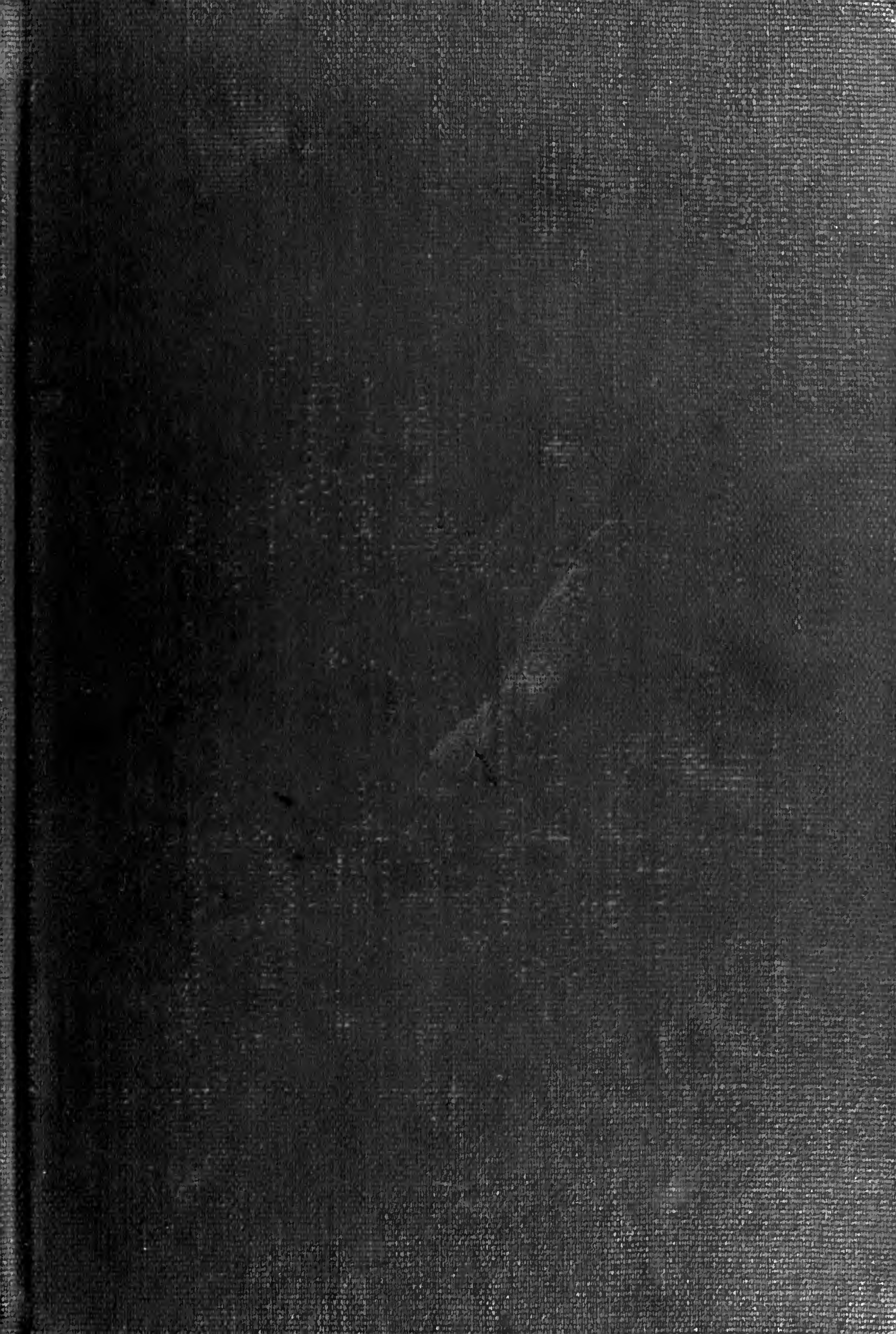

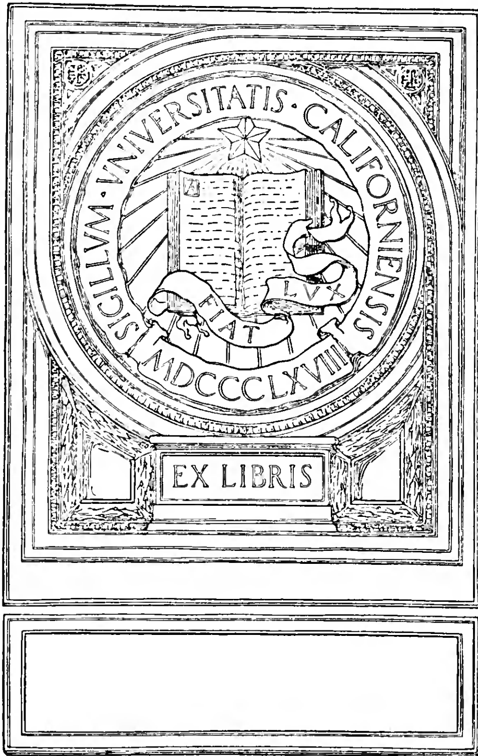
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OVERLAND MONTHLY

VOL. XXV.—SECOND SERIES

EDITED BY
ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN

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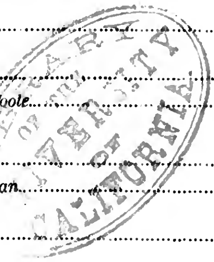
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Overland Monthly

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AS TALKED IN THE SANCTUM.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE wish takes possession of me, and I step into Moore's old book-store for a look around, and a chat with the cheery little man who is responsible for its existence. It is just above the sign of "Zum Rathskeller," up a narrow flight of steps, almost impassible because of a pot pourri of coverless books and dust-stained copies of the OVERLAND; the one I am making now will find its way there I fear,— bargains at 5 cts. to catch the eye, along with the blue and green *Deutchmen* who are condemned to forever quaff beer on the aforementioned sign. There 's something pathetic in the array, for all they so bravely flaunt their loveless old age in the sun and fog of California Street. A dozen things occur to me that I might say, right here, comparisons I might draw, morals I might point; but what I started to say was something entirely different.

Usually I hate to pick up a copy of a well-known author, and find every pat expression or happy thought marked,— a covert insult to anyone who may read. Half of such markings have no more individuality than the Milky Way. The fool that emphasized the good things in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," might as well have drawn his lead pencil from top to bottom of every page and from start to finish. In fact, he did, nearly. I put it down to pure affectation on the quondam owner's part, and make the deduction that his taste or weakness for books had overtaken him in middle life, and that he wished to demonstrate to someone that he knew a good thing when he saw it. I only trust he succeeded. I do not mean to go on record as a railer at markers in books. I remember turning the pages of "Middlemarch," long after my father's death, and reading his thoughts at the time in a dozen faint pencilings about significant passages; and it took no Sherlock Holmes to detect the vocation of the reader of the copy of "Les Miserables" I held in my hand, in some corrections of typographical errors in the letter-press,— w. f.'s, l. c.'s, etc.,— on its margin.

Then possibly I am doubly charitable, as I have a weakness of my own, one I am conscious of,—a mild mania for original editions, rare books, and curiosi-

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ties generally in literature,—and I am proud to confess that I have ruined the books of my inherited library by odd old volumes bound in paper and parchment, lucky if bound at all. I am sure sundry stately works in vellum and calf must be scandalized in being ranged by the side of their indigent brethren. I never, however, attained the proud distinction of actually owning a Mazarine Bible, although I secured original editions of most of the American authors.

This is the history of a deduction that at the time I thought rather clever. I compiled it while Mr. Moore was expatiating on the beauty of a genuine Angelo, to a young fencer who was just learning the difference between a thrust and a parry. The book I found was a not rare copy of Emerson's, "Letters and Social Aims." The name of its once owner was "John Doudet."

John Doudet, I said, is a compound of two nationalities. Doudet is French, John, Saxon. The father or grandfather was, not unlikely, the younger son of some great French house, fled to America, to win a fortune; then return. But he met a fair American, who was dearer to him than his French blood.

John was their son,—eldest, perhaps. The young wife named him "John," after *her* father. Then John was proud,—his name was on several pages of the book,—proud of his French blood and lineage. He had been well educated, was a thinker, else why would he read Emerson so thoroughly? He had read it thoroughly; it was intelligently marked throughout. He was a man of culture and self-control, always self-possessed, for on the 72nd page he had marked:

"The staple figure in novels is the man of aplomb"; then he underlined, "Napoleon is the type of this class in modern history." Then again, "Keep cool, and you command everybody." He was a gentleman in dress and manners. He believed in the outward signs. On page 79 I saw marked, "The sense of being perfectly well-dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquility, religion is powerless to bestow." Again, I see he is not rich, neither is he poor. He philosophizes in the passage, "Every man must seek to secure his independence; but need not be rich." Possibly this is the reason he did not return to France and claim his ancestral rights; his pride held him back.

He is something of a cynic, I discover, by the underlining of "In a large sense, one would say there is no originality. All minds quote." Then again, he has written in a small, elegant chirography under the sentence, "Take as a type the boundless freedom here in Massachusetts." "See the history of witchcraft in this same Massachusetts."

He is neither a braggart nor a fop, I conclude, from the marked passage in the essay on Greatness. "A sensible man does not brag, avoids introducing the names of his creditable companions, omits himself as habitually as another man obtrudes himself in the discourse, and is content with putting fact or theme simply on its ground." I like him all the better for this. I began to feel that I knew him. In my mind's eye I had reconstructed his character as satisfactorily as you might reconstruct a mastodon from one of its hairs. His physical make-up I will not try to lay down, but I should like to know whether John Doudet ever returned to his fathers and claimed his ancestral halls. I did not buy the book. You can find it any day on the third shelf to the left, as you go in. There are so many books in this world that one must think twice before he buys an extra one, especially one who has to read and review five, ten, fifteen, even twenty new ones a month.

This reviewing a new book is a curious thing.

I suppose we review books because we imagine that our readers enjoy reading our opinions of them, and yet I do not believe any one is ever guided in their choice of reading matter by the reviews that we so carefully and ofttimes so laboriously write down. I know I never read a review of a new novel until after I have read the novel, and made up my mind as to its merits and demerits. It is then interesting to compare opinions, or discover side lights on dark passages that I did not think worth exploring.

When "Trilby" came out I realized by the number of reviews that filled all manner and degrees of journals thatit was a book far above the average, but I did not seriously read one of them until after I had read the book and indited my own review. It is a fact worthy of note, when you pause to consider it, that a reviewer never thinks it worth while to call particular attention to a new novel until after it has actually appeared between covers.

"Trilby" saw light in a New York magazine. If I remember correctly, there was an interval between its close as a serial and its reappearance as a bona fide book. I will venture the assertion that the proportion of reviews of it in its first and last form were as 1 to 100. No, the truth of the matter is that we feel that we must review a book that is sent us, simply because it is sent us. There are books whose very publishers realize are hardly worth a serious reading, and who, in order to obtain the dignity of a review, send ready-made reviews with the request that they be copied.

Such books should never be published. I do not recollect ever finding a ready-made review that was condemnatory, neither do I recollect ever finding a ready-made review in a high class book.

The Contributor. "Now that the election is over and the tariff bugbear disposed of, I want to know if this country is going to have time, between now and next election, to straighten out our disgraceful foreign relations?"

The Parson. "Do you refer to the wholesale massacre of the Armenians? If so, I trust our government will make His Turkish Majesty understand that this country protects her subjects and upholds her treaties as jealously in the heart of Armenia as in the streets of Constantinople."

The Contributor. "That is all very well for the text of a missionary sermon, but how can we even expect our flag to be respected in the Eastern Hemisphere, when our childish internal bickerings cause us to neglect the enforcement of our rights and self-assumed prerogatives on the Western?"

The Reader. "The Monroe Doctrine?"

The Contributor. "The same. Is it innocuous or not? It holds that the United States cannot tolerate European encroachment upon the soil of the American Republics."

The Office Boy entered with the "Eastern Mail." There were a dozen postal cards, asking for sample copies, and holding out the never-to-be realized insinuation that—"if the magazine pleases me, I may decide to take it." We advertise to furnish "sample copies" for 10 cents. They cost 15 cents each, but the loss is not great. Where one encloses 10 cents, twenty-five remit their autograph on a postal. Along about Christmas the number of literary beggars treble, and the strange thing about this sponging system is, the Manager informs

us, that Georgia and Arkansas are the banner States in the sample copy campaign, and tail the list on the subscription books.

Sample copies don't pay. The Manager, who has been a miner on the coast when mines paid, can prove his axiom. He once wrote a mining story from his own life. It was called "The Temblor in the Mad Mule Mine." He had an eye to business, and openly boasted that it would sell 5,000 copies in Shasta County alone. To let his old pards of the "Mad Mule Mine" know that the account of the famous temblor had been made historic, he mailed a sample copy to a leading citizen of Shasta. A year went by and the extra 5,000 copies were still unordered. One day the Manager met the recipient of the "Sample Copy" on Mission Street. "Fred," shouted the old man, "you did us proud. Do you know that air story of the 'tremelor' traveled all over three counties, and when I got it back it was worn down to seven sheets. That's the kind of literatoor that makes magazines rich. Keep it up, old Pard, keep it up." And the Manager acknowledged the subtle flattery as became a successful author. They drank to the temblor, to the OVERLAND, to Bret Harte, and to the 5,000 copies that were patiently awaiting the realization of the Manager's fond dream.

The Contributor continued, as the Office Boy shut the door of the sanctum, and I extracted a big, fat, healthy poem on "The Golden Gate at Sunset" from a rather delicate and careworn envelope.

"Seventy years ago, when the Monroe Doctrine first became the boast of the Republic, England, because it was politic, and because Spain was seeking to reconquer her revolted provinces in South America, gave it her heartiest concurrence. Today, in the face of the Monroe Doctrine and the protests of the United States, Mexico, and all the South American Republics, she has annexed over 50,000 square miles of Venezuela's territory. She even refuses to accept the arbitration of another country on the so-called boundary dispute. She is fully aware of the flimsiness and weakness of her claim, and so acts the bully. Year after year she steadily siezes and fortifies territory that the year before she admitted belonged to Venezuela, until from a colony of 50,000 square miles, British Guiana has grown to a nation larger than the United Kingdom.

Venezuela has repeatedly begged her great sister republic, the author of the Monroe Doctrine, to notice how she is being mulcted by this old world robber, to no effect. Our Congress was too busy making laws and tearing them down again, and our Executive too much employed in building his fences for a renomination. If a statesman like Blaine dared to exercise the nation's right of interfering in South American affairs, he was scouted as a "jingo," whatever that may be, and driven by the servile press from the field.

If the Monroe Doctrine means anything, it means what it says, and this nation is expected by the civilized world to uphold it. France was driven out of Mexico, England should be driven out of Venezuela and Nicaragua. She would go quick enough if she were told. America is neither India nor Turkestan, nor is it "Darkest Africa," and the time will come when England will be given to understand that she mnst shinny on her own side."

The Reader: "I took up an English map of the world the other day. A note at the bottom of it called attention to the fact that all that part of the earth colored red belonged to the great British Empire. The Arctic and Antartic Zones were red."

The Contributor: "Wonder she did n't claim New York City and Grover Cleveland."

EVOLUTION OF SHIPPING AND SHIP-BUILDING IN CALIFORNIA. I.

COMPILED FROM PERSONAL NARRATIVES OF CAPTAINS DOMINGO MARCUCCI, JOHN G. NORTH, PETER OWENS, PATRICK TIERNAN, GEORGE MIDDLEMAS, JAMES DICKIE, IRVING M. SCOTT, AND OTHERS. INTRODUCTION BY J. M. SCANLAND.

FROM the heights of Panama, on the 25th of September, 1513, Vasca Nuñez de Balboa discovered the Pacific. A quarter of a century later, Zimenez, who had acted as pilot for Cortez, discovered Lower California. Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo landed at Cape St. Lucas in 1542, and at San Diego on the 28th of September of the same year. He named the spot San Miguel, which was changed by Viscomo. Francis Drake sailed from Plymouth, England, on December 13th, 1577, with five vessels, varying from fifteen to one hundred tons, one hundred and sixty-six men, of which the "Pelican" was flagship.

On the 20th of August, with three vessels, he entered the Straits of Magellan, from which tempestuous arm of the sea he emerged over a month later with but his own ship. After filling the ship's hold with the plunder of Spanish galleons, he decided to return to England by the fabled Northwest passage, thereby escaping any troublesome Spanish man-of-war that might be on the lookout.

On June 17, 1539, he touched at what is now known as Drake's Bay, and took formal possession of the country in the name of Queen Elizabeth.

The log-book of the "Pelican" gives the latitude of the place of landing as 37° 59′ 36″, which is within a quarter of a mile of Point Reyes.

It is a question of doubt, whether either Drake or Cabrillo really entered San Francisco Bay, as neither of them mentions its excellent harbor; and on a map published in Europe, in 1545, the identity of San Francisco and Drake's Bay are sadly mixed, although the Farallones, named after Drake's pilot—Farralo—are correctly charted.

In several later charts, instructions to navigators for reaching the "port of San Francisco" located it behind a point of land known as "Punta de los Reyes." Even as late as 1812 the Russians, asking permission to erect houses at Bodega Bay, designated the place as a "little north of the Port of San Francisco."

For more than a century and a half the northern waters of the Pacific remained undisturbed. In 1683 Admiral Otonds and a Jesuit Father named Kino visited La Paz, but did not venture to Alta California. In 1697 Father Salva Terra undertook to colonize the peninsula, and established sixteen missions. The Order fell into disgrace, and was succeeded by the Franciscans.

The Russian brig Ruriak, containing a scientific expedition, arrived in the harbor of San Francisco in 1816. In 1811 the port of Bodega had been taken possession of by Alex. Koskoff.

Prior to the advent of the good (or bad) ship "Don Carlos le Grande," in 1525, the Pacific had never been disturbed by civilized man. The Carlos was a small armed frigate of five hundred tons burden. History is silent as to her commander,her mission or return. From which time until its rediscovery by the Franciscan padres, in 1775, the

harbor of San Francisco was lost to the commerce of the world. Its final discovery and location, it would seem, were due more to the desire to honor the name of the founder of the Order than to benefit commerce. After naming the first missions, Padre Serra suddenly recollected that he should not forget to honor the name of Francisca de Asi, founder of the Order. The Viceroy, Captain Gaspar de Portola, replied:

"Show us a good port beyond Monterey, and we will build a mission there in his name." The expedition sailed from Monterey, and rediscovered, in 1776, what is now known as the Bay of San Francisco.

The padres thought little of the commercial advantages of the harbor, and located the Mission Dolores de San Francisca about a league distant.

During the "mission days" a little stream, known as Mission Creek, ran from the bay out to the Mission and beyond. The mouth of the creek was at what is now known as the Potrero—South San Francisco. Launches conveyed goods and supplies up this creek tothe Mission. After the Mission ceased to exist, commerce with the "interior" was no longer sought by rival shipowners. and the creek fell into disuse. For many years the bed has been built over with large business houses.

One of the first and quaintest vessels that entered this port at the date of the founding of the Mission was a fishing smack, twenty-four feet in length, made of pine boards, engineered by Spanish fishermen. The frail boat sailed, or rather was propelled, from *Baja* California. It is not known whether or not she returned.

Commerce was carried on by means of the bark vessels of Indians and the board fishing smacks of Mexicans, prior to the advent of European vessels.

The schooners, trading and fishing vessels which entered the Gate to unload their cargoes on the natives, created a village nearer the shipping, and it took the name of *Yerba Buena* (good herb).

The first European vessel to enter this port, of which there is any record, was the *Eagle*, in 1816, commanded by Capt. Wm. H. Davis. She sailed from Boston, via the Sandwich Islands and Alaska. She brought an assortment of goods, which was a revelation to the natives; and their garments of skins and hides were substituted by the clothing of civilization. Payments were made in hides, tallow, soap and fish. The *Eagle* then became engaged in the sea-otter trade, and was very successful, as otters were plentiful in this bay and all along the coast. She made three trips, netting about $25,000 on each trip. This stimulated others, and this "discovery," no doubt, gave an impetus to commerce which made this port known to the world. The "rush" did not begin, however, until about eight years after the *Eagle's* first visit, when the American schooner "Thaddeus," of Boston, arrived in 1823, with a cargo consisting of a little of everything—especially rum. After disposing of a portion of her cargo, she sailed down the coast, preceded by vaqueros, who "rounded up" the ranchers, and notified them that the vessel was coming and would anchor at a certain point. A sailing vessel was a great curiosity; the variety of goods even created greater consternation, and the "Yankees" were looked upon as no small objects of interest. Many had heard of all these, but few had seen them; yet there was a general turn-out at all the points where the vessel touched, and she exchanged her entire cargo for one of hides, tallow and soap, and put back to Boston. On her return the Captain purchased a band of horses, stationed them along the coast line, and dispatched the supercargo ahead to notify the people of the approach of the vessel. The vessel would stop two or three days at a cluster of ranches, making sales, and the day

before sailing the supercargo would precede her to the next stopping place. Often they would remain a week, or two weeks, at some delightful neighborhood, trading, feasting and merry-making with the native Spaniards, whose hospitality and courtesy is proverbial. From three to six months were consumed in a round trip to San Diego. The ranchers made no charge for keeping the horses, or for accommodations furnished.

Many of the vessels had warehouses at San Diego, where they stored their merchandise while another trip was made up the coast, and so continued until a cargo was collected, when the vessel would leave, to return the next year. Vessels sailing to Peruvian ports took no hides, but traded for soap and tallow. These vessels also had their warehouses in San Diego, for the storage of tallow and soap until ready to return to Callao.

Commerce in those days of *mañana* was carried on in what might be termed a "free-and-easy" manner. On many articles the duty was one hundred per cent, which practically amounted to confiscation, or made smuggling necessary in self-defense. The Mexican officials generally opened the door. Frequently vessels were permitted to pass Monterey,—the port of entry,—come to Yerba Buena, and, after selling as much of the cargo as possible, return to Monterey for entry, and dispose of the remainder.

The shippers were not sworn as to the value of the cargo; they gave fictitious invoices, and by this means would get off on the payment of $5,000 on a $20,000 cargo.

It became so customary to swindle the Government as to scarcely excite comment,—except in cases where goods were concealed in false lining of the vessels,—and the Government officials were outwitted.

The schooner "Rover," of Boston, which arrived in 1823 with a cargo of assorted merchandise, is perhaps the second pioneer vessel of modern times.

In 1826 the British man-of-war "Blossom" quietly sailed into port, spying out the lay of the land and the bay. This vessel discovered the obstruction in the bay known as "Blossom Rock," which was removed only a few years ago.

The year 1831 seems to have been the inauguration of the commerce of the bay. Among the vessels that arrived that year were the bark "Louisa," Capt. I. C. Jones, of Boston; the ship "Alert"; and the "Leonidas," formerly the U. S. man-of-war "Dolphin"; also, the Mexican vessels "Arecachia," "Bolival," "Librator," and "Don Quixote." The latter was commanded by Capt. W. S. Hinckley, who afterwards engaged in ship-building, in San Francisco. Mr. R. H. Dana, author of "Two Years Before the Mast," was on the "Alert."

The Mexican vessel "Leonidas," under command of Capt. W. A. Richardson, for whom Richardson Bay was named, was found sailing round the bay after sea otter in 1833, which were plentiful at that time, and yet so valuable as to be sold at $30 and $40 each. Whalers were very numerous, and frequently thirty or forty were anchored in the bay at the same time. Prior to 1846 a peculiar Mexican customs law existed. Whalers from Atlantic ports were not required to be entered at the custom house, and could exchange goods to the extent of $600.

At that time there was not an inhabitant in Yerba Buena; the people lived at the Presidio and the Mission, and goods from the ships were brought to them through the creeks, in launches. Portsmouth square, opposite to the Old City Hall, was a potato patch, surrounded by a brush fence.

The first official survey of the water front was made in 1836. It included that portion of the then city front between Montgomery and Dupont, and

Pacific and Sacramento streets, Montgomery street being the water line. There was no wharf. Vessels landed wherever they saw an opening, and a chance to use other craft to pontoon their cargoes ashore. A boat-house was not built until 1838. It was a frame shanty, 12 by 18, and stood rather insecurely on the north-east corner of Clay and Montgomery streets. There was a fine flowing spring on the north-west corner of those streets, which supplied the village and sailing craft with fresh water.

Among the first Eastern trading vessels was the brig "Couroz," from Boston, owned by Capt. Elijah Grimes, and commanded by Capt. James Bancroft. She was loaded with dry goods. After disposing of the cargo she sailed south, for the purpose of getting a cargo of sea-otters, which abounded in San Francisco Bay, and on the coast. While engaged in fishing at Santa Barbara, Captain Bancroft was brutally murdered by Indians.

One of the best early sailors and navigators in these waters was Capt. John Paty, whose first trip was in the "Clarion," (afterwards the "California,") in 1836. He commanded several vessels, and in his time made one hundred trips to Honolulu.

The "Bolivar," in 1838, brought from China the first Chinese ever landed in this port—two men and one woman. They were regarded as great curiosities by the few inhabitants.

The "Clementine" arrived in June, 1839. Had this "good ship" not arrived, California may not have been what it is today; for Capt. Sutter would not have built his fort and mill, and there would have been no Marshall employed at the mill, and no gold found in the "mill race." On her arrival, Capt. Sutter and four other Swiss took the "Isabel," "Nicholas," and a four-oared vessel brought from the East, up the Sacramento river, and built the "fort." The "fleet" was armed with two cannon.

The "Corsair," under command of Captain W. S. Hinckley, arrived in 1839, with the first grist-mill, which was put up on Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny. The motive power was six mules. Captain Hinckley became Alcalde of the district in 1844.

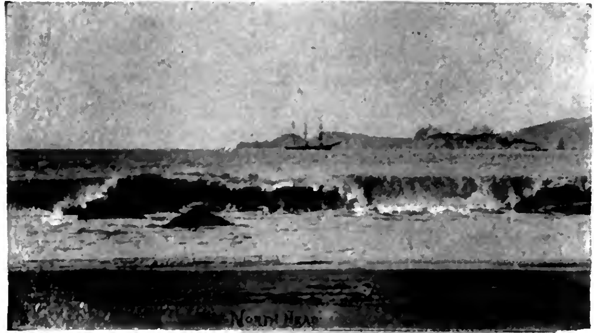
The brig "Pilgrim" came out from Boston in 1834, as a tender to another vessel, and to be used in ascending the creeks, where the larger vessels could not venture.

Even before the discovery of gold the outside world had little idea of the taxes and needs of the people of this country, and many quaint and curious cargoes were landed at this port. In 1841 the brig "Jovin Carolina," from Guayaquil, South America, 4,283 miles distant, brought a cargo of cocoa. In September, 1838, a hermaphrodite brig, —the 'Fearnaught,"—brought a cargo composed almost entirely of sugar-cakes. The sugar was put up in loaves, or cakes, weighing about three pounds each. They were such a rarity that they sold "like hot cakes," and grown people as well as children scrambled for them. Coffee composed the remainder of the cargo. Another pioneer vessel was the schooner "Juliann," under command of Captain W. A. Leidesdorff, which sailed from New Orleans to this port by way of the Straits of Magellan, in 1841.

To Captain Nathan Spear belongs the credit of establishing the salmon industry on this coast. In 1841 he ascended the Sacramento river with the schooner "Isabel," and returned to Yerba Buena with a cargo of salmon.

To the vessel "Fama," Goat Island owes its present objectionable name. Up to 1843 the island had been known as Yerba Buena Island. The "Fama" came into port with a herd of goats as a part of her cargo,—perhaps to be used as ballast, or as battering rams in case

of attack. Messrs. Spear and Fuller purchased six of these goats, and put them on Yerba Buena Island, in order that they might occasionally have a fresh kid for the dinner table. The poachers who went on the island to shoot and steal these animals called it Goat Island, and only the older residents gave to the island its proper name.

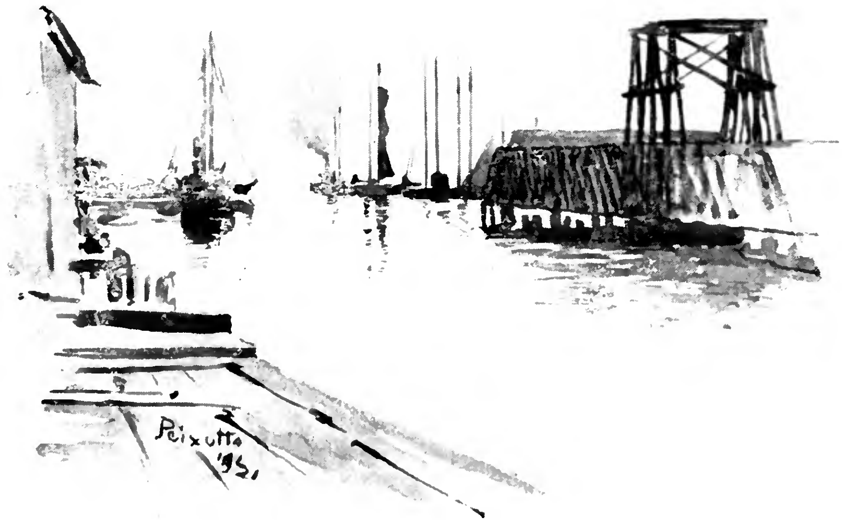


In the Spring of 1841, General McLaughlin and a few others of the Hudson Bay Company arrived from the Northwest in the brig "Cowlitz" A few Russian families lived where now stands Fort Ross, and there the company established a trading post. General McLaughlin established a camp where Sacramento now stands, and for years continued in this industry. At that time the island commonly known as Mare Island was inhabited by elk. They swam in droves from the main shore for grazing grounds. On one occasion the "Isabel" collided with a band of about 1000, and with difficulty sailed through.

Up to 1844, and for some time afterwards, the district from Mongomery Street to Kearny and from Washington to Jackson was a salt water lagoon, and was connected with the bay by a small creek. When the tide came in the lake was filled, but at all times it was deep enough. To reach Clark's Point to the north, it was necessary to wade across. Alcalde Hinckley had a bridge built, which was perhaps the first harbor improvement in the bay.

There are no records, so far as can be ascertained, of the commerce of this port prior to 1846—the date of the establishment of the United States Custom House.

About this time, 1843, another British man-of-war appeared, and anchored under Sausalito's "frowning bluffs," in the cove afterwards known as Pirate's Point. The object of this warlike visit was never made known, but it is surmised that this "enemy of mankind and the robber of the world" had her maritime eye on securing this harbor. Shortly afterward a commotion was created at Yerba Buena, by the arrival of a mysterious looking vessel, which the astonished natives were informed was a French frigate, and that it was under the direction of Mons. De Mofras an "Ambassador," who had a roving commission. He spent several weeks in the village, at the commercial residence of Nathan Spear, on the northwest corner of Montgomery and Clay streets. He devoted considerable time to inspecting the bay in the schooner "Isabel," which was very kindly furnished the foreign "Ambassador" for that strange purpose. He predicted that the bay and town would soon be a



MISSION CREEK AS IT IS.

"great field for commerce," and having finished his secret mission the vessel returned to France—the object of her visit being unknown.

The United States Government also had its eye to the windward, and in 1844 Commodore Wilkes, with a fleet of three vessels, visited this port.

As it was a "long way round," and commerce demanded more vessels than had yet ventured to sail for this far-off country, shipbuilding began very early on this coast. As the coast line was extensive, and the woods were full of suitable timber, those of an inventive turn of mind devoted their attention to ship building—or rather to the construction of "coasters," for the vessels were rather crude, and compared to others may now be styled "inventions."

The first steamboat that navigated the Bay of San Francisco—the "Beaver"—was built in 1834, in one of the arms of Richardson's Bay, by a builder named Williams. The lumber was hand-sawed. She is now on the retired list at Buzzard's Inlet. Another of the early steamboats on the Bay of San Francisco was built in 1844, at Sitka, by Russian builders, for Captain W. A. Leidesdorff. The little side-wheel craft was first taken to Bodega, where the machinery was put into her, including a boiler of a sawmill. This boiler had a few years previously been brought from New York by James Reed, a sailor, and did work in turning out the first redwood lumber produced on this coast. When she made her trial trip around Yerba Buena Island (now known as Goat Island,) the greatest excitement prevailed among the natives. They had never before seen such a craft, and perhaps no one has since. The entire population of the village turned out to witness the novel spectacle, and to see a craft propelled by steam. But the machinery would not work, and she was converted into a sailing vessel. Her name is lost to local history.

Several vessels were constructed at Napa, beginning as early as 1841.

The gold fever of 1849 gave an impetus to ship-building for a year or two, and several steamboats were launched at Benicia and at Sacramento. But, with the increase of the gold fever, ship building, and every other department,

commerce was lost sight of, and, during the height of the craze, there were three hundred square-rigged vessels stranded in the harbor, deserted by their crews, who had "gone to the diggings." Many of the vessels rotted at their moorings; some were used as warehouses for the storage of freight, as there were no warehouses or wharves in those days. The charges for storage generally were $10 a ton a month. Some of the abandoned vessels were used as residences and boarding houses. The hulk of the dismantled and dismasted "Apollo" was converted into a perambulating saloon and lodging house, and steered its course up and down the water front, in search of trade. The "Niantic" was divested of its masts and rigging, and anchored at the corner of Clay and Sansome streets, and used as a store. Finally, a "hotel" was built over the hull, and the hotel has ever since borne that name.

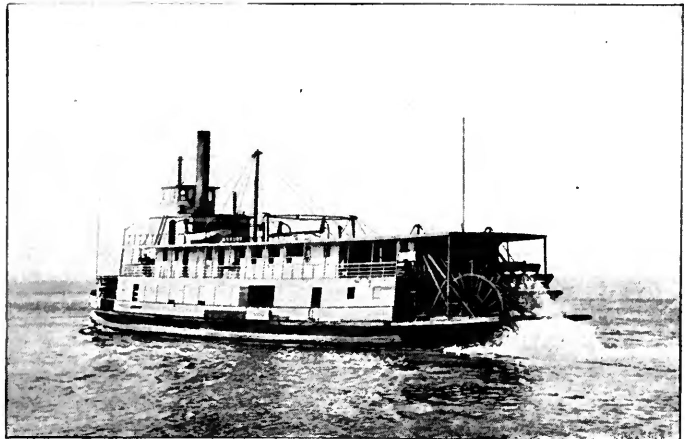
One of the notable events of those early shipping days was the quick time of the "Don Quixote." She made a round trip from Monterey to Honolulu in 29 days,—losing four days in port. She made the trip one way in ten days.

The year 1847 was an important one in the history of San Francisco's shipping. An enterprising gentleman, living on the hill overlooking Yerba Buena (Telegraph Hill) and the bay, established a primitive signal station, and when his watchful eye discerned a sail entering the Golden Gate he communicated the fact, and the nature of the craft and cargo, to the commercial citizens below by means of a system of signals. One fine day he sighted the "Brooklyn," and to his surprise and joy beheld that the deck of the vessel was covered with a cargo of women. In those days women were at a premium in California. His system of signals had not provided for such an emergency, but he managed to notify the shippers to look out for squalls. The commander of this craft and cargo was Captain and "Bishop" Samuel Brannan, who brought out on a vessel which he had chartered in New York a cargo of Mormons.

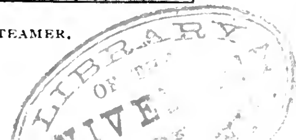
Another important arrival was the Thomas H. Perkins, from New York, in March, 1847, with a detachment of a New York Regiment, under command of Colonel Stevensen.

The "California," about the same time, brought General Persifer F. Smith, Commandant of the Department, and four "missionaries," — soldiers of the Lord.

The "Oregon" next "heaved to," bearing John W. Geary, with a commission as postmaster, who opened the first post-office in a frame shanty on the southwest corner of the Plaza, which had been named Portsmouth Square, in honor of the man-of-war "Portsmouth." This ship conveyed General Montgomery to this port in 1846, at which time he formally occupied California in the



A STERN-WHEEL SACRAMENTO RIVER STEAMER.



LIBRARY OF THE UNIVE

name of the United States. Montgomery Street was so named in his honor.

In the fall of 1848 there were about nine hundred vessels anchored in the bay. They were of all kinds, and from every nation,—civilized, semi-civilized, and even savage. There were more ships than there were houses in the town. The city in the bay overshadowed the village. The first wharf was constructed in 1849 by the Central Wharf Company, taking its name from the Boston Central Wharf. The wharf was located at the present Commercial Street, beginning a short distance west of Sansome and extending into the bay 400 feet. Mellus & Howard, pioneer warehousemen, acquired the block between Clay, Sacramento, Sansome and Battery Streets, and gave to the Wharf Company a strip of land thirty-five feet in width. This largely increased the value of their own property. Then the alcalde of the town gave to the Wharf Company a block of land east of this block, extending to First Street, and of the width of the wharf already built. In the year 1850 Colonel Stevenson and Doctor C. W. Parker gave to the company the strip extending to Davis Street; the town then gave to the company another strip of tide land extending to Drumm Street. The wharf extended or "fronted" from Rincon Point (Harrison Street) to Clark's Point (Broadway Street), and so numerous were the arrivals of vessels during the height of the gold fever that there were not enough "berths" for them all, and vessels laid along side and discharged their cargoes over the decks of others.

CAPTAIN MARCUCCI.

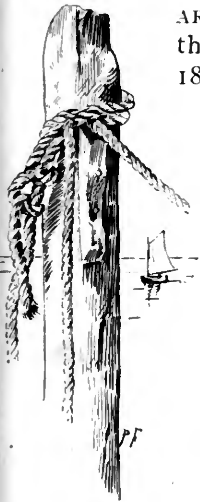
The bay was a veritable bee-hive; the wharfage fees were enormous.

There was great excitement on the water front when the "McKim" arrived in the fall of 1849, with about five hundred passengers, after one year's voyage from New Orleans. On the receipt of the discovery of gold at the Crescent City, the old "McKim," which vessel had been used as a transport in the Mexican war, and was now on the retired list, was loaded for the land of gold. She carried for ballast brick and coal, which brought good prices on her arrival. Being a very slow craft, and somewhat the worse for use, much to the surprise of her crew and many of the passengers she finally arrived at San Francisco. In the Straits of Magellan she ran upon some rocks, and the Captain informed the panic-stricken passengers that the vessel would soon go down, and that they might as well begin to pray. But a "land-lubber" named "Snapping Andy" usurped the Captain's place, and rescued the frail ship. A few years later she was wrecked in Monterey Bay.

The early steamers brought cargoes of any and everything, hoping to find a

market, and the consequeuce was that the market was overstocked. Many cargoes were re-shipped, and vessels remained in port, hoping to sell to an advantage, until the cargoes were expended in costs. Many were "sold without reserve" on the vessels' decks at far below cost. Consignees had no means of forcing the demands of the market or its supply, and they shipped blindly, trusting to luck for a good sale.

Captain Marcucci's Narrative.



ARRIVED in San Francisco on the 18th day of September, 1849, together with Jacob Albertson, boat-builder, Jacob Price and William Kendall, ship joiners, Hugh May, Joseph Alderman and Net Thomas, engineers, and Captain Isaac Warren, and Captain C. W. Gunnell, general superintendent, on the steam-ship "Oregon," Captain Pierson, from Panama. The next day after our arrival we began to land the material of a knock-down stern-wheel steamboat, that had been shipped out here from Philadelphia by Mr. George W. Aspinwall, a brother of Mr. H. Aspinwall of the Pacific Mail Company. Between the 15th and last of November, 1849, I had the steamer ready for business, and she was put on the route from San Francisco to Stockton. She was called "Captain Sutter." She was 90 feet long, 18 feet beam, and 6 feet hold. She had a single engine, 13½ inches bore and 4 6-12 feet stroke of piston, and had a fire-box tubular boiler, the dimensions of which I cannot recollect.

Mr. Joseph Alderman put up the machinery in the boat. Mr. Hugh May was put in charge as engineer of her. Mr. J. Price and Mr. Kendall built her cabin. Isaac Warren was her captain. This steamer was the first that was built in San Francisco, and the first to run on the Bay, from San Francisco to Stockton ; $30 per ton freight, and $30 was asked for the trip and the passengers lay in his blankets on deck. The freight was carried in the hold, and they had all they could pack on the up trip, but nothing down except passengers. The down passengers paid their fare in gold dust. They carried gold scales on the steamer to weigh the amount, and were not very particular.

I think it was about December 5th, 1849, that a small iron side-wheel steamer called the "Mint" started to run to Stockton. She was not very successful on account of her very narrow beam. In 1850 the machinery was taken out of her, and put in a new wooden hull, built by a man by the name of William Walters, a Philadelphian, but she was not much of an improvement on the old steamer "Mint." She was commanded by one Captain Porter.

Captain C. W. Gunnell, an old steamboat man from the Delaware river, was our general superintendent, and James Blair was the agent and general manager of the Company. Mr. William Norris, of the Spring Valley Water Company, was the secretary.

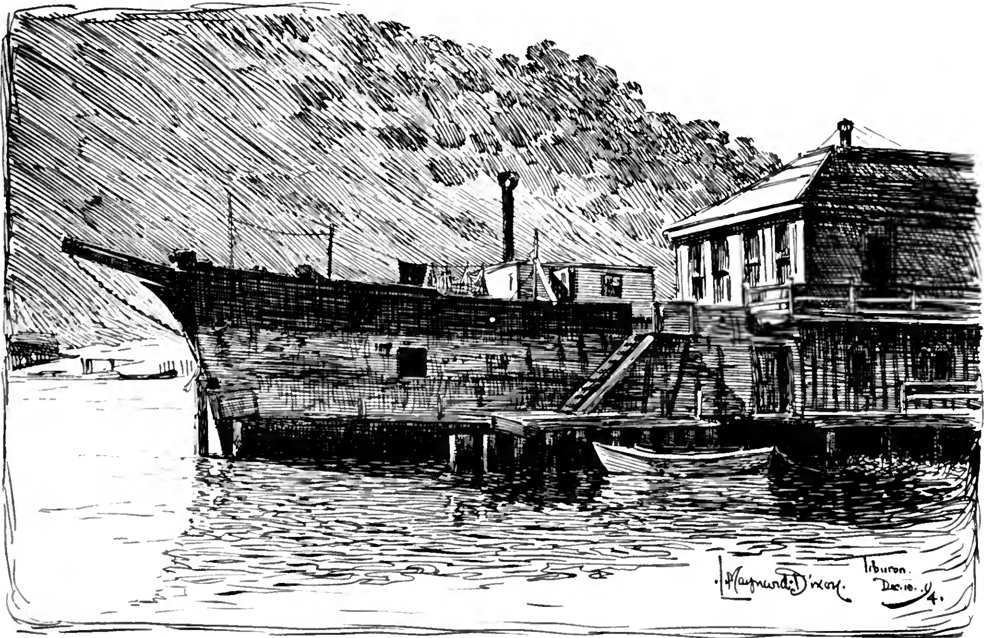
Some time about the last of November, 1849, the steamer "El Dorado" arrived here from Philadelphia for the same company. She sailed here rigged as a three-masted schooner, and I took charge of her on her arrival and dismasted her. I put guards on her and a cabin, all of which had been prepared before she left Philadelphia. Her engine and boiler were all in place, so that by the first of the year 1850 she was running on the route from San Francisco to Sacramento. She was com-

manded by Captain Joseph Barnard, he having brought her out through the Straits of Magellan. She had one single engine in her. I don't remember the size. Mr. Edward Thomas was engineer, but subsequently Mr. A. B. Rowley, still here, and the builder and owner of the Alviso Flour Mill, succeeded him as engineer of the "El Dorado."

On the 22d of February, 1850, I laid the keel of a small side-wheel steamer that was sent out by the same company. She was called "Georgina," and was about 75 feet long, 16 feet beam, and 4½ feet deep. She was finished complete before launching. I launched her with steam up, and she started on her trial trip as soon as she was afloat. My shipyard at this time was on the beach, south of Folsom and east of Beale Streets. Geo. K. Gluyas put the machinery in her. There is a slough connecting the Sacramento with the San Joaquin called Georgina Slough, named after this steamer, she having been the first boat that went through it from one river to the other, in April, 1850. Next to the "Georgina," I built two sloops, for freighting on the rivers. One was called "Ned Beale," and the other "Col. Fremont." About June, 1850, I built two other sloops, with water tanks in them for water boats, to supply the shipping with fresh water. They used to get the water from springs over in Sausalito. One was called "Emma," and the other "Clara." Joseph Pharo, at present working on Broadway dock for Goodall & Perkins, was captain of one of the water boats. At the same time I was building the water boats I built a sloop called "Kittura," for the Sacramento trade. Capt. Wm. Galloway commanded her. She was 60 feet long by 16 feet beam, and 5 foot hold. About September, 1850, I built a small stern wheel, very light draught, to run to French Camp up a slough of the San Joaquin river. She was called the "Game Cock." She was 60 ft. by 16 ft., by 3 ft. She had no cabin, and was all open. When I had finished the "Game Cock," I next built two small sloops for Macondray & Company, for freighting. In the early part of 1851 I built the steamer "C. M. Weber," another knock-down that had been sent out from Philadelphia for the Stockton trade. She was a side wheel, double engine, high pressure. She was 120 feet long, 24 feet beam, and 7 feet depth of hold. Her engines were 14 inches diameter by 4 foot stroke, and had two locomotive fire-box tubular boilers, and carried them on her guards. One was larger than the other and did not work very well. Consequently they changed them, and put one large boiler in the hold. Mr. A. B. Rowley was engineer, and Captain Lamb had charge of her. She ran between San Francisco and Stockton. Between 1850 and 1851 there were many boats brought here and put up, some iron steamers and some wood ones.

It was while I was building the sloop "G. W. Aspinwall," in 1850, that we had the first steamboat explosion. A steamer called the "Sagamore" exploded her boiler just as she was backing out from Commercial street wharf for Stockton. She was full of passengers, and there were many killed and some were drowned, for she sank right away. I think it was the day we received the news that California was admitted as a State. I will here mention that Colonel A. W. Von Smith had a small side-wheel steamer built by William Walters, called the "Maunswell White." She ran to Stockton. She had a geared engine in her.

On the 1st day of May, 1851, I started on a visit to Philadelphia. I went from San Francisco to Panama on the steamship "Union," — propeller, — Captain Marks, and Mr. William Kohl, of the Alaska Commercial Company, was chief engineer. I returned in November, 1851, and went to work at boatbuilding again. In December, 1851, I built some light-



THE LAST ANCHORAGE OF THE TROPIC BIRD.

ers for the Colorado River. In the early part of 1852 I built a sloop called "Bianca" for the Sacramento trade. Captain Wm. Kohl and myself owned her. She was 70 feet long, 18 feet beam and 6 feet deep; she was put in command of Captain John Hutton. About June, 1852, I built a small side-wheel steamer for a man by the name of Turnbol, and shipped her to the Colorado River; she was the pioneer boat on that river, and was called "Uncle Sam." I think Mr. Turnbol had a Government contract to take freight up the Colorado River. I never saw him again, so I never knew how successful he was with the steamer.

In the early part of 1853 I built a stern-wheel steamer called the "Pike," for Captain E. J. Weeks; she was built and launched in twenty-eight days from the time the contract was signed. When launched, she was taken alongside of Gordon & Stein's machine shop, where W. T. Garratt's brass shop is now, at the corner of Fremont and Natoma streets, where her machinery and boiler were put in her by the above named firm. As soon as I launched the "Pike" I laid the keel on the same blocks for the first ferry boat built in San Francisco. I built her for Mr. Charles Minturn; she was a side-wheel, walking beam, low-pressure engine, 120 feet long, 24 feet beam, and 7 feet deep. I launched her in sixty days from the day her keel was laid. She was named "Clinton." Mr. George Coffee put up her machinery. At the same time I built a small schooner—"Louisa Harker"—for the Alviso trade, for John Ortley, who now lives in Alviso and is running a warehouse. The same year I put up a dredge for Mr. Charles Minturn; the same machine is still in use at Stockton. In 1854 I built a schooner for myself and others, for the Stockton freighting business,—the "Kate L. Heron. She was 60 feet long, 18 feet beam, and 5 6-12 feet deep. It was about this time that Mr. John G. North built a schooner at Steamboat Point, called the "Susan and Kate Denin."[1] Also, one built at the same time alongside of the schooner "Theodore

[1] See article by Captain North.

H. Allen," by Messrs. Frazer & Kimball.

In the year 1854 I transformed the old brig "Columbia" into a steam propeller water and towing boat, for a man named Holmes. He called her the "Abey Holmes"; she was used for watering ships, and used to store water in some tanks located at the foot of Washington street. George K. Gluyas put in the machinery and boiler. The engine came out of the wrecked steamer "Sea Gull." Said boat came into the hands of Captain Millen Griffith, and he used her as a towboat for many years. The latter part of 1854 boatbuilding became very slack, and I tried the wood and coal business. I was located on the south side of Market street, opposite Sansome. I did not succeed very well, and I sold out, and on the 6th of May, 1856, I started for Horsetown, in Shasta County, and went to hydraulic mining. I worked at that faithfully, and at the end of two years I returned to San Francisco dead broke, and partially crippled in my hands by a premature blast.

On my return to this city in 1858 I went to work at Mare Island on the old sloop-of-war "St. Mary," under Commodore Farragut. In June of the same year I quit work for Uncle Sam, and returned to San Francisco, and again began steamboat building. On the 5th of July, 1858, I laid the keel for a side-wheel steamer,—the "Princess"—120 feet long, 24 feet beam and 7 feet depth of hold, for Messrs. Coffee & Risdon, for the Sacramento trade. She had two high pressure engines, 14 inches bore by 4 feet stroke of piston, and two cylindrical tubular boilers. She ran in opposition to the old California Steam Navigation Company. The engines were built in this city by Devoe & Dinsmore.

In 1859 I built the "Rambler," a small side-wheel steamer, 110 feet long by 24 feet beam, and 7 feet depth of hold, for a man named Lunnerton, for the Petaluma trade. She had one single high-pressure engine, 14 inches bore by 4 feet stroke of piston, and one fire-box tubular boiler. Her engine was also built by Devoe & Dinsmore.

TO BE CONTINUED.

STEDMAN AND SOME OF HIS BRITISH CONTEMPORARIES.

"The nineteenth century, too, will be found to have had its style, justified by necessity."— *Walter Pater.*

SINCE the rise of the "Edinburgh Review," the art of criticism has occupied a unique place in the literature of Great Britain. Jeffrey, DeQuincey, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Macaulay, and Carlyle were the forerunners, from whom Matthew Arnold, Walter Pater, John Addington Symonds, George Saintsbury, Andrew Lang, and Augustine Birrell have descended in a direct line. The whole realm of ancient, mediæval, and modern lore, down to the Victorian Era, would seem to have been explored in this century by some British critic or poet-interpreter. Edward Fitzgerald's perfect translations of Calderon and the Rubáiyat of Omar Khayyám; Edward Arnold's less scholarly but more popular translations from the *Maháblárata;* Lang's collaborated prose translation of Homer; the Scotch ballad of "The King's Tragedy," in which "Rossetti has dexterously interwoven some relics of James' own exquisite early verse"; the graphic portraits of modern French novelists by Saintsbury; Walter Pater's "Studies in the History of the Renaissance," and Addington Symonds' re-creation of the character of Michael Angelo,— virile and grand, but, like Buonarroti's own conceptions, destitute of the softer graces,— are but a handful of the gems from a by-gone day which have been collected for the century's treasury.

But when the British critics reached the Victorian Era, and the time (during the early seventies) seemed opportune for a classification and record of Nineteenth Century song, no British critic was prepared to undertake the task.

The writer wishes to acknowledge her indebtedness to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Stone & Kimball, Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, and to her brother, D. K. Young, for some of the materials used in this sketch.

"Young England," as Saintsbury has noted, was *not* John Bullish, and he adds: "It might perhaps have been a little more so with advantage." Lang, at a later date, certainly voiced the Oxford division of Young England, when he cynically wrote in his letter to Poe ("Letters to Dead Authors"):

"About the writers of his own generation a leader of that generation should hold his peace. He should neither praise, nor blame, nor defend his equals. . . . Great minds should only criticise the great who have passed beyond the reach of eulogy or fault-finding."

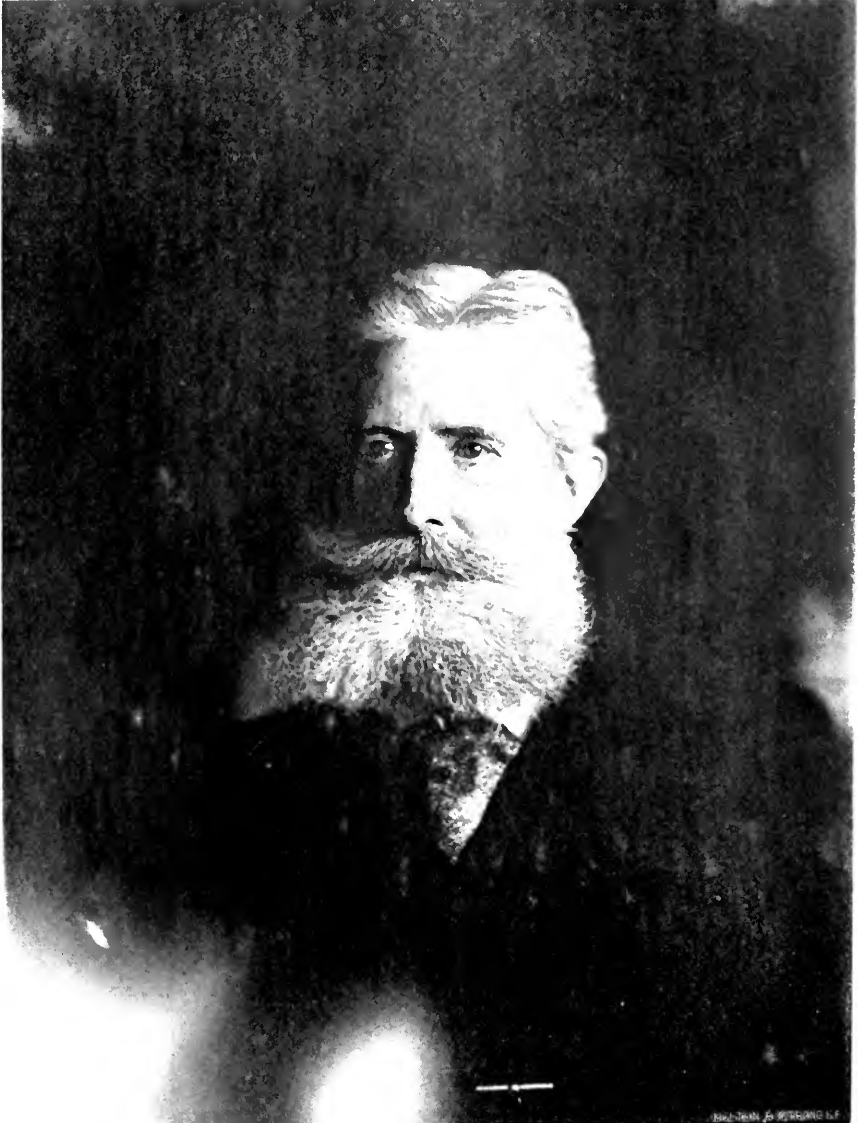
Another great critic, Matthew Arnold, sympathized so fully with his father's age, that loyalty to the poets of his own time seemed like disloyalty to his predecessors, particularly to his master, Wordsworth. Stedman has mildly censured Arnold's failure to follow the *Zeit-Geist*, the Time Spirit, in the following words:

"While admiring Matthew Arnold's delineations of Heine, the De Guérins, Joubert, and other far-away saints or heroes, we feel that he possibly may overlook some pilgrim at his roadside-door."

