impulse that actuates communities as well as individuals to devise means of self-preservation and advancement. The Moqui pueblo is but a remove from the Bannock or Ute lodge, as the so-called Aztec city was from the pueblo; and imperial Montezuma and Guatemozin, divested of the habiliments and dignities of romance, will exhibit their true character only as the great war-chiefs of their tribes, the prototypes of Winnemucca and Buffalo Horn, great war-chiefs of the same family and of our own time.

Commonly called the red race, no other grand division of the human family exhibits so great a variety in color. This variance is not limited, or as far as known influenced in any way by climate, latitude, or elevation. Quichés in Guatemala vary from nearly black to brown. Iroquois in New York, Araucanians in Chili, and Dakotas on the great plains are bronze, or copper colored. Seminoles in Florida and Chiquitos in Paraguay have an olive hue, while Pamas and Cayawas in Brazil, Eurocs and Câhrocs in California, and Blackfeet and Mandans on the upper Missouri River, are between brown and white. The common physical characteristics are coarse black hair, small deep-set black eyes, and high cheek bones.

The diversity in race characteristics, manners, customs, and mythology, is as marked and as extensive as the variance in color, and the range in stature is so great that it includes the tallest and the shortest men in the human family, possibly excepting Mr. Stanley's African pygmies. The diversity of languages is equally extensive and marked, and constitutes the most perplexing difficulty in the study of the ethnology of the Indian race; and although subdivisions may be traced and identified by these means, the difference in the language of the same linguistic family is often much greater than the variance in the physical characteristics of the same family; and contrariwise, tribes connected by a linguistic affinity even though living near together and in the same natural environment, often exhibit physical dissimilarity that may be called extreme. Examples of the former may be found in New Mexico, and of the latter in British America.

North of the Rio Grande River there were at the time of the discovery of America many distinct Indian languages spoken. Fifty-eight of these have been rescued by science from extinction and oblivion. These fifty-eight languages embrace more than three hundred dialects. It is very probable, therefore, that whether the Indian race is indigenous or exotic in America, it had spread over the whole continent before it had attained the capacity of organizing a common language,—the only common trait being that all known Indian languages except the Otomi, in Mexico, are more or less polysynthetic in structure, a char-

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY

acteristic that may be presumed to have originated in the common nature of the people. In fact this characteristic is adduced as one proof of a common origin.

In discussing the subject of language it is not deemed necessary to refer except incidentally to the pantomimic sign language of the tribes of the plains, by means of which they communicate freely with each other by conventional signs. We have no evidence whatever as to the origin or antiquity of this means of intercourse except the testimony of the explorers, Lewis and Clarke, who found it in use among the Shoshones at the head of the Missouri River in 1804. The late Captain William P. Clark, of the Second Cavalry, made a very interesting and valuable contribution to knowledge on the subject, in which it is shown that the Indian sign language is an analogue of the means of communication practiced by deaf mutes.

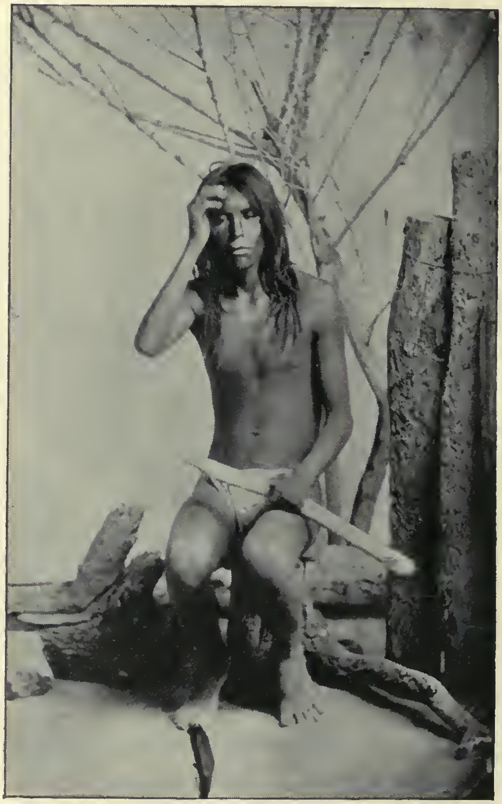


Photo by Taber.
NAVACOS INDIAN, NEW MEXICO.

The divisions and subdivisions of the Indian race are so numerous and their dispersion so wide that this part of the subject must be passed over with a brief mention.

Doctor Daniel G. Brinton, in his "American Race," a work just published, classifies the American Indians on a linguistic basis into five comprehensive groups, two in North America, two in South America, and one in Central America and Mexico. We will consider only the northern and central groups, as they embrace the part of the Indian race of which we have any definite and authentic historical information; and as they comprise the tribes within our territory whose present condition, and whose intellectual, civil, and industrial future, constitute what is commonly called "The Indian Question."

Although the Bureau of Ethnology does not fully agree with Doctor Brinton, I have adopted his classification and nomenclature as the most available for our purpose.

The first, or North Atlantic group, excepting the Esquimaux, and a kindred tribe no longer in existence, comprises eight families or distinct linguistic stocks, and embraces one hundred and twenty-one dialects, beside many that are known to have become extinct and irrecoverable. The first and chief of these divisions in numbers and importance is the Athabascan, sometimes called the Tinneh, an Indian word meaning "the people." The former

Photo by Bell.

A SIOUX MERCHANT.

habitat of these was in the far north, from which, centuries ago, they spread over the continent as far as Arizona and Sonora, and later into old Mexico, consuming and destroying all that lay in their path. The subdivisions of this family at present known number twenty-five and include the Apaches and Navajos in Arizona and New Mexico, various tribes in Alaska and British America, and one small tribe in California, the Hupas.

Second, the Algonquins, embracing twenty-nine subdivisions. Chief among these are the Chippewas, the Blackfeet, the Arapahoes, and the Cheyennes. Their territory formerly extended from Labrador to Carolina. The Blackfeet strayed westward to the Red River of the North, where they received their present name, and the Cheyennes south-westward to the head of the Arkansas River, where they grew to be one of the most powerful tribes of the plains. The Algonquins when first found by Europeans lived mainly by agriculture. They kept records in picture writing, made pottery, wove fabrics from bark fiber and feathers, and manufactured ornaments of native copper, but like all other Indians lived practically in the age of polished stone.

Third, the Iroquois, otherwise known as the "Five Nations," and afterward as the "Six Nations." These included fourteen subdivisions and dialects, and occupied territory from the lower St. Lawrence to the head of the Tennessee River. They are at present repre-

Photo by Miller.

APACHE SCOUTS.

1. Bal-lah-tisch. 2. Nay-to-Sklay. 3. Es-keen-dah. 4. Nat-im. 5. Co-yahl.
6. Alchesay. 7. Kid. 8. Kick-a-dee. 9. Bah-hah. 10. Tu-Klizsh.

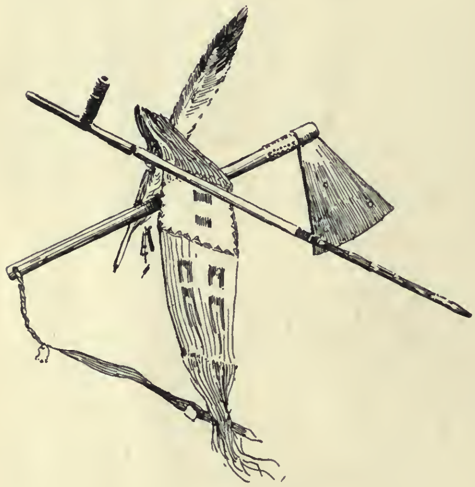
LOWER KLAMATH INDIANS.

sented by the Tuscaroras, Hurons, Mohawks, and other well known tribes, now reduced to insignificance. Doctor Brinton includes the Cherokees in this family, and Professor Cyrus Thomas has recently shown much reason to believe that the latter are the long sought mound builders of the Ohio Valley. The Iroquois at the time of the discovery, lived almost entirely by agriculture. Their habitations were permanent and their society communal; they formed a league for defense against outside aggression, and they left this open to the admission of other tribes with a view to the abolition of warfare and the adjustment of all differences by arbitration, and they made general laws for the federal power, but reserved the local laws of the different tribes,—something like the constitution of the United States. Every boy that is acquainted with the literature of Fenimore Cooper is familiar with the romantic side of the individual and tribal life of the Iroquois Indians, on which it is necessary to allow as much shrinkage as must be allowed on the romantic accounts of the civilization of the Mexicans and Peruvians.

Fourth, the Muskogees. This family of Indians occupied the country east of the Mississippi, from Tennessee to Florida, and embraced nine subdivisions, among whom are the Choctaws, Chicasaws, Creeks, and Seminoles.

Fifth, the Catawbas, and numerous kindred tribes that lived on the coast from Alabama to the mouth of the Rio Grande. Only nine subdivisions of this family have been described, though many are known to have become extinct. The Bureau of Ethnology classes the Catawbas proper with the Dakotas.

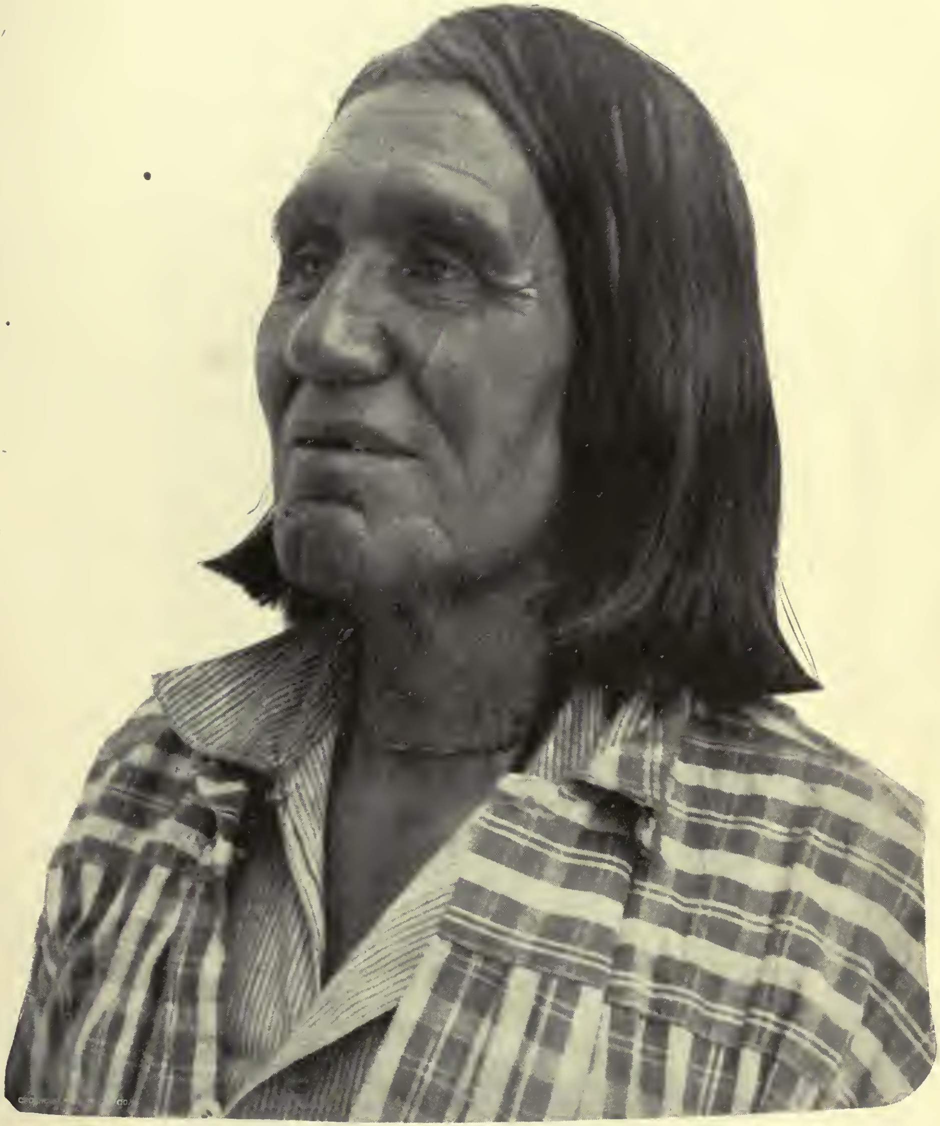
Sixth, the Pawnees. This family consists of fifteen subdivisions and dialects. It formerly held most of the country from the Gulf of Mexico to the Missouri River, and formed a barrier against the aggressions of the Dakotas toward the south. The best known representatives of this tribe at present are the Pawnees, Caddos, and Arickarees. The last named wandered to the northern part of Dakota and affiliated with the Gros Ventres of the prairie, and now live with that tribe on a reservation at Fort Berthold.



Seventh, the Dakotas, commonly called Sioux, a name given them by their enemies. According to Doctor Brinton's classification, they embrace nineteen subdivisions, including two erratic bands of which the mother tribe has no tradition, one in Mississsippi and one in Virginia, the latter long extinct. It embraces also the Crows, a powerful tribe in Montana, enemies of the Sioux from immemorable time, and four sub-tribes, that cannot fairly be classed as offshoots, as they speak the same language, and have never been separated from the original family. The Dakotas proper formerly dominated all the territory from the Arkansas River to the Yellowstone, and from the Mississippi west to the Laramie Mountains and beyond, but they never claimed ownership in the land south of the Platte or north of the Little Missouri. They are more numerous, warlike, and homogeneous, than any single Indian tribe now in existence, and in their wars with the government they have inflicted more punishment upon it than all other tribes together.

Eighth, the Kiowas. This tribe, once powerful, lived at the head of the Canadian River. It is now very small, and like most other tribes has settled on a reservation. As far as known it has no linguistic connection with other Indian people.

The second group in Brinton's classification embraces all the Pacific Coast Indians, except a few small tribes in the north that belong to the Atlantic group, and have drifted off from the main body of their people, as the Blackfeet, Cheyennes, and Arickarees did, perhaps as fugitives or outcasts. The Pacific Coast tribes have been classified by the Bureau of Ethnology also, and are said to number thirty-three distinct tribes, nearly all speaking dialects of their own. In both mental and physical characteristics these Indians show many contrasts to those east of the mountains. The Klamaths, Flatheads, and Nez Percés are the best known members of this group. The last-named tribe is semi-civilized, having had missionary teachers among them for more than a hundred years, and until about twenty years ago possessed much wealth in cattle, horses, and land. Thirteen years ago, unable to endure an aggravating injustice imposed upon them by the government, a part of the tribe revolted in despair, and unable to make a stand in their own country, retreated across the Rocky Mountains towards British America. This retreat of nearly two thousand miles, conducted by Chief Joseph, is considered unexampled in either Indian or civilized warfare. The distance traveled is greater than from Moscow to Paris, and in the battles fought on the way the casualties in the ranks of both troops and Indians surpassed anything of the kind known before.



A PACIFIC COAST INDIAN.

The Yuma and Pueblo Indians also belong to the Pacific Coast group. In the former are eighteen subdivisions, some of which now live in Lower California, and on the coast above. The Pueblos live in New Mexico, on the Rio Grande, and east and west of that river. Their villages now number about twenty, though formerly they were more numerous. These people were found where they now are by the Spaniards in 1529, since which time they have neither progressed nor retrograded perceptibly. Each village has its own laws and government, and the people have always been very peaceable and friendly, and industrious up to the limit of their necessities. Their mode of life is strictly communal, and their habitations are compactly grouped together in villages, generally perched on some elevation very difficult of access. The evidence supplied by exploration up to the present time shows that at one time the Puebla life covered a great extent of territory in northern and eastern Arizona and in New Mexico. During my service in Arizona I found within a radius of fifteen miles of Fort Apache the ruins of thirty-four ancient villages. Some of these were explored, and the pottery and other relics found in them were identical with those that may be found now in the pueblos of Acoma and Zuñi. Hollow oaks and stately pines above a hundred years in age are standing on some of them, and one was cut in two

CHIEF JOSEPH, NEZ PERCÉ.

Photo by Taber.

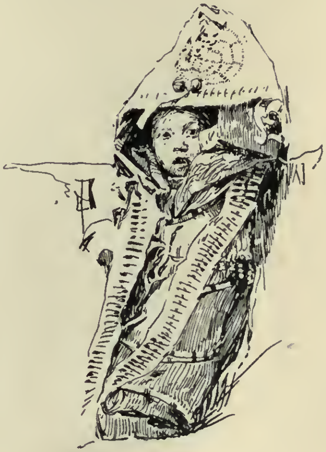
TONTO APACHE.

by a rivulet that came into existence long after the pueblo was abandoned. Associated with these ruins were invariably found the still more ancient ruins of the small house, or single tenement, of three rooms, which was probably the earliest permanent habitation of these people, and abandoned for the greater protection afforded by the garrisoned and more defensible pueblo, which finally became, and remained, the permanent abode.

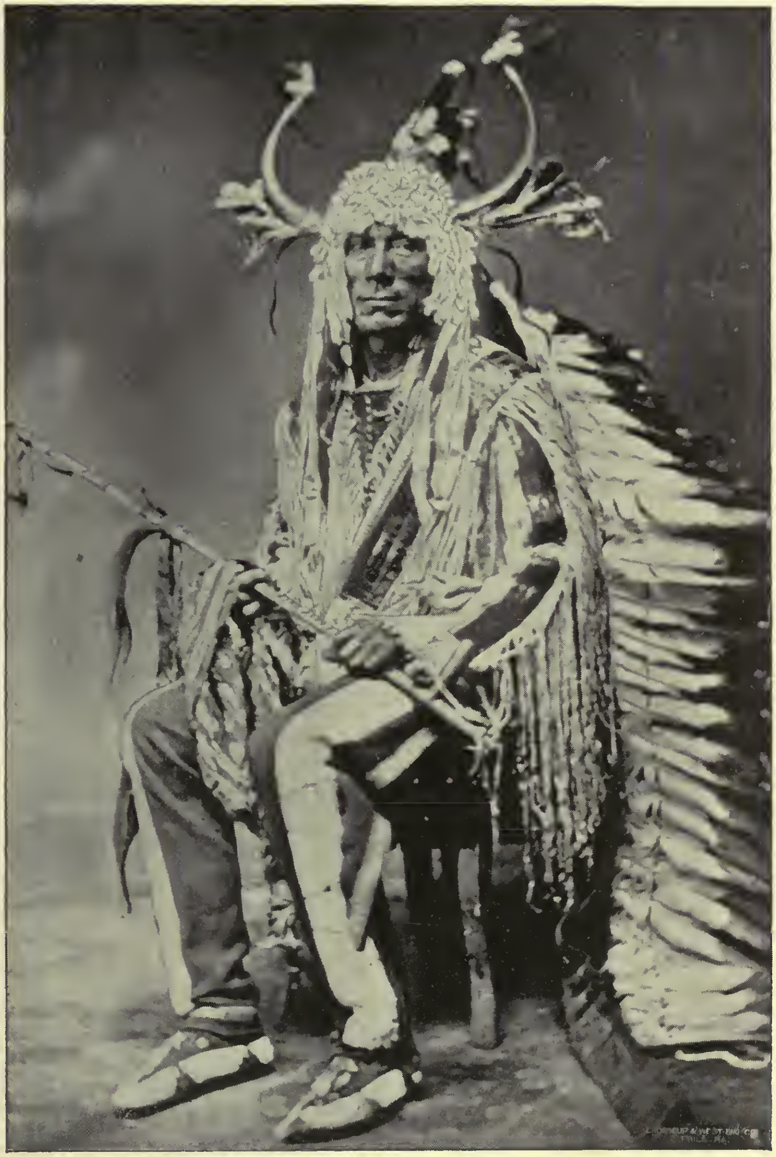
In the same region are also found the cliff dwellings, supposed to be contemporaneous with the pueblo ruins. These structures are built in the recesses of the perpendicular walls of the cañons, some of them two to three hundred feet above the talus at the foot of the wall, and inaccessible except by means of rope ladders. It is my belief that these were places of refuge only, in times of imminent danger from enemies, like the *oppida* of the ancient Gauls.

The Third, or Central group, according to Brinton's classification, embraces twenty divisions and linguistic stocks, including more than one hundred branches and dialects. The chief of these is the Ute-Aztec family, which in numbers, civilization, and industry, surpasses all other branches of the Indian race now in existence. This family is spread from the Columbia River to Central Mexico, and from the Gulf to the Pacific Ocean, and has among its numerous members Aztecs, Utes, Bannocks, Shoshones, and Comanches. Only eighteen of the forty-four subdivisions can now be found in the territory of the United States. Some of these branches are now insignificant in number, degraded in life and habits, and exist in the lowest condition of natural intelligence, while others are numerous and powerful on a high plane of culture. The Pa-Utes of California and Nevada, commonly known as "Diggers," are an example of the former, and the Aztecs of Mexico of the latter. The whole number nearly two hundred thousand. Other members of this group are the Otomi, whom the Aztecs found in Mexico before them, the Mayas of Yucatan, and the Cakchiquels and Quichés of Guatemala. At the time of the conquest of Mexico, these tribes were found to be much in advance of the northern Indians in culture and arts, especially in architecture and in picture writing. Spanish, German, and American explorers have shown that the Quichés had picture records going back eight hundred years before the discovery and the Mayas much further back. The most of those records have been destroyed, but enough have been preserved to confirm the proof of superiority claimed for those people. Generally the laws, customs, and forms of worship, of these are analagous to those of all the other Indian people, though in some characteristics they differ; an instance being the law regulating descent in families through the father, which among most of the northern tribes is held to be through the mother.

I have given above a very brief epitome of the classification of the Indian tribes of North America, naming only the principal members of each linguistic family and not one hundredth part of the whole. A discussion of their institutions, habits, customs, laws, and religion, cannot be had in a paper as brief as this one. An account of the myths on which their religious worship is founded, would alone fill a volume. It is very probable that for many hundred generations, possibly for thousands, the Indians lived in the same conditions in which they were found by Europeans, and that some tribes had at different times reached the limit of development that was possible for them in a world exclusively their own, only to be supplanted or destroyed by others, more aggressive and powerful, who in turn disappeared, or deteriorated to a condition of predatory vagrancy, or to extinction. Of their numbers, exact statistics have never been obtained. The total on both continents cannot be far from fourteen millions, of which less than a quarter of a million are within the United States and Territories. The belief that they are diminishing in numbers, and that they will finally disappear in this way, is not well founded



A YOUNG SIOUX.


CROSSCUP & WEST ENG. CO.
PHILA. PA.

WAR EAGLE.

and cannot be sustained by statistics. It is true that many branches of the different stocks have been extinguished, but others have grown up and replaced them, and now that tribal wars are no longer carried on, and that civilization and sanitary laws are beginning to envelop even the remotest tribes, the struggle of the Indian for existence and survival will be limited only by the same conditions that test the endurance of other races.

William E. Dougherty.

DUSK AT POINT BONITA.

AROUND Bonita's cliffs the wild Pacific
Frets like a fettered giant at his chain;
In helpless fury roar the baffled surges
Beating against the cruel rocks in vain.

No soft, low lap of slumbrous waters ebbing,
No sunny stretch of level beach is here;
The sheer crag lashed by angry spray uprises
From eddies dark, the boom of breakers near.

Afar, above the horizon's rim, there trembles
Against the tender blue one mellow star;
The long white films of fog are landward drifting,
A vessel tossing on the heaving bar.

Lonely the light-house rears its slender column
Crowned with the beacon star of vivid flame
That leaped to life when, startling in the silence,
The sunset gun for dying daylight came.

Around Bonita's cliffs the weird dusk deepens,
Like ghostly sails, the fog athwart the sky;
The west wind lulled, the waves are fainter calling,
The lustrous radiance of the light streams by.

Through the gray gloom white wings are swiftly flashing,
As sea-gulls scream above the breakers' moans;
They seek their nests where fade into the twilight
The misty outlines of the Farallones.

Ella M. Sexton.

CALDONIA OF RED CLOUD.

Estella Maye, my old schoolmate, lifted the tray from her trunk, and shook out her dresses, most of them gingham dresses much frayed and worn at the bottom from her long walks over mountain trails.

She had been teaching near a toll house in the high mountains of the Sierras. I came up with her on the cars from F——, on her return, and she had told me on the way many of her novel experiences. So I had followed her to her own home, listening with eager interest to her descriptions of mountain people and scenery.

While waiting for a good position in the city schools, she had with little difficulty found a chance to take a school of fourteen pupils far up in the mountains.

Only two of the fourteen were white, of English blood. There were two French girls, who spoke French, and but little English. A family of little tow heads spoke only German, having been born of German parents in the isolation of the high mountains. There were two Italian children, and several half-breed Indian girls, and some Indian children, two of whom were distinguished by being sons of a chief, who chopped wood and dug potatoes in the summer time, and removed in the winter with his family to the rancheria.

Estella took from her trunk many souvenirs of her summer in the woods. The Indian boys had killed a rattlesnake under the schoolhouse one morning, and there were the rattles. There were bags of pine nuts the children had brought as offerings of affection, specimens of gold, beautiful crystals of quartz, a painting of a snow plant, curious stones, pressed tiger-lilies, and little flat rocks with oil sketches on them.

Last she took out a beautiful little lunch basket of Indian make, and held it just out of reach of my envious hands.

"Caldonia gave me this, poor girl," she said.

"I suppose Caldonia was one of the

members of your Italian-French Academy."

"O, no, Caldonia was a beautiful half-breed girl that lived up there. O, but she was pretty, though!—just lovely. I must tell you all about her. But wait, dear, till after dinner, and we will have the whole long evening to ourselves."

After dinner, when Stella had dismissed her last caller, she laid a fire in the little grate in her room, then drew the heavy curtains closely about the windows to shut out the noise of the cable, donned a soft blue negligée, dropped a pink cheek into her hand, and let her thoughts wander back to the dusty roads, shake cabins, and scattered towns of the great Sierras.

"You see just where I was, was nine miles from Walkerville, up a steep mountain grade. The stages and tourists came by that way, but 'most everything we used was brought up by pack trains, and the people living there went horseback generally.

"Walkerville is a scattered, battered looking old town; but I believe it was quite a place when the big mines up there were open. There has n't been any new paint in the town for years, but considerable gold goes through the place yet from the scattered mines, and there are some very nice people up there. They are putting in fruit trees now in the hills, and that will improve things very much after awhile.

"John Keyser was Caldonia's father. He has been in the mines around there since '49. He must have picked up considerable money in the mines, but he has either spent most of it, or never has it in sight. He has a pretty little cottage on the edge of town. He was the first to set out fruit trees and vines there, and he has vines and roses clambering all over his house.

"One morning in the dead of winter about nineteen years ago,—now this is what the Walkerville people tell me,—an Indian tapped on Keyser's window, and Keyser rose and went away with him through the snow, twenty miles over the mountains to the rancheria.

"Don't you know what a rancheria is? Well, up there, the Indians scatter all out in the summer and work in the mines, and woods, and gardens, but in the winter they all get together and live with a community of goods at their rancheria. They choose some rich little valley where the feed is good, and there they have a big tent made of shakes, dirt, brush, or anything, and there they store all their provisions, nuts, acorns, dried berries, flour and bacon, grasshoppers, and so forth. They have a fire in the middle of the tent, and they live there in common, till the supplies are exhausted.

"The chief who sent his children to my school lived in a cabin like a white man in the summer, but the children are taken back to diggers and dirt every winter, and forget all they learn in the summer.

"It seems a young Indian woman had died up at the rancheria of pneumonia, and left a baby a few months old. When the Indian tapped on John Keyser's window, Keyser rose without a word, saddled his horse, and followed.

"When he came back he brought the baby with him. He had stopped from house to house to warm and feed it, and heat the blankets.

"They say the sight of that little helpless white baby among those dirty Indians made a new man of John Keyser. Anyway he was altogether different after that. They had used to call him 'Old Keyser,' and 'Poker Keyser,' and 'Indian Keyser,' but after that they called him John Keyser, and sometimes Mr. Keyser.

"People had respect for a man who tried to reform as he did. He stopped gambling and drinking, and just devoted himself to that child. He hired an old Irish woman to come and take care of the baby, and in the spring he improved his house, and furnished it up with carpets, and curtains, and furniture, and the old woman stayed as housekeeper as long as she lived.

"And I suppose," continued Stella thoughtfully, "that there is many an old lonely, rough pioneer in those mountains who would develop as strong a vein of forgotten refinement and culture, if something all his own to love were placed in his arms.

"Mr. Keyser kept the Indians away from his house, and Caldonia was brought up as well as any girl in town. She went to school, and she knew of her Indian blood only as she reasoned it out by herself when she became old enough.

"She was never unhappy over it then. They said her father used to go to school with her himself when she first went, to see that the children treated her well. And he made the school boys believe he would cowhide them within an inch of their lives if they dared to say a saucy or insulting word to his little girl.

"She grew up the pet of the town. She learned to cook, and sew, and could put out a washing as well and quickly as any other woman in town. She learned fairly well in school, they said, and her father used to buy a great many books and papers for her to read. At sixteen she was beautiful, and at seventeen she was the belle of the neighborhood.

"It was after her marriage that I first saw her, but she was still as lovely, and I wish I could describe her to you just as she appeared to me. The moment I heard her soft, rich voice with just a touch of plaintive sweetness in it, I was drawn to her, and I could n't help it. There was just enough dark in her skin to give it a warm olive hue. Her face was rather doll-like, with the richest of carmine in her cheeks and lips, but her large, brown, liquid eyes gave it a more serious beauty. Her hair was rather soft, and brown, and curly, like her father's, and she wore it in a great braid, with the curling ends hanging down her back. She had a round little figure, and her hands were just like those you see in old masterpieces, plump, and brown, and exquisitely modeled.

"She learned to sing a little, and play on a guitar. She used to sit with her father on their little vine-hung porch on moonlight nights, and play and sing to him snatches of all sorts of songs that the girls in town taught her. There was one song she knew very well, that she learned in school,—the 'Song of The Rose,'—you know what it is.

"'She wears her red robes like the daintiest queen
All gleaming in jewels of dew.'

"There are a great many half-breed girls up there living in families. I think some of them don't turn out very well. They don't have natural protectors to fight for them, and everything is against them, poor things. But Caldonia was superior, because she was brought up as her father's daughter, you see."

Estella paused and filled the little basket with pine nuts, and we began to crack and eat the delicious kernels in the pauses of her story.

"Yes, she had lovers, and that was no end of worry to her father; and they say he almost literally stayed with her night and day to save her from trouble.

"He used to buy her lovely dresses and jewelry, and take her to all the dances, and any one could dance with her, but he always took her home himself.

"O, yes, she married, and that is what my story is about. They said John Keyser was as pleased as he could be when the right man came along. You see there had been plenty of lovers, but no actual suitors for her hand. And when the actual suitor did appear, everyone recognized the appropriateness of the match.

"Emanuel Garcey was one of the results of that curious state of affairs that always exists in the primitive times of any country. But the Garceys are nice Spanish people, good Catholics, and stand high in the social circle of Walkerville. Emanuel's mother was a nice half-breed girl, whose father was French. She was married to Garcey in the Catholic faith, but soon after Emanuel was born she died, and Garcey married a Spanish girl, the heiress of a lot of land.

"Little Emanuel was brought up with the real Spanish people. He was a quiet, well-behaved little fellow, and as handsome as could be. He did n't get much notice, however, from his stepmother, and when he became old enough to work, he was allowed to look after himself. But he had some education in the public school till he was thirteen or fourteen, and after that Father McCreary, the good priest there, took enough interest in him to make quite a man of him.

"The first time I ever saw Emanuel Garcey, he stopped at my schoolhouse one noon to hand me some letters the Walkerville postmaster had sent up. Only for his careless, unassuming manners you would never guess there was Indian blood in his veins. That day he wore a sombrero and a fine red silk sash, partly concealed with an ordinary suit of dark clothes. He had a fine figure, a soft dark eye, and a small curling mustache; and he sat his horse so gracefully, and was so easy in his bearing, I was really quite fascinated with my gallant caller, and forgot to look at my letters as he rode away.

"'That's Caldoni's man,' said one of the little bronze Italian young ones on the step. 'He 's nothin' but Indian.'

"'Shut up,' I said. I was as mad as I could be. I was dreaming of the Spanish cavalier, and the days of chivalry, and,—O, dear, how silly I am."

"And was he married then?"

"O yes,—let me see,—yes, they were married the Christmas before, and I went up there in April. They said they had a pretty wedding in the old weather-beaten Catholic Church.

"Father McCreary went to John Keyser as soon as he heard of the engagement, and Caldonia became a Catholic. The pretty child took to it as naturally as if she had been born to it, and Keyser said that was all right; if she was going to be a Garcey, she must be a Catholic.

"I think from what they say, all Walkerville must have turned out and had a good time the day Caldonia was married. They said it was one of those wonderfully clear, bright days they have up there in winter on the Sierras of the middle altitudes. All those bare red hillsides sparkle for very gladness, and you can see the tall pines on the mountains far away.

"Caldonia's dress was white silk with a train a yard long, and the town gossips told me how she trailed it over the grass in the churchyard as artlessly as if she had never worn anything else.

"Emanuel's father and the stepmother drove up in a spring wagon with a lot of dark-eyed children in behind, and Caldonia went out in her white slippers and veil and kissed them all as they alighted. Not that she wanted them to like her, but she wanted to like them.

"John Keyser treated the whole town at his house to wines, and coffee, and cakes, and Caldonia served it all like a princess; and in the evening she danced till her train was quite worn out.

"So the couple had a happy starting out, and they lived with Keyser till the mines opened in the spring, and then they went up to Red Cloud mine, about six miles above my schoolhouse, where Emanuel went to work drifting in the mine.

"I was only up to Red Cloud once, so I can't tell you much about it, but it was in a deep cañon, and there was a peak to be seen in the distance with a red cloud always hanging over it, as you have seen on Cloud's Rest in Yosemite.

"Caldonia had a little house hanging on the side of the mountain close to the grade as you went down, and the road turned just below, and made a narrow street with a few houses scattered along. Just opposite Caldonia's house, below, was the public house, and a saloon, and a wide porch in front, so that Caldonia's house was in full view of every one that came to Red Cloud. The house had three little rooms in it; Keyser had furnished it nicely, and they said Caldonia kept it as neat as a pin, singing around as happy as a bird all day long. In the afternoons she used to sit out on her little porch in front, overlooking the public house, and sew or crochet, singing over and over her favorite song:—

"I will sing you a song of the rose,
A song that is tender and true,
She wears her red robes like the daintiest queen,
All gleaming in jewels of dew."

"And she was just a rose herself, sweet, and fresh, and just as helpless to defend herself as a beautiful La France hanging over the garden walk to tempt every passer-by.

"You see around this tavern are always a lot of men who are either just out of a job, or looking for a job, or who would n't work if they had a job, and one day Caldonia overheard something that was said.

"'Who lives up there?' one man said to another.

"'O, just a couple of Indians married like white folks.'

"A sharp pang went to the heart of the happy rose, and it was hard to bear, for she had been so tenderly reared.

"She told Emanuel that night.

"'Damn fool, I'll kill him. Don't cry, Caldonia, my pet.' Then he took his guitar, and went out on the porch in the moonlight, and strummed away, and forgot all about it.

"That was the way poor Caldonia began to wish she could be far away, where no one knew she was of Indian blood; and so she fell an easy victim to one of those black devils with a white face, who are always lurking around those mining towns.

"About this time she used to take Emanuel's horse and go down to Walkerville, past my schoolhouse, and stay overnight with her father. She used to come by just at noon, and stop and talk with me while I ate my lunch. One day she had this little basket with some apples in it, and she gave it to me. I think the basket belonged to Keyser, and must have come to him through her mother. Probably she had a feeling just then against anything that reminded her of her mother.