But the feeling which Stedman attributed solely to Arnold has been universal in England during the last half-century. Out of forty-nine essays by Augustine Birrell, the most modern of English critics, but eight are upon his own contemporaries; and although Walter Pater's *critique* upon Rossetti is the most appreciative which has yet appeared, he undoubtedly preferred to use his own age simply as a back-ground for the delineation of the past.

If we go back to a period immediately after the Civil War, we will find that American literary life, East, West and South,

was adjusting itself to new conditions, and that America, unlike England, was eager for new ideas. Emerson's epigram: "We cannot over-estimate our debt to the Past, but the moment has the supreme claim" might have been the motto of the whole country. Then were established at the West the OVERLAND MONTHLY in San Francisco, with Bret Harte as its editor, and in Chicago *The Lakeside Monthly*, edited by Francis F. Browne, the present editor of "The Dial"; but during three decades, America found her chief expression in a versatile group of New York writers best represented by Bay-



From a recent photograph taken for the OVERLAND

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

ard Taylor, Curtis, R. H. Stoddard, Stedman, Winter, Piatt, Howells, Aldrich, Gilder, Fawcett and Boyesen. How these young men led for a brief period by the lamented George Arnold, gave to American literature a plasticity and originality not before attained, will hereafter be described in the literary annals of the nation.

To their untiring energy we largely owe the establishment of the great New York magazines, (a realization of the wildest schemes of Edgar Allen Poe,) and whole libraries of poems, novels and criticisms. Among this group, no poet-journalist nor ex-war-correspondent occupied a higher place than Edmund Clarence Stedman. Like Gautier and George Eliot, he longed intensely for the poet's career, and there would seem to be no reason why he should not have become the successor of Bryant and Whittier, if he had concentrated his attention upon his favorite art, since many of his later lyrics, such as "Corda Concordia" and "Ariel," equal those of Longfellow and Lowell: but the commands of the Time Spirit were inexorable, and he thrust away much of his ambition as a poet, in order to become the critic and recorder of the works of his contemporaries.

It is true that he was not the pioneer among American critics: the road was partly cleared for him by his predecessors, Edwin Whipple and George Ticknor, and also by his elder contemporaries, Lowell, Stoddard and Lanier; but no poet of his generation was equally equipped to write of "The Victorian Poets," and "The Poets of America."

Stoddard, although he has filled many a gap in literary annals, is a greater poet than critic; Sidney Lanier attempted reforms in political criticism, and created some "fresh poetic material," but his prose style is too flexible and feminine for that of a great critic. With Octave Thanet, I believe that there should be no sex in literature; but there is a certain style characterized by purity of conception, and a *naive* expression, which, for want of a better word, must be called feminine. Nearly every generation develops some masculine writer or painter who views the world through a woman's eye. *Fra Giovanni Angelico,* Washington Allston, and Sidney Lanier represent a type of manhood destined to purify and sanctify the world. But a great critic must be made of sterner stuff. Lowell and Lanier represent two opposite types. No more virile essays were ever written than those of James Russell Lowell. At times he shows an insight which is almost superhuman. Not the *eidolons,* reanimated by some other critics, but the true spirits of Chaucer and Coleridge stands before us as in life, when Lowell's good genius illumines the page. But he was very unequal, and like Swinburne and Pater could work better in the shades of the past than in the clear light of the present.

So by a subtile but unwritten law of crystallization, Stedman found a unique place in American letters, somewhat resembling in dignity and respect a similar position occupied by Sainte-Beuve in France, in the beginning of the century. Without the exquisite grace of style which was one of the abiding charms of that great French critic, or the brilliancy and dual power of acute observation possessed by M. Taine,— Stedman yet attained the leadership in modern criticism by what Octave Thanet calls his "delicate and vivid intuition for all the imaginative qualities of his cotemporaries"; and also by his conception of poetry as an ever-widening art, to which every century will probably add new creations and new rhythmical forms.

The different manner in which the three writers, Lang, Saintsbury, and Stedman, present a character to the mind is a curious and interesting study. Lang treats an author as an adversary.

His rapier thrusts are never fatal, but open to the uttermost his opponent's weaknesses. Birrell's remarks in respect to Sir James Stephen, the distinguished relative of the caustic Leslie Stephen, are no less applicable to Andrew Lang:

"He may be discovered at any time tearing authors into little bits and stripping them of their fringe, and then presenting to you, in a few masterly pages, the marrow of their arguments and the pith of their position."

Saintsbury has a rapid mode of drawing a striking and life-like portrait not possessed by Stedman. A careful comparison of Saintsbury's sketches of Charles Baudelaire and Théophile Gautier with Stedman's critiques upon Poe will show the radical difference in their methods. Stedman builds up a character, much as he built the walls of his home at "Kelp Rock," bowlder by bowlder: first noting the artistic effect of each stone in comparison with its fellow, and also taking into account with a craftsman's eye the sea, sky, and landscape. Thus, every poet described by Stedman is like a friend whom we have learned to like slowly, whose faults and virtues have been pondered over before admitting him to our friendship. On the contrary, Saintsbury's characters are dashingly introduced to us, and we feel that we must accept their fascinations with many mental reservations.

In his own manner, Stedman has delineated many diverse types,— those of Landor, Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Rossetti, Poe, Walt Whitman and Sydney Lanier being the most notable. In W. D. Howells' recent autobiographical reminiscences, entitled "My Literary Passions," he vividly describes the fiery, unreasoning admiration of Young America for Tennyson in the days before the Civil War. This was followed by a reaction against

From a recent photograph taken for the OVERLAND

MR. STEDMAN IN HIS STUDY.

Tennyson's "fine, fastidious scholarship," and the literary world, instead of accepting the laureate for what he was, "the fullest representative of the refined, speculative, complex Victorian age," drifted towards one or the other of the points fortified by M. Taine, Frederic Harrison or Swinburne. The Frenchman ranked Tennyson below Alfred de Musset; Frederic Harrison styled "The Idylls of the King" "a boudoir epic," and Swinburne, ignoring the beauty of the English idylls, saved his admiration for such dramatic poems as "Rizpah."

In the midst of these dissensions appeared the calm, judicial criticisms of Stedman, which were unfailing guides to Young America. Our author sent youthful students to Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" and "Gebir"; through his paper upon "Tennyson and Theocritus" they were taught the simple beauties of the great Syracusan; — and if Stedman did not ridicule with the wit of a Birrell the perfunctory attitude of the average reader towards Robert Browning,—he yet led Young America to a quiet and diligent study of "My Last Duchess" and "Pippa Passes." In only one instance, it seems to me, has his decision been a little unjust. I think the world is slowly reversing its old opinion of Matthew Arnold's *poems*, and is leaning more and more towards the views modestly presented by Birrell in the sketches of Browning and Arnold, and by Edith M. Thomas in her sonnet, "Sohrab and Rustum." When Realism has spent its day, "Sohrab and Rustum" and "Balder Dead" may rank among the classics; the world has often made stranger revisions than that.

How many American readers are willing to confess that their appreciation of the keen salt air in Walt Whitman's song, and of a distinct and unique style in his prose,— dates from the publication of two unpretentious little volumes, the selected Autobiographia and Poems, edited by Stedman's son, Arthur Stedman? In a lesser degree this author, stimulated by his father, has rendered an early service to American literature, not unlike that which Arnold performed for Wordsworth.

Perhaps, however, the work which Dr. Stedman is now executing for the memory and fame of Edgar Allen Poe is the most exalted labor which a living poet can perform for a dead one. To the accomplishment of this purpose he is giving his life's blood, since there are times when he has written all night, and many days he has worked at the rate of twenty hours per day. No American would wish Dr. Stedman to look at Poe through the eyes of Baudelaire, (even though that American thanked Baudelaire with a full heart for his perfect translation of Poe's works, and for his warm appreciation of that poet's genius). But the best which can be said in extenuation of Poe's erratic conduct has been said by Stedman, and his sentences are often put in an epigrammatic form, easily deposited in the memory. Attempts have been made by Birrell, Lanier, and the dainty critic, Agnes Repplier, to give a more conversational tone, a greater plasticity, to criticism, and the critical sketches of the future will doubtless be less academic than those of the past. But much may be said in favor of a style which is frequently epigrammatic — not so epigrammatic as Emerson's, but after the manner of Matthew Arnold, and Stedman's later essays upon Poe; essays which certainly approach, if they do not equal, the ideal English of Arnold, Pater and Newman.

Dozens of pithy sayings may be culled from Stedman's works; axioms pertaining to style; little comparative studies and bits of happy characterization, of which the following are but a haphazard collection, chiefly taken from the various articles upon Poe:

"Men create poetry, yet sometimes

poetry creates a man for us,— witness our ideal of the world's Homer."

. . . .

"Lowell is a poet who seems to represent New England more variously than either of his comrades."

. . . .

"Holmes is an essential part of Boston."

. . . .

"The Boston of Holmes, distinct as his own personality, certainly must go with him."

. . . .

"Bearing in mind, also, the lack of self-control inherent in Celtic and Southern-natures, I think Poe made a plucky fight."

. . . .

"He knew, like Chénier going to his death, that it was a pity; he was worth saving."

. . . .

"Poe and Hawthorne have been called the last of the romancers, yet each was under the law of his environment. We have it in the swallow's song,

> 'That bright and fierce and fickle is the South
> And dark and true and tender is the North.'

Poe certainly had the Southern and Cavalier temperament through all his wanderings, but Hawthorne, with more than Southern pride, had ethics and endurance bred in the bone."

. . . .

"Character did not seize upon Poe's interest, except when marked by traits which he felt to be his own. The most dramatic contrasts, the irony of life, seemed to escape him. . . There is nothing in the tales to compare with the death of Browning's Prefect, stabbed as he lifts the arras, declaring that 'for the first time' no ominous draught saluted him."

. . . .

"The conception of 'The Raven' was new, but in method it bears a likeness to 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship,' so closely, in fact, that the rhythm of the one probably was suggested by that of the other. In motive they are so different that neither Poe nor Mrs. Browning could feel aggrieved. After an examination of dates, and of other matters relating to the genesis of each poem, I have satisfied myself, against much reasoning to the contrary, that Poe derived his use of the refrain and repetend, here and elsewhere, from the English sibyl, by whom they were employed to the verge of mannerism in her earliest lyrics."

Stedman's criticisms of Mrs. Browning's poems are the fairest and most appreciative ever written. It is true that he relentlessly draws the line of her limitations, but the careful reader will note the same rigid boundary line in the sketches of Whittier, Lowell, and Bayard Taylor, three of his closest friends.

The scope of this paper scarcely includes more than a passing reference to one of Stedman's greatest works, "A Library of American Literature," in which he selected Miss Hutchinson for his *collaborateur*. It was an undertaking involving much local and out-of-the-way-learning in order to fairly represent the manifold literary centers which have sprung into existence within the last two decades all over the United States. Many American authors, such as Mrs. Catherwood, Miss French, James W. Riley, and Joaquin Miller, prefer to live at some distance from a central metropolis, and some of them, as Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, have created a literary center in a provincial town. Stedman, therefore, needed to be Argus-eyed, in order to discover all the notable authors who are quietly elevating the literary tone of the nation. OVERLAND readers will find in "A Library of American Literature" such familiar names as Judge Baldwin, Miss Coolbrith, Charles Edwin Markham, and Miss Shinn. It was rather unfortunate for the Mid-West that some of its authors, as Roswell Martin Field

and Stanley Waterloo, have won their reputations since the publication of that work. But such a library must end somewhere, and can never be quite up to date.

A reference to the "Genealogical Register" of New England will show that the Stedmans belong to one of the oldest families in Connecticut. From them Stedman inherited that judicial side of his mind, which has been of such assistance to him in his critical studies; while from his mother, Elizabeth Clementine Kinney, née Dodge, he received his metrical gifts. Through her he is related to Colonel Higginson, Grover Cleveland and the Boston family of Channings. After her second marriage, Mrs. Kinney spent many years in Florence Italy, where she was closely associated with the Brownings, Charles and Frederic Tennyson, Mrs. Somerville, and Hiram Powers. She contributed many poems to the principal magazines of the day, in which Stedman's grace and lightness of touch, cast in the mold of a by-gone day, are apparent. "The Spirit of Song," "To an Italian Beggar Boy," and the "Quakeress Bride" are the most popular. She also contributed a series of letters on "Manners, Nature and Art in Italy" to the *Newark Daily Advertiser*, which were widely read. Her personal reminiscences of her Florentine friends were left to Doctor Stedman for publication. If Mrs. Kinney has lifted the curtain which hides her age from our gaze, and can reveal Mrs. Browning to our generation, as that poet appeared to the three most exceptional men of her time, Poe, Landor and Browning, what a view it will be! The parent's talents and friendships explain to a great extent the poetical and critical career of the son. They gave to him a largeness of vision, a cosmopolitanism, a perspective, not always attainable by Lowell, Higginson or Brander Matthews. Of course, the warmth and color of the advocate are wanting,— that personal element which makes Higginson's life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli and Underwood's biographies of Lowell so delightful. But then no man may be both a judge and an advocate.

In personal appearance, Dr. Stedman is rather striking. He has a large, intellectual head, which overtops a small wiry frame, below the average in height, but above the average in strength and endurance. His features are regular, the eyes dark and piercing, the hair and beard prematurely white, since he is but sixty-one years of age. No picture fairly portrays what Mrs. Dorr calls his "leonine head." A genial host and a charming conversationalist, he has the faculty of drawing out whatever latent brilliancy is lying dormant in the mind of his guest. Dr. Stedman is also a magnetic and sympathetic speaker, as those who listened to his lectures upon "The Nature and Elements of Poetry," at Johns Hopkins University and Columbia College, will testify. His two homes are in New York City and at "Kelp Rock," New Hampshire. "Kelp Rock" is a restful poet's home, on the island of Newcastle, which perfectly reflects the artistic tastes of Dr. and Mrs. Stedman. Mrs. Stedman has explored many an old-fashioned New England house, for the purpose of adding to the quaint furniture of this summer retreat. Here our author has written some of his most exquisite poetry. The rustic lane leading from Newcastle to Jaffrey Point furnished the descriptive parts of that spiritual poem, "A Vigil," the *motif* of which is more delicately suggested than Edwin Arnold's "He and She." Jaffrey Point gives quite another view. "Its jagged front receives the full brunt of the Atlantic." While looking out upon the blue rollers "curved like the necks of a legion of horses," Stedman wrote "Surf," one of the noblest sea-poems in our language. A quatrain from it might be taken as a parable of modern life:

"Strong with the striving of yesterday's surges,
Lashed by the wanton winds leagues from the shore,
Each driven fast by its follower urges
Fearlessly those that are fleeing before."

"Ariel," in memory of Shelley, was composed under ideal conditions, while on a voyage to the Caribbean Sea, but often in his tower-study at Kelp Rock the poet might have penned the lines:

"Like thee, I vowed to dedicate
My powers to beauty; aye, but thou did'st keep
The vow, whilst I knew not the afterweight
That poets weep,
The burthen under which one needs must bow."

But this is but the reflection of an occasional mood. I doubt not that Edmund Clarence Stedman is glad that he has made the world wider for so many other poets, and in the face of apparently insurmountable obstacles.

Mary J. Reid.

LOVE AND SORROW.

Two walked the night of the frozen year,
Nor spake nor smiled;
For they walked the woods where the leaves were sere,
And the gray sky gloomed on the waning year
And winds were winter-wild.

Cold starlight glistened on all the lands,
Lamping their way;
And the leafless reeds in their cold white hands
Showed silver-seamed as the starlit lands,
But damp and drear as they.

One walked the night with his tender eyes
Blue-orbed and bright;
And with sunken cheek of the hue that lies
For a time on death, and with tear-wet eyes,
One walked the winter night.

Star-light around and a far abode
With hint of flame;
But the lamps were mellow and golden glowed,
With a new life promise in Hope's abode
When Love and Sorrow came.

Two walked the dawn of the early year,
And spake and smiled;
For they walked the hills where the sky was clear,
And the sun was bright on the bright new year
And winds were zephyr-mild.

C. Horatio Jessen.

THE SONG OF THE BALBOA SEA.

SONG FOURTH.

" And God saw everything that He had made and behold it was very good.

Says Plato, " Once in Greece the gods
Plucked grapes, pressed wine, and reveled deep
And drowsed below their poppy pods,
And lay full length the hills, asleep.
Then, waking, one said, ' Overmuch
We toil: come, let us rise and touch
Red clay, and shape it into man,
That he may toil as we shall plan!'
And so they shaped man, all complete,
Self procreative, satisfied;
Two heads, four hands, four feet.

And then the gods slept, heedless, long:
But waking suddenly one day,
They heard their valley ring with song
And saw man reveling as they.
Enraged, they drew their swords and said,
' Bow down! bend down!' but man replied
Defiant, fearless, everywhere
His four fists shaking in the air.
The gods descending cleft in twain
Each man; then wiped their swords on grapes:
And let confusion reign.

And such confusion! each half ran,
Ran here, ran there: or weep or laugh
Or what he would, each helpless man
Ran hunting for his other half.
And from that day, thenceforth the grapes
Bore blood and flame, and restless shapes
Of hewn-down, helpless halves of men,
Ran searching ever; crazed as when
First hewn in twain: they grasped, let go,
Then grasped again; but rarely found,
That lost half once loved so."

Now right or wrong, or false or true,
'Tis Plato's tale of bitter sweet;
But I know well and well know you

The quest keeps on at fever heat.
Let Love, then, wisely sit and wait!
The world is round: sit by the gate
Like blind Belisarius: being blind,
Love should not search: Love shall not find
By searching. Brass is so like gold,
How shall this blind Love know new brass
From pure soft gold of old?

I.

Nay, turn not to the past for light,
Nay, teach not Pagan tale for truth.
Behind lie heathen gods and night,
Before lift high, white lights and youth.
Sweet Orpheus looked back, and lo,
Hell met his eyes and endless woe!
Lot's wife looked back, and for this fell
To something even worse than hell.
Let us have faith, sail, seek, and find
The new world and the new world's ways:
Blind Homer led the blind!

Blind Homer! Nay, poor Greece was blind;
All Greece, so blind, so deaf, indeed
She knew not roaring of the wind
From low, soft pipings of a reed,
Or recked, or saw so far ahead
As did his poor dumb dog that led.
Ah, ye who stoned your prophets, say
Where are ye now? And where are they?
Oh, ye who stoned your prophets—ye
Who see so well to stone them still—
The blind alone can see!

II.

Come, let us kindle Faith for light!
Yon eagle climbing to the sun
Keeps not the straightest course in sight,
But room and reach of wing and run
Of rounding circle all are his,
Till he at last bathes in the light
Of worlds that look far down on this
Arena's battle for the right.
The stoutest sail that braves the breeze—
The bravest battle-ship that rides
Rides rounding up the seas.

Come, let us kindle faith in man.
What though one eagle where he swings
May moult a feather in God's plan
Of broader, stronger, better wings!
Why, let the moulted feathers lie
As thick as leaves upon the lawn.
These be but proof we cleave the sky
And still round on and on and on.
Fear not for moulting feathers; nay,
But rather fear when all is fair
And care is far away.

Come, let us kindle faith in God!
He made, He keeps, He still can keep.
The storm obeys His burning rod,
The storm brought Christ to walk the deep.
Trust God to round His own at will;
Trust God to keep His own for aye—
Or strife or strike, or well or ill.
An eagle climbing up the sky—
A meteor down from heaven hurled—
Trust God to round, reform, or rock
His new-born, noisy world.

III.

How full the great, full-hearted seas
That lave high, white Alaska's feet!
How densely green the dense green trees!
How sweet the smell of wood! how sweet!
What sense of high, white newness where
This new world breathes the new, blue air
That never breath of man or breath
Of mortal thing considereth!
And ah, the Borealis light!
The angel with His flaming sword
Ere yet the fall of night!

Are these the walls of Paradise—
Yon peaks the gates that few may pass?
Lo, everlasting silence lies
Along their gleaming ways of glass!
Just silence and that sword of flame;
Just silence and Jehovah's name
Where all is new, unnamed and white!
Lo! let us read where angels write—
"In the beginning God"—aye, these
The waters where God's spirit moved;
These, these, Balboa's seas!

IV.

Just one deep, wave-washed chariot wheel :
Such sunset on that fair first day !
An unsheathed sword of flame and steel ;
Then battle flashes ; then dismay,
And mad confusion of all hues
That earth and heaven could infuse,
Till all hues softly fused and blent
In orange worlds of wonderment :
Then dying day in kingly ire
Struck back with one last blow, and smote
The world with molten fire.

So fell God's first day, proudly, dead
In battle harness where he fought.
But falling, still high o'er his head
There flashed the sword in crimson wrought
Till came his kingly foeman, Dusk,
In garments moist with smell of musk.
The bent moon moved down heaven's steeps
Low-bowed, as when a woman weeps ;
Bowed low, half-veiled in widowhood :
Then stars tiptoëd the peaks in gold
And burned brown sandal wood.

Fit death of Day ; fit burial rite
When "The beginning" was! I lay
This leaflet with the musky night
Upon his tomb. Come, come away ;
For Phaon talks and Sappho turns
To where the light of heaven burns
To love light, and she leans to hear
With something more than mortal ear.
The while the ship has pushed her prow
So close against the fir-set shore
You breathe the spicy bough.

Some red men by the low, white beach ;
Camp fires, belts of dense, black fir :
She leaning as if she would reach
To him the very soul of her.
The red flames cast a silhouette
Against the snow, above the jet
Black narrow night of fragrant wood,
And, as of old, a giant stood
Lim'd out against his glaciered peak
With strong arms crossed on his proud breast;
The while he thus did speak :

V.

"How glad was I to walk with death
Far down his dim, still, trackless lands,
Where wind nor wave nor any breath
Broke ripples o 'er the somber sands.
I walked with death as eagerly
As ever I had sailed the sea.
Then on and on I searched, I sought
Yet all my seeking came to naught.
I sailed by pleasant, peopled isles
Of song and summer time; I sailed
Ten thousand weary miles!

I heard a song! she had been sad,
So sad and ever drooping she
How could she then in song be glad
The while I searched? It could not be.
And yet that voice! so like it seemed
I questioned if I heard or dreamed.
She smiled on me. This made me scorn
My very self; for I was born
To loyalty. I would be true
Unto my love, my soul, my self,
Whatever death might do.

I fled her face, her pure, fair face,
Her songs that won a world to her.
Had she sat songless in her place,
Sat with no single worshiper,
Sat with bowed head, sad-voiced, alone,
I might have known! I might have known!
Yet how could I, the savage, know
This sun, contrasting with that snow,
Would waken her great soul to song
That still thrills all the ages through?
I blindly did such wrong!

Again I fled. I ferried gods;
Yet pining still I came to pine
Where drowsy Lesbos Bacchus nods
And drowned my soul in Cyprian wine.
Drowned! drowned my poor, sad soul so deep
It sank to where damned serpents creep!
Then upward, upward; round by round
I toiled, regained this vantage ground.
And now, at last I claim mine own,
As some long banished king comes back
To battle for his throne."

VI.

I do not say that thus he spake
By word of mouth, in human speech;
The sun in one swift flash will take
A photograph of space and reach
The realm of stars. A soul like his
Is like unto the sun in this:
Her soul the plate placed to receive
The swift impressions, to believe,
To doubt no more than you might doubt
The wondrous, midnight world of stars
That dawn has blotted out.

VII.

And Phaon loved her; he who knew
The North Pole and the South, and named
The stars for her, strode forth and slew
Black, hairy monsters no man tamed;
And all before fair Greece was born,
Or Lesbos yet knew night or morn.
No marvel that she knew him when
He came, the chiefest of all men.
No marvel that she loved and died,
And left such marbled bits of song—
Proud, broken Phidian pride.

VIII.

O, but for that one further sense
For man that man shall yet possess!
That sense that puts aside pretense
And sees the truth that scorns to guess
Or grope, or play at blindman's buff,
But knows rough diamonds in the rough!
O, well for man when man shall see,
And see he must man's destiny!
O, well when man shall know his mate,
One-winged and desolate, lives on
And bravely dares to wait!

IX.

Full morning found them, and the land
Received them, and the chapel gray;
Some Indian huts on either hand,
A smell of pine, a flash of spray,—
White, frozen rivers of the sky

Hung down the glacial steeps hard by;
Far ice-peaks flashed with sudden light
As if they would illume the rite;
As if they knew this story well,
As if they knew that form, that face,
And all that time could tell.

Then passed dusk chieftains two by two
With totem gods and stroud and shell.
They slowly passed, and passing through,
He bought of all — he knew them well.
And one, a bent old man and blind,
He put his hands about, and kind
And strange words whispered in his ear,
So kind, his dull soul could but hear.
And hear he surely did, for he,
With full hands, lifted up his face
And smiled right pleasantly.

How near, how far, how fierce, how tame!
The polar bear, the olive branch;
The dying exile, Christ's sweet name—
Vast silence! Then the avalanche!
How much this little church to them—
Alaska and Jerusalem!
The pair passed in, the silent pair
Fell down before the altar there,
The Greek before the gray Greek cross,
And Phaon at her side at last,
For all her weary loss.

The bearded priest came, and he laid
His two hands forth and slowly spake
Strange, solemn words, and slowly prayed
And blessed them there, for Jesus' sake.
Then slowly they arose and passed
All silent, voiceless to the last.
They passed: her eyes were to his eyes,
But his were lifted to the skies,
As looking, looking, that lorn night,
Before the birth of God's first-born
As praying still for light.

X.

So Phaon knew and Sappho knew
Nor night nor sadness any more.
How new the old world, ever new,
When white Love walks the shining shore!

They found his long-lost Eden, found
Her old sweet songs; such dulcet sound
Of harmonies as soothe the ear
When Love and only Love can hear.
They found lost Eden; lilies lay
Along their path, whichever way
They journeyed from that day.

They never died. Great loves live on.
You need not die and dare the skies
In forms that poor creeds hinge upon
To pass the gates of Paradise.
I know not if that sword of flame
Still lights the north, and leads the same
As when he passed the gates of old.
I know not if they braved the bold
Defiant walls that fronted them
Where awful Saint Elias broods
Wrapped in God's garment hem.

I only know they found the lost,
The long-lost Eden, found all fair
Where naught had been but hail and frost;
As Love finds Eden anywhere.
And wouldst thou, too, live on and on?
Then walk with Nature till thy dawn.
Aye, make thy soul worth saving, save
Thy soul from darkness and the grave.
Love God not overmuch, but love
God's world which He called very good;
Then lo, Love's white sea dove!

I know not where lies Eden-land;
I only know 't is like unto
God's kingdom, ever right at hand;
Ever right here in reach of you.
Put forth thy hand, or great or small,
In storm or sun, by sea or wood,
And say, as God hath said of all,
Behold it all is very good.
Farewell, fair Sappho, Phaon, Love,
I leave you in your paradise,
And seek my own sea-dove.

XI.

Yon great chained sea-ship chafes to be
Once more unleashed without the Gate
On proud Balboa's boundless sea,

And I chafe with her, for I hate
The rust of rest, the dull repose,
The fawning breath of baffled foes,
Whose blame through all my bitter days
I have endured; spare me their praise!
I go, as I have lived, alone;
Alone, as all must go at last
Who sail the vast unknown.

XII.

Could I but teach man to believe,
Could I but make small men to grow,
To break frail spider webs that weave
About their thews and bind them low;
Could I but sing one song and slay
Grim Doubt; I then could go my way
In tranquil silence, glad, serene
And satisfied from off the scene.
But ah, this disbelief, this doubt,
This doubt of God, this doubt of good,—
The damned spot will not out!

Poor, piteous pessimists that know
Nor Faith nor Hope nor Charity;
That measure still the Rhodian toe,
Nor once will lift their eyes to see
The proud Collossus that bestrides
In comely strength his teeming tides.
Poor motes that see but motes in eyes
As frank and honest as the skies;
Poor souls, born blind to everything
But ugliness and hate and ill,—
How they need pitying!

XIII.

Grew once a rose within my room
Of perfect hue, of perfect health;
Of such perfection and perfume
It filled my poor house with its wealth.
Then came the pessimist who knew
Not good or grace, but overthrew
My rose, and in the broken pot
Nosed fast for slugs within the rot.
He found, found with exulting pride
Deep in the loam, a worm, a slug:
The while my rose-tree died.

Ah me; the pity 't is 't is true.
The fairest rose, the richest mold,
The richer mold the ranker grew
Some lonely life within its fold
From first to last. Wouldst breathe the rose,
Or break the pot, and nose and nose?
Nay, plead not I for self at last;
The past, I have survived the past;
My ruined rose, my wrecked repose;
But plead I for that coming song,
The sweeter, fairer rose.

XIV.

There is no death save that sure death
Of soul, that shriv'ling leprosy
Of envy, hate and poisoned breath
Of slander; souls that will not see
The beauteous earth, the boundless skies,
Till God at last puts out their eyes.
And then, mole-like, they sink and sink,
And like poor lepers, shrink and shrink,
Until at last, so dry, so small
For drink of love, that even God
Can scarce see them at all.

Aye, these are they of this fair day,
Dread hideous bats, who haunt your eaves
In pay of men more mean than they,
To steal bright names like banded thieves
Such men as break your red rose-pot
And nose and nose the muck and rot.
Such mite-like men! A host might house
Within one cheese-mite and carouse!
And shrinking, shrinking, still from that,
Ten billion in a bat's toe-nail,
And each soul rent a flat.

XV.

Yea, ye did hurt me. Joy in this.
It is your right at last to know,
Since pain is all your world of bliss,
That ye did hounding hurt me so;
But mute as bayed stag on his steeps,
Who keeps his haunts and bleeding keeps
His breast turned watching where they come,
Kept I defiant, and as dumb.
But comfort ye, your work was done
With devils' cunning, like the mole
That lets the life sap run.

And my revenge! my vengeance is
That I have made one rugged spot
The fairer, that I fashioned this
While envy, hate and falsehood shot
Rank poison, that I leave to those
Who shot, for arrows, each a rose;
Aye, labyrinths of rose and wold,
Acacias garmented in gold,
Bright fountains, where birds come to drink,
Such clouds of cunning, pretty birds,
And tame as you can think.

Come here when I am far away,
Fond lovers of this lovely land,
And sit quite still and do not say
Turn right or left, or lift a hand,
But sit beneath my kindly trees
And gaze far out yon sea of seas:—
These trees, these very stones could tell
How long I loved them, and how well—
And maybe I shall come and sit
Beside you; sit so silently
You will not reck of it.

XVI.

The old desire of far, new lands,
The thirst to learn, to still front storms,
To bend my knees, to lift my hands
To God in all his thousand forms,
These lure and lead so pleasantly,
As old songs sung anew at sea.
But tropic isles or ocean deeps
I will my ashes to my steeps—
I will my steeps, green cross, red rose,
To those who love the beautiful—
Oh, learn to be of those.

The sun has draped his couch in red;
Night takes the warm world in his arms
And turns to their espousal bed
To breathe the perfume of her charms:
The great sea calls, and I descend
As to the call of some sweet friend.
I go, not hating any man,
But loving Earth as only can
A lover suckled at the breast
Of beauty from his babyhood,
And roam to truly rest.

God is not far, man is not far
From Heaven's porch, where pæans roll
And yet shall speak from star to star
In silent language of the soul;
Yon star-strewn skies be but a town,
With angels passing up and down.
"I leave my peace with you." Lo! these,
His seven wounds, the Pleiades
Pierce Heaven's porch. But resting there
The new moon rocks the Child Christ in
Her silver rocking-chair.

THE END.

THE HEIGHTS, Dec., 1894.

Joaquin Miller.

FELICIA OF MEXICO.

DARK as the dawn on the still, wide water
When the fog and the mist hang low,
Was the face of the Southland's beautiful daughter,
Little Felicia of Mexico;
Aye, as the languorous dusks and olden
Over the Guadalaquiver's tide,
But bright her eyes as the starlight golden
The night in the Southland glorified.

Sweet as the breath of the myosotis,
Little Felicia's lips, and red;
Born was she of love and the lotus,
Deep in June in a peri's bed.
Stole from the Sun his warmth and languor,
Stole from the flowers their beauty and sweet,
Leavened her love with a spirit of anger
Learned of a cougar that played at her feet.

Little Felicia—the saints befriend her!—
Lost her heart in an evil hour,
Loved with a love that was true and tender,
And joy was all of her bridal dower.
Where was the Sun with protecting favor?
Where was the tiger with deadly claws?
Ay de mi! there was none to save her,
Well had she died in the cougar's jaws!

Down by the sea where the soft warm water
Kisses the banks with murmurous sighs,
Perished the Southland's beautiful daughter,
Canopied only by peaceful skies;
But ah, not alone, for lo! beside her
He who had wooed her and wrought her woe
Lay dead from the sting of the Spanish spider,
Little Felicia of Mexico!

Arthur Grissom.

TIM SLATHERS' RIDE.

TIMOTHY SLATHERS was the son of a prosperous farmer whose fertile fields lay in Locust Creek bottom in the north-central portion of that part of our commonwealth popularly called "Mizzoorah." Timothy, however, was not a Missourian, but, as he was pleased to say, "hailed from Eelenoy," where he was born about twenty-five years before the events recorded herein.

Full six and a quarter feet high, he appeared much taller than he really was, for the reason that, like a geometrical line, he possessed only one dimension—linear extent. "Lacks a powerful sight o' flesh. Muscled like a grasshopper. Aint nothin' to him but the runnin' gears," was the terse judgment passed upon him by old Nick Kelton, the neighborhood vagabond and wit; and from this judgment there seemed not the slightest grounds for appeal. And his awkwardness—that was really picturesque; but it may be added that it gained no undue prominence from any consciousness of it on his part. In general he was perfectly at ease. His face was not a handsome one, but it was thoroughly pleasant to look upon. Such a general glow of good-nature rested on his ruddy features, such a kindly, humorous gleam shone in his yellowish-gray eyes, that one could not but feel better for meeting him. Nor did his face belie him. His genial ways and many good qualities made him a general favorite in the settlement, although his vanity and clumsiness was the subject of more or less good-natured laughter.

It must not be understood that Timothy was indifferent to his personal appearance. When dressed in his "store-clothes" on Sunday, he held himself erect, drew back his shoulders, thrust out his chest, and kept his chin within the folds of his black silk stock, in a manner demanding the attention if not the admiration of the public.

On horseback he cut a figure, of which fact he was fully aware. The near approach of one of the neighborhood beauties seemed the signal for Timothy's steed—no matter how docile and tractable at other times—to prance, curvet and rear, apparently in wild excitement. At such times Timothy would assume his most careless manner, and whistle "Gilderoy" or "Nancy Dawson" with a most killing effect.

And Tim,—let us call him "Tim"—everybody else did—spent a large part of his time on horseback. He seemed to have little liking for steady labor on the farm, and to him was generally assigned all such work as could be done in the saddle,—running errands to the country store and blacksmith shop, or hunting stock on the prairies.

"Mighty nice young fellow," said farmer Hawley to his daughter, Bessie. "Gads about too much, an' don't seem to take natchelly to farm work. But I guess he'll settle down stiddy when he gits married. 'Taint every young man as has sich prospects as him. Ole man Slathers'll make 'im partner, if he'll go to work an' quit runnin' 'round to every blame place whur he has a chance o' showin' off his ridin' Tim's all O. K. An', Bessie," added Mr. Hawley, lowering his voice and speaking slowly, as if in doubt just how, or how far, to proceed, "I sometimes kinder wish—'at you—an' him"—and overcome with the ardor or magnitude of his wish, Mr. Hawley stuck fast on the words and came to a full stop.

"O, Pa!" gasped Bessie, with a full-blown blush. She said no more, but her father understood her; and, seeing that he also was understood, without another word went out to his work in the "truck-patch" at the rear of the house.

Mr. Hawley lived two and a half miles from the elder Slathers, down the creek, and on the opposite side. Tim and Bessie had been warm and constant friends from the time Mr. Slathers moved into the settlement, ten years before. In the meantime, Tim had seen many girls that he liked; had, in fact, been in love more than a score of times, sometimes remaining in that irrational condition for two, and even three, months at a time. But he always came back from the worship of strange goddesses to his first love, and seemed to like Bessie the better for his having been temporarily under the spell of another enchantress.

It must be confessed that Bessie sometimes felt a tinge of resentment, when she noted the increasing infrequency of his calls, and learned that he was squandering his wealth of smiles elsewhere. Yet when he came again, perhaps to take her to spelling school, or candy pull, or apple cutting, or to hear the new circuit rider at the log school-house, his manner so plainly indicated that he had suffered by his absence, and he seemed so spontaneously happy to be with her again, that she lost all her pique *instanter*, and regarded his return as an added proof that no new fancy, however violent, would long prevail against her generally recognized claim, and the evidently sincere and honest liking which he had for her.

But of late she had become somewhat tired of forgiving Mr. Slathers, Jr.; and he had been made to understand this on the occasion of a recent visit, after an absence of weeks, during which time he had been assiduously wooing a miller's daughter on Muscle Fork. The peculiar chill imparted by Bessie's manner struck him most unpleasantly, and he was too consciously guilty not to know the cause of it, and what it boded. "By Hunkey!" he ruminated as he rode home, "there 's hull lots o' fun I haint had tonight. I 've got to quit my blame foolishness, er some time 'n I go there, I 'll have a sight less."

The truth is, Mr. Slathers, Jr., for some time, even before this special occasion, had been contemplating a cessation of his "foolishness." So much experience in love matters of late had not been wholly lost. To have the illusions of "puppy-love" dispelled by some trifling circumstance may not have been flattering or pleasant, but it was certainly educational in a large degree. The clearness of mental vision accompanying his convalescence from one of these oft-recurring attacks of undying affection might well have been regarded as full compensation for the blindness which preceded. What before he had regarded as special graces and accomplishments in the adored, he now saw clearly to be simply follies and affectations; the glittering metal he had mistaken for gold, his new mental assay proved to be worthless dross. When he had reached this stage of knowledge and wisdom, naturally enough, his dream of love, at least *that* dream, was over.

But this stage was not reached in a moment. And in this particular his conduct was simply consistent.

Furthermore, the moment he began to note defects in one of his fascinators, he invariably found himself comparing her,—to her disparagement, of course,—with Bessie Hawley,—lovely, brown-eyed Bessie,—the girl who was always sensible and proper, and, in his estimation, as nearly perfect as woman need be. But one result could come from such a state of mind. It brought Tim to his senses, and once more to the Hawley farm-house.

After his last visit there, as noted above, Tim worked hard to regain lost

ground. And to give him credit, he was perfectly sincere in his renewed devotion. He wondered that he could ever have been so absurdly silly as to leave Bessie's society. To him, indeed, at this time Bessie was the only girl; and this fact,—that he thought so,—he persisted in keeping so constantly before her,—in a variety of ways, as delicate and indirect as he was capable of, —that she felt her reserve rapidly melting away, and the revival of her old-time confidence in his honor and sincerity.

One evening, early in August, while this happy and improving state of affairs continued, Tim rode over to see Bessie and to show her his new purchase, a fine black horse of large size, splendid proportions, and great activity and speed. He carried a wreath of intertwined dodder and asparagus, the handiwork of his sister. Bessie was much pleased with the gift, and no less with the delicacy of the attention and the motive which she knew prompted it. In an instant the last frost-crystal with which she had endeavored to bar the way to her heart was dissolved, and once more she and Tim were on the old-time footing of undeclared but earnest lovers.

The happy minutes passed so quickly that Tim forgot the main object of his visit until he rose to leave. Then he said, "Oh! Bessie, I want to show you the horse I bought of Jedge Smallwood fur a hundred an' fifty dollars. Can git *three common* horses fur that. He can *jist outrun greased lightning!* Y' ought t 'ave seen 'im run away with me tother day — half way back to Smallwood's. He jist everlastingly flew — hardly stop 'im. Can't ride 'im with a snaffle bit any more. Call 'im 'Thunderbolt.' 'Propriate name, aint it? Come out to the gate an' see 'im. He 's a beauty, I tell you."

Bessie was bareheaded, with her hair done up in ample braids at the back of her head. Her simple calico gown fitted her pretty rounded figure to perfection; and Tim thought as he walked along, watching the peach-bloom tints paling and deepening by turns in her cheeks, the play of slanting sunbeams on her golden-brown braids, and anon looking boldly into the love-lighted depths of her splendid eyes, that he had never before seen her look half so lovely. Two-thirds of the way to the gate they stopped by a Siberian crab-apple tree, and Bessie called attention to the gorgeous coloring and semi-translucent beauty of the fruit. But Tim was thinking of something else. "W-huh!" said he abstractedly, when Bessie asked him which he liked the better, the "Siberian" or the "Transcendent." Bessie laughed aloud. "Oh!" said he, recovering himself, "did n't notice what you said. Fact is, was *thinkin';* an' Bessie, want to tell you somethin'. Mother, *she* thinks you 're *jist perfect.* An' *she* wants *me* to quit foolin' 'round an' settle down; an' *she* says, says she, 'Tim, I wish you could have the good sense an' good luck together to marry Bessie Hawley,' says she. An'—so,— Bessie, I 've been thinkin' 'at — I *wish 't I could.*"

Bessie's heart beat painfully. The color surged up in her face, and then quickly receded, leaving her as white and bloodless as a snowflake. But there was no lack of warmth in the expression of her eyes, as she shyly raised them to meet Tim's earnest look. "You know I like you, Tim, and always did." A great wave of happiness enveloped him. He deemed her answer sufficient, and the impulse seized him to celebrate the event with a kiss, or some other demonstration suited to the occasion. But a glance at the house showed him that Mrs. Hawley was curiously regarding them through the window. This brought Mr. Slathers, Jr., to his senses, "'At 'll do, Bessie," said he hurriedly. "'M awful glad. "But" (glancing at the house again) "we forgot 'bout Thunderbolt."

A few steps more brought them to

where the impatient horse stood champing his bit and pawing the ground. Bessie said little, yet her face showed her admiration more plainly than words. Tim, however, was differently affected. Excited almost to intoxication by the experience of the last few moments, and glad, for the time, to get back to a subject on which he could talk more freely, he now fairly outdid himself in explaining its many fine points, rare traits and good qualities. "Lemme show you how he moves," said he, untying the halter.

"He looks fiery — I hope he wont hurt you, Tim." Then lowering her voice, Bessie added: "I feel as if he 'd brought me good luck today; but if he *should* hurt you" — , "No danger," interrupted Tim. "I can ride anything 'at wears hair an' hoofs. 'Sides, he aint wicked — only sperited. Never you fear. But just see 'im move." With the last words, Tim mounted. A quick, but sly dig with the heel of his "off" foot in the horse's flank, and a sharp jerk on the reins (which she thought was meant to quiet and restrain), succeeded in rousing the mettlesome beast to a degree of excitement little less than frenzy. With his feet drawn well together under him, and making the ground ring with the rapid, nervous, heavy patter of his hoofs, his muscles contracted into great knots under his glistening hide, neck arched, mouth open and fringed with foam, nostrils flaring wide and fiery red, and eyes that blazed with light, he looked a demon, ready, with one bound, to start upon his wingless flight through the air. Two or three seconds thus, and Tim loosed the reins. A sudden swerve to left, same to right, ditto to left again, half a dozen rapid whirls followed by an upward lunge and an instant's poise on his hind feet, and the excited steed dashed down the road toward Locust Creek with the noise and speed of a hurricane. Tim proudly turned in the saddle as he sped away, waiving his hand at Bessie, threw her a kiss, and then disappeared around a bend in the timbered road.

Reassured by Tim's easy manner, Bessie slowly turned to the house. "I do hope he 'll not get hurt," she said to herself. "But Tim says he aint wicked; and I somehow feel as if he 'd always bring me good luck."

An unceremonious departure by Tim usually meant a speedy return. With him it was a case of "cut and come again," and Bessie so understood it. After those few words at the crab-apple tree, he would certainly return the next evening, or the *next*, at latest.

Tim felt the same way. He intended to see Bessie again at the earliest moment possible, hoping to find a favorable opportunity to continue the important conversation which Mrs. Hawley's ill-timed curiosity had so abruptly terminated. He would go the next evening and take Bessie to a candy-pulling at Deacon Snayley's, and during the four-mile ride across the prairie there would be ample time and opportunity.

The following afternoon he rode over to Judge Smallwood's, on an errand. The Judge's farm adjoined that of Slathers, Senior, on the west, the two residences being about one mile apart. The Judge's dwelling was, for that time and place a pretentious, two-story, frame house, about two hundred yards south of the main road, fronting north, and standing on the projected line of the *cul de sac* which gave him access to the said road. Down this lane Tim went galloping that afternoon about three o'clock, thinking of Bessie and the proposed ride to the "candy-pull." The Judge was at the front gate. He was formerly from Massachusetts; but his conservative ideas, his warm-hearted and neighborly ways, soon overcame the prejudices which, in that community, were ordinarily entertained against the "Down Easter"; and he was now the most popular man in the township, and had been Justice of the Peace, by the

suffrage of his neighbors, for the past six years.

"'D evening Jedge," said Tim, with his usual apheresis of the initial word.

"Good evening, Mr. Slathers," said the Judge politely. "Won't you 'light?"

"No, much 'bliged. Came to borrow that patent yoke o' yours, to put on a breachy cow."

"Certainly," said the Judge, "if it 's been returned. I lent it to Major Bennett last spring. Get off, and I'll see about it."

Tim made no reply. He was gazing at a woman's figure which at that instant emerged from the sitting room, and began pacing up and down the porch in front of the house. Stately and statuesque, yet with a certain willowy grace which was accentuated by the lovely blue silk wrapper, the lady was certainly a handsome picture,—especially at that distance. The Judge noticed Tim's interested look, and again urged him to alight, adding: "My niece from Boston is here, and I want her to get acquainted with the young people of the neighborhood."

Tim dismounted, tied Thunderbolt to a post, glanced critically at his clothes, knocked the dust from his trousers here and there, and followed the Judge down the walk to the house, into which the fair one had suddenly disappeared.

"Corinthia, this is Mr. Slathers. Mr. Slathers, Miss Smallwood, my niece," said the Judge. Tim nodded cordially and held out his hand. But Miss Corinthia was involved in the intricacies of a fashionable bow, and did not note his friendly offer. Tim recovered himself, however, by the time her performance closed,—he certainly had time enough,—and took the seat she offered him. He now observed that she wore gold-rimmed glasses, heavy gold bracelets and rings, and was festooned in front with ample lengths of a showy gilt chain. Such an air of distinction! Such evidences of wealth and refinement! And how her calm dignity was softened by the grace of her manners! Tim had felt himself much honored by the profound salaam of this grand creature, and now that glory was enhanced and magnified by her apparent interest. The Judge had passed out of the room; his wife and daughter were busy in the kitchen, and Miss Corinthia was left to entertain the caller. She was one of those whose vocal organs seem to move automatically, and who, per consequence, need no such extraneous aid as a subject of thought to assist in the simple matter of conversation. Tim was bewildered, delighted, fascinated, and when at the end of an hour he rose reluctantly to go, her professions of pleasure at having made his acquaintance, her manifest regret at his departure, and her cordial invitation to call again and see *her*, completed the measure of his felicity. The prolonged and graceful oriental bend and sweep of her slender form, with which she answered his awkward bow, so enchained him in admiration that he stood for some seconds looking at her as though the adieux had not closed. It was stupid, certainly, but how to end it? A bright thought struck him. He asked her to step down to the gate and see his fine saddle-horse. She readily consented; and as they idled down the walk, Tim detailed to her the fine points of the animal, told about his inclination to run away, and added: "Whenever he gits the start o' me, he breaks fur this place. Your uncle raised 'im, and he wants to come back to his old home."

"O, that is *real nice*, tittered Miss Corinthia. "I hope he 'll run off with you *real often*. Then it won't be so lonesome for me."

She exhausted her stock of adjectives in praise of the horse. "Magnificent!" "Splendid!" "Superb!" Tim's exhibition of horsemanship (which he did not fail to give, with variations) simply drew forth a greater number of these all-ex-

pressive words, punctuated with little feminine shrieks when the gyrations of the well-trained animal were most rapid and violent. And when the circus was over, and Tim dashed down the lane toward home, turning in the saddle and giving a military salute as he went, she felt an excited and emotional interest in the young man which argued well for his success, should he return to push further the acquaintance so pleasantly begun.

And he did return—he had come away without the yoke. So next forenoon he went back for it, and found the Judge away. But Miss Corinthia was there; and after another hour spent in her sweetly gracious presence, Tim went home with his head among the stars, having obtained Miss Smallwood's promise to take a horseback ride with him at six o'clock that very evening.

Yes, Tim was happy; but between raptures and thrills the thought of Bessie troubled him. He had not carried out his purpose of seeing her the evening before, and he "made faces" at himself, and writhed and squirmed like one in pain, when he reflected on the cause of his failure to do so. "Dear little Bessie!" said he to himself, "wish I had n't spoken to her jist yet. But I never thought then, 'at there was any sich a person as HER. Thought I 'd been cured o' bein' sich a dod-gasted idiot, but I guess I must 'ave had a relapse." He was not one, however, to brood over anticipated troubles; and casting off, as far as possible, all thought of probable perplexities, he gave himself up to the luxury of indulging rose-colored and "gold-embroidered dreams" of his future relations with Miss Corinthia.

After all Tim's experience it is strange that he discovered nothing about Miss Smallwood to induce that critical state of mind before referred to as so fatal to his romance in general. Had he used even his ordinary common-sense and usual powers of observation, he must have seen that her high color was not natural; that the "bloom of youth" on her face was the kind druggists sell; that all the lines in her face were not the result of her smile, though that might be, as it seems, perennial; that her most natural manner was one of affectation, and that her intellectual stock in trade was of the kind which the world over distinguishes the mere society devotee from people of sense. But Tim saw nothing of all this, and his infatuation increased, as is the rule, in a direct ratio to his blindness.

The day was hot and sultry. Tim was quite impatient for six o'clock to come, and started in to spend the afternoon in getting ready for the ride. His best suit was brought out and carefully dusted. Thirty minutes were given to polishing his gaiters (three minutes ordinarily sufficed), and as many more in removing spots from his buckskin riding gloves. By the time he had newly burnished his watch chain, scented his handkerchief and clothes with cinnamon, oiled his hair for the second time, and finished curling the incipient, brick-colored mustache that clung to his upper lip, it was almost five o'clock, and he concluded to refresh himself with "a swim" in Big Locust.

The country road before spoken of ran northeast from the Slathers place, winding through the fringe of heavy timber to the bridge across the stream. Just south and out of sight of the bridge was a stretch of deeper water, where a large sand-bar and convenient log formed the extra inducements which made it a popular bathing resort for the young men of the neighborhood. Thither Tim went. The water was just warm enough to be pleasant, and just cool enough to steal away the superfluous heat of the body, and to tone down the blood to a temperature absolutely delicious in its effects, producing a peculiar combination of perfect restfulness with supreme invigoration.

All at once it occurred to him to give Thunderbolt a bath. Surely he would enjoy it, and how pretty he would look with the last particle of dust and perspiration washed from his glossy black hide. To think was to act in this instance. Slipping off saddle and bridle, and making the halter into a double rein, Tim led the horse down the bank and into the water. Slowly, cautiously, and distrustfully Thunderbolt felt his way into the stream, occasionally thrusting his nose into the liquid element half way to his eyes, as if to forget his fears in the mere wantonness of sport. Up to midsides, a little deeper, then to his withers. Tim now slipped on to his back, and the noble beast began steadily to swim toward the bar at the other end of the deep water. When that point was reached, Tim easily turned him, and with even stroke he returned to the place of starting. Three several times the trip was made, his equine majesty evidently enjoying the sport as much as his master. On returning the last time, Tim stopped him on the sloping bed of the stream, near the bank, in about three feet of water. Here he sat a moment to let the horse breathe, meanwhile admiring his shining black coat and waving mane, from which latter a thousand pearls and diamonds were slipping into the water. "By Tunkens! he's a beauty!" said Tim, half aloud. "Wish Corinthy could see him now.— Don't mean *that* 'zackly," he grinned, as some incongruity in the wish presented itself to his mind; "I mean, I wish"—

Just what he wished will never be known. At that instant Thunderbolt cast a quick, suspicious glance at one of the long white legs that hung down by his side, turned his head to get a better look, gave a terrified snort, and at two bounds was up the bank, and tearing like mad along the path toward the main road. But the saddest part remains to be told. Tim was still on his back, holding fast with desperate fear, and lying low on the neck of the flying steed to avoid the limbs that overhung his path. Into the big road, and toward home they dashed with accelerating velocity. The barn-lot gate stood open — Thunderbolt would surely go in. But no, horrors of horrors! the maddened brute sped by like a shot, and before Tim could fairly realize it, he was on his way to the Smallwood mansion!

Never before, since the world began, was there such another mad ride! Mazeppa's was, perhaps, the nearest approach to it; but the difference seems to be, for the most part, in his favor. Mazeppa was no more helpless or unwilling than Tim, and *he* had no fears of falling off. *He* was being carried away from his lady-love; Tim was going to meet *his;* but he would have given all he possessed, or hoped to possess, to be going in the opposite direction.

Faster and faster, with more and more terrific force and fearful speed, with smoke of dust and thunderous clatter, swept on the frantic horse, a very thunderbolt indeed! Tim felt a sudden chill as they whistled through the sultry air, and could have sworn that the wind was blowing a hurricane. But perhaps not all the coldness was from without. His very blood seemed freezing. Should he jump off? That meant certain death, or at least broken and mangled limbs; so he let "'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'" and clung with deadlier grip. Whoever before held on so tightly to that of which he so longed to let go! He would soon be there, and "Horrors on horrors' heads accumulate!" SHE would be waiting for him! Presto! Bessie's dear, sweet face (for some reason unexplained, dearer and sweeter than ever,) was before him, and her words flashed through his mind,—"I hope he wont hurt you, Tim." Thus, sweet memories and fearful thoughts rushed together through his surging brain. But sixty seconds passed quick-

ly, and the horse kept even pace. O, that a mile and a minute should be so short! Yet he would not have had them longer, so replete was every foot of space and second of time with the agony of fear and shame.

Miss Corinthia was waiting for him. Her horse was saddled and standing at the gate. She had just gone into the rose-arbor to get some fresh buds to wear, when she heard the clatter of hoofs, and saw the cloud of dust to the eastward on the main road. The shrubbery shut out her view of the lane, but the pattering thunder of horses' feet,—there must at least be a dozen of them, she thought,— seemed right at hand. She ran out of the arbor and around the lilacs and trellised grape vines, toward the gate. At that moment the frothing, smoking Thunderbolt swept down the homestretch toward the house, and a semi-second later, almost sliding on his haunches in his frantic haste to stop, brought up with violence against the plank fence that closed the way. With a hot and bitter execration against the horse, and a howl of raging disgust, Tim sprang from his perch, crossed the lane at three jumps, leaped the fence on the east side, and disappeared in the thick corn. But the Judge's dogs, a gaunt brace of wolfish curs, had seen him go, and with vociferous mouthings started on his track. Tim heard them coming, and changed his first intention of hiding in the corn till dark. The speed he now attained was second only to that made a moment before while going the other way. But it would be wanton cruelty to dwell longer on his misery; to tell how the serrated cornblades marked and cross-marked his epidermis from neck to heel; how he stripped off cockle-burrs with his toes, and burnt his feet and ankles by friction with the "hog-vine" and wild morning-glory; or how the fear of the hungry curs that yelled and wept and strained and threw dust in eager chase close behind him, for the moment dwarfed all other fears and troubles. Suffice it, that he gained the fence on the road, leaped the one and crossed the other in a thrice, and found himself in a pin-oak thicket, extending to the heavy timber in Locust bottom. Through this he made his way more leisurely, being hid from view and freed from pursuit, the dogs having stopped at the fence. Fifteen minutes later he reached the spot where his clothes had been left; and having thus seen him safely back to the place of starting, at the demand of the proprieties, we will retire while he makes his toilet.

. . . .

One morning late in the following December, Tim and Bessie sat at breakfast in the cosy little sitting room of their new home. A brisk fire sparkled and frolicked in the brick chimney-place, making cheer as well as the comfort that comes from mere warmth in cold weather. Outside the snowflakes fell. The earth was long since white, and the transformation of familiar objects went steadily on. The pump, the gate-posts, the dove-cote, the old gum ash-hopper, the fodder shocks across the way, assumed new and grotesque forms, and the spectral trees each moment stood out more weird and ghost-like against the gloom of the wintry sky. The world around seemed pulseless, and wore "the pale aspect of Nature in death." But the faces of the two caught no shadow from the December without. Within, and theirs, was the springtime of life and love; and what to them signified the death of Nature while they were happy in each other's affection, and could attend the wake together?

Granville P. Hurst.

IN THE GOLDEN CHERSONESE.

THE CITY OF SINGAPORE.

WOULD an American boy, like a Prince in the Arabian Nights, be taken by a genie from his warm bed in San Francisco and awakened in the center of Raffles Square, in Singapore, I will wager that he would be sadly puzzled to even give the name of the continent on which he had alighted.

Neither the buildings, the people, or the vehicles would aid him in the least to decide.

Enclosing the four sides of the little banyan-tree shaded park in which he stands are rows of brick, white-faced, high-jointed godowns. Through their glassless windows great white punkahs swing back and forth with a ceaseless regularity. Standing outside of each window, a tall, graceful punkah-waller tugs at a rattan withe, his naked limbs shining like polished ebony in the fierce glare of the Malayan sun.

For a moment the boy thinks he is in India, possibly at Simla, for he has read some of Rudyard Kipling's stories.

Back under the portico-like verandas, whose narrow breadths take the place of sidewalks, are little booths that look like bay windows turned inside out. On the floor of each sits a Turk, cross-legged, or an Arab, surrounded by a heterogeneous assortment of wares fez caps, brass finger-bowls, a praying rug, a few boxes of Japanese tooth-picks, some rare little bottles of Arab essence, a betel nut box, and a half-dozen piles of big copper cents, for all shop-keepers are money-changers.

The merchant gathers his flowing, parti-colored robes about him, tightens the turban on his head, and draws calmly at his water-pipe, while a bevy of Hindoo and Tamil women bargain for a new stud for their noses, a showy amulet, or a silver ring for their toes.

Squatting right in the way of all passers is a Chinese traveling restaurant, that looks like two flour barrels, one filled with drawers, the other containing a small charcoal fire. The old cookee, with his queue tied neatly up about his shaven head, takes a variety of mixtures from the drawers,—bits of dried fish, sea-weed, a handful of spaghetti, possibly a piece of shark's fin, or better still a lump of bird's nest, places them

KLING DHOBIE (WASH-MAN).

in the kettle, as he yells from time to time, "Machen, machen," (eating, eating).

Next to the Arab booth is a Chinese lamp shop, then a European dry goods store, an Armenian law office, a Japanese bazaar, a foreign Consulate.

A babble of strange sounds and a jargon of languages salute the astonished boy's ears.

In the broad, well-paved streets about him a Malay *syce* or driver is trying to urge his spotted Deli pony, which is not larger than a Newfoundland dog, in between a big, lumbering two-wheeled bullock cart, laden with oozing bags of vile-smelling gambier, and a great, patient water buffalo that stands sleepily whipping the gnats from its black, almost hairless hide, while its naked driver is seated under the trees in the square quarreling and gambling by turns

The gharry, which resembles a dry goods box on wheels, set in with latticed windows, smashes up against the ponderous hubs of the bullock-cart. The meek-eyed bullocks close their eyes and chew their cuds, regardless of the fierce screams of the Malay or the frenzied objurgations of their driver.

But no one pays any attention to the momentary confusion. A party of Jews dressed in robes of purple and red that sweep the street pass by, without giving a glance at the wild plunging of the half-wild pony. A Singhalese jeweler is showing his rubies and cats'eyes to a party of Eurasian or half-caste clerks, that are taking advantage of their master's absence from the godown to come out into the court to smoke a manila cigarette and gossip. The mottled tortoise shell comb in the vender's black hair and his womanish draperies give him a feminine aspect.

An Indian chitty or money-lender stands talking to a brother, supremely unconscious of the eddying throng about. These chitties are fully six feet tall, with closely-shaven heads and nude bodies. Their dress of a few yards of gauze wound about their waists, and red sandals, would not lead one to think

COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

MALAY WOMEN.

that they handle more money than any other class of people in the East. They borrow from the great English banks without security save that of their caste name, and lend to the Eurasian clerks just behind them at 12 per cent a month. If a chitty fails, he is driven out of the caste and becomes a pariah. The caste make up his losses.

Dyaks from Borneo idle by. Parsee merchants in their tall conical hats, Chinese ricksha runners and cart coolies, Tamil road menders, Bugis, Achinese, Siamese, Japanese, Madras serving men, negro firemen, Lascar sailors throng the little square,— the agora of the commercial life of the city.

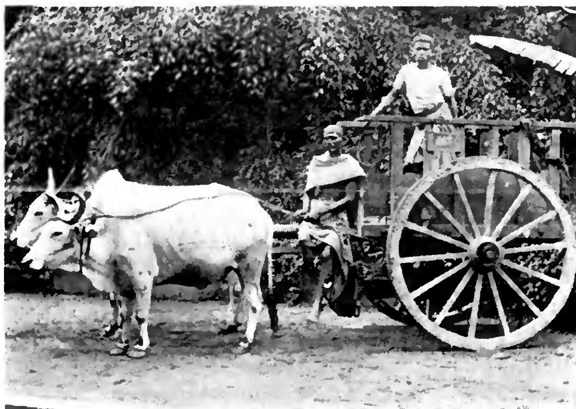
Such is Singapore, embracing all the races of Asia and Europe. Is it any wonder that the American boy, standing under the great banyan tree with a Malay in sarong and kris by his side, singing with his syrah-stained lips the glorious promises of the Koran, is bewildered.

Look on the map of Asia for the southernmost point of the continent, and you will find it at the tip of the Malay Peninsula, — a giant finger that points down into the heart of the greatest archipelago in the world. At the very end of this peninsula, like a sort of cut-off joint of the finger, is the little island of Singapore, which is not over twenty-five miles from east to west, and does not exceed fifteen miles in width at its broadest point.

The famous old Straits of Malacca, which was once the haunts of the fierce Malayan pirates, separate the island from the mainland and the Sultanate of Johore.

The shipping that once worked its way through these narrow straits, in momentary fear that its mangrove-bound shores held a long, swift pirate prau, now goes further south and into the island-guarded harbor before Singapore.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the sea approach to Singapore. As you enter the Straits, the emerald green of a bevy of little islands obstructs the vision, and affords a grateful relief to the



BULLOCK CART.

A MALAY HOME.

almost blinding glare of the Malayan sky, and the metallic reflections of the ocean.

Some seem only inhabited by a graceful waving burden of strange tropical foliage, and by a band of chattering monkeys; on others you detect a Malay campong or village, its umbrella-like houses of attap, close down to the shore, built high up on poles, so that half the time their boulevards are but vast mud holes, the other half—Venice, filled with a moving crowd of sampans and fishing praus. A crowd of bronzed, naked little figures sport within the shadow of a maze of drying nets, and flee in consternation as the black, log-like head and cruel, watchful eyes of a crocodile glide quietly along the mangrove roots.

On another island you discern the grim breastworks and the frowning mouth of a piece of heavy ordnance.

Soon the island of Singapore reveals itself in a long line of dome-like hills and deep-cut shadows, whose stolid front quickly dissolves. The tufted tops of a sentinel palm, the wide-spreading arms of the banyan, clumps of green and yellow bamboo, and the fan-shaped outlines of the traveler's palm become distinguishable. As the great, red, tropical sun rises from behind the encircling hills, the monotony of the foliage is relieved in places by objects which it all but hid from view. The granite minaret of a Mohammedan mosque, the carved dome of a Buddhist temple, the slender spire of an English cathedral, the bold projections of Government House, and the wide, white sides of the Municipal buildings all hold the eye.

Then a maze of strange shipping screens the nearing shore — the military masts and yards of British and Dutch men-of-war, the high-heeled, shoe-like lines of Chinese junks, innumerable Malay and Kling sampans, and great, unwieldly Borneo tongkangs.

For six miles along the wharves and for six miles back into the island extend the municipal limits of the city. Two hundred thousand people live within these limits; while outside, over the rest of the island along the sea coast, in fishing villages, and in the interior on plantations of tapioca and pepper, live a hundred thousand more. Of these three hundred thousand over one hundred and seventy thousand are Chinese and only fifteen hundred are Europeans.

Grouped about Raffles Square and facing the Bund are the great English, German and Chinese houses that handle the three hundred million dollars worth of imports and exports that pass in and out of the port yearly, and make Singapore one of the most important marts of the commercial world.

Beyond, and back from the Square, is "Tanglin," or the suburbs, where the government officials and the heads of these great firms live in luxurious bungalows, surrounded by a swarm of retainers.

Let us drive from Raffles Square through this cosmopolitan city and out to Tanglin. Beginning at Cavanagh Bridge, at one end of which stands the great Singapore Club and the Post Office, is the ocean Esplanade,— the pride of the city — that encloses a public playground of some fifteen acres, which was reclaimed from the sea at an

TWILIGHT IN THE GOLDEN CHERSONESE.

GARDEN OF THE U. S. CONSULATE.

expense of over two hundred thousand dollars. Every afternoon when the heat of the day has fallen from 150° to 80°, the European population meets on this Esplanade park to play tennis, cricket and football, and to promenade, gossip, and listen to the music of the regimental or man-of-war band.

The drive from the sea, up Orchard Road to the Botanic Gardens, carries you by all the diversified life of the city. The Chinese restaurant is omnipresent. By its side sits a naked little bit of bronze, with a basket of sugar-cane—each stick, two feet long, cleaned and scraped, ready for the hungry and thirsty ricksha coolies, who have a few quarter cents with which to pander their appetites. On every veranda and in every shady corner are the Kling and Chinese barbers. They carry their barber-shops in a kit or in their pockets, and the recipient of their skill finds a seat as best he may. The barber is prepared to shave your head, your face, trim your hair, braid your queue, and pull the hairs out of your nose and ears.

There is no special quarter for separate trades. Madras tailor shops rub shoulders with Malay blacksmith shops, while Indian wash-houses join Manila cigar manufactories.

Once past the commercial part of the ride, the great bungalows of the European and Chinese merchants come into view. The immediate borders of the road itself reveal nothing but a dense mass of tropical verdure and carefully cut hedges, but at intervals there is a wide gap in the hedge, and a road leads off into the seeming jungle. At every such entrance there are posts of masonry, and a plate bearing the name of the manor and its owner.

At the end of a long aisle of palms and banyans you see a bit of wide-spreading veranda, and the full open doors of a cool, black interior. Acres of closely-shaven lawns, dotted with flowering shrubs of the brightest reds, deepest purples, and fieriest solferinos, beds of rich-hued foliage plants and cool, green masses of ferns meet your eye.

Perhaps you spy the inevitable tennis-court, swarming with players, and bordered with tables covered with tea and sweets. Red-turbaned Malay *Kebuns*, or gardeners, are chasing the balls, and scrupulously clean Chinese "boys" are passing silently from one guest to another with trays of eatables.

Dozens of gharries dodge past. Hundreds of rickshas pull out of the way.

A great landau, drawn by a pair of thoroughbred Australian horses, driven by a Malay *syce*, and footman in full livery, and containing a bare-headed Chinese merchant, in the simple flowing garments of his nation, dashes along. The victoria and the dog-cart of the European, and the universal palanquin of the Anglo-Indian, form a perfect maze of wheels.

Suddenly the road is filled with a long line of bullock carts. You yank your little pony sharply to one side, barely escaping the big wooden hub of the first. The *syce* springs down from behind, and belabors the native bullock driver, who, paying no attention to the blows rained upon his naked back, belabors his beasts in turn, calling down upon their ungainly humps the curses of his religion. The scene is so familiar that only a "globe-trotter" would notice it. Yet to me there is nothing more truly artistic, or more typically Indian in India, than a long line of these bullock carts, laden with the products of the tropics,—pineapples, bananas, gambier,

MOHAMMEDAN AND CHINESE TEMPLES.

coffee,—urged on by a straight, graceful driver, winding slowly along a palm and banyan tree-shaded road. We would meet such processions at every turning, but never without recalling glorious childish pictures of the Holy Land and Bible scenery as we painted them, while our father read of a Sunday morning out of the old "Domestic Bible,"—we children pronounced it "*Dom*-i-stick,"—how the Lord said unto Moses, "Go take twenty fat bullocks and offer them as a sacrifice." As we would see these "twenty fat bullocks" time and again, I confess, with a feeling of reluctance, that some of the gilt and rose tint was rubbed from our childish pictures, and that a realistic artist drawing from the life before him would not deck out the patient subject in quite our extravagant colors.

The color of the Indian bullock varies. Some are a dirty white, some a cream color, some almost pink, and a few are of the darker shades. They are about the size of our cows, seldom as large as a full-grown ox. Their horns, which are generally tipped with curiously carved knobs, and often painted in colors, are as diversified in their styles of architecture as are the horns of our cattle, though they are more apt to be straight and V-shaped. Their necks are always "bowed to the yoke," to once more use biblical phraseology, and seem almost to invite its humiliating clasp. Above their front legs is the mark of their antiquity, the great clumsy, flabby, fleshy, tawny hump, always swaying from side to side, keeping time to every plodding step of its sleepy owner. This seemingly use-

A BIT OF THE BOTANIC GARDENS.

less mountain of flesh serves as a cushion against which rests a yoke. Not the natty yoke of our rural districts, but a simple pole, with a pin of wood through each end, to ride on the outside of the bullock's necks. The burden comes against the projecting hump when the team pulls. To the center of this yoke is tied, with strong withes of rattan, the pole of a cart, that in this nineteenth century is generally only to be seen in national museums, preserved as a relic of the first steps in the art of wagon building. And yet as a cart it is not to be despised: all the heavy traffic of the colonies is done within its rude board sides. It has two wheels, with heavy square spokes that are held on to a ponderous wooden axletree by two wooden pins. A platform bottom rests on the axletree, and two fence-like sides.

The genie of the cart, the hewer of wood and drawer of water, is a tall, wiry, bronze-colored Hindoo. He has a yard of white gauze about his waist, and another yard twisted up into a turban on his head. The dictates of fashion do not interest him. He does not plod along year in and year out behind his team for the pittance of sixty cents per day, to squander on the outside of his person. Not he. He has a wife up near Simla. He hopes to go back next year, and buy a bit of ground back from the hill on the Allabadd road from his father-in-law, old Mohammed Mudd. They have cold weather up in Simla, and he knows of a certain gown he is going to buy of a Chinaman in the bazaar. But his bullocks lag, and he saws on the *gamooty* rope that is attached to their noses, and beats them half consciously with his rattan whip. Ofttimes he will stand stark upright in the cart for a full half hour, with his rattan held above his head in a threatening attitude, and talk on and on to his animals, apotheosizing their strength and patience, telling them how they are sacred to Buddha, how they are the companions of man, and how they shall have an extra *chupak* of paddy when the sun goes down, and he has delivered to the merchant *sahib* on the quay his load of gambier: or he reproves them for their slowness and want of interest, and threatens them with the rod, and tells them to look how he holds it above them. If in the course of the harangue one of the dumb listeners pauses to pick a mouthful of young *lallang* grass by the roadside, the softly-crooning tones give place to a shriek of denunciation.

The agile *Kling* springs down from his improvised pulpit, and rushes at the offender, calls him the offspring of a pariah dog, shows him the rattan, rubs it against his nose, threatening to cut him up with it into small pieces, and to feed the pieces to the birds. Then he discharges a volley of blows on the sleek sides of the offender, that seem to have little more effect than to raise a cloud of tiger gnats, and to cause the recipient to bite faster at the tender herbs.

As the bullock-cart that had blocked our way, and at the same time inspired the preceding description, shambled along down the shady road, and out of the reach of the *syce's* arms, the driver slipped quietly up the pole of the cart until a hand rested on either hump, and commenced to talk in a half aggrieved, half caressing tone to his team. Our *syce* would translate. "He say bullock very bad to go to sleep before the palanquin of the Heaven Born. If they no be better soon their souls will no become men. He say he sorry that they make the great American *sahib* angry."

The singular trio passed on, the driver praising and reprimanding by turns in the soft, musical tongue of his people, the historic beasts swinging lazily along, regardless of their illustrious past, all unconscious of the fact that their names are embalmed in sacred writ and Indian legend, and rounding a corner of the broad red road, were lost to view

amid the olive-green shadows of a clump of gently swaying bamboo. To me, for the nonce, they would seem to disappear, like phantoms, into the midst of the dim centuries, from out of which my imagination had called them forth.

Soon you are at the wide open gates of the Botanic Garden. A perfect riot of strange tropical foliage bursts upon the view. The clean, red road winds about and among avenues of palms, waringhans, dark green mangosteens, casurinas, and the sweet-smelling hybiscus, all alike covered with a hundred different parasitic vines and ferns. Artificial lakes and moats are filled with the giant pods of the superb Victoria Regia, and the flesh-colored cups of the lotus.

In the translucent green twilight of the flower-houses a hundred varieties of the costly orchids thrive—not costly here. A ship-load can be bought of the natives for three cents apiece.

Walks carry you out into the dim aisles of the native jungle. Monkeys surprised at your footsteps spring from limb to limb, and swing, chattering, out of sight in a mass of rubber vines. Splendid macadamized roads, that are kept in perfect repair by a force of naked Hindoos and an iron roller drawn by six unwilling, hump-backed bullocks, spread out over the island in every direction. Leave one at any point outside the town, and plunge into the bordering jungle, and you are liable to meet a tiger or a herd of wild boar. The tigers swim across the straits from the mainland, and occasionally strike down a Chinaman. It is said that if a Chinaman, a Malay, and a European are passing side by side through a field, the tiger will pick out the Chinaman to the exclusion of the other two.

Acres upon acres of pineapples stretch away on either hand, while patches of bananas and farms of coffee are interspersed with spice trees and sago swamps.

This road system is the secret of the development of the agriculture, and one of the secrets of the rapid growth of the great English colonies. Were it not for the great black python, that lies sleeping in the road in front of you, of the green iguana that hangs in a tambosa tree over your head, of a naked runner pulling a ricksha, you might think you were traveling over the asphaltum streets of Washington.

The home of the European in Singapore is peculiar to the country. The parks about their great bungalows are small copies of the Botanic Gardens—filled with all that is beautiful in the flora of the East. From five to twenty servants alone are kept to look after its walks and hedges and lawns.

A bungalow proper may consist of but a half dozen rooms, and yet look like a vast manor house. It is the generous sweep of the verandas running completely around the house that lends this impression. Behind its bamboo "chicks" you retire on your return from the office. The Chinese "boy" takes your pipe-clayed shoes and cork helmet, and brings a pair of heelless grass slippers. If a friend drop in, you never think of inviting him into your richly furnished drawing-room, but motion him to a long rattan chair, call "Boy, bring the master a cup of tea," and pass a box of Manila cigars.

Bungalows are one story high, with a roof of palm thatch, and are raised above the ground from two to five feet by brick pillars, leaving an open space for light and air beneath. Nearly every day it rains for an hour in torrents. The hot, steaming earth absorbs the water, and the fierce equatorial sun evaporates it, only to return it in a like shower the next day. So every precaution must be taken against dampness and dry rot.

In every well-ordered bungalow seven to nine servants are an absolute necessity, while three others are usually added

from time to time. The five elements, if I may so style them, are the "boy" or boys, the cook and his helpers, the horseman, the water-carrier, the gardener and the maid. The adjuncts are the barber, the washman, the tailor and the watchman. In a mild way, you are at the mercy of these servants. Their duties are fixed by caste, one never intruding on the work of another. You must have all or none. Still this is no hardship. Only newcomers ever think of trying to economize on servant bills. The record of the thermometer is too appalling, and you speedily become too dependent on their attentions.

The Chinese "boy"—he is always the "boy" until he dies—is the presiding genius of the house. He it is who brings your tea and fruit to the bedside at 6 A. M., and lays out your evening suit ready for dinner, puts your studs in your clean shirt, brings your slippers, mixes your whiskey and soda, knows where each individual article of your wardrobe is kept and, in fact, thinks of a hundred and one little comforts you would never have known of, had he not discovered them. He is your *valet de chambre*, your butler, your steward and your general agent, your interpreter and your directory. He controls the other servants with a rod of iron, but bows to the earth before the *Mem* or the master. For his ten Mexican dollars a month he takes all the burdens from your shoulders, and stands between you and the rude outside polyglot world. He is a hero-worshipper, and if you are a *Tuan Besar*—great man—he will double his attentions, and spread your fame far and wide among his brother major domos.

But a description of each member of the menage and their duties would be in a large measure the description of the odd, complex life of the East.

The growth of Singapore since its founding by Sir Stamford Raffles in 1819 would do honor to the growth of one of our Western cities.

Within three months after the purchase of the ground from the Sultan of Johore, Raffles writes to Lord Warren Hastings, Governor:

"We have a growing colony of nearly 5,000 souls," and a little later one of his successors wrote apologetically to Lord Auckland, discussing some project relating to Singapore finance:

"These details may appear to your Lordship petty, but then everything connected with these settlements is petty, except their annual surplus cost to the Government of India."

To-day the city and colony has a population of over one million, and a revenue of five million dollars—a magnificent monument to its founder's foresight!

From a commercial and strategic standpoint, the site of the city is unassailable. When the English and the Dutch divided the East Indies by drawing a line through the Straits of Malacca — the English to hold all north, the Dutch all south — the crafty Dutchman smiled benignly, with one finger in the corner of his eye, and went back to his coffee and tobacco trading in the beautiful islands of Java and Sumatra, pitying the ignorance of the Englishman, who was contented with the swampy jungles of an unknown and savage neck of land, little thinking that inside of a half century all his products would come to this same despised district for a market, while his own colonies would retrograde and gradually pass into the hands of the English.

Singapore is one of the great cities of the world, the center of all the East Indian commerce, the key of southern Asia, and one of the massive links in the armored chain with which Great Britain encircles the globe.

Rounsevelle Wildman.

NAVAL CONTROL OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

The Pacific Ocean covers 80,000,000 square miles. Eight great bordering seas encircle it on the northwest, west, and southwest. The commerce and navies of European nations approach it from the south only, its northern approaches being locked by land and ice, and its median approach through an isthmian canal is as yet unconstructed.

Let us glance at our map, and note how England has seized and guarded every avenue. To reach the Pacific Ocean by way of the Straits of Magellan or Cape Horn, all vessels pass the Falkland Islands—a British naval rendezvous and coaling station. Here England can concentrate a few swift cruisers, and a battle ship or two if necessary, and the commerce of the world must obey her nod, or take the other route. Suppose we traverse half the globe and approach this vast ocean from the west; we must pass either through the Suez Canal,— England's Canal,— or under the guns of her fortresses and fleet at Cape Horn; entering by either of these routes we have then to pass the whole Indian Ocean, girt with English naval coaling stations from Aden to Hong Kong and from New Zealand to Singapore.

Should our Government awaken and construct and own the Nicaragua Canal (in spite of the buccaneering stock jobbers who now seek to "construct" it through Government "aid") England encloses its eastern approach from a circle of naval stations reaching from the shores of Florida to the shores of British Guiana, with an additional outpost on the Bermudas, and a claim on the Mosquito coast conveniently located at the eastern terminus of the Nicaragua Canal; and which claim can readily be converted into a thoroughly fortified naval station.

Thus are the Pacific Ocean and its commerce hemmed in: but this is not the measure of England's greed. Our eastern shores are as thoroughly guarded as a persistent policy to seize and hold every natural position will permit. At Halifax, just off our northern border, are the fortified dockyards of the North Atlantic. Some 760 miles south are the Bermuda docks; eight to nine hundred miles further south are Kingston and St. Thomas: from the Bahamas to British Guiana a double line of naval stations guards the approaches to Gulf and Carribean ports, with Kingston and British Honduras as interior stations.

We have seen that the approaches to the Pacific Ocean, both from the southeast and from the southwest, are well guarded. Let us look to the chain of outposts reaching from Australia to the Keys of the Pacific, and note the rate of advance.

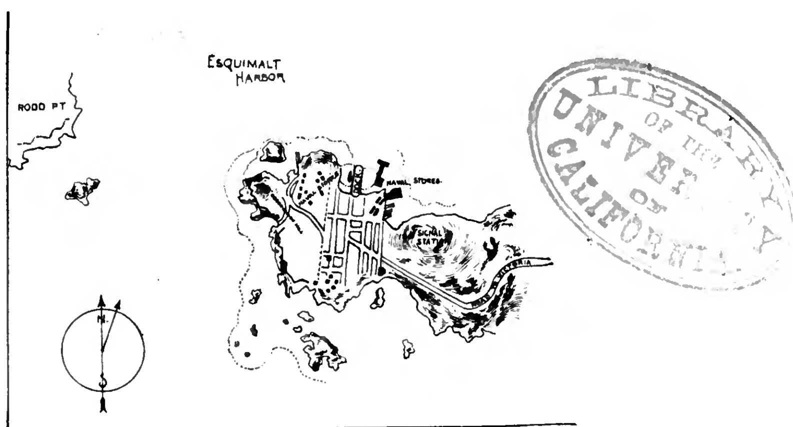
Preliminarily, we will note also that at Esquimault, on our northern border,

there is now situated the most powerful naval rendezvous between Alaska and Cape Horn, and which, upon the completion of its massive fortifications now in progress, will become well nigh impregnable.

Quite centrally located in this vast ocean is the fertile little group of islands known as the Sandwich Islands. They are some 6,500 square miles in aggregate area, and have a mixed population of about 80,000.

The ordinary map does not show the peculiarly dominating situation this little group of islands occupies. They are about 2,100 miles off our Pacific Coast, the same distance from the important passes through the Aleutian Islands, and within 4,000 miles of the coast of Asia and Australia. Routes between widely separated Pacific ports pass by or near Honolulu.

Thus these islands command not only our own shores, but to a great extent those of Asia and Australia, as well as the eight great bordering seas of the Pacific Ocean, with their teeming millions and varied products—and a commerce rapidly developing into vast proportions. In the hands of a great power these islands must become in reality the Keys of the Pacific Ocean. In our hands they should become the naval station from which our own shores could be protected from attack, and the location of a navy yard, with dry docks and supplies for a powerful navy. No fleet would dare cross the Pacific, and leave this powerful naval fortress in their rear, and none could threaten our coast without fear of having its coal supplies or transports attacked from it. These islands, with Esquimault, are the points from which San Francisco and our Pacific ports can be protected from attack. We can defend ourselves against attack from shore batteries and harbor defense vessels,—but we can protect ourselves from attack only by powerful fortresses commanding the depots and docks in which a hostile navy may be equipped.



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THE HARBOR AND FORTIFICATIONS AT ESQUIMALT.

England fully recognizes the importance of the Sandwich Islands as the keys to commercial and naval supremacy in the Pacific Ocean, — while our own people and government seem to be profoundly indifferent as to what betides this vital point — vital to us more than to any other nation.

While the United States is busy with small politics England is exercising her statesmanship, by gradually getting every available spot between her Australian colonies and protectorates and the Sandwich Islands.

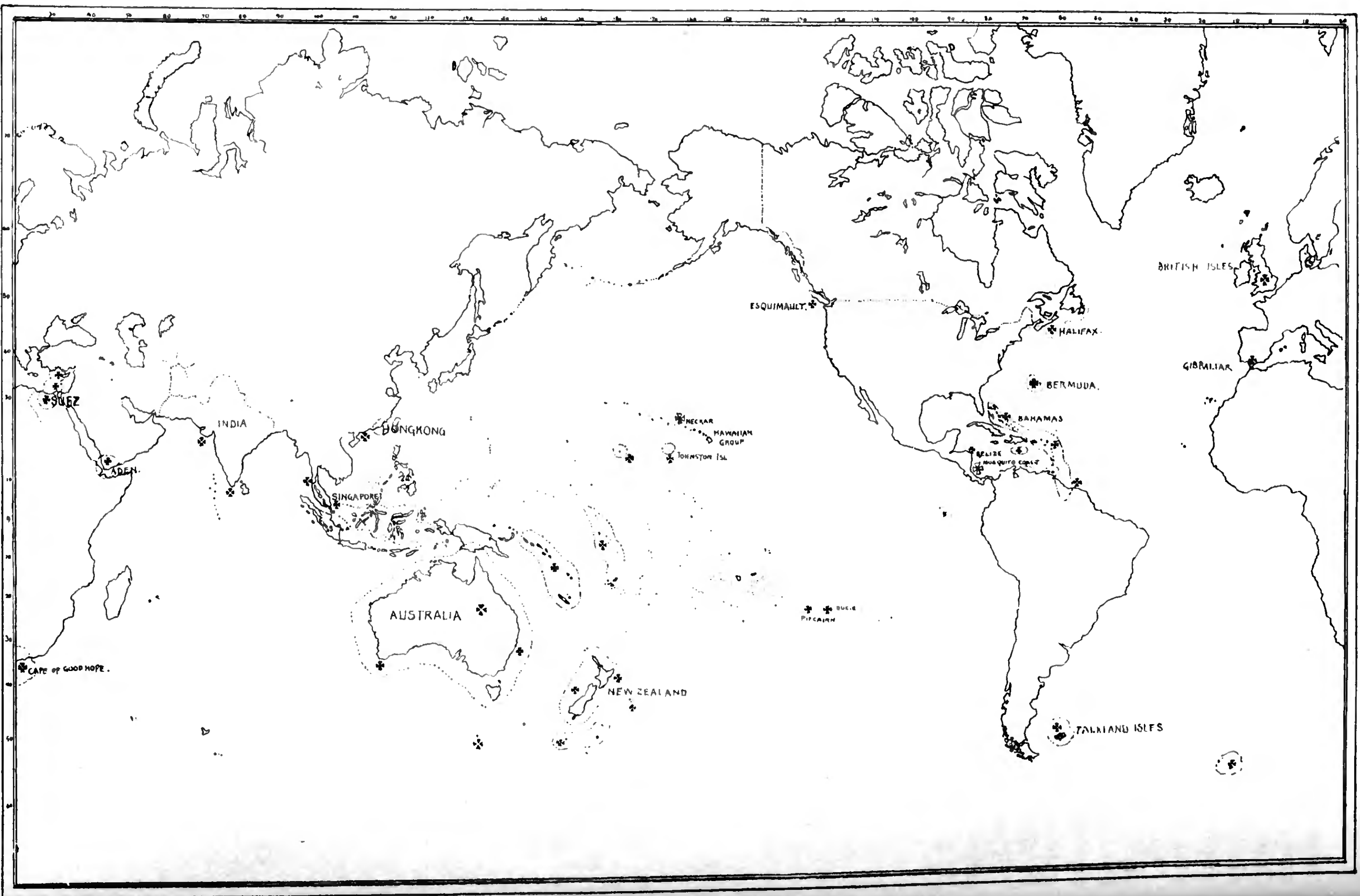


CHART OF THE WORLD SHOWING LOCATION OF BRITISH NAVAL STATIONS.

The gradual but sure advance of English power in the Pacific and Indian Oceans is shown in the history of the last 300 years. In 1600 the Portuguese, Dutch and French dominated the trade of India and adjacent islands. On December 31st, 1600, Queen Elizabeth granted the first charter to the East India Company. In the next 116 years five new charters were granted to the original or kindred organizations. These corporations were ostensibly for trading and commercial purposes, but gradually became so powerful that they coined money, and directed military and naval operations. In the half century of the reign of George III, or from 1760 to 1810, the French power in the East Indies was practically overthrown, and England permanently established herself in India. Australia and New Zealand, discovered in 1606 by the Spanish navigator De Quiros, were circumnavigated by Cooke in 1770, and taken possession of by England in that year. Settlement followed in 1776. Singapore, "The Straits Settlement," an imperial naval and commercial point, was secured in 1819.

In 1842 the war with China resulted in the capture and retention of Hong Kong, a highly important strategical and commercial station, controlling the trade of the whole of southern China.[1]

Further extension seemed unnecessary until the vast advance in the power of a navy resulting in the introduction of those iron clad terrors, — the "Virginia" and the "Monitor." The greater resisting power of the vessel inaugurated the struggle between ordnance and armor, and the introduction of steam has greatly shortened the radius of action of the coal-consuming navy of to-day. The naval coaling station and the dry dock have therefore become more essential, and England has found it necessary to advance her outposts. So the usual preliminary steps began, by the extension of stations and power through the establishment of "Protectorates."

Pushing rapidly northeastward, the following groups were put under "Protectorates" by England in 1888: Gilbert Islands,[2] Ellice Islands, Phœnix Islands, an unnamed group between these latter and the Samoan Islands, an important group—Washington, Faning and Christman Islands — half way between the Samoan and Sandwich Islands,—bringing her stations up to within less than 20 degrees south, or 1400 miles of Honolulu.

Not content with this, England in 1889 took possession of a coral-reef about the same distance to the west. Only one other point existed between her and the Keys of the Pacific,—Johnston Island, — which she deliberately "annexed" in 1891, bringing her only 700 miles, two days' steaming, from the coveted point. A few months ago there was a race between an English war vessel and the Sandwich Islands authorities for Neckar Island. Owing to the promptness of the latter, the English captain found the Sandwich Islands flag flying.

In 1894 England has the audacity to ask for a naval and coaling station on the Sandwich Islands. And this proposition is actually to be submitted to the Congress of the United States for consideration, at this session,—our treaties with the Sandwich Islands wisely requiring propositions of this nature to be submitted to our government. This threatening proposition should not only receive due consideration by Congress, but by every citizen of this country.

[1]England is now concentrating her Asiatic squadron preparatory to siezing Chusan, a station controlling the commerce of central China.

[2]The writer is credibly informed that the King of this group constructed an extensive stone pier, to show his desire to extend commercial relations, and formally wrote to the United States for permission to raise the stars and stripes. No notice was taken of his request. Later an English man-of-war arrived, the captain contemptuously told the King that the stars and stripes were "no good," and hoisted the British flag.

When fully and duly considered, there is but one answer—"NO."

A foothold here leaves only the Farallone Islands and the Santa Barbara Islands to ask for next, and a Congress or Administration which would permit European occupancy of a station on the Keys of the Pacific Ocean would cringingly submit to a similar occupation of one of our own Islands.

The relations of San Francisco to the Hawaiian Islands are peculiar. When this State was settled these Islands were considered too remote to be of consequence. But with the growth of commerce they gained a prominent position, warranting the treaty of 1875,—through which the crude sugar of our fertile neighbor was admitted free of duty. Immediately our commercial relations began to grow rapidly,—the little line of schooners suitable for the trade prior to 1875 became inadequate to serve the purposes, and grew into quite a fleet of ships, which were supplemented by the building of the two steamers—the "Alameda" and "Mariposa," the rebuilding of the "Zelandia" (all flying the American Flag), and the chartering of the "Australia," flying the Sandwich Island Flag. This line of steamers was extended to the Australasian Colonies. The Sandwich Islands have thus, since 1875, become so dependent upon San Francisco that they really are a colony, and this city can pose as a colony-builder at a younger age than any commercial mart known to history.

The petty sugar refining operations of our early years have developed into two fully equipped refineries, with a combined capacity of 800 or 900 tons per day, and the profits of one have enabled the owners to attack the "Sugar Trust," by the erection of an enormous refinery in Philadelphia that ultimately admitted them to a share of the profits of the business throughout the eastern states.

The late attempt to annex the Islands to this country has a peculiar history,—one not yet fully revealed,—but reading between the lines it appears that Minister Stevens took every essential step necessary to annex these Islands about the close of the Harrison Administration. This would have been an admirable stroke of policy, and would have given the Blaine "boom" a wonderful impetus.

The "Charleston" was sent to the Islands as a part of this plan, and the landing of the American marines was but carrying out the necessary details.

So far as our ultimate interests are concerned it is lamentable that this well-laid plan was not carried out. Poor Captain Wiltze was so chagrined and disappointed at the hauling down of his country's flag, after floating over the Keys of the Pacific Ocean for a few weeks, that he died of a broken heart.

It is doubtless the knowledge of some attempt on the part of the former administration to assist annexation, which has turned the present administration against perfecting the annexation. It seems to be the unwritten law of each of our political parties to oppose all measures, good or bad, advocated by the other, and to carry their partisanship into the halls of Legislation, the Cabinet, or the Executive, as the case may be.

It is sometimes urged that it would be unwise to admit to citizenship the mixed population of the Sandwich Islands. But what relation does this population bear to the hordes freely admitted at New York? No one who has become fully acquainted with the qualities for citizenship possessed by the ignorant masses lately imported into our country as laborers in coal and iron mines, will question for an instant the greater desirability of the present population of the Islands. In the admission of these we gain the naval and commercial control of the Pacific Ocean,

and shut out a dangerous and aggressive rival, who already encircles our eastern ports with fleets and fortresses: in the admission of the former we gain only a turbulent, ignorant and anarchistic mass, ready to strike down our laws and deride our customs.

Our Pacific Coast interests are considered so small, and the eastern states are so accustomed to being hemmed in by a circle of British naval stations extending from Canadian ports and the Bermudas to the South American Coast, that they do not consider the possession of the Keys of the Pacific of sufficient moment to accept them when offered. Unless they waken to the vital importance of the case, these Keys will be handed over to Great Britain.

These Islands should be annexed, and annexed now; an ocean cable should at once be laid to them, and extended as the needs of commerce demand; naval docks and storehouses should be erected there, with the necessary fortifications to make them impregnable, and the American Squadron should be the most powerful in that ocean.

It may be urged that this would be of great cost. It would; but it is a reasonable and safe investment, and vastly cheaper than a war waged without the possession of the Keys to the Pacific Ocean.

Marsden Manson.

TRUE TALES OF THE OLD WEST. II

MY FRENCH FRIEND.

I.

ALTHOUGH my mining experience dates back to a period when the mountain trails were new and dim, and the unexplored bars and gulches of the gold fields of California were plentiful and inviting, my success as a gold miner was never bewildering. I could always find gold in paying quantities; that is, I never found it difficult to secure a location where I could gather from half an ounce to two ounces of gold dust per day of remarkably energetic and persistent labor; but I was not among those who were continually stumbling upon nuggets as large as a man's hand, or dropping upon pockets and crevices from which small fortunes were panned between two consecutive Sundays, and frequently in less time.

I was always dreaming of, and searching for, deposits of this character, where a pan of gravel, for instance, would yield a quart of fine gold, and where nuggets could be hoed from their hiding places like potatoes from a hill,and was therefore never quite satisfied with the reasonable return with which the labor of the great majority was rewarded in the early years of placer mining.

Men who have been kicked all the way down the long lane of life by scowling fortune, with scarcely a smile to sweeten their profitless years of toil, are expected to believe in a protecting and impartial Providence, through the assurance that there is no such thing as luck, and that every marked benefaction, however plainly it may seem to be the fruit of luck, is in reality but the rational result of sagacious and well-directed individual effort.

Should this assumption be correct,—should the thing we call luck be the legitimate offspring of subtle and innate deduction,—then is there a species or special quality of sagacity operating in the line of material accumulation, which is not only above and beyond the canons of human logic, but as inexplicable to those who possess it as are the gifts of Blind Tom, and other musical and mathematical wonders who from time to time have puzzled the world.

A hasty glance at the field prompts me to suggest that quite as many large fortunes have been accreted on the Pacific Coast through what seemed to be

accident, stupidity, or gross violation of sound business methods, as have been amassed through well-conceived plans and intelligent management. It has been asserted that all the millions taken from the lower levels of the Comstock are due to a blast fired without orders in the Crown Point mine; and I know of at least three fortunes of over a million each accruing to the owners of mining shares, which they vainly sought to dispose of at beggarly figures on the very eve of developments multiplying their values by hundreds and thousands.

Very many real estate owners in San Francisco are in affluence today because they could not sell their holdings during the great depression caused by the discovery of gold on Frazer River, and a large hotel in the city occupies a block of land which the keeper of an eating-house reluctantly took for a board bill of sixty dollars, thirty-five years ago.

A very prominent mining stock operator, now deceased, admitted that a mistake in a telegraphic cipher dispatch from Virginia City to his broker in San Francisco saved him from bankruptcy at a critical time. Had he sold the stock short, as he intended, ruin would have resulted ; but the broker bought instead, and a profit of a quarter of a million followed. Another well known San Francisco stock operator, who enjoys the rental of a substantial building on Montgomery street, might relate a somewhat similar personal experience, were he so disposed.

A gopher hole led to the discovery of the valuable gold deposits on Shane's Flat, in Tuolumne county, and in falling over a cliff a drunken Swede brought to light one of the richest quartz veins in Amador county.

In the summer of 1852, in defiance of the advice and jeers of their neighbors, a party of inexperienced miners flumed a riffle of the North Yuba, where the shore bed-rock was bare, and there was no indication of gravel in the channel. And, indeed, no gravel of consequence was found in the bed of the stream after the water had been diverted from it; but the bare crevices were studded with nuggets from one to twenty ounces in weight. There were not less than half a bushel of them ; and many old residents of San Francisco will recall the exhibition of them for a few days in a Montgomery street window.

It was in that year that a party of three, including the writer, flumed about fifteen hundred feet of the South Yuba, below the mouth of Rush Creek, five or six miles from Nevada City, and about the same distance from Grass Valley. The flume was constructed by contract, by a visionary old mechanic known as "Deacon Locke," who was insane enough to erect a sawmill at the lower end of the bar, for the express and only purpose of providing the lumber required in that single undertaking. The contract called for the completion of the flume on or before the first day of August, but as the valuable months of summer were frittered away in building the mill, when the lumber needed for the flume might have been hauled down from Nevada, the waters of the river were not diverted from the bed until the first week in November, and the draining pumps had scarcely been put in motion before our beautiful aqueduct of sawed lumber was torn into fragments and carried down the stream by the Autumn floods.

It was a cruel disappointment. All the castles I had built during the summer vanished with the departing flume, and for a time I sat in the ashes of despair. Gloom was succeeded by the healthier feeling of anger. I looked around for Locke, whose puttering and procrastination had caused the disaster, and found that he had left the bar the night before. Then I stood and saw the flume go, piece by piece, until the last section disappeared ; when in my wrath I threw after it into the raging

waters shovels, wheelbarrows, crowbars, and every other mining appliance within reach, and started up the trail for Grass Valley, resolved to abandon a business so thoroughly at the mercy of crazy millwrights and the elements.

This resolution was inspired no less by my own misfortune than the overwhelming success of a party of drunken sailors, who the same season flumed a barren looking riffle three or four hundred yards below the scene of our operations. Their short flume was a ricketty, leaky affair, patched with canvas, and propped with slabs caught floating down the river from our mill. Their claim was drained by the middle of September, and in the next six weeks they took out one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, principally in nuggets, one of which weighed thirty-three pounds.

Now, perhaps it was not good luck that gave these sailors two or three mule-loads of gold in fluming a riffle where no reasonable man would look for more than a color, and perhaps it was not bad luck that vitally connected with our enterprise the only insane millwright in California; but both circumstances looked like wanton freaks of fortune at the time.

II.

Bless us! how the pen will wander in describing events connected with pioneer life in California! However, it has not gone far estray in this instance, since it was my purpose in the beginning to say something concerning a strange character whom I first encountered while awaiting the construction of the flume on the South Yuba just referred to.

I occcupied a log cabin on the flat skirted by our river claim, about one hundred yards below the ferry, owned and operated by my mining partners in conjunction with a small trading establishment, where gold dust was bought and miners' supplies could be purchased.

Sitting in the twilight in front of my cabin door one evening in July, listening to the splashing of the waters over the riffles, and devising new investments for the quarter of a million with which I expected to leave the river before the snow began to fall, I discovered a man coming down the flat, with a roll of blankets strapped to his back, and carrying his hat in his hand. He did not stop at the ferry-house, but passed on at a brisk walk until he reached a fallen pine fifty or sixty yards back of the cabin, where he dropped his burden and began to make preparations to spend the night. After smoothing the ground behind the tree, he unrolled and spread his blankets, and, squatting down upon them, suddenly disappeared.

Strolling over to the wayfarer five minutes later, I found him sitting cross-legged on his blankets, and eating from a loaf of bread, which he occasionally moistened with draughts from a claret bottle. On discovering me he rose to his feet, and politely returned my salutation of "Good evening."

He was a small, spare man, with bright gray eyes, and a strikingly intelligent face. He was partially bald, and his hair and cropped whiskers were tinged with gray. He was dressed in a faded business suit, with a soft felt hat, and shoes too frail for travel in the mountains. His hands were soft and shapely, and his whole appearance indicated that he was out of place, alone and with his blankets spread at night beside a fallen tree on the South Yuba.

No one could mistake his nationality. His face, his eyes, his gestures, his attitude in speaking, all were as French as the charming accent and amusing choice of words with which he endeavored to make himself understood in English. All that he knew of our language had been learned from books, and his vocabulary was unique and pleasing.

Finding that I could make myself understood, I invited him to the cabin, in-

forming him that I was alone, and that my lodgings embraced an extra bunk, which was entirely at his service. He accepted the invitation thankfully and without hesitation, and, gathering up his effects, followed me to the cabin.

Pointing to a vacant bunk, into which he threw his blankets, I asked him to allow me to make him a cup of coffee and serve him with a dish of cold boiled beans. But he declined to accept anything, declaring that his simple supper of bread and claret was all that he required.

"I care not to eat," he added. "I very mooch more desire to make some conversation wiz you."

As the suggestion was quite to my taste, we sat in the open doorway and talked until past midnight, and I learned much of the personal history of my guest. His name was Armand Daudet. He was born and reared in Paris, and his age was fifty-one. His father was a distinguished physician, but Armand was educated for the law. The profession did not please him, however, and after receiving his diploma he drifted into journalism. He became prominent and influential in his new vocation. He favored the early aspirations of Louis Napoleon, and assisted in securing his election to the National Assembly; but when he destroyed the republic Armand became his enemy, and was finally compelled to leave France for openly attacking the Empire. A French merchant vessel took him to San Francisco, where he landed with less than a hundred dollars. The French consul treated him with scant courtesy, and after vainly trying to find some employment for which he was fitted, he started for the mines. A fellow-countryman in Nevada City advised him to go to Sweetland's, and he was on his way thither when night overtook him at the mouth of Rush Creek.

"You must be pretty nearly out of money," I suggested.

He took from his pocket a Mexican silver dollar, and, holding it up, said with a smile: "Zis is all I have left."

"What will you do when that is gone?"

He shrugged his shoulders and pointed at the river.

"Oh, no," I replied, alarmed at the calmness with which he contemplated suicide; "you must not think of such a thing. For the lack of gold you would drown yourself in a river that is full of it. That would be ridiculous. Do you know anything about gold mining?"

"Very leetle. As I pass along I have seen some men employed in ze acquisition of gold from ze sand by means of what you denominate a rockaire. So mooch I know of mining, and no more. It is very leetle, you must say."

"Are you willing to work?"

"Am I willing? Ah, sir, I should esteem myself most happy to arduously labor wiz my hands to procure gold."

"Very well; then you shall have an opportunity. I will provide you with tools, and teach you how to mine. I shall have little to do for a month or two, and it will be a pleasure to assist you. Remain in the cabin. There are accommodations for both of us, and provisions enough to last as long as we will probably remain on the bar."

I was overwhelmed with Armand's expressions of gratitude. "You are a boy," he said, "and speak wiz ze kind impulse of youth. But I am most grateful. I am exalted wiz happiness. I could dance, I could sing, so prodigions is my joy! Yes, yes, I shall learn how to extract ze gold, and wiz stupendous assiduity you shall behold me dig ze ground! Ah, ha! I shall triumph wiz ze rockaire!"

Armand would have talked all night, so greatly was he excited at the thought of becoming a miner; but he crawled into his bunk at last, and after breakfast the next morning I started him to work at the lower end of the flat, where I knew fair wages might be realized. I placed

the rocker, and after working with him for an hour or more, left him to his own resources.

As the weather was warm, I advised him to work with moderation; but he declined to rest after dinner, and toiled on ceaselessly until I dropped down in the evening to "clean up" for him. The day's work yielded him about half an ounce of gold. There should have been more, but neglect of the riffle-box had resulted in some loss.

Although his hands were blistered, Armand was surprised and delighted at this return for his labor. "Ah! zis is grand! zis is manly! zis is noble!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "Zis working wiz ze hands is democratique, and I am proud to do so!"

"But how about the blisters, Armand? How do you like them?"

"Ah! I will tell you my thoughts. Ze blistaires are ze aristocratique protest against honest labor, and I will teach my hands to scorn zem!"

Notwithstanding the scorn with which Armand proposed to teach his hands to regard the blisters afflicting them, a week or more elapsed before he was able to do another full day's work. But his hands hardened in time, and for nearly two months he continued his labors, adding daily to his little store of gold. He was intelligent, good-natured and vivacious, and during the evenings we spent together his descriptions of Paris life and references to French politics were incessant and entertaining. I became very greatly attached to him, and always regretted the ridiculous occurrence which led to his abrupt departure from the bar.

As our bunks were so located that a conversation could not very well be carried on between us after retiring for the night, I had assisted Armand in making and swinging a canvas hammock for his accommodation, within five or six feet of the mattress of leaves upon which my blankets were spread. The arrangement was satisfactory to him, and he usually talked after we had bestowed ourselves for the night until silenced by my failure to respond.

One night, in a spirit of mischief, I harrowed him into a condition of nervousness by talking of snakes, centipedes, scorpions, and other venomous reptiles found in California. I told him that rattlesnakes, whose bite was death, sometimes entered cabins through defective chinking, and crawled into the bunks and hammocks of sleepers; and referred to a case which a short time before had resulted in the death of a miner at Waloupa.

Some time before daylight the next morning, I was aroused by Armand calling out in a suppressed, but terrified tone: "My friend! my friend! Are you awake?"

"Yes, I am awake. What 's the matter, Armand?"

"I zink zare is a serpent in zis hammook."

"Oh, I guess not."

"Yes, but I am sure. What shall I do?"

Deeming it possible that he might not be wrong, I advised him to quietly remove his feet from the hammock, and then spring suddenly to the floor.

He attempted to follow my advice. In less than a minute there was a crash, followed by a succession of agonizing groans.

Hastily leaping from my bunk and lighting a candle, I found Armand with his head and shoulders on the floor and his feet in the broken hammock. In a wild attempt to spring to the floor, he had broken the single spike to which the head of the hammock had been fastened. The fall itself would have been severe, but on reaching the floor his head had struck a piece of hoop-iron used as a fire-hook, and the scalp was pretty badly cut.

I raised and seated him on a bench, and, seeing that he was not dangerous-

ly hurt, began cautiously to open and examine the hammock for the venemous reptile that had provoked the disaster. I found it. It was three or four loose feet of the hammock rope which accident had stretched along the side of Armand.

"Here is your snake, Armand," I said, holding up the rope.

He tried to smile; but I could see that he was in pain, and I washed and bandaged his head, and assisted him into his old bunk.

He was all right the next morning, with the exception of the cut on the head; but he did not work during the day, and invited no conversation.

Of course, the story of Armand's mishap was too good to keep, and I told it at the ferry-house in the presence of half-a-dozen miners; and when, in the afternoon, some one in passing laughingly bawled out to him, "Crapeau, how 's yer snake-bite?" he knew that I had betrayed him, and straightway attempted to blow out his brains with a rusty old horse-pistol that a former occupant of the cabin had left on a shelf; but the weapon was harmless, and I had fortunately loaned my revolver three or four days before.

His sad and reproachful look at supper awoke within me a feeling of remorse, and I spent the evening at the ferry-house. When I returned, which was at rather a late hour, I found Armand asleep. At least, he did not speak, or turn to greet me even with a glance.

We ate our breakfast in silence the next morning. Then Armand rolled up his blankets, swung them over his shoulder, and stepped out of the door, where I was sitting. With tears in his eyes, he held out his hand and said:

"Adieu, my good friend. You have greatly humiliated me, but you have been kind, and I do pardon you. But I cannot remain here to be ze jest of brutal men. I did try to kill myself, but ze weapon decline to be discharge. I feel for you no resentment — nozzhing but love — but I must go. Adieu!"

I could say nothing except that I greatly regretted the pain I had thoughtlessly caused him. He made no reply, but waved his hand with a sad smile, and mounted the trail leading to Nevada City.

III.

As I subsequently learned, Armand proceeded to San Francisco, where, through the influence of a French friend, he secured the position of porter in a wholesale establishment on Battery street. As it was a time of the year when trade was dull, and the duties of porter were correspondingly light, at the end of the first month Armand sought the head of the house, and said to him with dignity:

"Sir, I desire to discharge myself."

"Why, what 's the matter?" inquired the merchant, with surprise. "Are you overworked?"

"Ah, sir, your words confirm ze apprehension. I do very little work. I zhink you employ me from charitee, and I decline to accept ze gratitude. Sir, allow me to tender to you my very great respect." And Armand bowed himself out of the office, leaving the merchant staring at him in speechless amazement.

Two months later I met Armand in San Francisco. He was well dressed, and apparently in a genial frame of mind. His delight in seeing me seemed to be almost boundless. He shed tears of joy. "Ah, my friend," he said, "I have waited for zis occasion. I have eaten your bread, your beans, your bacon in ze Yuba rivaire. Tonight you must enjoy wiz me a French dinnaire."

I accepted the invitation, and at six o'clock Armand called for me in a carriage at my hotel, and we were driven to a French restaurant, where a private dining-room had been reserved for us. The table and sideboard were decorated

with flowers, and the dinner was choice and elaborate, with the finest of old wines, and every appetizing accessory.

I had never seen Armand so happy. We ate, drank, chatted, and smoked until near midnight, when the same carriage in which we had been conveyed to the restaurant reappeared at the door, and Armand returned with me to my hotel, where I bade him good-night. In parting, he held my hand for a moment, as if about to say something; but with a simple "adieu" he hurriedly re-entered the carriage, and was driven off.

A paragraph in a morning paper took me to the Coroner's rooms the next day, where I saw the pale, dead face of Armand. He had been seen to leap into the water from Clay street wharf shortly after midnight, and his body was recovered an hour or two afterwards. No money was found on the person of the suicide. He had evidently spent the last of his earnings in providing a grand entertainment for his friend from the mountains, and then deliberately put an end to his life.

Poor Armand! His heart may have ached with wounds that he never showed to me.

R. M. Daggett.

TO A PORTRAIT.

Oh, lady of the long ago,
Of powdered hair, and Watteau pleat,
Pray tell me, is it really so
That hearts were gayer, life more sweet,

When Louis Fifteenth ruled fair France?
Methinks you smile more gay than she
Who claimed you, last night, at a dance,
As great grandmother,— one may see

Some charms bequeathed,—the almond eye,
The curve of winsome cheek, the fair
And rounded neck; yet, lady, why
Does your descendant fail to wear

The smile her great grandmother wore?
I pray you tell what charm you know
To summon joy — and if you bore
A magic talisman below

Your dainty bodice; or perchance,
The place where modern hearts make moan
Was filled with laughter, and in France,
So long ago — grief was unknown.

And yet, sweet lady, who can know!
Perhaps that witching patch you wore
But hid a tearstain, and below
Your gay embroidered scarf you bore

A heart whose stifled human pain
Could know no death, but lived to mar
Your great granddaughter's face, where fain
Your disowned grief would set its scar.

Jean Kenyon.

CHRONICLES OF SAN LORENZO.