"I told you how the idle men used to hang around Red Cloud, and pretty Caldonia was naturally the object of much comment and curiosity.

"Now this is what they say happened up there one day, and what started all the talk.

"Caldonia was sitting on her porch rocking and singing, a red dress on, and a kitten in her lap. Two fellows were sitting on the hotel porch looking at her. One of them, Three Fingered Jack,—he never had any other name up there,—said to the other: 'I'll bet that Indian girl won't stay with her husband a year. Blamed if I ever saw one that would.'

"'Guess she will, if no one gets her away,' said the other man.

"'Well,' said the first, 'suppose we play for her. What say?'

"'All right. Pedro, the best in three.'

"So they called for a table and drinks, and there in plain sight of the child, they played cards for the privilege of enticing her away, while Caldonia crocheted and sang,

"'She wears her red robes like the daintiest queen,
All gleaming in jewels of dew.'

"One day I was so surprised to see Caldonia ride by with Three Fingered

Jack, and she did n't even turn her head my way. I suppose it was very easy to beguile the innocent girl with promises of a life in the city, where every one would think she was pure white. Anyway she used to sit under the pines on the grade there in sight of Red Cloud and talk with Jack, and poor Emanuel was too dull or too indifferent to find out anything about it.

"Now I come to my part in the tragedy, and the rest of it I tell you in confidence, and you will know why before I get through.

"The toll house, where I boarded, a mile below my schoolhouse, had a long porch along the front facing the road, and the dining-room, parlor, and some of the bedrooms opened directly from this porch. I used to sit out there evenings in front of my room.

"One Friday night, just as I came down from school, and sat down on a chair on the porch to rest, John Keyser rode up on a big black horse that was all lathered with foam.

"I knew the moment I saw him that he had heard something about Caldonia. His face was white, and he had a weary, hungry look, and he rode straight up to me, and reached out his hand silently from his horse and shook hands with me. Presently he said, as if he had made up his mind to have confidence in me: 'Have you seen anything of my girl lately? She's always talking about the schoolmarm up here.'

"But I affected great surprise and talked around till I got out of answering the question. After a while he got down from his horse, and sat down on the edge of the porch beside me in silence. His features were set and sad, and as he sat there with his slouch hat, his blue flannel shirt, bent shoulders, and iron-gray hair, nervously rubbing his hands, I was so sorry for him I felt that I could do anything to help him. But what are you going to do when a girl is born into a sort of inheritance of temptation?

"But I think my sitting there had a quieting effect on him, for after awhile he put his horse in the barn across the road and went into the dining-room and had supper.

"It was fine moonlight that evening, and after I had written a few letters, I went out on the porch to enjoy the night. There were no guests at the hotel then, and the family were in bed. As soon as I went out I saw Mr. Keyser walking in the road, and after a bit I concluded to go out and speak with him. I went in and changed my slippers for shoes, and put on my hat, and when I got out I saw him going up the road horseback toward Red Cloud.

"It was so bright and warm, I concluded to stay out awhile, and try and walk off my nervousness. And so I was out there, walking up the grade, when Keyser met the runaway couple, and the shooting occurred.

"At first I heard two shots in rapid succession, and I was about as frightened as if I had been shot myself. The first thing I did was to crawl out of sight under a bush, and very soon I heard a horse come tearing down the mountain. The horse passed me, and I ventured to look out. It was that man, Three Fingered Jack, clinging close to the saddle, and riding like the wind. And that was the last I or any one else saw of him in that neighborhood. Those men are always prepared to disappear effectually in case of an accident,—that is their profession.

"Well, I crouched there under the brush awhile, then I thought how silly I was. The danger was over and the enemy was gone, and I ought to go up and see if poor Keyser was hurt.

"As soon as I came out into the open road, I looked up, and saw a woman coming running down toward me. Before I had time to think I knew it was Caldonia, without hat or wrap, and she knew me also as soon as she came near enough.

"She was not much excited or frightened; I do not think girls of that class are usually very demonstrative. But she dropped at my feet in her sorrow and distress, and clasped my waist.

"'O, my dear Miss Maye, dear teacher,' she cried, 'I am so wicked! What shall I do? The Father McCreary will never forgive me. Jack has shot my father, and he sent me for you!'

"The right sort of policy to use came into my head in a moment, and I said quietly, taking her white face in my hands: 'But, my dear, I don't think you have been wicked; I know you have n't.'

"'But I was trying to run away with Jack. O, I am so sorry! He has hurt my father. I am so bad — all to blame.' Then she sobbed and cried in my arms.

"'But my child,' I said, 'Now you are saved, and you can go back to Emanuel, and no one will know. Don't tell any one you were running away; say you were taking a ride. Where is Emanuel?"

"'He is on the night shift. I came away with his horse. But if father dies, there is no use,— everybody will know.'

"'Well,' I said. 'Wait.'

"So I took her hand, and we ran up the grade. First I saw the two horses with their heads together standing over some object. It was Keyser, holding the bridles in his hand. He was groaning, but he stopped as soon as we came up.

"Caldonia crouched down by him helplessly. I took the horses away and tied them, then I came and knelt down to examine him. His right hand was warm, and I placed it in Caldonia's trembling fingers.

"'Mr. Keyser,' I said, 'Won't yon tell me how much you are hurt?'

"He turned his face to me then, and raised upon his elbow.

"'I ain't much hurt; I can tell you that,' he said. 'I 'm no dead man. I was just a-thinkin'. I want to talk to my gal here, and I want you to hear it. Caldony, you just run off with every man in this county, and I 'll shoot every darned one of them. You just do it, now!'

"'But father,' she pleaded at a sign from me, 'I was n't running away with him. I was just out for a ride. Emanuel don't care.'

"He looked at us both steadily, then he said:—

"'It 's all the same, Caldony: you ride with anybody but Emanuel, and I 'm after him with my pistol red hot. I 'll tell you, Caldony, I want you to stay with your husband. I want you to be a lady. Your mother was n't one, but — but — I loved her.'

"Caldonia gave a quick scream, crept down into her father's arms, and began kissing and caressing his face.

"'O, father, father, dear father!' she cried, 'did you love my mother — really love her — just like a white lady? Then I am not a regular half-breed girl, I am as good as a white girl. No, no, father, indeed I won't run off, I 'll go back and be a lady.'

"John Keyser drew his girl to his heart and sobbed out:—

"'Why, I never thought to tell ye so, my gal. Of course I loved her and I love her more and more since you grew up. Why, she was prettier than you be, Caldony.'

"Yes, I cried too; we all cried. Then I began to think what to do.

"Caldonia sat up and held her father's head, while I tried to find out where he was wounded. He tore away his shirt himself, and I saw where the ball had struck him. There was a long cut, and lots of blood, and I made up my mind the ball had just glanced around and not gone in.

"Well, dear, is n't it wonderful how much nerve and strategy one can develop in an emergency? I was determined to get them out of their trouble. I ran down the grade, slipped into my room, and brought back my vaseline, some cotton and rags, and my lunch pail full of water. I just nerved myself up and dressed that wound beautifully.

"Then I talked to them like a regular schoolmarm. I said for Caldonia's sake no one, not even Emanuel, must ever know of it. They both agreed, only Keyser said again:—

"'Now mind, Caldony, the next time there 'll be a bigger shootin', and you 'll come in for a share, maybe.'

"Then we laid our plans. Caldonia knew of a deserted cabin down in the gulch. We managed to get him down there. We took the saddle off the horse, and took it down too. The horse went home to graze on the hills at Walkerville. Caldonia went home, and was there in time to put out her horse unseen, get the breakfast, and welcome Emanuel home. It was three o'clock when I crawled into bed, and a band of cattle went down in the morning and covered up all our tracks.

"Caldonia and I fed her father by stealth till he was able to go home. I had to steal the things, of course, and I had no trouble about that, for everything is kept in such a careless way in those country taverns. Just think of it! Me! In the rôle of a night thief, stealing cold ham, and bread, and cookies, milk and eggs. But there was some fun about it, I can tell you. I used to think myself quite a heroine, stealing through the brush nights, with vaseline, and milk, and rags, and something for him to eat.

"Yes, we kept it all dark. But I have heard it was a common saying among the roughs that John Keyser had his blood up. I knew what that meant.

"And Caldonia? Dear girl! They had the diphtheria in the Garcey family, and a lot of the little ones died. Caldonia went down there and worked like a trained nurse. Then the rich Mrs. Garcey took her to her heart, and kept her there.

"When I came down, Caldonia, Emanuel, guitar and all, were at the Garcey rancho for the winter.

"She is,—O, what is it the Walkerville gossips say?—'expectin'."

Lillian H. Shuey.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

After fifty years of railroad building, the world is coming back to its old respect for the economy of water transportation. The compound engine and the steel steamer have so cheapened freights that commerce is everywhere seeking conveyance by water. Navigable rivers are deepened; old canals are revived and new ones projected. The most remarkable instance in this line is the Suez Canal, whose unparalleled success has led to other enterprises of the same sort. The Isthmus of Corinth has been pierced, the Schleswig-Holstein peninsula has been severed by the German government, the city of Amsterdam opened a passage for its ships direct to the ocean, the city of Manchester is doing the same, the great lakes have been connected with the Atlantic by canals fit for steamers of considerable size, and now it is proposed to connect them with the Mississippi by a water way traversable by the largest river steamers.

But the old problem of uniting the Atlantic and Pacific across the Central American Isthmus remains unsolved. From the time of Columbus till now, commerce has been trying to pierce through this barrier, or devise some means to surmount it with economy. And at last it seems as though the two great oceans would be joined together by a passage that can accommodate the largest ships.

Since the disastrous failure at Panama the hopes of engineers have been centered on the Isthmus of Nicaragua. At this point the mountain chain forming the backbone of the two Americas breaks down nearly to the sea level, and at this lowest point lies the Lake of Nicaragua, a beautiful sheet of fresh water, 110 miles long by 40 miles broad, and of ample depth. This lake is only 108 feet above ocean level, and empties into the Caribbean Sea, by the river San Juan, which is navigable at high water for vessels of considerable size. As said by Warner Miller, a steamer of four hundred tons could ascend the San Juan at high water, cross the lake, and from her upper spars the Pacific Ocean would be visible,—for the saddle between the lake and the Pacific is only forty-three feet above the surface of the lake.

At this point it is proposed to join the two oceans by a canal. The lake will be its summit level, from whose unfailing waters the canal will be fed in both directions, to the east and to the west. The lake will be raised to an elevation of one hundred and ten feet above the sea, the saddle to the west will be cut in two, and by an ingenious series of dams, the lake, the river, and the valleys of some of their tributaries will be made available for canal use, so that with the aid of a few short excavations a water-way 144 miles long will be constructed at the level of the lake available for the largest ships; beginning about 3½ miles from the Pacific, and ending about 22 miles from the Atlantic; so that the actual length of canal to be cut will be reduced to about 26 miles.

There will be three locks at either end, to come down to the ocean level, but these offer no practical difficulty. The lack of good harbors on both sides of the Isthmus is a serious drawback, but these can be formed artificially, utilizing on the Atlantic side the old harbor of Greytown and on the Pacific the roadstead of Brito. The most difficult piece of the work is a deep cut where the canal comes out upon the foothills above Greytown. This, however, is only a question of time and money, and all the rock will be needed on the various dams and the piers at Greytown which are necessary to protect the entrance of the harbor.

The work is being prosecuted under concessions from Nicaragua and Costa Rica by the Canal Construction Company, an American organization which has already spent over five million dollars chiefly in preparing for active work on the Atlantic end. The entrance to Greytown, which had been closed by sand, has been re-opened so that steamers drawing 14 feet of water can enter; a railway has been constructed parallel with the canal, 12 miles to the foothills, the necessary workhouses and other buildings have been erected at Greytown, powerful dredgers purchased, the route of the canal cleared to the foothills, and a mile of canal already constructed.

The company has recently made an appeal to the American public and received funds enough to keep up the work on a moderate scale for a couple of years more, by which time, it is hoped, such confidence in the enterprise will have grown up that moneyed men will be ready to furnish the necessary funds for its completion.

What the cost will be depends very much on how the funds are raised. It is estimated that it could be built for $75,000,000 cash, but allowing for contingencies, and for interest on the capital employed during its construction, it is safe to say that $100,000,000 would complete it,—which was about the cost of the Suez canal. If, however, the company is obliged to put its bonds on the European money market and sell them at a heavy discount, the expense may easily be doubled, and the interest on this immense cost will be a permanent tax mainly upon American commerce, and especially on the products of the Pacific States, which will furnish the largest portion of the traffic passing through the canal. In addition the canal itself would probably, under those circumstances, pass into English hands, and our country would practically surrender its control to England, who would thus hold in her possession the two main arteries of the world's commerce.

Under these circumstances a strong feeling has arisen that our government should not allow the control of the canal to pass out of American hands. As the shortest line of water connection between the Atlantic and the Pacific States, with therefore a great preponderance of American traffic on its waters, it becomes in a measure a part of our own coast-line, and should never be allowed to pass under foreign influences. With this feeling a bill was introduced into the last Congress, providing that the United States Government should guarantee $100,000,000 of the bonds of the Canal Company, but on the condition that the government should own seven tenths of the stock and be always represented on the board of directors, and secondly that all the money raised on these bonds should be expended under the direction of the government engineers. Congress did not pass the bill, and it has been introduced again at the present session, for there is an awakening interest in the enterprise, especially in the Gulf States, and an earnest desire that it should be completed under American auspices. I should add that the bill was not introduced in the interests of the Canal Company, nor was it acceptable to them, as they thought some of its details unnecessarily onerous and harsh, but they have professed their willingness to accept the terms offered by the government, if the aid be forthcoming before they have made arrangements with other parties.

Leaving the construction of the canal for the present, let us picture to ourselves for a moment what will be the condition of things after its completion, what will be the sources of its support, and what are the most evident changes that it is likely to bring about.

The day it is opened for traffic the routes of a large part of the commerce of the world will be changed. All traffic, whether passenger or freight, between Atlantic ports, either European or American, and parts of Central America and Western South America, as far down as where it meets the competition of the Straits of Magellan, will necessarily pass through the canal.

Looking to the north, the water transit from Hawaii to New York will be shortened 5,000 miles; to Liverpool, nearly 8,000 miles. Crossing the Pacific to the Asiatic ports we come into competition with a new element, the Suez Canal. The distance by water to New York from Yokohama will be shortened nearly 4,000 miles; from Shanghai, 1,850 miles, and 400 miles to Hong Kong, besides which, in all these cases, the hot, trying voyage across the Indian Ocean and through the Red Sea will be avoided, while the passage of the Nicaragua Isthmus will be accomplished in a cool climate, beautiful scenery, and in fresh water.

There is a very large trade between these Asiatic ports and the United States, especially in the tea season. It is divided between the steamers running direct from China to New York via Suez, and the regular lines crossing the Pacific to America. The last season, twenty-three tea steamers made the voyage from Hong Kong to New York direct; this business will probably be done via Nicaragua. Of the trans-Pacific shipments, all tea destined for the interior of the continent will continue to go forward from the coast by rail, but that which is consumed on the Atlantic sea-board will find the canal a cheaper transit.

But it is a much more important inquiry what business the canal can expect from the Pacific States of North America. Here the problem becomes much more complicated, for the canal will meet many competitors, the route by sail vessels around Cape Horn, the steamer route via Panama, and lastly the overland railways.

The Panama route may be dismissed at once, for no railway transit with a trans-shipment at each end could ever compete with a steamer passing through the canal without breaking bulk.

As compared with the Horn route, the canal will reduce greatly the distance by water to all ports on both sides of the Atlantic; to Liverpool it will save 7,000 miles; to New York, nearly 10,000 miles; and it will open up an important trade with New Orleans and the Mississippi Valley which now we can reach only by rail. The business will be done mainly if not entirely by freight steamers, for the approach to the canal on the Pacific side is unfavorable to sail vessels, though not as bad as Panama.

Now let us compare time and cost on the two routes. The goods furnished by the Pacific States for export to Atlantic ports are mainly natural products, grain, wine, wool, flour, and merchandise of a similar character, where freight forms a large percentage of cost; the return cargoes from the Atlantic are much less in aggregate weight, and are composed of manufactured goods with perhaps iron and coal for ballast. The rates of freight from San Francisco "to Queenstown for orders," the usual form of wheat charters from California to Great Britain, may be found in the last report of the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco. First-class iron ships for Queenstown averaged during the 10 years 1881–1890, 41s 8d per ton of 2,240 lbs; for the 5 years 1886–1890, when freights were the lowest known, 31s 4d; freights to Liverpool direct were a trifle lower. At what rate can the ordinary freight steamer afford to compete for this business? The answer lies before me in a Hong Kong freight circular of December, 1891. There rates to London, (nearly 10,000 miles,) by outside steamers, are quoted at 32s 6d by Suez canal and rates for sugar from Manila to Liverpool by steamer are stated at 27s 6d–30s. These distances are much greater than the voyage from San Francisco to Liverpool by Nicaragua.

Then consider the saving in time. The Horn voyage is nearly 4 months, while a steamer averaging ten knots can finish the voyage to New York in less than 23 days; to Liverpool in 33, allowing in both cases two days for the Isthmus transit. Besides, there is a further saving in sea-risk, or insurance, as well as in time. So I think we can safely say that with modern economies in the use of steam, the voyage can be made profitable even at a lower rate of freight than has been paid to sail vessels of late years for the voyage around the Horn. Of course regular freight lines would be established between Liverpool and the Pacific Coast, such as now ply between London and the Oriental ports, but besides these there is an enormous fleet of unoccupied steamers, mainly English and German, seeking business in every quarter of the globe. These vessels will come for our produce from every direction, as they now do to China and Japan. They will seek our ports from Hong Kong, from Yokohama, and from Australia, sure of a return cargo to Europe. And I may say in passing that whenever the carriage of wheat to Europe by steam is established, it will probably lead to shipping it in bulk or in ship's bags as is now the custom between New York and Liverpool. Then will follow the building of elevators, and our farmers will be freed from the onerous tax for burlap bags.

When we come to the traffic with the eastern portion of our own country, the problem becomes yet more complicated. Here the trade must be done in American vessels, and here too we come into competition with the rail. The traffic across the Continent both ways is made up of goods of greater value and less weight than those that go around the Horn. All our fresh fruit, most of the dried and canned fruit, most of the wool, part of the fish, goes East by rail. So much of this as is destined for the Atlantic sea-board will be absorbed by the canal. It will be landed at New York and New Orleans and be distributed thence into the interior till it reaches a point where the increased cost of transportation equals the overland charges. So far as time is concerned, the Canal passage to New York can easily be made in 23 days, which is considerably less than the time of the ordinary freight train across the Continent. This increased speed, regularity, and certainty of delivery, combined with greater economy, will without doubt greatly enlarge our trade. It will increase the demand for our products in the old markets and will certainly open new ones. Especially in New Orleans and the Gulf States we may hope for a great increase of business.

In the early days of California we were in regular steam communication with New Orleans, but since the Civil War this has never been renewed except by rail. When the Canal is opened there will spring up a mutual interchange of products, and great benefit will result to both sections. Then we shall be brought into closer and more friendly relations with our Southern brethren than ever before.

In this way new industries will be developed and old ones stimulated. For example, a Japanese gentleman told Warner Miller that when the Canal was opened a considerable market for raw cotton would be developed in Japan, where they have large mills for spinning the cotton yarn used in their fabrics; but much of the raw material has to be imported.

Again, the opening of regular quick transit to Atlantic ports by canal will stimulate our own industries. Our flour trade with Great Britain, for example, while considerable in volume, has been spasmodic and irregular. Under the influence of the Canal our millers may hope to develop a steady, regular trade in the United Kingdom, such as is enjoyed by the millers of the Northwest; and not unlikely we may find an outlet for some of our product through New Orleans.

What I have said of the stimulus that the Canal will give to the prosperity of California is just as true of Oregon and Washington; the same conditions prevail there as here, and Puget Sound will be helped just as much as San Francisco Bay.

But it is the seaports which will receive the greatest benefit of all. Since the building of the overland railway San Francisco has ceased to be the distributing point on this side for the goods and products of the Atlantic States. Interior cities have been made terminal points, and have enjoyed the low freights belonging to that distinction. At the same time the railways have used every means to force the shipment of goods by rail, and to prevent their transportation by sea. The Isthmus route has been closed practically by them, and for a long time a strenuous fight was made to wipe out the traffic around the Horn.

With the completion of the Canal a new era opens for the seaboard cities. Low freights, regular trips, and short voyages through the Canal will revive the business with Atlantic ports, and they will once more become distributing points for Eastern goods on a large scale I believe that the Canal will be built, and on its completion San Francisco will enter on a career of prosperity and independence such as she has never seen; and what is true of us will be true of every other seaboard city on the coast with an ocean commerce.

But turning aside from narrow and local considerations, we ought on other and higher grounds to give every encouragement possible to the men engaged in this great enterprise. There is every prospect that it will be profitable on the mere dollars and cents basis. De Lesseps figured that in 1892, by which date he expected to complete his work at Panama, there would be in sight 4,500,000 tons of freight per annum ready to pass through the Canal. The Nicaragua Company when their Canal is opened count upon a traffic much larger than even these liberal figures. This amount of business at the same rate of tolls as are now charged on the Suez Canal will pay all expenses and leave a handsome interest on the cost of construction, unless that cost shall be greatly increased by a ruinous discount in the sale of its bonds.

But there are still other reasons which should lead us as Americans to wish well to the builders of the Canal. It will be one more link to bind our country together into a league not merely of political unity, but one of mutual dependence. The Pacific Coast will be brought nearer to the Atlantic States from a business standpoint than ever before; the mutual exchange of products will be effected more cheaply and satisfactorily. Especially our sister States on the Gulf of Mexico, with whom we have had little to do, will then become our next door neighbors by water, and the Canal will be the coast line that unites us. Whatever thus brings us together in common interests and common prosperity is certainly good for our country.

The Canal will aid greatly in our national defense. By its friendly waters, whenever war is impending on the Pacific, our war ships and war material can be concentrated on the Pacific Coast in a quarter the time it now requires. During the recent flurry with Chile how different would have been our position if our North Atlantic squadron could have crossed the Isthmus and made a naval demonstration without the delay involved in a voyage through the Straits of Magellan.

England sets us an example in this respect. With what foresight and care she connects together all her scattered possessions by telegraph and steamers. What money she has just spent and is now spending to open a route to her Asiatic possessions across her own soil in Canada, and by her subsidized steamers at either end. This ought to be a lesson to us to spare no means to link our Republic together, and to provide means for the speedy transit of our navy to every point of our coast.

The Canal will certainly be built,—the only question is, who will build it and control it? How can we suffer any European nation to obtain a foothold on this continent in the face of the Monroe doctrine and our repeated assertion of its principles? But certainly if the Canal is built by a company sustained by English or German capital, English or German influence will prevail in its counsels, its policy, and its personnel. And such a corporation would be strong enough to dominate and control any of the feeble Central American republics. England holds Egypt steadily in her power to protect her interests in the Suez Canal. If France had succeeded in her Panama Canal, a French Colony would have been planted on the Isthmus, strong enough to overawe the State of Colombia, and so in Nicaragua whatever nationality prevails in the Canal Company, that people will overshadow the little republic through which it runs, and if it is a European power, we shall have in fact if not a name a new European colony on this Continent.

As I look forward into the future I see at no great distance of time an English speaking people in our Pacific States numbering five or six millions, a stout, hardy, industrious people, strong enough to control the commerce of the North Pacific Ocean. Today we are hampered in time of peace by the difficulty of bringing our rich products to the markets of the civilized world, in time of war we are imperiled by our long distance from the body of the nation to which we belong. Either in war or peace our isolation is the main drawback to our prosperity. The only channel by which we can be brought close to our fellows is the Nicaragua Canal, constructed by American capital and controlled by the American government.

Horace Davis.

THROUGH MYSTERIOUS CAÑONS OF THE COLORADO.

THE cañons of the Colorado River have always been an alluring mystery to me, and ever since childhood's days I have been imbued with the desire to explore these mighty depths; more especially as ever and anon stories would be circulated of some one's going through in an incredibly short time, coming out in a half-starved and exhausted condition. These stories being run down were found improbable and false, and it was not until after reading Major J. W. Powell's reports on his venturesome trip through these cañons for the government in 1869, that I decided to go on the first opportunity that presented itself.

So when the idea was formulated and the scheme perfected to send a surveying party down the river and ascertain if it were possible to build a railroad through these wonderful cañons, and the unique idea followed of making a continuous line of photographs of the river and cañons from the head to the mouth to verify the engineer's report, I was eager to be one of the party; and I was fortunate enough to secure the appointment.

On May 22d, 1889, twenty years after Powell's party, a party of sixteen men left Denver, Colorado, in charge of Frank M. Brown, the president of the railroad company, and commanded by Robert Stanton, chief engineer. Arriving at Green River Station, Utah, on the D. & R. G. W. R. R., we found our outfit awaiting us, and were very much surprised and disappointed in the absence of life-preservers, and in the boats. They were but fifteen feet long, three feet beam, built of cedar, and weighed but one hundred and fifty pounds before being put in the water. However, there was no backing out. The boats were soon launched and loaded, so heavily that with three men in each boat the gunwale came only one inch above the water. The three-foot water-tight lockers we took out of each boat and lashed them into one large float; these we filled with extra provisions.

The next day we cast off and started south on the Green for the head of the Colorado River, one hundred and twenty miles away.

A few miles from our start we entered Labyrinth Cañon, which is very winding. At Bowknot Bend we traveled seven miles to get one-fourth of a mile ahead, the river making a complete bowknot.

The formation is principally red sandstone, cut and worn by the elements in many places, forming castles, turrets, terraces, domes, and spires, fretted at their bases with green, sloping talus, and flanked by patches of scrub-oak and willows, which, together with the river, make very picturesque scenes indeed. In Standing Rock Park the white sandstone mixes in with the red and many of the monuments are very grotesque in shape. The most faithful representation that we saw as we came down the river was what appeared to be an immense cross of solid rock, but as we came opposite we found to our astonishment that it was composed of two huge rocks seven hundred feet apart. From below the resemblance is lost and nothing but rocky piles appear.

Entering Stillwater Cañon, the river gently flows between the Orange Cliffs; they too are cut and worn in weird and fantastic shapes, resplendent in their brilliant coloring. Above, the cliffs are from two to five hundred feet high, of a corrugated character and sloping, with quite wide bottoms on either side of the river. Here the Cañon narrows and boxes up, the walls more nearly perpendicular and higher, until the Colorado is reached, where the walls attain a height of thirteen hundred feet, grayish-white in color.

The Colorado is formed by the Green from the north and the Grand from the east. The different colors of their waters make the Colorado a dirty gray. The elevation is three thousand nine hundred feet, the river four hundred and forty feet wide, its capacity 9,360 cubic feet per second, with a current of six miles per hour.

After overhauling and repacking our cargo and establishing our points, we turned loose on our perilous journey. Six miles below, at the head of Cataract Cañon, we struck our first real rapid. We lost here our float containing one third of our provisions and all of the extra rope and oars; and for the next twenty-eight miles, it was a continual series of mishaps and loss. The rapids were so close together that it seemed one long cataract.

Day after day we were wet through, most of the time in the water up to our necks, letting the boats down by line, portaging over huge rocks and bowlders, ofttimes pulling the boats out and skidding or carrying them around the rapids. Some days we would make but three quarters of a mile; again we would stop to repair the broken boats. Sometimes they would swamp, or get away and go down stream; they would get lodged below and we would find them minus their contents. Finally they became so badly damaged that it was necessary to break up one to repair the others, and this fell to the lot of number three. Number six had been broken to pieces in the river. Occasionally we would find some of our provisions that had floated off, but in a damaged condition, so that it was no use to us.

Notwithstanding the losses, we kept up the survey and photographing, as we could always get along the shore. We very seldom crossed the river, and it was only on these occasions that the men got into a boat; when it had been tried it came near resulting in the loss of life.

The formation still continued in the strata formation of the red and white sandstone, and the walls gradually grew higher, generally in terraced benches and very little in the perpendicular. Laterals cut into the main cañon at intervals, and it was at these places that we would find our worst rapids.

In crossing a large sandbar one day, we found partly buried in the sand a barrel of cut loaf sugar, with the following inscription painted on one end, "U. S. Sub—— Dep't. for——Q. M. Lt. W. P. Barnes." We concluded that a load of government supplies had been lost at some crossing away above, and that this was a part of it. A little below we found pieces of a wagon in a pile of driftwood, and the skeleton of a man. The sugar came in very handy for us, as our supplies were about exhausted.

Sixteen men and four boats, our provisions reduced to almost nothing, clothing limited to what we had on, and that very scanty, blankets few and far between! True, we did not have such heavy loads to portage as at the start,—neither did we have enough to live on to keep us going to carry what we had. So on the seventeenth of June the party was divided, part going ahead to find supplies, and the others bringing down the line. The third day after we of the advance party found a miner's "hogan" four miles above Dandy Crossing. Here we found plenty of food, and immediately after a detachment was started up the river with a boat load for the other party.

At the time of dividing the party, the little provisions we had were divided share and share alike, giving to each man, two and a half pounds of flour baked, four ounces of water-soaked coffee, and one pound of sugar. One day we shot a duck and another day a hawk, which was by far the best dish we had on the whole trip. Another day the cook tried to shoot a raven, but only succeeded in wounding it. The few arms of the party were in bad condition for killing game, and we only got one deer, though we chased several, as we did some mountain sheep. Everything seemed to be astonished at the presence of human beings, and undoubtedly saw them for the first time. Occasionally we would catch a fish. There were but two kinds of these in the river, so far as we could find out, from catching them and from talking with others who had fished. These are white salmon and squaw-fish, both very fine eating. The largest salmon caught weighed fifty-nine pounds.

The Cañon seems literally alive with the various species of lizards. The swifts were extremely friendly and familiar; we would quite often wake up in the night and find them in our blankets with us; but the Gila monster we particularly avoided, and only killed one; it is said that their bite is more deadly than that of the dreaded rattlesnake. The bumble-bees are very large and of a rich reddish brown color; the wasps are a bright orange and very long; the hornets are a bright canary color, and were more respectfully solicitous of our comfort than those in the civilized parts of the country. The rattlesnakes were more numerous than any of the reptile family, none of them over two feet long, and very slim, of a brick red color with black spots. None of them coiled to strike; as soon as they saw us they would try to get away, and in order to kill them to get their rattles, we would have to chase them and poke them out of holes. Tarantulas, centipedes, and scorpions were quite plentiful, but we soon got used to them and scarcely minded them or looked where to spread our blankets.

In the lower end of Cataract Cañon the rapids are farther apart, with short stretches of comparatively smooth water between, and it was in one of these places that Mr. Stanton, one morning, discovered a name on the face of the cliff. Stopping the boat, it was found on investigation to have been cut by some iron instrument deep in the surface of the rock, and about six feet above the then present level of the river, this inscription, "I. JULIEN, 1836." As it could only have been done from the water by some one either in a boat or on a raft, the only solution that we could arrive at was that it was done by one of a party of Canadian voyageurs, which is reported to have attempted to explore this part of the country in 1836,— thirty-three years before Major Powell and his party made their memorable trip, and fifty-three years before we followed. What became of them I have been unable to ascertain. No written account has ever been made of their journey.

In nearly all the side cañons we would find traces of the cliff dwellers. Many of the houses were in utter ruin; others would be in an entire state of preservation. We would find in them corn cobs, beans, and scraps of a kind of matting made out of fibrous plants, also any quantity of broken pottery of various designs (exactly like that made by the Indians of the present day), whether destroyed by the vanquished or the victors no one knows. Making inquiries among the Indians of the several tribes that we met as to who these inhabitants were, when they had been driven out, or what became of them, or where were their descendants, we found that none of them knew,— nothing had been handed down. They evidently were an agricultural race; the slight traces left go to prove that. Whether that chain of forts or fortifications that extends through Western Colorado, Utah, and Arizona, was simply for their protection, or whether indeed they were a warlike race we cannot tell.

The houses were always built high up, between two shelves of rock, which made the roof and floor. If space permitted, there would be several stories, leaving only three feet between floor and roof. The rafters, or stringers, were of spruce or piñon. The doorways were twenty inches high and eighteen inches wide. The forts were built on a high eminence, good square corners, no roof, and plenty of portholes in the walls. Another style of defense was the little fortifications near the water edge at the mouth of the side cañons; these have no roof.

We found a number of hieroglyphics and designs cut on the rocks; to what purpose we know not. They are mostly high up and seen at a great distance.

The Navajos tell us of a legend that is handed down through them that their ancestors, thousands of moons ago, exterminated the cliff dwellers by driving them all into the river, and they turned to fish. Certain it is, they will not eat fish, and few of them will venture into or on the water.

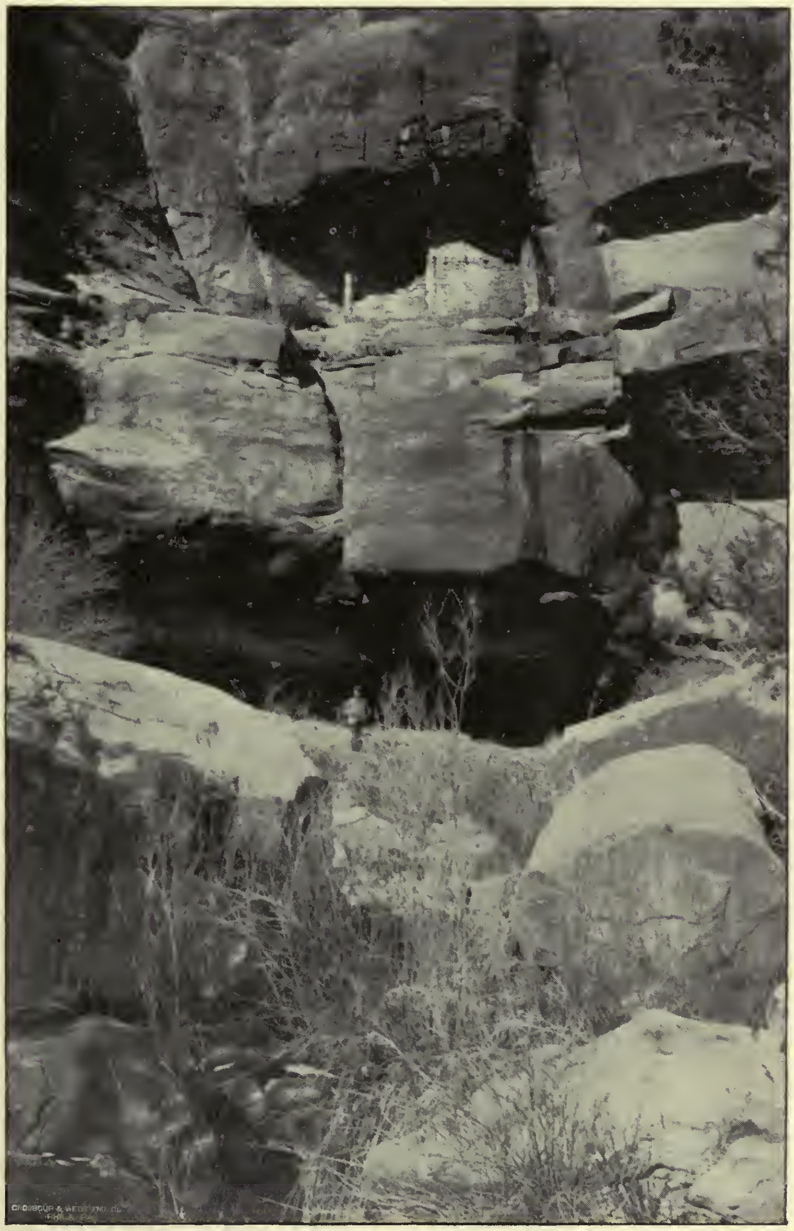
Near the mouth of the Dirty Devil River huge beds of gravel are found on each side of the river, and extend nearly one hundred miles down it. At this writing they are all located and staked for placer mining purposes, many of them being continuously worked,—either by the old hand rocker or by plant of machinery. These bars are from one hundred feet to five thousand feet in length, and from a few feet to one hundred in depth to bed rock. There are no bowlders to handle, so the working is very easy, giving rich results in fine shot gold. It is estimated that any of the bars will run not less than fifty cents to the cubic yard. We panned a great deal from various bars and found that they ran from seven to between three and five thousand colors to the pan.