III. MRS. BADGER'S SNOOT.

"MY wife," said Mr. Benjamin Badger, better known as Bunchgrass Ben, "is pecooliar. There aint a better woman, as wimmenfolk go, nor a harder worker, in all Californy; but she has her failin',—yes, sir, she has her failin'."

"Only *one?*" said a friend.

"I 'd be a liar if I denied it," replied Mr. Badger emphatically; "an' I aint that; leastways I would n't lie fer no sech a little thing as this. But I was sayin' that the old woman has her fai lin' an' her failin' is a snoot—jest a snoot!"

"A snoot, Ben," repeated the saloon-keeper; "what in thunder d'ye mean by a snoot?"

We were all sitting upon the porch of the saloon at the foot of the San Lorenzo grade. The one,—there are three in all,—that is called "El Salto." With the exception of myself and the saloon-keeper, the company assembled was composed of teamsters. Supper was over; the mules and horses had been watered, fed, and bedded down for the night. In the dusk the outlines of the big trail wagons loomed indistinctly against the mirk background of trees and mountain. The fierce tradewind had sunk to rest at sundown, but a soft breeze from the ocean stirred the leaves of the sycamores, and tempered the sultriness of the August night.

Mr. Badger did not reply immediately to the question of the saloon-keeper. Teamsters are deliberate in talk and action. Hurry and flurry they despise; and Ben, both physically and mentally, was ill adapted for speed. Between him and myself a certain friendship had existed for some years. He was a tall, thin man, with a careworn, wrinkled face, illumined by a pair of fine gray eyes, and a leg which had been shot all to pieces during the war. The doctor in San Lorenzo assured me that the poor fellow suffered more or less continuously, and meeting him, hobbling painfully along the streets, I would frequently ask him how he did.

"First-rate," he would reply, with a delightful smile; "I 'm feelin' first-rate!"

Extracting from the hip pocket of his faded overalls a huge piece of Climax tobacco, he proceeded to bite off a plug with his strong white teeth. John Higgs, sole proprietor of the saloon,—a small, pock-marked man, with a nervous, jerky manner,—repeated his question.

"Yer not married, Jack," said Ben, "or ye 'd know well what a snoot is, and what it aint. In family life a snoot throws a shaddér. I tell ye, boys, when the old woman has her snoot on it knocks me out; it jest naterally paralyzes me."

"But you have n't told us what it is, Ben. The word snoot aint in Webster."

"Maybe not, Jack; but it ought ter be. An' I 'll tell ye right now, that a snoot aint ter be described. Webster could n't a done it—no, sir, he could n't a done it justice, not in a month of Sundays. It must be seen," he added solemnly, looking in turn at each of the bronzed faces intently regarding him; "it must be seen," he paused, and concluded the sentence with his left eye tightly screwed up, "ter be appreciated!"

A stout teamster, whose solid bodily presence bespoke the man of family, nodded approval.

"That 's so," he murmured. "Yer dead right, Ben."

The saloon-keeper laughed.

"I 'd like to see the damned thing my-

self. Just once—for the fun of it. Eh, boys?"

"It might be fun for a galloot like you, Jack Higgs, but there aint no fun in snoots fer me. An' there 's another thing. If my old woman knew you was around, she 'd naturally keep the snoot out 'o sight. A man never knows when it' s comin', or when it' s goin'. It 's permiscuous, a snoot is, very permiscuous, an' there's few single men as has seen it."

"It aint connected with whisky?" suggested Mr. Higgs.

"Sometimes it is, and sometimes it aint."

"I 'll bet you I know what it it. It 's the dyspepsy."

"Not necessarily," replied Ben, with a sigh. "It aint connected, so ter speak, with any cussed thing in particular. It 's permiscuous. I 've studied over it, boys, many a time. A feller has plenty o' time ter study, a sittin' on a wagon seat, with the white dust a streamin' roun' him, an' not a derned thing in sight but six strainin', tuggin', sweatin' mules. I say I 've studied an' studied, but I aint

much wiser than Jack here, who 's single an' knows—nothin'!"

"It seems I 'm to keep on knowin' nothin'. Gettin' information out o' you, Ben Badger, is like lookin' for water in Dry Creek."

"Or lookin' for good whisky behind your bar," retorted Mr. Badger.

"I know what a snoot is," observed the stout teamster, taking a corn-cob pipe from his ample mouth; "but, as Ben says, it aint easy ter describe. First and last it 's a kind o' kink o' the mouth an' nose, as if, by Golly—"

"As if," interrupted Ben, "as if a skunk were around."

"I was goin' to say, Ben, as if the woman had taken a swaller o' sheep wash by mistake."

"Sourish," said Ben.

"Sour," cried the stout teamster, "as clarety wine, an' sourer. When my old girl fetches that there kink I always says, 'Maw, what 's the trouble?'"

"Do ye, now?" observed Ben, smiling pleasantly. "Wal, if that don't beat all. Why, dern it, I use them words myself. 'Mother,' says I, an' many an' many a time I 've said it,—'Mother,' I says, 'what ails ye?' An' what does she up an' say?"

The stout teamster promptly replied.

"My old girl up an' says the same thing every time. She aint changed the toon in ten years. 'Stop yer noise,' she says; stop yer noise.'"

"Don't blame her, neither," murmured Mr. Higgs.

"An' then," continued the stout teamster, "I 'll say, kinder smilin' 'Come, maw, ye aint mad, air ye?' an' she 'll give the awfulest kink to her old nose, an' say, '*Shut up yer mouth!*'"

"Wimmenfolk air all alike, when it comes ter snoots," remarked Mr. Badger. "My old lady uses them same words. 'Shut up yer mouth,' she says, and I shut it up. There 's no use foolin' with a snoot."

"No kind o' use," assented the stout teamster. "I 'd as lief fool with my lop-eared buckskin mule."

"Of course," said the saloon-keeper, with fine irony, "you married fellers never do nothin' to deserve sour looks, for that 's what this snoot business amounts to. An' women are never tired an' nervous with washin', an' mendin', an' cookin', an' scrubbin'. Oh no, not much. Ye never come home, I don't suppose, smellin' o' whisky, an' ye never cuss and swear when the bacon an' beans aint cooked to the Queen's taste, an' ye never cuff the kids when they don't need it, an' yer always just as meek as Moses, aint ye? Pshaw! ye make me everlastingly tired an' weary. Yer a couple o' frauds, an' ye know it."

He turned his back, and retreated behind the bar. The crowd on the porch laughed, and the stout teamster grinned from ear to ear.

"He 's a mighty slick talker, boys, aint he? Wal, he 'll need a well-greased tongue if he ever marries. The drinks are on me, I reckon. Come up, all of ye, an' take a wad, and then we 'll turn in. Snoot or no snoot, I 've got ter make the Springs tomorrer, sundown."

We followed him into the bar-room, but I noticed that Ben seemed uneasy. His mobile lips were twitching, and his limp was painfully accentuated.

"You 're not feeling well," I said quietly, as soon as the drinks were disposed of.

"Me," he replied in wondering accents. "Why, I 'm first-rate, Mister, first-rate, but I 'm thinking of the old lady. I 'm kinder sorry I spoke out. She 's stout an' strong fer a woman with six children, but she naterally has her worries an' cares, which a man, sittin' up an' breathin' God's fresh air from mornin' till night, don't know nothin' of. Poor men's wives have a tough time, a dog-goned tough time, an' I 'm sorry I spoke o' snoots."

"Nonsense," I replied, reassuringly. "A little harmless fun does us all good."

LIBRARY OF THE

"There was somethin' back of it," said Ben, regretfully. "When I left home this afternoon, after loadin' up at the store, I left the old lady with—with—"

"A snoot," I suggested.

"Yes, sir, a snoot, sure enough. An' the sight of it made me mad, an' I stayed mad. It started me out wrong. The mules did n't pull square; and one o' the stay-chains burst comin' through the creek; an' at every chuck-hole I jest damned the old lady. That 's why I spoke out strong tonight, an' that 's why thisfeller's talk—he aint noaccount anyway, but even a fool talks sense sometimes—has kinder broke me up. I 've been thinkin' that as yer goin' into San Lorenzy tomorrow, ye might take a letter from me ter the old lady. I aint much on the write, but a few kind words may make her feel well. I hate ter trouble ye—"

"No trouble at all, Ben. Write your letter, and I 'll deliver it as soon as I strike town."

With much difficulty he scrawled a dozen lines upon a sheet of Mr. Higgs' best writing paper. This he placed in an envelope, and handed it to me unsealed. Then he thanked me, and bade me goodnight.

"I am sure you are in pain," I said, as I shook his bony hand. "Can I do nothing for you?"

"My leg bothers me a little," he admitted; "but I 'm feelin' first-rate. It aint much of a leg, but the pain in it sorter reminds me that it might be wood instead o' flesh an' bone, mostly bone! It was touch-and-go with me after Gettysburg, so the surgeon said, an' I reckon there aint a luckier man teamin' on this road. Good night."

The Badgers lived behind the old Mission church, in a small board and batten house, which stood in a pretty garden, surrounded by a well-trimmed cypress fence. As I passed down the path, bordered by hollyhocks, stocks, and rose bushes, I wondered what manner of woman Mrs. Badger might be. I had accepted my mission in a spirit compounded of sympathy and curiosity,—sympathy with Ben, and curiosity to see and talk with his wife.

She opened the door herself: a round, comely, broad-hipped, broad-shouldered woman of some forty-five years, with light hair, blue eyes, and a sprightly expression of countenance. I explained my errand.

"Wont you please come in?" she said pleasantly. "It 's awful warm outside; and maybe you 'd drink a nice cool glass of sweet cider."

I accepted the offer with alacrity, and followed her into the house. She laid the letter unread upon the table in the parlor and excused herself. During her absence I noted my environment. Everything was scrupulously clean. The furniture was good of its kind, the carpet an excellent body Brussels; there were flowers in the window, a canary bird in a brass cage, some well-mounted photographs upon the walls, and some books carefully locked up in a glazed case.

Presently Mrs. Badger returned, with a well-polished glass and a pitcher of cider.

"You have a pretty home," I remarked, as she filled my glass."

"Yes," she said; "Ben and I think the world of our home. And it 's paid for, too."

"Who is the gardener?"

"Ben. He 's awful fond o' flowers."

"How does he find the time?"

"He works early and late. Ben 's strong. You might n't think it, but he is. He 's stronger than me!"

I detected a slightly defiant accent. Unconsciously I compared her red cheeks, and full, round neck with the lantern jaws of her husband.

"You have six children?" I continued.

"Yes, sir, six; and they keep me stirring all the time."

As she was speaking a little girl,—a pretty maid, with her father's fine eyes,—entered the room, and proffered some trifling request. The sprightly expression upon her mother's face vanished. The corners of her mouth turned down, and the lines upon each side of the nose deepened. This—I thought—must be the preliminary "kink" of the snoot.

"Do n't bother," she said, pushing the child from her. "Do n't you see I 'm busy with this gentleman?"

"Is this your youngest?" I asked. "She takes after her father."

"She does that. Too much so, I reckon. She has all o' Ben's dreamy, easy-going ways. She 'd a deal sooner lie on the grass, or sit staring at the sea, than help around the house."

The child glanced at me shyly, and ran off, closing the door carefully behind her.

"You are a good housekeeper, Mrs. Badger," I remarked, wishing to be as pleasant as possible, but feeling ill at ease.

"I aim to be," she replied. "I despise dust and dirt, and, if I do say it, there aint much dirt ever to be found around my house. Now, Ben, manlike, thinks I fuss too much; but, mercy me, him and I never did agree about such things. Often when I 've been putting up jam and jell all day, and feelin' hot and tired, he 's come home and told me that I worked too hard, and that I ought to take it easy. Who but a man ever heard of taking red currant jell *easy!* He 'll pack a bushel o' dust home with him, and make light of it."

"In his business," I ventured to observe, "he has to make light of dust."

"That 's so. He 's sitting in it all day, but he need n't to shake himself over my body Brussels. That 's what he done last Saturday night. And then he laughed at me when I was just boiling. But that 's his way. He 'd laugh when other folks would cry."

"Lucky fellow! How much wiser that is, than to cry when others are laughing. I notice that Ben laughs at his own leg, which I am sure pains him."

"Yes," she admitted, in a softer tone, "it pains him. Will you take another glass of cider, sir?"

"With pleasure, if you will read Ben's letter. I dare say you are anxious to hear what he has to say."

She picked up the envelope, and read quickly the ill-written lines.

"Pshaw," she cried, throwing it down impatiently. "Ben is, someway, very simple, very *fullish!* It makes me hot—she fanned her face with the letter—"to think Ben should have put you, sir, to the trouble o' packing this around. There,"—she snatched it from the table, and thrust it into my hand,—"read that. I 'll fix him when he comes home, for asking a gentleman to walk half a mile to deliver *that!*"

"*Dear Sarah:*—" it ran, "I write this yere Letter hoppin' twil find you in Good Helth, which it leaves me feelin' Furstrate, with luvin thots, Etcetery,—an' a wish to Say a kind Word wen I can.

"Very trueley your luvin
"BENJAMIN P. BADGER."

"You have a good, faithful husband, Mrs. Badger," I said, tartly, as I returned her the letter. "He is one in a million."

She stared at me in silence; the skin drawn tightly across her face; the blood coming and going in her cheeks; her lips sternly compressed; her nose palpably twitching. My modest rebuke had evoked the "snoot." Regarding her critically, my heart positively bled for Benjamin P. Badger. She tore the letter viciously into small scraps.

I thanked her for her hospitality, and bade her good bye. Outside the gate the little girl was awaiting me.

"Did you see my papa?" she asked, timidly.

"I saw him last night, and again this morning."

"Is he well? Does his leg hurt him?"

"He said he was feeling first-rate. You think a good deal of your papa, — eh ?"

"Why, of course," she answered, promptly. "There 's no one like papa. Everybody thinks the world of papa except — mamma," she added, innocently.

"You must n't say that," I interposed hastily. "Your mother loves your father. Think how hard she works for him and you."

"She makes a visitin' face when you 're around," said the child imperturbably. "Gracious," she added, looking up, "here 's Jim Powers comin' on the keen run. He 's in an awful hurry, ain't he ?"

A vaquero approached at a gallop and pulled his horse on to its haunches at my feet. From the expression of his dust-stained features I apprehended serious news.

"Run indoors," I said to the little one. As she trotted demurely off, the cowboy stammered out:

"There's bin an accident on the grade. Ben an' his team went plumb over into the ravine. I heard the noos at El Salto, an' come right along. Says I, it 'll about kill Mis' Badger, onless some one prepared her like."

"Is he dead ?" I asked.

"Yes, he 's dead; the big wagon fell right acrost his body. He did n't suffer any, I reckon."

"How do you propose to break this to — to the wife ?"

"I studied that out as I come along. Mis' Badger is an awful fine lady. There aint a better housekeeper in the land. She tuk the medal at the Fair fer preserves an' jell, an' there aint a woman in San Lorenzy who kin beat her a gittin' up lace curtains! This is about the toughest all around job I 've tackled. I 'd sooner head stampedin' steers afoot than face Mis' Badger this mornin. But I 'm a friend o' the fam'ly, an' dassnt squirm out of it. I jest tho't I 'd give it to her straight. There 's no kind a sense in monkeyin' with sech a proposition."

He had tied his horse and was standing in front of me twisting up his big sombrero in his hands,—the picture of misery.

"I 'll tell her, I said suddenly. "You look after the child. Take her now. The others are at school and out of the way."

"Yer very good," he replied, eyeing me curiously. "I felt like I was bitin' off more 'n I could chew. Wal, I 'll hunt up the child and git a move on."

He slouched off, wiping his eyes furtively, and presently I heard him calling for the little one. She ran to him, and he picked her up and kissed her.

With a heavy heart I retraced my steps, and tapped nervously on the door. I could hear Mrs. Badger singing in the back part of the house. Her voice was strong, clear, and not unmelodious. When she confronted me, I knew that my face had betrayed me.

"Something has happened," she said collectedly.

"Ben is seriously hurt, Mrs. Badger. They are bringing him home."

She sat down without a word, and covered her face with her apron.

"It 's worse than that," she said at length.

"It may be worse," I replied gently. "I fear it may be worse."

"He is dead," she wailed out, "and— Heaven help me—I was speaking hardly of him not five minutes ago. Oh, Ben, Ben, what shall I do without you ?"

I murmured some wretched commonplace: those sorry words of solace which sound so trite and unavailing. The hopeless, despairing gaze of the strong woman, suddenly smitten to the dust; her drawn face, her quivering lips and tearless tones: these things moved me profoundly. I regretted my hasty judgment of her character.

"Mrs. Badger, I said presently, find-

ing the silence unendurable, "the doctor here told me that poor Ben suffered unceasingly. It is something to remember that his suffering is over now."

"His pain is over," she replied, looking me full in the face, "and mine has just begun. I might have made his life so easy, but I put all my time in, sweeping and cooking. I took pride in the house, but the Lord knows I did it all for Ben. He was back of the work, but I never let him know it. Well, the taste is out of life now. I'll never have the heart to put up jell no more."

The situation, for a stranger, was almost intolerable. I knew that Jim Powers would send one of the neighbors as soon as possible, but I strained my ears in vain for the welcome foot-fall.

"Ben was mad when he said goodbye," she continued, in the same monotone, "and I was priding myself on keeping my temper. When I read his letter it showed me that he was in the right and I in the wrong. That made *me* mad. My God, what a wicked fool I've been!"

She went suddenly down upon her knees and began groping in the open fireplace for the scraps of Ben's letter. When she had gathered them up she kissed them and hugged them to her bosom. I never expect to witness a more pitiable, more pathetic spectacle. Sitting awe-struck under the spell of her sorrow I heard a man's heavy tread upon the gravel. It was Jim Powers. I hurried out and met him half way between the gate and the porch. The expression of his face puzzled me. It seemed ludicrously inappropriate.

"Is anybody coming?" I asked, impatiently.

He clutched my arm.

"I've made the awfullest fool o' myself," he whispered. "Ben aint dead at all, no more dead than you an' me," he added, with absurd emphasis. "Ye see it happened this yere way. Ben changed teams with that hired man o' his, a no-account cuss he called George. Wal, sir, George went over the grade, an' George is dead, not Ben. George, ye'll understan', was somethin' o' Ben's build, but full o' meanness. His head was just crushed into flinders, an' the boys as snaked him out thought it was Ben. They never found out the mistake till they got him to the saloon. A minit ago I met a feller, an' he give me the fac's."

"Are you sure of this," I said, sharply.

"The party saw Ben hisself. He's comin' right home with the corpse an' the mules. Them cussed mules aint more'n scared, an' a twenty dollar piece will put the wagon to rights. I reckon," concluded Mr. Powers, "that, considerin' the meanness o' that ther George, Ben is ahead o' the game. Say—I spose ye've told Mis' Badger."

"Yes."

"That's awful, aint it? She'll never forgive me. No, sir, I'll never eat turkey dinner with Mis' Badger agen."

"I hope you will," I answered, smiling, "but I must carry this news to her at once."

"See here," said Jim, "I aint give this snap away to a livin' soul. I was in sech a hurry that I kept my mouth *shet*."

"Keep it shut hereafter, Jim. You have done Ben good service unless I am vastly mistaken. Go now; I'll explain some day."

I pushed him from me, and rejoined Mrs. Badger. She was pacing the parlor.

"I must make ready for my poor Ben," she said, calmly. "Will you please excuse me. You have been very kind, very kind indeed."

I took her hand—it was quite nerveless and cold—into my own.

"You have proved yourself a brave woman, Mrs. Badger. Can you bear joy as well as sorrow?"

"He is not dead yet," she cried. "Let me go to him."

"He is alive and unhurt. There has

been a terrible mistake. George, the hired man, went over the grade. Ben is bringing him home."

The poor soul fell upon her knees, and fervently thanked God.

"Ben must never know of this," she said to me when the first revulsion of feeling had somewhat abated. "It would worry him to death. He would feel terribly. He must never know it."

And he never did.

These events occurred some two years ago, but last Wednesday I met Ben Badger. His face is still thin, but not so thin as of yore. He limps, and will limp to his grave, but his step seemed lighter,—less labored.

"Why, Ben," I exclaimed. "How are you?"

"First-rate," he replied, with the same sweet smile, "I'm feelin' first-rate."

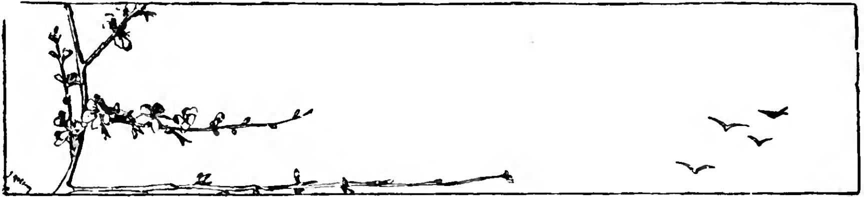
"You always feel first-rate," I replied, "but today your looking first-rate. I congratulate you."

"Thankye," he said; "it's a fact that I do feel a heap better. Dern it, I've a notion ter tell ye somethin'—likely as not ye'll disremember a talk we had, some two years last August, about—about *snoots*."

"I remember."

"Do ye, now? Wal, its the damndest, curousest thing, but it's the everlastin' truth. I aint seen a snoot since that ther seventeenth o' August. No, sir, not a snoot, not a kink, not a pucker."

Horace Annesley Vachell.



INSCRIPTION UPON A VIOLIN.

I think the soul of one who deeply knew
  Each note upon the gamut of the heart,
  Where blinded Love 'gainst Fate in counterpart
  From out the clash and thrill sweet music drew,
Here in this old Cremona dwells. In lieu
  Of rest, it breathes again, when mystic Art
  In haunting strains shall pierce the list'ning heart
  With dream of Heaven, or crucify anew.
"When living was I silent, being dead
  I sing," inscribed in Latin one may find
  Upon its wooden shell. Oh, master mind,
  Deeper than tracèd word thy thought is read!
Though quivering string to pulsing life you bind
All martyred love like precious ointment shed.

Helen Clement Huse.

THE RELAPSES OF PAP.

"MAM'S gi'e up hell and the devil; she 'lows thar ain't any."

"Laws-a-massy, Loreen, you do n't say so?" Mrs. Jim's pretty brown eyes flashed out upon her sister in genuine consternation. Lorena shifted her position, and disposed her weight as impartially as possible over all surfaces presented to her. She loved to lounge. She was now leaning with her back against the side of her pony; her arms were stretched along its neck and back; her two small, brown feet bore her remaining weight lightly. There was nothing else against which she might have rested save the small, low house before her, and the great, flat earth around.

"An' she 's most done with heaven, too; she aint quite clear in her mind about that."

"Goodness, Loreen, what's got a-holt of her? Why, I mahred Jim to get rid of going to prahr-meetin' an' church!"

A smile crept into the depths of Lorena's grave blue eyes.

"Wahl, it cahnt be helped now, Polly. Yuh 've got too many leetle 'uns to go back on Jim at this late day. And yuh would n't be no better off,—we 're goin' to prahr-meetin' an' preachin' jest the same ez we al'ez hev. It 's jest a new kind, that 's all. The preacher, he 's over t' our house now,—an' I plumb furgot I come after a hunk o' that beef. We aint done any killin' yit, an' this new man, he come onexpected. Josephine hed a chicken onder the tub, an' Tad he comes along an' lets him out onbeknownst to hisself. Josephine's put out about it; she sets a store by her fried chicken."

"Jest like Tad. Sometimes I think that boy aint born with good sense,—yuh humor him so. Yes, I kin let yuh have some, jest as well es not. Set still now!" This last to her baby, whom she deposited on the low sill which formally announced the beginning of indoors, for Polly's house was a primitive one, and "thar wa n't no board floor down yit."

Lorena's eyes rested on the baby indulgently; then, when it cooed at her, she allowed her grave, almost somber face to break into smiles.

"Thar aint nothin' a-botherin' *him*," she soliloquized proudly. "This worl's jest about his size.

In a house full of nieces and nephews this small atom stood first in her regard. Even the tyrant, Tad, had to divide honors with him. She was fain to pick him up and tumble him about and kiss him, but he cared not to be touched except by his mother, and was wont to object vigorously to too much familiarity; so she leaned against her pony, which was patiently cropping the short dried grass, and stared at him.

How huge she looked to those young eyes. From his lowly position she was thrown in high relief against a prodigality of background,—a half world, a dim, far horizon, a brooding sky. Standing so close before him, she and her pony shut out all this world.

"Thar," said Polly, reappearing with the meat tied in a flour-sack, which she let slip through her fingers to the ground at Lorena's feet; then hurried back into the house, out of the sun and the hot, dry winds forever blowing. They knew no rest, those constant winds: they swept the brown earth clean, and had long since wrung the grass of every drop of moisture. "I reckon that 's enough, even if yuh *hev* got a preacher

over 't the house." She laughed at her pleasantry. She was a pretty woman, in spite of the brownish blotches on her face, and a host of little wrinkles that had no business there. The bearing and care of five children had doubled her twenty-three years. There was a flabbiness to her flesh that accompanies hastened maturity. In detail she was worn, but at a little distance, taken as a whole, there was something infantile about her, and she looked, as she was, younger than Lorena. Her brown eyes had not lost their ingenious, interrogative expression, which had helped to make her "the pertiest gal in Garfield County."

"'Taint late yit; yuh might jest es well come in out of the sun. Josephine won't put that meat on tell jest afore she starts, anyway. That girl ought to mahry a parson,—she's so mighty particular about her cookin'. What fur lookin' chap is he, anyway?"

"He's mighty soft spoken," said Lorena. She did not go in. Her broad felt hat protected her, and she was used to the sun and the wind. She was not noticing the baby now, and her face wore its usual expression of grave intentness.

"He lows thet on the jedgment day this hyar worl' we're a-standin' on is goin' to be cleaned up, an' thar'll be plenty o' water an' groves an' things. An' folks thet hev lived like they ought to will hev their name called out, an' they'll rise up from their graves, one by one, an' come for'ards an' live hyar jest like 't was heaven; an' them thet aint done right wont be called at all; they wont wake up never; they'll jest stay dead. He says them scholars an' sech thet took down the Bible writ it wrong, an' folks air jest a-findin' it out. They've foun' out yer soul an' yer body is jest the same thing, an' yer spirit means yer breath, an' death—which means sleepin'—is all the eternal punishment thar is. He says thar was n't nobody never wicked enough to deserve hell-torment furever. They did their wickedness in the leetle time whilst they war hyar, an' they don't deserve to never hev no let up. It's bad enough if they aint woke up on the las' day. I wish you'd hear him talk, Polly. It seemed mighty reasonable to me, an' mam, she's took to it."

"What I want to know is, whose going to be responsible fur pap? We've been a-layin' his doin's onto the devil an' providence all along. It'll come mighty hard on pap if he has to shoulder his own actions."

Again Lorena's grave eyes smiled.

"Pap aint a worrin' none. He counts on bein' called. He says it makes him feel like pitchin' in an' doin'somethin'—got a notion to work up his timber claim, an' sech. He thinks he'd kind a like to be hyar when there's plenty o' water. But I don' know. I'm a-feerd if pap was sound asleep, he would n't hear if he was called. Pap 'ud stand a heap better chance if he was awake and argyfyin'. It does beat all when pap gits to pleadin' his own case. I can't stan' up agin it, neither kin mam, an' I reckon the archangel could n't."

Her pause was filled by a howl from Peter, who had squirmed himself off the sill into the sun's hot, vertical rays, which fell upon his pink head somewhat stronger than a benedecition. Both women sprang forward.

"Lordy, Polly, he'll be sun-struck!"

"Why, honey, ye'll be cooked!"

Polly retreated with him into the shade. Lorena lifted her meat.

"Josephine'll be a-tearin'. I'm afeared I hev stayed too long."

She sprang lightly upon her pony, which thus taken by surprise, began too late the bucking and rearing without which no well-regulated prairie pony suffers itself to be mounted. Polly retreated farther into the house.

"That critter'll break yer neck yit!" she warned, but Lorena was already far

in the distance, heading a long trail of dust which extended rapidly southward.

Lorena's was a pretentious home for its time in Kansas. The house was built of sods, hard and firm, cut cleanly, with well-defined corners, cemented together with a reddish-brown clay, giving to the whole a solid, brown-stone effect. The interior was divided into four rooms, which were plastered, white-washed, and had hard wood floors. There was a sitting room, pap's and mother's room, the children's room, and the spare bedroom, more commonly called "the parson's," for there was always one or more of the "bretheren" occupying it. A lean-to kitcken had been added to the main structure, and in that kitchen Josephine was "a-tearin'" when Lorena returned with the meat.

"Was yuh killin' that beef?" she demanded. "Yuh seem to plumb furget there 's a parson in this house, an' meetin' to go to! Give 't to me; I 've got to git it on. The pot 's been bilin' this half hour. When d' yuh think I 've got time to git ready fur preachin'?"

Lorena was penitent. She was no housekeeper, and she never could understand why Josephine should worry about such fleeting things as meat.

"I didn't know I was a-stayin' so long. I got to tellin' Polly about the new parson. She aint a-thinkin' ez much about her soul ez she ought to. I aint never been converted myself, but I take religion serious, an' Polly she kind'a laughs at them things. I'm worried in my mind about her,—an' she with them children to bring up—an' I thought maybe she'd come hear the new parson kind' out o' curiosity, an' it might make her take things mo' serious."

Lorena had adjusted her shoulders to the door-casing, and leaned there, holding her pony by the bridle, while she made her apology. Josephine whisked the meat into the pot, and commenced peeling the potatoes. She was a deft worker, and in spite of her aspect of banging and clattering, a silent one. She sniffed.

"Yuh both of yuh ought to be ashamed of yerselves; your age, an' not convicted of yer sins yit! Why don't yuh set her a better example?—yer older'n she is! —an' she ought to be settin' *you* an example,—mother of five children!"

Josephine spoke with the contempt which eighteen has for shilly-shallying of all kinds. She had been "convicted," and thus entered the state of self-righteousness years ago when she taught herself to cook, and she had no patience with these ungrown, older sisters of hers.

"Why don't yuh just go forward an' own up to yer wickedness, an' then yuh'll get peace, an' yuh won't hev to be bothered no more. There's pap still onsettled in his mind,—I should think that'ud warn yuh if nothin' else does. Now I aint got no stock in these new-fangled notions. I'll feed the man while he stays, but I aint a-keerin' how soon he goes. He's upset mam an' he aint roped in pap, not yit, an' I don't believe he will. They're a-talkin' in there now, hev been all the mornin', when pap ought to be catchin' them ponies. How does he figure on gettin' to meetin'? Not on his own legs, I'll warrant."

"Pap thinks I'm a-gittin' 'um. I'll go now."

"Lordy, Loreen, when d'yuh expect to get yerself ready?—that pesky hair o'yourn to comb!" But Lorena was already on her way to the sheds where the halters were kept.

"It does beat all," said Josephine, "the way she goes when she does go. She'l lean up agin somethin' ez if she'd come to stay till jedgment, an' first thing known she aint in sight." To get out of sight where Josephine lived meant to take a long journey.

The Bains were a cosmopolitan family. They had lived in nearly state of the Union, and the girls spoke as many dia-

lects as a cultured man of the world speaks languages. These varying dialects were blended into one comprehensive whole,—a whole whose many origins could be traced when Lorena or Polly spoke, but which from the tongue of their younger sister, Josephine, came forth with a breadth and swing entirely Kansan. She had no memories of the East, as did the other members of the family. She had been born while schoonering across the Illinois prairies, and most of her life had been spent west of the Missouri River. There was one other member of the family, Tad, the youngest, who knew of no world save the prairies, covered with scant grass worn short by the sweeping winds, and diversified by some dozen windmills. He owed his existence to Polly's rapidly increasing family, which made pap "feel plumb ashamed of hisself." "I wo n't hev no daughter o' mine gittin' ahead of me in that fashion, I promise ye!" and Tad had appeared, like a late fall chicken, to make the promise good.

It was part of pap's contrariness that he should have been born "up Nawth." He had not lived there long: he never lived anywhere: "he jest kep a-travelin." He was a born mover, a frontiersman, a forerunner of civilization, pre-empting the wildernesses, and reclaiming its waste places. In the course of his meanderings he had taken unto himself a wife, a Kentucky woman, who daily fortified her patience wlth the reflection that "Pap was bawn up Nawth,—enough t' make any man cantankerous. Sech a rovin' nature, an' so contrary-wise thet if he was drowned yuh'd hev t' look fur him up stream."

Six times had Mrs. Bain settled down in a place where it would please her to grow old and die. First, they had moved north to the swamps of Ohio, "where father 'd a-give us a farm, but he lowed he wanted to make his own. Wonder is he cornsented t' take the groun' from the Lord t' do it with. We had n't no mor'n got the trees cut down, an' the swamp filled up, an' grown kind'a used to it, then we hed t' pull up stakes. An' so it 's gone from bad t' worse. We settled in Kansas after awhile, an' got the trees t' growin' finely, an' some wells dug, when he lowed 't was gittin' too civilized fur him, an' nothin' ud do but he must go further west, whar he did n't hev t' grow so tarnation fast t' keep up with the kentry. An' now we 're hyar; we been hyar eight years an' hed three crops. Generally the wind hes blowed the seed t' kingdom-come; leastwise, we aint never seen a sprout of it, an' wo n't tell we git thar. Thar aint a twig nor a tree a-growin' on the place, an' I do n't want none. He'd think the climate was a-changin' so 'st folks could live hyar, an' then he 'd hev t' git out. I 've got used to it, an' I do n't want to move no more. Now thet Polly 's mahred an' settled down, kind a seems ez if we did belong hyar." This was the tale whose variations were known to every itinerant who came to hold meetings in the little sod school-house five miles away.

They all stopped at Mrs. Bain's, these seedy, ecclesiastical tramps, for hers was a hospitable soul, and she counted herself well repaid for her trouble and the vast quantity of provisions they consumed, if they but brought her news of the far country which curved away from her line of vision. She was, moreover, a pious woman, brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord. To her it was a duty to feed His ministers, and for her children's sake she would have welcomed anyone who preached the Word.

"They aint never had no chance for education an' society, a-movin' aroun' so, but I 'm boun' t' look after their souls. Thar 's Josephine, saved a-ready. I aint botherin' about her no moh,—but Polly, though she 's been baptized, do n't

never seem t' take sech things serious, an' the moh yuh talk t' her an' pray with her, the moh cantankerous she gits. She 'lows she do n't want t' weah her welcome out a-visitin' the Lord in prahr, an' she suttinly aint. But I aint a-worryin' about her; her heaht 's all right, an' she 's been baptized. Lorena aint never got that far, but she 's slow, ontell she *does* git started, an' then thar aint no keepin' up with her. I' m afeerd 'taint been good fur her bein' with her pap so much. We never hed no boys, —not tell Tad come along,—an' Lorena's hed t' help her pap. She never took t' house-work no way. Her pap says she 's better 'n three hired men, but I do n't b'lieve it 's been good fur her,—a-hearin' her pap argify so about his soul," for pap was guilty of other lapses than "movin'." "He aint got religion, an' it seems ez if he cah n't git it. I declar, sometimes I think he 's possessed. He 's a good husband, is pap. We do n't al'as jibe about settlin' down fur good, nor about the cattle a-runnin' clar up to the door-step, nor about how much is too good fur the health,—not that pap ever gits drunk, what yuh might call *drunk*, yuh know. My men-folks hev al'as know'd how t' use the jug with the stopper, an' ez I said, he 's a good husband. I 've al 'as hed plenty t' eat an' wahr, so 's my chil'ren; but thar air some things thet does seem ez if pap want a-doin' of. He talks right out blasphemous sometimes. I do n't mean cussin'. Men folks al'es cuss, an' it ought n't t' be laid up agin 'em,—but he sets hisself up an' axes me how I knowed thar 's any hell, an' if I ever met the devil? He 'lows the Lord would n't never hev made the devil an' let him get the upper han' the way he hes; an' that if he *aint* got the upper han', an' the Lord 's jest allowin' him t' pester us so, pap says he aint got no use fur no sech God, he 'll be durned if he hes; an' I tell him he 'll be damned if he aint, sure!"

Thus, with anxious, worried voice, she poured into the time-serving ears of those linen-dustered wayfarers her woes. The various ministers had stayed and wrestled with pap, had waxed fat and gone on their way, leaving behind, that hardened sinner, unreclaimed.

At last came one whose words were winged, whose thoughts were flame, who preached a new doctrine, by means of which pap could squeeze edgewise into the kingdom of heaven.

He was, as Lorena said, mighty soft spoken. Many there were who had shouted till the sod-weighted rafters vibrated; who had pounded on the little table till its legs had worn polished, dust-padded cups in the hard earth. They had delivered the word of God as with a cannon, regulating the onslaught by the approval in Mrs. Bain's face, for it was Mrs. Bain's chicken that was simmering in the pot at that very minute, and it would be dealt out to them most generously if they but manifested the Power as she thought fitting. But when Milton Ryder stepped forward that Sunday, and, with outstretched hands and lifted face, craved God's blessing, most of his congregation entered a sanctuary for the first time.

His prayer was short. When it was finished he gave one backward turn to his coatsleeves, hitched up his trousers, and began,—mighty soft spoken. His was comparatively a new creed, founded on radical changes in the Revised Word, and the ever unsatisfied longing of the heart for something nearer, something better, something more just than the God of Abraham. Full of crudities, of absurdities, as the self-evolved faith of a crude people must be, it still held the touch of the human which reaches the heart, and Milton Ryder had taken it up with the zeal of a strong man who has agonized and been comforted. *He* was no charlatan, preaching for his dinner, but a messenger bringing good tidings. He had native skill in the use

of words and in the presentation of thoughts. He did not use his new cult to assault their old beliefs. He took up those beliefs tenderly, and when he dropped them, one by one, they were quite dead.

He opened the Bible on the table and placed his hand upon it. His voice was very low and sweet.

"Frien's, whar'd we git this religion anyway? Right out o' this book, didn't we? This 'un,"—he tapped it. "An' whar'd it come from? Why, it come from Gawd, an' was revealed to his chosen ones livin' hyar then. Sometimes it come to 'um in dreams an' visions, an' on stone tablets; an' sometimes the angels themselves come an' told 'um. An' they writ it down—them old fellers that was a-livin' hyar then. But they did n't write it down in words ez we speak 'um now. There wan't no English language then. Yuh've heerd of the Germans an' the French, aint yuh—how they talk ferrin from us? an' we can't onderstand 'um ontell we 've been taught. Wall, these old fellers, they talked ferrin too. They talked Hebrew,—so in course all their writin' was in Hebrew. Now, after awhile they all died, an' there war a new lot o' folks come. They did n't know nothin' about Hebrew; they war Greek. But they come across them old writin's, an' they began t' study on 'um. Hebrew was a dead language then,—that is, thar wa'n't nobody livin' ez could speak it; but thar it was all writ, an' they jest studied it out by themselves. Mighty hard work, wa' n't it, with nobody t' tell 'um how? But after awhile they got it done, an' writ the Bible all in Greek. Then them folks all died off, an' some more new ones come. They talked English. They come across them old Hebrew an' Greek writin's, an' they could n't make head nor tail of 'um; but they went to work an' studied 'um out, an' after awhile they begun to see light, an' they kept on, tell after awhile longer they got the whole Bible writ into English,—not the Book ez I've it hyar, but one somethin' like it.

"Now, frien 's, supposin' yuh hed a tub o' water, an' yuh should dip the water into some pails, an' then out o' the pails into some pots, don 't yuh reckon some o' thet water 'd git spilled? —or maybe yer dipper 'd leak. I b'lieve if yuh war t' turn that water back into the tub, yuh 'd find some of it was gone. Wahl, that 's jest what happened. Some o' them words, in changin' 'um around, got spilled.

"Now, them war wise old fellers in thet time. They studied a heap,—mor 'n ever I did. Aint yuh heerd how they used to study the stars? They taught thet the earth was squahr, an' hed four corners. They wa 'n 't t' blame. They taught jest ez well ez they could. They did n 't know no better. But folks has been a-studyin' on them things since, an' now all of us know thet the worl's round." Several heads nodded. Round? Of course it was round,— like a platter.

"Wahl, now, it 's jest the same way with the Bible. People hev been a-studyin' on it sence. Them old writin' s is kept, same ez the stars, an' people hev been a-studyin' on um. We know more now 'n them old fellers did. We 'ev found some of the words that 's been spilled, an' some of 'um that 's been named wrong, an' we 've named 'um right', an' they 're writ hyar in the Bible onder my hand,— the Revised Bible. An' what does it tell us? Why, that these preachers hes been preachin' things that aint so. They aint been to blame, 'cause they didn't know no better, but all the same they 've been teachin' yuh wrong. I 've come hyar t' teach yuh right — t' read this hyar old new Book to yuh an', explain it; an' whatever I say, yuh make me prove it by the Bible, an' if I can 't, we 'll throw it by, for it 'll be nothin' but soundin' brass an' tinklin' cymbal."

That was his peroration, and having

reduced his hearers from antagonists to pupils, he began to demolish hell and the devil in a way that must have made his satanic majesty writhe. On the debris he built a new creed, more human, less spiritual, and propped it up with quotations from the length and breadth of the Bible. During the demolishing process, pap, the human, nudged Mrs. Bain frequently, and in other ways expressed his satisfaction. They were his own ideas, set forth as orthodox. In the rebuilding he showed less interest, but Mrs. Bain was an absorbed and eager listener. She was willing to accept anything which had the Bible and Christ, the sacrament and baptism, for its foundations. And this new creed had everything,—everything but eternal damnation. It took the Bible literally, and swerved not a hair's breadth. It stood firm on the Book, and pap's heresies. Lo, Mahomet had not come to the mountain, but the mountain had come to Mahomet!

Near the close of the long sermon, Josephine slipped out, as was her custom, in order to reach home in time to make the simmering pot boil, get the potatoes "on," and have the table set by the time the rest of the family reached home. Her young man followed her. This was an act of devotion upon which Josephine insisted. "If yer goin' with *me*, yuh may ez well be around when I want yuh," she had said; and on Sunday he certainly was needed, for Josephine was in the habit of getting herself up in a style suitable to the day. She always rode a side-saddle to meetin', and, in keepin' with that, wore a black calico riding-skirt, made very wide, and almost sweeping the ground when she was mounted. Her young man had his hands full from the time she stepped on the horse-block, and, whip in hand, told him how to do things, till she was safely settled on the back of her plunging pony. She was a good horse-woman, even when hampered by the trappings of civilization.

Josephine had had a young man ever since she had had religion. She did not care for men as representatives of their kind,—they were sech cantankerous critters,—but she knew it was due her that she have one, so she had him. "Show 'em I aint no last rose o' summer anyhow," said Josephine.

She was in no hurry to marry. "If Polly wants t 'live in a house without any floor, she kin, but I won't. I wan't brung up thet way, an' I ain't goin' to belittle myself for no man. I 'm goin' t 'hev a board floor an' glass in the winders, or I 'll stay t' home. Besides, I want my man t' hev his growth. I 've hed trouble enough takin' keer o' Tad without marryin' of him!" And her young man had promised that "jest ez soon ez he could git another good crop she should have the house she wanted, with a carpet in the settin'-room." That was three years ago, and the crop was still "a comin'." The chances were that when it arrived, he would be old enough to suit her.

Lorena wondered how Josephine could tear herself away from the magic of that silver tongue for so prosaic a thing as dinner. There were times when she was fain to look upon Josephine as a martyr to the domestic economy, and feel twinges of conscience that she did not help her more. "But pap, he needs to be helped, an' he 'lows he 'd be plumb starved if he war put to it to eat my cookin'." It was thus she fortified her conscience.

But the silver tongue was speaking.

"An' now, frien's, I 've give yuh a glimpse of my religion. I invite yuh to make it your religion too,—not t'day, 'cause yuh aint hed time enough t' think it over, an' yuh aint studied yer Bible — this new Bible — enough yit, an' found out fur yerselves. I expect to stay hyar a week or more — more, I hope,— an' help yuh all yuh want,— I aint goin' to hurry yuh; — but don't wait too long, my frien's, don't wait tell the jedgment, — it 'll be too late. Now perhaps yer

a-thinkin' the jedgment-day 's a long way off,— but I aint so sure of that. Christ says when he comes agin, he 's a-comin' to jedge the quick an' the dead. Somebody 's boun' to be hyar then, else war 'd be the quick? An' he 's comin' afore long. We don't know the day nor the hour, 'cause He said we should n't, but thar air signs that the blin' kin read that show his comin 's near. Thar air signs in the heavens,— in the political heavens, in the social heavens, an' in the heavens of larnin' Thar air wars an' rumors of wars in the land. Pestilence an' famine an' draught air abroad. The father's hand is turned agin his son, an' the son is risin' up agin his own father. The wise men air fallin' out with one another an' contradictin' theirselves. 'An' when these things came to pass,' saith the Lord, 'then will I come again.' Come quickly, oh Lord Jesus!"

At that moment he was to Lorena as a second John the Baptist, hastening across the land with good tidings. It jarred upon her that at the close of the services he could stop and talk and shake hands with the people. She would have had him mount his horse, and, like the fleeting winds, hurry onward with his message.

Pap was happy, beaming, shaking hands with Milton Ryder, and "making him used to" everybody.

"That was a fine sermon, Parson. I might a-writ it myself, exceptin' the Bible verses," he said, with unction. "Here 's mam an' all my neighbors been thinkin' of me ez a lost sheep, when it appears I'm an altogether different kind of cattle,—sort o' steer in a paster with a fence built 'round him a-fore he knows it."

The parson smiled. "I 'm glad you liked it. Between us, maybe we kin make our frien 's better acquainted with this human Gawd, this kind and lovin' Gawd, who would n't create nobody for to torment 'um."

"It 'll come hard on mam, a-turnin' religion up-side down so."

A fine color mounted in Mrs. Bain's withered cheeks. Her eyes were soft and bright. "I aint a-keerin' none, pap, if it 's accordin' to the Bible. That 's all I 've ever tried to go by, an' if it was printed wrong, an' you've sort of knowed it, or angels hev been a tellin' yuh, I 'm glad on 't." And pap, the belligerent one, had no more to say.

As the congregation, pushing around him, oozed out of the door, Milton Ryder wondered where Lorena had gone, —Lorena whom he had but glimpsed at at breakfast, and whose quiet, shadowy beauty had taken him unawares when he had risen to commence his sermon. It is a rare thing to have such a listener, —so earnest, so beautiful, so unconscious of all save you, the speaker. Milton Ryder felt uplifted by her deference, her attention. True, they were wonderful words he had to say, – well worth the attention of anyone,—but she of the luminous eyes did not separate him, the speaker, entirely from the thing spoken.

He felt a sudden sense of isolation when he caught sight of her near the horse-block, with some half dozen overgrown boys standing awkwardly around to help her with the mounting. She was not at ease herself.

"It 's the worst thing about meetin'," she had often complained to her mother; "I do n't know how to be helped, and they do n't know how to help me. They'd never think of offerin' on a week-day. I do n't wear no fixin 's like Josephine; why do n't they just act natural?"

"I 'd like to know, Lorenie Bain, when yuh ever expect to be mahred if yuh do n't git over feelin' that-a-way. My three chill'ren war bohn a-fore I war ez old ez you air. It 's jest the way men folks air made,—offerin' to do what yuh do n't want done a-fore yuh mahry 'um, an' never doin' what yuh do want done afterwards; an' yuh jest got to put up

"SHE'L LEAN UP AGIN SOMETHIN' EZ IF SHE'D COME TO STAY TILL JEDGEMENT!"

with 'um. I declare, Lorenie, sometimes I feel plumb ashamed that yuh aint got no regular beau. Makes folks think yuh aint never had no chance."

"Wahl, I never hev, an' I would n't know what to do if I did. I like men folks well enough—leastwise pap an' Tad; but I aint never felt ez if I couldn't noway live without any of 'um."

Poor Lorena! She never stood by that horse-block on Sundays, without the dread certainty taking possession of her that she was going to be thrown. A prairie girl to be thrown! She thought no life long enough to outlive such disgrace.

"If yuh 'll jest give him prancin' room, an' hand up Tad when he cools down a leetle, I kin git on him all right," said Lorena, and the next moment she was spinning around like a top. Her would-be helpers sprang back, and admired her from a respectful distance.

"Thar, now," said Lorena, when her pony stood with drooping head and limp tail, "he's repentin' hisself. If yuh 'll jest boost Tad afore he gits through—" and Tad was boosted. She

felt his little chubby arms about her waist. "Air yuh all right, honey?" she queried, with a backward glance; then with a comprehensive "I'm a-bleeged to yuh," she was gone; and for Milton Ryder all the great, golden breadths which spread across the prairies and filmed along the sky rolled themselves together and went with her. All the winds seemed pursuing her. Never in this world would he see another who could do things quite so well as she; never another quite so tall, so straight, so supple; and surely never another with such deep, dark blue eyes, such shadowy hair, such alluring lips, with their cool, quiet corners.

Milton Ryder was no tramp. He had come to Garfield County to get his living, and to save souls. He pleased pap and surprised mam, by stating that he wished to hire out as a herder of cattle. He had hoped to get a farm of his own, he said, but as this was not a crop year he thought it best to wait. Meanwhile there was nothing else to do but herd the cattle that fed on the browned grass and the blighted crops. It was in this way that the settlers made enough to buy their seed from year to year. It is a section of country too dry for corn and too hot for wheat, and the heavy winds are apt to blow away the newly planted seed, soil and all, and carry them no one knows whither. About once in three years a crop may be expected, and it is safe to expect a generous one. While awaiting it, the vague distances, the vast breadths, the compelling winds and the low, bending sky have united their glamours, and cast a spell over these hardy settlers that can never be thrown off.

Milton Ryder proved that he could both work and preach.

During the next two weeks there was unusual activity in the spiritual market. The new creed,—so human, so tangible,—was mounted on a pedestal in nearly every one of the widely separated households that met once a week in the little sod school-house. Indeed, there was too much unanimity. A little persecution would have been acceptable. It adds much to one's self-satisfaction to feel that one is a martyr. In spite of this deprivation, Garfield County began to look upon itself as a new Jerusalem, and expected the Advent any day.

It surely was, as Mrs. Bain averred, nothing short of cussedness in pap to ask sech a fool question as he did one evening, when, the cattle being rounded for the night, they were all lounging around the front doorstep.

"Yer talkin' about this hyar Second Comin' ez if 'twas gospel truth. Hev yuh got to believe that in order to git yer name on that Arisin'-day roll-call? 'Cause if yuh hev, yuh kin count me out. Ez I onderstood yuh at first, we hed to do good works whilst we was hyar, an' tinker around with baptism an' the sacrament so 's t' be on the safe side, an' hev our own idears about the devil an' heaven an' sech. It 's jest ez hard fur me to believe thet the Lord 'ud take sech a round-a-bout way o' savin' folks, ez to believe he sent the devil hyar to ruin of 'um. An' about Christ's comin' agin, why, I don't take no stock in his bein' anything mor'n a good man, somewhat misled by his own idears of his-self."

There was consternation on every face. Poor Mrs. Bain commenced, "Why pap — " but when she saw how pap's little gray eyes were shining and his chin set, she knew he was prepared for battle. "When pap looks that-a-way yuh might jest ez well give up." She turned to Milton Ryder:

"Don't yuh suppose there's some mistakes left in the print of that Book?" Her 's was the anxious voice of one who has hope.

"I do not!" said Milton Ryder curtly. Then he softened, remembering that this obstinate, hard-headed little man

was her father, and he commenced in that soft-spoken voice of his to reason. The winds would have been as open to it.

In the days which followed the meetings went on, but pap did not attend; he was without the fold; a free man.

Lorena was a dissatisfied attendant. She did not like to see John the Forerunner wasting his time in herding.

' I kin tend to them cattle, but I aint got no message fur to take. If all them big mistakes hes been made, he ought to be tellin' other folks, not jest us hyar in Garfield County." But in these days he was giving little thought to the world beyond the limits of Garfield County.

"Pap," said Lorena one evening, as she leaned across the pony, "what fur did yuh set yerself so suddent like agin Jesus Christ's bein' the son of Gawd?"

They had been salting the cattle, and were now on the outskirts of the herd preparing for the homeward ride. The sun was sinking, and all the vague enchantments of evening were abroad. The ceaseless winds were lulled to softest breathing. The world looked unusually vast, flat, rounded. Now and then its distances were made visible by windmills,—airy monuments marking a prairie home. They gave ocular demonstration of the rotundity of the earth, for the fans of the farther ones seemed closer to the ground, till on the vague horizon they rested like phantom wheels. It was only on rare days that the air was clear enough to show these delicate measurements of space. Pap, lounging with his left leg hooked over his pony, was taking it all in with the appreciation of a poet who is dumb, when Lorena's question recalled him.

"Why, Loreen, I wa'n't a-carin'. I never thought nothin' about it tell jest then. To tell the truth, them two weeks of dwellin' in brotherly love about used me up. I jest got to whar somethin' *hed* to happen, or else I'd got to leave, an' yer mam's so sot agin movin' I'd about made up my mind t' let her bide hyar. Their foolishness do n't make no difference to me, Loreen, an' I guess it do n't to you. If it makes 'um happy, let 'um carry on; yer mam aint hed none too good a time, no way. That's why I said t' myself the last time I seen her trompin' on that bed-cord o' hern for to tighten it, that it should n't be used no more fur to tie her trunk with; an' that's why t' other night I jest hed to rile things so 'st we could live hyar kind-a peaceable like. But I aint got nothin' agin Christ nor that young man. He's mighty well spoken, a good, earnest feller, an' not afraid t' work. He thinks he'll settle down hyar an' farm it, an' this mornin' he came up to me mighty perlite an' axes me if I hed any objections to his marryin' yuh, an' I told him that was fur *you* to say,—that if I'd been a young gal I did n't think there'd be any objections. I do n't onderstand sech fool ways of doin' things. I never done so when I courted yer mam. But he meant it all right. It's jest his way o' honorin' yer father an' yer mother. He says yuh be a beauty —" Pap righted himself and stared at her, "an' yuh be well favored, Loreen. Not what yer mam was at your age, but that aint expected. If yuh like that young parson, don't let any thing I've said stand in the way. A man ez is a *man* aint to be picked up every year."

Lorena turned partly away, that, in the privacy not granted a full-face view, she might ponder this new situation so suddenly presented to her. Her heart was thrilled by the compliment which a proposal always implies. Her ambition and vanity asked nothing more than this,—to be wife of a preacher! And yet she was conscious of a shock to all her finer sensibilities. It was not meet that John, the Proclaimer, should crave such an earthly thing as woman's love. The fear that this inspired messenger dallied while about his Master's business had become a certainty. She, too, had her work and her duties in which

she would not falter. Yet her voice was very gentle:

"Yuh kin tell him from me that I aint got no call to mahry nobody,—leastwise, nobody that the Lord has chosen fur other business." She faced pap and continued, "It do n't seem like he ought to mahry, nohow. Mahryin' al 'es ties folks down. It 's boun' to. He 'd hev to git a livin' fur his family, an' he ought n 't to spen' his time in no sech way. He 's got things to say, an' tongue fur to say 'um with, an' a mighty pleasant way of gittin' aroun' folks. He ought n't to be wastin' his time hyar.

"Lordy, Loreen! yuh aint goin' to throw him over that-a-way! Yer mam's jest tickled to death. It 's been a-worritin' her 'cause yuh hev n't hed no beaux, an' now she 's that proud! I aint seen nothin' perk her up so sence I back-slid last. Yer sure yuh do n't care fur the parson?"

A white glow spread over Lorena's face, and she clutched at her throat.

"'Taint because I do n t care, but I aint goin' to hold no man ez hes work. If he cares *that* way,—like he told yuh, —why, some day, when the Lord's through with him, he kin come back—"

"Don 't yuh go to countin' on that. Men are vile and onsartin' critters, the best of 'um. They aint like women: they aint got no sech capacity fur bein' faithful, and making theirselves right down miserable, not furgittin'. That young man, I do n't doubt, loves yuh fur all he's wurth, and he 's wurth mor 'n the average, but that aint goin' to hinder him makin' hisself mighty comfortable alongside of somebody else inside of a year. Now do n't yuh go to gittin' on your high horse, Lorenie,"—he warned, as she straightened herself with a repellant gesture — "they 're all that-a-way. Onc't yun marry' um, they'll stand by yuh through thick and thin, but if you do n't, they aint to blame fur bein' so constituted ez to be able to git along right tolerable without yuh. Yer mam's been a-fraid yuh was gittin' romantic, an' 'taint reasonable nor sensible. We men folks can 't live up to it."

Lorena faced him sternly,—this man who could be beguiled, though for so short a time, by tales of a future paradise, and yet found love and constancy too unattainable for each separate day. "What would *you* have done if mam had 'lowed 'twar better fur yuh not to mahry,—that thar war other things fur yuh to be doin' of 'stead of supportin' a family? What would yuh hev done?"

"I 'd hev reasoned with her."

"An' then if you could n't noways make her see it your way?"

Pap paused a moment. "Yuh axes me questions I aint noways ready to to answer. I do n't set myself up fer no better'n my neighbors, an' I aint goin' back on mam this time of day. All I 've got to say is, if I war you, an' wanted him, I would n't risk it."

Lorena passed her hand between her eyes and the splendor of the departed day, which, for the moment, pained her with its completeness.

"I do n't want him. I aint takin' no risk." Then her sobbing head went down upon the back of her pony. Pap dismounted, and went to her. "Thar, thar, Lorenie, he aint worth it. If yer right down sure you know yer own mind, yuh kin jest bide along with pap. I wish yuh 'd tell yer mam how I put it, fair and square, or she 'll think I 've backslid agin,—a-upholdin' yuh in it!"

As for Milton Ryder, he has that which, at such a time, it is well to possess. To have a firm faith in an everlasting truth, and to know that the divine mission of uttering it is yours, is no little consolation.

Will he remember her? Will he come again when time and absence have made her less zealous for the world, less exacting in her demands for perfection, more frugal with her own scant happiness? "Man is at best an onsartin critter, more fickle than the winds, for they across the plains are blowing still."

L. B. Bridgman.

THE DECLINE OF THE MISSION INDIANS. II.

IS THE GRINGO TO BLAME?

OVER sixty years ago, there were from thirty-five to fifty thousand Indians gathered in the twenty-one missions of California. Today there are less than five thousand Mission Indians in the entire State. A few of the true California pioneers still survive; those who came here in the twenties and thirties, long before the "days of '49." They remember the missions at the height of their prosperity and influence, when about all the larger establishments were gathered villages of Indians, whose population equaled that of some of our most thriving California towns today. San José mission had over five thousand Indians in its palmy days; several others reported over three thousand. Within the lifetime of these surviving American pioneers and some of our older Spanish citizens, these prosperous communities have disappeared from the face of the earth. The mission gardens and orchards have been obliterated; most of the buildings have been destroyed; and the thousands of contented and industrious neophytes have been reduced to a fast-disappearing remnant, pitiable in its squalid poverty and degeneration. The Indian is a ruin, without any of the picturesqueness of the dismantled mission.

Accepting the most conservative figures, the population of the Mission Indians is less than one tenth what it was a little more than half a century ago. And neither war nor pestilence has swept off this people. History, I believe, has no parallel to this rapid decay and almost total disappearance of a race that was blessed with physical vigor, and familiar with the arts of agriculture and the simpler manufactures.

The records that had been so carefully kept by the mission fathers were largely lost or destroyed at the time of the secularization in 1835, so that it is not possible to state exactly the number of Indians who were gathered about the various missions. Bancroft, in "Pastoral California," says that early in the present century there were 50,000. A Spanish authority, De Mofra, puts the number in 1834 at "over 30,000." More documentary evidence exists regarding the Indian population at the southern than the northern missions. The territory which they occupied is now included in the "Mission" or "Tule River" Indian agency, so that exact information is accessible concerning the numbers of Indians now living in the section, which is that usually spoken of as Southern California. A comparison of the census of sixty years ago,— so far as we have a record of it,— and that of today, presents a contrast that to the student of history is startling in the extreme.

The following is believed to be a fairly accurate estimate of the number of Indians who, about 1830, were under the care of the missions in the territory now covered by the "Mission" agency. In case of several of the larger missions, — San Diego, San Luis Rey, San Gabriel, and others,— the figures are taken from the records of the padres; and for the others the estimate is conservative, and more likely to be too small than too large.

San Diego	2,500
San Luis Rey	3,500
San Juan Capistrano	1,800
San Gabriel	4,000
San Fernando	2,000
San Buenaventura	1,200
Santa Ynez	500
Santa Barbara	2,500
La Purisima	500
San Luis Obispo	1 500
Total	20,000

The few writings of the mission fathers that have been preserved speak of considerable numbers of uncivilized Indians who refused to yield to the arguments of these missionaries of the true faith. In the territory under consideration there must have been several thousand.

In 1852, D. B. Wilson, Indian Agent, reported seven thousand Mission Indians under his charge, probably not much more than one fourth of the total Indian population of the territory twenty years before. In 1890, under the direction of the agent, H. N. Rust, a careful census was taken, and the total was only 2,895. The number has diminished rather than increased since, and hardly exceeds twenty-five hundred today.

What became of the twenty thousand Indian proselytes, and the probable five or six thousand aborigines who had not been christianized? In twenty years from fifteen to eighteen thousand had disappeared; and the number has been steadily decreasing ever since. Contact with the secular civilization that succeeded the semi-pastoral, semi-feudal conditions of the mission days wrought the ruin of these simple people with a swiftness that is appalling. The mission fathers may have failed to teach their charges self-reliance, but they at least taught them cleanliness, sobriety, and thrift. The civilization that they learned, when turned adrift from the missions, carried with it a decimating heritage of drunkenness, vice, and disease, of idleness and starvation. At the time of the secularization, the administrators of the mission establishments were "to provide for the souls of emancipated persons, and care for the church properties." Whatever the real purpose of their appointment may have been, the speedy result was the plunder and complete ruin of the missions, and the demoralization and dispersion of the christianized Indians.

The wealth of some of the missions and the extent of the land cultivated by the Indians about the missions seems almost incredible, when we take into account the fact that, aside from Santa Barbara, there is not a mission today where as much as a rose bush is cultivated on ground now recognized as mission property. At San Diego and San Fernando a few ancient olive trees are left,—gray, sad ghosts of former greatness. At San Gabriel even the old cactus hedges are fast disappearing.

San Luis Rey controlled over two hundred thousand acres of land, and had pasture land "so wide that a horse could not gallop around half of it from sun to sun." The annual wheat harvest often amounted to 14,000 bushels, the corn harvest to 10,000 bushels, and the barley harvest to 6,000 bushels. The mission owned 200,000 head of live stock. In eight years after the secularization these were reduced to 7,000, and of the 3,500 Indians only 650 were left. San Juan Capistrano mission owned 15 leagues of land. The San Gabriel mission wheat fields harvested 20,000 bushels annually. There were 165,000 head of live stock, 105,000 being cattle. In 1826, the San Fernando mission is said to have had $90,000 in specie and $50,000 worth of merchandise. San Buenaventura mission owned 1,500 square miles of land, and in 1825 is said to have boasted of merchandise valued at $35,000, and church ornaments, vestments, etc., valued at $61,000, to say nothing of $27,000 in specie. (Luis Mar-

tinez, who was put in charge of the San Luis Obispo mission at the time of secularization, is said to have returned to Spain with $100,000 in gold.

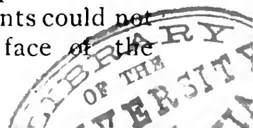
One authority estimates that at the time of their greatest prosperity the southern missions owned 808,000 head of cattle, sheep, horses and mules. The average annual product of grain from 1811–20 is put at 113,000 bushels. Some of these statements about "merchandise" and "specie" may have a little of the glamor of romance about them; but the padres paid their Indian laborers "in spiritual wares," and some of the missions no doubt accumulated wealth that was enormous for those days. In 1820 the government owed the missions $400,000, partly for supplies furnished the presidios. But this levy upon the missions, in the form of drafts, which were never to be paid, did not satisfy official greed; and so secularization was decreed, and then came a looting that was speedy and complete.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Mission Indians were trained simply as agricultural laborers. Wilson, to whose report in 1852 I have already referred, says that they were "masons, carpenters, plasterers, soap-makers, blacksmiths, millers, bakers, cooks, brickmakers, carters and cart makers, weavers and spinners, saddlers and ship-hands, herdsmen, agriculturists, and vintagers." The best that their degenerate descendants today can do is to furnish a few hands to pick grapes or chop wood. Trees were brought twenty or thirty miles to furnish timber for the missions. In the early thirties the San Gabriel mission was the chief manufacturing center of Southern California. Saddles, blankets, and coarse cloths, were made there, and at other missions. Hemp, flax, and tobacco, were raised at several missions; and at San Luis Obispo cotton was cultivated. Flour mills run by water were put in at San Gabriel, San Luis Obispo, and Santa Ynez, early in the century. The Indians made lime, cement, and brick. They worked in stone, iron, and silver. They made use of asphalt for roofing. The missions were hives of industry, and neophytes developed mechanical skill that could have been possible only with a ready mind and a diligent hand.

The missionary work of the Catholic Church has not always been of a beneficent character. But the zealous padres who founded the California missions seem to have been moved by a spirit of high devotion to truth, and a sincere desire to carry the blessings of religion and civilization to the degraded Indians. It is said of Junipero Serra, that "He thought little of himself, even of his own soul to be saved. The trouble on his mind has been how sufficiently to work for God, and to help men." The historian Forbes says of the mission fathers: "I have never heard that they did not act with the most perfect fidelity, or that they ever betrayed a trust, or acted with inhumanity."

The Indian neophytes were little better than slaves, perhaps, and they may often have been "converted" by force; but they were taken from a condition of barbarism, ignorance, and filth, worse than that of any other savage tribes in the present borders of the United States. They were taught cleanliness, which is next to godliness, and industry, which is next to cleanliness. "*Bueno tiempo*," the old Indians called the mission days; and we do not wonder.

Perhaps the mission system was not calculated to teach independence. The Indians had their life mapped out for them, and worked under overseers. When secularization came, and the parental care of the priests was removed, they were helpless as children. The vices and wrongs of the new civilization have wrought a wreck that is terrible to contemplate. The unique character of the mission establishments could not have been preserved in face of the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changes that the last fifty years have brought to California; but it seems sad that the progress of civilization should have been marked by the virtual expulsion of some of the noblest and most self-sacrificing missionaries the Christian Church has ever known, and the dispersion and almost annihilation of a race of simple, and virtuous aborigines.

Helen Hunt Jackson, whose plea for the rights of the Mission Indians touched the heart of the nation, once said: "I have seen the poorest hut of the most poverty-stricken wilds in Italy, Bavaria, Norway, and New Mexico, but never have I seen anything in the shape of shelter for human beings as loathsome as the kennels in which some of the San Diego Indians are living."

And the hunger for land and greed for gain that are the ruling passions of this restless American people begrudge this remnant of a dying race even the ground on which these kennels stand. The child may be living today who will know the Mission Indian only as a picturesque figure in history: and let us hope that at least he will give a passing tear, as he reviews the sad fate of these children of Nature and disciples of the Church.

E. P. Clarke.

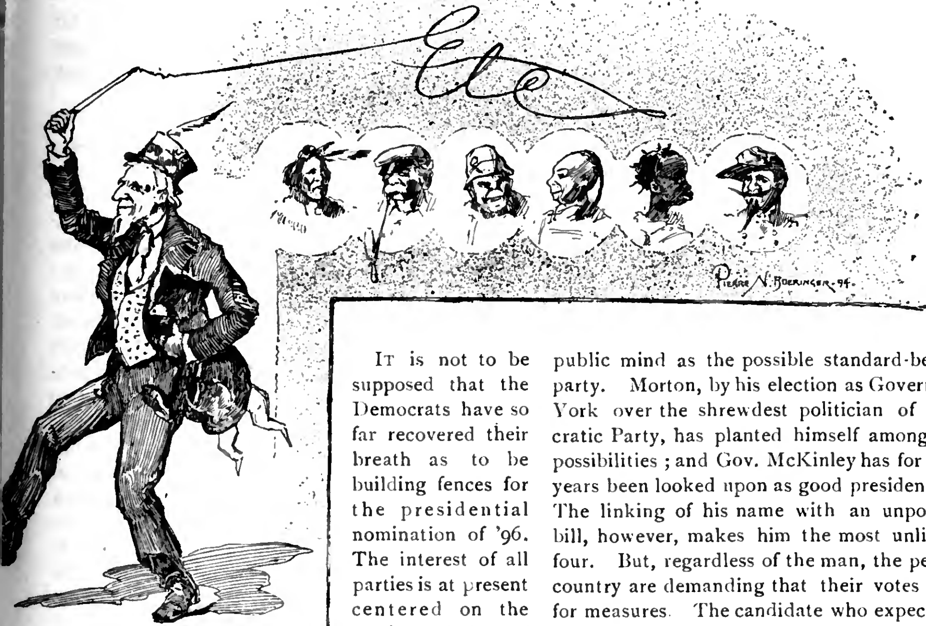
WHERE THE WATERS LAUGH.

S A child will fly to his mother's breast
When his world goes wrong and his heart's oppressed;
So my soul would spread forth its drooping wings
And would speed away to the land that brings
Sweetest peace to me, to the land I know
Where the trees and ferns and the wildflowers grow —
It is there, oh there, that I long to be,
Where the voice of Nature is calling me.

Then, as though in dreamland, I hear a dove
As he calls his mate; and I look above
In the changing sky, at the swallows' flight
As they disappear in the fading light;
Then the fragrant dew, like the soothing hand
Of a gentle woman, o'erspreads the land
Where the waters laugh and the willows sigh
And the cricket's song is a lullaby.

It is there, oh there, that I long to be,
Where the voice of Nature is calling me,
Where the waters laugh and the willows sigh
And the cricket's song is a lullaby.

Henry W. Allport.



It is not to be supposed that the Democrats have so far recovered their breath as to be building fences for the presidential nomination of '96. The interest of all parties is at present centered on the coming choice of the Republican Party.

Not taking "dark horses" into consideration, it would seem that one of four men would receive the coveted honor. Gen. Harrison is, without doubt, the logical candidate of his party. Cleveland defeated Mr. Blaine in '84, was defeated by Gen. Harrison in '88, and defeated him in turn in '92. Logically, Gen. Harrison,—all other things being equal,—should have the opportunity to prove that his defeat in '92 was not a judgment on his record, but the outcome of a political deal. No one pretends at this date to dispute the claim of Gen. Harrison's admirers, that he filled the executive chair with credit to himself and his country. He went down under the wreck of the tariff agitation, as Cleveland and his school teacher, Wilson, went down under the wreck of the Wilson Bill. Harrison did not have the example of a former disaster to warn him away from the fascinating game of schedule making. Cleveland went at it with open eyes, and ears ringing with the echo of a campaign that had demanded that the business of the country be let alone.

Harrison had the excuse of ignorance ; Cleveland no excuse that would satisfy the voter that made his election possible.

Harrison's Americanism was proved during the Hawaiian Island question, so the people know what to expect from him on that issue. His position satisfied the great majority, and the wisdom of his course has been accepted by all.

Reed probably ranks second to Harrison in the public mind as the possible standard-bearer of his party. Morton, by his election as Governor of New York over the shrewdest politician of the Democratic Party, has planted himself among the active possibilities ; and Gov. McKinley has for the past six years been looked upon as good presidential timber. The linking of his name with an unpopular tariff bill, however, makes him the most unlikely of the four. But, regardless of the man, the people of the country are demanding that their votes shall count for measures. The candidate who expects the nomination must make himself clear before the country on certain vital interests of the day. The voter gets tired of perpetual half promises, compromises and quibblings. Are you in favor of the Government building the Nicaragua Canal ? Yes. Are you in favor of restoring silver to its place as full legal tender ? Yes. Are you in favor of forcing England to respect the Monroe Doctrine in Central America and Venezuela ? Yes. Are you in favor of letting the tariff question rest ? Yes. Are you in favor of a navy and coast defence ? Yes. Are you in favor of Government irrigation of the arid lands ? Yes. Then you are our candidate, the candidate of the whole people. Now is Harrison's, Reed's, Morton's, or McKinley's chance. If they rise to it, well and good. If they do not, the opportunity is lost. There are men that will. This country has got past the swaddling clothes period, and demands to be treated with respect.

The first editor of the Overland Monthly has some exceedingly interesting things to say of the magazine and himself in the December number of McClure's Magazine. A few extracts from it, wherein it touches on the history of the Overland, cannot but be of moment to those who have been on its subscription list from the first : moreover, I opine that the readers of the magazine today cannot fail to see wherein the policy of Bret Harte is to some extent the policy of the present management. He says : — "As editor of this magazine, — Overland Monthly, —I received for its initial number many contributions in the way of stories. After looking these over, it impressed me as a strange thing that

not one of the writers had felt inspired to treat the fresh subjects which lay ready to his hand in California. All the stories were conventional,—the kind of thing that would have been offered to an editor in the Atlantic States,—stories of those localities and of Europe, in the customary form. I talked the matter over with Mr. Roman, the proprietor, and then wrote a story whose sole object was to give local coloring. It was called 'The Luck of Roaring Camp.'" etc.

The policy of the magazine may have fallen away from this initial idea of reflecting the romance and history of the Pacific Slope for a number, but from first to last the present editor is proud to own that the magazine's world-wide public has been held by simply following out the editorial line established in the "Luck of Roaring Camp" number. A review of the last half dozen numbers of the OVERLAND will show an amount of Pacific Coast (American and Asiatic) history and story that will more than bear out the assertions.

"Local color having been placed, through the dictum of the Atlantic States, at a premium," Mr. Harte continues, "the OVERLAND became what it should have been from the start, truly Californian in tone. Other writers followed my 'trail,' and the freshness and vivid life of the country found a literary expression."

A quarter of a century has proven Mr. Harte's and Mr. Roman's judgment sound, as to the matter the Pacific Coast and the world expect to find and enjoy in the OVERLAND. Time and time again, verbally, by personal letter, and editorially, have the editors who succeeded Mr. Harte tried to impress on readers and writers that it is not the policy of the OVERLAND to try to rival or emulate any other magazine in the world. Magazines come and go; they have their crazes and fads; they scour the globe for fresh topics, and they invade politics and religion for matter to catch the eye and hold the "madding crowd" for the minute. It is their domain, perhaps, but the OVERLAND has an inexhaustible field at its very door, and one that continues to be a marvel to its thousands of readers at home and abroad. Other magazines have invaded the field for a brief time, but like a New York magazine that a few years since endeavored to cover the history of the early mining and vigilante days of California, they abandoned it, with the frank confession that the more they prospected the subject the more they were convinced that they never could hope to do it justice, in comparison to the work the OVERLAND had done and was doing.

Mr. Harte is always free to acknowledge his debt of gratitude to this magazine, and the OVERLAND has tried to express to him a full appreciation of his sound judgment and almost prophetic foresight.

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, has come on a begging tour to America. If there is a famine in Ireland, or an earthquake in Mexico, this great liberal-hearted Republic is the first appealed to. General Booth asks for three hundred thousand dollars to redeem "Darkest England."

London is the money market of the world. Her loans go out to all civilized and uncivilized nations of the globe. She has the largest leisure class in Europe; and yet her poor are so wretched, her degradation so absolute, and ignorant classes so handicapped,—mentally, morally and physically,—that she comes begging to America, her debtor, for redemption. Our own country has just passed through one of the severest financial crises in its history. Thousands of honest men are unemployed throughout the country. A long and severe winter has been ushered in, that will test the charities of the nation to the utmost.

With American bonds drawing high interest in English banking houses, and American tourists, anglomaniacs, and ambitious marriages constantly draining American gold, it would be wise to draw the line somewhere. And then, charity begins at home. The home demand excels the supply at the present writing.

IN the September "As Talked in the Sanctum," and in the November "Etc," I had something to say in regard to and in contradiction to numerous eminent ex-diplomatic official opinions on certain needed (?) reforms in the United States Consular Service. Of late, Boards of Trade all over the country and magazines have discussed the matter at some length. I trust all of which agitation will have enough effect to make the committees on appropriation and foreign affairs in both houses of Congress investigate the Consular Service, and decide for themselves what reforms are really needed.

A bibliography of the entire discussion includes the "Century" for June, '94, an article by A. H. Washburn in the August "Atlantic Monthly," articles by Hon. Robert Adams, M. C., and the Hon. W. F. Wharton, Assistant Secretary of State under Mr. Blaine, in the "North American Review," that in the September OVERLAND, and one in the "North American Review" for December, 1894, by Henry White, ex-Secretary of the United States Embassy at London. The fault with all the discussion outside the OVERLAND and the "Atlantic" is, in my opinion, a want of any real practical knowledge of the subject. Diplomatic officials are in no better position to discuss the Consular Service than an army officer is to render a final opinion on the faults in the naval service. The two are perfectly distinct and separate. The article of Mr. White's referred to is, in my judgment, the fairest one so far printed. He realizes the harm done the Consular Service by appointing a low grade of men to such prominent and trustworthy positions, but imagines that a civil service regulation will correct all such practices.

The St. Louis Live Stock Exchange has hit the nail on the head, and gone to the very root of the matter, in their memorial to the present Congress asking an increase in the pay of our Consuls.

It is easy to multiply instances, as Mr. White has done, of our government appointing men to foreign consulates who are distasteful to the governments and cities to which they are accredited. A most glaring instance came under my own observation while I filled a consular position in Germany under the last administration. A man was appointed to a German Consulate by Mr. Cleveland who had been dismissed from the consulate of a neighboring city by Mr. Harrison, for acts that became part of the Police Court records of that city. He was appointed in the face of a vigorous protest from the German authorities, and took possession of his consulate in spite of everything the local officials could do. His rightful place was in jail. The fault was Mr. Cleveland's, who is empowered by the Constitution to appoint Consuls. Civil Service could not have altered the matter one iota. The only remedy there is for the existing evils in the Consular Service, and they are few as compared to municipal service in the United States, lies in the hands of Congress and the President. If Congress will allow living salaries, the President can, if he cares to, secure first-class men; and good men are all that any service or system of government strives for. Civil Service in this country is a system that allows Cabinet Officers to keep the bars up to their enemies and let them down to their friends. It is a ready-made excuse and a handy bugbear. Our Consular Service is the most poorly paid in the world, and it is ridiculous to expect any more from it than we are willing to pay for.

I believe firmly in the Jacksonian epigram that to the victor belongs the spoils, but I do not believe in so manipulating the spoils as to upset the entire governmental service for six months or a year every new administration. The greatest abuse in the Consular Service is the abuse of power. When Mr. Cleveland became President in March, '93, he found time before the next December to turn out of office over two-thirds of the Consular Service. The upheaval cost the Treasury Department and the government, in losses on customs through ignorance of consular valuations, over three million dollars. A good official sometimes is worth more to an administration than the spoil of office.

It is useless to cite and recite arguments for and against reforming or remodeling the Consular Service, unless the government is willing to put its hand down in its pocket. Money talks louder than advice. The Consular Service pays its own way, and is in no way a tax on the Treasury, as is the Diplomatic Service, and the Congress that begrudges it the money it actually makes. Reforms in the Consular Service should commence with the President and with Congress.

Her Tea Table.

Off in a corner, all by itself,
  Neglected, forgotten, alone,
Is the dream of her youth, the child of her heart—
  Cups, saucers, spoons, table,—outgrown.

One by one, philopenas and gifts,
  The last one cherished the most;
Emblematic, perhaps, of childish affairs,
  Of a dead love, each a wraith, each a ghost.

How can she forget, how can she neglect
  Such treasures, such memories of yore,
And, ah, in her heart is George forgot,—
  And Will, is he there no more?

And she, dainty maid, I see her now,
  So eager, so anxious, so fair—
"Have a wafer, and sugar?—a bit?
  Oh, please, just a lump — there!"

A lump, ah me, a lump so large
  Was choking my throat — could I speak?
And there sat my mocker, with wondering eyes,
  So gentle, so sorry, so meek.

Down went the tea, and down went the lump,
  The last e'er I swallowed, I vow
I 'm content. Let the tea table rest by the wall—
  For I—well, I furnish the tea for it now.

Edwin Wildman.

Goethe's Vision of the Nicaragua Canal.

Psychic prophecy is an expression of profound poetic instinct, and all true and really great poets are prophetic to the extent to which their thoughts are shaped in the glow of that inner light which enables them to see much that escapes the vision of the less gifted, to distinguish the false from the true in life, the dross from the gold, "and give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name." Goethe was such a poet. He could not only people the air with beings of his own creation, but with inspired deduction forecast events affecting the practical affairs of earth. In proof of this, note what the poet said nearly seventy years ago concerning a ship canal through Nicaragua, and the upbuilding of the Pacific States. The extract is taken from "Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann and Soret," pages 222-3, and reads as follows:

Feb. 21, 1827.—Dined with Goethe. He spoke much and with admiration of Alexander von Humboldt, whose work on Cuba and Colombia he had begun to read, and whose views as to the project for making a passage through the Isthmus of Panama appeared to have a particular interest for him.

"Humboldt," said Goethe, "has, with a great knowledge of his subject, given other points where, by making use of some streams which flow into the

Gulf of Mexico, the end may be perhaps better attained than at Panama. All this is reserved for the future and for an enterprising spirit. So much, however, is certain, that, if they succeed in cutting such a canal that ships of any burden and size can be navigated through it from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean, immeasurable benefits would result to the whole human race, civilized and uncivilized. But I should wonder if the United States were to let an opportunity escape of getting such a work into their own hands. It may be foreseen that this young State, with its decided predilection to the West, will, in thirty or forty years, have occupied and peopled the large tract of land beyond the Rocky Mountains. It may, furthermore, be foreseen that along the whole coast of the Pacific Ocean, where nature has already formed the most capacious and secure harbors, important commercial towns will gradually arise, for the furtherance of a great intercourse between China and the East Indies and the United States. In such a case it would not only be desirable, but almost necessary, that a more rapid communication should be maintained between the eastern and western shores of North America, both by merchant ships and men-of-war, than has hitherto been possible with the tedious, disagreeable and expensive voyage around Cape Horn. I therefore repeat, that it is absolutely indispensable for the United States to effect a passage from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean, and I am certain that they will do it. Would that I might live to see it, but I shall not. I should like to see another thing, —a junction of the Danube and the Rhine. But this undertaking is so gigantic that I have doubts of its completion, particularly when I consider our German resources. And, thirdly and lastly, I should wish to see England in possession of a canal through the Isthmus of Suez. Would I could live to see these three great works. It would be worth the trouble to last some fifty years more for the purpose."

Anniversary Hymn.[1]

Tune: Arlington.

From bleak Sierra's lofty crest
  Where wild winds dance and play,
I've gazed upon that matchless scene
  For miles and miles away.

Her frowning cliffs among the clouds
  A thousand centuries old,
Have stood like warriors clad in steel
  To guard her vaults of gold.

The songs that once inspired the camp
  Along her golden streams,
Come back again each stilly night
  Like well-remembered dreams.

That land so full of memories dear,
  Has changed since Forty-nine;
The soil that once was filled with gold
  Now teems with fruit and wine.

And ere we part, my dear old friend,
  Let 's drink one cup of wine,
To days of old, to days of gold,
  To days of Forty-nine.

God bless that fair and favored land,
  That land of fruit and wine;
God bless the men that gave her fame
  In eighteen forty-nine.

Geo. G. Spurr.

[1]Sung by Associated Forty-niners at close of their banquet, Boston, Mass.

Joaquin Miller.

Up from the eldorado of the West
  Arose a song within whose chords awoke
A voice, as from the islands of the blest,
  And to the world it wonderous mysteries spoke.

In it were heard the waves upon the shore;
  The shadows on the misty seas were seen,
And forests that the scars of ages bore,
  All mingled in the melody serene.

Still swelled the strain — kaleidoscopic rays
  Illumined all the land with sage-like thought,
Till our Sierraian's sad and lofty lays
  Had crossed the seas and other poets taught
To sing the heart-strains that awoke the throng,
And laved their souls in waves of rapturous song.

Ernest S. Green.

St. Francis of Assisi.[1]

One of the sincerest pleasures of life is to find, among the long procession of men and women, a genuine personality which arrests our attention, commands our respect, or wins our affection ; which is solid to the touch amid the crowd of fleeting and insubstantial shadows. In a less degree there is the same pleasure in meeting a genuine book ; and we welcome such a one with a like gratitude.

If we look at the life of St. Francis of Assisi in a short-sighted way, the lesson is a sad one. It is a picture of high hopes unfulfilled, immense aspirations crossed and checked, the effort of a pure life turned towards undesired ends by uncomprehending seconders, the poet's soul interpreted by the man of affairs, the vision of heaven on earth frustrated. If we choose to take a view of deeper insight, the pitiful human failure vanishes, and the inspiring effort alone remains. What was accomplished disappears in the glory of what was attempted. The example of the Umbrian Saint is fit to inspire new generations of ardent souls, and to make them unafraid of everything save disobedience to the inward vision ; and the supreme lesson of St. Francis to a somber world is that such obedience is joy.

The first care of the author is to construct a living picture of the Middle Ages in the XII and XIII centuries. St. Francis was born about 1182, and died in 1226. The end of the XII century and the beginning of the succeeding one was like the twentieth year in the life of an aspiring youth, with its poetry, its dreams, its enthusiasm, its generosity, its daring. Love overflowed with vigor ; men everywhere had but one desire—to devote themselves to some grand and holy cause. The great movement of thought was above all a religious movement, presenting a double character—it was both popular and laïc. If this period was the century of saints, it was also that of heretics. There was a genuine attempt at a religious revolution, which, had it succeeded, would have ended in a universal priesthood —in the proclamation of the rights of the individual conscience. The effort failed, and though later on the Revolution made us all kings, neither the thirteenth century nor the Reformation was able to make us all priests. Herein lies the essential contradiction of our lives. Politically emancipated, we are not morally or religiously free. Liberty, in a sense, we have ; but we have not attained to freedom. Even the Reformation only substituted the authority of an infallible book for that of an infallible church ; and it may yet turn out, (though the author does not say so,) that the substitution will have awkward consequences.

In the north of Europe the spirit of the Middle Ages became incarnate in cathedrals ; in the south, in saints. We must remember that the priest is the antithesis of the saint. The priest was separated from the rest of mankind by his consecration, and was the guardian of holy mysteries, daily performing an unheard of miracle. The saint was the direct descendant of the prophet of old, the witness of liberty against authority. When the priest sees himself vanquished by the prophet he suddenly changes his methods. He takes him under his protection, and throws over his shoulders the priestly chasuble. The years roll by, and the moment comes when the heedless crowd no longer distinguishes between them, and it ends by believing the prophet to be an emanation of the clergy. This is one of the bitterest ironies of history.

St. Francis of Assisi is pre-eminently the Saint of the Middle Ages. He owed nothing to church or school, and steadily refused to be ordained a priest. The charm of his life as a man has been preserved to us by a host of trustworthy documents, and we can feel and see in him both development and struggle.

[1] Life of St. Francis of Assisi, by Paul Sabatier, translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons : 1894.

He was no Saint surrounded with a nimbus from his infant cradle, but a man, conquering first his own soul, and next the souls of others ; always battling to the very end. He was the Apostle of Poverty, and his own knew him. What St. Francis proposed was far more than the foundation of an order. He longed for a true awakening of the church itself from within. The Franciscan movement was originally, if not the protest of the Christian consciousness against monachism, at least the recognition of an ideal singularily higher than that of the clergy of the time. The Franciscans did not ask for privileges, abbeys, domains, power. They asked from Rome a bull which should authorize them to possess nothing. The monks were deserters from life, who sought their own personal salvation behind conventual walls ; the first Franciscans were lay-preachers, living a life like Christ's among their suffering brothers in the fields. The book of the *Imitation of Christ* is the picture of all that was purest in the cloistered life ; but how much truer was the imitation of the Brother of Poverty who healed the sick, cared for the leper and the outcast, who preached and practiced the love of the neighbor. And every man was his neighbor. With the monks, worship was like an incantation ; prayer like a magic formulary ; they were the only intermediaries between a distant God and a sinful, ignorant populace. With St. Francis, religion was an intimate walking with God ; prayer an impulse of the individual heart, the desire of a single note to be in harmony with a symphony which was felt to be divine.

The men of that time had all the vices except triviality, all the virtues but moderation ; they were always thinking of heaven or hell, shaken with terrors, or thrilled with radiant hopes. Nature herself was alive to them ; peopled with spirits and demons. In every people there is a tendency to incarnate its ideals in a man—a hero—a saint ; but in most nations this is a slow process, requiring generations, it may be centuries.

The Italians of that time were too enthusiastic, too fervid, for long waiting. When they recognized a man they declared it ; they even shouted it aloud, and made him enter upon immortality while he was yet alive. So it was with St. Francis. Legend has been confounded with history, and with him it began during his lifetime. It is the author's object to disentangle the two webs, and to present to us St. Francis as he really was, without legend. But in doing this, it is necessary to be on our guard, and not reduce his experience to the scale of our own common place existence.

No doubt he did not meet on the road to Sienna three pure and gentle virgins come from heaven to greet him ; no doubt the devil did not overturn rocks in his path for the sake of terrifying : him but if we altogether deny these visions and apparitions we may be the victims of graver error, perhaps, than those who affirm them. We may look at Giotto's frescoes bathed in sunshine, or lighted by the beams of a lamp ; they may seem to palpitate with friendly celestial life, or they may seem grotesquely, fantastically menacing. In both cases we are deceived ; but we are nearer to the truth if we choose the illusions of the sunshine. Behind the legends, then, we must seek for the history. But we must not seek by the light of the antiquarian's lamp, but rather by the sunshine of human—nay, divine—sympathy.

St. Francis was born in the little town of Assisi, seven hundred years ago. His father was a wealthy cloth merchant. The child's formal education was not carried far, which was a distinct benefit in his apostleship. If he had been deeply learned, his place might have been eminent among the teaching orders, but it certainly would not have been the same. He wrote with difficulty. Latin was the language of sermons, and it was commonly understood and spoken in Umbria. By his father's command the boy was taught French also. Francis grew up like the other young men of his class and epoch, and his father's wealth made him a leader in their escapades. At this very time theTroubadors were roaming over northern Italy, moving the passions of men, and appealing to their finer feelings of courtesy and delicacy. The chief aspiration of the youth was to rise above the commonplace, and he conceived a sort of passion for chivalry. Fancying that dissipation was one of the distinguishing features of nobility, he threw himself into it with heart and soul.

But his heart was that of a generous youth of twenty, and his nature was impressionable and ardent. There are legends, no doubt authentic, of his giving everything, even his clothes, to the needy. In a little war between Perugia and Assisi (1202) Francis was taken prisoner, and spent a year as a captive. The nobility of his manners caused him to be confined along with the nobles, not with the *popolani*. He was full of gaiety even in prison, making songs and inventing glorious adventures of chivalry. "You will see that one day I shall be adored by the whole world," said he ; and his dream has come true.

After a year, when Francis was twenty-two years old, the prisoners were returned to their homes, and he resumed his former way of living. In 1204 he fell ill, and passed through a grave physical crisis which was the beginning of a moral one. His convalescence was slow. He expected to recover the joyousness of his former feelings ; but instead, his past life seemed intolerably bitter to him, his ambitions became ridiculous or despicable. He had earned that mere pleasure leads to nothingness, to satiety and self contempt.

An opportunity soon occurred for him to join a war-party of nobles, and he departed with feverish joy. The legends say that he was commanded, in a vision, to return ; it is, perhaps, as likely that the young nobles made their companionship unbearable to the

high-spirited page. Certain it is that Francis returned at once, which was a cruel blow to the ambitions of his parents, and the beginning of a deep change in his own life. He began to spend his time in long rambles, in silent vigils in one of the grottoes on the mountain side. He became the friend and helper of the poor and needy, and found his own sorrow helped by their gratitude. Returning from Rome to Assisi, he redoubled his kindnesses to the poor and sick.

Francis sought aid with the monks from his bishop, but no one understood his wants. His one resource was communion with nature, and prayer and meditation in the chapel of St. Damian, now become a holy place

Francis was aware of a voice which accepted his oblation, and asked of him all his life, strength and being—asked of him everything that he was eager to give. It is characteristic of his ardent nature that he spent no time in rapt contemplation. He felt he was called upon to perform some service, and the first at hand was to repair the dilapidated chapel. He sold all that he possessed, and gave it to the (one) priest of St. Damian. To all his disquietude and anguish there had succeeded a delicious calm, the ecstasy of the child which has found its mother, who forgets in a moment the torture of its heart. Francis was converted by a miracle. The image of the Savior looked kindly upon him, and a voice spoke to him and accepted his life as an offering. He was not long in divesting himself of every worldly possession. Before an assembly of the people in the *Piazza of Santa Maria*, the bishop summoned Francis, in the name of his father, to renounce his inheritance. All the people of the city looked on with amazement, while Francis retired to the bishop's palace, whence he appeared in a moment, bearing his clothes in a parcel which he gave to his father. As for himself, he was absolutely naked, and had to be screened under the bishop's cloak. From that moment he owned nothing—not even the food he ate. God provided all. To the people, he said, "Listen, all of you, and understand it well. Until this time I have called Pietro Bernardone my father, but now I desire to serve God. From henceforth I desire to say nothing but 'Our Father who art in Heaven.'" This scene made a profound impression. His ardor and simplicity touched all hearts. The country-side rung with the story. When he began again to repair the chapel of St. Damian, he was aided by the people with enthusiasm. He himself was the hardest worker of all, singing the while at his work. After this pious labor was accomplished, he undertook the restoration of other churches, always receiving more and more aid from the people, who were penetrated with his own enthusiasm. In February, 1209, he was at the celebration of the mass, when he heard the voice of Jesus speaking to him: "Wherever ye go, preach, saying the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils. Freely ye have received, freely give. Provide neither silver nor gold, nor brass in your purse, neither scrip, nor two coats, nor shoes nor staff, for the laborer is worthy of his meat." Here, by another miracle, he received his heavenly mandate. His whole life is but a long, enthusiastic, aspiring obedience. He began at once by throwing aside shoes, staff, scrip. The command was also to preach. On the very next morning he began to preach in words so simple and so straight from the heart, that all who heard him were touched and awakened. It is not easy to know how many waiting souls there are in the world, how many are ready to follow an inspired leader. Francis doubted neither himself nor his hearers; he loved them all. He had renounced every earthly thing, and he called his brothers with the authority of this renunciation. His Apostleship had begun.

We have only to recall the picture of the Middle Ages, as painted by the author, to understand the enthusiasm of the people for their new leader who was one of themselves, not like the monks. Many of the monastic orders had been founded in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Their reputation for sanctity had stimulated the liberality of the faithful, and their houses had become rich and powerful by St. Francis' time. The bishops wrung money from the priests, and the priests from the people. Scandals in the church were common, as may be seen by running over the collection of bulls against assassination, simony, adulteries. The best spirits were turning to the Church of the Orient, and inquiring for means to purify their own church. Heresies abounded, but they were often merely efforts at reform, some ill-directed, some unfortunate. Public worship was more and more becoming a sort of self-acting magic formulary. Relics were talismanic treasures, healing the sick even in spite of themselves. Two beggars fled before the relics of St. Martin of Tours, lest they should be cured, and their source of income dried up: and, in fact, the legend says, they were cured willy-nilly. They did not escape in time. All was not corrupt within the church by any means; then, as always, the evil was more noisy than the good. But bishops, monks and priests were far away from the people, holding privileges and power, standing as intermediaries between a distant God and degraded, ignorant sinners. The brotherhood of Christ to man was not taught nor generally practiced.

We may imagine, then, the effect upon an ignorant and oppressed populace of the rise of the Franciscan brothers—the poor brothers—who owned nothing, who labored for their food or even begged it; who preached love and friendliness, who were little concerned with teaching or doctrine, but intimately concerned with the instant and immediate charity of Christ. The instinct for love and the divine was wakened in the minds of their hearers. The self-renunciation of Francis called for a like offering from every man. Soon he was joined by companions as

sincere and simple as himself. The first brothers lived precisely like the poor among whom they ministered. They were more like Hindu *fakirs* or the Salvation Army than like the privileged monks or the beneficed clergy — and, above all, their hearts were filled with a youthful, vernal joy. The number of brothers and adherents rapidly increased, partly, without doubt, as a protest against the rapacity of the regular ecclesiastics. The new movement was partly social and political, as well as spiritual. Here was the primitive apostolic church, living on earth once more.

There is no space to set down the history of the formation of the Order, and its acceptance by the Roman authorities. Partly because it was recognized as already a great power, partly on account of the winning and simple personality of Francis himself, his Order was recognized and his rule acknowledged. Francis asked for no privilege ; he asked simply that the Pope should authorize himself and his companions to lead a life of poverty and labor, and of absolute conformity to the precepts of the gospel.

It was impossible to refuse so much as this to them, since it was the direct command of Christ, the head of the Church, that they sought to follow. But this formal constitution of their Order by the Pope necessarily transformed them into something different from their ideal. Their lay creation became ecclesiastical ; in time it became clerical ; the prophets became priests.

And here it may be well to point out, briefly and explicitly, what the author of this book has not said in so plain a way. The transformation of St. Francis' ideal into something colder, harder, more "practical," more "organized," was just what has happened to the ideals of all great founders—Christ, Buddha, Mohammed even. St. Francis simply wished to be a brother and a father to every suffering, every needy, every sick, soul; to own nothing, to give everything. Before his death came, his Order had become more or less like the other Orders. It possessed churches, houses, a treasury ; it was ruled and governed ; its vital principle was changed.

In the first centuries of the Church the ideal social brotherhood imagined by Christ had grown into the kingdom, partly earthly, partly spiritual, of the Papacy ; the one coat of St. Peter had been transformed into the gorgeous trappings of Cardinals and Popes ; the Church had become a compromise between the two worlds of heaven and earth. The successors had transformed the ideal of Christ into a practical administrative institution, which its reputed founder would neither have accepted nor recognized as his own.

In 1217 the Franciscan missions were organized, and the various countries parcelled out into provinces, each with its appointed head. "Do you think," said Francis, "that God raised up the brothers for the sake of Italy alone? Verily, I say they shall win souls in the very midst of the infidels." In Spain, and even in Morocco, the friars preached and were martyred. St. Francis himself (1219) went to the Holy Land.

On his return to Italy, (1220) Francis found his Order in the greatest danger. A report of his death had spread, attempts had been made to modify the Rule, the Cardinal Ugolino had taken on the direction of Dominicans and Franciscans alike ; and his own vicars sought to modify the rule of poverty which was the very essence of the Franciscan body.

From this time (1220) there are perpetual differences between St. Francis and the Roman authorities, and painful dissensions within the Order itself. The space is wanting to describe them here, and the results have been foreshadowed. A new head was chosen for the Order, and Francis was instructed to compose a new Rule. In the new Rule the injunction, "carry nothing with you,"[1] was *omitted.*

In the early years the Friars had been apostles, laborers, servants, beggars even. Later they became courtiers of a special type, half ecclesiastic, half lay. Francis himself never changed, or if he changed at all, his Will shows that at the last he had returned to his early ideals. The profound sadness which overwhelmed him for a time was succeeded by a return to his early state of intimate joy.

His immortal hymn to the Sun, which sounds like the expression of his earliest enthusiasms, was, in fact, written in the year 1225.

"Praised be my Lord for our mother, the earth, the which does sustain us and keep us, and bringeth forth fruit and flowers of many colors, and grass."

"Praised be my Lord for our sister water, who is very serviceable unto us, and humble and precious and clean."

It was in 1224 that Francis received the *Stigmata*, in 1226 that he died.

He rebelled against the idea of death. He saw that much remained to be done. "We must begin again," he thought, "and create a new family who will not forget humility."

"He went to meet death singing," say his companions, "just as in his youth he shouted his songs of happy joy for the freedom he had found in love."

In his Will he reaffirmed his first Rule. Four years later the Pope declared that it was not binding on the brothers.

The last chapter in Professor Sabatier's book is a critical study of the sources ; every page of the whole work is full of references to them ; every statement can be verified, or examined by the student. In the introduction the author gratefully thanks the many Franciscans of Italy who have helped him in his work.

"If some pages of this book give you pain," he says, "turn them over quickly ; let me think that others of them will give you pleasure, and will make the name you bear, if possible, still more precious to you."

[1] Gospel of Luke, ix, 1-6.

In the same spirit, and in his humbler degree, the reviewer trusts that he has truly represented the words of its author and still more, that he has not failed to show forth the shining glory of a great, poetic, lovely soul, who belongs to humanity, and to all churches and creeds alike.

The Panglima Muda.

It is hardly modest, perhaps, for the OVERLAND to take notice of a novel reprinted from its own columns, but in doing so it follows the example set by a number of eastern magazines. By the time this review is in the hands of the reader, the first novel of a series of reprints from the OVERLAND'S pages, will be in the news stores of the country. To those who have not already read it in its serial form, we wish to say that whatever fault there may be in it, or whatever shortcoming it may contain, it is nevertheless a story of which its author has no reason to be ashamed. It is a tale, the first of its kind, of a wild, almost unknown, part of the world, and its native characters are studies of a semi-barbaric nation that are interesting from their very rarity in fiction.

The story is full of "go," never tiresome, and has a snap and dash about it that is refreshing Its description of the Malayan jungle scenery is vivid, and speaks of Mr. Wildman's perfect familiarity with the scenes he so gracefully describes.

The *Panglima Muda*[1] is the title of a rebellious Malayan Chief, who, during the years 1891-2, defied the arms of the British Empire, and strove to wrest back his native jungles from that great power. The adventures of the two Americans, Poultney and Beach, and the English girl, Gladys Mead, in his country during the outbreak, furnish the plot and love interest of the book.

The illustrations by Boeringer are good, and show a thorough study of the little known Malay characteristics and dress.

Micah Clarke.

MR. A. CONAN DOYLE'S historical novel of adventure, — *Micah Clarke*,[2]—covers some four or five months of English history during the invasion of James, Duke of Monmouth, and the rebellion of the Protestants against King James, in 1685. It is a period of English history little understood, almost forgotten, and generally ignored by all the smal'er, especially school, histories. Mr. Doyle is a brave man to paint his own nation in the glaring colors he does, and his recital of the horrible reprisals practiced by the Stuarts on the unfortunate, misguided country people at the overthrow of Monmouth rivals the excesses of Robespierre and the French Revolution. It cannot be pleasant reading to the present generation of English boys, who study English history from carefully edited and expunged works. The Englishman who reads "Les Miserables," and does not know that the chapter on the Battle of Waterloo has been cut out, and is taught that our second war with England (1812,) consisted only of the engagement of the "Chesapeake" and the "Shannon," will not thank the author for bringing to light these dark passages in his nation's history.

Micah Clarke, the narrator, purports to have been a captain in this puerile rebellion to place Monmouth on the throne, and relates with a great deal of dash and vividness the scenes in which he took an active part.

The interest of the book is rather in the painting of the characters of the actors than in their acts. The rebellion was so short and badly managed, that, in order to make it the theme of the story, Mr. Doyle has introduced a lot of bushwhacking adventures, that, while they are interesting enough in themselves, are hardly pertinent to the subject matter, and might with profit have been cut down by half. In fact, the book, while being interesting, as is everything Mr. Doyle writes, strikes one as being very much in need of a blue pencil, and a thorough editing. Four hundred and sixty-two pages and an appendix is considerable more than the Monmouth incident will stand. There is no love interest in the story, with which to carry off the dryness of the historical narrative, and while *Micah Clarke* is far above the average novel, it does not equal "The Refugees" in any particular.

Lord Ormont and His Aminta.[3]

Mr. Meredith's last novel is one of the books that the veteran reviewer lays down with a sigh after reading, and devoutly wishes he could be excused from reviewing it. He fears he will not be able to impress his readers with the reason for his interest, and feels like saying — "It 's by George Meredith; read it yourself and tell me what you think of it." In the first place, the plot is as old as history — a beautiful young girl who has had a school-girl affair of the heart meets and marries a distinguished English officer, whom she and her school-boy lover have been brought up to revere as one of the great men of the age. The great man treats his youthful bride with a certain condescension that wears out the holiness of the marriage tie, and the arrival of the quondam school-boy lover as the private secretary of the husband brings about the usual desertion and unison of the two hearts without the sanction of law.

So much for the plot — a plot that is neither morally or refreshingly striking. However, it is English.

As to the characters — Lord Ormont is the "per-

[1] The Panglima Muda. By Rounsevelle Wildman: San Francisco: The Overland Monthly Pub. Co.: 1894.

[2] Micah Clarke. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: Harper & Brothers: 1894.

[3] Lord Ormont and His Aminta. By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894.

fect" English gentleman who has a high opinion of honor, but is not exactly honorable; polite almost to rudeness, and just, to the border of refined cruelty. Aminta, girl and woman — with large soulful eyes, strong passions, and middle class parentage — Weyburn — a commoner so morally and physically perfect that he ends by overriding both moral and social law,—a parvenu aunt, an erratic sister — Lady Charlotte — and a chorus of fast Britishers.

The scene is laid at a boy's school — better described by a dozen other writers; at London — done to death a thousand and one times, and at the sea shore.

So much for the plot, the characters, the scenery, — and yet the novel is a great one. It is possibly greater because of these very commonplaces in plot and character, and because out of well-worked material the author has constructed a play that is interesting from the third chapter to the end. The author's genius stands out as clear and distinct in every line of the book, as his own striking personality stands out among his brother novelists on both sides of the water.

The novel is artistic, it is dramatic, it leaves an ineffacable impression on the mind. No other writer of the day could tell the story in the chapter "Lovers Mated," and make it a poem instead of a vulgar commonplace. Few writers could hold the patience of the readers while calmly narrating the beauty and loveliness of the school in Switzerland, presided over by the unmated pair. Parents are not in the habit of trusting their children to the influence of such teachers, and yet Mr. Meredith makes it seem plausible, even to the point of Lord Ormont confiding his favorite grandson to the care of his wife's lover. It is the greatness of the writer rather than the greatness of the idea that claims the attention. It will be interesting to note how long *Lord Ormont and His Aminta* will command a place in literature. Will it outlive "Diana of the Crossways?"

Joseph Jefferson.

The thousands upon thousands of admirers in two Continents of Joseph Jefferson, will welcome and treasure William Winter's admirable life of the great actor. Any one who has wept and laughed with the one and only "Rip Van Winkle," marveled at the quaint conceits of "Bob Acres," and sympathized with the troubles of "Jefferson Golightly," cannot but be grateful to both the distinguished author and the publishers, for preserving between covers so complete a biography of their famous delineator.

In the "Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson,"[1] we find a charming story of the life from boyhood up, the development of Jefferson's dramatic genius, and the history of his many histrionic triumphs.

One is reminded in the record of patient labor and painstaking study that the actor showed into every play he undertook, that there is no royal road to success on the stage. Numerous half-tone portraits of Jefferson and his colleagues, reproductions of old play bills, and well worded comments on the prominent theatrical events of his time, make the work a valuable addition to theatrical literature.

Wimple and Crisping-Pins.

"Wimple and Crisping-Pins,"[2] belongs to a class of books that certain publishers order compiled once a year for the delectation of the weaker sex. They are generally subscription books, and are sold from door to door by the much abused book-agent. The subject matter of the work is hair dressing, and styles of wearing the hair from the time of the earliest Egyptians to the present.

There are over fifty illustrations, and 200 pages of matter on heavy plate paper- The cover is a charming triumph of the book-maker's art, and the author was one of the most graceful writers of his day — when treating of subjects that were congenial.

Mr. Childs, however, in the work under discussion has not added to his reputation. His writing shows haste and carelessness — as though done to order; and his remark that woman's proper function is to cover herself with silks, deck her hair with jewels, and make herself generally useless, does not do him credit. The subject, however, belongs properly to the encyclopedia, and answers no useful purpose in being collected in an individual volume. It is of no benefit whatever to the modern, 19th century woman.

Timothy's Quest.

A book to win the hearts of children must be something more than a children's book. It must contain elements that are strong enough to last when the child has grown, and send him with a thrill of pleasure back to its storied pages in after life. Then too, if the child's story becomes as interesting to the grown-up readers in the family circle as to the bevy of little listeners, I think it can safely be run into a second, a third, and a hundredth edition.

Yet one can count all the stories that purport to have been written for children and contain this dual nature on the fingers of the two hands. There are "Robinson Crusoe," "Swiss Family Robinson," "The Story of a Bad Boy," "Gulliver's Travels," "Baron Munchausen," not counting Hans Christian Andersen and the Fairy Tales, and Kate Douglas Wiggin's delightful — "Timothy's Quest."

I place "Timothy's Quest"[3] last because it is last chronologically, not in merit. No purer, sweeter, nobler children's story ever was written. It is the

[1]Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson. By William Winter. New York and London: Macmillan and Co. 1894.

[2]Wimple and Crisping-Pins. By Theodore Childs. New York: Harper Brothers. 1895.

[3]Timothy's Quest. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

story of a good boy who did not die young, or lose all human qualities, and a baby girl good and beautiful at the same time. The young readers of the book will see in it the manly struggles of the manly little hero to find a home for his adopted sister; they will revel in his quiet, modest, sturdy determination and unselfishness, in the happy antics of his irrepressible dog Rags, in the funny remarks of lazy, honest old Jebe Slocum, and the seiio-comic happening at the White Farm. The grown-up boy and girl will see a picture of rural life in New England, painted with all the strength and sweetness of Ike Marvel or Henry Ward Beecher. They will appreciate the dark side of the life in Minerva Court, and the heart struggles of Miss Vilda Cummins, and the final triumph of Timothy and Gay.

Jebe Slocum becomes a character that remains as a type of the old time self respecting Yankee hired man, and Mrs. Tarbox takes rank as the typical country dress maker — the local Associated Press. There is nothing childish in the book, yet it is full of the laughter and tears of healthy children.

Mrs. Wiggin has properly called it "A Story for Anybody, Young or Old, who cares to read it."

The book was first published in 1890. The present edition is charmingly illustrated with line drawing by Oliver Herford. It is printed on heavy plate paper, and bound in dainty blue cloth. It is just the book to make a Christmas present delightful.

Chronological Outlines of Literature.[1]

Mr. Whitcomb has compiled a chronological history of American, English and Foreign Literature, which, combined with a very complete table of American authors and their works, makes one of the most helpful books for the student's and reader's library table that has ever been published. The list commences with the year 1603. An example from the table illustrates its value. Par example: 1871—Joaquin Miller: "Songs of the Sierras"—George Tichnor died — (In British Literature,) Darwin wrote, "Descent of Man"; (In Foreign Literature,) Dumas Fils wrote, "Visite de Noces." (History)—Treaty of Washington. So the record of literature and history runs on in parallel columns.

In the year 1868, the year of the founding of the OVERLAND, it is interesting to note that Agassiz wrote, "A Journey in Brazil." Louise M. Alcott: "Little Women." Henry Ward Beecher: "Norwood." Horace Greeley: "Recollections of a Busy Life." E. E. Hale: "The Man Without a Country." Longfellow: "The New England Tragedies." Elizabeth Stuart Phelps: "The Gates Ajar." Alex. H. Stephens: "Constitutional View of the War." Whittier: "Among the Hills." Robert Browning: "The Ring and the Book." Wilkie Collins: "The Moonstone," etc. In the department, "Authors and their Works," he enumerates merely the author's name, birth and death, names of books and dates. Par example: "Miller, Cincinnatus Hines, ('Joaquin Miller,') 1841. Songs of the Sierras, 1871." And then follow the list of thirteen books not, of course, including his "History of Montana," and *Song of the Balboa Sea*.