We came across Jack Sumner, Major Powell's head man. He was running an old hand rocker, and said he was making a good thing every day. He examined our outfit carefully and pronounced it all right, drew diagrams in the sand, advising us as to how best to proceed, and said that if he were twenty years younger, he would be only too glad to accompany us on our perilous trip.

At Dandy Crossing our party was again divided, and eight of us went ahead, taking with us Harry McDonald, whom we found there, an old, experienced boatman, scout, hunter, and trapper.

At Tickaboo, fifteen miles below, through the courtesy of Cass Hite, we were enabled to give our boats the necessary repairs. We now pushed out, and owing to the long stretches of smooth water, with very few rapids, we arrived at Lee's Ferry, one hundred and fifty miles below, on the afternoon of July 3d. We expected to find a full supply of provisions that had been ordered shipped there. No word had been received of them, and the next day Mr. Brown started on horseback for Kanab, a Mormon settlement ninety miles away, where he purchased the requisite amount, which he had brought in to us by wagon. On July 9th, we were once more on the river, headed for the great unknown.

During the day we made two long hard portages and went into camp at Soap Creek Rapid. The next morning, at 6:25, the three boats pushed off from shore at the same time. Number one swung first into the current and rapidly disappeared around the bend into the rapids below. Here occurred the now famous tragedy which cost the life of our leader. The boat was upset and Mr. Brown thrown into the whirlpool, which rapidly sucked him down, for when the boats arrived, two minutes later, he had sunk and nothing remained but his note book,


CROSSCUP & WEST ENG. CO.
PHILA. PA.

CLIFF DWELLINGS IN SIDE CAÑON.

which shot up just as Mr. Stanton's boat was crossing the eddy.

McDonald was thrown into the current and drawn under three times, but managed to catch a rock three hundred yards below and saved himself.

We waited all day in the hope of recovering the body, and Hansborough carved on the face of a rock this inscription: "F. M. BROWN, PRESIDENT OF THE D. C. C. & P. R. R. WAS DROWNED OPPOSITE THIS POINT, JULY 10TH, 1889."

Little did he think that a similar inscription would be needed for himself five days later, but it was. On July 15th, number five upset under an overhanging cliff, and Hansborough never came up; Richards rose and swam into the eddy, but before assistance could reach him, he made two overhand strokes and also sank.

Sorrowfully the remnant of the little party went on down the river until they arrived at House Rock Wash, then cached the provisions in a marble cave, pulled the two boats upon a sandbar, securely fastened them, then, with five days' rations to the man, on July 18th, we began to work our way out through the side cañon, and at 1:20 in the afternoon we stood on the top, two thousand five hundred feet above the water. In the House Rock Valley, after walking twenty-four miles, we came across some Mormons, who gave us aid and transportation, and passed us on to other brethren of their faith, and in five days afterwards, we reached the railroad.

Accounts of our first expedition flashed over the wires, and reports were printed far and wide. Yet notwithstanding the disastrous results and the accidents attending it, which had forced us to abandon it for the time, while we were making up the second party, the chief engineer's office was flooded with applications from men in nearly every State in the Union, hundreds offering to go just for their expenses, many willing to go and pay their own expenses, and a few offering to give a premium for the privilege of accompanying the party. These were all rejected; none but experienced boatmen were taken.

During the reorganization of the railroad company, and the preparations for the second expedition, Harry McDonald was sent to the boatyard of W. H. Douglass & Co., Waukeegan, Ill., to superintend the building of the new boats. These boats when finished were twenty-two feet long, four and a half feet wide, and weighed eight hundred and fifty pounds, water-tight lockers fore and aft and heavy galvanized iron air chambers extending all the way round under the gunwales. The boats were modeled after the latest pattern of the life-saving service, and built so that we could put our canned goods under the flooring, thus making a loaded keel. Nothing but the best of material was put into the boats, heavy hickory ribs and oak sides; the tops were quarter decked, with a waterproof cover to stretch over the cockpit when necessary; a life buoy was attached to a coiled rope on the bow, and a life-line was stretched around the entire boat.

Two oarsmen and a steersman comprised the crew. Every man was provided with an extra large cork jacket made expressly for the expedition, and so constructed that it did not interfere with any work, and a general order was issued compelling each man to put his jacket on when in rough or uncertain water. A sufficient number of watertight sacks — made like the ocean mail sacks — were supplied for provisions and clothing.

We left Denver on the 27th of November for the second trip. When we arrived at Green River, we loaded our outfit on wagons, and started for a one hundred and twenty mile tramp across the desert and struck the Colorado at Dandy Crossing, December 6th. We found the water about fifteen feet lower

CATARACT CAÑON.

than it was in the summer. A short distance above the mouth of the Escalanti we discovered indications of oil; gas seemed to be escaping from the surface, and blazed up eight or ten inches when a lighted match was applied to it.

At the mouth of the San Juan River we climbed to great height, but found nothing of interest, except a grand and extended view of the cañons, with their varied coloring, the snow-capped Navajo Mountains, of which such marvelous stories are told as to the fabulous richness of their mineral deposits, guarded so jealously by the Indians. There is a tradition among the natives that no white people were ever permitted to dig or search for gold except the Spanish priests, and that was many years ago; that the last party went out with thirty-three burros loaded with gold that was worth twenty-five thousand dollars a load. This is probably an exaggeration of the value. However, there is no doubt that there are very rich deposits of mineral on the Navajo Reservation, as the Indians have a great abundance of jewelry and ornaments made by themselves. Some of the designs are unique, but the work of course is crude.

While climbing up a side cañon, and when about fifteen hundred feet above the river, we were overtaken by a severe thunder storm. The only shelter we could find was by the side of a high sloping bowlder, which had evidently fallen from the top during some previous storm. The bottom seemed to have dropped out of the clouds, for the rain came down in torrents after the wind had ceased. Then the air was full of rocks, which were loosened by the descending flood. They tumbled mostly from the top, a thousand feet above, many of them weighing several tons each, and rolled promiscuously about, their roar drowning the heavy peals of thunder. These were followed by immense waterfalls from over the brink of the cañon. At first we thought that we were in danger, but none of the rocks came very near, and the overhanging cliff sheltered us from the torrents, which were almost blinding; we could scarcely see across the cañon. It was such a sight as none of us had ever witnessed, none will ever forget, and few will care to see again.

The course of the river is very tortuous and winding for the last thirty miles above Lee's Ferry,— very picturesque, and enchanting in the extreme. At the ferry, the wall of the cañon breaks away, leaving a good wide valley for Pariah Creek to come rushing through to join the Colorado. The advantage that this valley presented for agricultural purposes was readily seen and seized upon years ago by the Mormons, and it is here that John D. Lee located and built his home, from which he was taken to his trial and death for being one of the ringleaders of the Mountain Meadow massacre. The place is now owned and kept by W. M. Johnson, another Mormon; and were he more thrifty he could make it blossom as the rose, for the soil is so prolific that but very little care and attention is needed to produce enormous crops.

This is the only crossing and thoroughfare between Utah and Arizona. Just below the ferry is an old stone fort built several years ago by the Mormons as a defense against the raids of the Indians. This we took possession of and made it our headquarters, and on Christmas the cook got us up an excellent dinner, serving it in the open air.

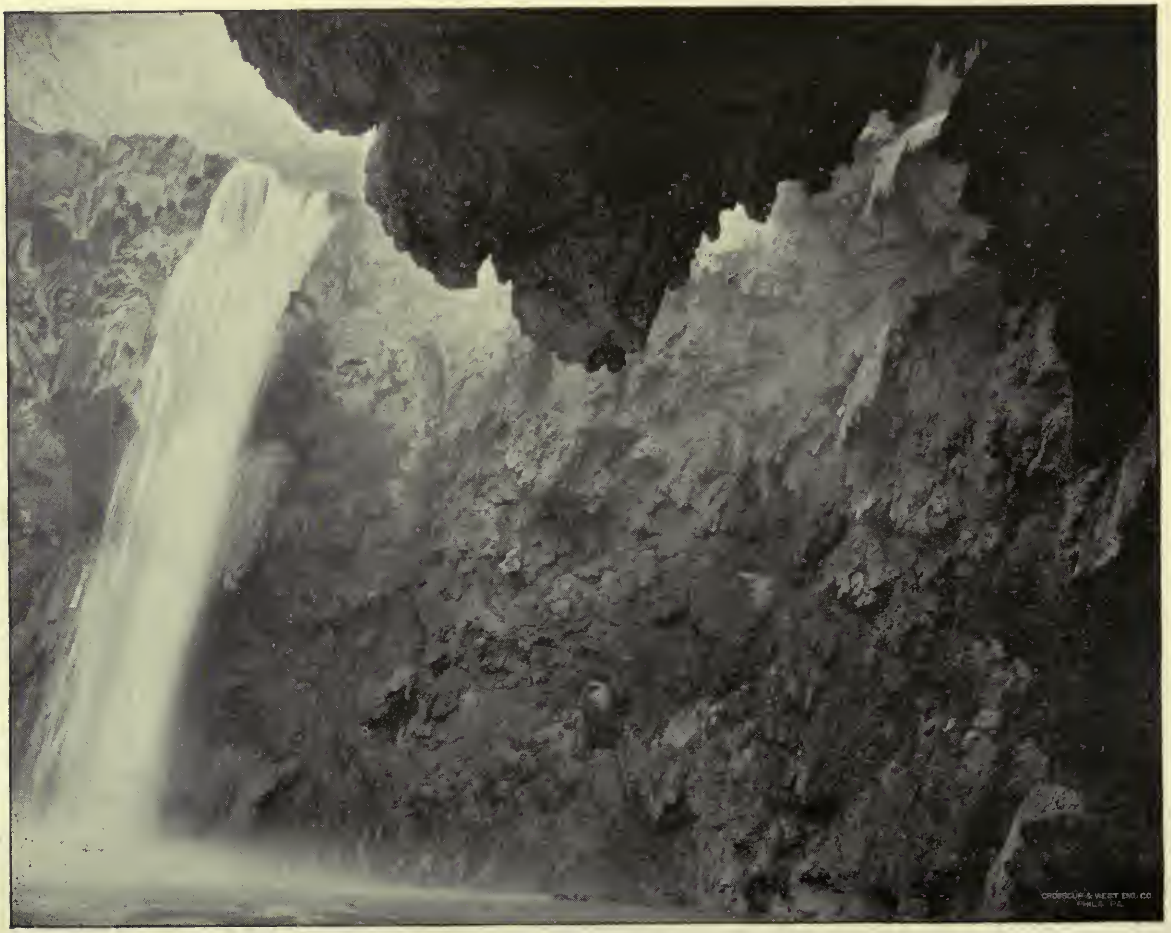
On the south side of the river at Lee's Ferry, where the wagon road winds around among the corrugated cliffs, over the mountain, is an interesting collection of petrifactions. One tree, lying nearly across the road, measures seventy-eight feet to where the ground covers the top, the trunk being six feet in diameter. A short distance from this tree is a mound completely covered with chips and blocks of petrified wood of all sizes, some no larger than toothpicks, splintered and broken sharp off, resembling a woodyard of the present day.

Here the Vermilion Cliffs stretch out at right angles to the main cañon, clear cut, bold, and rich in their gorgeous coloring; the marble formation really starts in above the ferry, but does not crop out until some distance down the river.

Leaving the ferry on December 28th, we again entered the great unknown and made the first rapid shortly after noon. As it was necessary to make a long portage, we went into camp for Sunday. It was our custom always to camp and never to travel on Sundays. One day in the week was little enough rest form our arduous labors,— although when we came to places where we could, we would take advantage of the day to climb to the top of the cañon and get glimpses of the vast chasm from above, which amply repaid us for our trouble. It is no wonder that such wild stories have been told of this most wonderful river by those who have stood on the brink of the cliffs and looked down thousands of feet in almost perpendicular descent, the water appearing like a silver thread against the rocks below, foam-flecked and lashed into spray, the thunder of its mighty roar rising to the top and carried away on the desert air. Dangerous as it is, and great as the hardships that we experienced, it looks doubly dangerous from the top.

Above high water and near camp, we found pieces of a boat and part of a miner's outfit, which showed that they had lain there for several years; who left them, and when, and what became of their owners, is merely a matter of conjecture.

We were afloat early the next day and soon came to Soap Creek Rapid, where we had to make a long, weary portage of threequarters of a mile,


CROSSCUP & WEST ENG. CO.
PHILA. PA.

MOON FALLS IN CATARACT CAÑON.

CAMPING ALONG THE COLORADO.

camping just where we did last summer when President Brown was with us for the last time. We experienced some difficulty in letting the empty boats down, as the water was low; and as we stood below the rapid and looking up stream, it looked almost honeycombed with rocks, the force of the current lashing the water into foam.

We took levels here and found a drop of twenty-two feet. Wishing to find the rapidity of the current, we found an old dug-out in a pile of driftwood and shoved it into the water. Timing it as it went through the rapid, and measuring the distance, we found that it ran at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, estimating that it ran just as fast on stretches of swift water. This added to the propelling power of two strong oarsmen, would make our speed from eighteen to twenty-three or four miles an hour.

The formation through here is similar to that above, but the sandstone is somewhat harder and of a darker red color.

A few minutes after sunrise the next morning, we passed over the same place where President Brown went down. To our surprise, no rapid was there. The surface was as level as a floor, although the large eddy was still swirling around and as restless as ever. But where McDonald got out of the river, was some very rough water and short rapids. Sad indeed were our hearts as we passed there and looked on the spot where the brave and energetic President sank to rise no more.

Some day a lasting memorial will be erected there to his memory.

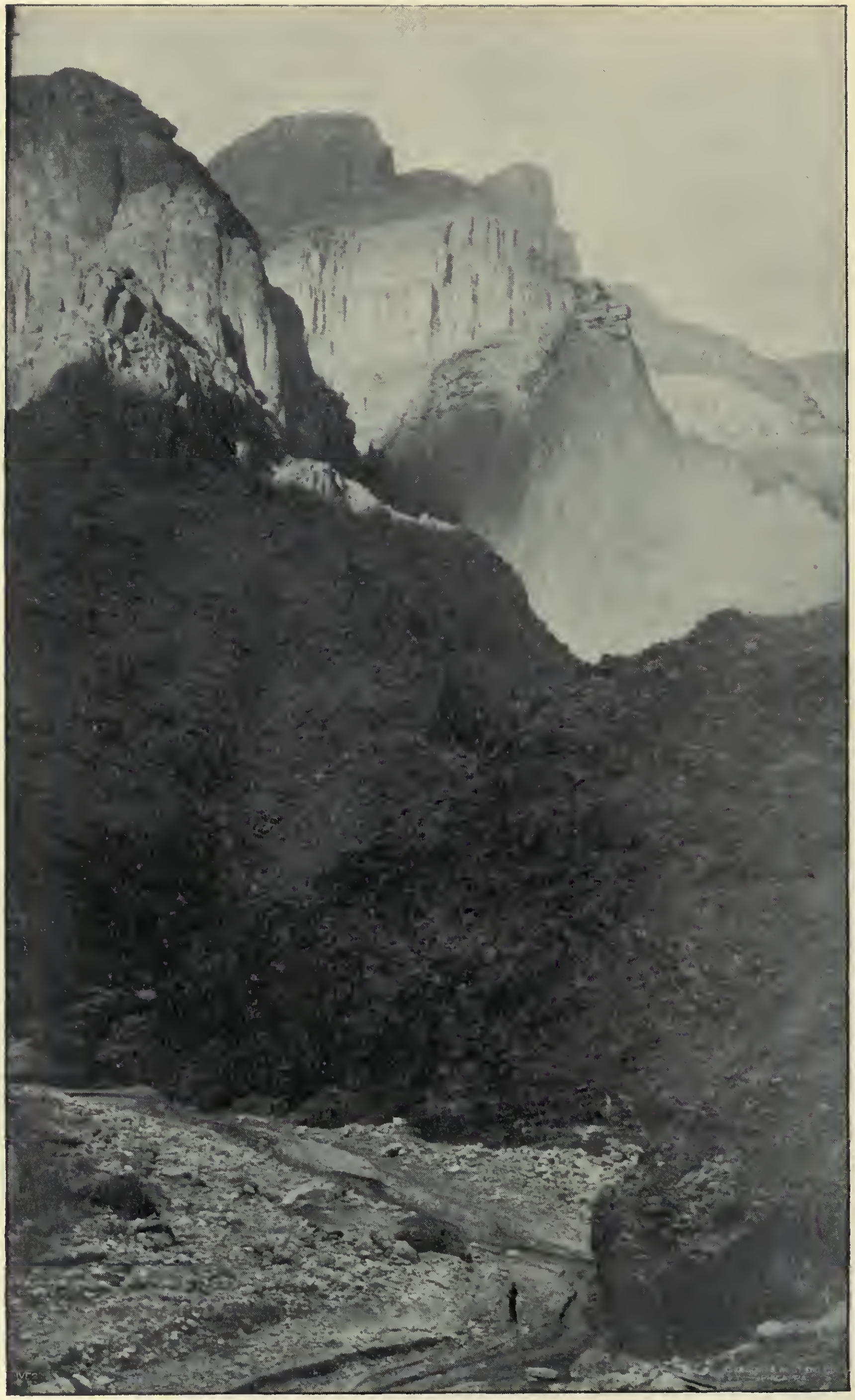
Three miles below the cañon narrows up, with perpendicular cliffs on both sides of the river, and we were obliged to let our boats down by ropes, as we did in the summer. The operation was very slow and tedious, as we could neither portage nor get on to the first bench above to walk along. Five hundred feet below we landed on a small sand beach at the head of a rapid, and went into camp, with no wood except a few sticks that we found in the crevices of the rocks.

We met with a new obstacle here that caused some difficulty in portaging. At the lower end of the beach a cliff jutted perpendicularly into the water, making it impossible to load the boats above the rocks ; so we had to raise the things on to the beach, carry them over the top, drop the boats around, and reload.

A few miles below this point the cañon widens out again and we saw a huge rock in the river that had evidently dropped from the top of the cañon since Major Powell and his party went down the river, as he does not mention it in any of his reports. The rock is about one hundred feet long, fifty feet wide, and thirty feet high above the water, giving a wide channel on each side, through which the water rushes at mill-race speed. To our surprise it caused no rapid, showing that the water must be very deep at this point.

Now we are in the marble, which crowds the sandstone upwards, forming brilliantly colored caps. The different strata of marble seem to alternate, for

COLORADO CAÑON, NEAR DIAMOND CREEK.



DIAMOND CAÑON.

when the gray, yellow, and white are on one side of the river, the red and darker colors are on the opposite side, while a few hundred feet below they are reversed, thus changing through the whole sixty-five miles of the strictly marble formation, or cañon. We found what might be called a marble pavement of a rich gray, which slopes back from the water to the cliffs and extends along the river for three quarters of a mile,— over which we walked.

We arrived at House Rock Wash on January 14th, and found the provisions cached the summer before on our retreat from the river, in good condition.

On the south side of the river here a bright red marble cliff raises its noble head seven hundred feet in the air, and is one half a mile in length; on the north side the gray and yellow shoots up, though not so high, and is torn and serrated by the side cañon that enters here.

Immediately below is one of the most enchanting places on the river, called "Veasey's Paradise" named by Major Powell in honor of one of his botanists in the United States Geological Department. Several hundred feet up on the marble cliff a spring spurts forth; the water trickles down the face of the polished marble walls on the green grass, ferns, bushes, and flowers below, and the sun striking the drops makes them glisten like diamonds with all the prismatic hues. It is a wonderful picture in this lonely region, several thousand feet below the surface.

All through the marble cañon we find caves and caverns, some of them weird and grotesque. Many of them we used for camping purposes, and instead of "I dreamed I dwelt in marble halls" it was to us a reality; for in truth, we lived in them, slept on marble shelves, and dined off marble tables; in fact, marble everywhere, in all shapes and colors of the rainbow. A goodly portion of it is the agatized marble, which will polish beautifully.

Ten miles below we camped at the head of a rapid, which we were obliged to portage. The cook went to a small pile of drift-wood to make a fire and was startled to find a skeleton. On examination we found that it was the remains of our former comrade, Peter Hansborough, who was drowned July 15th. A grave was soon dug, and we tenderly laid him away at the foot of a massive red marble cliff, Mr. Stanton offering up a short prayer.

From this point down to the Chiquita, or Little Colorado, the cañon widens out. The marble is crowded up and back by the sub-strata of sandstone, with limestone and quartzite mingling in it. Wide bottoms are formed, which slope back and form the talus near the cliffs. The bottoms are thickly covered with green grass, and profusely dotted with blooming flowers, while mesquite, scrub oak, and willows, gladden the eye, making striking pictures, and strong contrasts to the snow-capped peaks above, which are visible from various points.

On January 20th, we glided through the marble cañon proper and entered the mysterious and supposed impassable Granite Gorge. Fifteen miles below we met with a most agreeable surprise. In those gloomy depths we came across a lonely prospector, who had found some rich ore. As he intended to start the next day for Flagstaff, Arizona, letters were hurriedly written to send out by him.

This division was very interesting from its being different from what we had seen above; it seems to be a jumbled up mass of conglomerates, having been partly formed by volcanic action, the whole thrown into every conceivable shape, apparently colored and stained by iron and copper.

From the head of the granite gorge to within a few miles of the Kanab Wash is the narrowest portion of the cañon, and the one where the most difficulty was experienced, attended with a great deal of hard work and loss. Walls start nearly perpendicularly from the water, ragged and corrugated; shooting upwards from five hundred to fifteen hundred feet, sloping not more than forty-five degrees. The next layer above, and benching back, is the dark, hard sandstone, cut and worn so that it is given a very rough appearance. Above this, coming in sections, limestone and marble, all capped by the lighter colors of the sandstone. This arrangement of rocks, added to the great depth, makes the river gloomy in the extreme. Here is where it cuts through the Kaibab or Buckskin Mountains, and the government reports give the depth of six thousand two hundred feet. Think of it,— over a mile deep, and the top from ten to twelve miles across!

We were obliged to go slower from here, making only a few miles a day, as the rapids were more numerous and rough, following each other very closely, like those we found in Cataract Cañon. Some were so long and rough as to cause exceedingly hard work in making portages. There is no fun in shouldering a sack of provisions weighing ninety pounds, carrying it three quarters of a mile over huge bowlders and broken rocks, and ofttimes pulling out the heavy boats and skidding them around dangerous places, or letting them down by lines through swift and choppy waves.

On January 29th we encountered the greatest fall in the whole river, and while we were trying to get number three through, it was struck by a cross current, and turned over and crushed between two rocks, from which it was impossible to extricate it. Life-lines were fastened around the men and they succeeded in saving nearly the whole load. The water was so cold that they were obliged to relieve each other every few minutes. As it came dark by this time, the boat was left, as we supposed, to its fate. But during the night the river rose two feet; so the next morning another attempt was made to get it off. This was accomplished by enormously hard work; but the sides were so badly broken that in order to make it of any service at all, it was necessary to cut four feet out of the center and rebuild it. It made a fairly good boat, but it took two days to complete the job. As there was but little driftwood to make fires, the last two days' cooking was done from the chips and shavings from the boat.

Starting again on February 4th, we stopped long enough at the mouth of the Bright Angle Creek — the only clear stream we had seen — to wash the sand out of us by copious draughts. Meeting another fierce rapid the next day, the just rebuilt boat was dashed against the cliff, and sunk in the worst part of the rapid. It came out in splinters finer than toothpicks.

Having now but two boats for eleven men, it was necessary to cache the tents and all superfluous stuff, so we made this our Sunday camp. McDonald left the party on Monday morning to work his way out of the cañon and hunt for minerals. He was tired of the extraordinary amount of hard work that devolved upon him.

Again the cañon changed. The gloominess was gone, the cañon widened, broad slopes appeared, gorgeous in brilliant colorings; a better view of the upper portions was now obtainable, showing beetling pinnacles, precipices, peaks, domes, spires of granite, sandstone, limestone, and marble, in every imaginable shape and size, streaked with red, yellow, black, and green, from mineral matter; and as the sun struck these, glinting down, down, down, on to the polished walls below, casting reflections on the smooth stretches of water that frequently occurred now between the rapids, it produced pictures of such stupendous magnitude, that one who has not seen them can never realize it.

On February 18th number one got

caught in a cross current and was carried against a rock, which it was impossible to avoid. Hislop was steering at the time, and was thrown several feet into the rushing torrent. The boat was turned half round and floated down stream stern first. The cork jacket kept Hislop afloat and he was picked up about one hundred feet below, and none too soon, for we were at the head of another big rapid. Making a landing we repaired the boat in a short time, then portaged the rapid.

From here down to the Kanab Wash is another change in the formation; the granite has mostly disappeared, sinking in the water as it were, and the soft sandstone and limestone is washed by the water. The soft sandstone is known by its brilliant coloring. The great talus slopes rise from two to six hundred feet high, and the marble and upper benches of sandstone shoot up and tower high above. The cañon is wider and more straight, giving glimpses of several miles in length of rainbow tints, bushes, trees, and green slopes, gratifying and pleasing to the eye.

Immediately below the Kanab Wash is a rapid one and a half mile long. There was no way of portaging it, so we ran it at terrific speed in the short space of four minutes and thirty seconds, every one wet to the skin by the spray. Then a rapid run of a few miles through short rapids, cross-currents, eddies, and whirlpools,—when we heard a tremendous loud roar and saw a long line of white foam ahead.

By a herculean effort we managed to land on a pile of rocks washed in from a side cañon, and went ahead to examine. We found that this rushing, turbulent mass of angry water was caused by the line of rocks washed in, forming a dam. The water striking this, made a sort of backwater, causing waves fifteen feet high and extending across the river, which was about one hundred and fifty feet at this point.

There was no chance to make a portage, and it was too late in the afternoon to attempt to run it, so we were obliged to camp there on the rocks with no wood, and a hard, rough bed to sleep on. The next morning we were agreeably surprised to find that the river had been falling during the night. Getting ready as soon as possible, we launched on what proved to be our wildest and most rapid ride on the whole river,—our boats running through short sharp rapids; being struck by cross-currents and nearly carried against the cliffs; whirling round and round in the whirlpools, swinging into back eddies,—the oarsmen pulling as they never pulled before; carried to the crest of the highest waves, then dropped quickly with a terrific jar as if the bottom had fallen out, then shooting ahead on the rushing current so fast as almost to take away our breath. Through the narrow, dark, and gloomy gorge in zigzag course we sped, turning quick and sharp around bends, knowing that this mad, wild ride would end sooner or later; but *how*, we dared not think.

At length, in turning a sharp bend, we saw a roaring wild rapid ahead. It was foaming tremendously and shooting high in the air. Knowing full well that we could not cross such a strong current nor pull into the eddy, yet we made the attempt,—but all to no purpose. In an instant we were in the heavy waves, seemingly in the air part of the time. To keep the boat's head on was a perilous effort, as the cross-currents twist them around like playthings. Making a zigzag descent, partly broadside on, in less time then it takes to tell it we were in the eddy at the bottom of the rapid, and soon made a landing to take a well earned rest and compare notes.

About noon we reached what we were fain to call an "open country." Here the cañon is somewhat similar to that above the Kanab Wash, but it is wider; the river is broader, with green grass and flowers, groves of trees, sloping taluses, and broad benches.

In this section of the great cañon is an extinct volcano, a gloomy monument of its former greatness. How many years ago did its eruption take place,—who knows? What a change in the appearance of the cañon! the splendor of the marble has disappeared, the grandeur of the granite is gone, the majesty of the pinnacled peaks and the tinted sandstone is broken, leaving level valleys, undulating in form. They are strikingly in contrast to the gloomy and fearful depths up the river, and the region is certainly misnamed when called a cañon. The benched cliffs rise thousands of feet above, it is true, but the broken and rent eruptions change the scene, making it almost a farming country.

These formations are about forty miles in extent, and twenty miles above Diamond Creek the cañon narrows again; the granite starts up from the river, on the top of which the marble benches and shoots up into perpendicular cliffs, majestic and sublime in their height, and brilliant in their varied coloring. More rapids and arduous work, and we arrived at the mouth of Diamond Creek, March 1st, all tired and weary, anxious to receive letters from home and the outside world,—also a change of diet, as we had subsisted for the past ten days upon graham mush in its varied forms, always of a rich chocolate tint from the sand that is always in the water.

After a few days' rest and a thorough overhauling of the boats and clothing, a fresh supply of provisions was received, and we were afloat again, with only fifty-five miles of cañon ahead of us. Just below Diamond Creek is the much dreaded rapid that we had been warned against, the one where three of Powell's men deserted him. Its terrors are made up mostly from exaggeration and superstitions. Its greatest danger is that it is in the bend of the cañon, so that in entering it one cannot see the lower end of it. Starting with the determination to go through or perish in the attempt, we found that almost before we were aware that we had struck it we had passed through in safety, but with frightful speed.

Through this section we found what we had looked for in vain above—the perpendicular cliffs. In here the cañon is narrowed up again with the walls shooting high up, up, up, thousands of feet, black and gloomy in their grandeur. The stratum formation is nearly the same as in the big gorge above; the piles of marble and sandstone strata in about the same fantastic shapes, but wanting the brilliant coloring and mineral stains. The water is more turbulent, the rapids and whirlpools are plenty, reminding us more forcibly of our experience in Cataract Cañon. We were obliged to run them; becoming more adventurous perhaps from our past experience, having great confidence in our boats and our ability to guide them. We found this, however, the most difficult and dangerous part of the whole river; but owing to the high water we were relieved to find that the channels were comparatively free from rocks.

During the afternoon of the second day we came to what proved to be our worst rapid. Two side cañons came, in one on each side of the river, and the bed was full of huge bowlders that had been washed in from the sides, causing three distinct falls or dams, with a total fall of twenty-five feet. The walls were perpendicular on both sides, and in places jutting out into the river. The currents crossed each other and dashed with terrific violence against the cliffs, making an appalling sight. Each and every one wished that we were through it.

Knowing as before that we could not cross that mighty current or make a landing if we could cross it, yet we tried to pull into the swinging circles of the big eddy. Failing in that, with teeth set and bated breath, we dashed into the seething torrent, the mighty waves breaking high above our heads wetting and chilling us through. We passed the first fall in safety and the current was madly rushing us to the east cliff and to our destruction — as it seemed to us — when we were met by a rebounding wave that suddenly turned our course and carried us past the dangerous cliff, speeding with frightful speed toward the third fall, when a huge cross-current wave dashed number one on to a projecting rock and knocked a big hole in her side. The boat filled with water, but the air chambers kept her from sinking. The next wave struck Mr. Stanton in the back, sending him into the rapid, where he instantly disappeared from our view. He came up fifty feet below in an eddy, the cork jacket keeping his head above water. Number three following very closely came through safely, although being swung half round by a cross-current between falls two and three,— barely missing number one on the rock,— she went over the lower fall stern first. She picked up Mr. Stanton as they swept by, and we recorded in our notes "another life saved by the life-preservers."

Making a landing below, we soon had a patch over the hole in number one. Notwithstanding we had plenty of wood in camp that night, yet the men were too completely exhausted to dry out their clothes or blankets, but lay down as they were, and all slept soundly until late in the morning.

Two more days of heavy rapids and wet, hard work, and we reached the Grand Wash at the end of the Grand Cañon, the Mecca of our trip, the dangers past and our labors practically ended and the mystery solved. Four hundred and eighty-four miles of cañon and five hundred and twenty rapids, not counting the smaller ones!

A summary of the whole trip may be made as follows: The Colorado is one of the largest rivers of this country, being formed by two big rivers and their tributaries. The reports of the geological surveys give as a result of their gauging at the head of the river, 9,260 cubic feet per second; it is 440 feet wide at the head, and the average width about two hundred and fifty feet. We made no soundings, but it is safe to say that it will average twenty-five feet in depth. Running through such a sandy region with the velocity that it does makes it very dirty, and it is never clear. It is generally supposed that it would diminish in volume before reaching the end of the cañon, running as it does through this rich region, but numerous streams run into it so that it increases instead of diminishing.

The total fall from the head to the end of the Grand Cañon is 2,272 feet, or 7 and 72-100ths feet per mile on the average. It is full of quicksands, and large beds of this are formed along the shores. It is very treacherous and unsafe to navigate, there being so many swirls, cross-currents, and whirlpools; sometimes three currents will be running side by side, possibly an eddy between. The whirlpools seem to be caused by one current striking another, or an undercurrent strikes against the submerged rocks, causing the water to boil up with a weird swishing sound, and break a few inches above the surface. This will last from two minutes to half an hour, and then it will be broken up by another current striking it, so we never knew when or where to look for these whirlpools. They vary in size from three to twenty feet in diameter, and in some of them one can look six or eight feet down into the vortex.

In Cataract Cañon most of the rapids are formed by the talus washing down, or by the cliffs crumbling and dropping in the river. Below Cataract and all through the Marble and Grand Cañons, they are formed by debris washing in through the side cañons which cut up the main cañon. Many of these side cañons are much larger and deeper than any others in the United States, and few persons can conceive the magnitude of them or the colossal sublimity of the mysterious Grand Cañon; and it is almost impossible to measure space with the eye. The carvings by the hand of time and the elements of the fantastic designs, intricate and remarkable tracings upon the face of these stupendous walls, seem, without any stretch of the imagination, to be sculptured by a mighty architect and colored by a master hand. It is not a cañon as is generally understood by most people, that is, a narrow gash in the earth with perpendicular walls, but a wide chasm divided into two gorges, an upper, and an inner or lower one, through which the river flows. It is majestic in its sublimity, its grandeur surpassing anything in the known world. A true word picture is simply impossible. The awe inspiring spectacle is supreme, whether viewed from above or below.

A careful reading of the thermometer three times each day gave the lowest 10° above zero, the highest 93°, with an average of 55°. The great snowstorms of the Kaibab Mountains never reach the bottom of the cañon except in the form of a mist; and that was our experience during the trip, except that one morning the ground was covered with snow to the depth of one inch, and in two hours that had vanished.

When the railroad is built it will give to the tourist searching for wonders a ride through the most magnificent gorge in this world, over the most gigantic and stupendous feat of railway engineering known, or that man has dared to think of.

F. A. Nims.

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.

"SONGS without words;" for told in words
Their meanings would be overbold;
The secrets of a human life
Are better far in music told.

A. C.

A BIT OF FORGOTTEN BIOGRAPHY.

VII.

ALL other questions of the lonely priest were answered at random, and as Innociento rode on he prayed earnestly to be strengthened against the temptation he knew he must meet; to forget utterly the man and his passions in the priest and his duty to save and heal. So it was that when they reached the seemingly deserted house in the narrow valley of what is now known as "Bartlett's Cañon," and his knock was answered by Elisa herself, he was calm and controlled. No danger indeed of her recognizing this close clipped and shaven priest as the silky bearded and curled cavalier of a year ago.

From her he learned that all but two of their peons had left them in a panic. When the master was taken down they thought the place was cursed. Señor Guadalupe was very ill. He did not like her to come near. "You will find him there,"—indicating another building a short distance from the first.

He went in and looked at the pinched face on the pillow, and knew that the end was inevitable, though it might be days or weeks before it came. He quickly administered stimulants and medicine, which brought temporary relief, but never a rational moment to the fever-tossed man on the bed, slipping slowly away from either vengeance or healing.

There was no one to relieve his watch, and for two weeks he ate and slept in the room, getting a little time in the air every day, and at night a plunge in the cold, clear water of the shallow stream, which had worn out great round basins in the solid sandstone as it fell from one ledge to another. He desired intensely, and yet dreaded, to meet Elisa; he even avoided any chance of it, and she never sought him to inquire about her husband, sending only messages for his own comfort or needs, through the old woman who brought him his food.

He would do what he could for the creature who lay there dying, but to ask the saints to heal him? No!

At last the end came, and after he had closed the sunken eyes, he sought Elisa to know her wishes.

"The Señor must be buried almost immediately. Would the Señora signify any wish of hers in the matter?" He tried to say something of condolence, but when he saw the expression of her face, the empty words stuck in his throat. He would never have made a successful Jesuit, for he was not good at concealments. It was well he did not belong to that order.

She pointed out a spot some distance from the house, then returned with him and went into the room to look her last at the dead face, while he looked at hers. It was hard and cold; the same motionless intensity of look and posture he remembered, but never the full red lips set in so straight a line. She stood silent a long time, and at last threw her arms and clasped hands back of her head, and cried aloud, "O Mary, Mary, merciful mother, help me to forgive him now he is dead! I did not pray for him to die. Much as I had wanted to kill him, thou knowest. O, pity me and forgive him, Graciosa Madre de Jesus."

Then as her arms dropped at her sides again, she turned her eyes, now wet with tears, and said:—

"Good father, pray for me. I have suffered much."

He led her from the room with gentle words of promised comfort; then returned, and soon with the help of the old Indian had wrapped Guadalupe's remains for burial and carried out the burden through the spattering rain that was now falling, to the grave the Indian had hastily dug in the hillside loam.

It was not without a sub-sense of grim satisfaction that after his brief words of ceremony had been spoken he had heard the first clod fall dully. He had restrained it while the man lived, but now he felt the working off of some weight as he seized the clumsy spade from the withered hand of the old retainer and threw the black soil in thick and fast.

When the work was done he was mud-stained and dripping with raindrops, which fell faster and faster. He had hoped to be able to start back that night and risk no further meeting with Elisa. That was now impossible; and it was she again who opened the door.

"Padre, your frock is wet and stained. Honor me by wearing the clothes I have prepared for you, while old Xatl cleans and dries it. You must be very weary and cold. Come quickly to the fire in this room, and I will bring you food."

Though the air was not cold, he felt a chilled weariness and a great want of sleep stealing over him, as soon as he had gotten into the dry, fine garments laid out for him; and although his love was coming, whom his heart was starved to see, through all his fear of her recognition,— which had been somewhat stilled it is true,— in spite of the fact that he was faint for the food she was to bring him, his heavy eyelids grew heavier as he stood before the fire in the room she had indicated, and wrapping himself in the ample folds of the serape and pulling a bearskin under his head, he was fast asleep before she again entered the room, as unaware of any hope, disappointment, or desire, as he was of the storm that was raging outside.

Elisa set the food she had prepared down by the fire to keep warm for the tired man before her, and then settled herself quietly to await his awakening. She grew restless as the thunder began to reverberate loudly from side to side of the rocky cañon, and listened to the rapidly increasing volume of water roaring as it flowed over the falls above the house. She glanced from time to time at the sleeper. Something in the outline of the dark head on the bearskin, just showing the curl of the thick hair in the firelight, may have touched some tender chord, for she began to sob softly in her loneliness and terror.

She did not wish him to wake, and the only other human beings within call were the man and woman servants, too old and deaf to hear the thunder; and if they had heard it they would have been too frightened to be of any comfort to her. Electric storms are so rare that they strike terror to the hearts of the simple native Californians who have been born and raised on the coast. She listened and grew more tense and frightened every moment.

A vivid flash lit the room with a blaze of fire, accompanied by a terrific clap as if the foundations of the firmament had given way and chaos was falling. A heavy reverberating crash followed in a few seconds; falling tiles and crushing timbers could be heard as the earth shook beneath the shock.

Elisa threw herself on her knees and grasped the arm of Innociento, and gave a long cry of terror, as she looked back over her shoulder in the direction of the sound. He sprang to a sitting posture, and before the noise had entirely subsided, had leaped to the door and gone out. He found that a large sycamore had been struck by lightning and thrown across the building next to the one he had just quitted,— going down through tiles and rafters, making a perfect wreck of the room in which he had lately spent so many hours.

He had had no opportunity to observe

the effects of a thunder storm on feminine nerves. For his own part he was rather pleasantly excited by them; so it was with elastic step and bright eyes that he entered the room again after his brief survey of the situation, to find Elisa in a heap on the bearskin.

She had not fainted,—women of her blood and training never do,—but she had simply collapsed with terror. To his quick questioning, she raised herself to her knees and as she lifted her wide strained eyes she paused for a long breath's space.

While he saw terror, bewilderment, recognition, yes, and joy, change and brighten in their dark depths, she saw —not the priest in his hooded gown and sandals, but Alferez Eduarda in embroidered serape and moccasins, with rain drops shining in close curling hair, and the old light in his eyes.

VIII.

SHE rose to her feet. "Señor Edwarda, you come unexpected, and find I fear a poor welcome. I have been frightened by the storm, and my people have left me."

She shuddered as she heard again the retreating roll of the thunder.

He began to understand.

"So the priest left you, too, did he, just when you needed most his comfort? He did not think to return the man he used to be, and hear from your lips the name that men have forgotten."

She sat quickly down on a stool placed against the wall, and her arm fell nervelessly across the table. Only her eyes seemed to live, so still was she, and their gaze drew the man standing there as only a woman's eyes can draw the man who loves her.

Slowly step by step he came; blundering some lame explanation of what damage had been done by the fallen tree. She did not understand, he knew, but he went helplessly on until she spoke.

"So thou art the priest? Thou who hast been nursing the man thou once didst hate. . . . From Santa Barbara —so near all the time and I not know it! And you buried him today. . . . I am glad. How I hated him! The saints forgive, but I do not think even heaven would be large enough for both he and me. Look where his fingers bruised my throat,—even yet after all these weeks it is dark."

Innociento was clutching the table now to steady his shaking fingers.

"Good God! You suffered so, and I so powerless to prevent it! I waited for days at the mission in Ventura for him to come and fight it out with me, but he did not. Coward, would that I might bring him to life again, and kill him as he deserved! Why did not your people know?"

"No letters left the place that I wrote. All his people hated him, and feared more than they hated. See how quick they left him when he was helpless. He tore my letters to pieces before my eyes and took away my jewels lest I bribe some faithless peon to carry my message another way. When husband and wife hate each other it is hell!"

Sometimes with tears and again with fierce dry eyes she poured forth the long kept story of her wrongs to the sympathetic listener, whose heart seemed swelled to bursting with pity and rage.

"Ah!" she shuddered, "I have seen things too terrible to tell thee. I think the devil has his soul. . . . I used to be angry for the people, he was so cruel,—but it was no use. He would make me stand and see—O; the horrors! Merciful Mary! There are scars on my soul deeper than any he left on my flesh, and see thou!" She bared the shapely arm. "He bit out the place where he said thy lips touched that night long ago, before thou wert a priest,—when you thought you loved me. Again and again he has taken his

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY

revenge upon me for the blow you struck him then."

She was untutored in the ways of the world that teaches people to hide the impulses of their affections, and she spoke from her full heart. With the pain in her eyes and the reproach in her tones, when she left the familiar "thee" and "thou" for the distant "you" in the last sentence, the work was completed that each of her broken words had been doing. All memory of his vows and struggles against thinking of this woman were gone as dust that flies before a summer whirlwind and is forgotten.

He fell on his knees and covered the white scars on her arm with his kisses.

"God made me a man, Elisa, before I was a priest, a man who loved thee and thought he could not win thee. That man is here, and loves thee yet, has never ceased to love thee. My heart's desire, my dearest love! I thought you cared much for him, until you came to confession last Easter time. Ah, how you bruised my heart-strings by what you said then! You little know how the confessor behind the curtain was suffering with your sorrow. Then you told me — ah my sweet life!"

Her head had gone down on the table on her arms, but he had lifted it and kissed the heavy eyelids and the bruised neck softly, and gathered her against him. When the warmth of her lips touched his own, for these two there was no past nor any future, the one perfect moment of life.

She held his head back and looked at him. "My heart's eyes!" and kissed them. Even as she did so his face paled and his arms relaxed. Slowly his head sank into her lap.

He had only fainted from exhaustion, lack of food, and excitement. But she was wild with fright during the few seconds he was unconscious, and poured every musical endearment at her command upon him. At last, when he faintly asked for food, she reproached herself for forgetting it. She piled the skins on the floor and made him a couch, giving him food and tender words until he was satisfied.

How sweet her sympathy was to him, who had never known the love of a human being before! How her eyes glistened over the story of his luckless birth, his motherless childhood, and loveless youth. He told her of the life he led, of his work, of his friends, of his one idol, his violin,— "until Elisa," — and he drew the slender fingers under his cheek as it rested on the tawny skins.

"Corazon de mi corazon, thy eyes are heavy with want of sleep. Close them,— I wish it." She held down the lids an instant with her finger tips. When he opened them she was gone and he could but close them again and sleep for very weariness.

He did not awaken until late the next day. Before the dead fire old Xatl had hung his friar's gown, and he put it on with a feeling of revulsion. All the old life of every day came back, in an endless perspective of monotony. It seemed that the night before must have been a dream.

He had slept, but Elisa had been sitting silent on the floor in another room with her chin on her knees. All the sweetness of this unexpected and forbidden love had wrapped her conscience out of sight, but the lonely hours of her vigil revealed it again, and she knew that safety lay only in avoiding any further temptation. So she sent him a little scrap of paper :—

"Last night thou wast Alferez. To-day, tomorrow, and forever, thou art the Friar Innociento, whom God guard and keep from me, who am his temptation."

He was bitterly disappointed, and walked the porch for a long time, knocking at all the doors, and getting no answer. He opened them,— no one was within but the deaf old woman making tortillas and muttering to herself.

IX.

He lingered yet, thinking she might repent and return, but he did not guess that she was watching him from her hiding place on the cliff above, from where she at last saw him ride away, and did not know that he admired her more for her firmness than he cared to confess to himself. Every moment of this interview was remembered and cherished as a precious thing, too sacred for the confessional, only to be locked up and looked at in the sanctuary of his own mind.

His vows were the most solemn obligation that man could take, he believed, and that he could break them seemed to be beyond his imagination. To have lost the possibility of her companionship through having taken them was a great bitterness indeed.

To have been granted the delight for once of knowing her love, her confidence, her caresses, and of knowing also that she was safe from her abusive husband, was more than satisfactory. It was with pleasure that he thought of the man under four feet of black earth. How he had tortured himself with imagining the indignities he might be practicing upon her, some of them even worse than the reality!

Perhaps she would come to the presidio, and he would sometimes see her, and know that all was well. He really loved this woman nobly and unselfishly as possible — until his jealousy was roused — and felt that her good and safety would be the highest joy life could hold for him, in the exaltation of that homeward ride through the fresh-washed morning air, filled with the fragrance of the wet earth so long parched and dry, pierced by the exultant song of the meadow lark flitting in and out of the shining, dustless leaves of the live oaks, the saucy bark of the squirrel that flirted his defiant plumy tail as he disappeared at the sound of the coming hoofs. The brilliance of the sunshine seemed to bring out every tint of color in mountain, sea, and distant islands, every note of joy in the million-toned voices of nature to chant the conscious presence of the all-knowing Good.

On such a morning it is easier to believe that whatever is, is right, or that from somewhere we will have power to make and keep it so. At any rate, Innociento felt a strong current of happiness under his sadness during that homeward journey.

Elisa did not have as much confidence in him however; for when after a few days she came to the presidio and made her temporary home with a relative, the wife of the commander of the small military force kept stationed there, and he ventured to call and ask after her welfare, and met the look of reproach and sorrowful warning the black-robed woman gave him, he felt that he had been repulsed. Yet to him the weeks passed quickly when she would come often to the church and kneel among the silent worshipers, though she gave no look nor sign of recognition.

The late coming rains had continued, until now the country was as beautiful as an angel's dream of Eden. The fever left the people. The promises of the harvests were abundant, while flocks were again feeding with rounded sides on the thick-grown verdure of wild oats and clover.

The plans were complete for the façade and towers of the mission as they now stand, and all the day was heard the staccato clinking of the stone-cutters' tools fashioning the materials for the great work.

A passive content seemed again to have come to the brother, whose music was now so often heard that his fame went all about the little garrison. Those who walked abroad in the stillness would pause and listen to the haunting refrains floating over the old wall.

One day Doña Isadora, the wife of the commander of the presidio, met Innociento on the steps. She paused as she always did to have a kindly word with this, the youngest of the friars, who had yet such a boyish face and bright eyes,— "pobre muchacho!" She asked him in her most graceful way to come and play for her and her niece, Doña Elisa, that evening.

"We are in mourning, and go not anywhere but to mass, thou knowest, and Elisa is very sad,— I cannot cheer her; though that she ever weeps for that Guadalupe I cannot think. Truly thou must come; thy music will give us comfort next thy prayers. And the Comandante, my husband, you know that his foot it was hurt last week. Ah! He keeps it continually on a cushion and *swears*. Thou wilt talk to him of beautiful Madrid, and bewitch him with thy violin. I told Padre Alfonso I would let no harm come to thee, for thou art young and life is sweet, I know, if I am old," and a long sigh expanded her capacious person.

It was with mingled feelings of delight and dread that he accepted her invitation, and later found himself sitting on the low veranda sipping native sour claret in the sweet evening air, with his violin in its case near him on the floor.

X.

When Elisa came along the shadowy porch from the farthest door in the wing, he felt that there was nothing sweeter in living to him than to be just there, to see her as others did, but to speak to her with his soul as none other could when his fingers touched the responding strings.

While playing he forgot that any other was listening, did not know that doors were opened and many added to his audience. With interludes of compliment and light laughter at Captain Gonzales's sallies of nimble wit, which seemed to break even Elisa's calmness into mirth, he played for hours, until every twittering bird in the vines was still and the new moon had long gone down behind the mesa hills. Mirth was hushed and tears in the eyes of some of his hearers, and when he went away it was with the promise to come again. A promise he kept until the times he played there were quite an event in the monotonous garrison life. Sometimes the padre came and talked gravely to the Comandante, who stumped irritably about on crutches, and forbore to swear in the presence of the clergy unless he jarred his injured member; then such a display of vocal fireworks would be given by the explosive old man in his bristling moustache and nimbus of erect white hair over his round face, that pity was soon lost in laughter. As far as the Captain Gonzales was concerned, laughter at something, no matter what, seemed to be the chief aim of life, and he was always revolving merrily about Elisa's chair. Entirely too often, the player thought, as he watched them over his waving bow.

The summer was slipping away into autumn, and the rich tints had come back to Elisa's face, with a fire in her eyes that was dangerous to the peace of man. She went home for a short time, and the days seemed long to more than one at the dusty little presidio.

At last she came back, and with the merry Captain at her side knelt at mass in the mission chapel. When Innociento saw the gallant bearing of Gonzales and the obsequious bend of his head in her direction, he experienced a pang of jealousy that was out of place in the breast of a leader of the inharmonious Gregorian chants they were droning from the little railed-in choir loft. He wished earnestly that the ship would return and take this joyous mariner home to his own land. He had been left at the presidio sick with the fever, and his ship had sailed without him.

When a short time after this, Innociento was on the beach directing the loading of the clumsy carts of dried abalones and fish brought from the channel islands by the Indians, he saw Elisa and Gonzales riding slowly along the smooth, wet sand together, his horse keeping close to hers as they stepped daintily through the edges of the retreating breakers.

Now Innociento had, aside from his own feeling on the subject, a very good reason to think that a love affair between these two would be out of place. For Gonzales, being yet weak with the fever, had at Easter time yielded to the promptings of his childhood's faith, and gone to confession, and given Innociento an insight into his past that was not known to many others.

He was for these two reasons painfully shocked when he met Doña Isadora next, by the information that Elisa and Gonzales were to be married as soon as "La Gaviote" arrived, the widow's period of mourning being cut short because the Captain must sail with his ship.

Innociento felt as if he had been struck with a heavy hand, and would have passed on with few words. But she urged him to come again and play for them, and he consented, because he could find no reason for doing otherwise. A thought came, too, that he might speak to Elisa and give her a word of warning.

He stopped on his way there in the evening, to get his empty violin case at the little shop where it had been mended, having left the violin in Doña Isadora's care. He saw the Captain sitting on the veranda alone, and his resolve was made instantly to speak to him on the subject that no doubt was in the mind of both; and he did so by abruptly asking him if it were true that he was honored by the promise of Doña Oreña's hand? The priest's face was set and stern as he asked the question, and the Captain did not like the looks of the eyes that challenged him angrily.

"I have that honor. Why do you ask?"

"Because I am the priest to whom you confessed the existence of a deserted Doña Gonzales and her children. Have you any reason for believing that she is dead?"

The Captain sprang to his feet with an oath, and his hands clenched. But after a moment he laughed.

"The Doña does not honor me with her presence nor her affection. If there is a row here I will go to Ventura; but I do not expect any,— gold will do much. I was a fool for telling you, but I had been sick and was a bigger fool than usual perhaps. At any rate a secret of the confessional is safe with a priest,— safe even from all other priests."

"Be not too sure of that, miserable sneak! Do you expect to steal her away from her friends and leave her desolate in a strange land for the next fancy you may have?"

The Captain was confronted by blazing eyes in a rigid face that was near his own.

"No, I do not expect to be other than just. But look here! Why are you disturbing yourself? You can do nothing. I will tell her that I have never been to confession here, and that anything you may tell her is a figment of your jealous imagination — yes, jealous. I have never failed to make a woman believe what I wished her to; and," with a sneer, "I have had a trifle more practice than you have. I have heard you play to her,— seen you watch her,— be deaf and blind to any other when she came in sight. Do I not know that if there were six Doña Gonzales in the background instead of one, you would rather be the Captain, and have la hermosa Elisa's love than to be the friar with all the Church behind him? Fie, these priests! I have known them long! But she will have no petticoated lover, be his harmonies ever so sweet."

The last sneer had hardly time to form itself on the Captain's lips when Innociento raised the empty violin case and brought it down over his head shattering it into fragments.

The Comandante had opened the door just in time to see this, and stepped quickly in front of the two men, one with his scratched and bleeding face and the other with the remains of his weapon raised for another blow.

"Padre, what is the meaning of this? You, a priest, fighting! This is scandalous — scandalous, I say! Captain, what on the devil's sofa pillow have *you* been doing?" A long pause. "Such a blank blankety pair of fools!"

The Comandante could get no satisfaction and whirled about on his crutches with growing rage.

The Captain was regaining his poise, and began to explain that the padre was "getting quite unnecessarily excited."

The Comandante was by this time the most excited man of the three, and continued to pepper his limited audience with choicest Spanish profanity. Alferez interrupted him long enough to say: —

"Although it ill became a priest to strike a blow, he insulted me beyond pardon." And with one more consuming look at his adversary, he turned and strode away. Just as he turned the wing and was out of sight from the porch, he saw Elisa coming towards him only a few steps away, with two of Doña Isadora's children, the elder a little behind. His plan was made hastily, for speak to her he must, and soon.

"Elisa, do not sleep tonight. I must speak to thee; thou art in danger. I will come to thy window."

The little girl came and clasped his hand, and he could only add,—

"Go around to the other side and enter first from there — now."

Then lifting the child and caressing her for a moment he passed quickly away.

Elisa was frightened at his look and tone, and her instinct told her that something had occurred between the Captain and her former lover, whose fury of jealousy she remembered then with trembling. But she wisely took no notice of the suppressed excitement in the Captain's manner, which he was evidently trying to hide, as well as the scratched face that made him keep his back to the light, when he joined her on the veranda later than usual.

He was more loverlike than ever in his devotion, painting in more than glowing colors the ideal life they would lead together in the change and gayety of foreign cities, where her beauty would be the star that all men would gaze at. But under all his laughter he was uneasy. He did not know what that young priest, with eyes so fierce and hand so ready, might not be capable of doing. He evidently was in love with Elisa, and needed watching. He did not mention him to her, and after she had excused herself earlier than usual, he wished he had.

He paced across the courtyard a great many times and smoked an equal number of cigarettes that evening, and perhaps felt something like his conscience stirring in the embers of an unscrupulous past that he would rather forget. But he loved this woman with all the power there was in him, and he did not intend to give her up lightly, now she was willing and ready. The boat might be in any day. "Would to heaven it were in the channel tomorrow morning!"

Meanwhile Elisa was listening to his falling footsteps and praying that he might go in before the other came. She was filled with vague terror. What could it all mean?

While the Captain entertained her with his extravagant devotion, and she really wished to marry him and go away, the deepest feeling of which she was capable was touched by the wordless light in the other's beautiful, sad eyes, and had he been free, she would have gone to the ends of the world with him, unwearied.

Innociento was lying face down on his cot in the mission walls, his anger and hatred possessing him like demons. All efforts to control himself seemed futile, all the strength his emotions had gained by their long enforced suppression now came up and in a tidal wave of feeling washed away his resolutions, his prayers, his vows. His very hope of heaven seemed but a vague speculation beside the overpowering necessity of saving Elisa — *his* Elisa—from the contaminating touch of this conscienceless scoundrel who had defied and insulted him.

At last, when all sounds of movement had subsided, he rose, and taking the keys from their accustomed place, stole noiselessly down the stairway and unlocked the door of the robing room. Taking from a closet a serape and sombrero, which he put on in place of his frock, and swallowing a mug of wine from a bottle that some chance had left in sight, he thrust a dagger in his belt, let himself out into the still night, and hastened down the pathway between the outhouses that led to the presidio.

Quien.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

IN A VALLEY OF PEACE.

THIS long green valley sloping to the sun,
  With dimpling, silver waters loitering through;
  The sky that bends above me, mild and blue;
The wide, still wheat-fields, yellowing one by one,
And all the peaceful sounds when day is done —
  I cannot bear their calm monotony!
  Great God! I want the thunder of the sea!
I want to feel the wild red lightnings run
Around, about me; hear the bellowing surf,
  And breathe the tempest's sibilant, sobbing breath;
  To face the elements, defying death,
And fling myself prone on the spray-beat turf,
  And hear the strong waves trampling wind and rain,
  Like herds of beasts upon a mighty plain.

Ella Higginson.

A WESTERN SUNSET.

We stood upon the clovered hill
And watched the splendid sun go down
Behind the old, deserted mill
And scattered cabins, small and brown.

Some trees with branches interlaced
Were clustered near a shadowed pond,
Each slender twig was clearly traced
Against the gorgeous glow beyond.

A purple streamer in the west
Was stretched above a bank of snow,
While saffron clouds had sunk to rest
In spreading orange fields below.

Two fleecy shapes did twist and twine
Until they formed a giant cup,
Which plunged into a sea of wine,
And bubbling o'er, was lifted up.

She pointed to a scarlet bar,—
My sweet companion, young and fair,—
And wondered if the evening star
Were frightened as it trembled there.

We lingered long; a cooling breeze
Came laden with the breath of musk;
We heard low pipings in the trees,
And clear notes dropping through the dusk.

Herbert Bashford.

HUNTING THE WILD CAT IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

THE first hunt on new ground is something to be anticipated with eagerness and yet with anxiety. It is a matter of great importance,— we look to it to prove, in a measure, whether our selection of a camping place is a wise one. Is the game abundant? Is the ground such that hounds can trail and hunters follow, and does the fog, that welcome visitor upon which depends so much of the success of our summer hunts, come often to bestow its blessing?

We are camping in a sheep range, where some three thousand Spanish merinos draw rich sustenance from juicy grasses and sweet bur clover. It may be thought that in wandering about the sheep drive out the game, but on the contrary, from far and near come the banditti of the cañons; foes to each other, they lay aside local feuds to prey upon the gentle creatures who have unconsciously intruded upon their domains. No epicure in luxurious apartments, no athlete in training, is fonder of mutton than are these ladrones of the foothills, — the mountain-lion, wild cat, lynx, or the prowling coyote.

Our hounds would as soon have thought of hunting a child as a sheep, and the antics of the friskiest lamb could not tempt even the youngest of the pack to give chase.

For the first three days after our arrival in camp, the hounds were given a rest to recover from the fatigues of the journey. Wandering at will during the day they were carefully chained at nightfall, else would they have taken matters into their own control, and unmindful of stiff legs and burned feet, inaugurated the hunting season without our help. During these nights of enforced inaction they had lain like a restless army when the enemy is in the field, eager for the order to charge; and as the night wind brought down from the hills messages couched in terms of fear, defiance, or doubt, there had responded many an angry bay or longing howl.

Now as we were astir in the uncertain light of earliest morning, they knew the time for action had at length arrived. Impatiently they tugged at their chains and whimpered, and while we waited to take a cup of hot coffee, many a reproachfnl bay begged us to delay no longer. When we were all mounted save himself, the Master of Hounds with deft fingers removed the collars. Each animal as he was released launched himself upon the hillside where he felt that the foe lay entrenched. Of course the very eagerness of the onset delayed success, but after a few moments their spirits came under control and with the admirable readiness of any creature, be it dog or man, who is trained in some especial line, they fell to work with steadiness, knowing just what was required of them.

For a while all was still save the rustling they made as they crashed through the brush, the monotonous dripping of the fog, or the long "hoopee" of the hunters, shouting encouragement. The horses shivered and drew themselves together. They needed a gallop to loosen the cinch and warm their blood before they could enter into the spirit of the hunt.

At last there came to us from the right a long trumpet note, sweeter than music of flute, bugle, or bell. Pilot had opened. A little later, and Dick's rounded voice sounded much nearer to us. Are they on the same trail? Probably. Dick is often called "cold-nosed Dick" because his scent is so delicate he can find a trail too old for the others to voice it. They were moving on rapidly. Because of the fog we could not see them, but what need, while we have their voices to guide us. And now Ranger's deep bass, and Chump's unmusical but inspiriting bay joined the chorus, and they were all hard at work on the same trail, making the hills resound with their cries. As they ascended the cañon we followed as fast as possible but soon the rocky sides drew nearer and nearer together, until we had scarcely room to push our way single file, and the hounds were getting away from us all too fast. Almost their voices died away, then plainer came the tumult to our ears. Nearer and yet nearer,—they were evidently returning, and suddenly we drew rein, oppressed by a fear we would not own. Was it possible that we had committed that crime, in a hunter's eye, of riding over the trail?

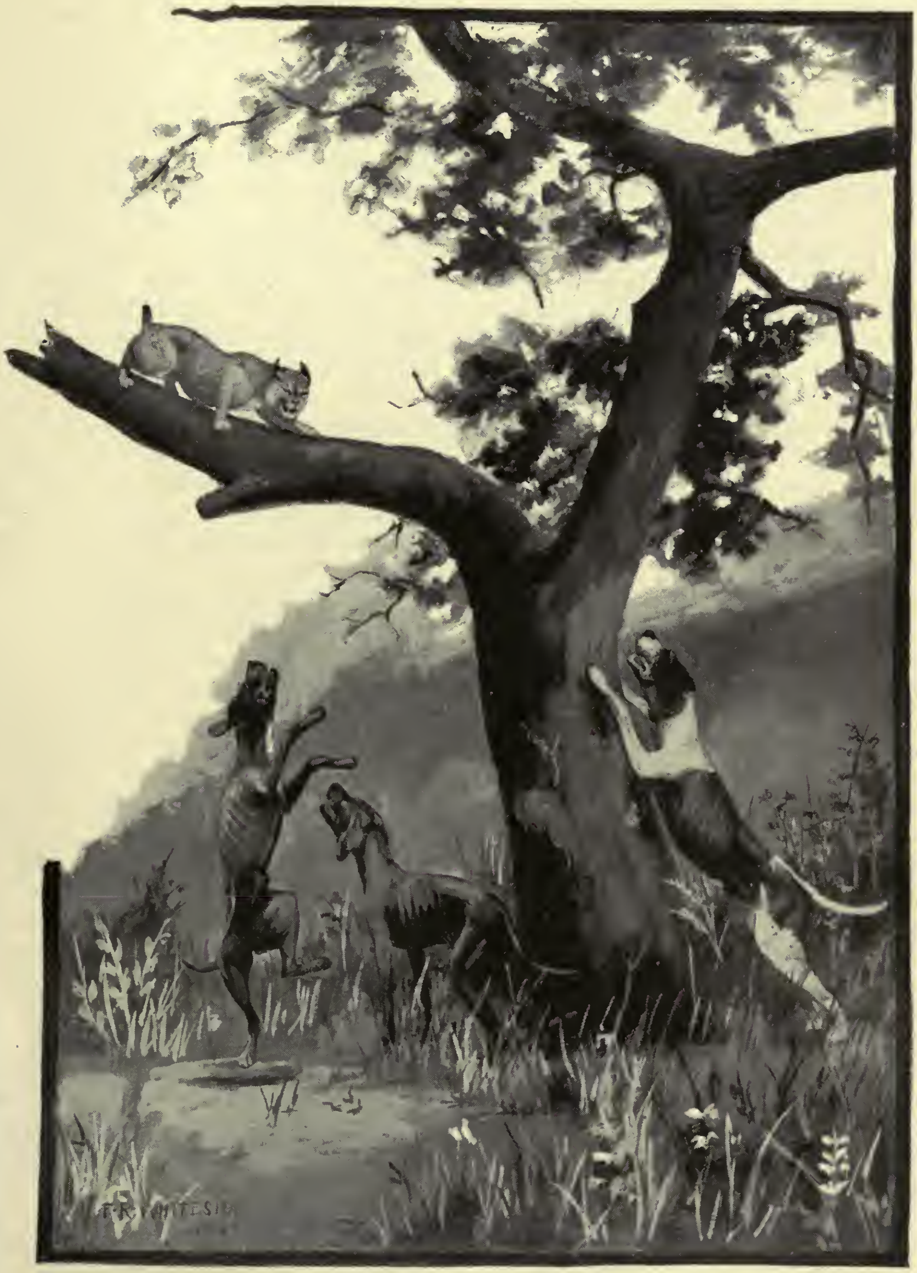
Impatiently the Master, who was leading, waved us back. We sat still and shivered with very eagerness, bewailing our carelessness. They were almost upon us, and if it had not been so foggy we might perhaps have seen the game. With intent eyes we scanned the bushes and rocks ahead. Ah, what was that? Surely something crossed the trail, and yet we were not sure. But the Master, whose keen eyes were trained in Indian warfare, and can read volumes in the signs of the wildwood and its inhabitants, where we see nothing, turned his head and said softly, "A cat."

Immediately, with that short pumping bay that tells the trail is hot, the game near, and sends the hot blood rushing to one's very finger ends, the swaying, eager line of hounds came swiftly down the rocky slope across the gully ahead, and up the other side, following exactly the path of the game. One directly behind the other they went, heads held well up, so strong was the scent, out-stretched necks, rumps in the air, tails wagging in short, fierce strokes. No thought had they for us; intent only on the game their noses told them must be close at hand. I say noses,—no good fox-hound depends on his eyes to discover the foe. They were off down the cañon now, and we must retrace our steps. Well for us our horses are trained to California guidance and can turn in the smallest possible space, for the trail here was very narrow. Being ahead before, our Master of Hounds now brought up the rear, and it fell to the lot of our young lady to lead the way. However, she was fully capable; so well versed is she in riding and hunting, that unassisted she could lead the pack to success,—only when it came to the killing her nerves and sympathies would play her false.

Recklessly she pushed her cinnamon-colored mustang down the steep descent; but mistress and horse thoroughly understood each other, and though only a mustang he was young, without blemish, with a mouth so tender he might be guided by a cord. Inheriting from his Arabian ancestors slender limbs and little hoofs, he required small foot space.

As he rounded a bend in the trail his rider turned and waved her hand to us jubilantly. We did not need her motion and ringing shout of "Treed!" to tell us the game was at bay; the voices of the hounds gave prompt notice of that to the hunter's ear.

The tree was a large sycamore, with no limbs for full twenty feet from the ground. In one of the highest branches the game was stretched at full length with a seeming unconcern; but there was a fierce, restless expression in his yellow eyes, and his little stump of a tail—wild cats are not blessed with the long tails that generally grace the family felidae—jerked back and forth with much the same angry excitement that our domestic puss or the nobler lion or tiger display when displeased. In vain



THE WILD CAT TREED.

the barking hounds jumped in air or tried to climb the smooth trunk, never for a moment, however, taking their eyes from the enemy. So great a noise did they create that the Master could scarcely make himself understood as he gave directions to the small boy, who was preparing for a climb. No true hunter will shoot such game as fox or cat, if there can be found any other way to drive it from its sheltering perch. Perhaps the same cat will seek refuge in two or three different trees before falling prey to his pursuers. This particular tree being quite too high to dislodge the game with stones, the only way was for the small boy to climb after him.

Now there are boys and boys, and many who are good climbers after nuts or birds will hesitate or decline to mount, pointed stick in hand, to seek, perhaps, a battle in mid-air with a foe at bay. One small boy I know, or small he was once, who has climbed scores of trees and successfully dislodged puss from his resting place. Really there is far less danger than there seems. The yelping hounds below draw off their game's attention from the more silent foe, and if boy and cat do not come together by accident in puss's hurried descent, all is well.

This morning the small boy shinned up the tree in that way that looks so impossible to feminine eyes, and with his long stick disturbed the enemy, who half rose and snarled with flashing eyes, and curled lips, showing sharp white teeth. The dogs increased their clamor and we looked upward in trepidation, calculating whether a leap might not land the foe upon us. But no, he ran rapidly down the limb, jumped over the head of the small boy, who ducked and clasped closer the tree trunk, and running out on a branch, hanging fifteen feet from the ground, leaped downward. And do you think he was stunned or even fazed? Not a bit of it. Before the eager hounds, who whirled instantly about, could be upon him, he was away down the cañon with the disappointed pack closely following. O, what music! How the cañons re-echoed it!

Downward on, directly past the camp, they went, and out of the doors peered the excited faces of the stay-at-homes, who, aroused from the dreamless sleep of early morning by the on coming tumult had hastily donned wrapper and shawl to see the chase. For we were hunters, one and all, in this camp; even the brown-eyed *muchacho* of five had quite a substantial knowledge of field sports.

Robin, the setter, whose chief regret in life arises from the fact that he is not a fox hound and is debarred from hunting with them, lost control of himself, and though knowing well that this sport is not for him, flung himself madly upon the path of the flying foe, over-running the trail, but doing little damage, since the ground was damp, the game so near. His punishment came fast upon his offense; as stopping to gaze wildly about when the cat disappeared from view in the brush, he received a heavy blow from the sturdy old hound, Dick, who plunging down the slope at full speed, took him amidships as it were, and with onward rush left poor Robin with four brown paws turned skyward. In a moment he picked himself up and returned to camp a sadder and wiser dog, by no means comforted by our laughter and jests as we passed him on the way.

His interruption had disconcerted the hounds, causing them to lose the trail, only for a moment though, when Chump's quacking bay cried "Eureka!" and they surged ahead. "Treed!" again! This time in a live oak, a veritable round head, with its thick clustering leaves.