[1]Chronological Outlines of American Literature. By S. L. Whitcomb. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.: 1894.

English Literature and Language.

Since the publication of Taine's "History of English Literature," in 1864, no work on the subject has been brought out that equals Welsh's exhaustive —"*The Development of English Literature and Language*."[2] It shares with Taine's work, also, the fault of being a little too exclusive in its choice of authors, and of not bringing the subject down to date. Well known names, like E. C. Stedman, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Howells, etc., are noticed only in foot notes, if mentioned at all; the doings of certain old English authors of much less ability are dwelt on at some length. However, one consoles one's self with the thought that our modern lights will have their proper standing in a later edition, if they desire it.

The work takes up its subject in the pre-English Ages, and combines a study of the then existing social, political and religious elements of the nation with a study of its speech and literature. It carries the subject on down to the death of Emerson, covering, explaining and comparing authors, schools, and books in an easy, lucid style, that makes the matter as interesting as instructive.

In dealing with the leading authors in English Literature, the writer discusses them under the classified heads of "Biography, Writings, Style, Rank, Character and Influence."

But, aside from the care with which the plan of the work is carried out, one is struck with the power and grasp of the author. He understands his subject thoroughly, and makes his reader see as he sees. His enthusiasm relieves it of every taint of dryness, and his philosophy is as sound as his style is sturdy. You feel that he is writing without prejudice, and yet with strong opinions.

The Story of a Bad Boy.

It is almost useless to review Thomas Bailey Aldrich's now world-famous boys' story. The mere announcement that a new edition, illustrated by A. B. Frost, has been placed in the book-stores for the holiday trade, is sufficient to send the fathers who, as boys, read *The Story of the Bad Boy*[3], in search of it for the boys of this generation.

[2]The Development of English Literature and Language. By A. H. Walsh. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.: 1894.

[3]The Story of a Bad Boy. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1895.

Its hearty, genuine humor, healthy human pranks and delicious fun, make it the book of books for boys. The bad boy was not a very bad boy, so mothers of good boys need not fear it will have a bad example. It is well bound, and printed on plate paper.

Sirs, Only Seventeen!

Miss Virginia Townsend has added another pleasant story to her rather long list of readable novels, and her many admirers will find this last novel, *Sirs, Only Seventeen*,[1] in no way second to "Lenox Dare" and "Mostly Marjorie Day."

The scene of the present novel is Boston and vicinity, and Tom, a Harvard student, with his spontaneous college slang, and Dorothy Draycott, his pretty sister, are well drawn and carefully elaborated characters. Like her former plots, the plot of *Sirs, Only Seventeen*, is ingenious and full of interest, without any striving after any very deep analysis, which is rather a relief than a fault. From beginning to end the story is full of interest, and holds the reader's attention.

Recent Verse. II.

A few volumes of verse that failed to receive mention last month must be noticed here. It is worth noting that three out of the four here to be noticed, as well as more than one in last month's review, are by contributors to the OVERLAND.

The name of Ella Higginson is especially familiar to our readers, and in no single instance is the striking recent advent of the Northwest into the world of letters so illustrated as in the poems of this writer. A very modest little card-bound collection[2] of some of these is now offered the public. Much is to be said in praise of the poetry in the collection. It is sincere; it is unaffectedly true to its local surroundings; it has grace, and intelligence, and feeling. But it does not appear as well, collected together between covers, as scattered about in periodicals. A couple of dozen poems, all gathered together, betray the limitations, in subject and manner, of this very interesting writer. The feeling is a little high-wrought, and, outside of a charming sympathy with external nature, it is self-centred, and so comes to be narrow. There is not enough of universal sympathy, of interpretation of universal feeling; the verse is subjective and personal. It seems scarcely necessary to quote from a poet so well known in our columns; but the following, which has never been in the OVERLAND, may perhaps round out our notice of the little collection:

God's Creed.

Forgive me that I hear thy creeds
  Unawed and unafraid;
They are too small for one whose ears
  Have heard God's organ played;
Who in wide, noble solitudes,
  In simple faith has prayed.

Forgive me that I cannot kneel
  And worship in this pew,
For I have knelt in Western dawns
  When the stars were large and few,
And the only fonts God gave me were
  The deep leaves filled with dew.

. . . . .

My church has been a yellow space
  Ceiled over with blue heaven,
My pew upon a noble hill,
  Where the fir-trees were seven,
And the stars upon their slender tops
  Were tapers lit at even.

My knees have known no cushion rich,
  But the soft emerald sod;
My aisles have been the forest paths
  Lined with the crimson-rod;
My choir, the birds, and winds, and waves,—
  My only pastor, God.

My steeple has been the dome of snow,
  From the blue land that swells;
My rosary the acorns small
  That drop from bronzed cells;
And the only bells that summoned me
  Were the rhododendron bells.

At Easter God's own hand adorned
  Those dim, sweet, sacred bowers
With delicate honeysuckle vine
  And all the West's rich flowers;
And lest they droop, in mellow nights
  He cooled them with rich showers.

The crimson salmon-berry bells
  And wild violets were here,
And those great dogwood stars that shine
  Thro' purple glooms so clear;
And the pure lilies that are meet
  For a young virgin's bier.

. . . . .

I watched the dawn come up the East,
  Like angels, chaste and still;
I felt my heart beat wild and strong,
  My veins with white fire thrill;
For it was the Easter morn—and Christ
  Was with me on the hill!

Anna E. Mack has compiled an acceptable gift book for young and old, of poems of love from many authors, under the title, *Because I Love You*.[3] The compilation is well done, and only the choicest and highest expressions of love by the greatest poets have been selected. Of our Western poets, Joaquin

[1] Sirs, Only Seventeen. By Virginia F. Townsend. Boston: Lee & Shepard: 1894.

[2] A Bunch of Western Clover. By Ella Higginson. New Whatcom, Washington: Edson & Irish: 1894.

[3] Because I Love You. By Anna E. Mack. Boston: Lee & Shepard: 1894.

Miller is the only one that figures. From his works we find, "The Sea of Fire," "In a Gondola," and "I Simply Say that She is Good." The book is bound in white, and embellished with a pretty design in forget-me-nots.

Narragansett Ballads[2] is of very uneven merit. The opening "ballad," (it is not, strictly speaking, a ballad,) "A Watching Warrior" is of a high grade of metrical felicity and spirited expression; the others do not equal it. The writer has a very clear sense of what a ballad should be, but she wants that facility in the use of meter that is necessary to the telling of a simple story in easy, unstrained verse. This, for instance, is not successful ballad writing:

> He plunges onward through the reeds,
> Relief and succor fain would bring—
> The fog is thick, but some one needs;
> He tries to find the suffering thing.
> Though beast or bird, his manly breast
> Would give it shelter, warmth, and rest.

The descriptive poems, most of them of Rhode Island, but a few of Santa Barbara, are more uniformly good, and if rarely at all memorable, they still leave an impression of much grace, and an intelligent and sympathetic seeing, and their spirit is sunny and objective. Perhaps this little lyric is the most quotable one:—

A South Sea Song.

> Balmy breeze from azure sky,
> Blowing in such gentle gales
> Making us with swelling sails
> Over opal ocean fly;
>
> Blow through me, so pure and strong,
> Fill my waiting spirit's sails,
> Sweep my heart-strings with your gales
> Till they shall give forth a song!

Vashti[3] is a rather odd attempt at a metrical narrative account of the story of Esther, with additions to bring the deposed queen into the central place. The story is certainly one to provoke such attempts, and many a one beside Mr. Kaye has felt his sympathies very much with Vashti. The brief story is a good deal swelled out with descriptions,—of the glories of Shushan, the palace, for instance, —and the dramatic feeling is never very moving; yet the verse does not anywhere fall below a fair poetic merit. It is not well adapted to quotation, and we will not try to illustrate it by any extract.

Rhymes by Two Friends[4] is a book of Kansas verse, written chiefly by Albert Bigelow Paine, and supplemented by a group of verses by William Allen White. They are introduced by a somewhat high-flown preface, by some friend, which however does the verses themselves injustice, for they are modest and frank enough. To say that they are quite the best verse that we have seen coming from Kansas, is perhaps not saying as much as they deserve, for we have had occasion in these pages to review some extremely fatuous products of that region. These poems evidently reproduce the local life with sincerity, and Mr. Paine's, especially, are happy in description of the aspects of nature. In the dialect poems there is too much echo of James Whitcomb Riley; and this is the more infelicitous, inasmuch as they do not bear the comparison thus invited very well. Still, there are doubtless local touches of character that justify hem to home readers more than to the distant critic. One is impressed in reading the volume with the feeling that such poetry as thrives in the region they describe does so more by virtue of its own inner persistence than by any such inspiration from the land itself, as we are familiar with in the remarkable tendency to verse-making in California.

The verses by Mr. Paine have a somewhat wide range of manner and sentiment, but we select one, as an illustration, from those that deal with loca aspects of nature:

The Rhyme of the Spanish Needle.

> When the sunflowers are a-dying on the hollow and the hill,
> And the golden-rod is budding, kind of waiting like until
> Frosty mornings have unfolded all its regimental plumes, [blooms.
> There 's a little interregnum when the Spanish-needle
>
> Now the nights are growing chilly, and the mornings cool and calm,
> And the days are sweet and sunny, filled with Nature's pungent balm;
> There 's a rare intoxication in those aromatic fumes,
> When the sunflower is a-dying, and the Spanish-needle blooms.
>
> There 's a mist upon the meadow in these dreamy autumn days,
> And the world is bathed at evening in an amethystine haze;
> There 's a joy in mere existence that the raptured soul consumes,
> When the golden-rod is budding and the Spanish-needle blooms.
>
> O, the fallow fields of autumn, they are full of drifting gold! [old;
> And 't is there I seek for treasure, like a cavalier of

[2]Narragansett Ballads. By Caroline Hazard. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1894.

[3]Vashti. By John Brayshaw Kaye. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1894.

[4]Rhymes by Two Friends. By Albert Bigelow Paine and William Allen White. Illustrated. Fort Scott. Published by the Authors: 1894.

For the jewels of her sunsets, for her casket of perfumes,
For the priceless joy of living when the Spanish-needle blooms.

As an example of Mr. Allen's verses, we select the following, not because it is the most interesting, but because it is one of the few that are brief enough for quotation; it is one of "A Group of Humble Cradle Songs":—

A Jim Street Lullaby.

Hursh-a-bye, sweetheart,
O, hursh an' lay still;
Mommer 'ull stay with you,
Dear, come wot will;
Mommer c'ud not live without you, my pet,—
Mommer is proud of you—she doan' regret;
Gawd! how can some people want to ferget?
Hursh-a-bye sweet, and lay still, dear.

Hursh-a-bye, sweetheart,
O, hursh an' lay still;
Lookie at them purties
There on the sill.
Dearie, them 's posies, an' some day we 'll go
Back to the ol' place whur wild posies grow,—
Jest us alone—whur they 'll nobody know,—
Hursh-a-bye, sweet, an' lay still, dear.

Hursh-a-bye, sweetheart,
O, hursh an' lay still;
Purtiest dreams
May your littul heart fill.
W'y should n't they, like es not? and come true?
You haint done nothing rich babies don' do:
Me an' the angels an' Jesus loves you.
Hursh-a-bye, sweet, an' lay still, dear.

Mr. Sam Walter Foss, whose name is almost as well known as a poet of the serious and humorous in country life as Will Carleton's, has brought out his newspaper verses in book form, under the title of "Back Country Poems."

The kindly humor that pervades the collection from beginning to end endears it at once to the readers who read to enjoy and not to learn. While Mr. Foss does not try to point a moral in any of his poetry, he often leaves a lesson that is all the better for its seeming to be unintentional. His philosophy is as harmless as a sunbeam, and just as penetrating. It is the homely, good natured philosophy of the country grocery store. The dialect in which many of his poems are couched is easily understood, and in spite of the fact that the day of the dialect writer is past, it lends a na'uralness to each country tale that appeals at once to critic and reader.

An example from his poem on "Spring Poetry" goes to show his use and not misuse of dialect.

I skin out behin' the barn, the first warm day in spring,
And go to rattlin' poetry out, a ting-a-ling-a-ling.
It bust, just like volcaners bust, an' comes a-rollin' out;
I never try to hol' it in, but allus let her spout.

An' I like poetry better 'n pie, or any kin' er sass,
An' hanker for 't like winter cows a-hankerin' for grass;
It bubbles up like yeast in spring in bread that 's partly riz,
An' aggrevates yer sistem like a case er roomatiz.

. . . . . .

Back Country Poems[1] are delightful reading, regardless of the thought as to whether they are high class literature or not. Lovers of Will Carleton, James Whitcomb Riley, and Eugene Field will welcome and enjoy them.

The Bell-Ringer of Angels.[2]

"Where the North Fork of the Stanislaus begins to lose its youthful grace, vigor and agility, and broadens more maturely into the plain, there is a little promontory which at certain high stages of water lies like a small islsnd in the stream. To the strongly-marked heroics of Sierran landscape it contrasts a singular, pastoral calm."

There is no mistaking the opening sentence. It was written by the man who contributed "The Luck of Roaring Camp" to one of the first numbers of the OVERLAND, way back in '68. There may be nothing so very remarkable or original in this and a long line of other opening paragraphs to as many descriptive California stories, but it is typically Bret Hartean. The charm of Bret Harte's stories holds year after year, even if the stories themselves do at times seem forced, and the plots a trifle threadbare.

"The Bell-Ringer of Angels" is the title of the opening story, and has given its name to Mr. Harte's last book. Of the eight stories, two — the poorest ones — are Scotch, written from the author's life while Consul at Glasgow, no doubt.

The little sketch which closes the volume—"My First Book," — is a delightfully humorous account of the publication of the author's first book, a compilation of the productions of California's early poets. His trials and tribulations in deciding upon the fortunate candidates for immortality among the wealth of material submitted find a responsive ring in the present writer's thoughts. Then he labored under a disadvantage that many a Californian editor has since experienced,—a plethora of poems on "The Golden Gate," "Mount Shasta," "The Yosemite," and other poetry-inspiring natural wonders of this wonderful State.

However, the youthful compiler presisted, the book was published, and was scored in language more

[1]Back Country Poems. By Sam Walter Foss. Lee & Shepard: Boston: 1894.

[2]The Bell-Ringer of Angels. By Bret Harte. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1894.

forcible than elegant by the local press. Mr. Harte concludes the sketch:—"The editor, who was for two months the most abused man on the Pacific slope, within the year became the editor of its first successful magazine" (OVERLAND MONTLHY).

Briefer Notice.

About Women: What Men Have Said,[1] is a unique compilation by Rose Porter of pat sayings *re* women by twelve authors, arranged one for each month. Of the twelve, eleven are English, and one — Hugo — French. American authors are excluded. Each author has something to say in praise or otherwise of women on every day of their allotted month. It is an interesting collection, and being prettily bound serves as an acceptable gift book.

Mr. Rena Michaels Atchinson has handled without gloves one of the crying disgraces of our body politic in his *Un-American Immigration*.[2] He protests in unmistakable English against the practice of European nations using this country as a new Botany Bay, and fortifies his arguments with a telling array of facts, figures and extracts from the United States Consular Reports. The author not only decries the evil of pauper emigration, but he suggests a remedy which I trust will be brought to the eyes of our congressmen. The introduction by Rev. Joseph Cook is an essay on the subject in itself, and is worth the attention of every American citizen.

Suggestions on Government,[3] by S. E. Moffett, of Berkeley, is the discussion of a time-worn and usually dry subject, written in popular, easy style. As the author says in the introduction, it "is an attempt to suggest remedies for certain defects disclosed by the experience of a hundred years in the working of our national, State and local governments." Everything Mr. Moffett says is well said, clearly put and easily understood. He shows that our constitution never provided for trusts, railroad corporations, bosses, heelers, "blocks of five," and "machines" in politics, and is therefore inadequate to meet the changed policies of the times. His chapter on "The Boss" is particularly *apropos* at this time, and tends to give th: uninitiated some idea of the terms used by the daily press; and the chapter on "The Referendum in California" is of more than passing interest to all readers of the OVERLAND. It suggests the reference direct of all legislative questions of importance to the vote of the people. The book deserves a wide reading.

Alyn Yates Keith, the author of the well remembered "A Spinster's Leaflets," is the author of another bright story, reprinted from the New York *Post*. The author's scenery and character are found in *A Hilltop Summer*,[4] as in her other stories in New England. In fact, they could not well be elsewhere, or her many readers would be dispappointed. One has learned to love Miss Keith's depiction of New England life, and to fully sympathize with the rare pathos and humor she throws into the lives and surroundings of all her characters. Certain of her chapters are perfect little pictures, that make one feel that the author is writing of herself and the life in which she once lived. The book is printed on heavy plate paper, illustrated by half tones and artistically bound.

Mollie Miller[5] is a children's story by Mrs. Merriman, and is a continuation of "The Little Millers," by the same author, after the style of Mrs. Alcott's "Little Men" and "Little Women" stories. The tone of the book is bright, clear and healthy. It will be eagerly read by all healthy, live young people.

Part XXI of Hubert Howe Bancroft's superb "*Book of the Fair*,"[6] continues the account of the State Exhibits. Of the forty pages in this beautifully illustrated part, eight of letter press are devoted to California's State Exhibit in the great California building, besides a full page of half-tone illustration, of the building, a half-page view of the portico, a full page embracing six sectional interior views, "one of the entrance way," and the views of the moon taken at Lick Observatory. The other states of the slope and the West are equally as well treated. The Midway Plaisance, with all its queer life and unique buildings, follows. The South Sea Islanders, the Malays from Johore, the Javanese, the Turks, the Hindoos, Indians, all live again in the pictured pages. The views are particularly good of the marvelous Ferris Wheel. There are three more parts of this great work yet to come, and then this faithful record of the Fair will be closed. The work is simply perfect.

Books Received.

About Women: What Men Have Said. Arranged by Rose Porter. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1894.

Napoleon. By Alexandre Dumas. *Ibid.*

Story of the Civil War: Part I. By John Codman Ropes. *Ibid.*

Elder Conklin. By Frank Harris. New York and London: Macmillan & Co: 1894.

Miss Jerome's Banners. By Irene E. Jerome. Boston: Lee & Shepard: 1895.

Mollie Miller. By Effie W. Merriman. *Ibid.*

[1]About Women: What Men Have Said. By Rose Porter. New York and London: Putnam's Sons.

[2]Un-American Immigration. By R. M. Atchinson. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.: 1894.

[3]Suggestions on Government. By S. E. Moffett. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co.: 1894.

[4]A Hilltop Summer. By Alyn Yates Keith. Boston: Lee & Shepard: 1894.

[5]Mollie Miller. By Effie W. Merriman. Boston: Lee & Shepard: 1894.

[6]The Book of the Fair. By H. H. Bancroft. History Co.: Chicago and San Francisco: 1894.

Because I Love You. Arranged by Anna E. Mack. *Ibid*: 1894.

Back Country Poems. By Sam Walter Foss. *Ibid.*

A Hill-top Summer. By Alyn Yates Keith. *Ibid.*

Sirs, only Seventeen. By Virginia F. Townsend. *Ibid.*

I Am Well. By C. W. Post. *Ibid.*

Occult Japan. By Percival Lowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1895.

More Memories. By Rev. S. Reynolds Hole. New York: Macmillan & Co: 1894.

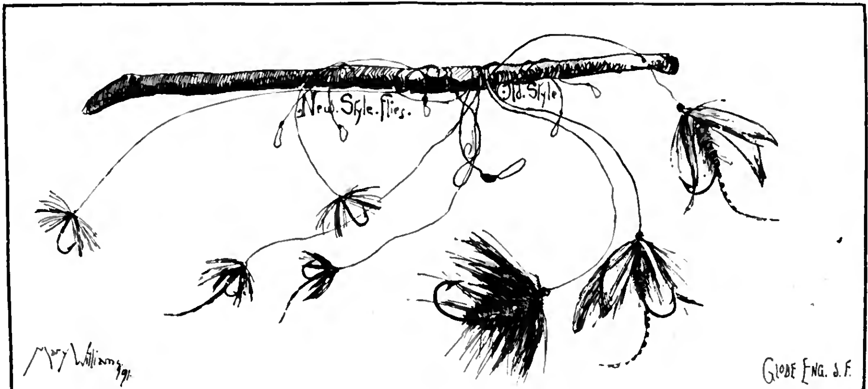
Development of English Literature. By Alfred H. Welsh, A. M. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.: 1894.

The She-Wolves of Machecoul. By Alexandre. Dumas. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.: 1894.

The Century and Other Poems. By John Lambie. Oakland, Cal.: Published by the Author; 1894.

JUST before going to press, news comes from Samoa that Robert Louis Stevenson died on December 8th in his South Sea Island home. While the world has been prepared for his death for years, it came after all, as a surprise. Weak and sickly from childhood, he has gone through life doing a strong man's labor. He no doubt hoped, as his admirers did, that he had found a sanitarium in the delightful climate and equable temperature in the South Seas that would give him a new lease on life. Possibly it did lengthen it a few years, for which the reading public is indebted for "The Ebb Tide" and "The Wreckers," but it did not give him quite time enough to finish a new story that he was writing without the aid of his step-son, Lloyd Osbourne. Without the help of his later prose idylls of the South Seas, however, Mr. Stevenson could safely have allowed his fame to rest on his earlier works, "Treasure Island," a boys' story that ranks among boys next to "Robinson Crusoe," "Kidnapped," a Scottish tale that ranks with Scott, and reminds one of the late style of Barrie, Doyle, and Curkett, and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," a book that is responsible for more imitators than any book of the age.

Mr. Stevenson was a pioneer in his own field. His books were always welcomed by the reading public as a relief from the old-time novel. He was as original in his own way as Harte, Kipling, and Dumas were in theirs. The world will feel his loss to literature, and he died universally and sincerely mourned by old and young.



LIBRARY
OF THE
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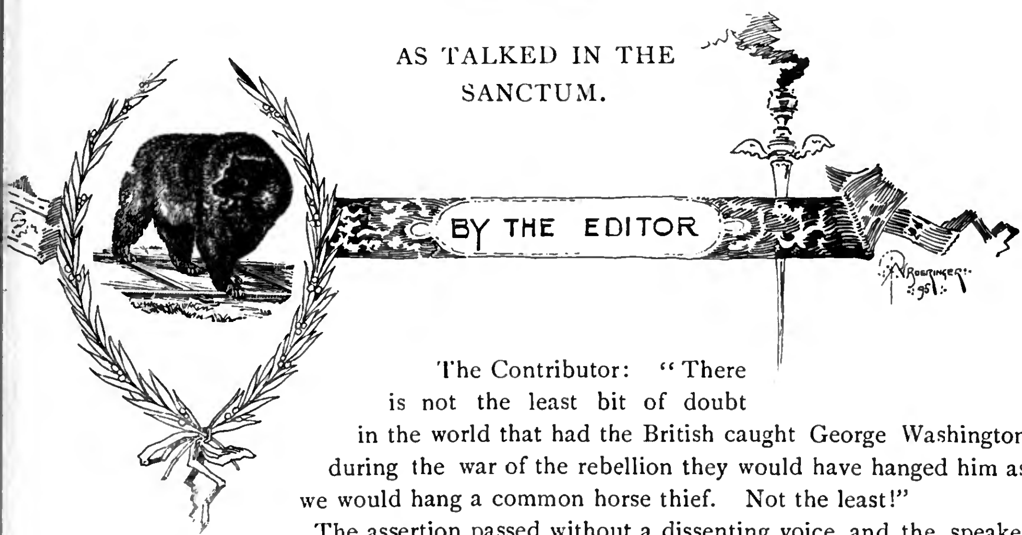
OF
CALIFORNIA.

From a pencil sketch by Pierre N. Boeringer. Half-tone by Bolton & Strong.

"LIKE A SPLENDID ANGEL SHE LAY ASLEEP ON THE PILLOWING WATERS.'
(American Dead Sea Fruit.)

Overland Monthly

Vol. XXV. (Second Series).—February, 1895.—No. 146.



AS TALKED IN THE SANCTUM.

The Contributor: "There is not the least bit of doubt in the world that had the British caught George Washington during the war of the rebellion they would have hanged him as we would hang a common horse thief. Not the least!"

The assertion passed without a dissenting voice and the speaker continued. "I've been reviewing the history of this country, from which we are so proud to date our origin, and I fail to find one single instance of where in war she was ever generous to her enemies or lenient toward the conquered. Not one! Her own civil wars have equalled in cruelty and ferocity the march of Burgoyne with his Hessians and Iroquois into New York, and put to shame the Inquisition in her bloody reprisals on the vanquished. Who can think of Tyburn or the Tower of London without connecting with them a row of heads on pikes?"

"I can," interrupted the Parson.

The Contributor: "Thank heaven, I have never seen either and my historical sight is not blinded by visions of tips and "fobs," guides, and picnic parties. The Parson's five weeks' trip abroad was just long enough to blot out the ancient landmarks and substitute the memory of petty extortions and harangues with "cabbies" and porters. I'll wager our good man is at this moment thinking of the 6d. at the Armory, the 6d. at the White Tower, the 6d. to see the jewels and the 6d. he left in the outstretched bloated palms of the scores of *Beef-eaters* that swarm the Tower of London rather than the gruesome spectacle I have suggested."

The Parson: "And the Contributor has his mighty mind fixed on the Tower of London that looms like a grim dragon from the pages of English, French and American novels, the Tower of London of Shakespeare, Thackeray, Bulwer, Dumas, Hugo and Conan Doyle."

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Commercial Publishing Company, S. F.

The Poet: "Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame, with many a foul and midnight murder fed."

The Contributor: "Which all leads up to what I started to remark—I have just finished another life of Napoleon." Eight pair of hands went into the air. "I have been counting up how many 'Lives of Napoleon' I have read previous to the present craze: One by George Bowne, that bears the publisher's imprint of 1806, and deals with the name and fame of his nation's great enemy as mendaciously as might be expected from a country that takes the trouble to expunge the chapter on the battle of Waterloo from all English translations of 'Les Miserables'; another by Sir Walter Scott that is no credit to the Office Boy's favorite novelist, a third one by Aranault and Panckouche that left but little impression, good or bad, a fourth and fifth by Abbott, a sixth by Hadley and a seventh by Napoleon III, besides a score of biographers, diaries and memoirs. I thought I could resist the temptation to follow the crowd in the present revival and give my time to the study of the tariff, but no, I am at it again."

The Reader; "All of which comes from being a hero worshipper."

The Parson: "But I understood the Contributor started out to twist the lion's tail."

Since this trip abroad the Parson has signed a treaty of peace with the mother country and allowed a few broad a's to creep into his native United States. We bore with the Parson because we did believe him sincere and because of a rebuff he administered to a young Britisher on the steamer coming over.

"We are a good-natured nation, my good man," this young sprig of old world nobility said to our Parson in the presence of witnesses, "but if your States keep interfering with our seal fisheries in Alaska we will lose patience, you know, and come over and give you the thrashing you need."

And the Parson meekly replied: "What, *again?*"

The Contributor: "Twisting lions' tails I should judge would not be conducive to longevity. I prefer to take my chances with the cowardly 'King of Beasts' face to face. Even a mule will resent tail twisting. The figure is a bad one rhetorically and anatomically."

The Reader: "The Contributor has evidently been experimenting with the tail of the OVERLAND Bear."

The Contributor: "Of course it was impossible for Napoleon to have succeeded in his vast designs of conquest. The day of Alexander had gone and the scene at the foot of the Tower of Babel settled for ever the scheme of universal unity. Yet I cannot but think that the defeat at Waterloo set the march of civilization back half a century."

The Parson: "Certainly if Waterloo had been postponed another ten years there would have been fewer people in need of earthly civilization of any kind."

The Contributor: "The one point that this eruption of Napoleonic literature has fixed more firmly in my mind than any other is England's cowardice and cruelty from first to last during the Napoleonic wars. She stood like a wall in the path of all Napoleon's efforts toward peace and schemes for reform. She had no vital interests at stake yet she refused to allow the continental powers who had everything to lose, to hold sacred treaties that they had entered into in good faith. Wherever Napoleon conquered he left the people happy. He broke down petty despotisms and swept away local abuses.

I remember a trip I took up the Rhine from Cologne to Mayence and read from my

guide book, as we steamed by the dismantled castles that frowned down upon us at every turn, their history. The history of one was the history of all; for centuries they had been little better than the strongholds of highway robbers and banditti, titled it is true, who levied tribute on every passing boat and held for ransom every traveler who was unfortunate enough to ask hospitality. Napoleon saw that there could be no security for life or property as long as they stood, and he blew them up with gunpowder from one end of the Rhine to the other. It was the last gasp of feudalism and the first breath of German unity. Some of the picturesqueness of the Rhine was gone, but so was its poverty and serfdom.

Napoleon built roads, established schools, raised monuments, built manufactories and simplified law wherever he went, only to have them torn down by the nation that claimed to be the great christianizing and civilizing power of the world.

In Spain he gave that revolutionary and debauched country the first stable government they had had for centuries; in Italy he did more, he gave a down-trodden people religious and civil liberty. He lifted his own nation out of the mire and placed it on a mountain top. His genius was equal almost to miricles. Left alone by England after his return from Elba, after his discovery that even his genius had its bounds, he would have made his country happy and stood as a living menace to the kingly tyrants of Europe. The world would have been better with him Emperor of the French and the champion of education and law."

The Parson: "A moment ago I was ready to agree with you when you so boldly stated that it was contrary to Providence for Napoleon to have won at Waterloo—that the day of world conquests was gone."

The Contributor. "Napoleon was forced to fight the battle of Waterloo by the powers, who refused to consider his note pledging himself never again to disturb the peace of Europe, if he could count on their co-operation. Had Napoleon won at Waterloo Europe would have been deluged with blood, had he never been driven there Europe would have enjoyed such a blessing of peace as it had not known since the world began.

The Suez canal would have been built half a century earlier, the Nicaragua canal would be an actuality to-day. The genius of Napoleon lead the centuries and refused to be chained by the prejudices and blindness of the age."

The Artist: "I knew the Sanctum would never get the Napoleonic craze without finding it invading its seclusion. For one I raise up to welcome it."

The Contributor's face fairly glowed. He paused in his walk up and down the floor and raised his index finger with a gesture that was dear to us all. The reader put his manuscript aside. "Gentleman," began the old man with an earnestness that checked the argument on the Parson's lips, "to me the most impressive place in Paris is that magnificent sarcophagus of granite and gold in the Hotel des Invalides that marks the spot where lies the greatest Frenchman of them all.

As I stood leaning over the bronze balustrade looking alternately down upon the granite urn reading the names Rivoli, Pyramids, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Wagram and Moscow in the mosaic of the floor, and up into the golden dome, out of which fell a faint blush of light, my thoughts traveled in unison, I think, with those of the French peasant in wooden shoes on the one side and the old officer with the blue

ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole on the other, over the astonishing and surprising career of the Master who was the Genius of those battles.

Those who believe that Napoleon is a shadow of the past—one forgotten, should go to Paris, where every shop window has his picture, every column and monument his name, every place and quarter, mementoes of his life—where the city itself is a living monument, and they will find that their own National Gods are but names in comparison. You hear his name day after day on the streets and in the cafes until in the end you forget that he is not a contemporary of Gladstone, Blaine and Bismarck, and is no longer the controlling genius of Europe."

The Artist: "*Vive l'Empereur.*"

The Parson: "A winner of Cadmean victories, who died and nothing was changed in France; there was simply one Frenchman less."

The Sanctum: "Fie on the Iconoclast."

The Office Boy: "Proof."

The Napoleonic era was the glory, the climax of French history. Nothing before, not even the reign of *le Grand Monarche* Louis XIV, ever equalled it, nothing since can. The romance of the throne has departed from Europe.

The traveler in France, as in Egypt, has eyes only for the past. The present is but repetition from Port Said to the Golden Gate.

Calais, Toulon, Cherbourg, Blois Tarascon, Avignon, Lyons, Chalon, Dijon, Fontainebleau interest us for what they have been, not for what they are. Even the fleeting glimpses from the car window, a constant reminder of the nineteenth century, suggest a chapter from an almost forgotten reign or a painting that we have just seen in the Louvre.

The first frosts of autumn had nipped the leaves on the oaks and given them the color of the sunset as we sped through the rich valley of the Rhone, while long lines of graceful poplars that ran away as far as the eye could reach, were losing their silvery leaves in the rude winds of November.

A group of peasant women with ragged bundles of fagots, found under the oaks, came into view from between the poplars. Above us was the same cold blue sky, streaked with lines of red and yellow that had stared at us from David's canvas of "Napoleon's return from Elba," the same converging rows of half nude poplars—the same crumbled castle turret amid a setting of glorified oaks—the shaggy long-haired cur snapping at a foot-sore gendarme; nothing was lacking to complete the picture save the "Man of Destiny" himself and the joyous shouts of—"*Vive l'Empereur.*"

The world is learning to appreciate Napoleon just at the time when those outside of France had begun to treat him as a myth. The future will be thankful to the present for this Napoleonic craze.

FAMOUS CALIFORNIANS OF OTHER DAYS. II.

Not a few military men who gained eminence in after years visited California before the discovery of gold and the subsequent progressive change in the order of things. Among those was California's late governor, General George Stoneman, who died somewhat suddenly during the past year. Educated at West Point, where he graduated in 1846, he passed an eventful life, replete with military experience, until his retirement from the army in 1871. The selection of a soldier's profession was not, however, his first choice, his earlier tastes and inclinations seeming to have been supplanted by force of circumstances or a natural divergence. It is certain that before entering the military academy he received a liberal education at Jamestown Academy, where he studied surveying with the intention of pushing his fortunes in the far West. Busti, Chautauqua Co., New York, was the place of his birth, which occurred August 8, 1822. He did not graduate at West Point until 1846, so that at the time of his entering upon his life's career he was twenty-four years of age. His first appointment of Second Lieutenantcy in the 1st U. S. Dragoons was at Fort Kearny; and the first important duty which devolved upon him was to conduct an ammunition train and battery of heavy artillery to Santa Fé. This service he performed to the satisfaction of his superiors, and from Santa Fé he proceeded with Captain A. J. Smith's command across the continent to San Diego, acting as assistant quartermaster to the Mormon battalion. Arriving in San Diego in January, 1847, he served in California, Oregon and Arizona until the spring of 1853.

It was during this period that Lieutenant Stoneman was for the first time engaged in active service. The Indians in Oregon had become hostile, and a number of men belonging to an exploring party under the leadership of W. G. T'Vault having been massacred in 1851 by the Coquilles, it was determined to chastise that tribe. An expedition was sent up the Coquille river in November of that year, Lieutenant Stoneman being in command of one of the companies. An attack on the Indian camp resulted in the slaying of a number of the enemy who thereupon fled into the woods.

Returning to San Francisco from this expedition, Stoneman was assigned, in 1853, to the command of an escort which accompanied a surveying party engaged in exploring a railroad line. In performance of this duty he marched from Benicia, California, to San Antonio in Texas. In 1855 he was promoted to a captaincy in the 2d United States Cavalry and served in Texas until the breaking out of the Civil War. When Texas seceded from the Union in February, 1861, General Twiggs, who was in command of the United States forces and military posts in that State, surrendered the national troops, with all the forts, stores and the munitions of war, to the Secessionists. Captain Stoneman's loyal conduct on this occasion marks at once the prominent traits of his character — courage, quick decision in critical positions, and faithfulness. When he received the order from his superior to surrender his command his mind was instantly made up. Instead of obeying, he seized a steamer and escaped with his men. He reached New York in April, and, having been recommended for promotion by General Scott, was ordered to report for duty at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsyl-

vania. There he remounted his company and reported to General Scott in Washington.

Stoneman's military career during the war is a part of the history of the rebellion, but even in this brief sketch we cannot, in justice to him, refrain from making mention of some prominent events in which he participated. After the second battle of Bull Run he was placed in command of General Philip Kearney's division, and on November 15, 1862, he succeeded General Samuel P. Heintzelman as commander of the 3d army corps, receiving his promotion as Major-General on the 29th of the same month. He was engaged in the battle of Fredericksburg and led a cavalry corps in the raid toward Richmond. He also operated in Ohio, and took part in the Atlanta campaign, 1864. During that memorable movement he conducted a raid for the capture of Macon and Andersonville and the liberation of the prisoners, but his good fortune deserted him. He was made captive at Clinton, Georgia, July 31st, and held till October 27th. He was again in the field in December, leading a raid into southwestern Virginia. In reward for his gallant conduct, he was successively breveted Brigadier-General and Major-General. He retired from the army in August, 1871, and took up his residence in California.

GOVERNOR STONEMAN.

In 1880 Stoneman was elected by the workingmen and new constitution party, one of three railroad commissioners, his colleagues being Beerstecher and Cove. Having been chosen Governor of the State in the election of 1882 he took his seat in the following year and was succeeded as rail road Commissioner by Hon. W. W. Foote, a son of ex-Governor Henry S. Foote. His administration was marked by clemency extended to criminals, so conspicuously so, indeed, that his opponents considered that he stretched the elastic prerogative of pardon to its utmost limit.

Another eminent man distinguished by a military career was General Ord. While

his soldierly qualities won for him renown, his personal qualities, noble and unselfish, gained for him the esteem of all with whom he came in contact.

Edward Otho Cresap Ord was born October 18, 1818, at Cumberland, Maryland. At a very early age he showed great mathematical ability, and it was his talent in this branch of education that gained for him his appointment into West Point, where he graduated in 1837. Having been made Second Lieutenant in the 3d U. S. Artillery, he first saw service in the Seminole war in Florida. In 1847 he was sent to California via Cape Horn with Lieutenant Henry W. Halleck, his classmate, and Lieutenant William T. Sherman. Dr. Jas. L. Ord was also of the party. On his arrival in this country he was greatly instrumental in preserving order at Monterey during the momentous period of the Mexican war. Having returned East in 1850 he was promoted and made Captain; and coming again to California two years later was engaged on Coast Survey until 1855. In the following year he took part in the expedition against the Rogue River Indians, and in 1858 against the Spokane Indians, Washington Territory.

GENERAL ORD.

At the beginning of the Civil War Captain Ord was stationed at the Presidio, San Francisco, but having been made Brigadier-General of volunteers in September, 1861, he was given and assumed a command in the Army of the Potomac. It was under his leadership that the Battle of Dranesville was won. At the battle of Hatchie and of the assault at Fort Harrison, Ord was wounded, on the first occasion severely. Having been promoted for gallant and meritorious conduct several times he was made commander of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina in 1865 and led the Army of the James during the victorious movements which terminated the war. In the same year he received the brevet of Major-General in the regular army. In July, 1866, he was made Brigadier-General and subsequently held successive command of the Military Departments of Arkansas, Fourth district, California, the Platte and Texas. On December 6th, 1880, General Ord was placed on the retired list with the brevet rank of Major-General. Shortly

afterward he accepted the position of engineer in the construction of the Mexican railway, and it was while engaged in the duties connected with this position that he met his death. While on his way from Vera Cruz to New York, via Cuba, he was attacked with yellow fever and died in Havana July 22, 1883.

Few men have gained more thoroughly the affection and respect of their equals, associates and those of lower rank in life than General Ord. The soldier of the line, on march or on the battle field and the sick and wounded in the rear alike had absolute confidence in him for his lion-like bravery in action and woman-like gentleness and care for their comfort in sickness or in health. His consideration for others was never found wanting and by all his asssociates, civil and military, he was held in the highest estimation as a noble officer and a courteous gentleman. General Ord has a brother, Dr. James L. Ord, U. S. A., (retired) and a sister, Mrs. S. W. Holladay, living in this State.

BISHOP KIP.

Prominent among ecclesiastics in California was William Ingraham Kip, the first Protestant Episcopal bishop of this State and fifty-ninth in succession in the American Episcopate. He was born October 3, 1811, in New York City, being the oldest son of Simon Kip, president of the North River Bank in that city. His mother was Maria Ingraham, daughter of Duncan Ingraham, the English records of whose family date back to the time of Henry II. The history of the Kip family is interesting and romantic.

Ruloff de Kype, from whom the bishop was descended, was a native of Brittany and an active partisan of the Guises during the French civil war between Protestants and Catholics in the sixteenth century. On the defeat of his party de Kype fled to the Low Countries and, having joined the army of the Duc d'Anjou, fell in battle near Jarnac. His son Ruloff settled in Amsterdam, and a grandson, Henry, born in 1576, became a prominent member of the Company of Foreign Countries, which had been organized in 1588 to explore the northeast passage to the Indies. This Henry Kype went to America in 1635 with his family, and though he soon returned to Holland, his sons remained, and in a few years acquired by purchase considerable tracts of land. These consisted of a part of Kip's Bay, Manhattan Island, and the manor of Kipsburg—the present Rhinebeck, N. Y.—estates which were confiscated during the revolutionary war because the owners were royalists. What is now the City Hall Park, New York City, formerly was the property of Isaac Kip. A brother, Henry, was a

member of the first popular assembly of New Netherlands.

William Ingraham Kip, the future bishop, and the subject of this sketch, was prepared for college in New York and entered Rutgers in 1824. In the following year, however, he left that institution and entered Yale College, where he graduated in 1831. On leaving Yale young Kip began to study law, but presently abandoned his intention to follow the legal profession, entered the General Theological Seminary, and graduated therefrom in 1835. On June 28th and October 24th of that year he was successively ordained deacon and priest, his first preferment being to the rectorship of St. Peter's Church, Morristown, N. J. Having been made rector of St. Peter's, Albany, N. Y., he remained in that position until 1853, during which period he won fame by the publication of various works on subjects connected with church doctrines and ecclesiastical history, no less than by his zeal and the steadfastness with which he prosecuted his labors.

COLONEL STEVENSON.

On October 28th of the above mentioned year he was consecrated in Trinity Church, New York, missionary bishop of California, and thereupon proceeded to the new field of work. In 1857 he was elected bishop of the diocese, and continued in charge until 1874, when the northern part of the State was segregated and set off as a missionary jurisdiction.

Bishop Kip was an impressive rather than an eloquent preacher, but was a scholarly man and his erudition was well recognized. In 1847 he received the degree of S. T. D. from Columbia College, and in 1872 that of LL. D. from Yale University. President Hayes appointed him, in 1880, an examiner at the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

In 1838 he married Maria Lawrence, a daughter of Gov. Lawrence of Rhode Island. He died in San Francisco April 6, 1893. Of the works which he published the following are worthy of mention: "Lenten Fast," in 1843; "The Double Witness of the Church," in 1844, which was reprinted in England for use as a college text book. In 1845 and 1846 he published "The Christmas Holidays in Rome" and "Early Jesuit Missions in America." These were followed consecutively in 1850, 1872, 1877 by "Early Conflicts of Christianity," "The Olden Time in New York," and "The Church of The Apostles."

California in early days offered unusual opportunities to politicians and the lawyers, and men of great ability underwent the hardships of a long and dangerous voyage by sea, or the still more harrassing and perilous journey by land, to reach the new land of promise.

Prominent in the legal profession was Samuel W. Inge, a native of North Carolina, but whose family removed to Green county, Alabama, when he was a child. Having been admitted to the bar he practiced law

in Livingston county for several years. In 1844–45 he was a member of the State House of Representatives, and from 1847 to 1851 a Representative to Congress as a Democrat. During his residence in Washington he became engaged in a controversy with Edward Stanley of North Carolina, which resulted in a duel, fought on the celebrated Bladensburg field of honor. Having served his time in Congress he resumed his practice, but was soon afterward appointed by President Pierce United States District Attorney for California, where he arrived early in the fifties. Inge was an excellent lawyer and had great experience of the world. He was a strictly honorable man and cases confided to his care were conducted with scrupulous honesty. He was ingenious in promoting his own welfare, but never allowed self-interest to over-ride honor and incorruptibility. In private life he was temperate and correct. He died of pneumonia at the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, in 1867.

Another notable lawyer was Colonel Baillie Peyton, a humorous man and a genial one. He was a politician as well, famous as a stump speaker and very popular. Nor was his career confined to the legal profession, he had tried soldiering, having grasped the sword in lieu of the pen on the first opportunity that presented itself. A Tennessean by birth, he practiced law in New Orleans, but when the Mexican war broke out he became Colonel in the Louisiana regiment which marched with Taylor's army in his campaign up the Rio Grande. At a later date he was United States Minister to Chile.

Conspicuous and well known on the streets of San Francisco, was Colonel Stevenson, who brought, via Cape Horn, the First Regiment, New York Volunteers, to California in 1847, which became known on the Pacific Coast as "Stevenson's Regiment."

Jonathan D. Stevenson was born in New York City on the first day of January, 1800, and so strong was his vitality that he expected to live to see the last day of the century, as he had the first. An attack of the grippe, however, which assailed him several years ago, greatly weakened his constitution. He never thoroughly recovered from it, and on February 15, 1894, breathed his last at his residence in San Francisco.

Colonel Stevenson's paternal grandfather fell at Bunker's Hill and the military spirit of the ancestor was imbibed by the descendant. When the war of 1812 broke out, the boy, at the head of a band of schoolmates, engaged in the toil of warfare and aided in throwing up defensive works on Brooklyn Heights, While thus occupied he attracted the attention of Governor Daniel D. Thompkins, whom he rescued from under the heels of a horse which had fallen and become unmanageable. Tompkins did not forget the boy who by his courage and presence of mind had been instrumental in saving him from severe bodily injury, if not from death itself. He made a protegé of him and eventually appointed him to be his private secretary. Occupying this position of trust young Stevenson accompanied Governor Thompkins to Washington when the latter was Vice-President, and during his stay in the national capital became intimate with Martin Van Buren and made the acquaintance of some of the most eminent men of the republic. During this period of his life he took an active part in politics, attaching himselt to the Democrats; and it may be here remarked that no sooner had Fort Sumter been fired upon by the secessionists than Stevenson abandoned the Democratic party.

At the opening of the Mexican war Stevenson suggested to President Polk that he should send a hostile expedition to the Pacific Coast. The advice was considered

good, the expedition of armed emigrants to California was organized, and Stevenson was selected by the President to lead it. The regiment mustered 769 men and sailed from New York Sept. 26, 1846, arriving at Yerba Buena—now San Francisco — March 6, 1847. From that time Colonel Stevenson resided permanently in San Francisco, with the exception of a brief visit which he paid to New York forty years after his arrival here.

When Colonel Stevenson landed in California he was a widower, having married, two days after attaining his majority, Elisa Riley, by whom he had three daughters and one son. In 1851 he espoused Mrs. E. M. Carnegie. One of his daughters by his first marriage, a widow of General B. G. Barney of New York, resides in San Francisco. By his second marriage Colonel Stevenson had a family of four children, of whom two daughters are living, namely, Mrs. Emily Lindberg of Red Bluff and Mrs. W. H. Kirk, wife of the civil engineer of the S. P. R. R.

At the close of the Mexican war Colonel Stevenson was mustered out of the service, and permanently resided in San Francisco as a real estate operator. In 1872 on the creation of that office, he was appointed United States Shipping Commissioner.

Stevenson was of medium height and spare physique; he had a prominent aquiline nose, a broad forehead and chin. His lips indicated firmness of character and his eyes were keen and unflinching He was generally dressed in semi-military style —blue coat, with brass buttons and peaked military cap. In his later years he stooped somewhat, but was wonderfully active and well preserved for a man of his age, which may be attributed to his abstemious and regular habits and to the simple diet with little variety to which he accustomed himself.

One of the most eloquent and effective speakers who came to California in early days was James Alexander McDougall. He was born at Bethlehem, Albany County, New York, November 19, 1817. Having been educated at Albany Grammar School he studied law and in 1837 settled in Pike County, Illinois. At the early age of twenty-five he was made Attorney-General in that State and re-elected in 1844. Somewhat later he engaged in engineering and in 1849 originated and organized an exploring expedition to examine the Rio Grande del Norte, Gila and Colorado Rivers. He accompanied the party along the Rio Grande and Gila, reaching San Francisco the same year, where he settled and practiced law, forming a partnership with Judge Louis Aldrich, a son-in-law of U. S. Senator Henry S. Foote.*

In 1850 he was made Attorney-General of California; was elected to the legislature, and in 1852 on the democratic ticket, was chosen member of Congress, serving from 1853 to 1855. He declined renomination. Having been elected United States Senator in 1860, he took his seat as a war Democrat, was made chairman of the Committee on the Pacific Railroad, and a delegate to the Chicago convention that nominated McClellan for President. At the end of the Senatorial term he retired to Albany, where he died shortly afterward, Sept. 3, 1867.

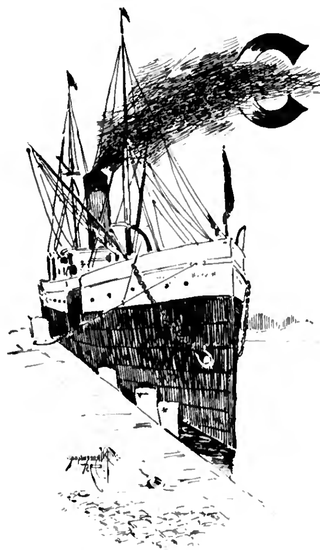
J. J. Peatfield.

* See December, 1894, OVERLAND.

EVOLUTION OF SHIPPING AND SHIP-BUILDING IN CALIFORNIA. II.

COMPILED FROM PERSONAL NARRATIVES OF CAPTAINS DOMINGO MARCUCCI, JOHN G. NORTH, PETER OWENS, PATRICK TIERNAN, GEORGE MIDDLEMAS, JAMES DICKIE, IRVING M. SCOTT, AND OTHERS.

CAPTAIN NORTH'S NARRATIVE.

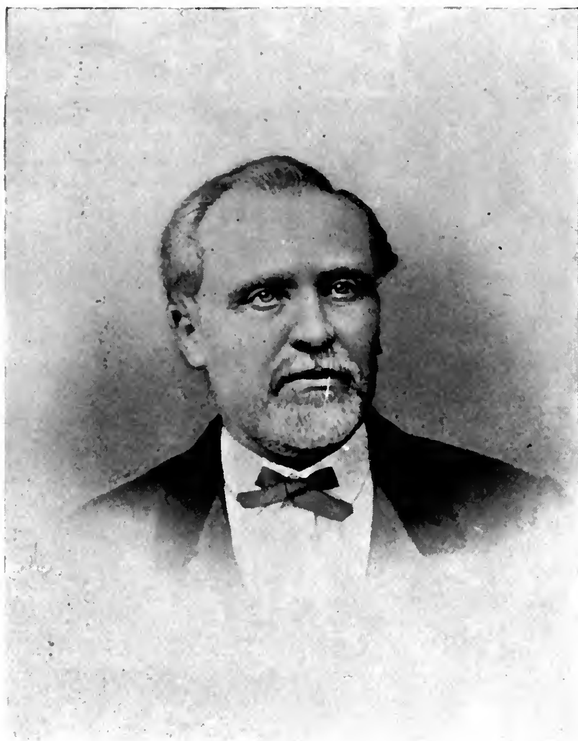


CAPTAIN John G. North, Master ship-builder, was born in Throndhjem, Norway, on the 15th of December, 1826. Of the land of the Vikings, the long lineage of his hardy family has left its impress upon the Nation's history. At the age of fifteen, he entered the Government service, passed a highly successful examination at Horten, his papers being signed by Jensen, Royal ship-builder, in a very commendatory style.

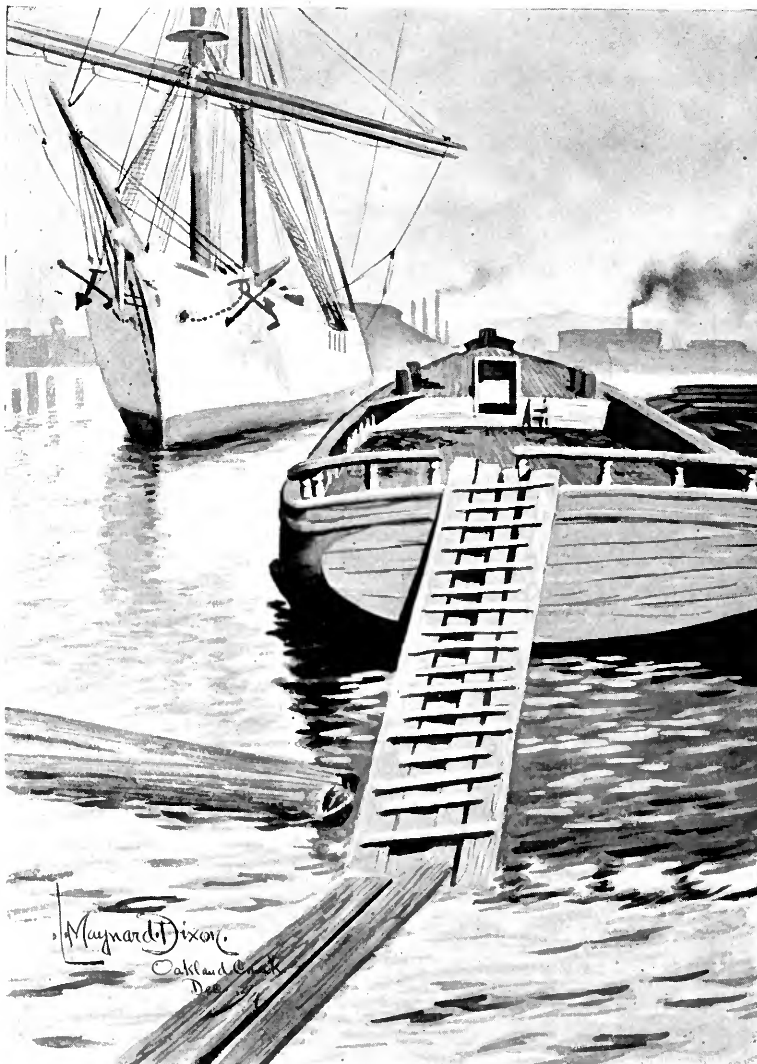
He was placed in charge of the building of twenty gun-boats for the Norwegian Navy, and after fulfilling his trust in a most satisfactory manner, he was given a subsidy and permission to go to America to study American methods of ship-building. He arrived in Philadelphia July 29th, 1848, from there to New York, Bath, New Orleans, Boston and Portland, working at his trade in each place. He then made up his mind not to return home, and sailed the latter part of 1849 as first mate on the ship "Viking," for Valparaiso. On his arrival, the "Viking" was condemned, so he shipped aboard the vessel "Saratoga" as ship-carpenter, the 23rd of May 1850, sailed from there on the 30th, and arrived in San Francisco on the 28th of July 1850. Arriving here, he, like everybody else went to the mines, but a few months of that life soon proved to him that he was not fitted for it, so he came back to the city, starting in with one small steamer in company with the late William H. Moore as captain, making from the beginning $20 to $40 a head daily. This small beginning became the nucleus around which such names as General Redington, Captain James Whitney, Benjamin Hartshorne, Captain William H. Moore, Richard Jessup, Captain Seymour and others formed the California Steam Navigation Company, which afterward swayed the entire inland trade of California. This company, owned the "Surprise," "John Bragdon" and "Cornelia," all eastern built boats.