Puss had made a brave run for it, and seemed to deserve a better fate than that which was surely in store for him. But he is in reality a pest of which the country is well rid. Often we have seen the depredation made by his kind in a sheep corral; several lambs falling victim in one night to the cruelty of the wild cat. Our game was driven out of his last refuge by a vigorous shake of the limb. In jumping he made a miscalculation, and to the dismay of both, lit on the back of old Ranger. One snap of the tan jaws, a gleam of the long white fangs, and the enemy was downed. The whole pack fell instantly upon him, growling and pulling back and forward. The Master dashed forward, and with foot and rifle butt pushed aside the fierce dogs and brought off the body of the cat.

It was four and a half feet long, weighing about twenty-five pounds. The tail was stubbed; head short and very broad at jowls; ears slightly tipped; legs heavy and muscular. The fur was gray and white, spotted with half rings of black; darkest on the back, it shaded away to silvery white beneath. It was an unusually handsome pelt, much prettier than the reddish gray that is more frequently the color of the California wild cat.

The dogs watched with eagerness the ceremony of tying the cat behind the Master's saddle, then turning flung themselves upon the ground in front of us, taking our praise with a complacent, satisfied air, wagging due acknowledgment.

It was too early in the day for them to care to rest long. All but Ranger betook themselves to the hillside. He made his way to the bed of the cañon, where a barranca, or ravine, sheltered a sluggish little stream. There he presently gave a sharp, eager cry that brought all the pack to his side, and away they went down the tule grown stream, baying excitedly. "A coon," we exclaimed simultaneously, and rushed after them. For a coon chase is short and to the point, and those who would see the combat must be on hand.

The barranca deepened, and riding along its edge we looked down on the tops of willow trees beneath which the dogs were at work. Suddenly there was a great scratching and scrambling, with fierce cries, and up the rocks on the opposite side we saw the ring-tailed foe making his way, Pilot and the rest following closely. We saw him run across the yellow grass with his awkward, waddling gait and disappear in the depths of a brush walnut. The dogs quickly told us the coon was "up a stump," and before we could cross over, they were engaged in hot warfare. What snarls, growls, barks, howls! pandemonium seemed broken loose.

Dismounting we pushed our way through the brush to the scene of combat. His wily coonship had taken refuge in a crevice in the rocks and was fiercely fencing off the hounds, who could reach him only one at a time. As we came up Chump, whose blood hound ire was raised by a long tear in his drooping ear, rushed forward, closed with the foe and despite a shower of bites and scratches, jerked him from shelter. Of course that sealed the fate of the coon, but each dog bore on his person some mark of the long claws and sharp teeth of his doughty antagonist.

The clinking of a bell on the hillside, the bleating of many voices and rumble made by the tramp of numerous little hoofs, told us that the sheep were coming down to drink. We called the dogs to us and drew away to the hillside that we might not startle and stampede the approaching flock. The band numbered about two thousand, all of the dingy, drabbish white that marks the Spanish merino. They were in excellent condition and lucky in having so good a range. The herder, a French Basque,— native of the Pyrenees Mountains,— stopped to exchange a few words with the Master, in the heathen sounding jargon of Basqueland. It is said that Satan himself spent ten years among the Basques trying to learn their language, but failed lamentably and left in high dudgeon, which is the reason why the Basquelanders are so simple in their habits and so virtuous.

Again the dogs were off and we after them. We passed steep bare hills, where the winter torrents had cut their way in the solid rock, but the moisture was now dried by the heat of the summer sun. Here and there were seen an occasional live oak or willow rising from rocky cairns which seemed to have been placed about its roots by giant hands. This bit of country reminds one of the photographs of Palestine and other Eastern views.

After a rapid gallop of nearly three miles we found the hounds were over the hills, and we must mount after. As we gained the top of one eminence, we found it was only to descend and climb another, and yet another, of the billowy hills. The trail the dogs followed so gayly was truly a hard road to us. The horses were blowing painfully, while we ourselves were very weary with constantly ascending and descending.

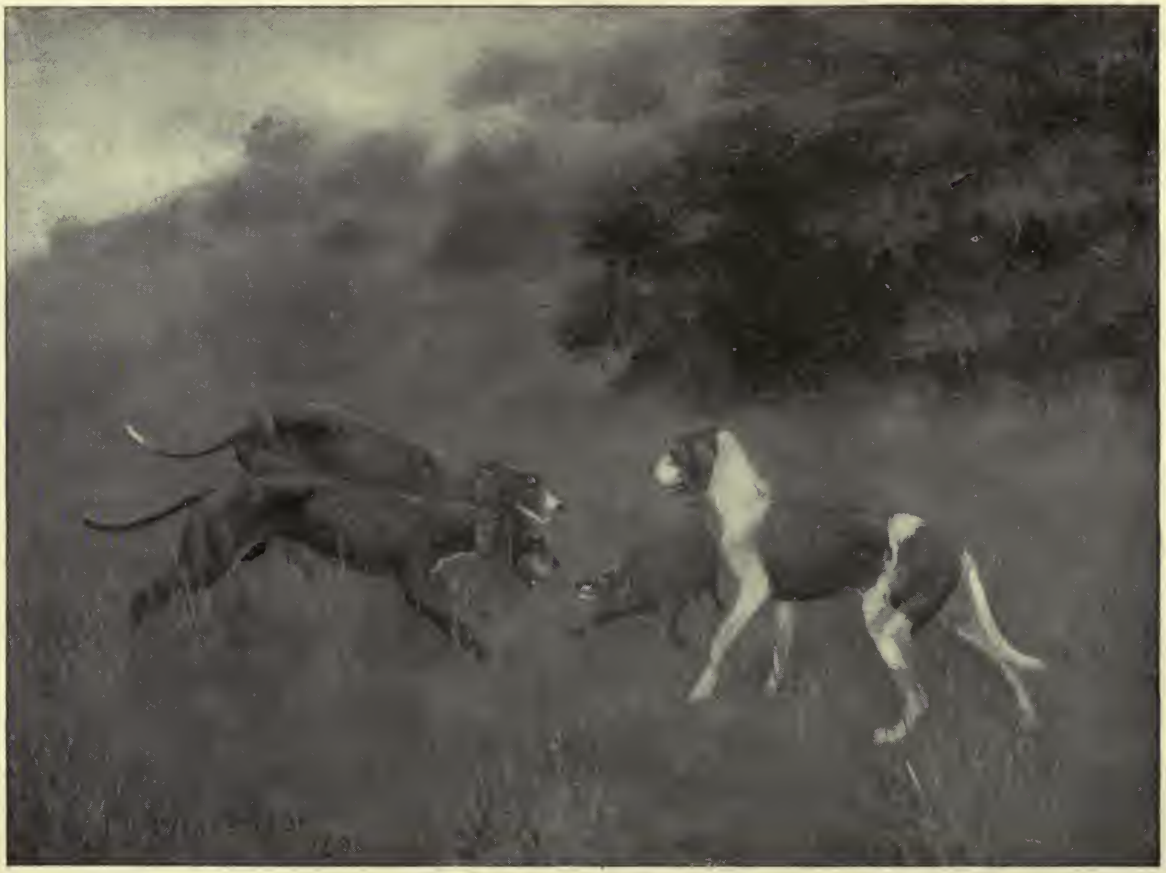
Finally, as we toiled up an especially aggravating ascent, one of us decided sadly that when she reached the top she must surely drop out of the line and yield the honors to the lighter riders. She felt ruefully that it was hard lines to give up after maintaining her place so long. However, as her head rose over the hill top she thought no more of deserting the chase, but rode along the crest at full speed cheered by the sounds of a battle,— the snarls and growls of the combatants, the encouraging shouts and cheers of the hunters.

A large coyote was at bay, fighting the pack with the bravery of desperation. He was pulled down by the black greyhound "Nemo." The most babyish dog imaginable, scarcely out of puppyhood, delicately formed, his plainly outlined skeleton covered by such a thin skin we could scarcely believe it was he, fighting there with such ferocity, receiving without complaint snaps from the wolfish fangs that seemed likely to break his slender backbone. But the foxhounds are veterans in coyote warfare and the enemy had to sustain well directed attacks from all sides at once. Necessarily, this unequal warfare cannot last long, and for my own part I was glad when the contest was over.

Slipping from saddle we examined our wounded. Nemo had a wicked cut in his side, through which we could see the pulsations of his heart; also the end of his long tail was out of joint; displaced in the mélee,— and he who received the dreadful tear in his side without complaint, piped dismally as his master pulled the twisted tail into the line nature intended. Ranger had a bite in his tongue, another in his lip that is already much swollen. Dick was on three legs from a bite in the foot, and Chump had risen to new dignity, bearing the scar of a veteran; although we mourned his loss of beauty, for both his shapely ears are slit, the one by the coon, the other in this later battle. Pilot had one or two slight scratches.

Now that we had examined and sympathized with our friends we turned to look at the enemy. He measured nearly five feet from the tip of his long slender nose to the end of his beautiful brush. The head was shaped much like that of a wolf, only longer and narrower; the ears short, pointed, erect; the body long and gaunt, built for speed. In color the hair was brown, black, and white, mixed, on back and sides; dingy white underneath; the tail black lined, with white tip. The hair, long and rather coarse, is of no use as trimming fur, but makes a handsome rug or robe. The weight was between thirty-five and forty pounds. His sins had been many; no doubt he had made a great record as a chicken thief, and he and his brethren are the very plague of a sheep man's life.

The small boy took the hounds down to a spring on the hillside, and while



THE COON FIGHT.

we waited their return we had leisure to look about us. Away to the north lay the Sierra Madres, range upon range, each rising a little higher than the last until, overtopping all, stood the Cucamongas, forming the sides of the beautiful San Gabriel cañon. San Antonio, known to those who love him as Old Baldy, upon whose rugged heights human foot has seldom trod, lifted his hoary head nine thousand feet above the sea level,—that great sea that lay away to the south, of which we caught occasional glimpses through the shifting fog. From the foot of the mountains down to our feet stretched a valley rich with cultivation,—grain fields in which the stacked crops were awaiting the part of thresher or baler before being removed to shelter from the rains of winter; alfalfa ranches where the green crops looked as though mother earth had attired herself in mantle of greenest velvet. To the northwest lay Pasadena, sweet Pasadena, nestling closely against the grim mountain side like a fair child clinging to a weather-beaten old man.

And now beneath us appeared a scene wonderfully beautiful. Here, the fog still lay a few feet below us, spread out like a billowy gray sea. Into this strange semblance of a sunless ocean, came some counter winds or currents and whirling downward made a funnel shaped opening, down which we could see — What? Not, as seems possible, the dark caves of oceans depths, with all the wonderful inhabitants of the deep sea, but a stock ranch, with its white adobe house, huge barns, hay stacks and alfalfa fields, and "tinkle, tinkle, tinkle" came the sweet, far away sound of a bell worn by the leader of a band of horses, which with many a prance and antic were picking their way to their morning feeding ground; the melodious low of cows and shout of the farmer to his men also reached us through this aerial tube. A moment only we gazed, and then the wind wiped it away, the fog settled back into place. We rubbed our eyes; was it a real thing, or only a trick of the imagination? Before we left the hillside the fog had broken up and floated away into the blue expanse above us like white-sailed ships of air, and below the stock ranch stood revealed in all its parts.

The master said it was high time to get our wounded heroes into camp, and putting his bugle to his lips blew a blast from that inspiriting instrument. Instantly it was caught up and repeated again and again in ever lessening cadence, as though a hosts of fauns from rock and glen were mocking him with fairy mimicry. Limping, stiff, and sore the hounds joined us and we went slowly homeward. As we neared camp we pushed the horses to a gallop and rode in with the bugle pealing triumphantly while the victors came lagging in, one after another, and lay down in their snug nest with sighs of relief.

After the trophies were exhibited and the horses unsaddled, we gathered around the bountifully spread table, which like Robin Hood's of old, is stretched under the greenwood tree, and though we did not this morning discuss venison pasty, or drink rare wines from stolen silver flagons, yet rabbit, quail, and doves, are dainties sufficient unto themselves, and hot, aromatic coffee, furnishes a drink that Robin Hood and his merry men would scarcely scorn. As for stolen treasure and romance old, this very camping spot of ours had its legend, as interesting as those tales of Sherwood Forest when men in Lincoln green armed with the unerring clothyard shaft risked life and liberty for a shot at the red deer that we may hunt here so freely.

Helen Elliott Bandini.

THE CREMATED DIGGER.

I.

Zeb Winslow, an enterprising and somewhat restless young fellow, like the others of his temperament who were obliged to stay at home and read and listen to glowing accounts of the fabulous wealth that more lucky ones were gleaning in the California foothills, found life irksome indeed. Nearly two years had gone by since the first news of the wonderful discoveries of gold had startled Zeb's sleepy Massachusetts home, when he found he could stand it no longer. So off he started, with little capital beyond his sturdy frame and adventurous spirit.

During the season of '50 Zeb drifted about from camp to camp, always with something better almost in sight only a little ahead. He met with about the average luck,—that is, he and his partners found a good deal of dust, of which part went for highly expensive necessaries, but by far the larger portion for more highly expensive unnecessaries. In the course of that one season he experienced more ups and downs—at least on a moderate scale—than fall to the lot of most men in staid communities. The net result was just about sufficient to encourage him to persevere in the great hunt.

Early in the spring of 1851 Zeb fell in with a new partner,—Jim Calkins, a young Pennsylvanian of about his own age. The two got on together well and soon became close friends. Of course, as in all other cases where two men are thrown in constant contact, often without the diversion of other society, there was a certain amount of attrition at times; but notwithstanding small disagreements of no significance, these two were model "pardners,"—and that is saying much.

Zeb and Jim, with their outfit of two led mustangs, on which were packed their tools, blankets, a dog tent, extra clothing, and a small amount of provisions, formed part of the straggling procession that was filing along the rugged trail to Gray's Bar, just then the scene of the newest rush. Gray's does not appear on the map now, though for a year or two it enjoyed its transitory fame. Later, the Chinamen took possession; but even they after a while gave it up, and the place has long been deserted.

The partners were by no means the first arrivals. For a fortnight or more irregular groups and solitary prospectors had been coming in, and when Zeb and Jim joined the throng it was really a sort of disjointed procession. There were several hundred men already in and about the main camp at Gray's, with scattering outposts for some miles along the creek of the same name. Naturally the first comers had located all the best ground. They had also spread out over the hills into parallel cañons, which were now being prospected for the first time. It took only a couple of days for Winslow and his partner to discover that there was no room for them on Gray's Creek. They tried all the unoccupied reaches for a considerable distance, but with no better results than had those who had been before them. Then they struck over a low divide into Grizzly Gulch, the waters of which forked with Gray's Creek a few miles below the Bar. This gulch had also been hurriedly run over, but was not considered promising, though it showed colors all along, nowhere, however, leading to anything of consequence. There were then only three or four parties at steady work, and they were not doing very well.

By a stroke of luck Zeb and Jim in panning along the gulch happened upon a spot which must have been overlooked before, where for less than the length of two claims they found twenty-five or fifty cents to the pan. Just above and just below the ground they immediately staked off, the bed of the gulch showed only the fewest colors. Then they had to name the place, and fixed upon "Harrisburg," in honor of Calkins's home. Next they proceeded to establish themselves in a brush and canvas shelter. Subsequently a more comfortable log cabin took its place.

The days of panning, crevicing, and rocking were about over then, except for prospecting or irregular working. So the partners got in some plank, scantling, and iron at absurd prices, and built themselves a sort of combination tom and sluice. At the time the location was made there was plenty of water flowing in the gulch, and by running a small ditch and flume from a point a few hundred feet above they secured plenty of water to feed the tom. It did not take long to get the outfit in good working shape, and the first clean-ups were more than satisfactory.

The news of this success quickly spread, and from Gray's and the whole neighborhood came another rush of prospectors to try Grizzly Gulch once more. But, as has been said, by one of those singular freaks of fortune, nowhere in the gulch, above or below the Harrisburg, was there anything to be found at all like it, though the bar at the point taken up by Winslow and Calkins did not look any more promising than many other places along the gulch. Even there the gold was quite fine and required careful working not to lose the greater part of it. But the other miners, after giving the cañon a very thorough exploration, for the most part grew discouraged and nearly all flocked off to more enticing fields. So Zeb and Jim were left almost alone in their new quarters, their nearest neighbors being camped nearly a half mile away and out of sight. Often in the evening, however, the two took the trail over the divide to Gray's, both for supplies and for the sake of finding other companionship. The camp at Gray's rapidly developed into quite an ambitious place. Here there were such amusements, as well as business, as the primitive neighborhood afforded; and here the two partners became well known and very popular among the "boys."

All through the best part of the season Zeb and Jim worked away steadily and with excellent though not so very extraordinary success. Every day's clean-up added materially to the stock of dust stowed away in powder tins and buckskin bags. Once in a while one of the partners would go over to camp and sell what they could get coin for, but as old Solomon's capital was not extensive and his rates a huge discount on prices at "the Bay," it was customary for the little cabin to hold a very handsome reserve of dust, which, though locked up after a fashion, was in by no means a burglar-proof position. However, in those days it was extremely rare for any one to make love to another's dust. Besides the prompt and almost sure punishment which followed such lapses, there prevailed a strong sentiment of "squareness" of a peculiar kind in that halcyon epoch,—strong enough, indeed, to affect even the road agent, who would not think it very wrong (so long as he took the chances) to hold up a stage or a solitary traveler, and the professional who did not hesitate to make the most of his deft skill with the "papes," but to both of whom the idea of plain larceny was somehow repellant. It was a peculiar code of ethics.

Early in the fall the water in the gulch began to give out, and even by damming up the little stream there was hardly enough for a day's run. As the gulch dried up it of course became easier to get at the richer spots in the bed, but the whole width of the pay was not large and the unremitting labor of the men had pretty nearly used up the ground.

II.

It here becomes necessary, in order that the reader may fully apprehend the causes which led to the complications about to be related, that some idea of Jim Calkins's character should be had. Jim was not a noticeably eccentric chap as a rule, but he was subject to fits of flighty notions, of homesickness, and sometimes, though rarely, of a morbid despondency that was altogether unaccountable, since he had no reason to complain of his luck, his surroundings, or his partner. In these three respects he should have deemed himself fortunate, as things went. Perhaps the severe labor, the occasional hardship, the coarse fare, and the inevitable baking powder may have had their effect. Jim was not very robust, and he had a liver. Another peculiarity was the suddenness with which he made up his mind and the promptness with which he put any snap decision into execution. There was no court of appeal in his make-up; the preliminary hearing settled the case, and no argument or remonstrance could then turn him aside.

One of these morbid spells fell upon Calkins quite unexpectedly. He and Zeb had been talking over things during the day,—about the outlook for the fall and whether and when they should close down for the year. Calkins insisted that as the water was nearly all gone and there was not much ground left, there was little use in staying longer. They had made enough for the season, and they might as well go down to "the Bay" and have a rest,—and so on. But Zeb argued that they were still making good pay and that it would be a pity to drop it while the water held out at all and there was a shovelful of dirt left. If Jim would only wait — just a week or two longer — he (Zeb) would pack up and pull out with him.

No; the notion had taken firm hold of Calkins. Zeb was too well acquainted with "Pardner's" peculiarities to press his side of the case, so he abstained from further attempts to dissuade Jim, and let the discussion drop, hoping that Jim's restless fit might pass off if not contradicted.

This policy of Zeb's, however, had the effect of irritating Calkins, who saw through the transparent diplomacy. All that day the partners worked on in awkward and slightly moody silence, though without any open outbreak of temper. Late in the afternoon a couple of their nearest neighbors came along, on their way to Gray's. They accepted an invitation to the rough but plentiful supper, and stayed for a while chatting. There was still a constraint upon Jim and Zeb, which did not escape the notice of the visitors, who afterward commented on the singular manner of the two friends. However, Calkins said never a word about going away.

After they had gone, Zeb and Jim cleared away the things for the night and settled down to a smoke. Neither was disposed to be talkative. Both were thinking over the discussion of the day. But as there was really no bad feeling and both realized the absurdity of being sulky over a small difference of opinion, they did venture irrelevant remarks from time to time — just to keep up appearances, as it were. At length Calkins burst out — his impatience getting the better of him:—

"I say, Zeb! There 's no use in talking. I 've got to move on. I feel as though I could n't stand it here a day longer."

"Well, old man, you know what I said. If you will stick it out only a fortnight more, I 'll be ready to go down to Frisco with you. But it 's a downright shame to leave Harrisburg while it 's paying an ounce apiece a day."

"Zeb, you 're a mule. You 'll have to get out mighty soon anyhow. Let 's pull out tomorrow."

"But if I 'm a mule, what do you call yourself?"

"Well, I take that back. Honestly though, I 'm going — and I 'm off tomorrow." And Jim began to move about the little cabin restlessly, picking up one thing and laying it aside, and then another, as the nearest approach to the form of packing up.

Zeb was now really quite as set in his determination to stay on, as Jim was to go. But he was unwilling to let any irritation appear, and while still refusing to join Calkins in his trip he put the best face possible on the matter, and they began to talk over future plans most amicably,— how Zeb was to stay on as long as there was anything to be made out of old Harrisburg Bar. He would have to find somebody to take "Pardner's" place, for one man could not shovel and carry the dirt, puddle the clay, and attend to the tom. Then, when nothing more could be done, he was to close up the claim and the cabin and join Jim at San Francisco, where both proposed to spend some time.

So they weighed out what dust was on hand, and divided it. Calkins got a few — a very few — of his belongings together and made up a pack rolled in a blanket. This, his pistols, and some provisions, enough for a meal or two, were all that he would take. Both horses were to be left, as they would be needed later in removing the camp outfit.

Before daybreak the next morning, after coffee and flapjacks, the partners mounted and rode down the trail to the ferry, on the other side of which Jim was to wait for the Pine Flat stage. They met no one on the way. Zeb put him across in the small flatboat, and there they parted, it being important that Zeb should go over to Gray's early to hunt up another partner. The last thing that Calkins said was: —

"Tell all the boys goodby, and say that I was sorry to leave in such a rush. But I 'll see most of them at the Bay before long. So by-by till you come down, old fellow. See you soon!"

But Zeb never did. Neither in a fortnight nor ever. From that dim morning on and for many years Jim Calkins disappeared from sight as completely as though he had evaporated. He did not take the Pine Flat stage; he was not recognized in San Francisco.

III.

WITH a feeling of loneliness Zeb recrossed the creek, mounted his horse, took the other's lariat, and pausing to wave a farewell to "Pardner," who sat on a rock on the other side, he turned the horses' heads and rode back up the trail. Near the cabin he dismounted, put the hobbles on Jim's horse and turned the animal loose, taking the saddle and bridle into the little house. Then he sat down, and smoked, and thought. Whom should he get for a new partner? He would have to go over to Gray's at any rate. And just as he had decided on the man whom he preferred, back came the visitors of the evening previous.

"Hullo, Zeb," said one; "Where's Pardner?"

"Gone," responded he shortly. "Gone down to the Bay."

"Rather sudden, is n't it? Said nothing about going yesterday."

"Yes; only settled it last night."

Then the miners went on, and the sun being now well up, Zeb took his horse and rode over the divide to Gray's. But his man was away, and no one else could be found whom Winslow cared to take in. So he went back again to Harrisburg.

He turned on the water and tossed a few shovelsful into the tom; but it was tedious, lonely work, and it was done at great disadvantage. After a bit he became tired of it, and sat down to another pipe and reflection.

Soon came up, straggling along the trail, old Cap. Joe, chief of a Digger tribe consisting of himself, his brother Stovepipe, his three young bucks, and a small assortment of squaws and young ones. Zeb knew the band well. He had seen them at work, off and on, for the whites; and it occurred to him that he might get the bucks to turn in and work for him for a while.

The negotiations did not occupy much time, and a mutually acceptable agreement was soon arrived at. The Diggers were in a bad way for supplies; they had their fall crop of roots, and nuts, and acorns, and piñones, but were in sad need of blankets and other things, including the rations of tobacco and bad whisky that were nominated in the bond.

They fixed up a brush camp in short order just around the upper bend, and in an hour Zeb had the satisfaction of seeing the three bucks shoveling, and carrying, and puddling, and raking off bowlders, while he sat placidly on the bank and acted as chief engineer. As long as he remained there the Indians kept on with praiseworthy perseverance — for them. But it was one man's job, as Zeb well knew, to watch them and keep the thing going. However, the dirt was going down the tom and the tail sluice at a great rate, and the "boss" began to feel more contented.

That night Cap. Joe told Winslow that old Stovepipe was heap sick, and begged some whisky for him,— of which it is to be hoped that the invalid got a share. The next day work went on well enough till about noon when there was a howling and commotion around the bend, and one of the squaws came running to say that the old man was gone.

That ended work for the day. The three bucks threw down the tools and disappeared in the direction of the Digger camp. Toward night one came back and applied for some more whisky, with which to do proper honor to the deceased. The funeral ceremonies were to be celebrated that night. Zeb made a rapid calculation in mental arithmetic, counted up the number of the band, and served out what he considered a liberal allowance all around, but not too much to interfere with work in the morning.

About nine o'clock the darkness and stillness were interrupted by a faint glow and an unusual stir, seen and heard from around the bend. The light and the noise soon became brighter and louder. Zeb, who had not yet turned in, determined to witness the ceremony; but as he did not wish to interrupt the formalities, he walked very quietly up to the last turn, where a projecting angle of rock cut off the view up the cañon. Here he stopped, and gently pushing aside a manzanita bush, cautiously leaned out and peered into the little glen or "flat" where the Diggers had pitched their brush camp.

The cañon widened out for a short stretch, leaving room on one side of the gulch for a sloping, grassy meadow, nearly bare of trees and large bushes. At the upper edge of this meadow were the hastily built shelters. Farther down the slope the band were to be seen squatted around a large fire, which one of the bucks from time to time fed with fresh wood. The light evening breeze was drawing down the gulch, and on it was wafted, with the aromatic scent of the burning pine, a pungent odor of roasting meat.

"A barbecue," thought Zeb. "Wonder what they 've got?"

Every once in a while a dismal howl was sent up in discordant tones. Then all the Indians arose and began a solemn walk-around about the fire. This quickened into a trot, then into a sort of wild dance, which became faster and faster, and the chant louder and louder, as their feelings (and the whisky) gained upon them.

Zeb crouched and crept from the shelter of one bush to that of another, keeping in the shadow. Half way he paused and took another look. Now he could distinguish a long, dark object placed before the pile; but what it was still puzzled him. Meanwhile the fire roared, the howls increased, the strange death dance hurried on faster, and yet faster.

Again he moved forward until he was stooping behind the last bush, and but a few yards distant from the excited group. He looked again. At last he could make out the queer object on the pyre. The flames had burned away a part of its covering, and Winslow saw what it was,—the body of poor old Stovepipe!

This need not have disturbed his equanimity. Had he known it—which he did not—cremation, though not a very common custom, was occasionally practiced among some of the northern branches of the Digger race. Had he known this, I repeat, his principal sensation might have been merely the curiosity that animates the soul of the inquiring ethnologist, and is then termed the spirit of scientific investigation. He would merely have looked on quietly to see how the thing was done.

But it was a complete surprise to him—a shock. Perhaps it revived some vague recollection of ghastly stories heard in the Sunday school of his Puritanic New England village,—tales of Hindoo widows sacrificed to the manes of their departed lords, horrors of the Holy Inquisition, accounts of missionaries grilled on coral strands, and the rest of his early and severe religious training, now almost forgotten. Just what moved him, Zeb could not tell, did not realize. It is hard to account for the impulses that seize upon a man thus suddenly confronted with a scene that to him is repulsive. He did not stop to think, but suddenly rose, sent up a shout that was heard above the other din, and dashed among the affrighted Diggers like an avenging demon, brandishing his six-shooter.

"Out of here, you ——! What in —— are you about? —— —— —— —— ——!" he cried, his early Biblical instruction here failing him, except so far as to enrich his vocabulary.

He rushed to the pile, flung some of the half-burned sticks among the crowd, and fired a shot in the air by way of emphasis. How they ran! They must have thought that the "boss," whom they now recognized, had taken leave of his senses. But that he was thoroughly in earnest they did not stay to question. They were a peaceable, harmless lot; and not even the sacrilege, the insult to their sacred rites, made them disposed to take active offense, in face of that dreaded six-shooter. So they went and hid in the bushes, a long way off.

Zeb, left to himself, proceeded with much difficulty, and some choking with smoke and scorching of hands, to roll off the body of the departed, with such of the blankets and robes as still adhered to the half-charred trunk. He rolled it down the flat near the gulch, and left it in the bushes there. Then he scattered the embers and nearly extinguished them. Pistol in hand, for fear of trouble, he went slowly back to the cabin and barred himself in. But there was no attempt to molest him.

By this time he had worked off the temporary excitement and was now able to think about his performance. The conclusion he reached, after many pipes of reflection, was that he had made a donkey of himself. He had made enemies of the band. What they would do he could not tell. Perhaps they might ambush and kill him. At all events his offense would prevent their ever working again for him, and now he could not run the claim without them. At last, tired and disheartened, he turned in, his last thought being that he would get up early and give the old man a Christian burial, if the bears or coyotes had not interred him first.

While it was yet rather dark, but faintly dawning, he arose, and taking a shovel went up the cañon to the flat. As he passed the Diggers' late shelters he saw that the camp was deserted. He was not attacked, and indeed he never again saw that particular band. He found old Stovepipe lying where he had been left in the bushes, undisturbed by prowling beasts or solicitous friends. Probably his affectionate relatives deemed that they had done their full duty by him, and when they returned in the night merely gathered up their scanty impedimenta and departed.

The body was much charred and was not altogether an agreeable object in the ghostly light. The head had nearly escaped the flames; and the upturned, sightless eyes met Zeb's with a solemn fixed stare. Winslow did not relish the task, so he made it as short as possible. He dug a shallow trench alongside, pushed the corpse in, shoveled over it some dirt, and placed some small bowlders on the grave.

After it was all over, Zeb confessed to himself that he was ashamed of his hasty action. So when he went to Gray's that morning to look again for someone to help him work the claim, he did not care to tell the boys of his odd adventure. He was afraid of being guyed.

Again he failed in getting the right sort of man, and that afternoon he spent dolefully in front of the cabin wishing he had gone with Calkins. Better if he had.

IV.

TOWARD dusk a stranger rode up. A small man, with quick, searching spectacled eyes; a semi-professional attire topped off with a large, soft hat and terminated below in a pair of top boots. Evidently a migrating physician. Behind the saddle was strapped a large leather case, and his saddle-bags were ample. A rifle and a shotgun formed his battery, but the usual six-shooter was absent from his hip. The Doctor drew up his horse and inquired:—

"Is this Mr. Winslow? They told me at Gray's I should find you here."

"Yes, I'm Zeb Winslow. Won't you get off and have something?" And Zeb rose to take charge of the horse, which he proceeded to unsaddle, unbridle, and hobble as a mark of hospitable invitation.

This done, the two sat down together, and Doctor Lane explained the cause of his visit.

"You will think it rather strange that I should drop upon you in this sudden way; but I suppose you are used to that sort of thing," he said. "I'm not prospecting or practicing. I'm collecting; and just now I want a grizzly to stuff. I heard that up here was a good place to get one — the name speaks for that — and they said you could put me in the way of getting one."

"Well, Doctor, we miners don't have time to hunt bear very much, but I have been after them once or twice, and there are plenty to be found now up the head of the gulch or in the hills."

"Would you go out with me for a day or two? You don't look especially engaged just now."

"Well, no; my pardner's left me, and I can't work alone — " Zeb paused to consider for a moment and then said frankly: "Yes, willingly. I was going to close down anyhow, and I might as well have a little fun first. There's nothing more to be done with the claim."

So they made their plans, and the next day rode out up the gulch and beyond, taking their rifles, blankets, and provisions for a three-day trip, with the spare horse to pack the outfit.

The happenings on that hunt have nothing to do with this history. It is enough to say that they did bag, besides some other game, one grizzly, and brought back his hide, his head, and his paws. While they were out they became fast friends, and one night at their temporary camp Zeb told the Doctor about the cremation affair.

"It's a pity," mused Doctor Lane. "I'd give a good deal to get a nice fresh Digger skull. I have lots of old ones and fragments in my collection; but not a single decent specimen."

"O, the skull's all right," cheerfully put in Zeb, who had recovered from the earlier feeling of horror. "It wasn't burned to hurt. When we get back you can get it."

Thus, on returning, it came about that the Doctor, when he had finished preparing the grizzly trophies, reminded his companion of the promised Digger skull. They dug up the thin covering of earth, and the Doctor, after carefully inspecting the unbeautiful but coveted head, and looking to see whether most of the teeth remained, neatly amputated it in his best professional style, and carried it back to near the cabin. Not too near, however; there was not room for the three of them in close quarters. The charred trunk they reburied as before. Then Zeb, on being told what was wanted, hunted up an old, partly cracked iron pot, which they hung over an open fire outside, and in which Stovepipe's cranium was boiled. They made some lye from the wood ashes, and by dint of repeated boilings and scrapings the skull finally came out as clean and white as could be wished. Stovepipe in life had been far less attractive.

The Doctor did not remain at Harrisburg after this; but went back to San Francisco, overjoyed with his spoils. A few days later Winslow packed up, said goodby to the boys, and followed.

V.

In the spring of 1852 a Milesian gentleman, one Dennis Fogarty, appeared at Gray's. He was not a success as a miner, but he had different purposes in view. He had looked around and had discovered that there were other valuables than gold dust in demand. One was fresh vegetables, which commanded great prices because nobody had taken the trouble, in the wild craze for gold, to raise them. Along Gray's Creek there was no soil to speak of. What had been there had been dug over and covered with sand and bowlders. So Mr. Fogarty, in the course of his wanderings, strolled over to Harrisburg one day, looking for a suitable place to start his vegetable patch. The little flat just above Zeb's and Jim's deserted cabin took his eye. It was an ideal place for the prathies. So, without consulting the former owners, who had given no sign of returning, he informally preëmpted the old cabin and made himself at home.

He had not been long at work, clearing off the brush and turning up the sod, before his shovel exposed part of the skeleton of old Stovepipe. Mr. Fogarty dropped the shovel and made haste to the nearest habitation, which happened to be the cabin of the two miners who had stopped at the Harrisburg claim the evening before Calkins had left in the previous fall.

All three returned to the grave, examined the headless skeleton, and wondered whose it could have been. They stood there silent for a long time; then, as if moved by the same thought, the two miners started and looked inquiringly at each other. But the one who spoke first did not put his thought into direct speech. He approached it hesitatingly, in a roundabout way.

"What became of Zeb Winslow?"

he asked. "No one has heard from him lately."

"O, yes; Pete saw him down at the Bay just before he came up.— But — Calkins ?"

"It was strange how he disappeared, without saying a word. *He* has n't been heard from, that 's sure.

Then they looked about again in the shallow hole, but found nothing in the form of a clew. Only a few shreds of burnt blanket were there, half wrapped around the mouldering bones. The fact of these rags being charred seemed to them suspicious. They agreed that whoever had buried the body must have first tried to destroy it by fire, but had failed. They knew no more about the cremation practice than did Zeb. They were puzzled, too, by the absence of the skull, which they could not find, though they dug all about the place where it should have been. It was not remarkable that they did not find it there, considering that it was at the moment quietly reposing on a shelf in Doctor Lane's cabinet in San Francisco. They did not openly say, even to each other, what they suspected, but they agreed to go over to Gray's at once and notify the authorities of the grisly find.

The next day, a Sunday, a duly impaneled coroner's jury and many of the miners came to Harrisburg to view the remains. A few witnesses were questioned. The gist of the testimony was that Winslow and Calkins were known or supposed to have had many thousand dollars in dust; that the two visiting miners recalled the constraint between the partners, which was (without any malice, but quite naturally) exaggerated into a possible quarrel; that Calkins had disappeared without saying goodby or hinting at an intention of going; that he did not take his horse and had also left valuable property, and so on. The motive for murder — and there certainly had been a murder, all concluded — was the large amount of dust owned by Calkins, and if — if Winslow were the guilty one, (which all shrunk from believing, for Zeb had been well liked,) there was the additional incentive of bad feeling. Then some spoke up in Zeb's behalf. They recalled what a good, frank, "square" fellow they had always thought him, and how he and Calkins had been on the best of terms, unless in this one unfortunate instance.

But the evidence, circumstantial as it was, was too strong. The driver of the Pine Flat stage was present, and testified that he did not remember taking Calkins down. Others had been in Sacramento and San Francisco during the winter and had neither seen nor heard of him, and so on. Without relating the details of the evidence, it is sufficient to say that the coroner's jury, not without long hesitation and much reluctance, found themselves obliged to bring in the following verdict, which they did with proper gravity: —

"We, the jury, find that the unknown defunct was probably Jim Calkins; and that he came to his death at the hands of a party or parties unknown,— probably Zeb Winslow."

This not over-positive decision sufficed however to set the wheels of justice in motion, and thus a warrant for Winslow's arrest was issued by Judge Smith, of Gray's, and Sheriff Hoyt was dispatched to San Francisco to execute it.

The Sheriff had no difficulty in finding Zeb, nor did the latter offer the slightest resistance, though he was profoundly surprised and cut up when told of the awful charge against him. He was conscious of his innocence, and confident of acquittal; but he was horrified to find himself accused of murder, and that, too, of his "pardner." Remember, the relationship was almost a sacred one in those days.

"Sorry to have to do it, old man," said the determined but kindly Sheriff. This Hoyt was one of those excessively quiet and retiring gentlemen who had won a deserved reputation for nerve and sand, and who was as hard as a flint against horse-thieves, but who had a warm feeling for Winslow. "Guess you 'd better give me your iron and come along quietly. No use in trouble between friends."

And the two then went to lunch together amicably. They took the night boat for Sacramento and in due time Winslow was installed, a prisoner, in a small cabin at Gray's. Here he was treated as well as the situation permitted, and was allowed certain favors not usually granted to prisoners. His friends were free to visit and converse with him.

The feeling about the camp was a mixed one. Most of the men believed Zeb to be guilty, the web of evidence being so strong, but beneath this belief lurked much sympathy. They could not understand it. Winslow had always acted fully up to the requirements of the unwritten miners' code, and had been regarded as a man of strict integrity and kind heart. Then there were not a few who openly affirmed confidence in his innocence, and declared that in spite of the ugly circumstances an explanation might be possible. But there were also a number of new comers at Gray's that spring, who had come from less settled camps, where the rough-and-ready methods of miners' justice had been called into use to suppress horse-stealing and crimes of violence. Some of these men even went so far as to suggest, and in fact threaten, lynch law; but this was promptly suppressed by the cooler heads, while some of Winslow's friends said that if such a thing was attempted they would protect him at the cost of their lives. The case was naturally the dominant subject of thought and conversation about the camp.

During this painful time of uncertainty, while waiting for the trial, Winslow stoutly maintained his innocence. To his friends he detailed over and over the whole episode of the cremation. Though his account stood alone, without a particle of corroborative evidence, its consistency and the firm manner in which he adhered to it had considerable effect. Yet it was evident that the story told by one man — and he the accused — could not stand against the mass of circumstantial evidence that would be brought to convict him.

Something must be done, and that speedily. The trial was to take place in three weeks from the time Winslow was brought back by the Sheriff. After the trial, in case the verdict went against him, there would be little chance. Justice, if not always certain, was swift in execution in those early times. In fact it was a special favor that the trial was postponed as long as it was.

At Gray's, as in all camps, there were several lawyers, some of whom practiced their profession incidentally while pursuing other business, but most of them had given their whole attention to mining. There were regularly authorized officers, and all the legal machinery of a full-fledged county seat. Winslow numbered among his adherents a bright young lawyer who had given up practice, but who undertook his defense gladly, letting all else go in the desire to serve his friend. This was Jeff Thornton.

While consulting as to the best line of defense, Thornton put the situation very plainly to Zeb.

"As it is now," said he, "they will bring pretty awkward evidence against you. It is only circumstantial, of course, but there is entirely too much of it. What a jury would decide, is very uncertain; you never can count on juries. The chances are that there would be a leaning in your favor, but we must prepare for the worst. If we only had a scrap of evidence besides your unsupported assertion!

"There are just three ways in which

we could quash the charge outright. If we could get hold of Calkins, or hear from him, or find any one who had seen him alive after he left here, that of course would settle it. Then if your Doctor could be brought here, his testimony about the way in which you procured that head would go a long way, and perhaps there are peculiarities enough about the Digger's skull to convince a jury that it could not have been Calkins. Finally, if we could only get hold of some of those Indians, their testimony would be accepted. Unfortunately, so far, we have made no progress in either of these directions. I have had men working in San Francisco and Sacramento, have advertised in the *Alta California*, and all the papers, and have sent notices to all the towns in the State. So far not a trace of Calkins or the Diggers has been found.

"As to Calkins, this is what I believe happened. I don't think he was done away with or met any accident. If so, we should have heard of it. But there is this possibility: he may have taken it into his erratic head to go East. If he went directly to San Francisco he could have just caught the Oregon, as I have discovered by comparing dates. He would have had barely time to do so, and this would account for his not seeing any acquaintance before going on board, and also explain why his name does not appear on the sailing list. He would have had no business to attend to in Frisco, and his neglecting to write since he got East is only what plenty of other men do, putting it off from day to day, perhaps expecting to return. All this is supposing that such a sudden idea seized him. On the chance, I have sent letters to Pennsylvania, addressed to him and to detectives to trace him if possible; but it will be nearly two months before we get answers,—too late for a trial. So I shall try for a stay of proceedings; and, if it comes to that, a respite," he added gravely. "We must not rely on Calkins, then."

To avoid returning to this point, it may be here explained that Thornton's surmise was entirely correct. Calkins did go East on the Oregon; though he did not then return home to Pennsylvania.

"Now there is but little use in chasing up those Diggers," resumed the lawyer. "They may be off in the southern end of the State now, perhaps far from any civilized place. But about this Doctor Lane, there is some news, and I 'm going down to the Bay to follow it up myself, since there is little more to be done here. He was in San Francisco only a month ago,—strange you did not run across him. But he started off on a collecting trip through Sonoma County and has been lost sight of. If he were near any town he must have heard, or soon will, of your predicament and that he is wanted. Still, it will not do to trust to that; so I 'm off in the morning to follow his route, so far as we know it, till I find him. Tom Rice and Mac are going with me to help, and we then will spread out if it becomes necessary. If the Doctor is alive, be sure we 'll find him. Besides, if we can do nothing else, we can perhaps find that skull still at his old quarters in Frisco."

Thornton's plan was the best that presented itself, and he with the other men started on the following morning. There was to be no avoidance of fatigue or expense, for the three men were in terrible earnest. They realized that a life was at stake. Winslow had no fear that they would not do everything possible; but he did feel uneasy about the result of their search. From what he knew of Doctor Lane's nomadic habits and his frequent journeyings in out-of-the-way places in the zest of collecting, it might be difficult to reach him in time.

A day or two before the trial, Thornton returned alone, tired and dejected, though he tried to put the best face on matters in talking to Winslow. He had covered a great deal of country, had traced Lane from point to point, and finally lost the trail altogether, in the unfrequented forests of Mendocino County, whence the Doctor, with one companion, had struck off northward. Neither could he find the skull. But Rice and Mac had continued the quest from the place where Thornton had left them. What they might accomplish was problematical. Thornton himself did not dare to intrust the defense to any one, so he had hastened back to do his best to protect his unlucky client.

VI.

THE fateful day of the trial had come. All work and business about Gray's were abandoned, and the whole community thronged the rude building where the court was in session. Nothing else could be done while this, destined to be one of the truly celebrated cases in early California history, was pending. Seldom had more intense interest been centered in a trial for murder.

The jury had been selected, the opening speeches were made, the prosecuting attorney expressing his deep regret for the duty he had to perform and his sympathy for the accused — which of course made his arraignment all the more impressive. Thornton could say but little; but he said that little well, clearly explaining why important evidence was not available, without disparaging the case of the defense.

The numerous witnesses for the prosecution gave their evidence, which was now stronger than that presented at the inquest, for time had been allowed for comparing notes and harmonizing all the details. The testimony was in fact overwhelming as now presented, and the able prosecuting attorney skillfully welded together link upon link of the terrible circumstantial chain. Cross-examination failed to shake them. Then the defense produced many witnesses to prove Winslow's character as a law-abiding citizen and a "square pardner," and to show the good feeling that had prevailed between him and Calkins. There was no dearth of friendly testimony,— but, after all, what did it amount to? Thornton could have called up half the camp and elicited the same kind of evidence, and yet it would not have availed.

Then Zeb was put on the stand in his own behalf. He went over the whole history of Jim's disappearance and the Digger cremation without prompting from Thornton. When he had finished, the effect upon the court and the packed spectators was manifest. All were sorry; but few were convinced. Winslow was not cross-examined. He told his remarkable tale in such a straightforward way that the opposing attorney did not think it worth while to cross-examine, and rested the case of the prosecution. Perhaps he thought the case already won; perhaps he was unwilling to press it further, and some motive of unprofessional weakness may have urged him to give poor Zeb just a living chance of escape.

Thornton's appeal to the jury in summing up was eloquent, but it could not be convincing. The Judge in his charge said the usual things,— how the jury must not be affected by sympathy, and how they must abide by the evidence, and what was the nature of a reasonable doubt,— but the substance of it amounted to this, that it was a painful duty to convict Zeb, but he could see no way for them out of it.

Then the jury were marched out to the cabin that had been set apart for them. The hours dragged slowly along, but they gave no sign. Night came on, and still the crowd in the little courthouse lingered expectantly. Some gave encouragement to Zeb, which he sadly needed. Thornton said the long delay was a favorable augury,— there might be a disagreement, if not an acquittal. In his heart he doubted it. It was daylight when word came in that they had reached a verdict. The Judge was aroused; the room took on a painful hush; the twelve men were brought in. Then the Judge called upon the foreman.

"Guilty," was the answer, given in low, reluctant whisper.

There was a recommendation to mercy, at which the Judge sadly shook his head. Zeb saw the slight movement, and shivered.

But the sentence was never pronounced. One of those theatrical interruptions, which always occur in fiction, but seldom in real life, stopped the proceedings. It really was not necessary that it should happen just at that supreme moment. Any time within the next few hours, or possibly within a day or two, would have answered quite as well. But as providence or luck would have it, it did occur precisely at the critical juncture.

And the interruption was the Doctor!

A pale, tired, disheveled, travel-worn and very dusty man (to wit, one Lane) pushed his way through the crowd and up to the desk. He had ridden hard and fast, had left Rice and Mac with their fagged-out animals far behind, and his own mustang lay dead a couple of miles down the grade; but he arrived in time to make a dramatic sensation.

He bore an odd-shaped bundle, which Thornton eagerly seized. It contained the famous skull. That was passed about among the lawyers and the privileged ones, some of whom knew a Digger skull when they saw it. Thornton said a few words to Judge Smith; the case was reopened.

About the time when lazy people breakfast, Zeb Winslow was a free man. By noon he was certainly a poorer one, for Gray's camp had celebrated.

Albert Williams, Jr.

WHAT SHOULD AN ART SCHOOL BE?

ART education is the developing and training of the esthetic element in one's nature and the bringing its expression under control of the will. One may study art as part of the proper education of a cultivated person, or as a profession, and these are of equal importance to the interests both of art and of general culture. Art study as part of one's education is analogous to the common study of letters. Everybody is taught, directly or indirectly, something of literature, and its language is in hourly use; therefore, to most persons, literary work is intelligible and enjoyable. But because most persons are taught nothing about art, to them art does not mean much. Artists must train to acquire their language, and to others a similar but less extensive training is necessary to the understanding of that language.

A language is valuable in proportion as one has ideas to express, and according to the kind of ideas expressed therein by others. The value of knowing Greek depends upon the amount of Greek literature worth reading and upon the significance of the language itself as an expression of the Greek mind. Just so the importance of drawing is according to the number of one's ideas expressible therein and according to the ideas therein expressed by others, and the ideas necessarily involved in the very existence of the art; and also according to the training given the bodily and spiritual faculties in acquiring it.

But the greatest use of art study is that it so wonderfully opens the eyes to a whole world of interest and beauty, that without it we should never have seen. The extent to which this is the case is so great as to be quite incredible to those who have done no such study. As Art is an expression of the relation between man's spiritual and bodily faculties and the external world and its laws, therefore its study includes the study of the chief facts about both man and nature. Consequently as an educational power, such study is of the very highest rank. Hamerton says that "a treatise on etching is necessarily a treatise on the mental powers of great men," and he might quite as truly have said that the study, not only of etching, but of any graphic form of artistic expression, is the study of the whole spiritual nature as well as the manual and optical powers of man. And as the material with which these powers deal is the sensuous qualities of the external world in their relation to man, therefore the knowledge both of man and nature is necessary.

A training in art differs from the so-called "liberal" education — which formerly meant an exclusively literary education — in training both man's spiritual and his bodily powers; and it differs from the manual trades (as ordinarily practiced,— especially since machinery has so increased) in training the body solely as a servant of the mind, and the mind, that is, the intellect, chiefly as the servant of what poets call the soul. It thus avoids false pride of intellect with bodily incapacity and ignorance of matter on the one hand, and merely manual dexterity with ignorance of ideas on the other. It touches several sciences enough to cultivate the purely intellectual faculties, while the very existence of art is dependent on the emotions. And its difficulties are quite enough to very vigorously cultivate several of the cardinal virtues. Hamerton says,— I quote from memory: "The fine arts bristle all over with technical difficulties and afford, I will not say the best, but one of the best, schools of patience in the world."

Art has to do with the nature of the external world. In another place the author just quoted says that "the perception of the nature of matter is very rare in the educated classes because education is far too exclusively literary, and the most obtuse men in this respect are the men of erudition."

Also, art is better food than pure science in that it has a spiritual use for its facts and sees that what to science is simply facts,— uninterpreted and abstract,— when looked at from the artistic standpoint appeals to the emotions with poetic significance, and touches the soul as well as the intellect. Science gives what our heads know; art, what our hearts feel. Science casts her net and draws in facts; inspired art, piercing to the spiritual meaning of these facts, sees truth. Truth is the food of the soul and the soul sings, and paints, and carves, and builds from love of this truth, which it sees in curve, and proportion, and symmetry, and unity, and harmony, and all the thousand qualities that together make up beauty.

If this is true, then, art in its fullest development is possible only in a high civilization, and to peoples spiritually and bodily strong and refined. In fact it is the ultimate expression of our noblest powers and the natural embodiment of spiritual ideas. This was most perfectly realized when the Greek genius blossomed into a literary and glyptic art of which the very wreck and remnants have inspired nations and influenced civilizations, and which are today among the noblest achievements and most treasured treasures of mankind. And to understand art is to understand these things. It is to be in touch with the great times and peoples of the past as well as the present; it is to receive lessons from Phidias and

Michael Angelo; it is to be taken into the secrets of Leonardo and of Raphael; it is to know as personal friends Praxiteles and Meryon, Giotto and Turner, Niccolo Pisano and Albert Dürer.

Says Eugene Benson: "The understanding of and love for a fine type of beauty, whether of the body or the soul, a Venus or a Madonna, is significant of something more admirable than our common need of the news of the day and our mania for rapid travel. To have your imagination and your senses touched and quickened by the Venus of Melos, or an Italian Madonna, is to live and enjoy, for the moment at least, what I may call the higher life of the senses and the soul." The true art life is the highest life of the head, heart, and hand, in helpful and gracious union, to reveal to mankind the spiritual significance and the wonderful beauty and loveliness of the world.

As art study, pursued as part of a general education, differs from art study pursued as a profession only in amount, and not in method, we shall consider but one method.

The production of a valuable work of art being possible only to a trained hand obeying a trained mind, art work naturally divides itself (at least on paper) into mind training and body training. Though in thought these are easily distinguished, in practice they are closely connected, and students may get, and the best of them do get, vastly more mental training out of their work than most persons dream. And on the other hand, everything that refines and strengthens a student mentally and bodily, gives him breadth, keenness, self-control, and will power, is so much gain for the artist in him; for the development of each normal faculty adds to his artistic power. Hence the desirability of wide reading and general culture. Imagination, perception, analytic and synthetic power, are common to all art, and may be trained in the study of literature, while technical training enables one to put ideas in pictorial form.

Now to make the best picture that he is capable of making, experience shows that an artist needs a certain knowledge (not necessarily text-book knowledge nor knowledge of nomenclature, however) of optics — especially chromatics, perspective, and geometry. Theoretically one who can draw anything can draw everything, but practically this is not true. He draws what he knows and feels, and he knows and feels those things in which he has enough interest to study and learn about them. One who knows something of the anatomy of the earth and the forces acting on it, will have more interest in it and therefore will draw better landscape forms than one who does not.

All art must select; it takes this quality and leaves that. To know what is of most significance in a thing one must have a general knowledge of the individual thing and also of the class to which it belongs. The extent to which this selection — this omission — is carried is much greater than is realized by the uninitiated. In the finest works, where facts are given by tens they are omitted by thousands and a proof of the great importance of the selective power is, that notwithstanding this, still there is conveyed a powerful idea of the things represented. This is because the facts selected are the ones in which most character lies. If a figure draughtsman has no knowledge of what is under the skin, — no knowledge of the meaning of the lights and shades he copies, — he is almost certain to miss or to over or under accent a significant marking here and there. In fact, knowledge of the thing drawn is a great desideratum for good drawing.

Technical study is necessary to the understanding of two things, viz: the *resources* and the *limitations* of our materials. One must by studying and using it become so thoroughly acquainted with pictorial language that it is perfectly and absolutely familiar and intelligible to him. He must learn how much and what order of truth can be expressed by line, by shade, and by color. He must learn what relation his tools and their possibilities bear to external nature, to the human hand and eye, and to the intellect and emotions; and according to the thoroughness with which he masters these will be his safety from the artistic Scylla and Charybdis of overdone and underdone work; that is, work which fails by attempting the physically impossible and that which fails through ignorance of art's material resources.

Pictures may be broadly divided into those of line, as Whistler's etchings: those of light and shade, as Allongé's charcoal drawings; and those of color, as the paintings of William Chase. The second of these kinds includes much of the first, and the third much of both the others. Now to produce or understand such pictures we must know something about the relation of our line to nature's line, the relation of our light and shade to nature's light and shade, and the relation of our color to nature's color; and in addition to this we must know what relation the two dimensions of our picture bear to the three dimensions of space, and how all of these are related to the human eye, hand, intellect, and emotions. In other words, we must know something of linear drawing and geometry, light and shade, chromatics, perspective, and esthetics. The abstract theory of most of these can be grasped by a ready mind in an hour or two; but to know them so well that we have, as it were, absorbed and forgotten them, to get where the only way we can be known to possess them is by the negative evidence of the errors we don't make,—which is necessary,— takes years of work.

The reason why perspective takes time is that until one has had the mechanical and scientific statement of the matter in his head long enough to divest it of its mechanical character,— till it is easy, flexible, unconscious,— till he thinks not at all of perspective and yet makes no more mistakes than does a poet in his grammar,— till then it is not in its proper place relatively to the superstructure; and this assimilation takes place gradually.

The reason why it takes so long to learn color is that it takes time for the mind to learn to use habitually the best methods of thought and observation. And after these are somewhat acquired it takes a long time to learn accurately to see and accurately to match colors. This is difficult enough, but it is not the worst of it. Many times our pigments will not match a color at all, and then we have to "transpose" the chromatic relations into another key,— exactly as music is transposed. We must learn to change all the colors in the picture into different colors without in the slightest degree altering the mutual relations among them. Any one can see that this is difficult, but just how difficult and delicate it is no one who has not tried it will ever know. Then, aside from the chromatic quality of a pigment, we have its lightness and darkness — its value — to deal with; and here we must constantly and inevitably transpose from the full scale of natural light and shade to art's very limited scale; so that, between the inter-relations of the infinite series of complications arising from chromatic transpositions and the infinite series of complications arising from transpositions of values, the possibilities of being wrong are literally an infinity of infinities, and to be any where near right even gifted persons must "labor terribly." This is a matter of educating the bodily senses. To beginners all the more delicate variations and mutual relations and influences of colors and values are quite invisible and even very marked ones are unnoticed.

The time spent in mastering light

and shade is used in learning to reproduce—the light and shade of nature? Not at all, but in learning to make a translation into a very limited scale of grays of the local color and the light and shade of nature; and the great difficulty is to arrive at the true relative weights or values of the different colors with their various lightings. We must preserve in a short gray scale the same light and shade relations that we see in a vast colored scale. This difficulty includes gradations that alone require long practice before they are even approximately mastered. Study of gradation means more than the study of areas light in one part and dark in another; it means the study of the law governing the rate of increase of light. This rate of change depends almost entirely upon the form of the surface receiving the light (supposing, what is rarely true, that it is of one local color) and unless it is truly given it does not express that form at all but some other form; in a word, the object is distorted.

The reasons why it takes so long to learn linear drawing are principally two:—first, the student does not know what relation the appearance of a line bears to the line itself nor the relation of either to the line he draws; and, second, he cannot truly see and copy the exact length and direction of nature's lines on account of the inaccuracy of his eye, and, in a lesser degree, the unsteadiness of his hand.

As to the training through which a student advantageously may go for the study of these matters, every artist and teacher in the world has his own ideas, which may differ more or less from every other man's, but still certain things are common to the vast majority and may be called fundamental necessities of training to the average student. Extraordinary students will get on under any or no system; but a school must suppose the ordinary student, and even the occasional prodigy is always better off for thorough training. The work of many a genius has been lessened in quantity and lowered in quality from lack of such training.

In the various centers of art study in the world there exist, in actual operation, more or less complete art schools in which it is attempted to give a full professional training. Schools exist in Münich, Berlin, Antwerp, and Paris. Some are national concerns and aim to maintain a very high technical standard indeed. In them painting students study descriptive geometry, perspective, linear drawing, light and shade drawing, modeling and painting, with theoretical lectures, the study of art history, and the examination of works of art.

Up to the present time we in America have nothing approaching these schools either in breadth and thoroughness of training, in material equipment, or in the caliber of the corps of instructors. In spite of this however, there is, among the more cultivated Americans some interest in art, and an annually increasing number of young people study it as a profession. The best of these, discovering that we have no schools which can do for them what those of Europe can, forthwith count their cash and, if possible, sail for Europe. There they stay from one to seven or eight years and when they return they paint us French peasants, Dutch canals, Normandy caps and wooden shoes, and their wearers,—whereat we say we have no American art,—that our artists do not draw their inspiration from American life.

No doubt there is a sense, and a deep one, in which art is cosmopolitan; but history shows that important art must be more or less a national product,—that it must be the expression of those ideas that are deepest rooted; and such ideas are inherited and unconsciously absorbed from the atmosphere —are ideas common to the race and generation.

It does not stand to reason that we shall always depend upon European art

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

schools. Much as we owe them and gladly as we acknowledge the debt, the time is coming when we shall have a national art in the true sense;—an art having its root in American life and not in the European studios. We shall never have government art schools, as have France and England, but we shall have American art schools. In fact, we have them already, though as yet they are chiefly but more or less considerably diluted copies of those of Paris or South Kensington; but perhaps this is inevitable in the beginning. Certainly such things must have a germ from somewhere, and an art school could not possibly be the product of America's ideas of art when, as a nation, America has no ideas of art.

Our most notable organization of art study is at present the Art Students' League in New York. There are also schools at Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Syracuse, and lesser ones elsewhere. None of these schools are very old, and almost none seriously attempt more than the merely technical part of art teaching. For the most part, the term "painting classes" is more accurately descriptive of them than "art school." The Ecole des Beaux Arts is an art school in the proper sense of the word. The Students' League is a painting club, the members of which at various times hire various painters to give them criticisms. This is good so far as it goes, (except in having the controlling power in the hands of partially trained persons instead of fully trained persons,) and gifted individuals can get valuable training even under such conditions; still it is but a makeshift in the absence of something better.

There is an attempt at a school of a different order in the College of Fine Arts of Syracuse University. Theoretically, this requires two years' work to enter, four to graduate, and gives three years' graduate work,—nine years in all. But practically, the requirement of two preliminary years is a dead letter; of the four years about half is given to general university work, while the graduate work has never even been organized; so the nine years reduces itself to two. Still it has the honor of being the first and is still the only school in America where the necessity of general culture to an art student is recognized and provided for. Yale, also, has a two years' technical course, and I believe that there is a course, modeled after that of Syracuse, somewhere in the west. Any of these schools are better than nothing, but they come far short of what we need and what such a country as ours should give and can perfectly well give its art students.

Every considerable American school at present, rests on one of two ideas: either it proposes to teach to students intending to become professional artists the technical part of painting, as the League; or it proposes to train students to help manufacturers make money by designing for them what will sell, according to the law of supply and demand; which we are every day told is the only law of business. The State Art Schools of Massachusetts originated in this idea and were organized with reference thereto by Walter Smith of South Kensington. Now these schools, and all others of their kind, have for their common grandmother the English Government Art School at South Kensington and, in common with it, their objective point is *money*, hence it is doubtful if they should be considered as art schools at all, for since the world began we have never had and we never shall have either art or religion from that quarter. Ideas breed true to their kind, and from art taught primarily as a money-making industry nothing spiritual need be hoped. Incidentally, art *is* a money-making industry, but the moment that it looks to the pocketbook for inspiration it ceases to be art and remains industry merely.

The first mentioned class of schools have, one and all, the same great lack that Ruskin once pointed out in the English Royal Academy Schools; and the results are as much worse with us as our teachers and galleries and general opportunities are less. Ruskin was asked his opinion by a government commission, and the following is a report of his answer: —

> Q. Have you any reason to observe, or to make yourself acquainted with the working of the schools of the Royal Academy?
>
> A. I have observed it . . . .
>
> Q. What should you say was that effect?
>
> A. Nearly nugatory; exceedingly painful in this respect that the teaching of the Academy separates the notion of art education from other education; and when you have made that one fundametal mistake all others follow. You teach a young man to manage his chalk, and his brush,— not always that,— but having done that you suppose you have made a painter of him; whereas to educate a painter is the same thing as to educate a clergyman or a physician,— you must give him a liberal education primarily and that must be connected with the kind of learning particularly fit for his profession . . . When we have made that primary mistake all other mistakes are trivial in comparison.

It would seem perfectly obvious that an artist, of all people, should have a liberal education. Not that he need read Greek,— but he should be in touch with humanity and alive to the pulses of the intellectual world.

Now what we need is a school that will "teach a young man to handle his brush" — and handle it well — and at the same time give him a "liberal education," one at least as good as that of scientists, professors, and literary men, and that will teach him, as Goethe says, to "know what art is." If you talk with our art students you will commonly find this last is exactly what they do not know, and for the most part they seem to think that the whole world is on this point in the same condition as themselves,— that art has no fixed principles,— no fixed relation to the emotions and the mind,— no standards of judgment,— no basis on which to form a correct judgment. They work now on this plan, now on that; now they swear by Smith and anon by Jones: they call no man master,— "be he 'live or be he dead." They pass prompt judgment on Michael Angelo, are hypercritical before the works of the immortal masters, and think nothing so good for an art student as to "be his own boss" and, like Marco Paul, "act according to the dictates of his best judgment." But perhaps such a student is not to blame: he wants to learn, and what is more, he has the capacity to learn, but poor fellow he does n't know how. Often he is convinced that there is n't any *how*, — that art is just a kind of free fight against an infinite sea of uncertainty and difficulty. And other times — and these the sadder times — he is convinced that there is a how and that he has discovered it, or at least is just on the eve of discovering it, and that everybody who says otherwise is a poor deluded mortal who knows nothing at all about art.

Now, as has been said, we need an art school that is an *art* school: a school that is a painting school and also a good deal more than a painting school. There has never, as yet, been even an attempt at such a school in this country, or for that matter, very few in the world. This cannot be here discussed in detail, but it may be stated and understood as a general principle that what an artist produces is the measure of what he is, and if work is to appeal to the best that is in us of thought and feeling it must be the product of clear thought and right feeling, and also that both thought and feeling may be elevated and strengthened or weakened and degraded by habit and education. It is a mistake to suppose that training an artist is not primarily training a man. No man is a good specialist who is not first a generalist. There is more in war than shooting off guns, and there is more in art than swinging a paint brush. Five hundred students painting no more constitute an art school than five hundred men fighting constitute a military academy. Our schools are narrow, and one of their students may, if he will, and he often will, remain without even the ordinary refinement and cultivation of educated persons,—unacquainted, or at least unfamiliar, with the great world of literary and scientific thought and out of touch with the earnest, deep-thoughted scholars, thinkers, and poets of the world. Hence, being without a center-board down into the deep sea of general principles, he is a surface sailer, swirled about by every wind of doctrine and at the mercy of all the little eddies and counter-eddies in the ever shifting tide of the shallow fads and fashions of the day. This is the more serious to the American student, because it is not, as it is to his transatlantic brother, somewhat made up to him by the daily and lifelong influence of the great art of the past.

Such a school as we want would, while handicapped in the matter of large galleries of masterpieces, have one great advantage over any government school in the world in this, that, not being under government control or patronage, directly or indirectly, it would never be likely to stiffen into formalism,—a mere art mill,—or to get into the hands of a clique, as has the Salon lately, or to set up arbitrary standards of judgment, as has the Royal Academy,—and its students, free from the evil spirit of medal and prize hunting, would be likely to retain and develop unwarped their natural inclinations.

The only place where all the requirements of such a school would be found is at one of our larger universities. Here it would be held up to the same standards in work and in the caliber of those in charge as any university work; while, indirectly, the atmosphere of a university, dominated by cultivated men and women, would beneficially influence students' characters and development. And the university, on its part, would enjoy the obvious advantages arising from its being a center of artistic life. This would not be the traditional Bohemia,—but perhaps we are getting past Bohemianism.

The institution must be co-educational, for, whatever may be the worthy fathers' opinion about co-education in Greek, it is certain that in art co-education succeeds; and then the social life of a co-educational institution is more natural and therefore healthier. It should be so located that outdoor study in regular classes can be done. Hence no institution buried in a wilderness of brick walls will be available. At the same time, however, it must not be in the wild woods nor a thousand miles from centers of population and civilization. This school should be established where are already many broad-minded men and women, and a spirit that will welcome it and sympathize with its aim.

Almost necessarily a great school of fine arts connected with a great university, would include courses in music, sculpture, and architecture, as well as painting, but these arts will not here be discussed because the teaching of music is better understood by people at large than is the teaching of painting, and the training of a modern architect is too complex an affair to be discussed here; while as to sculpture much of the earlier technical work of a student of that art would be similar to the work of a painting student.

Here also would be the properest place for courses in industrial art. In such a place are the best possible conditions for the production of thoroughly good work in this field. Here the student has his taste cultivated, his perception of the beautiful awakened and refined, and his mind trained and elevated by the same lines of work that any artist pursues. To decorate a tea-cup well you must be an artist, and to be an artist is to have a trained hand and eye, but primarily and above all it is to have a sense of *beauty* and the "eternal fitness of things," and these do not differ, except in amount, from the qualifications needed to decorate a Sistine Chapel or a Ducal Palace. Nor do they come by nature. The trouble with most of our so-called industrial art is that the workers do not know what is beautiful when they see it, and the reason is because their esthetic sense has never been developed by the study of beautiful things, and is being constantly deadened by the hourly observation of ugly ones,— not to mention the almost total absence of manual skill and the reliance on the T square, triangle, and compasses. Its producers know nothing about art and nothing about nature. Men go from white-washing to paper-hanging, from that to "painting and paper-hanging," and then suddenly become "Art Decorators"! This is not exaggeration. Excepting a handful in our largest cities, how many would-be "decorators" could draw you so much as a curled up oak leaf, rightfully and beautifully? And of those that call themselves architects,— more properly builders — it is certainly true that, as a class, they are wofully lacking in the *sense of beauty*, and the way to develop this sense is to "go to nature," that is, to draw and paint and study beautiful things.

Experience shows that the art student who has enough artistic talent to justify him in entering the profession, does not endanger the artistic quality of his production by understanding; in a scientific manner, the scientific problems which underlie his work; but that, on the contrary, he thereby insures himself against many pitfalls that wait for the ignorant. Herbert Spencer says, "The highest art of every kind is based upon Science, . . without Science, there can be neither production nor full appreciation."

Generally speaking, the technical part of an artist's training takes about seven years, even when the time is given wholly to it, and a course in which some time was given to matters not technical could certainly not succeed with less. It takes about two or three years to get into the Royal Academy Schools and the course after one is in is six years,— eight or nine years in all. It is about the same at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Hamerton says that it takes seven years to learn the technical part of painting, but he supposes a university graduate, who, being already a trained man, would get on much faster than one untrained.

In explanation of the moderate amount of cast drawing given in the course here suggested the writer would say that he agrees with Thomas Couture and E. J. Poynter, R. A., that the real use of the antique is not so much to serve as drawing models for raw hands as it is to serve as examples of art and ideal forms. Of course a certain amount of cast drawing is useful in various ways; but so much of it as is required in many schools seems a misuse of time, and for this reason,— that about everything in the world has color, and almost everything has motion, while the cast has neither. Also, the cast has no variety of texture, and but little mystery, confusion, complexity, or intricacy of any kind, while everything in nature is full of these qualities. The moment your cast-trained draughtsman, no matter how skilled, attempts a living head, a bird's wing, a fish, a figured drapery, a mossy stone, or a stained tree trunk, he begins in a totally new world and must now learn to draw local color.

As there are almost no broad and thoroughly reliable preparatory art schools in this country it would not do to require art work as a condition of entrance; therefore our school must take — or at least, be prepared to take — students as beginners.

When entering students have already

attained some skill, as will often happen with those who intend to make art a profession, each will be put into the class where he is fitted to work to the best advantage; and any student will be allowed to go into more difficult work so soon as he is fitted to profit thereby, regardless of the time he has spent on the preliminaries. So soon as he does good enough work at an elementary thing to indicate — not that he could do more difficult work — but that he could get more valuable practice trying to do it than in remaining where he is, he should be moved on. Too many teachers hold students back that they may attain exceptional skill in some subordinate work, when they would gain faster by going on. The object of this is the gratification of vanity by the production of "stunning" pieces, that call forth remark and delight all the student's relatives. I have seen drawings of geometrical models done at South Kensington, which were carried to the highest imaginable point of texture finish, and drawn with such rigid accuracy that they seemed to have been photographed. Such work, to quote what Mr. Whistler has said on another matter, "is an offense; its undertaking an unbecoming display of determination and ignorance; its accomplishment a triumph of unthinking earnestness and uncontrolled energy,— endowments of the 'duffer.'" But, though students should go as fast as they can they certainly should not go any faster. If, at the end of an allotted time a student cannot take the next step he should not be allowed to go through the form of it.