On the site of the old Union Foundry, in 1852, the barge "Sacramento" was built for Moore, Page & Co., and then the first stern-wheeler of California, the "Phineas," afterwards wrecked, for General Redington. In 1853, following each other in rapid succession, came the "Cleopatra," for Captain Taylor, by Captain Moore, the "Belle," "Gem No. 1," and twenty-three other hulls, barges and schooners. In 1854, the first side-wheel steam vessel ever built in San Francisco Bay for a foreign port, the "Flore de las Andes," for Captain Canty and sent to Costa Rica. Then the stern-

wheeler "Clara," for Captain Webster, as an Alameda Ferry-boat. Captain North had now made some $30,000 so he thought he would try a venture for himself, and the first three masted schooner ever built on the Pacific Coast to sail for a foreign country was built. She was named after the well known actresses of that day, the "Susan and Kate Dening." The ladies presented the vessel with a full suit of flags, which cost no small sum of money in that day. An item of $370 for champagne for launching purposes, is noted among the expenses. She cost $28,000, was sent to Australia on her first trip. The captain proved a rogue, and the vessel a total financial loss, although she was afterwards sold to the Government and she was used as a dispatch boat, between Australia and New Zealand for many years. Captain North lost every dollar, besides his labor. In 1855 the "Success" was built for a Marysville Company, and the "Pardee," for Captain F. Foy, the "Colorado," for Hartshorne & Johnson. He took her in sections to the Colorado river, and there built the first steamer for the Gulf of California. On his return, he built a small 45-foot model of a side-wheel steamer for the veteran, A. W. Lockhead. The "Thomas Payne" and the "Red Bluff" for the California Navigation Company were finished in 1855, and 1856 opened with the "James Blair," for Captain Gunnell, and the first ferry-steamer to Oakland, the "Contra Costa," for Charles Minturn, was built in 1857. Up to this time he had turned out of his yards over 120 hulls of different kinds. In 1858 he received a very advantageous offer to go to Russia, and he contracted to build a steamer (the first ever built on the Pacific Coast) for the Russian Government. This was the stern-wheel steamer "Admiral Kasaeurt" for the Amoor river, Manchuria. She was put in frame just where the railroad offices and yard is now on, the south side of Townsend street between Third and Fourth. He went over to the Amoor with the steamer in pieces, put it together, received high praise from her owners, but he could not be prevailed upon to remain, so after eight month's absence, returned. The schooner "Mary Alice," for Captain Benson, was his first work, and then the keel of the beautiful steamer "Chrysopolis," now known as the "Oakland," was laid. This was the



CAPTAIN JOHN G. NORTH.



THE OLD AND THE NEW.

run between Sacramento and Red Bluff, and the fine steamer "Yosemite" was built in this year over at the Potrero. It was close quarters now at Steamboat Point, the "Frenchman's House" and "Wingards White Mule", were getting to be things of the past. Meeting the Taylor Brothers one day, he asked them how much they wanted for the "Potrero Point". Bradshaw's Point was nearer, but the depth of water was not so regular. After a talk with "Old Man," Captain Anderson, the amount agreed upon was paid over, and Steamboat Point was a memory.

largest boat up to this time built in San Francisco, about 950 tons, 245 feet long and 40 feet beam. (The "Chrysopolis" on her trial trip recorded the fastest time ever made between the pier and Benicia, 1 hour, 19 minutes). She was launched one beautiful moonlight night, the 2nd of June, 1860, and all San Francisco came down to Third and Townsend streets to see it. Then comes "Gem No. 2," to

"North's Shipyard" was an accomplished fact. He had now secured the rebuilding of the "Brother Jonathan," and that was the first work done at the new yard. Here in March, 1861, the steamer "Brother Jonathan" (which was built in New York in 1851) was broken up, down to the floor timber heads, and reconstructed with entirely new materials, of Puget Sound hard pine. Her

frames were sided in, making a surface of eighteen inches for receiving planks and fastenings. The whole floor of white and live oak was perfectly sound, caulked and consequently water tight. Her former depth of hold was 21 feet 6 inches, with three decks, but it was now rebuilt to measure 19 feet of hold with only two decks. The hull was diagonally strapped with iron 5/8x4½. The ship clear through was square fastened, outboard planks, butt-bolted and treenailed through. New white oak stern, new water wheels, new windlass, new set of spars, consisting of three masts, with new rigging, and she was well and thoroughly caulked with metal sheathing, and her boilers were known as the "Martin's patent."

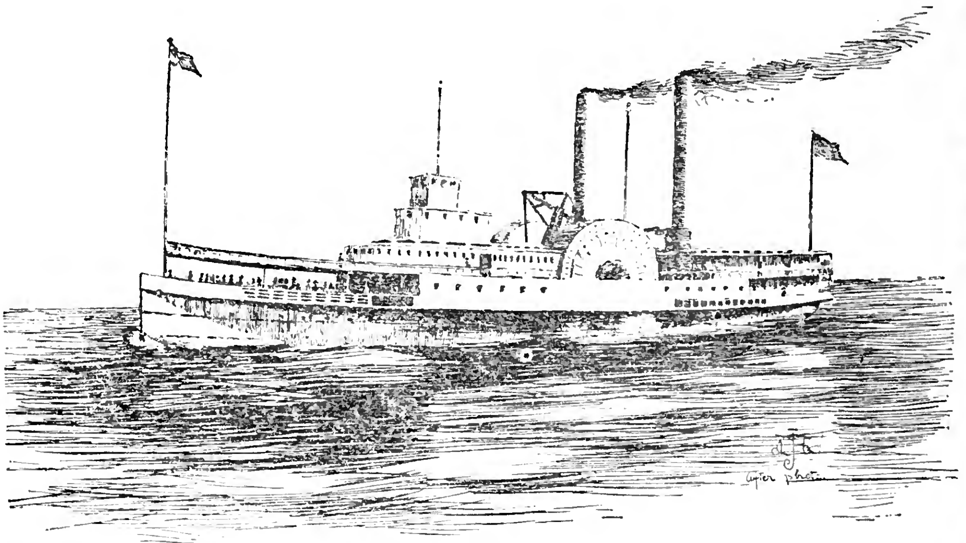
It makes one's heart thrill to think of his efforts to break in that bleak rocky spot for a shipyard. Just where the Pacific Rolling Mills have their shops ground was broken and the "Brother Jonathan" was hauled out along shore. What an undertaking! No steam apparatus, no sliding ways, just sheer Viking nerve. Great timbers set in the ground, immense pulley blocks and hawsers. One night old Commodore Allen came out with a gang of 150 Chinamen to pull on the cables, and soon the steady tramp of men and the mild (?) remarks of Captains Allen and Anderson could be heard. The old steamer was crawling about an inch in ten minutes up the well-greased ways, when suddenly with a crash, a hawser parted, every yellow Chinaman dropped his hold and ran for dear life over the hills toward the city, accompanied by the blessings of the captains. The "Jonathan" didn't come up that night.

This was the first shipbuilding done at the Potrero, a fitting beginning in 1861 for the crowning achievement in 1893 of the glorious "Olympia." Then came the steamer "Yosemite," so long the crack steamer on the Sacramento, now plying between New Westminster, Vancouver and Victoria. She bears her laurels well, having beaten the Scotch-built steamer "Islander" in a fair race some months since. Now comes the "Colorado" for Hartshorne & Johnson for the Colorado Company, the "Wohare" for the same company, the twin schooners, whose time has never been beaten, the "George Lewis" and "de Euphemia," the twin steamer "Reform" for Captain Nelson, the pioneer steamer for the fruit trade of the Sacramento river, for the company now known as the California Transportation Company, and the "Washington" for Captain Benson. Then the crowning of all steamboat building up to this time—1865, in the steamer "Capital." No money was spared to make her the finest of her class. She vied with the famous "Mary Powell" of New York fame. We must not forget the beautiful little steamer "Parthemus," built to use as a ferry-boat around the city front. In the meantime much other work was going on. The steamer "Cornelia" was cut in two, her stern hauled away forty feet and a section of forty feet built in. The work was successful and she made better time than before; steamer "Pacific" refitted, steamer "Constantine," iron ship, hauled out and made good as new.

One night it had been raining, as it used to rain, and rivers of water were pouring down through the ship-yard, just where the gas works now are; the "Constantine" had been hauled out comfortably. Captains Thorne and Kohl were happy. Up comes old Captain Anderson. "You'd better come down to the yard; the Mississippi river is running under the ways and they are spreading." Sure enough, when North and his assistants got down there, the steamer was touching the ground on one side, while the water was making havoc around the blocks. Captain North stood quite still for a moment; it meant thousands of dollars loss to him. Then men were sent across

the hills to Mission street for hydraulic pumps; others were detailed to light up fires to see what damage was done. The whole Potrero turned out to assist; the rope walk men came down, and before 12 M. next day the "Constantine" stood on an even keel again.

Then came the night the big ship "Harriman" broke the chain just as she was up, and went whizzing down into the water, each link of chain striking the other making a continuous line of fire, the heavy falls giving out reports like great guns. Captain North looked impassively at the ruin and disaster. Every man standing by him was dumb. It was 2 A. M. "Boys," said North, "go home and get your coffee; I'll see you again in the morning." When he came in, he said to his wife, "Chain's broke again, I'm going to bed." Nerved by his indomitable pluck he negotiated a loan with the Clay-street Bank of $47,000 at 1 per cent. a month, and before 3 P. M. had a gang of men and two steam launches at work, and in two weeks was ready for business. It is needless to tell of his untiring activity. It is woven into the history of San Francisco. But enough; he needed a rest, and the "boom" had struck the Potrero. He had grown tired of buying the "De Haro" title over and over again; had grown tired of the mud, the "cut," the "toll gate," the "bridge." He wanted to see "Gamle Norge" once again, so selling the then well known "North's Ship Yard" to a syndicate he returned to Norway. While at his native city, Throndhjem, he drew plans and superintended the building of a light draught stern-wheel steamer, to be used as a government transport, and called her the "Potrero." He was on board a Russian corvette when the Suez Canal was thrown open; at Paris during the first week of the siege, and afterwards at the capitulation; in Rome at St. Peters' when the "infallibility" was proclaimed; in Hamburg when Sedan and Strasburg fell; up and down the Thames through the works of Mandsley-of-Armstrong on the Tyne; through the Scotch yards on the Clyde, across to the Krupp Iron Works, to the Italian Navy Yard. After three years, back to California. No rest for that grand, active brain, for that man whose "word was as good as his

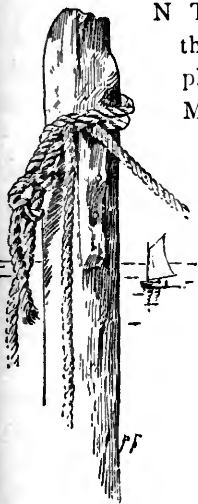


STEAMER CAPITAL.

bond." Business in his line was dull, but he did not despair. His words were prophetic—"It will come sure, not for me, but for others; the Potrero will be known for iron ship-building yet." He concluded to go down to Guatemala. There he contracted to build two steamers for the Honduras R. R. Co., and also to build fifty miles of railroad. He invested largely, and after remaining a few months returned to California for supplies. He then went back to Guatemala, finished his contracts, but was attacked with the fateful fevers of that country, and returned to California. A week later, September 19, 1872, he died, leaving as monuments to his genius and ability a new section to the city, the Potrero Ship Yard, fifty-three bay and river steamers, and 273 hulls of all descriptions, every one of them models of their class, staunch and true. It was a saying those days that if John G. North built a vessel it was not necessary to insure her. A truer friend and a more honorable and generous man never lived. He was known to take off his overcoat and give it to a destitute sailor. Pioneer ship-builder, hail and farewell! for "surely his works do follow him."

Captain Marcucci's Narrative.

(Continued.)



N THE year 1859, I built the steamer "Flora Temple," in company with Mr. Charles McLaughlin, for the Sacramento trade. She was 130 feet long by 28 feet beam, and 7 feet depth of hold. She was a side-wheeler with one single engine, 20 inches bore by 6 feet stroke; one fire-box boiler with 6-inch riveted flues. She never did much service, as she was subsidized to remain idle. In 1860 I built a schooner called "Fannie" for the lumber trade on the coast. She was owned by Charles Hare and Turner & Rundell.

In 1861 I built the barkentine "Monitor" for Mr. John Kentfield. She is still in the lumber trade. The same year I built a stern-wheel steamer for the upper Sacramento River for Captain Mills. She was 130 feet long, 30 feet beam, and 3 feet deep. I also built a barge for the same owners in connection with the steamer. It was 140 feet long by 32 feet beam and 3 feet deep.

In 1862 I went up the Coast to Navarro River, to get a schooner off the rocks. I remained there all winter repairing her, and she brought a load of lumber down from Mr. H. Tichenor's mill. The summer of 1863 I again went up the coast to Mendocino City, to get another schooner off the rocks. I repaired her also where she lay, and she brought a load of lumber from there to this city. In 1864 I built a side-wheel steamer called the "Cyrus Walker," for Messrs. Pope & Talbot of this city. She was 120 feet long by 28 feet beam and 8 feet hold. She had two high-pressure engines and a surface condenser. Mr. Bullene, the present boiler inspector of the Seattle District, put her machinery in her, and then took her up to the Pope & Talbot mill on the Sound to tow logs, etc. In 1865 I built the steamer "Reliance" for the Alviso Transportation Company, Messrs. James Lick, A. B. Rowley, and others. She was a propeller, 120 feet long, 26 feet beam and 9 feet hold. She had one high-pressure engine 20 inches by 20 inches,

and two cylinder tubular boilers 16 feet long. The engine and boilers were built by the Pacific Iron Works of this city. In 1866 I built a small stern-wheel steamer called "Pioneer," for towing schooners on the Sacramento River. Her engines were built by the Globe Iron Works at Stockton, and the boilers by Coffee & Risdon of this city I built her at the foot of Second street on the Tichenor ways property, where I had moved my shipyard from what was known in those days as Steamboat Point, that is, between Third and Fourth streets, Townsend and King streets In 1868 I built the steamer "Santa Cruz" for Messrs. Goodall & Nelson. She was a propeller with twin screws. She was 130 feet long by 30 feet beam and 10 feet hold. Her engines were built by John Lockhead of this city.

The same year, and at the same time, I built a steam yacht called "Brisk," for W. C. Ralston. Lockhead also put the machinery in her. She had a Lockhead Patent Boiler. She turned out a failure on account of the boiler, and as she did not have room enough in her to put in the old time kind of boiler I hauled her out, cut her in two, and put twenty-five feet in the middle of her. They put two fire-box tubular boilers in her, and she went all right, except that she never was very "Brisk."

In the year 1869 I built the steamer "Vallejo" for the California Pacific R. R. Co. She was a propeller built for a freight boat from this city to Vallejo. She was 130 feet long, 28 feet beam and 8 feet hold. Her machinery was built by the Risdon Iron Works of this city. At the same time and for the same Company I built a freight barge 140 feet long, 36 feet beam and 8 feet hold. Between 1869 and 1877 I was engaged in other matters and did not do anything in the boat-building line.

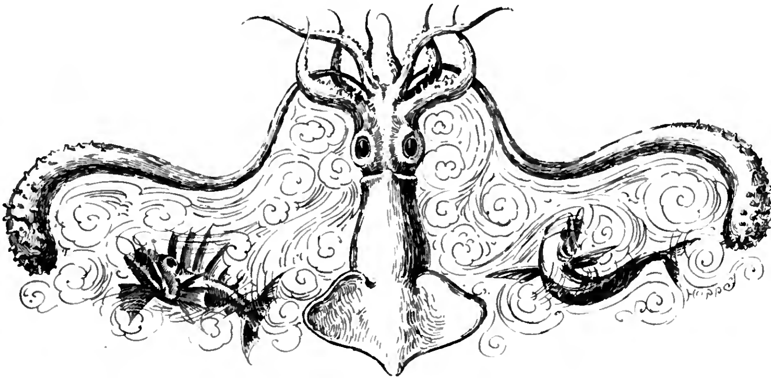
In the year 1878 I again began boat-building, and during the year built the stern-wheel steamer "Mary Garratt," at Stockton, for the Cal. Steam Nav. Co. She is 175 feet long, 46 feet beam, and 8 feet hold. She has a pair of high-pressure engines 20-inch bore, and 6 ft. stroke of piston, and 4 cylinder tubular boilers, 18 ft. long, 40-inch diameter. Her machinery was built at the Stockton Iron Works, Stockton, Cal., and her boilers by Moynehan & Aitkin, of this city. When she was ready to run I was put in command of her and ran her between this city and Stockton as a passenger and freight boat In November of 1878 I again left the city on a visit to see my mother, and I returned in February, 1879. On my arrival, at Mr. W. T. Garratt's request and solicitation, I went into the office of the California Steam Navigation Company as superintendent of the line, and subsequently, became one of the directors and vice-president of said company. I continued as such for two years; then the principal owners of the company disagreed. There was a combination made against the Garratt interest which I represented, and I was deposed; but in 1882 there was another combination made whereby the Garratt interest gained the control, and I was again put in charge of affairs. During the time that I was out of the company I built the stern-wheel steamer "Gold" for the Petaluma trade, for Mr. N. J. Miller and others, retaining one-third interest myself. She is 140 feet long, 32 feet beam, and 7 feet hold. She has a pair of high pressure engines, 15-inch bore, and 5 feet stroke of piston; three cylinder tubular boilers, 37 inch diameter, 18 feet long. The engines were built in St. Louis, and were taken out of a steamer in Salt Lake. The boilers were built by Mr. Wm. McAfee of this city.

In 1888 I built a small stern wheel steamer at Stockton for the California Steam Navigation Company. She was called "Merren." She is 100 feet long, 30 feet beam, and 3 feet deep. She was built for towing barges

between this city and Stockton, or up and down the upper San Joaquin River. At the same time I built two large grain barges for the same company. They were 180 feet long, 40 feet beam, and 7 feet deep.

In 1889 the California Steam Navigation Company and the San Joaquin Improvement Company consolidated, and formed a new company called the California Navigation and Improvement Company. I held a subordinate position in the new company. In 1890 the California Navigation and Improvement Company bought our interest, and in consequence I was out of business. Since we sold out our interest I designed and made a model for the new stern wheel steamers built by Hinckley, Spiers & Hayes for the Union Transportation Company of Stockton. In December, 1890, I was appointed by the then Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. Wm. Windom, as assistant inspector of hulls of steam vessels for the port of San Francisco, which position I am at present holding, January, 1894.

D. Marcucci.



INDIFFERENCE.

Amid the silken vesture of her hair
My love she sits nor makes or word or sign
But picks the tender petals from the rose
That once was held within a golden shrine.
The crimson leaves fall fluttering to earth,
My love she sits and sings a song of mirth.

Henry Clayton Hopkins.

THE MONGOL TRIAD.

JAPAN, COREA AND CHINA.

THE present war in the Far East, if it does nothing else, deserves the thanks of the Western world for the contributions it has indirectly made to our historical, ethnologic, geographic and statistical knowledge.

In the past four months, the American press, daily, weekly and monthly, has been a treasury of information upon all these fields of thought, superior to all the encyclopedias and works of reference we possess. Many of these facts have come first-hand from tourists, missionaries, scientists and diplomatic representatives; but the majority have been gained from ephemeral publications, such as the English journals in China and Japan, from the Consular reports of the great powers, from the annual returns and statements of foreign missions, and from the printed transactions of geographic, Asiatic, philologic and other learned societies.

From these media, as well as from the important events which are occurring daily, we have learned more in a brief season of war than we would have in twenty years of peace.

We now realize the insignificance of our past knowledge concerning the extreme Orient, the necessity of revising, if not of destroying, many preconceptions, and above all the important role which this part of the world has played in the historical development of Europe.

As an interesting illustration, we begin to know that the westward movement of tribes and peoples into Europe, such as the invasion of the Huns, the Turks and the Tartars and the southward and southwestern movement across Asia, such as the Mongol and Manchu conquests of China and the Mongol conquest of India, had their origin, directly or indirectly, in the land of the Si-Shun-Shu, and that these six nations, heretofore regarded as different nations or races, were members of the Si-Shun family. This land included what are now Corea, Northern Corea, the Manchurian provinces, upper and lower Mongolia and portions of Siberia and Turkestan. The people were brave, hardy and warlike. Some were mere nomads, others were husbandmen, and still others were dwellers in towns and cities. The last were the most highly developed, and as early as 1500 B. C. had reached a state of semi-civilization at several points, corresponding to or coincident with the modern places Kirin, Moukden, Kingchan, Urga, Ulia, Cutai, Kuldja and Kashgar. Yankofsky, Polliakoff, Gorsky, Sheveleff, Michailofsky and other Russian explorers have found remains of this early civilization in the Amoor region and Manchurian provinces, which seem to claim an antiquity of at least eight thousand years.

The Chinese historians, who are nothing if not contemptuous of every nation save their own, acknowledge a quasi-civilization among the Si-Shun as far back as 800 B. C., among the Coreans 1122 B. C., and among

the Japanese 100 A. D., while claiming one for themselves which dates from 2852 B. C.

So much for the beginnings of civilizations in the Far East. We are just on the threshold of learning their outlines.

Hardly any more definite is our knowledge of the early history of its peoples. What we have learned of late is as follows: There was a stone age, a bronze age and an iron age in Asia, as in Europe. The first runs back until it is lost in antiquity. The Kitchen-Mounds in Corea and the Amoor country, which date back at least twenty thousand years, show the stone age to close and the iron age to come in about 3800 B. C.

Before the discovery of iron and not less than eight thousand years ago, the territory of what is now China, Corea and Japan was occupied by a brown race, either Malayan or Malay-negroid in character. This is pointed out by tradition, by ethnology, anthropology and archæology. The brown people bore the same relation to Eastern Asia as did the Iberians and Lapps to prehistoric Europe. While of a low grade intellectually, they had mastered nearly all the primitive arts. They had domesticated the buffalo, dog, cat, monkey, and the barnyard fowls. It may be questioned if they had tamed the horse or cow. They lived in huts, tilled the soil and understood pottery. As a race they were split up into innumerable clans and tribes. They were perpetually warring among themselves, using as arms weapons made from wood and stone. They worshiped fetiches and devils, practiced polygamy and polyandry, offered human sacrifices to their idols, and were altogether pretty respectable savages.

There are numerous remnants of this ancient race or races alive to-day. In Japan are the Ainos, in Corea the Wild-wood men, in China the Miao-tsze, Man-tsze, Lo-lo, Mu-su and Li-su, in the island of Formosa are the Che-whan and Pepo-whan, and in the island of Hai-Nan the Les. The aborigines surviving in Japan and Corea do not exceed five thousand in either land, while in China they are estimated at as many millions.

About the time the early Si-Shun-Shu or primitive Mongols had grown larger in numbers than could be safely supported by their fields and flocks, a migration southward ensued into the northwest of China. The hardy warriors of the North, well-armed and mounted on ponies, found an easy prey in the aborigines. Those who showed opposition were ruthlessly slaughtered; those who fled were captured and made slaves or sold to other Si-Shun tribes. Slaughter and slavery seem to have been the general rule. There were exceptions, however, when generous or politic chiefs made friends with the natives and absorbed them gradually or else confined them peaceably to some reservation. This process went on for years, for centuries. Sometimes a small tribe or two comprised the entire migration and sometimes it was a mighty army like those of Timour or of Zenghis Khan. The last great wave was that of the Manchus, two centuries and a half ago. The tide has not died yet. There is still a small but steady inflow of Tartars, Mongols and Manchus from the colder to the warmer districts of the Empire, from the ancient home of the Si-Shun-Shu to the land of the great rivers, the Hoang-Ho and the Yang-tsze.

That the invasion and occupation were slow and irregular is evidenced by the fact that there is to-day no Chinese language, but one hundred and eighteen languages as different from one another as English, Danish, Dutch and German, and by the more curious fact that there is practically no word in the many vernaculars for China, nation and patriotism, the people of the Empire still regarding themselves as a congeries of

tribes and clans rather than as members of one great commonwealth.

The citizen of Canton considers his compatriot of Amoy or Hankow almost as much a foreigner as the citizen of Japan or the globe-trotter of Uncle Sam's domain. Ask him his nationality, and nearly nine times out of a hundred he will reply "Quang Tung," the name of the province. Beyond and beneath the Imperial government, which it regards as an unavoidable necessity, every community in the Empire still preserves the patriarchal form of government, with its patria potestas clanship and village-elders.

When the turbulent elements issue a placard against their own administration or against Europeans, the object of their wrath in either case is named the same, "Fan Qui" or "foreign devils."

While their education, politics and civil service render the Chinese people uniform, the system does not make them homogeneous. They suggest millions of metal statues, cast in the same mould, almost indistinguishable each from the other, but on the first touch of the chemist's acid one proves to be gold, another copper, a third tin, a fourth iron, until the list of elements is exhausted.

The boiling over of the great kettle we call the Si-Shun-Shu sent numberless destructive floods to the southwest into what is now known as the Eighteen Provinces. But after many years, probably many centuries, the ever-increasing resistance of the aborigines and of those who had gone before and their descendants made progress in that direction difficult except in the case of large armies. These would naturally force their way until their momentum was dissipated, when they would become stationary and settle down in adjoining communities or else would be absorbed by the tribes into whose territory they had penetrated. There is a legend in Chinese literature, which the narrator describes as "Our True Tales," that in the time of the Han dynasty a tribe of ten thousand souls, driven from their homes by flood and famine, marched southward to the savage country of Anterior Thibet and there attempted the conquest of the fertile valleys and mountain pastures of a Miao prince. Worn out by privation, they did not possess the necessary strength, although they had the valor, for active warfare. The warriors were nearly all slain by the savages, and the survivors, man, woman and child, carried into captivity. They were divided among the chiefs and put to work as slaves in distant valleys and plateaux almost inaccessible to the outside world. Here they and their progeny have lived and labored ever since. Here they preserve the forgotten speech of the far past and worship gods, whose names even are no more remembered. They toil in patience, waiting their deliverance by the armies of the Hans.

As migration to the south and southwest grew difficult, it turned in other directions and then moved to the southeast. It slowly swept over and covered the provinces or states which the Chinese historians in 1200 B. C. called Chaosien, Lin-Twung, Lolang, Ma-Han, Chung-Han and Bien-Han, and which to-day are described on the maps as Liao-Tung, the Ya-loo district and Corea.

There is a discrepancy at this point between philology and ethnology on the one hand and the Chinese and Corean records on the other. Following the former, we find that the invaders fought and nearly exterminated the aborigines. None were left except those who lived in or escaped to the mountain fastnesses and wildernesses in the northeast of Corea, in the present province of Ham-Ging. Here, at the headwaters of the Ya-loo, is a district so inhospitable and forbidding that it is better known to our own race through several intrepid travelers like Goold-Adams, Cavendish, ex-United States Consul Fales and Campbell than it

is to the Coreans, who live in the adjacent territory.

When the Si-Shun-Shu tribes had conquered Corea, they rested and began to make settlements. But victory had not brought peace. Other swarms of their own people were in their footsteps and ever ready with the sword and spear to dispute the title of field, farm, forest and pasture. For centuries war, more or less continuous, was the characteristic of Corean life. When five men are struggling for what only two can have, there must be a terrible strain and pressure. This was the condition of affairs in Corea for centuries. During that time colonies large and small of the early Si-Shun-Shu crossed over the sea and found new homes in the islands of Japan.

How long the making of Corea lasted we know not. It was not finished in 1122 B. C., when the immortal Kitsu became King of Chaosien and introduced the civilization of China into that land, then the northeastern part of the present "Hermit Kingdom."

The records themselves are a tale of vanishing tribes and thrones, of numerous wars and invasions down to the present century. The long years before the commencement of Corean history and after the beginning of the southeast movement of the Si-Shun peoples must have been a similar if not a more sanguinary scene of conflict. Of this long period neither China nor Corean chronicles give us the slightest idea before 2333 B. C., when Tan-Kun, otherwise known as Wang-Kien, established the kingdom of Chaosien out of savage tribes.

The record of Corean civilization begins with Kitsu, the brother of Wu-Wang, the founder of the Chau dynasty of China, 1122 B. C. Wu was a brave and powerful noble or feudal prince, who put an end to the Shang dynasty in a brief but brilliant war and then seated himself on the throne of his former lord. Kitsu, who seems to have been a very just and able man, would not accept the usurpation, but started a conspiracy to restore the rightful heir to the crown. His plot was detected a few days after its inception and he was obliged to fly. He crossed the frontier at New Chwang and entered the Kingdom of Chaosien.

There was trouble in the land at the time and in some mysterious way Kitsu was made king. History says that he made a very good monarch and adds that he civilized the aborigines. In this statement of civilizing the nations is the discrepancy already referred to. If the chronicler means the Si-Shun people of Chaosien and uses the term aborigines to indicate their savage character, all is well. The Si-Shun of that part of the Far East, whether in Kirin, Tsi-tsi-har or Chaosien, were undoubtedly on a very low stage of existence, and compared with the Chinese of that epoch might be justly regarded as savages. But in the normal sense of the Chinese word for aborigines, "sons of the soil," the discrepancy becomes an insurmountable difficulty.

There is an altar to Kitsu in a temple north of Ping Yang and near it his time-worn and rounded statue, to which even to-day incense is burned by the devout and superstitious.

From Kitsu to the present time the record is continuous if not complete. In 240 B. C. Chaosien reached its greatest prosperity and then covered two-thirds of the old kingdom, which reached into Chih-li. Then comes reverses. The people of Yen rebelled and drove them across the Liao River, while on the northeast the Gasgowli deprived them of many of their best districts and cities. About 190 B. C. Chaosien was conquered by China, then under the Han dynasty. When the Hans lost their power, the former territory of Chaosien and the people passed into the hands of the Gasgowli and the Fooyü. By degrees a new kingdom was formed, taking the name of the former,

which was afterward shortened to Gaoli.

From this word Gaoli we derive our term Corea by the gradual change of the former into Gaori and Kaoru. The establishment of Gaoli seemed to be the signal for the beginning of constant war, in which new hordes, new armies and new names appear and disappear. In the long list of conquerors who possessed the Corean peninsula are Gaoli, Liaotung, the Liaos Kingdom, the Wei Kingdom, the Chinese Baijï, Bohai, the Kitan, the Si-Shun, the Mongols, the Manchus, the Japanese and again, and again the Chinese.

And out of these came the modern Corea or Chaosien. Its boundaries have remained the same for centuries, thanks to the generosity of the Manchu monarch, Taid-Sung, in 1627, and to the Japanese Generals thereafter. Its people are homogeneous, after having passed repeatedly through the fiery furnace of war. Nevertheless, in origin they are a hybrid product of at least thirty branches of the Si-Shun-Shu, modified in ancient times by the Malay or Malay-negroid Antochthones. For the last two centuries they have preserved a national existence on account of the unchangeable jealousy of the two neighbors, China and Japan.

Considering its physical environment, it has been fairly prosperous. Despite adverse climate, soil, mountains and other influences, it has slowly but continuously grown, until its population is enormous in proportion to its inhabitable area. Whether at the lowest estimate of twelve millions or the highest of twenty, it is a striking commentary upon the fecundity and vitality of the race from which they have sprung.

If the early development of Corea is obscured, that of Japan is covered with eternal darkness. Its records grow inaccurate and mythical as they pass backwards, until they enter the domains of pure fancy. Tradition, however, comes to our aid and declares that the ancestry of the people of the Mikado came originally from the mainland of Asia, where they had many great wars with mighty nations, and that they gained possession of their present home by conquest and also by friendly arrangement with the people whom they found living there.

This invasion or migration from the mainland must have been more or less completed before the Christian era. The best point for sailing from the continent to the islands is from Fusan, in the southernmost part of Corea. Here the Corean Strait is comparatively narrow and broken by two large islands lying nearly in its centre. Another ancient port is Ping-hai, a hundred miles to the north. These cities are in the provinces of Kiensang or Guing shang and Kanchwen or Gangwan. From the shores of these two provinces all emigration must have occurred, on account of the dangerous coast and much greater distance from the north. On account of their position on the peninsula the two states must have been a scene of perennial warfare in the periods preceding our era. Now the Corean records cover the history of the entire territory for the last nineteen centuries and make no mention of a fact which, had it occurred during that time, would have been a matter of the profoundest importance and interest.

Before that time, and, in fact, before the first century B. C., neither the Corean or Chinese records give much information respecting the southern part of the peninsula. They confine themselves to Gaoli and the northern states, whose southern boundary was the Datong River, on whose bank Ping Yang stands and the district abutting on its shores. The lands below this they refer to as the kingdoms or tribes of Bayi and Sinlo, and describe the population as numerous, fierce and ever-fighting.

This is corroborated by the Chinese official maps of the third century B. C., which designate Gaoli as Chaosien and the militant

states as that of Mahan tribes or nations, the Chun-Han nations, and the Bien-Han nations, showing that in three hundred years there had been revolutions and wars more desolating and destructive than those which metamorphosed Italy in the last days of the Roman Empire.

What information we have of Baijī goes back to about 20 A. D. It is therefore probable that the exodus from Corea to Japan had finished at least some time before that epoch. It must have occurred after the invasion of the Corean peninsula by the Si-Shun-Shu and before the time of Kitsu in 1120 B. C. Whether the first settlers of Japan were in the vanguard of the Si-Shun movement and crossed the strait from mere martial inertia or whether they were forced to traverse the waters by the increasing pressure of tribes from the north we know not, but the probabilities are ten to one in favor of the latter hypothesis.

Collating the dates we find, therefore, that the invasion of Japan from Corea probably did not occur after the time of Kitsu in 1120 B. C. nor before the beginning of the conquest of China, 6000 B. C. This is a long period — five thousand years — and yet after all what are fifty centuries to the lapse of time during which modern science shows man to have been npon the globe.

A curious side-light is thrown upon the subject by the science of language. The Government of Japan is preparing an encyclopedic dictionary of its speech, and for that purpose has long employed a number of philologic scholars. In their work thus far they report that they have found that one-sixth of all the language is similar in form to present Corean words; that another sixth in ancient or archaic forms is like present or past Corean forms; that other lists bear a family resemblance to Manchurian, Mongolian and Chinese forms, even where they are not borrowed directly from the tongues; that a similar correspondence exists in syntax, phonology, and the metaphoric use of radicals. They all agree that Japanese is agnate with Corean or else grew near it for many centuries and that both bear a family relationship to the Manchurian and other languages mentioned.

The archæological remains of Japan and Corea are closer and more alike than are any of the other three nations. Those which seem to belong to 500 B. C. and 1500 B. C. are scarcely distinguishable.

Sociologically both Japan and Corea have followed a path that during many centuries was identical. The differences in development and condition are large to-day, but they diminish as one goes backward, and in the eighth century appear to be quite insignificant.

The brief historical story now sketched finds a parallel in the cases of the Gotho-Germanic races of Europe. They spread from their original home, occupied Germany, driving out the Keltic peoples, invaded Holland by land in the same manner, and thence sailed to England, which they conquered after ruthless wars with the Britons, Picts and Scots, also members of the Keltic family. Substitute the Miao for the Kelts, the Chinese for the Germans, the Coreans for the Dutch and the Japanese for the English, and you have the Far East. The analogy goes even further. The last great migration in either case was to an island kingdom, rich in natural resources, where the invaders grew into a homogeneous nation, and where, in the course of the years, they surpassed their ancient kindred in all that constitutes a high civilization.

In the evolution of Japan, China and Corea, war has been the most important factor. Yet oddly enough its consequences have been very different in each case. The three started with about the same bravery, the same military skill and the same love of conquest. Their annals disclose exhibition of wonderful courage, of noble heroism in

defeat and magnanimity in triumph. Each has had its up and downs, of which the totals of the balance-sheet cannot be far apart. Yet, at the present time, they are so different as to justify cause for surprise.

The Chinese are as brave as can be, but their bravery is cold and fatalistic. They have no love of nationality, no love of war and no love of life. To this they add a superstition which increases their eccentricity. A Fuhkien soldier drills seven holes in his sword blade and fills them with copper plugs. It is a magic spell, and makes him invincible and invulnerable. But if one is loosened, he is the picture of misery ; he knows that he is to be wounded or captured. He goes to battle nerveless and weak, and usually brings about the fate he dreads. If the accident happened to twenty men in the regiment, that regiment would certainly be defeated if it went into action in the next forty-eight hours.

If a copper plug falls out and is lost, the owner of the blade is a doomed man. Rather than suffer the unknown on the morrow, he is apt to commit suicide to-day.

It is of no use to reason with him and assure him that death is but death, no matter how it come. He answers promptly, "That is true, but if I kill myself I die quickly and with but little pain, while if I wait I die and suffer untold agony in the dying."

Their superstition works queer results. In the war of 1885 a French man-of-war at Foo-Chow one night turned the search-light upon five hundred Chinese soldiers busy at making earthworks. As the great light struck them, they dropped their tools and stood aghast. Finally the whisper ran the ranks, "The French have captured the moon and have taken it on their ship." This was enough. The next moment they broke and fled, and it is said could never be persuaded to go near that place again.

Indifference to death is another remarkable Chinese characteristic. The "virtuous widow," who commits suicide to honor her dead husband, invites all her friends and relatives to the performance and lights her own pyre or applies the deadly knife with a smile or a bow. The servants, who had themselves buried alive with their dead lord, were invariably laughing or singing when the last brick closed up the opening to the tomb.

If you have a very bitter Celestial enemy, keep a watch on your well and your front door. He is liable to drown himself or hang himself in the other case, just to get satisfaction.

Some years ago General Liu Ming Shan, then Governor of Formosa, started a railway. It was a source of wonder and delight to the people, who patronized it liberally and crowded the road in every town and village to watch the trains go by. In due course of time the news got abroad that the wonderful iron horse was as common as ordinary equine quadrupeds among the "foreign devils," and that the law of railroads required them to pay heavy damages to the family of any one they ran over. Shortly after that an old man was killed on the track, and then an old woman was seen to throw herself under the wheels of the train. The families promptly demanded indemnity for the loss, and received, say, two hundred dollars from the authorities, accordingly. People kept on being run over until the railroad officials became tired. They made an investigation and found that in every case the victims had discussed the matter with his or her household, and had agreed to offer up life beneath the wheels so that the kindred could obtain damages from the road.

The grievance was reported to the Governor, who immediately published a new law. It made loitering or being near a railway with suicidal intent a capital offense and prohibited any indemnity for a death under such circumstances. The proclama-

tions were posted everywhere the same day and from that day the accidents ceased as if by magic. One man, who had induced his father to kill himself in this manner a few days before and had not collected the money, was so indignant at the new statute that he hanged himself in the Governor's outer quadrangle.

Very different are the Japanese. They love life and gayety, war and Fatherland. They have superstitions, but while believing in them, laugh at them as if capital jokes. They are as brave as tiger cats. When the American and English gunboats bombarded the Shiminosaki forts thirty odd years ago, the garrisons never flinched nor faltered. They served the old smooth-bores against their enemy until they were shot down. As cannon after cannon was dismantled, as the walls of the fort were swept away by shot and shell, as the soldiers were slaughtered, there was no thought of flight. As an American lieutenant observed afterwards when asked if the Japanese could fight. "Fight? Why, the little brown devils can fight anything."

They take an intense interest in their politics and public affairs. Under the ancient regime of Daimios each district regarded its lord paramount as a superior being and turned out en masse to fight his battles as enthusiastically as ever did the vassals and men at arms of feudal earls and barons.

Under the present administration they display the same feeling for their parties and their nation. They cannot have a special election without a fight and generally a death or two. When it comes to general elections of great importance passions run so high that riots are a regular occurrence. They veneer their militant quality with politeness until they attain a kind of chivalry. It is told of a famous Samurai that he never wounded an enemy without bowing and never killed one without an humble apology.

Above all they are patient and enduring. They make their wants as few as possible and in this way, no matter how poor they may be, extract a joy from life unknown to us, who depend mainly on purchase for our pleasures.

The third type, that of the citizen of the "Land of the Morning Calm" is inferior to the other two. It is difficult to describe and more difficult to understand. Physically the Corean is strong and healthy ; nevertheless, he shirks his work if employed and does a boy's task if his own master. His climate is cold and his soil not over-fertile. Yet he avoids manufactures and is as lazy and idle as it is possible to be without starving or freezing to death. He has invented one of the best alphabets known, a phonetic system worthy of Pitman, yet he pretends to be ignorant of its existence. He has a literature, but never rewards his own authors, nor refers to their books. He has, times numberless displayed great valor, yet nine times out of ten, his conduct is savage, cruel, and cowardly. On the coast, he wrecks ships, loots the cargo and massacres the crew. Inland he robs the traveller and anyone else he can lay hands on.

The government is if possible worse than the citizen. It possesses an army of a million men on paper, but could not muster five thousand troops, when the riots occurred last spring. It buys magazine-rifles for its soldiers, but when these are delivered, they prove to be spears, flails and worn-out muskets. It has a great navy of three hundred men-of-war and three thousand officers on paper, but does not own a steam launch much less a single ship. It mines gold and silver in large quantities but receives its taxes and transacts most of its business by barter. It has custom-houses but farms them out to the Imperial Maritime Customs, a quasi-corporation, half English and half Chinese.

Japan is cursed by the social evil and China by concubinage. Corea proudly imitates both countries and adds the two vices,

to her own, polygamy and slave-girl traffic.

One of the chief items in the official record of the King's income is the slave-girls he breeds and sells for immoral purposes.

The attitudes of the three nations towards our form of civilization are equally full of contrast. China refers to European and American alike as "Western Barbarian" or "Foreign Devil" the same as she did a thousand years ago to the naked denizens of Borneo and Sumatra. She regards their social and political system with a strange mixture of hostility and contempt. She accepts our institutions, only when forced upon her by commercial necessity or the rifled cannon. There are a few in every class, from Li Hung Chang and Chan Tsi Tung down to the coolies in the treaty ports who recognize the inferiority of their own system in numerous particulars and are willing and anxious to adopt European ideas in their stead. They are, however, a hopeless minority, who wield but little influence upon the nation at large.

Thus when the foreigners and some progressive Chinese built a railway from Woosung to Shanghai, the conservative nations bought it up for the single purpose of destroying it.

When the Peking government under Li Hung Chang's advice started to establish a telegraph system through the Empire, the poles and wires were torn down as fast as they were erected until a law was passed making this an offense punishable with death. Of thousands of applications to establish lines of steam launches and steamboats on the rivers and lakes, only five have been granted by the Imperial authorities. Of mining concessions requested by corporations, native, foreign and mixed, but two have been givenin fifty years.

Their primary and collegiate curriculum, public examinations, civil service, etiquette and political administration is about the same to-day as it was under the ill-starred Ming dynasty. In Chinese statesmanship, there are no words for progress, improvement and development. The highest praise that can be rendered a great Mandarin is that he never departed from the ways of his ancestors.

Japan takes a diametrically opposite course. Because the western civilization was superior to their own in many respects, therefore, argue they, it was superior in all respects, and we will adopt it and make it our own. Upon this platform the entire nation has worked unceasingly. It now has an army, a navy, a customs, a postoffice and a civil service of the best type. The telegraph reaches as many places in proportion to the territory as it does in the United States. The railway goes everywhere, and every coast is patrolled by steamers, steamboats and steam launches. The telephone is used in the cities and towns, as is also the electric light. Even little mountain towns in the interior own installations, where the power comes from turbines driven by formerly unruly torrents. Gas and sewer pipes underlie the well-paved streets of the cities, while the country roads are monuments to Macadam and Telford.

A bicycler will find better thoroughfares in the "Land of the Rising Sun" than in the great commonwealth of New York. In their judicial system, they have codes, civil and criminal, of procedure and of evidence, police, police stations, police courts, magistrates, tribunals of original and appellate jurisdiction, court stenographers, court clerks and court records. The system is equitable, expeditious and economical. Justice in Japan is quick, cheap and always accessible.

The educational system includes primary, grammar and high schools, colleges and universities. The Imperial University of Tokio with over a thousand students has chairs filled with great scholars upon Jurisprudence, Constitutional Law, Roman Law,

International Law, French, English, German, Public Civil, and Commercial Law on Political economy and finance, on clinical medicine, surgery, anatomy, physiology, dermatology, hygiene, histology, morphology, bacteriology, pharmacology, psychiatry, gynæcology, obstetrics, medical chemistry, pathology, etiology, forensic medicine, medical jurisprudence, in mining, civil and mechanical engineering, chemistry, applied chemistry, naval engineering, architecture, sanitation, electrics, metallurgy, on sociology—well, on one hundred other branches of art, science, literature, mechanics and agriculture.

It has two hundred and two members of the faculty and a small army of assistants. This is a larger foundation than that of either Harvard or Columbia, our two largest institutions.

They have borrowed or adopted our system of mining engineering and applied it to their rich coal-fields. In this way, they have developed an industry, whose traffic is several millions of tons per annum and which gives steady employment, to over a hundred thousand working people. They have also applied it to other mineral formations in various parts of the Kingdom and have been successful in nearly every instance. They have adopted our commercial and industrial methods and are now begining to control the Eastern markets in matches, cotton cloths, cotton crepe, ham, bacon, smoked salmon and other goods. They make good cigarettes with American machines and are now putting up a giant clock and watch factory, for which the necessary tools and mechanisms are being made in the United States.

At Yokohama, Nagasaki and other ports they have followed British models in building dry docks, lifting shears, ship yards, machine shops in boiler and engine works and repair yards. They can to-day repair or build a modern war ship from Japanese material by Japanese workmen, under Japanese engineers, in a Japanese navy yard. They have gone so far in our civilization that they are now self-supplying and theoretically independent of the outside world.

It may be questioned if in some regards they have not gone too far. The native Kimone is far handsomer than our uncouth coat and trousers and much more healthful and graceful than the dress, skirts and corsets of our women. Their exquisitely designed and harmoniously colored textiles are a world superior to the vulgar and tawdry patterns of our own race, which they are now imitating and manufacturing on a large scale. Their lacquers and carvings, silver and bronze work, cloissenneé and porcelain have no equals and should not be neglected to go into the manufacture of the cheap wares, inartistic bric a brac and commonplace art-pieces demanded by the American market. That part of our civilization is a nightmare and a disgrace. It is a survival of the centuries, when we were savages or brutal beings of the Middle Ages.

It is difficult to describe the attitude of Corea toward Western civilization. Practically it has no more than a tribe of Esquimaux. The King, the Nobility and the Mandarins are servile imitators of the Chinese, whom heretofore they have regarded as superior beings. They ape Chinese manners, habits and customs and in the excellence of their mimicry consider themselves immeasably above foreign races. War has taught them several good lessons in the form of crushing defeats and they conceal their contempt for these, who they know can annihilate them in battle.

The vast mass of the people are given to superstition and are hardly any higher in the scale of being, than our Indians. Like all savage and semi-savage communities, they have instinctive dislike of all outsiders, Chinese included. This explains the fact why

altogether in Corea, although it abuts on China, there are so few Chinese citizens.

The government has a post office from which it gets a return from postage bought by the collectors of the civilized world. The merchants seldom if ever use it, preferring the postal accommodations afforded by the various consulates. There is a telegraph line from Seoul, the Capitol, to Chemulpo, its seaport, but it is rarely employed by the natives. Last June the King was negotiating for a telephone and an electric light and was startled to find that he had to buy them in Yokohama and could not obtain them at Peking and that his Chinese courtiers had never heard of either.

The country is too poor and the nation too lazy and apathetic to either resist or assist civilization. Under foreign influence, it may come into Nineteenth Century ways, while under foreign threats it would be bound to come. Without foreign intervention of some sort the "Land of the Morning Calm" will be true to its name, for years and centuries yet to come. The only progress the nation has made in this century has been in the past two decades and under the influences of Greathouse, Legendre, Chaillé-Long and other foreign-born ministers of State. Even then they confined their efforts to inducing Corea to follow in the footsteps of China.

As for the future it is obvious that there is no hope for China under either the present administration or its social or political system.

Revolution, if successful, may sweep away the present system, which is rotten throughout and create a new order out of the old. This however does not commend itself to the student of history. The country has had revolutions innumerable. Dynasties, great cities and even the populations of vast districts have been swept away, but the restoration of peace brought back only the old order, with new men at its head.

Partition among more civilized nations, as in the case of Africa, annexation as with India, or a protectorate as with the Malay principalities are the only avenues through which progress may come. Any other course will be a crime against humanity.

Of Japan, her achievements are the best witnesses. She will soon be, if she is not already one of the Great Powers. In all probability she will enter the Twentieth Century, the equal, intellectual, industrial and martial of any of the family of nations. It may be that she will contract the British disease of "Earth-Hunger" and require sound chastisement to bring her to her senses. Or it may be that she will wisely refuse to follow the bad example of the Christian nations and so develop her people in peace and prosperity.

To and for Corea something must be done. She is in the slough of despond, and must be pulled out. She would have been swallowed up years ago, by either Russia or Japan, had it not been for the opposition of China and of Europe.

She is an anachronism preserved by modern diplomacy, for the end of the Nineteenth Century. If she is ever to be civilized, it is to be done in the natural course by allowing her to pass under the sceptre of the Mikado, or the Czar or else to have her annexed or "protected" by another of the great nations of Europe.

Margherita Arlina Hamm.

MOUNT SHASTA.

Sublime, majestic, bold and lone you stand,
Proud monument, from an Almighty Hand—
You awe the sons of men, their souls impress ;
Grand monarch of the mountain wilderness—
While time exists ; you will uplifted stand
A giant warder of the golden land.

A solitary sentinel, you keep
A tireless watch, while weary mortals sleep—
Upon your head gleam first the rays of light
Which banish darkness, and the shades of night—
Upon your summit, linger, shine, and play,
The fleeing sunbeams of departing day.

Around you flowed the waters, dark and wide ;
While this fair land was still beneath the tide—
You saw light flash upon the sleeping earth,
When time, from vast eternity had birth—
You saw the first created life appear :
At last men swarmed before you, far and near.

While clouds beneath you float, o'er hill and plain,
You see the sun above the falling rain—
You once flung fire and flame on all below ;
You rest in silence now, begirt with snow—
Around you now the north winds sweep and shriek ;
Kiss your cold brow and fan your frozen cheek.

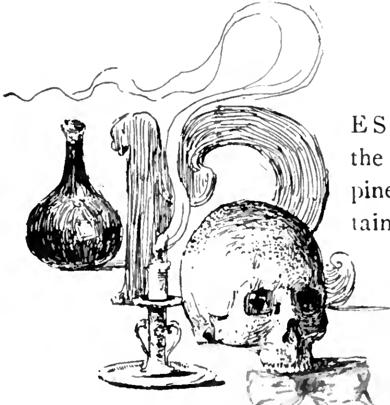
You see afar, the ocean's glittering sail ;
The flowing river, and the glowing vale—
You see the storm with vivid lightnings flash ;
The forest bend and groan, then break, and crash—
You heed not the tempest, or the thunders shock ;
Unchanging, firm, and long enduring rock.

You'll stand until the earth is dead, and light
Again fades into everlasting night—
Till great Niagara has stilled its roar,
And silence reigns upon the ocean shore—
Until this wandering world's long course is run,
And earth shall fall into its grave, the sun.

C. M. Smith.

TRUE TALES OF THE OLD WEST. III.

AN ARGONAUTIC EPISODE.



NESTLING in the shadow of pine clad mountains and chapparal clothed slopes, somber in the starlight or dimly projected under the moon's rays, the beautiful Mariposa Valley in its peaceful loveliness was a gem of natural beauty. The flaw in the jewel was of man's making, his presence and pursuits the discordant note. It needed the shadows of the night to tone down and partially obliterate the signs of his handiwork and occupation. The creation and growth of the mining camp called for no particular sentiment on the part of its builders, and it became a chance aggregation of trading houses and gambling dens, characterized by a raw newness and obtrusiveness that were an offense to the eye, as well as a practical comment on the unbelief of its inhabitants of a prospect of its permanency. In the days when toil, hope and ambition were striving for a common goal, the acquisition of sufficient material wealth to justify an abandonment of the country and a return to the East, when the miner, swayed by rumor or fired by whispered tales of richer diggings, was ever ready to join in a mad rush to some other locality, when the exhaustion of the placers seemed to fix a limit to the camp's existence, the incentive to investment in substantial structures was wanting and the unkemptness, raggedness and rawness of the place was accepted without criticism or the awakening of any desire toward improvement:

It did have a picturesqueness all its own, or rather in common with hundreds of similar foothill camps in the fact that it was not an evolution, but a creation for which there had been no precedents, a social structure typical of the wild freedom of men who had shaken off the shackles of orderly life, dazzled on the one hand by the abundance of a precious metal, the possession of which compassed and placed within their grasp the material with which to procure all that life seemed worth living for, and on the other, by the removal of a pressure of old civilization and laws that in their former habitats, at least compelled an outward observance of the canons of society. A creature of his environments there was a distinct trend backward toward barbarism, a relaxation of the moral fibre, an easy tolerance of the inbred viciousness that came to the surface, a disposition to regard the turbulance, the vice and the flaunting immorality of the town, as something to be condoned, or at least, tolerated rather than corrected. The better elements were too absorbingly engaged in the harvest of riches, too busy in playing a lottery where the prizes seemingly outnumbered the blanks, to give much heed to the conduct or morals of the camp followers and parasites and too prone as a distraction from their labor to mingle in its unlawful pleasures.

The town was prosy enough in its daylight aspect but as the evening shadows fell it woke into a new life of flashing lights, moving crowds and clamour of sounds and an

animation in contrast with the dullness of the day. From outlying districts the miners sought the distractions and dissipations of the camp, as a relaxation from their toilsome work in the placers and the town really began business when theirs ceased. The feast was crude but highly spiced and the patrons numerous. The average Argonaut was not at all fastidious and more refined entertainment would not have appealed to him to any great degree. Not that all were roisterers or had divested themselves of their earlier or better habits, but amusement was necessary and théy put in an appearance at the nightly revels, as spectators if not participants ; it was a relief from the loneliness of the cabin and the solitary life that bore so heavily on the self-exiled pioneers.

The doors of the gaming houses swung wide open and out from their portals came the call of the dealers of games of chance, a monotonous record of the alternating cards or colors, or the number of the pocket on the circling wheel into which settled the fateful ivory roulette ball ; the twang of guitars and noise of shuffling feet located the fandango house, where the brown Mexican girls waltzed with all comers for the modest compensation of drinks at the bar ; the softer notes of the violin and "cello" marked the more aristocratic French dance hall, while from out of the darkness came a frequent and all-pervading "he-haw" of a tired burro, doubtless protesting against the hard lines that rewarded with a meagerness of diet a laborious existence. Scarcely less discordant than the latter was the occasional outburst of some ruffian, a "whooppee" of defiance, born of libations of bad whiskey and stimulated to an artificial mood of desperation that filled him with a desire to run amuck among his fellows, a challenge often followed by the sharp ring of pistol shots and the tumult of a fleeing crowd seeking refuge from a chance bullet. And so sped the hours till midnight, a strange medley of varying passions and emotions, the predominating feature being the license of the times, the utter disregard for the proprieties, the personal liberty of each and every one to cast aside all prejudices born of earlier training without adverse comment or criticism from his neighbor, to condone as spectator and not to lose caste as active participator.

Toward the morning hours the sounds grew less in volume. The miner, recalling the prospective toil of the morrow, drifted away on the lonely trail to his cabin greeted outside the town limits with a chorus of yelping barks from the prowling coyote, or the prolonged howl of a wolf borne down on the night air in melancholy cadence from mountain crest ; the games closed for lack of patrons, the lights went out in the dance house and the gamblers, flush with the night's gains, sat down to prey upon each other and organized games of poker and "brag" indulging in high and reckless play that still lingers as a glorious tradition of the camp.