A complete recognition of this would do away with all objection to "term work" in art classes, and yet would not do away with division by terms. In practice it would undoubtedly be found that most of the students could be beneficially kept in the same classes for the same lengths of time simply by varying the *difficulty*, but not the *kind* of the work done. However, if on trial the term divisions did harm they could be abolished and what might be called "course work" substituted; that is, students might be required to go through a certain set of exercises in each kind of work and attain a certain proficiency therein before the next is taken up: — the next to be taken up when, in the opinion of the teacher, such proficiency has been attained. This, in a properly equipped school, would be quite practicable, because each student would have his individual model independent of others, until he came to work from life, and as this is the highest and hardest, the student would work chiefly at it through the remainder of his course, during which he would not be found ambitious to do anything more difficult or more beautiful. "Course work" need not be carried so far as it is in the English and Canadian government art schools where the student on finishing each subdivision of his training, and passing an examination therein under the eye of the Government Inspector of Art Schools, receives a certificate of proficiency, and when he is done carries home under his arm twenty-one certificates of twenty-one distinct kinds of proficiency in each of the twenty-one separate kinds of art recognized by the South Kensington system. This of course is simply comic, and is merely an outcropping of the English love of red tape and the general modern faith in machinery.

Our course of art study, then, must cover work from the most elementary to the highest that can be attempted with advantage in seven years. Let the raw beginner have a little very simple hand practice with the lead pencil to teach him how to use his tools and to limber up his muscles. A few weeks of drawing from the flat, followed by a few more from the geometric model, first in line and afterwards shaded, will accomplish this. In connection with this let him pursue a course in instrumental perspective. Then let him take up still-life, first with pencil and then with sepia and charcoal according to the qualities of the subject. This may well vary from still-life work as commonly taught in being carefully *graded* work, arranged to illustrate successively the various technical problems involved in drawing objects placed at different distances and in various lights; and also in using for each study that medium which will best express the chief character of the subject; that is, if the principal interest is in its lines and the quality of definite angular form that is best expressed by lines, let a linear instrument be used; if the interest is in textures, then charcoal is the thing; if in light and shade, sepia is the most powerful as well as the most subtle material. This is the rational way to use the different media for artistic results. In this way each does what it can do best and what no other can do so well.

If one uses charcoal where the pen would be better, he is not only misusing charcoal and deadening himself to its highest properties, but he is also blunting himself to those qualities which with a pen he could not avoid studying, and so feeling. Though this principle is the foundation of taste and good technique its chief importance lies in the fact that we in this way study nature much more thoroughly and are awakened to a wider range of natural qualities and artistic interests, because we always study each quality with the material with which we can carry that study farthest. We can study light and shade better with sepia than with the pen, and we can study line better with the pen than with sepia, and so with other qualities and materials; therefore by using these tools each for its proper quality we come to know and feel as much as possible about that quality and the best ways to render it,— and this is artistic education.

Furthermore, at the same time that a student is learning to draw soundly and tastefully with the different tools, he may, from a rightly selected and arranged series of studies, be receiving an invaluable esthetic training through the study of beauty in beautiful objects, particularly natural objects. Let him draw leaves, plants, birds, fishes, shells, branches of trees, all sorts of fruits, vegetables, and — as he gains more power — trees, rocks, hills, clouds, water, etc., from nature; also, beautiful draperies, plain and figured, of various textures, beautiful examples of glass and pottery ware and metal work, both simple and elaborate,— ordinary household articles that have "character," articles of leather, of wood, of glass, of paper, etc,— among artificial things. Let this work be arranged, as has been said, in the order of its difficulty, and let the student be told in each study what he is to make his chief aim and what are the principles involved.

To go by mere guesswork and turn off piece after piece of unintelligent, rule-of-thumb copyism is the stupidest possible way to work. Let it be explained to the student in plain English, for there is nothing occult or inexplicable about it, what is the principle on which local color is interpreted in a given study. Let him be told how the different masters have dealt with similar things. Let him be shown the application of the principle in a good picture. Let him understand, as a scientific fact,— and also the scientific reason for it,— that ordinarily full color and full light and shade are incompatible; that one or the other must be sacrificed. Then he can make an intelligent choice, and if color is the principal interest he will sacrifice light and shade, and if form is the principal interest he will get all the form he can; that is, he will subordinate color to light and shade. Thus he will avoid the self-blame, discouragement, and vexation, which must attend work that unwittingly attempts the impossible.

It may seem superfluous to enlarge on such obvious things, but it is a historical fact that men and even whole schools have come to grief from not understanding a few simple scientific facts about painting, — especially as to the relation between form and color. We read that the Caracci and their followers claimed to be "eclectic" and were to "unite the drawing of Michael Angelo with the color of Titian." This, of course, is scientifically impossible, not only from the mental standpoint, but in view of the physical possibilities of paint. You may build a yacht very swift and somewhat convenient, or you may build one very convenient and somewhat swift, but you cannot have the extreme degrees of both qualities on the same boat. Just so you may have a picture with rich, full chromatic quality and considerable light and shade (that is, modeling — solid form), or you may have a picture with great force of light and shade and considerable color, but you cannot have both qualities in the fullest degree in the same picture. Thus Michael Angelo and Titian each produced master works of their kind, but the Caracci did not, because they committed the blunder of mixing things.

To explain all such things is one of the most important duties of an instructor, but it is astonishing how seldom he does it, even when he understands them himself. There is a confusion in many minds between painting and art. Because certain men have chosen to say that "art cannot be taught," it is immediately inferred that painting cannot be taught,— which is absolutely erroneous,— and so students are set at work, or rather allowed to go to work, on the "root, hog, or die" plan; the teacher considering it his chief duty to show students their errors, rather than to teach principles. But it is not, primarily, the error that the student is interested in, but rather how it came to be made,—what principle, if observed, would have prevented it, and how he shall avoid similar mistakes in future,—this is what he wants, and it is the last thing the average teacher troubles himself to give him.

Several months will ordinarily be required to enable fairly talented students to draw well and beautifully a dead partridge or a wild duck's wing. When a certain proficiency has been obtained by the still-life drawing, some cast drawings, first in line and then in light and shade, may be produced. These, with the liberal art work of our university art student, will probably occupy at least the first two years;—college years, forty weeks, it will be remembered. Now let the study of chromatics be taken, both as a science under physics and as an art in the studio. In the latter will be studied with palette, brush, and oil color, the relation between chromatics absolute and our available pigments. At the same time may begin drawing heads from life, and also the study of artistic anatomy and modeling.

These life drawings may be made in different materials, of various sizes, and from models placed at various distances from the eye. By simply varying the problem, drawing of this kind might be made to give much more education than it commonly does. Too often almost exactly the same problem is attempted over and over again, so that few new principles are learned. The model has a stock of poses, and these the student draws day after day and month after month, in the same, or nearly the same, light, with the same material, on the same paper, in the same time, and of the same size; whereas every one of these things might be a variable quantity,— in reason of course,— just as it is in nature and the actual practice of painters.

It is true that by varying the work in this manner the acquirement of purely manual dexterity, and the power to make, of a few things, a highly finished study, is a trifle retarded; but this is of slight account compared with the general gain in breadth of ideas, intelligence, and flexibility of power, resulting from having at least thought through a variety of interesting artistic questions. An art school should plant in a student's mind as many germs of ideas — as many principles — as possible, which, as he works on year after year, will grow and bear fruit. The acquisition of ideas which govern not only the acquisition but also the *use* of such skill, is of an importance even greater.

In a word, the student should be taught the mental skill to use his manual skill. Bodily skill can only be acquired gradually by long practice, and there is no short cut. If a student tries hard and always does the best he can, and if he begins with sound methods, he will in time inevitably and insensibly acquire skill, and meanwhile he may quite well be initiated into certain principles, the possession of which insures that whatever he does will be done intelligently and that ultimately his work will be the best he is capable of. To make skill — hand skill — mere manipulative dexterity and nimble-fingeredness — an end in itself is absurd. A teacher should not say, "Do this, because it looks more skillful," but, "Do this, because it better expresses this or that quality of the subject,"— and in the end this will be found to lead to the noblest kind of skill, a sensitive and subtle technique,— a vital, flexible, significant skill, through which we read the worker's feelings about each quality of his subject. Such skill differs from the skill that goes about with malice prepense to get itself recognized as skill, as the juggler's with the bayonet on the stage differs from the soldier's with the bayonet in battle;— and they are of about the same relative importance.

Let the student paint first a chromatic diagram and learn its meaning, and then a table of chromatic relations. Next, colored geometrical models,— painting both those simply and those diversely colored. This initiates him into the study of colors with the least possible distraction as to form. A few studies of this kind will wonderfully facilitate his progress in more complicated work. The models should have different local colors of various degrees of brilliancy, and should be so arranged and lighted as at one time to bring the high light on, for instance, the color yellow, and at others on the blue, red, orange, black, white, etc., and the same with the darks; — the student noting each time how his scale of light and shade is affected by the color to which he must give the greatest degree of light or shade,— this to go on only till the principles are mastered, not till perfectly accurate pictures of the models can be produced. In a few weeks he will be prepared to take up intelligently a still-life course, where he may study in all their ramifications and complications the principles discovered in model painting.

About the end of the third year the student will be able to do reasonably good, and entirely intelligent still-life painting, and good drawings from the head. He may begin the fourth year with drawing from the figure and painting from the head, with some work also in landscape. At the end of this year he will be on his feet both in drawing and painting;— will thoroughly understand how to study,— and for the next three years will go on working at the figure and at the landscape according to his inclinations. These three years will be simply for the attainment of proficiency and the refinement of his perception and execution,— matters of growth, which cannot be hurried.

Distributed through this period of seven years we suppose work to have been done equaling two full college years at general or non-technical work. This should consist of enough natural science to enable the student to understand and use its methods, to sympathize with its aims and spirit, and to read intelligently its current literature.

Also, such sciences as are directly involved in the production of a material work of art,— chemistry, descriptive geometry, optics, particularly chromatics,— and perspective, should be studied sufficiently for the purposes of the artist. He should not be absolutely ignorant of psychology, logic, and philosophy. But particularly he should study the best of those books which we call *literature*,— the great poets and thinkers of the world, Shakespeare, Browning, Milton, Homer, Dante, Ruskin, and such lesser lights as happen particularly to appeal to his personal idiosyncrasies. He should learn to draw on these for inspiration and help, (not for subjects, be it observed,) and to look upon himself as a worker in the same field, but handling different tools. He should look at these literary masterpieces as works of art,— study and analyze them as such, and thereby get a knowledge of art in the abstract,— or rather, a knowledge of art's abstract principles, disconnected altogether from technical matters. This is the same as saying that he should study esthetics. Nor, with the course proposed, need there be the least fear that his productions will become painfully "literary" or his healthy interest in technique in the least decreased.

In such a scheme as this, one would occupy considerably more than seventy per cent of his time for seven years in actual art work. I say more than seventy per cent, because a part of the general university work will be done in evening study. Thus he will have had the equivalent of considerably more than five college years at his art work (because he will, presumably, work more or less during summer and winter vacations, which, in seven years amounts to over two years); and considerably more than the equivalent of two years of general work,— and this not simply freshman and sophomore work, but junior, senior, and graduate work as well. This will have been done under most advantageous circumstances, and it may be safely said that the student will be quite as far advanced technically, and more advanced generally, than if he had spent the whole seven years at technical work only. And on the other hand, less than such an amount of art work, so carried on, would more than equal two college years as a general cultivation of the man; therefore he will be, as a developed and cultivated man, somewhat better off than the average college graduate, and as an artist he will be as advanced in technical skill and much farther in technical knowledge, than if he had been seven years in a purely technical art school; and will, moreover, have a vastly better chance of becoming, in the true sense, an artist.

It is true that this plan would not embrace some of the advantages of access to great galleries of masterpieces like those of Paris and London; but as this will be true of any American school at any time, it might as well be faced first as last. But after all, this perhaps is less of a disadvantage than some might think, for the European galleries contain not only beautiful and masterly pictures, but also many more that are not beautiful nor masterly, and a great many that are vulgar, barbarous, licentious, revolting, and technically vicious, feeble, and stupid pieces, which latter as well as the former will exercise an influence after their kind. And this is no slight thing when we remember that, as a but partially trained person, the student is very susceptible to external influences; and is, in most cases quite incapable of correct judgment.

And besides, great galleries are not necessarily the only home of great art. A few well chosen masterpieces from the different schools would be quite enough to inspire students and show what great work is. It is not at all certain that some restriction in the number of works a beginner has is not an advantage. And as to still-life and generally right technique, have we not our own William Chase? And would not a selection from his work be worth "all the Van Somethings and Beck Somethings in Europe," as examples of technique put before an American student of today? Also, those wonderful things, Braun's autotypes, reproduce with marvelous fidelity every quality except color; and as to that, it has frequently faded or changed in the originals; and even where this is not the case, except in the works of real colorists, which are rare, the absence of this quality is no great artistic loss; and in cases where the color is bad, it is a gain to be rid of it. And in these autotypes one has this great advantage,— he can have them when he wants them, so long as he wants them, and in such combinations as he wants them; he can study in bodily comfort, at ease, and entirely undisturbed; he can have them well lighted, and he can study them in connection with all that has been written about them. As for the originals, the most of them are hung so high or in such poor lights that they are worthless for study; those that are hung in sight are, for the most part, scattered throughout leagues of gallery without artistic rhyme or reason, and cannot be properly compared; they can be seen only by daylight, at stated hours, in cheerless unfurnished rooms frequented by the general public. The galleries containing them are distributed from Glasgow to Rome and from Madrid to St. Petersburg; and even then a great many of them are in private and inaccessible collections. Let a literary man imagine trying to study an author the sole copy of whose works was thus scattered over the map of the world, and let him imagine that in every library all the books were permanently nailed by the back from floor to ceiling on twenty foot walls, and he will begin to realize what art study in public galleries means. It may be said, too, that until a student has worked some time he is quite unable to benefit much from the distinguishing characteristics of great art, because he has not grown up to it; and therefore, until he is, metaphorically speaking, nine days old and has got his eyes open, it is not of such very great importance whether he has access to the Transfiguration every day or not.

As to the various drawings by the masters, we are quite independent of Europe, for practically the autotypes convey as much significant information as the originals. One can have the cream of every collection in Europe — almost literally all the important old masters' drawings in the world — at his elbow to study when he feels most like studying them. One could learn more about masterly drawing at home in his study, thanks to modern science, than by ransacking the museums of Europe. From this, though, must be excepted the Turner Gallery and those marvelous landscape sketches in London. But enough of the line work of these could be given with an ordinary photograph to be of immense value to a landscape student.

The question of sculpture may be settled in one word,— casts. Casts of the best sculpture in the world, and what is too often overlooked, casts of none of the bad.

To the realization of such an American art school as has been sketched two things are absolutely necessary,— namely, men and money. The men must be broad-minded and high-minded men, able to keep clear of all crankisms and crazes whatsoever,— men who "know what art is" and who will work on the great general laws that underlie all art for all time. Such men, who are also artists, are by no means commonly available. The teaching faculty is quite distinct from the creating faculty, and many who have much of the latter have none of the former, and *vice versa*. Turner could not teach at all, and Sir

Joshua Reynolds wrote a vast amount of matter that in his own practice he contradicted every day. He worked right by instinct, but when he came to tell why, he floundered hopelessly. One of our ablest American painters of today said that if a student came to him for lessons he would give him a brush and say, "Paint,"—and if it was in him he would paint, and if it was not he could not teach him. Another, and one of the most skillful of our artists, said that if a student could draw he could teach him to paint in three months. Ingres said color could be learned in a week. Haydon wanted four years given to dissection. These instances, which could be indefinitely multiplied, serve to show that the successful practice of art and the intellectual understanding of it are quite different things. Any artist does the former, but to teach he must have the latter also. On the other hand, mere theorizers and elaborators of systems of instruction are also dangerous unless they have been through a great deal of practical work and understand "what art is" quite clearly.

The connection between the school and the university should be carefully arranged; for if the authorities of the latter had too much power over the affairs of the former, they would be likely—with the best of motives—to do great harm and might easily prevent the school from answering its purpose; and on the other hand if the connection were too loose the art school would not receive the benefit of being compelled to keep up to the general university standards. And in detail, there are many practices common to the handling of university work that could be employed in an art school with very great benefit, and there are others that would inevitably do very great damage, and only men who knew their business could tell which was which.

The material equipment for such a school should consist of a building, specially designed by artists and actual teachers of drawing, painting, and modeling, exactly to meet the requirements of the various kinds of work as to controllable light, heat, the coloring of different rooms, skylights, working space, wall space for exhibitions, etc. The construction and arrangement of working rooms and studios should be carefully made to permit each student to vary at will, and independently of the others, the amount and direction of the light on his object or his picture, and also, as much as possible, his distance from his model. A few hundred dollars in curtains, screens, angle boxes, mirrors, etc., would be of inestimable value here. There would also be needed a good collection of still-life material; and all of such material that was in the form of objects of art should be first class of its kind, and of course could be selected only by artists themselves especially for its purpose as models. The school should also, as needed, furnish fruit, game, etc.

In art works there should be, besides the sculpture and a museum of objects of industrial art, a gallery containing some good examples of the paintings and drawings of the older masters, as well as some of the soundest work of the moderns; these to be selected and hung with a view to their being actually studied by students. Also, a complete set of Braun's autotypes, catalogued and made available to the students at all times in a large, quiet, well-lighted, and well-furnished room. Here one could really study and would have something comparable to the opportunities literary students enjoy. No one—certainly no student—can get much of the real influence of a serious picture without an opportunity to give, in a sympathetic mood, his undivided attention to it for a considerable time. Merely to have focused one's two eyes on a piece is not necessarily to have seen it. Seeing is a mental act,—still more is studying. The picture must get past one's eyes into his brains and sometimes past his brains into his heart,—which takes time. Most persons' mental action is slower than the scientists would have us believe. Physiologists say the nerves carry impressions to the brain at the rate of ninety feet a second; but I never saw anybody (except tourists in the European galleries) that could see pictures at that rate. Further, there should be a few score masterpieces of the various kinds of engraving; a carefully selected representative collection of original drawings both by men of the past and the present; a similar collection of the best etchings; and one of photographs of architecture and objects of art, and all the important works on art.[1]

This would be an Art School, properly speaking. It would be the first one on the continent. It would be the only one on the hemisphere. It would supply a "serious want," a want felt by students, parents of students, and by the country generally,—and it would be a center of good influences of exactly the kind that this country at present most needs.

Bolton Coit Brown.

---

[1] By "a representative collection" I do not so much mean representative in the historical or national sense,—though that also is desirable,—as in the sense of representing the various technical methods of accomplishing various results in the various materials, made by one who is expert in technical matters and also a practical teacher.

THE TEMPLE SCENE IN *AIDA*.

Praise, incense, prayer and deepest adoration,
(Pink water-lilies on the mystic Nile,)
Uplifted hands and eyes and incantation,
(Deserted deserts stretching mile on mile.)

Weird music from the inner temple rising,
(A camel dark against a distant sky,)
The altar spread for holy sacrificing,
(An Afric wind that passes with a sigh.)

The notes of harp and timbrel, sounds entrancing,
(A light gazelle by palm-trees half-way hid,)
The priestesses in slow and solemn dancing,
(A dim, white moon above a pyramid.)

Loud parting chorus to the mighty Isis,
(A blood-red sun that slowly seaward sinks,)
The air deep-filled with mystery and spices,
(Egyptian darkness and the silent sphinx.)

Clarence Urmy.

PELE'S LAST APPEARANCE.

For many hundred years the goddess Pele was in the habit of spending a great part of her time among her mortal friends on one or the other of the islands. Sometimes she would be on Oahu at night, and when the inhabitants of Hawaii awoke the next morning they would find her among them. In what way she made her rapid transits no one knew. She had been driven from Maui by her own temper, and had made a vow never to step upon its shores again. Kauai was never a favorite spot with her, so she had only Hawaii and Oahu left on which to disport herself with mortals. The whole under world was hers, but somehow it did not seem to satisfy her. She would spend a great deal of time with her mortal friends, and but a short time below.

She was particularly fond of the game called papaha, which was simply sliding down hill as children in cold countries do in winter. I said as they do, but it was not exactly the same thing, for the Hawaiians had no snow, and used a different sled. The papaha was simply a piece of board, but of some particular kind of wood which is not now to be found. A board was taken some six feet long and from ten to fourteen inches wide. This was thinned down at the extremities until it was possible to bend it up, something the shape of the modern toboggan. It was rubbed and oiled until it was as smooth as glass. The person intending to ride upon this board held it upright in his arm beside him until the word was given to start, then he threw himself and his papaha forward and slid as swiftly as circumstances would permit to the spot decided upon as the end of the race. They used to find a place where the steep hillside was covered with the slippery lava, and then, throwing themselves upon their papahas, they would slide, rapid as light, from the top of the steep to the shore below. It was esteemed a great feat to be able to slide from the top of Kilauea to the seaside, (and so I should think it, for it is some twenty miles!) and it was one of Pele's greatest pleasures to join in such a race, and to win it over all her mortal competitors.

On Oahu lived Umikula, the swiftest among the men of his island in the papaha races; and he had often beaten the men of Hawaii also, although they had better opportunities for practicing the game, and making themselves perfect in it, as they had more mountains on which to practice, and longer slides down which to go with the speed of the wind. But even with all their advantages the men of Hawaii had a struggle to keep in front when Umikula of Oahu came to add another laurel, or rather maile leaf, to the crown of victor which he wore so proudly.

One day he started for Hawaii, accompanied by his beautiful young wife, Lahula, and followed by several canoes, in which were crowded numbers of his young friends of both sexes. In olden days it was not necessary for the Hawaiian to labor for his bread. Kind mother nature provided for him a bountiful supply of the taro on shore and the sea gave of her fish in unstinted measure, so that he was well supplied with poi and fish, the two great articles of food for the Hawaiian even to this day.

Because of this abundance of food ready to his hand he had many hours to spend in pastime, and often great companies would leave one island and spend weeks and even months visiting around among the others of the group.

It was on such an expedition that Umikula was starting on the pleasant morning mentioned above. He had just finished a new papaha on which he hoped to be able to win any race in which he might enter, and for this reason he was going to Hawaii. His wife and the young men and maidens of his immediate family were as sure of his success as himself, and all were going with him to see him defeat the swift men of Hawaii.

One pleasant morning they landed on Hawaii, near the foot of the slope down which the papaha racers were wont to sweep on their swift sleds. It was some twenty miles from the shore to the top of the mountain. This mountain was Kilauea, in whose crater was the favorite home of great Pele.

The merry party landed, and after resting and eating of the food which they had brought with them they started up the mountain. There was a great crowd of young people there already, and soon many more were seen on the road leading from the different villages to the top of the mountain.

On this mountain were two slides where the races took place. The easier was from the top to a place some seven miles lower, and this was where it was supposed the races would be today. The other track was from a point some two miles below the end of the first track, and ended at the beach. The ground between the lower end of the upper track and the upper end of the lower track was rough and broken. No one had ever tried to pass over it on the slender papaha. Rocks and broken lava strewed the ground, leaving hardly a footpath through.

On reaching the summit Umikula found that the best men of Hawaii were to be pitted against him; but little he cared for that. He felt confident of victory.

All arrangements were made for the races, which were to begin the next day and were to continue so long as any one came forward to challenge the winner of the races already won. This was fair and satisfactory to all parties, and soon all gathered around a great fire to eat and drink, sing and dance, laugh and talk, the hours away till morning should come again.

All around them were the fragrant fern trees, lighted up by the thousands of brilliant flowers of the tropical forest, and made musical by the songs of the bright birds, which darted like flames through the fresh green of the trees above their heads. The vines crept lovingly around the trunks of the trees and wandered above the rough surface of the old lava, which in its fiery course had swept away all life and vegetation years ago. But who would ever have thought of that now, seeing what a wealth of verdant beauty clothed the hillsides? In this favored land nature soon covers away from view the scars of the wounds that in her anger she has inflicted.

All the rest of the day and through the hours of the calm night the merry crowd feasted and enjoyed the gifts that had been so bountifully showered upon them. Now and then one would withdraw for a time from the noisy crowd, and throwing himself or herself upon the mossy ground would sleep for a time, and then awaken to return to the fireside for another round of pleasure.

Morning broke, and the merry crew hastened to prepare all things for the race, which was to take place immediately after sunrise. The finest of the Hawaiian racers was to try against the visitor.

He came forward, a tall, clean-limbed youth, straight as a dart, with a form like burnished bronze, through which every muscle showed like cord beneath the skin. He had never been pitted against Umikula before, but he was champion of his own island, and felt confident of winning this race. He stood poised on one foot with his polished sled resting lightly against his side. He looked like a young god, and if he won this race his people would almost worship him as one.

Umikula stood forward and all eyes were turned upon him, friends with pride, opponents with curiosity. As tall as his opponent, he was slightly heavier. He was older, but only by a few years, and his form did not show the slender suppleness which marked that of Kawili; his face was bright and his smile sweet, but his friends knew what the little furrow between his eyes meant. He saw the strength against which he must strive, and was girding himself for the conflict.

Now the word is given, and as with one motion both sinewy forms are hurled forward, carrying the slight sled forward for many feet with the impetus of that first thrust. Downward they rushed like lightning, the crowds behind them holding their breath in anxious watching for the end. Down and still down they rushed, swift as the wind, first one and then the other gaining a slight advantage as they swerved from side to side of the slippery track. Now the path runs for rods beside the steep mountain side, which towers above them grim and gray in its silent majesty; now they skirt along the edge of a precipice, which falls sheer and deadly beside them. One false movement and one of them would be cast from the track to be hurled a thousand feet to the bottom of the cliff, where the women would gather around his mangled body with wild wails of sorrow, telling of the deeds that he had done while living, and of the death that had so suddenly ended all for him.

But both were skillful, and the dangerous place was left behind. The race is half done now; this rock is the half way mark, and he who passes it first seems likely to win the race. Both strained every nerve to gain here, but in vain. When they passed by, the youths who had run to the rock earlier in the morning to see the racers pass could scarcely tell which was ahead, for both were equal in the race. Not an inch divided them. The race was still to be won, and the excitement grew higher and higher as the sentinels signaled to those at the top that there was no distance between the two men.

Half way from the rock to the end, and still the racers were equal; but now it was evident that Kawili was feeling the strain. He had been used to win before he reached the half way stone and now the nervous strain was getting too much for him. He panted and the veins upon his forehead stood out like ropes, while his eyes were strained and bloodshot. From his lips a light bloody froth flew and he began to fall behind. Only a little, but still it was behind. Another effort and he regained the lost ground, but that effort was his last. His head fell lower, his sled slowly turned from the path, and the game was lost. Umikula won it, but by barely a sled length. Kawili had given him the hardest race he had ever made.

The friends of Kawili gathered around him, and he was soon restored to himself. He was a generous foeman, and cherished no revengeful feelings toward the man who had defeated him.

This ended the racing for the day. It is too hard work for a man to try more than one race the same day, so it is usual to have the race gotten over early in the morning before it begins to be very hot, and then all hands rest in the middle of the day.

The next morning Umikula arose, and after his bath in the clear water of a spring, which was fed by an underground stream, he went up to the top of the mountain, to the place where the racers always started if they intended racing on the upper track.

A great crowd of people were already assembled here, and to them Umikula proclaimed his victory of the previous day, and challenged any competitor who wished to try issues with him to come forward; if none appeared, he claimed the honor of champion of the islands.

The Hawaiians stood about in silence. They were not too well pleased at the thought that a man from Oahu was able to come and beat them at their own game, and on their own ground. There was no help for it, however, for no one felt like trying to conquer the man who had defeated Kawili.

Umikula was on the point of claiming his title of champion, when suddenly a girl stood among them. From whence she came or how she got to the place where she stood none could tell. There she was, and she raised her hand for silence, while in a clear voice she called:—

"I have heard thy words, O Umikula, and while I wish not to be called champion of Hawaii Nei, still can I defeat thee in fair race. Give me my choice of papahas, and on the morrow will I show thee how to ride the fleet sled to victory."

As Umikula looked in surprise at her it suddenly occurred to him that it was Pele. She was disguised, and none else could recognize her, but he knew that no other could speak as she did.

For many days he had not seen her. She had followed him for months, and pressed him to return her love which she lavished upon him, but in vain. He was but newly wedded to Lahula, the fairest girl on his native Oahu, and he cared nothing for any other; and then he knew how capricious was Pele in her love. She would choose one among the men of his race and for a time, sometimes long, oftener short, would lavish upon him caresses and gifts, but soon, weary of one lover, she would turn from him and seek another. Well for the discarded one if she did not destroy him when tired of him.

Umikula had been followed by her for months, but at last she seemed tired of beating against the rock of his determination and had left him in peace. But now she was here again, and no one else seemed to have recognized her. Love may have keen eyes for the loved one, but hate has keener, and will recognize the hated one through a disguise that would mislead even a mother. He knew that Pele must hope that in defeating him she would serve her own purpose, but just what that purpose was he could not imagine.

But he must accept the challenge she made or else allow it to be said that he, the best papaha racer in the kingdom, was afraid to race with a woman. This would be worse than death to his proud spirit, and so he quietly accepted the challenge.

Another day of feasting and rejoicing, and then came the morning of the day in which he greatly feared he was to fight against more than mortal power. If he strove against the power of the gods what chance was there for him to win?

All day he remained aside with Lahula. He at first wished to keep the cause of his trouble from his loving wife, but she won it from him at last. He confessed that he feared that Pele had some secret reason for asking him to make this trial of skill with her, and that he would suffer more than defeat at her hands if he could not find some way in which to bring craft to bear against craft.

When morning came, Umikula stood again on the hilltop and Pele came forward and stood among the crowd. She asked for silence while the terms of the race were settled upon, and the curious crowd stood waiting for her to speak. Tall and slim as a young tree she stood. Her jetty locks were flung behind her head and reached far below her knee, almost trailing upon the ground. Her dusky cheek was flushed and her eyes were bright with the thought of the scheme which she was ready to propound.

"Listen, O Hawaiians. I wish to give the terms upon which I will race with this man from Oahu. The race shall be either to the end of the upper course, or if either of us wishes when that point is reached, it shall continue on to the sea-shore. The victor shall be the one who first reaches the end. I, if I win, do not care to be called champion. It would be but a barren honor for me, a woman; but I ask that the winner shall have power over the loser, and may demand what he or she will. The loser is to obey any order given by the winner. Wilt thou grant this, O mighty Umikula, who dost wish to be called champion of all these fair islands? Or does thy heart fail thee? Perhaps thou wouldst rather take thy swift canoe and seek thy home on distant Oahu. If so, go, and no more come here to boast of thy prowess, when I, a woman, can cause thee to draw back in fear of defeat."

These taunting words were heard in silence by the assembly. All wondered at the tone of the strange woman; only Umikula and his friends knew who the speaker was.

They knew that she had taken this taunting tone in order to force Umikula, who she knew had recognized her, to race with her, and they knew that she had some scheme by which she felt sure of winning the race.

It was soon seen that this scheme must be in making the race from the top of the mountain to the bottom. This would make at least twenty miles, and a part of the distance it was impossible for them to pass on the papaha. This was the way in which Pele evidently hoped to win. She would end the race at the foot of the first track if she was leading at that point; if not, she would insist upon the lower course being added, and hoped that the difficult passage over the two miles between the courses would so exhaust Umikula that he would be unable to do his best on the lower course.

But this very scheme Lahula had foreseen and was even now busy providing against. She had left her husband at the first faint light of dawn, and with her whole crowd of maidens and youths had gone down the mountain side. No one wondered at this, for it was often done. Friends wishing to see the end of the race, often went below to meet the victor instead of stopping above to see him start.

Umikula stood in thought a few moments after Pele had ceased speaking, then he stood forward and said:—

"I accept thy terms, O goddess,—for well I know thee, although thy state and pomp are left behind. I will nevertheless race with thee, and the winner shall have leave to lay his commands upon the loser, and shall be obeyed. I call upon all here to bear witness to this, and to the agreement that each shall run the race as seemeth best at the time."

"We bear witness, we bear true witness," called the crowd, who stood astonished at the words of Umikula. None had suspected the goddess in the stately maiden who had come among them, but now they saw her and felt that Umikula was lost.

He alone seemed to see a chance. He stood tall and stately among them, no sign of trouble upon his brow, a smile just parting his lips. He stood looking intently down the mountain side, and as the last words were spoken his keen eye caught sight of a little column of smoke that rose slowly from the thick forest beside the race course. This little sign told him that his faithful wife had succeeded in her task, and was now awaiting his coming.

Straightening up his tall form he asked, "Is the great Pele ready for the race?"

It did not suit Pele that he should be so ready to accede to her demands. She feared that he might be better prepared for the task than she had believed, and might have some plan ready by which he hoped to get the best of her in the coming race.

There was no help for it however; as she had been the one to give the challenge to this especial race she could not ask to have any changes made at this late hour, but must go through with it the best she could.

"I am ready, O Umikula; and I will now tell thee the command that I shall lay upon thee when at the end of the race I am held as victor. I command thee to put aside the woman whom thou hast taken as wife and that thou shalt come with me where I shall bid thee. This is the command that I shall lay upon thee at the end of the race."

"Haste not, great goddess, to claim an unrun race. I may be the victor. If so, what wilt thou have to say as to the charge that I shall lay upon thee?"

"Boast not, Umikula. Never yet has Pele been defeated by mortal. Think not that thou wilt be able to do the deed none other has ever been able to do. The game is mine now, as surely as it will be in an hour hence. Send then thy fleet-footed brother to tell the brown girl for whom thou hast spurned me and my love, that she may be far away before I slay her, as I shall if she dare look twice at thee when thou art mine, won by my skill and power in the race."

Umikula clenched his hands and bit his lip at these words, but he knew that Pele was striving to make him lose courage and strength by taunting him thus, and he would not allow her to see how much her words affected him.

The sun was just rising and the first beams were shining behind them. In another hour the race would be over, and he would be either free forever from the power of the angry goddess, or else he would be her helpless slave, and worse yet, his loved Lahula would also be at her mercy. This thought gave him added strength, and he made the last few arrangements and stood ready, waiting for the word of the starter.

Pele also stood waiting, and as the word was given both sprang forward as if moved by one spring. Prone upon the slender boards they threw themselves, and the race was on.

Side by side they flew down the steep mountain. Neither gained an inch for the first half of the distance. When the half way stone was reached both boards were still even. To one standing beside the path it was as if the two forms were upon one papaha. Not a line's breadth to the advantage of either could be discerned.

Still on and on; now they were nearly at the end of the upper course, and still the race was undecided. Now they reached the end, and still it was an even race. Neither showed any sign of stopping. The momentum of the papahas gave them power to run a little way over the rough middle ground, but soon this momentum was gone, and slower and slower the sleds ran. Umikula did not mean to lose any time waiting for the sled to stop and he sprang up and seized his slender board in his arms and sped forward over the rough lava-strewn ground toward the lower slide.

Pele was a moment behind him, but she was lighter and swifter upon her feet and soon overtook him. Side by side they ran, and each flung the sled to the ground at the lower slide in the same instant.

Now it was life or death, for if Pele won, Umikula had determined to end his life rather than to leave his wife for the arms of the fickle Pele.

Still the race was an even one. Neither had the slightest advantage. The only hope for Umikula was that Lahula had succeeded in her attempt to defeat by guile the one whose power made it impossible to win by other means. A third of the distance was passed and still the two were moving side by side with no perceptible difference. But now one or the other must forge ahead. They would soon reach a place where it was impossible for them to pass side by side.

The path divided at an immense

rock before them. One side of the rock was a narrow path, which seemed to skirt the edge of the precipice, where a movement to one side would be certain death. This path had been called impassable for the racers. The main path was also too narrow for two sleds to glide along side by side. One or the other must fall behind and follow the other. This main path was much longer than the direct path that passed between the rock and the precipice. Could one take this inner path he would gain many rods, but it was never thought of. No one could hope to pass over its length, for there are sharp turns in its course, where the slightest swerve meant certain death upon the rocks, thousands of feet below.

As they reached this point Pele gathered all her force and swept ahead of Umikula. She shouted with joy as she passed, for seemingly this decided the contest. They had been evenly matched all the way from the top of the mountain, and the one who lost the advantage here seemed to have lost the race.

She flew over the track, but Umikula had no idea of falling behind. He turned into the narrow path behind the rock. Death was preferable to defeat at the hands of the ruthless Pele, and this was his only hope. If he could pass safely through this narrow strip he would gain the lower end of the course some feet before Pele could reach it, and in so reaching it was his only hope. The plan Lahula had resolved upon to aid him required that he pass a certain point a little distance ahead of Pele. If he could do this then the race was his.

And he did it. He flew straight as an arrow through the narrow pass, and gained the straight course a little ahead of his competitor. Pele had supposed that he was following her, hidden by the turns in the path, and was thunderstruck when she saw him dart out of what seemed from her point of view, the solid cliff far ahead of her.

The race was nearly ended now, but Pele called to her aid for the first time her supernatural powers, and was gaining upon Umikula.

From the place where the two paths joined, the way was straight to the coast. Half way from that point was a stretch of ground where it was impossible to turn from the path, as the ground was covered by blocks of lava and by broken rocks for many rods. Beside this place stood Lahula and her companions. There were two lines of them standing, one each side of the path. Each maiden poised upon her head a calabash. The long lines stood motionless as the racers swept down toward them. One more effort, O Umikula, and thy faithful wife will aid thee and the race is thine.

The effort was made. He glided over the path scarce a rod before his enemy,— but that was distance enough. As he passed he hears the voice of his Lahula.

"Courage, courage! The race is thine. I am here, and will give it to thee. Pele shall lose the race, and losing it shall lose all power over thee."

As the words rang out Lahula raised her hand. As if the motion had given life to the statue-like figures the two lines on each side bowed forward with raised arms and each threw from her the contents of the calabash which she had carried upon her head.

They threw the contents upon the track before the swift-coming Pele, and as she reached the place her sled ran slower and slower. She strove to drive it forward, but though the track was steep and the rock glassy she was unable to make any progress. Slower and slower it moved, till at last she stopped, foiled and beaten by a loving woman. The track was covered inches deep for rods in length by sand, which the friends of Umikula, led by his wife, had cast before the goddess to stop her in her career.

She rose from the slim board, and as

she rose she saw Umikula spring from his sled at the foot of the hill and clasp his wife in his arms. But for her the end would have been different. But for her woman's wit Pele would have conquered and Umikula have been a slave.

Pele was defeated. She must bow to the will of a mortal, and worse yet, must see that mortal stand beside the one whose trick had beaten her and know that he loved her more even than Pele had hoped to make him love her. Sullenly and slowly she went back up the mountain. At the top she stood aside, waiting for the coming of the victor. Whatever he bade her she must do. And it was her own plan. She herself had made this proposition, and she must abide by it.

Umikula followed her up the mountain accompanied by his friends; but Lahula would not seek the top. She feared some treachery at the last, and waited below.

When Umikula reached the plain at the top of the mountain he found the crowd awaiting him. The oldest man of them came forward and greeted him as champion not only of Hawaii but of all the islands.

Pele stood by with clouded face, waiting to see what task the victor would lay upon her.

"Pele, it was thy own plan that the vanquished should yield obedience to the victor. As thou hast said, so it shall be. I have won the race from thee and thou must do whatever I bid thee. Is not this the agreement?"

"It is. I will obey, but beware of my vengeance. I am defeated, but not by thee. I should have won the race had not thy wife tricked me."

"And was not it a trick for thee to strive with thy power against one with only mortal strength? Was the race fair when thou hadst all thy powers as goddess to bring against me, a mere mortal? But enough of this. I have won the race, and thou art to obey whatever I command. Is it so?"

"Speak, and I will obey as I agreed."

"Then, Pele, I bid thee to seek thy own home below the fire depths, and I command thee never again to seek this upper world. For countless years thou hast made the lives of men in these islands a misery hard to be borne, but now I command thee to seek thy own kind, and to keep thyself to thy kind. Never more mayst thou come among us to make trouble for our wives and to take the love of men for a pastime and then cast the broken lives aside when tired of them. Never more shalt thou darken the day by the curse of thy presence. I bid thee go, and never return. The under world is thine. Do as thou wilt with it, but seek no more this fair upper world. This is the command which I lay upon thee, and thou must by thy own agreement obey it."

Pele stood silent. She was caught in her own trap. She herself had said that the vanquished should obey the victor, and she must obey the command that Umikula had given her.

For the last time she looked abroad over the fair islands, which she had loved well. For the last time she stood fair and tall in the light of the sun. Never more could she join in the games and sports of the Hawaiian race. She had loved them much, even while she had been a tyrant over them. But now it was over. She must seek the dark depths of her mountain and must live in its dismal caverns. No more sunlight, no more happy days in the summer air.

But though conquered she was still a goddess and she would yield as a goddess should. She stood for the last time in the light of the fair day. She looked for the last time, and then raising her head haughtily she spoke:—

"I am conquered, and must yield, O Umikula, but beware of the vengeance which I yet may take upon thee and thy crafty wife. I go to return no more. But if I return not I may send thee a message that will crush thy proud spirit and bow thy haughty head in the dust. Thou hast used thy power relentlessly, but beware of my vengeance."

She stood as she spoke upon the edge of the crater, and as she ended she turned for one farewell look at the sweet world, then plunged into the depths of fire that raged far below.

As she vanished from sight the ground beneath their feet shook with the earthquake shock, and the smoke and steam that rose from the crater almost smothered them.

"Fly, fly, for Pele has called her fiery brothers to avenge her, and we shall be destroyed." This was the cry that rose from the thousand throats, and with one accord the throng fled from the mountain top, seeking safety in the valleys below.

Umikula sprang upon his papaha and flew down the mountain side toward the distant coast, where his wife and many of his friends awaited him. As he fled he looked back at the top of the mountain and was stricken with awe at the sight of the fire and smoke that arose from its depths. Pele was indeed avenging herself, and it seemed as if all on the mountain would be destroyed.

Pele had indeed tried to pour vengeance out upon her conquerer, but she again failed because the love of Lahula had been working to save Umikula. Lahula had feared that in some way Pele would try to destroy Umikula when she found that he had her in his power, and this was the reason she had declined going to the top of she mountain after the race. She had instead gone to the beach and had busied herself getting all things ready to leave Hawaii at a moment's notice.

When all was prepared she rested, and sitting on the edge of the canoe, looked up toward the mountain top to see if there was any sign of her lord's coming. To her horror she beheld instead of the peaceful scene of the morning one of dread and horror. From the top of the mountain fire and lava were streaming high into the air; smoke and steam had almost hidden the face of the earth. A stream of fire was swiftly flowing down the track over which the fateful race had taken place.

But where was Umikula? At the thought of the peril to which he must be exposed Lahula felt her heart fail her and she sank almost senseless to the ground. Her companions filled the air with their wails and cries of grief. But suddenly one of them changed from cries of sorrow to shouts of joy. Far up the side of the hill a form appeared swiftly gliding toward them. It was Umikula. He had kept ahead of the fiery torrent and was still safe.

But would he escape? Would he be able to reach the shore before he was overtaken by the stream of liquid fire? And even if he did, would he then be safe? Could they get away from the shore before they were destroyed by the avenging flood? Was it possible?

Had Umikula been alone, had he been left to his own resources, he would have been lost; but he had a faithful wife who was even then working for his salvation. Down the side of the mountain he flew, with the hot breath of the lava surrounding him; but he was not overtaken. He reached the shore just before the first wave of the glowing lava caught his feet. His wife had been ready for hours, and as she saw that his safety depended upon her, she ordered her companions into the canoes, and when Umikula reached the shore all but one of the canoes was out of the reach of the flood of fire. In that Lahula awaited him, and as he sprang into the frail craft she dipped her paddle deep into the water and sent the canoe flying out to sea, far beyond the reach of the stream of lava.

Again had Umikula defeated Pele, and again the defeat was by his wife's love and forethought.

Pele destroyed the villages and buried the valleys under streams of fire and lava that she hurled upon the island in her wrath. Many of the natives that had witnessed her defeat looked their last upon the world on that summer day. She covered the track upon which she had been defeated deep under a stream of ashes and lava, but she did not succeed in destroying the man who had roused her wrath. He escaped in safety, and his children and grandchildren often told the tale I have told you, of Pele's last day in the upper world, and of the love and faithfulness of a woman that had been the cause of her defeat.

I have told you the story as it was told to me under the soft light of the Southern Cross. If you do not believe it, you can yet see the track down which the racers flew on that sunny morning many, many years ago. To be sure it is buried now under deep rivers of lava, and the narrow cut by which Umikula won the distance needed to enable Lahula to aid him, is filled with the dark flood, but you can trace the course of the race. You may think that the distance is too great from top to foot of the mountain for the racers to slide down and then climb up in the same morning, but I have nothing to do with that. Perhaps the mountain has grown tall in all the years that have passed since. At any rate it is a certainty that Pele has never appeared upon earth since that day, and it is also certain that the ground is covered with a flow of lava which *looks* as if some one had tried to overtake another with it in order to bury the overtaken one beneath its flood.

If you still are doubtful, go down to Hawaii and get some old Hawaiian to repeat the tale to you, while you sit looking at the lava flood and trying to see the forms of the brave Umikula and his loving Lahula moving before you. If you still doubt the truth of this tale, then I shall know that you are one of the descendants of Thomas, and shall tell my next tale to some more trusting hearer.

Mabel H. Closson.

RECENT VERSE. III.

THE Indian legend furnishes an unfailing theme for the American poet. One of the latest ventures in this line is *Winona, a Dakota Legend*,[1] by Captain E. L. Huggins. The author acquired on the ground, in the exigencies of army service, the knowledge of some ways and customs woven into this long descriptive poem. He himself does not take his muse over seriously, and the poem is a well told story with a considerable spice of dramatic interest. There are few lines in it that rise to the higher levels of poetic diction, but there are also few that fall below a creditable standard. Included in the volume are a large number of shorter bits of verse, many of which are of higher value than that from which the book takes its name. Perhaps the best things in the collection are Metempsychosis and Tell Me, Dear Bird, both too long to quote. The following Sonnet on Poesy will give a fair idea of the style:—

Before the human hand a stylus held,
  Ere paypyrus' or parchments' mute appeal
  Sweet songs were sung whose echoes charm us
      still.
From dying lips, undying music welled.

Wedded to strains from chosen souls that swelled,
  Were rescued from oblivion's clammy seal,
  Fantastic legend, laws of common weal,
Heroic deeds in days of hoary eld.

---

[1] Winona. A Dakota Legend. By Captain E. L. Huggins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.: 1890.

Muse of the lyre and harp, till latest day
  Thy voice shall bear along the shores of time,
While kingdoms crumble and while tongues decay,
  The numbers of the ancient bards sublime:
Still thy anointed favorites hold their sway
'Mid falling stars, and gods that pass away.

Descriptive poetry is not the highest field of the art; but when it is well done it excites a warmer admiration than much that appeals more directly to the feelings. It is therefore with a feeling of real pleasure that one lays down *A Handful of Lavender*[1] by Lizette Woodworth Reese.

The author rarely attempts more than the depicting of some passing phase of nature. There is little that is sentimental either in the good or bad sense. The kindliness of a spirit healthy and at peace with itself breathes here and there through the verses, but there is little of the deeper notes of passion and care, or even of gladness.

But the word pictures stand out with a clearness that makes them actual experiences to the reader.

The swallows have not left us yet, praise God!
And bees still hum, and gardens hold the musk
Of white rose and of red; firing the dusk
By the old wall the hollyhocks do nod.
And pinks that send the sweet East down the wind.
And yet, a yellowing leaf shows here and there
Among the boughs, and through the smoky air—
That hints the frost at dawn—the wood looks thinned,
The little half-grown sumachs all as green
As June last week, now in the crackling sedge
Colored like wine, burn to the water's edge.
We feel at times as we had come unseen
Upon the aging Year sitting apart,
Grief in his eyes, some ache within his heart.

The east is yellow as a daffodil.
Three steeples—three stark swarthy arms—are thrust
Up from the town. The gnarlëd poplars thrill
Down the long street in some keen salty gust—
Straight from the sea and all the sailing ships—
Turn white, black, white again, with noises sweet
And swift. Back to the night the last star slips.
High up the air is motionless, a sheet
Of light. The east grows yellower apace,
And trembles: then once more and suddenly
The salt wind blows and in that moment's space
Flame roofs and poplar tops and steeples three;
From out the mist that wraps the river-ways,
The little boats like torches start ablaze.

In such work as this, one enjoys not only the sensation but also the art by which the sensation is brought about. Every word is well chosen, the rhyme is perfect, and the author's knowledge of rhythm and the musical procession of vowels is unusual. There is no great spontaneity in the work, but this is atoned for by a keen intellectuality that is matched on this side of the water only by the work of Edith M. Thomas.

The difference in method between this book and that entitled *The Perfume Holder*[2] is as wide as can well be imagined. The author of the latter book has neither the intellectual insight nor the poetic feeling to hold the attention by his descriptions. The poem is a story in verse, prettily told. It is not poetry in the sense that one ordinarily thinks of it, and often there are lines that bring a smile through their business-like practicality and bold presentation of facts. The story is of a Persian brass worker, who spends his noon hours working at a perfume holder for the lady he loves, his only memento of her being a bit of brass, which she has twisted round his finger like a ring. This circlet has cut into his finger, and with questionable taste the author makes much of the incident, dwelling on the condition of the wound with the same gusto and avidity of detail with which Mark Twain invests Tom Sawyer when exhibiting his sore foot.

When the gift is completed Selim carries it to its destination only to find that his lady love has been married to another by command of the Shah. Then comes in the oriental doctrine of fatalism, the rest of the tale being taken up by the working out of the idea that Selim's love attained its object and was not lost, in that — though he suffered reverses and death—both the perfume holder and the bone of his finger with the brass circlet on it are brought at last to his lady love; and she knows of his constancy and is happy; which ending is dramatic and fairly pleasant for the lady, but not entirely satisfying to Selim,— at least from a Western standpoint.

---

[1] A Handful of Lavender. By Lizette Woodworth Reese. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1891.

[2] The Perfume Holder. By Craven Langstroth Betts. Saalfield & Fitch: New York: 1891.

If proof were needed, however, that poetry may tell a story without degenerating into mere verse, it could be furnished by Helen Gray Cone's *The Ride to the Lady*[1] or in the same collection the poem entitled "The House of Hate."

Both of these poems have a strength of underlying purpose, a virility of dramatic interest, and an honesty and straightforwardness of diction, that mark them as high grade work. The whole volume, however, is even and shows the work of a trained hand. Altogether it is one of the strongest books of the year. There is a grave, underlying seriousness that echoes through even the lightest moods. Not that the tone is melancholy, — on the contrary it is healthy and sane,— but it is the serious things of life that Miss Cone has found to her hand in writing. In description her touch is often apt: —

I had remembrance of a summer morn,
When all the glistening field was softly stirred,
And like a child in happy sleep I heard
The low and healthful breathing of the corn.

But in this as in other things it is always an impression gained by breathing into nature some human impulse that affects her. She is seldom purely objective. Of the entirely subjective work the following will serve as well as any for an example:—

He loved her; having felt his love begin
With that first look,— as lover oft avers.
He made pale flowers his pleading ministers,
Impressed sweet music, drew the spring time in
To serve his suit; but when he could not win,
Forgot her face and those gray eyes of hers;
And at her name his pulse no longer stirs,
And life goes on as though she had not been.

She never loved him; but she loved Love so,
So reverenced Love, that all her being shook
At his demand whose entrance she denied.
Her thoughts of him such tender color took
As western skies that keep the afterglow;
The words he spoke were with her till she died.

It is not so long since another volume of poems by Arlo Bates[2] was first put upon the market that the present rather bulky volume will escape the criticism of wonder at the author's rapidity of production. There is a more serious tone to the poems it contains than appeared in his earlier work. But this is a gain, for there is still the same airy lightness and tunefulness in the lyrics that was so marked a feature there. They are charming in their melody and unaffected simplicity. For instance:—

I doff my hat to the robin,
  And I fling a kiss to the wren,
The thrush's song sets my heart throbbing,
  For it makes me a child again;
But when you wing your airy flight,
  My soul springs up to follow
I would be with you an I might,
  For I love you, love you, swallow.

Your flight is a song that lifts me
  A moment to upper air;
That with strangest power gifts me
  To buoyantly watch you there,
How high soe'er your course may run,
  My eager thought doth follow,
Together we might reach the sun,
  For I love you, love you, swallow.

Or again, this voice of spring:—

"Wake, robin! Wake, robin!" the trilliums call,
  Though never a word they say;
"Wake, robin! Wake, robin!" while bud sheaths
    fall
  And violets greet the day.

    The soft winds bring the spring again,
      The days of snow are done;

---

[1] The Ride to the Lady. By Helen Gray Cone. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1891.

[2] The Poet and His Self. By Arlo Bates. Boston: Roberts Bros.: 1891.

The stir of life 's in every vein,
And warmly shines the sun.

The trillium stars are white as milk,
They beckon as they swing;
The trillium's leaves are soft as silk,
They make the robins sing.

Soon all the hill and all the dale
Shall once again be gay;
When trilliums from the tree-set vale
Open their cups today.

"Wake, robin! Wake, robin!" the trilliums cry,
Though never a sound they make;
"Wake, robin! Wake, robin!" till wings whir by,
And robins sing for their sake.

In the poems dealing with deeper moods there is less that is remarkable. The work has always the touch of sincerity, and even in the more involved forms of versification, which seem to have attraction for the author, there is little attitudinizing or straining after effect.

RECENT FICTION.

ONE of the best stories of the year is Mary Hartwell Catherwood's *The Lady of Fort St. John*[1]. In her preface the author writes, "How can we care for shadows and types, when we may go back through history and live again with people who actually lived." That is what Miss Catherwood makes us do. The scene of her story is laid in Acadia in the reign of Louis XIII, "Acadia before it was diked by home-making Norman peasants, or watered by their parting tears."

Let those who think the history of this continent contains no romance read this story of Marie de la Tour. It is the story of a woman of gentle birth and breeding transplanted to the almost unbroken wilderness of the new world at a time when her husband's fortunes were waning. He aspired to be Governor of Acadia; but being Protestant he had no influence at the court of Louis XIII, who favored his rival and enemy, D'Aubray de Charnissay. In his struggles to maintain his position and save his inheritance, Charles de la Tour was aided by his noble wife, who in his absence took command of the garrison at Port St. John. She had once before succeeded in repulsing the formidable De Charnissay.

The heroic courage with which she met the heart-sickening perils of her position is contrasted with the perfidy and unbridled cruelty of De Charnissay. The tragedy that followed is but the natural consequence of forces that were at work on the new continent as well as in Europe. Such women as Marie de la Tour are incapable of understanding or imagining the intrigues, the heartless "bending to necessity," that ruled the man who then sat on the throne of France, and as Miss Catherwood says, "continually and cruelly hampered that great race who first trod down the wilderness on this continent." Her fate was the penalty paid in those days for a belief in human honesty and the military honor of an enemy.

The somber tone of the book is relieved by the author's love of the beautiful and her apt descriptions. Antonia Brouch, Marie's friend, is said to be "as perfect as a slim and blue-eyed stalk of flax." The wooing of this same Antonia, the reminiscences of Madame de La Tour, the elder, and the antics of Marie's dwarf, Le Rossignol, are also a welcome relief.

This present volume is more finished

---

[1] The Lady of Fort St. John. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1891.

and in better proportion than "The Romance of Dollard" or "The Story of Tonti." If Miss Catherwood can bear the test of success, and not be hurried into publishing too fast, she ought to give us a number of interesting stories; for the field she has discovered is a rich one, and she has triumphantly disproved the theory that historical novels are dry and their characters unreal.

Also in the field of American history is *Betty Alden*,[1] the latest of Miss Austin's stories of Puritan life. It is a continuation of the Plymouth narrative begun in "Standish of Standish," and deals more with the Standish family than with the Aldens. Miss Austin has studied so deeply into the period of which she writes that her work has a consistency and seemingly veritable antique flavor. If she has not given an exact picture of the Plymouth colony it cannot be done.

It is a rich field as it lies in Miss Austin's mind, with no lack of romance and the higher qualities to temper the stern realities of the pioneer life. People sometimes speak of American history as comparatively uninteresting, not to say stupid; but they are not people that have made any study of that history close enough to make their opinions of value. Miss Catherwood or Miss Austin would have little patience, we fancy, with anybody who made such a remark in their hearing, for they find it absorbingly interesting and picturesque, and make their readers see it so, too.

In her literary work Miss Fanny N. D. Murfree shows but few signs of being Charles Egbert Craddock's sister. Only once in *Felicia*[2] is there a page of mountain landscape painting that might be a view from Broomsedge Cove. For the rest, the book is a study of the unhappy marital relations of a rich and aristocratic young woman and an opera singer. He is a good singer, and his fellow actor expresses the situation thus:

"The man has got a big possibility in his future; and the woman thinks small beer of his future, and don't care a continental for his best possibility; and, God help 'em, they love each other. Now, what are they going to do about it?"

The whole book after the situation is set up is the story of trying to do something about it. The wife, who has been cast off by her family for her choice, is unable to assimilate with the theatrical people. She goes from hotel to hotel as her husband moves about in his engagements, in utter loneliness. He fails to undertand her and the desperate effort she makes to find a possible position wherein she can live her life in the circumstances of the case. There is no blame to be cast on either, unless for loving each other in the first place, and yet the situation is unendurable.

It will be seen that the book is a close and careful study of the introspective sort, not morbid introspection, but an analysis of the mental workings of such a woman as Miss Murfree might conceive herself to be if placed in the conditions of her heroine.

The other characters are well drawn too, and the secrets of the plot are thoroughly kept till the proper time. There is no forecast of the denouement till it comes, and then it is recognized as a natural one. In the matter of plot the only flaw to be picked, and that not quite a fair one, because necessary to the situation, is how so well informed and clever a girl as Felicia, fond of music too, could have failed to recognize Kennett as an opera singer before she did.

Comparison, if it must be made, will not show that Miss Fannie Murfree is so great an acquisition to the world of fiction as her sister, and yet, putting comparisons aside, she fairly wins a welcome in her own right.

---

[1] Betty Alden. By Jane G. Austin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1891.

[2] Felicia. By Fanny N. D. Murfree. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1891.

Marion Crawford usually puts on his work a large degree of artistic finish. He seeks each time a new field for his plot and works it up elaborately in the matter of local color and organic unity. Possibly this fear of repeating himself in even the smallest matters leads him too far afield in his search for new situations and causes him to go farther than is best for himself from the life that his readers know.

Two books of his in hand are striking examples of this and are sufficient in themselves to establish the position. *Khaled*[1] has a hero not even human, but a genie. The story is set in Arabia and the Eastern coloring is not lost for a single paragraph in the book. Thackeray, it has been noted, never quite got back to modern expessions after writing "Henry Esmond" and "The Virginians," and it is hard to see how Mr. Crawford after this book can avoid the use of Orientalisms. Khaled, the genie, is offered a soul if he can win the love of the princess, his fated wife, and his attempts to do so are the theme of the story,

The feminine heart and the approaches to it,—ambition, admiration, gratitude, respect, sympathy, pity, and the rest,—are quite a large theme even for Mr. Crawford, but he handles it in a way that will satisfy his readers masculine, and possibly, feminine also.

The other book by Mr. Crawford is *The Witch of Prague*,[2] a story of modern hypnotism, in a surrounding that seems anything but modern to American readers, though belief in the author gives a faith that Prague must be such a mediæval and ghostlike city as it is pictured. In the opening chapter where the wanderer is shown traversing the dim streets in vain search of the woman he loves, there is a nightmare-like power and fascination that is worthy prelude to the queer things that are to follow. In *The Witch of Prague* the hypnotic story has been written, the material has been used to its full value.

In *Main-Travelled Roads*[3] the Man with a Hoe theme is translated into terms of American life. The severity, cheerlessness, and repulsiveness, of farm labor is made prominent, the farmer is shown as rendered surly, brooding, and subject to violent outbursts of temper, by his hard environment. This is not the conventional pastoral picture and we must believe not the true picture, though perhaps nearer to truth than is Arcadian rosiness. It is true that barnyards are muddy and unpleasant to walk in, that men sweat at their work, that they cannot combine hard physical toil with polish of mind and courtliness of manner. And yet the value of these things in literature, except as a passing fad, may be doubted, and surely when made the prevailing tint they fail of being more than "the lie that is part of a truth." But Mr. Garland would doubtless disclaim any intention of showing the whole truth in his stories, and put them forward only as dashes of shadow to modify the general picture of rural life in literature. In any event they are strong stories, which inevitably impress the reader.

The Speculator[4] is a powerful but somber picture of the self-made Wall Street king, of whom there have been but too many examples before the public gaze. Samuel Chester is not a bad man, but he is a man that has allowed his ambitions to control his life so that they destroy his happiness and that of his dear ones, and finally his life also. It is a pathetic and natural touch that makes the ruined man, with broken brain and fortune, able to harbor but the one idea of going back to the little village where he was once happy. This part of the book is a striking study of a diseased brain, its lapses, its flashes of vigor, and its final sudden collapse.

---

[1] Khaled. By Marion Crawford. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

[2] The Witch of Prague. *Ibid.*

[3] Main-Travelled Roads. By Hamlin Garland. Arena Publishing Co. Boston: 1891.

[4] The Speculator. By Clinton Ross. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

In the series of stories in which Mr. Hale has commended his sunny and practical Christianity to the world, comes *Four and Five*,[1] a story of a boys' club out camping. Even in the woods they find ways of lending a hand where it does the most good, and find in such helpfulness the delight that it always brings. In Mr. Hale's books the moral purpose is the prominent thing, and in so far the literary quality often suffers, but he never fails to hold his readers nevertheless, and hold them to good purpose too.

In her preface the author of *The Heroine of '49*,[2] says that her object in writing the book was that some record of the experience of the first settlers on this Coast might be preserved. "The work is undertaken," she says, "with the hope that possibly its very errors, blunders, and incompleteness, may be the means of inspiring some one to write a more perfect and complete account of this period."

Such an announcement at the start disarms criticism. Mrs. Sawtelle has given us a sufficiently striking account of the pleasures and hardships, (chiefly the hardships,) of those days to make us agree with her that it was an era of sufficient importance and interest to posterity to deserve a chronicler. Whatever the faults of her book, we feel that she writes with the fervor of an eye-witness. The scenes she describes she may well have taken part in. The encounters with the Indians are especially real.

The book has another object, which evidently lies nearer the author's heart than the presentation of a record of pioneer times on this Coast. The title "The Heroine of '49" is misleading. Californians associate that date with the influx of gold seekers to this State. The scene of Mrs. Sawtelle's story is Oregon. Its plot is suggested by the early land laws of that section. These were framed with extreme liberality, giving every married man a claim to six hundred and forty acres, or a section one mile square; but requiring one half of the grant to be entered in his wife's name. No single man could hold more than three hundred and twenty acres.

The result of this provision, which was framed with the object of protecting women, was in some cases most disastrous. Every man that had not a wife already set about finding one immediately. Women were scarce, and children of only fourteen, sometimes even eleven, years were married to men twice their own age.

Mrs. Sawtelle's heroine was married at fourteen to a man so lost to all the better instincts of humanity that it seems incredible that her friends should have been so mistaken in him. The story of her life, in which the brutal abuse of a selfish husband is added to the ordinary hardships of pioneer life, is not pleasant reading. The author might have done better to spare us some of the horrors with which her book is filled, and give to posterity a better example of those noble men referred to in her dedication.

---

[1] Four and Five. By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1891.

[2] The Heroine of '49. By Mary P. Sawtelle. San Francisco: Published by the author. 1891.

ETC.

Some months ago mention was made in the papers of the intended formation of a society of old soldiers to protest against present pension laws and methods. Nothing more was heard of it for a time, but we have now received its announcements and circulars. It is to be called the "Society of Loyal Volunteers." Its motto is, "*We refuse the use of our honorable records to those who enlisted for pay and now demand pensions for duty done.*" Their first specific purpose is to obtain amendments to the pension laws such that no one without an honorable war record, and no one capable now of supporting himself, shall receive a pension. "The weakness of every company, regiment, battalion, and division was in the shirks, cowards, and vice-destroyed men who encumbered its muster rolls, devoured its subsistence, and crowded honest but disabled men out of its hospitals. Such men do not hesitate today to live on the generous gratitude of the people through payments made on pensions obtained by fraud or at the expense of honor." "We demand that the pension legislation of the past and the future shall be so revised that the *honor*, as well as the necessities of the soldiers and sailors . . . . shall be fully recognized and jealously guarded. *To him that has no need let no mercenary stain come.*"

The second specific purpose of the society is to provide a means by which the claims of deserving veterans may be pushed without expense, through the services of an association that shall have no money interest in increasing the amount of pensions, and shall have an honorable interest in preventing fraud, for the good name of the old soldiers as a body. "The Pension Office," says their circular, "is now issuing certificates at the rate of 30,000 per month. The law allows pension attorneys to collect $10 for each claim they can obtain. In this way the government is hiring men to do all they can to increase taxation . . . . The expense of taxpayers for pension payments is being increased by $3,959,700 per month, or $47,516,400 per annum. For their work in getting claims to create this enormous burden, pension attorneys are authorized to take $3,600,000 per year out of the money appropriated for pensions. The amount actually paid them last year was $2,769,200.70."

The Loyal Volunteers propose as a first step to make "a canvass to ascertain how many soldiers of good record are rightly represented by this disgraceful looting of the treasury of the nation they fought to defend." They will surrender their own pensions in many cases; in others they have refused to take pensions. The organizers and officers give their services; but for the prosecution of their canvass they must needs appeal to the public for funds. Harrison Dingman is the treasurer and George A. Priest the secretary of the Society, both to be addressed at Washington, D. C. The success or failure of their movement will afford important data as to American character.

To Lydia — with Spring Flowers.

Diffugere nives . . .
Hor. Carm. IV, 7.

Snows are fled and seeds awake
From their brumal sleeping;
Shyly, by the brimming lake,
Soft green leaves are peeping.

Lydia of the golden hair
Sees her eyes reflected
In each bank of greenery where
Violets shrink, dejected.

Through the days of frost and ice
Dian were more tender,—
To each offered armistice
Answering, "No surrender."

Softer blow the breezes now,
Now a bird is singing:
On the waving willow bough
See — a nest is swinging.

Can her heart no lesson learn
From the voice of spring-time?
Can she not (with me) discern
Here at last — her ring-time?

Frank Huntoon.

Music.

The voice of the siren that soothes me to sleep;
The words of the spirit that wakes me to weep;
The tongue of my courage, the voice of my prayer
All beauty and passion set free in the air.

Lillian H. Shuey.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Briefer Notice.

THE Putnams continue to prospect successfully in their lead of Knickerbocker Nuggets for a length of time that is not common in pocket mining. Yet the territory they cover in their search is a broad and rich one, so we may expect to see the work go on indefinitely. The latest finds are: *Chansons Populaires de France*,[1] a good collection of French ballads, very attractive most of them, with the rat-a-plan movement of the military songs or the airy swing of the French love catches. Surely the men that made these songs have been potent rulers of the French spirit. Kinglake's *Eothen*[2] is another Nugget, charming with its humor and lightheartedness. Seldom has a book of travel, even in the picturesque Orient, been so good as this. He is so thoroughly English too,— full of fine thoughts and delicate fancies, yet he would, had not even his camel protested, have passed by without a word another Englishman whom he met face to face in the middle of a long desert journey. Both of them realized the absurdity of the thing, and yet neither was ready to make the advance. It is a point that has been made by Thackeray and others, but never more delightfully than by Kinglake.

In *Excursions in Art and Letters*[3] Mr. Story treats in his usual acute and scholarly way of a variety of congenial themes. Michael Angelo rouses him to eloquence; the questions whether or no Phidias made the Elgin marbles and whether the ancients understood how to cast in plaster call forth all his wealth of technical knowledge and classical lore; "A Conversation with Marcus Aurelius" brings out much of his philosophy; and the "Distortions of the English Stage as instanced in Macbeth" wake his wrath. The last essay is an argument against the Mrs. Siddons type of Lady Macbeth, the dark, tragic mover to crime. This type has long been challenged on the American stage and in American schools, even while Hamlet still went with locks as inky as his cloak. The lissome, blue-eyed Lady Macbeth in the destroying grasp of her violent lord is better known in America than the flaxen-haired Hamlet, "fat and scant of breath."

The Philosophy of Fiction in Literature[4] is a study of fiction from the standpoint of the psychologist and may be interesting to those that like to view everything from the scientific and dry-as-dust point of view. But some things are greater than the sum of their dissected parts, and Mr. Thompson analyzes the life out of fiction in his efforts to make a scientific study of it. Else how could he have spoken of "such interminable and tedious productions as Eugène Sue's 'Wandering Jew' and Victor Hugo's 'Les Miserables,'" and of the "weariness" they cause? And who cares to know that "Love, therefore, is really, after all said, an exhibition of power, but of introsusceptive, assimilative, constructive power, of transfiguration and transformation; not the triumph of muscular energy nor the putting forth of brute force"? Truly one has "to learn the great language" of the modern philosophy before it is intelligible.

The Bachelors' Club[5] is a book of somewhat forced fun, the story of how the twelve members of the club were successively convinced that all roads lead to romance. It is to be taken in small doses, best, perhaps, read aloud if a small but patient audience can be found.

The Battle of Gettysburg[6] is one of a series of little books on "Decisive Events in American History." The story is not particularly well told here and the maps and notes are aggravating. Nevertheless the tone of the book is notably fair, and the conflict itself is so exciting that a much worse book on the subject would be read with interest.

Hawaii,[7] a small book relating experiences on the Sandwich Islands, presents little of interest to anyone having other sources of information. The punctuation,sentence-structure, and diction,are quite ex'raordinary, by no means conforming to the usual laws of rhetoric.

---

[1] Chansons Populaires de France. Compiled by Thomas Frederick Crane. Knickerbocker Nuggets Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

[2] Eothen. By A. W. Kinglake. *Ibid.*

[3] Excursions in Art and Letters. By William Wetmore Story. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1891.

[4] The Philosophy of Fiction in Literature. By Daniel Greenleaf Thompson. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1890.

[5] The Bachelors' Club. By I. Zangwill. London: Henry & Co. 1891.

[6] The Battle of Gettysburg. By Samuel Adams Drake. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1892.

[7] Hawaii. By Anne M. Prescott. C. A. Murdock & Co.: San Francisco. 1891.

O45
ser. 2
v. 19:111

Books Received.

Garden and Forest. Vol. IV. New York: Garden and Forest Publishing Company. 1891.

The Chinese — Their Present and Future. By Robert Coltman, Jr., M. D. Philadelphia: F. A. Davis Co. 1892.

The Tragic Comedians. By George Meredith. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1892.

Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag. By Caroline Lee Hentz. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1892.

Classical Poems. By Wm. Entriken Baily. Ohio: Robert Clarke & Co.

The Relation of the Kindergarten to the Public School. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

The Log of a Japanese Journey. By Toshio Aoki. Translated by Flora Best Harris. Meadville, Pa.: Flood & Vincent. 1892.

The History of David Grieve. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. New York: McMillan & Co. 1892.

Daily News Almanac for 1892. Chicago Daily News.

Santos's Brother. By Flora Haines Loughead. San Francisco: C. A. Murdock & Co. 1892.