The town woke late. There was no need of early rising and the few to whom the habit clung, found the forenoon hang heavily on their hands. It was a conspicuously dirty and dilapidated place in the daylight. The one main street, gullied into ruts by the rain or trodden into fine dust by tread of mustang, mule and burro, was thickly strewn with old cans, sardine boxes, barrel hoops, and a layer of soiled, discarded playing cards, the wreck and litter of the gaming houses, their profusion indicating how great a feature of the camp's occupation they were. About the only bustle to be noted was in front of the outfitting stores, before which in line, were tethered patient mules and uncomplaining burros bearing with equanimity born of systematic abuse the objurgations of their Mexican guardians, as the latter skillfully adjusted the loads of miscellaneous cargo, flour and bacon, mining and mixed merchandise destined for outlying camps.

A bevy of Mexican girls sauntered by exchanging salutation with their dark skinned *paisanos*, on their way to the one dry goods "emporium" to bargain for ribbon and other finery to piece out a fandango house toilette. Here and there, in sunny corners lounged groups of the original inhabitants, the Digger Indian, buck, squaw and pappoose, bored perhaps, but sustained in spirit by a genius for loafing and a contented idleness, happy in the thought that the grasshopper harvest was no longer a necessity and that the coming of the white man relieved their wants and gave them from out of the profusion a continual feast undreamed of in their previous condition. This picking up of the crumbs that fell from bountiful tables had become the only occupation of the unemotional and undemonstrative savage, a barbarian thriving on the flotsam and jetsam of an existence hardly less barbarous than his own.

On this particular day — it was in the spring of '52 — it was evident that something out of the ordinary was impending. The daily sensation, the arrival of the Stockton stage, passed unnoticed and as the driver, a dashing Jehu, who compelled admiration by his skillful handling of the Concord coach and six, swung the team in front of the hotel his first remark to the express agent was: "What's up?" The fact that his arrival attracted but few loungers was sufficient proof that the unusual was in the air and the explanation proved his acute observation. He was well aware that his eclipse was not due to such ordinary incidents as a raid on the Greasers — the sweeping and opprobrious term contemptuously applied to the native Californians — a duel to the death between rival monte dealers, or other episodes of a like character. These incidents excited but transitory interest and casual discussion; their frequency had made the population blasé in that direction. There was an ominous absence of attention to the usual points of attraction, an indefinable feeling that a crisis was at hand and that the camp was to have a novel if not altogether pleasurable experience.

Not that the street was deserted; on the contrary there was an unusual crowd on hand for a week day, a visiting throng of grey shirted, rough costumed toilers who, as a rule, during the daylight hours were too busy in their pursuits to lend their presence to the place. Serious and staid in their demeanor they gathered in groups up and down the thoroughfare, discussing some important matter and wholly absorbed in the subject; here and there some younger and more excitable one breaking out into loud-voiced denunciation, only to be checked by his companions. Hardly less noticeable than their presence was the absence of the sporting element, members of which at this time of day — it was high noon — were generally in evidence on the saloon porches, tilted back in arm chairs, sunning themselves in elegant leisure affected during the afternoon hours Their morning salutations had not been chirrupy, and a glance over the street had exercised a most subduing effect. As Texas Bill remarked, referring to the multitude which had taken possession of the place: "It looks as if they mean business," a sentiment coincided in by his fellow gamblers, and with an uneasy feeling that the progress of events might involve serious consequences, they sought retirement in back rooms, canvasing the outlook with an anxious solicitude as to their own safety.

Perhaps in the wildness, strangeness, and absence of the ordinary conventionalities that fettered life in older communities, nothing marked the transition quite so prominently as the easy tolerance exercised among men, the condonation of erratic courses, the facile acceptance of a novel environment, that seemed to justify a de-

parture from all hitherto accepted standards. The same leniency that failed to criticise or rebuke a moral degeneracy, was as charitable or possibly, indifferent, to graver infractions. The miners' code, self-evolved and without sanction of organized government, was all sufficient in settling the metes and bounds of disputed mining claims, or arranging disagreements that might arise among themselves, and lawyers finding little practice, either abandoned their profession temporarily for other pursuits or turned politicians. To be sure, justice in a rude way had been administered on several occasions; a number of sluice robbers had felt the sting of the lash and petty thieves had been quietly banished to other camps; a couple of murderers had occupied the log jail for a long period, but the structure generally stood tenantless and was looked upon as a superfluous institution. Life had been held cheaply enough and the knife and the pistol had played a prominent part in the camp's history, but only among a class whose sudden taking-off was looked upon in the light of a beneficent dispensation: their extermination at each other's hands to be encouraged rather than condemned and the survivors' plea of "self-defense" an all-sufficient justification. There was a tacit understanding that "he who appealed to the sword, should perish by the sword," and so long as the desperadoes and fighters waged war among themselves only, neither the written or unwritten law took cognizance of their crimes or molested them in their vendettas. This elastic code had been broken and the implied boundaries passed. Wantonly and seemingly without provocation, a murder had been committed in the early morning hours and the victim was neither gambler nor desperado.

As it happens, this chronicle is concerned more with the slayer than the slain. He was a character who had drifted into the camp in its earliest days; one Jack O'Rourke, quasi gambler and wholly "bad man;" tabooed by the more aristocratic sporting men on account of his vulgar habit of posing as a "chief," but not often molested, as it was known that he did not hesitate to defend the title when occasion arose. Despite this reputation his idiosyncrasies had not seriously interfered with the peace of the camp. Such minor aberrations as shooting out saloon lights, terrorizing "Greasers" and putting a quietus on an aggressive "Sydney Duck," while received with disfavor, had not called for adverse action. There had been some talk of hinting to Jack that a transition to Bear Valley or Coulterville — neighboring towns — might tend to preserve his health, but before this invitation took form a little incident appealing to local pride restored him to high favor.

In all that was good and evil Hornitos was a rival of Mariposa. Its placers were as rich, its population as progressive, its miners' gains squandered as lavishly and it had its full share of gamblers, fighting men and "terrors." Among the latter was one known as "Fighting Bob Carter," a sandy-haired ruffian who had earned considerable notoriety as a fandango house bully. His fame had reached Mariposa and when he visited the place with the avowed purpose of adding further laurels to a hitherto undimmed reputation, expectation arose to its highest and it was confidently believed among his townsmen that he would return, "bringing his sheaves with him" in the way of an established supremacy in his line. Expectations and belief were disappointed. The expedition was a flat failure and resulted in a fiasco that reflected great discredit on the fighting products of Hornitos, to the discomfiture of that camp and the delight of all loyal Mariposans. When the supreme test came and Jack flaunted in the face of the invader an alleged chieftainship of all the region roundabout, with an offen-

siveness that should have called for instant and deadly action, "Fighting Bob s" heart or liver failed him and meekly submitting to the taunts, he slunk out of town, forever disgraced and disbarred from his profession.

This achievement served for a time to gloss over Jack's peccadillos and his eccentricities were viewed lightly even as they grew more marked. Perhaps this toleration was partially due to an opinion that Jack's birth and breeding had been quite different than his present conduct would lead one to believe. At times there came to the surface a note of refinement, a betrayal of gentle blood, an assumption of bookish knowledge that contrasted strangely with his usual slang and braggadocio. Apt quotations interlarded his conversation, he mouthed Latin in his maudlin moments, and had a smattering of modern languages. Judge Bondurant, the leading legal light of the county, seeking from classic fount to give weight to judicial utterance by a freely rendered couplet from "Horace," submitted to Jack's suave correction of its exactness and shade of meaning when his attention was called to a conjugation of Latin verb that did not support his premises; our Senator, who had climbed the dizzy heights of political preferment by means of the supposed advantage of an education that bore Harvard's stamp, had been badly worsted in an argument, in the course of which he had fortified himself with a platitude from Euripides, in turn to be overwhelmed by Jack's liberal reference to aphorisms from the Greek dramatists in rebuttal. The scamp's crowning triumph had been the impromptu delivery of a fiery, eloquent and impassioned plea in behalf of a suspected sluice robber, so moving and persuasive on the side of mercy that the crowd let the fellow go scot free.

These glimpses of a possibly superior early training were only flashes, for in his daily bearing and associates the fellow, save in one particular, was an unmitigated ruffian. This exception was the dog-like fidelity and affection that he lavished upon a female companion, who had made her advent with him when he first honored the place with his presence. He claimed her as wife and insisted that she should be respected as such. Toward her he was all chivalry and tenderness even in his most drunken moods and it was well understood that he risked sudden death who questioned her right to the title, or meditated insult. The woman was a brunette of the most attractive type, young, handsome, dark-eyed, a voluptuous product of the South, a Louisiana Creole by her own representation, but probably tainted with just a drop of negro blood. Whatever she was, her devotion to Jack and his fortunes was unswerving and unselfish and she was a willing sharer in his vicious courses. Added to this constancy was an admirable dexterity in the handling of a monte deck, an accomplishment that kept both well provided with all the primitive luxuries procurable and enabled the male partner to array himself in broadcloth and fine linen, sport the finest ivory handled gun in the mines, and in posing as proprietor and protector of the monte game, find his pretext to the title of sporting man. Whatever credit may be due them, it was true that this mutual attachment was unwavering. Dolores (so she was named) was not fickle or ambitious and resisting all blandishments, thereby acquired and sustained a unique reputation as a dragon of virtue, if not of morality.

On the night previous to the day of which these events are a passing record one of the younger miners, having made an extra good clean-up in his claim, visited the town bent on a mild carouse. He passed the early evening hours at the dance house, but, tiring of the charms of the *ballerinas* and the frequent potations which were the price of

these pleasures sought something more exciting, his ill fortune directing his careless footsteps to the resort where Dolores, a modern goddess of chance, presided at the monte bank. He was too drunk to distinguish the queen from the ace, but with foolish persistence followed a lead of bad luck until, angered by his losses, in his drunken spleen he rashly accused the fair dealer with cheating, an insinuation she repelled with indignant force and not altogether elegant language. To this the miner replied with insulting epithet, at which Jack interfered, opened the vials of his wrath on the offender and as the latter arose from his chair and made a demonstration of attack, whipped out the too ready bowie knife and with an ugly thrust ended the quarrel and a human life. The awful suddenness of the fatal result seemed to paralyze the assassin, and he stood gazing at the dead victim, deaf to Dolores who, recognizing his peril and the sure vengeance that would follow, was at his side in a moment urging him to escape in the darkness to the hills and whispering that she would have a horse ready for him over on the Chowchilla if he would rendezvouz in the chapparal. Before he had gathered his wits together sufficiently to take action a deputy sheriff, engaged in a late game of poker at an adjacent saloon, had been notified, and putting in an hasty appearance, marched Jack off to the old log jail.

As it happened, no victim could have been selected whose sudden taking-off would have excited more indignation. An exceedingly popular fellow, a good-natured spendthrift whose proverbial luck and lavish waste of his money had made him hale fellow with all, a wave of resentment followed the news of the event. It circulated rapidly and as it passed from mouth to mouth and claim to claim there was an intimation, meeting with no negation, that it was a case that in the interests of self-protection called for summary reprisal. The toughs needed a stern admonishment, an object lesson that would effectually curb the tendencies to overstep the line and this sentiment met a tacit endorsement on all sides. In response to a generally understood invitation, picks and shovels were dropped, rockers lay idle, and early in the day, from flat and gulch, creek and hillside, the miners gathered to the town. Decisive action was somewhat delayed by the interference and expostulation of Judge Bondurant and others, in a vain attempt to avert popular wrath with wise counsel as to the better policy of trusting to the law for the punishment of the crime; but the feeling was too deep-seated and intense to permit this counsel to prevail and finally, as a few of the more positive and determined spirits headed toward the jail, the crowd followed and in a moment became vociferous in a demand for the production of the murderer.

It was evident that another act of the tragedy was to follow, but as if to relieve its gloominess, there came an introduction of a slight comedy element. The sheriff, in vindication of his threatened authority and official position had taken advantage of the morning's delay to summon a dozen deputies, arming them with shotguns and rifles and had intrenched himself and posse inside the jail building. Appearing at the barred window, he proclaimed himself as the embodiment of law and order, the personification of its majesty and a willing sacrifice in its defense, to the extent of only yielding up the prisoner over his own dead body. It was only a "Boabdil" utterance, although checking proceedings for a time. An emissary was dispatched to a neighboring store, from which was procured a keg of powder and a couple of feet of fuse. This was placed under the floor and the doughty sheriff warned that at the end of five minutes, unless in the meantime the

door opened there would be an excursion skyward, participated in by sheriff, deputies and prisoner. If he had entertained any thought of resistance, his views quickly changed, and his intrepidity oozed away. Without further parleying the door swung back, the sheriff and deputies tumbled over each other in a hasty exit and the way was clear to the mob. The doomed man, who understood the deadly meaning, to him, of the turmoil, had nerved himself to meet the ordeal and without a tremor walked out and delivered himself to the leaders. His face was pallid and bloodless, a forced smile on his lips and the light of a hunted wolf in his blue eyes, as he calmly surveyed the crowd, which he greeted with a: "Good morning, boys, I suppose I am the man you are looking for."

No answer was made to the mocking salutation. As he was led away, there was a slight confusion on the outskirts of the mob caused by the attempt of a woman to break her way through, but she was held back and only her voice was heard, in supplication and wild appeals for mercy for "My Jack." As the pitiful tones rang out, the head of the poor wretch drooped and the cynical smile faded away from his lips, but beyond this he gave no token and the procession headed its way up the hillside to the crowning summit overlooking the town, where a halt was made under a convenient tree. A colony of blue jays, disturbed by the intrusion, scolded with harsh note as they flew away; a woodpecker suspended operations and adjourned to a less frequented locality; a red squirrel scurried up the trunk, and chattered in a quiver of alarm; and a buzzard, as if scenting a feast, slowly circled in the distant sky. Seemingly impressed with the solemnity of a deed which had for its finale the snuffing-out of the life of a fellow-creature, a silence fell upon all. The victim's arms were pinioned behind him, the rope, swung over a limb and grasped by a dozen strong hands, was placed in position and Jack was asked if he had anything to say. He swept the sky with a glance, lingering for a moment on the soaring buzzard, strained his eyes in the direction from which came the only audible human sound — the wailings of a woman — shrugged his shoulders with the remark: "It's pretty rough, boys, to give all this up and go prospecting in hell," and became mute.

The situation was becoming somewhat strained and the chances were, that if a voice had been raised in his favor a respite would have been granted, but none was heard; a sign was given and Jack was lifted into the unknown. Still there was no sound save the intensified screams of Dolores; the body swayed to and fro in the convulsive movements of the torture of slow strangulation and then, ceasing, death ended the struggles. Then arose a murmur of voices, and the self-appointed judges sought justification in the Mosaic law of "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." Life extinct, the body was lowered and laid upon the trampled grass and crushed blossoms underneath the tree. By this time the woman had succeeded, or rather, had been allowed to force her way to the front and as she caught sight of the pulseless form, her lamentations ceased and she tenderly covered the horribly distorted face with her handkerchief. Then, turning to those who through curiosity had lingered, she launched into a scorching phillippic, a magnificent invective, that exhausted all of her resources of language — and she had a most copious command of it — in denunciation of the cowards who had robbed her, of her mate. The few now living, who listened to the withering curses and cries to heaven to send swift vengeance on his slayers, will carry to their graves a vivid recollection of the scene; will never forget the posture of the enraged tigress, the outstretched

arm, the striking gestures, the flashing eyes, the utter abandon of wrath, the torrent of bitter words that scorched and burned the listeners and the climax as, exhausted with the violence of her emotions, she threw herself upon the body and waved away those who came to punish and remained to pity.

The example made and the work, for good or evil, over, the mob dispersed and the town resumed its wonted quiet. The miners scattered to their claims, the gamblers, inconspicuous during the affair, emerged from their cautious seclusion and the incident soon became a reminiscence. Dolores changed from her hysterical mood to one of outward calm and apparent submission to fate and accepting volunteer aid, had the body brought back to town and busied herself in a tearless way in preparations for the burial. These by necessity were of the simplest. The carpenter added undertaking to his profession, and costly caskets with silver trimmings were not procurable. His orders were, however, to exercise his skill regardless of expense and following directions, the coffin of pine was made quite imposing by the aid of a supply of high-priced black velvet from the "emporium" and a white satin dress pattern for lining, contributed by one of the *Muchachas* from the fandango house, who was rewarded by the fine effect and the comment of a companion, who remarked that the outfit was "*bastante fino para un rey.*" While the trappings of visible and outward woe were all that could be desired, the funeral itself was a modest ceremony. The miners had a natural and to-be-commended delicacy in intruding on an affair toward which they had contributed the corpse; the sporting element, from well understood motives, did not care to take a very prominent part and it is to be feared that the touching exordium of the preacher of the Methodist Church, South persuasion, and his moral that to be too handy with "weepins" was a dangerous accomplishment, failed to impress the ladies (?) who were in a large majority on the occasion.

A week passed away, and with it gossip and comment subsided. Dolores abandoned her vocation as a monte dealer, quietly and firmly rejected all offers of alliance and protection, turned a deaf ear to interested consolation and shunned all publicity, with the exception of an occasional interview with the carpenter. Him she hurried with feverish haste and spurred with generous wage to the completion of headboard and paling to enclose the grave. This and the painter's finishing touches concluded, she disappeared and the belief prevailed that she had gone to "Frisco."

A week later, and the idle straying footsteps of a boy led him to the neighborhood of the grave and his curious eyes detected something unusual in its appearance. Approaching, he discovered prone and motionless on the freshly upturned earth, the lifeless form of a woman. It was Dolores. The bright sunshine sifted through her long dark tresses and intensified the wax-like whiteness of a young face, emotionless and at peace; the black eyes that had so often lighted with love and flashed with hate, were dimmed and vacantly staring at the headboard and an oriole, unnoted and unheard, caroled forth its song in the branches of the white oak, under whose swaying limbs she had sought oblivion and final rest.

It was noted that the inscription on the white board was not:

"JACK O'ROURKE"

but:

"JOHN VAN GORDON,

OF MISSISSIPPI."

"as according to her instructions," said the carpenter.

Suicide, was the verdict of the coroner's

jury after a superficial investigation; "a broken heart," interjected the more sentimental. Whichever it was, that and the mystery of the two lives remained unsolved.

The kindly offices of the living, touched by the sad ending of the tragedy, placed the unheeding clay beside the one Dolores loved so well and with it a little gold pencil, which had fallen from her fingers at the foot of the board. With its point she had traced in delicate letters, just underneath his name:

"Judge not, lest ye be judged."

Chauncey L. Canfield.

ARABESQUES.

*
* *

Sad devotee, why waste with care
For Heaven or Hell? O'er thy wine-cup, Smile
And Sing, on Earth, thy little While.

*
* *

Soul! hast not heard, deep in thy heart
Oft times, forgotten, mystic strains?
The Music of Past Lives remains.

*
* *

Grant me, Mahmud, the Red of Wine,
Of Beauty's cheek, of Roses rare,
For Yellow Gold I bear no care.

*
* *

Heart-sick, I in the garden mused,
A Rose's fragrance breathed a song
That drowned the memory of Wrong.

George Wycherly Kirkman.

THE LOOTING OF THE SECOND NATIONAL.

THE San Francisco dailies were full of it. It was the sensation of the hour. Strictly speaking it was a defalcation—the old story of the disappearance of the trusted cashier of the Second National Bank. People shrugged their shoulders and asserted confidently, "They'll catch him easily; they always do. He only left last night at the very earliest. What are the detectives and telegraph and railroads for? He can't get out of the country. Impossible!"

For two weeks everything was done that money, skill, energy, public interest and the newspapers, could do; but no clue as to the whereabouts of the defaulter was found. It was ascertained that the cashier, D. D. Winters, had closed the vault at the usual hour, dined rather freely at Tortoni's, took a car for his rooms at 80 Sutter Street, left them again at 9 o'clock, wearing a dark cape overcoat and derby hat, took the Sutter Street car to Kearny, walked down to the Café Royal, played a couple of games of billiards, went out the side entrance and was not seen afterwards. The most exhausting search failed to bring another important point to light. After systematic investigations, upon every railroad and steamer line that leaves the city, and telegraphing minute descriptions of Winters in all directions, the detectives came to the conclusion that the man had never left the city. What was their surprise then, when in the third week from the robbery the news came from New York of the finding of the body of a man there, evidently murdered, which was identified beyond a doubt, as that of the missing cashier. No money, papers or anything that could throw light on the matter, were found upon the body, and the double crime remained an unsolved mystery on the records of the police departments of both cities.

Some two years ago and quite as many after the occurrence narrated while traveling in Mexico I met a young man whom I had known in San Francisco and who had left there the day after the robbery. From him I learned substantially the story which follows:

On the evening of October 1, 1885, about eight o'clock, a dozen men were playing pool for small stakes at one of the rear tables of the Café Royal. Among them was a man, not more than twenty-five years of age, slender, fair, with light grey eyes, reddish brown hair, rather sensuous lips and face somewhat thinned and flushed by dissipation. Foster, as he was called, had played all evening out of luck until finally in disgust he put up his cue and fell to watching the billiard games. Probably the best players in the house were Winters and Scott. Scott was making a long run and the former, a short, plump, florid man in his shirt sleeves, was leaning against the next table, chalking his cue and talking to a friend—a man somewhat above the medium height, very dark and rather handsome. Scott ran the game out, Winters put on his coat, Foster was invited to drink with them and the three soon left the place and walked up Market Street, Winters earnestly declaring that there was no certainty about Scott's playing. etc. Foster was sulky, the dark man suave and smiling. When they reached the Baldwin corner, the latter suggested they go down to the Louvre, and there led the way to a table in one corner and ordered beer and cigars. Winters still talking, complained bitterly of the impossibility of living within

the miserable salaries one received nowadays.

"Look at the defalcations and breaches of trust. You hear of them every day. That's the only reason under the sun. They find they can't live within their stingy salaries. They go in deeper and deeper every day until finally they find the only thing left for them is to cut for Canada."

"Its a wonder to me," said the dark man whom they called Norton, "that there are not more of them than there are."

"I'll tell you why," said Winters, removing the cigar from his lips and leaning forward with an air of "Listen and you'll get an idea." "It simply can't be done successfully. Do you suppose these defaulters get away? Not one in ten. In half the cases they never get out of the State. Of those who do, five out of six never get across the border, and if a man does and is not afterwards caught and extradited, he's a remarkably clever man—or rather, exceedingly lucky."

Norton seemed incredulous.

"Now, for instance," continued the cashier, "I have charge of the vault at the Second National Bank. I could take out $200,000 any day of the week. But what would be the result? Suppose I had ten hours' start; that would carry me say two hundred and fifty miles toward the nearest border. The next morning the loss is discovered; the case placed in the hands of detectives, the possible time of my leaving fixed; telegrams sent along every railroad line to every station within a radius of, say, four hundred miles. Some conductor or brakeman spots me, and, perhaps, but an hour after the discovery at the bank, a deputy sheriff boards the train, and the jig is up. Suppose I take a steamer. They know just what boats have left harbor that night, and just what points they will touch at during the voyage. At the first stopping place a detective boards the vessel; all hands are passed in review, and the result is the same."

Foster, who had scarcely touched his beer, sat silently through the whole conversation, smoking with a preoccupied air, elbows on the table and his chin resting upon his hands. Even Norton seemed vaguely thoughtful, but continued to order beer and offer objections to the cashier's argument. He had a sinister look upon attentive examination. His eyes were of that exceeding opaque blackness which one sees in Indians and Japanese, and which have the singular faculty of seeing without being seen: a sort of veiled, inpenetrable expression, as though a filmy curtain were stretched before them.

Winters continued to argue upon the impossibility of a successful robbery of this sort, and certainly showed a decidedly clear and accurate notion of the detective system of the country.

"What's the matter with disguising one's self?" said Norton, tentatively.

"In the first place," said the other, tilting his chair back and blowing a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling, watching the rings curiously. "In the first place, there is not one man in a thousand who could secure the materials for a disguise and make all the necessary arrangements without leaving a clue or trace behind. In the next place there is probably not one man in a thousand, unless an actor, perhaps, who could disguise himself so perfectly and cleverly that the fact of his *being disguised* would not easily be detected in broad daylight, and hence suspicion aroused. After all, the most practicable plan would be to go into hiding until the affair blew over; and the best hiding place is right here in the city, though, mind, there is nothing safe about that."

"Show me a man with $100,000, and I'll get him out of the country," said Foster, quietly.

"How?" said the cashier, with a slightly disdainful air.

"What's the use?" I haven't any hundred thousand, and am not likely to have."

"Come!" the other insisted, "I'd like to know whether your scheme is practicable or not." Foster looked at the cashier keenly for a moment or two until the other changed color a little, then quietly unfolded his plan as if satisfied. Norton listened with a carefully concealed eagerness, the cashier with a slight nervousness and toward the end with marked pallor. Before the three left the hall, the plan was matured which cost the "Second National Bank" $200,000.

For ten days the three were not seen in one another's company. Foster in the meantime moved to a lodging house on Howard Street a couple of blocks from the ferry. The evening of the 11th at exactly half-past twelve Foster went carefully down stairs, opened the hall door and stepped out on the sidewalk. Almost immediately two men approached from different directions, went in with him and cautiously ascended to his room. They were Norton and the cashier. The latter at once produced a thick pocket book from an inner coat-pocket and counted out $50,000 to each of the others in bank notes of large denomination. Foster and Norton, after securing the notes about their persons, then brought from one corner a large, long canvas-covered drummer's trunk, which showed considerable rough usage and was marked conspicuously "This End Up With Care." From the inside holes had been skillfully bored so as to allow a considerable circulation of air and yet were concealed from view without by the frayed canvas. It was carefully padded and contained in as small a compass as possible food and water enough to keep a man alive for a week if necessary.

It was the cashier's snug berth for Mexico. As a matter of prudence Winters was at once stowed away, Norton remaining with Foster. The next morning while Norton strapped and locked the trunk, Foster went out, secured a ticket for Santa Fé and hired an expressman to convey the trunk to the ferry. There it was duly checked and reached its destination without accident, Norton remaining in the city.

At Santa Fé Foster took the first train for Mexico. During the journey he accidentally made the acquaintance of a Spaniard and speaking Spanish himself fairly well, they became quite intimate and agreed to stop at the same hotel at the City of Mexico, where the stanger, Vasquez by name, was obliged to remain some days to settle some business before proceeding to New York and thence to Spain.

When they reached Mexico the next evening they secured rooms at a small hotel and Foster had the trunk conveyed thither. When he opened it, he was overcome with surprise to find, instead of the cashier rising to stretch his cramped limbs, the trunk evidently filled with charcoal, from which enamated a faint odor of chloroform. For a moment he could only gaze in blank amazement. Then he feverishly dug into the mass and brought to light the body—the cheeks sunken and blackened with charcoal dust, the eyes presenting a horrible appearance. In an instant the truth flashed upon him. It was Norton's work. The cashier had been chloroformed, robbed and the trunk filled up with charcoal, an antiseptic to prevent too immediate a discovery, all in his brief absence before the trunk was moved to the ferry. He hastily searched the pockets. Empty, as he expected! "I wondered," he thought with fierce anger and remorse, "what Norton had in his valise." And he replied, 'A disguise in case of necessity.' "Good God! It was charcoal!"

He sunk down overcome with conflicting emotions, half paralized with horror. As the danger of his situation dawned upon him

he strove to collect his disordered thoughts, and to evolve some plan of safety out of the chaos of his brain. Suddenly he thought of the Spaniard. Ah, if he can only get him to take the trunk. A plan suggested itself and completely worn out, he threw himself upon the bed to get a few hours sleep. It was scarcely rest, but a succession of dreams from which he awakened starting up with a scarcely repressed scream of relief to find that he was not suffocating in his coffin, choked with coal dust and the fumes of chloroform.

When day dawned, he hastened out into the gray morning light, shivering, haggard, and with temples throbbing, to regain a little composure for the execution of his plan of safety. During the forenoon he procured a ticket for New York, repacked the trunk and had it conveyed to the depot. When he met Vasquez at dinner he casually remarked that he was going a short distance on the same train, and offered to re-check the other's trunks while he did his own. Vasquez, who was very busy that day, gratefully accepted. This is what Foster had counted on. He re-checked the trunks, but substituted his check for one of the others, and when, on some trifling pretext, he announced that he was unable to go that evening, Vasquez carried off an unknown possibility for trouble in that check.

As Foster watched the train pull out he was conscious of a sense of relief which was almost painful in its intensity. With the relief from immediate danger came back with increased force a sense of remorse for the crime he has unwittingly caused, and his treachery to Vasquez. The revulsion of his overstrained nerves, the inevitable giving way of the tension, left him weak and powerless to combat a growing feeling of profound and morbid melancholy. He passed the remainder of the day in his room, restless, gloomy and foreboding. He could not throw off the memory of that livid, sunken face, blackened with coal dust, and the vitreous staring eyes. Even the room seemed to have retained a fetid odor. As night came on his head ached intensely. His eyes, injected with blood, smarted and burnt. His feverish nervousness became intolerable. He rushed out into the street and walked on and on with the unreasoning instinct of an animal. He saw in the curious glances of the sleepy-looking Mexicans and the stolid stare of the peons, only distrust and perhaps suspicion. At last he left the city and strode on with unsteady footsteps far out into the country, only conscious of a desire to escape his haunting fancies, to shake off the intolerable fever of nerves and brain.

. . . .

"'Quita, has the signor recovered consciousness?" asked a middle-aged Mexican woman, thrusting her head into the darkened room where Foster had lain for six weeks with brain fever, delirious and more than once at the point of death.

"I think he has, *mia Madre*," whispered a young girl coming to the door. "He hasn't moved once since he fell asleep last night—until just now; and—and I think he is awake."

"Well, it's about time. Poor boy, who would have thought he would live through all that. And the doctor said if he awoke conscious and the fever was gone, he would be all right. I wonder what he was doing with all that money." She muttered for the hundredth time: "I hope he didn't steal it. But those Americans—" she shook her head doubtfully. "Well, I hope he'll pay us well for our trouble. Of course somebody had to take care of him—though why he should faint in front of our gate—Santa Maria! I hope it isn't unlucky," she added as she went off about her work. The girl went to the window and gazed out thoughtfully through the interstices of the blinds.

Foster turned over lazily. He understood nothing as yet but that he was sleepy and believed he would take another nap before getting up. He wondered vaguely why he hadn't a headache as usual in the morning and had no desire to smoke a cigarette. Then he began to notice things in the room and finally the dark-haired stately girl standing at the window and was conscious of only a faint sensation of surprise. She approached the bed and asked: "Does signor want anything?" He looked at her blankly and muttered something about being *diablamente* thirsty. She poured out a cup of water which he drank eagerly, his eyes fixed upon the girl's face with a puzzled expression. Then the language they had spoken recalled him to Mexico, he fell back with a quick shudder, covered his face with his hands, and swiftly it all came back to him. After a few moments he started up and gazed about anxiously. The girl walked to a shelf and took down a pocket-book.

"Is this what signor was looking for?"

He blushed slightly, nodded, and examined it eagerly. With a sigh of relief he thrust it under the pillow and fell back exhausted by the momentary excitement.

Weeks passed before Foster was able to leave the room—days of delicious languid laziness, when it was a pleasure to merely live, to feel health returning, to forget the past and ask no questions of the future. Paquita read to him the Mexican newspaper and a few books which she borrowed from the padre.

As soon as Foster was strong enough, he slipped away to the city and secured back numbers of the *New York Herald* from October 24th to November 1st. In the paper dated October 28th he read the account of the finding of the body of Winters in the closet of a room at a leading hotel in New York. The discovery was reported by the occupant, who was not suspected. The rooms had been occupied before by a Spaniard named Vasquez who had disappeared, and by an Irishman from Boston, who was arrested but released for want of evidence.

Foster read the sensational account to the last word, crushed the paper in his hand and muttered as he vaguely noted the graceful figure of Paquita coming rapidly toward him, "That settles it. I am a citizen of Mexico, rich, eminently respectable and the envied husband, that is to be, of the glorious Paquita."

Wade Brooks.

THE MIRACLE OF THE LADY OF THE GREEN CHAPEAU.

The Lady of the Green Chapeau
  At evening left her gray chateau
  And wandered down where the willows grow,
Counting her beads and praying.
  The Saints have granted her every prayer
  And she thanks them all for their daily care,
  While the cold wind toys with her golden hair,
Nor heeds she where she is straying.

She suddenly totters above the wave,
  But cries to the Saints, "Thy servant save!
  "Save me at least from a watery grave!
  "Hear and grant without scorning!"
The prayer was granted readily,
  Her golden hair was caught in a tree;
  Saved from drowning indeed was she,
But frozen to death ere morning.

Charles A. Gunnison.

THE WILD FLOWERS OF HAWAII.

THE idea of the Tropics, of the average individual is derived from two sources: the Geography of their callow youth, and chance visits to conservatories. This idea is usually a rather tangled vision of palms, bananas and tree ferns, overrun with gorgeous liana and with an undergrowth in which every variety of rich, rare and unusual flora, run riot in a blaze of color.

When the Globe-Trotter arrives in Honolulu, after a week on the vasty deeps and in a frame of mind when anything in the shape of land would look good to him :—he is perchance conveyed to some cool room and through the gorgeous bourgain villia vine that wreathes his windows, gazes over the blazing tops of the ponciana regia trees, (like the scarlet umbrellas of some Oriental monarch) up the beautiful Nuuanu Valley, where cloud and sunshine ever vary over the purple heights, and says to himself, "This is the Tropics." He is perhaps filled with a gentle sadness, remembering the "long long thoughts" of youth and the day-dreams of warm summer afternoons, when with head bowed over the tattered Geography, the dusky schoolroom with its droning classes faded away and he saw a vision of an island "lying in purple spheres of sea" circled with palms and dreaming in an endless sunshine; and sighs a little in this realization of his dreaming—thinking of "the days that are not" and the other dreams that never came true.

GUAVA FRUIT.

Afterward in the cool of the day, he drives through palm-lined streets, past gardens gay with strange flowers and with vistas of bananas and huge leaved tropic plants, and along roadsides bright with scarlet and gold lantanas and under mango trees loaded

LIBRARY

with their red gold apples, out to where the feathery cocoanut groves bathe their roots in the gentle sea :—and again sighs with delight—"at last, the Tropics."

He goes to Hilo on the regulation trip to the volcano, and finds that charming little town in this Lotus land, "A land of streams, in which it seemed always afternoon," with glimpses at every turn of banana, palm and bamboo, he gallops out toward the woods,—long before he reaches them he wonders a little "What has become of the flowers." flower anywhere, unless by great good luck he has arrived in the season to see the ie-ie vine in bloom, or an occasional ohia flower; —Where, O where is the wreath of bloom, the orchids he was to pluck in handfuls, the glorious maiden hair ferns and wondrous growths he was to revel in ?—not a gleam of them anywhere.

In a trip along the Government road through the outlying country, one leaves the tropical flora behind in Hilo, and were it not for the glimpses of cocoanut and bamboo

A COCOANUT GROVE.

He rides past fields of rather yellowish fodder corn, and a delusion of his youth is dispelled when he is told it is sugar cane. In the Geography of our youth the cane was *always* pictured as towering at least fifteen feet in air. Cane does *sometimes* grow fifteen feet long, but when it does, it dosen't tower : it lies down to rest in true Kanaka fashion. Reaching the woods, our traveler sees the (occasional) banana, but no palms (save in plantations) but plenty of tree ferns and tall trees wreathed with the ie-ie vine—not a

and the frequent descent into little ravines which are lovely bits of tropical greenery and ferniness ;—one would think themselves riding through corn fields, in I know not what portion of the United States ;—for I know of no State in which the roadsides are so destitute of wild flowers. In the town were all that could be desired in the way of tropical color and bloom, and here in the country there are nothing but "green things growing." The reason is that hardly one of the lovely flowers that delight the eye in the

towns, are indigenous to the islands. The tropical loveliness is imported and the real tropics, in Hawaii at least, are prevailingly green and ferny but by no means flowery.

Hawaii is not a flowerless land but the native roadside flowers are very few and are seldom seen by the ordinary tourist. For the more leisurely Globe Trotter are reserved what few grand floral displays Hawaii indulges in—and even to him they are denied unless he is fortunate in trotting at the right season. This being the case he may see the trees on the volcano road loaded with the ie-ie vine in bloom. This vine (so called from its crooked way of growing) grows to the tops of the tallest trees and the long pointed leaves are in bunches:—when in flower, each cluster of leaves is crowned with an immense star shaped rose-red flower often a foot across, and a tree loaded with a vine in bloom is a sight to remember. Some early morning our traveler in pursuit of the beautiful, rides down into the cool green depths of some little gulch, and while his horse drinks deep from the clear stream as it crosses the road, he holds his breath with joy that he has lived to see a grove of ohia trees in bloom, every branch as if wound with richest crimson chenille gleaming between the shining dark green leaves, and every branchlet tipped with new leaves fair as flowers, soft pink and palest green. Or perhaps the flower season is long past and, warm and thirsty from a long ride, he reaches a ravine to find the graceful trees loaded with glowing scarlet fruit looking outside and in like the snow apple of his boyhood days and though rather insipid, cool and refreshing to his thirsty lips. There is another variety of ohia with scarlet flowers and small glaucous leaves, prized by the natives for wreaths.

LANHALA FLOWER.

Perhaps in the edge of the stream, clumps of tall ginger plant may be growing crowned with heads of creamy orchid shaped flowers much loved by the natives for their rich heavy fragrance. Another wild variety is common on the sides of the ravines bearing small

compact rounded heads of red bract-like flowers, the spaces between the bracts filled with a watery liquid always cool in the warmest weather. It is said the old chiefs loved to recline in the shade in "slumberous noons"—and be beaten on the forehead with these flowers so soft, cool and faintly sweet. Of the other varieties found here I may mention the kind used for spice; the giant ginger growing ten or fifteen feet high and with immense heads of bract-like flowers looking like a lump of rose-colored wax, and one bearing racemes of waxy white buds tipped with rose, while the opened flower is white with a lip of yellow, veined with scarlet.

One becomes aware of a peculiar fragrance in the air, half sweet, half bitter, we trace it to the flower of the lanhala tree or screw pine. The flowers are yellowish, very small and compound, borne in immense pendent racemes bursting from a cream white sheath, often three feet long. At close quarters the fragrance is too powerful to be agreeable. This tree is valuable to the natives; from the leaves they make their mats, hats, their so-called "grass-houses"—and from the sections of the fruit (which looks to the "tenderfoot" like huge yellow or reddish orange pineapples), they string necklaces very becoming to their dusky wearers; and also obtain a delicious little nut something like a pinole.

BIRD'S NEST FERN IN LANHALA TREE.

Of the convolvus family there are several beautiful varieties;—the trees in the ravines are overrun with miles of the vine of the large blue convolvus and the moon-flower, another large pink variety with maroon markings, grows on the seashore.

One of my fairest memories of Hawaii is that of a walk one glorious moonlight night and coming unexpectedly on a little shallow treeless ravine, perfectly white with the delicate flowers, like a tropical snow-drift, their fragile faces turned to the great white moon flower in the sky, while the whole air was cool and spicy with their fragrance. The hao tree bears hibiscus-shaped flowers of an exquisite clear yellow with deep claret centers. They turn a fine shade of terra cotta before they fall, and a branch of flowers may have both colors at the same time. How-

ever, these flowers though of good size are not sufficiently numerous to cut any figure in a landscape. From the bark of this tree the native made his fishing lines or alona—the fibre being very fine and strong—and from the root one of the dyes for his tapa or cloth. A variety of wild hibiscus, sometimes called wild hollyhock, is often seen drooping its delicate pale pink cups with wine-red throats.

PELÉ—THE VOLCANO.

A common tree in the ravines is the kukui, whose whitey green foliage makes sharp contrast with the prevailing blue-green of lauhala and yellow-green of ti leaves and ferns. The flowers though beautiful are so small and contrast so little with the foliage that many would pass them unnoticed. They closely resemble white lilac blossoms though the flowers are smaller, more creamy, and the clusters less compact. The natives formerly used its oily nuts for lights, either burning the oil in their rude stone lamps, or the whole nuts strung on palm fibres. The roasted nut, eaten with salt, is a common and delicious relish at native luaus or feasts. In its medicinal qualities, the oil in its raw state is superior to castor oil and of a most agreeable nutty flavor.

The breadfruit flower, if it can be so called, is simply a sort of head or spathe, enclosed in a creamy white sheath which gradually splits and falls off as the fruit developes. The tree is propagated from shoots.

Two varieties of sumac, the red and white, called by the natives naniliiau, are beautiful in their season. The heads are not velvety as with American sumac but large and covered with minute flowers in enormous numbers. The leaves are similar to the American variety, and like them, rich in tannin.

A GLIMPSE OF THE OCEAN.

There are several varieties of wild roses; the two most often seen are the deep red and pale pink; neither are at all common; both are very fragrant and very thorny.

In the ravines and woods may be found several varieties of what is commonly called the sea bean vine. One variety bearing long racemes of royal purple flowers, the buds looking like darkest satin, and the bean-shaped pods bearing two to three large brown seeds something like a horse chestnut. A very beautiful variety has flowers of a clear greenish yellow, of a curious shape, with dark grey pods which look like nothing I have ever seen so much as a shark's egg, being curved with ridges evidently prepared to catch on every obstruction.

WILD JUNK.

A rare variety bears beautiful braked scar-

let flowers—named by the natives from its resemblance to the bill of one of the wild birds.

Far in the woods on the mountain side grow the wild raspberries both white and red, with fruit of large size but inferior flavor. The flower is shaped like that of the American raspberry, but is often an inch and a half in diameter and of a deep pink color, while the leaves are of a more delicate texture and paler green than those of their American cousins. The prevailing impression one receives is that Hawaii is eminently a green and ferny country. The large coarse ferns are everywhere, clothing the sides of ravines with plumy lovliness, springing up wherever they can get a foothold to "make glad the waste places." One of the coarser ferns puts foith new leaves in gorgeous shades of reddish orange and golden green, while some very common varieties are of extraordinary delicacy and laciness, and in America would be eagerly sought for decorative purposes, as they retain their freshness a long time. A climbing fern of seemingly endless growth drapes trees, rocks and bare hillsides with beauty. A variety of lycopodium, often grown with care in hothouses, is common on the sides of ravines, and, in the moist belt toward the mountains, attains a height of a foot or more.

A CHARACTERISTIC GULCH.

Near the waterfalls where the spray drenches it always, grows an exquisite semi-transparent fern, looking as if cut from palest green wax, but which loses its beauty when removed from its damp home.

The birds' nest fern is very noticeable, especially in the woods toward the volcano, adorning the branches of the tallest trees, and often larger than a bushel basket. From the skin of the thick midrib the natives prepare a lustrous brown substance; a fan made of it looking as if woven of golden brown satin.

The native palm is very rarely seen, save in certain districts, chiefly Kona and Puna, many old residents never having seen one.

That giant grass, the bamboo, is common but only adds another shade of green to the prevailing tone. From its stem the natives prepare the beautiful snowy, glistening, substance from which they weave hats, fine as those of Panama ; fans whose snowy beauty would be an addition to any ball costume, and lovely mats and baskets.

In conclusion, while Hawaii, ***in naturalibus***, is not destitute of floral attractions, many of them beautiful, still one must miss the dear common roadside flowers—and feel that however rich she may be in special productions, compared with other lands, her wild flowers are few and far between.

Grace C. K. Thompson.

DIVINATION AND FORTUNE-TELLING AMONG THE CHINESE IN AMERICA.

Many methods of divination and sortilege are known to the Cantonese laborers who emigrate to America. Thus there may be mentioned divination with a tortoise shell and three ancient cash or coins of a peculiar kind; divination by opening a Chinese book at random and selecting a character, and divination by means of the game of dominoes. None of these methods are actually practiced in our Eastern cities, although a treatise for telling fortunes with dominoes is sold in our Chinese shops. Cards are not used by the Chinese in fortune-telling. The game of dominoes comes to us from the Chinese, by whom it was invented. Their game, which is complicated by astrological elements, is the probable source of the fortune-telling cards of Europe. Only its dry bones remain in the somewhat meaningless domino game played in Europe and America.

The universal method of attempting to learn the future is that of casting lots before the idol of the God of War. This is done constantly by gamblers, but the most important ceremony of this kind is performed at the beginning of the Chinese year. Many visit the shrines at this time to ask about their health, success in business, and such other important matters as may concern them during the remainder of the year. It was my fortune to be present upon such an occasion, at the invitation of the proprietor of a laundry in the southeastern part of Philadelphia. The former owner of the place had erected a handsome shrine, the first of its kind in this city, and here, on the 7th day of February, 1886, the fifth day of the Chinese year, I saw performed some of the most sacred rites with which our Chinese colonists are acquainted.

The little laundry had a holiday appearance A table was spread with nuts and fruits for New Year's callers, a number of whose red paper cards lay piled upon it. The shrine stood against the wall in a front room. It consisted of a substantial framework of carved and painted wood, extending from about three feet from the floor nearly to the ceiling. A table in front

FIG. 4 AND 3.

Fig. 3. Kau püi—"Divining blocks."
Fig. 4. Ts'ím ü—"Lots used in Fortune Telling.

of this formed the altar. The central panels of the shrine bore the legend, *Lit Shing Kung*, "Temple of the several Sages," while the panels on the right and left were inscribed in Chinese characters, similarly carved and gilded, "Relying upon Divine favor to open an advantageous pathway" and "Abiding in sacred virtue to enlarge the source of wealth." Within the frame, suspended on the wall, were paper scrolls with pictures of Chinese divinities.

First on the left was the Taoist god, *Chéung T'in Sz'*, the "Secretary of Heaven." Next, a picture of *Un T'án*, a deity reputed to be a god of wealth, and worshiped in the district of Sinning, from which the proprietor came. This scroll hung in the laundry before the erection of the present shrine and was soiled and time-worn. *Kwán Tai* appeared upon the next scroll. The god Kwán, or *Kwán Kung*, "the Master" *Kwán*, as he is popularly called here, is the deity almost universally worshiped in China at the present day He was a general of the Han dynasty, dying A. D. 219, and the events of his life, as reflected in the historical romance of the *Sàm Kwok Chün*, are very familiar to the Chinese here. He appears on the scroll as a man of commanding appearance, with a long black beard, wearing a green robe, and seated on a kind of throne. He is supported on one side by his faithful servitor *Chau Ts'ong*, with an enormous halberd, and on the other by his adopted son, *Kwán Ping*, holding his official seal, wrapped in a yellow silk bag. Beside the last scroll, on the extreme left, was a board painted red, with an inscription in honor of *Kwan Yin*.

On a ledge within the frame was a large box full of sand to hold incense sticks, and at either extremity on the ledge without the frame were silvered glass vases holding bunches of artificial flowers. The implements for divination were on the table: two elliptical pieces of hard wood, rounded on one side and flat on the other, *kàu púi*, and a tin box containing one hundred bamboo splints, about seven inches in length, called *ts'i m ü*.

It was growing dark when I entered the laundry and the owner had let down his queue, put on his best robe, and was waiting with covered head to receive the cooked meats from the kitchen for the sacrifice. He lighted two large painted candles in the candlesticks, and after waving a bundle of incense three times before the shrine, ignited it in the flame of a candle and carefully disposed the smouldering sticks before the representations of the divinities. Three were first stuck in the large sand box before *Kwán Tai* and then three before each of the other scrolls. Three were placed in the shrine of the Lord of the Place, a small box on the right of the altar provided for the tutelary ghost; one was carried back into the kitchen and put beside the stove for the *Tsò Shan*, the God of the Furnace, and one was stuck in the woodwork by the door leading into the street. This was done to let the spirits know that a ceremony was being performed in their honor. The altar was set as if for a banquet. Three wine cups and three pairs of chopsticks were placed in front of the scrolls, and a boiled fowl, trussed in a peculiar fashion, with a piece of roasted pork, were handed the priest and similarly deposited. The priest filled the cups with wine from a jar, and, lifting one of them on high, passed it three times through the smoke of the incense and poured part of the wine upon the floor.

Then he bowed three times and knelt and prayed silently. His prayer was something like this: "O *Kwán Tai*, will you please come and eat and drink and accept this respectable banquet? I wish to know about the future and what will happen to me this year. If I am to be fortunate, let me have three *shing púi*." He rose and took the *kàu púi* and passed them three times through the

A SHRINE IN PHILADELPHIA.

and is an evil, indifferent or good omen, as the case may be. Three *shing púi* were the fortune of the priest, but he wished to know more of the future. He knelt and prayed again: "O *Kwán Tai!* I beg you will let me throw the *ts'ìm ü*. If you will, grant me three *sing púi.*" Again the *káu púi* are thrown and three *sing púi* indicate the answer of the god. The *ts'ìm ü* are numbered from 1 to 100, corresponding with the pages of a book entitled *Kwán Tai Ling Ts'ìm*, the "*Kwan Tai* Divining Lots." Each page of this book contains a verse of poetry referring to some well-known personage in Chinese history, and his life and conduct are supposed to furnish a clue to the future of the individual whose fortune is under consideration. A short explanation accompanies each passage, but an extended knowledge of the Chinese annals is considered necessary for the satisfactory explanation of ɿhe oracle. The priest knelt and prayed, and asked whether he would make much money during the year. Then he arose, took the box containing the *ts'ìm ü*, and after waving it thrice through the smoke, knelt and shook it violently until one of the splints fell to the floor. He wrote the number of the splint on a piece of paper, and threw the *ts'ìm ü* until all his questions were answered. This accomplished, he took several narrow slips of paper, *ka'ı ts'in*, pierced with holes and said to represent as

rising smoke. Then, kneeling again, he held the *káu púi*, with the flat sides together, above his head, and let them drop to the floor. When they fell both lay with their curved sides uppermost, *yám púi*. This indication is a negative one, neither for good or evil. Again they were let fall. This time both flat sides lay uppermost, *yéung púi*, unfavorable. The third time one lay with the flat and the other with the rounded side up, *shing púi*, a favorable sign. The *káu púi* are thrown until three *yám*, *yéung* or *shing púi* are obtained in succession. This indicates the supposed answer of the god,

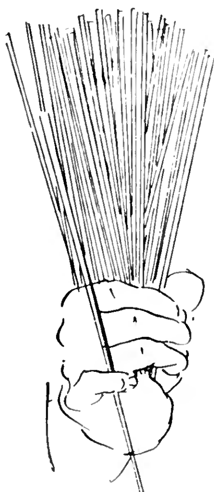


FIG. 9.

many cash *(ts'în)* as there are holes, and wrapped them in some large sheets of paper upon which tin foil had been pasted, *tái kong pò,* and after waving the bundle three times before the altar, ignited it, and put the blazing mass into an iron pot, *pò lò*, where it was consumed. During the entire ceremony, which lasted about half an hour, and was conducted in the most reverential manner, he did not speak an audible word.

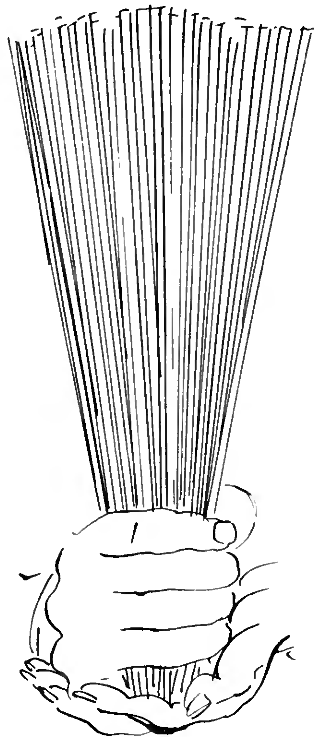


FIG. 8.

After it was over, the attendants carried the roast meat back into the kitchen, where it was cut in small pieces, in the Chinese manner of serving meat for the table, and again brought in, with other dishes containing food, and placed on a low platform before the shrine of the "Lord of the Place," the tutelary spirit. The offerings were allowed to remain there for a short time, when the wine was poured back into the jars from the cups before *Kwan Tai* and served with the carved meats for dinner to the assembled company.

It is chiefly for the purpose of this ceremonial divination that the Chinese erect temples and shrines in our American cities. Each guild hall has an altar which is resorted to by its members, to whom an attendant sells the "mock money" and candles that are used in the sacrifice. All visit some such shrine at the holiday season of the New Year, and many consult the idol from time to time, as occasion requires. Gamblers are the chief patrons. They throw the *kàu púi* to ascertain whether they shall be lucky at play, and for their convenience an additional box of *ts'ìm ü*, marked with the 80 numbers of the lottery, are kept in most temples. There are no priests of any of the Chinese religious systems in the Chinese temples in the Eastern cities of the United States, the attendant being a simple care-taker, and each individual worships quite alone and performs his own sacrifices. The ceremonies do not belong especially to any one of the three great religions of China, but are largely survivals of the religious ideas that existed there before the birth of the founders of the accredited religious systems. The *ts'ìm ü*, or "lot answers," as the divining slips

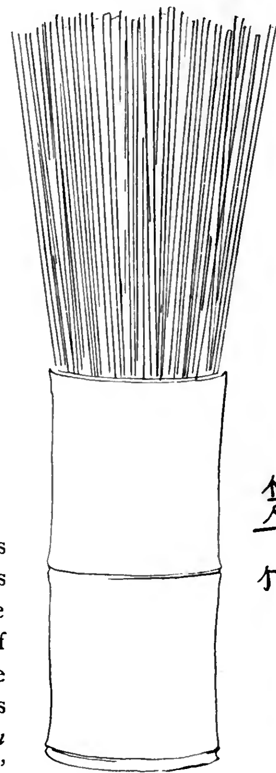


FIG. 7.

Fig. 9. "One projects from between his little finger"

Fig 8. Method of shuffling Zeichaku.

Fig. 7. Zeichaku, Japan.

THE WAR GOD, KWAN TAI.

are called, are also found in Japan, where they are called *mikuji*. In the latter country they are kept in both Shinto and Buddhist temples. The form of their receptacle varies somewhat from that used in China, being a box closed at the top, with the exception of a small hole through which the splint falls. This box, *mikuji bako*, is sometimes made round of bamboo or square of other wood.

I regard the *ts'im ü* as having originally been arrows, and one of the many forms of the arrow casting which is so widely distributed, both as a means of divination and then as a game. It exists at the present day in Korea under a Tartar name as the probable ancestor of our games of backgammon and chess, and extended among nearly all the native tribes of the North American Continent in forms so curiously like those of Asia that one of them, the old Mexican game of *patolli*, has been regarded as one of the strongest evidences of the Asiatic origin of aboriginal American culture.

The performance of these divinatory rites before the image of the God of War is quite in keeping with the customs of other nations. Thus, in India, the Hindu fortune-teller appeals to Çiva and the Mohammedan to Azriel, the Angel of Death, while among the Zuni Indians in Ahaiyuta and Matsailema are the twin gods of War and Fate.

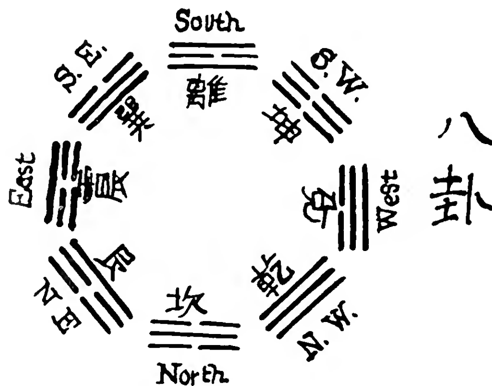


FIG. 6.

There is another method of fortune-telling allied to the preceding which is known and practiced by our Chinese colonists. It consists in drawing bamboo splints from a vase. There was a fortune-teller who used this system in the "Joss House" in the Midway Plaisance at the Columbian Exposition. Thirty-two or sixty-four splints of bamboo, tipped with red paint and about five inches in length, are used. They are marked as shown in Fig. 5 and are called *kwà ts'im.* There are eight or sixteen of each kind. Their marks and names are as follows: A single dot, *tan,* "single;" two dots, *chit,* "broken;" a circle, *ch'ung,* "duplicated," and a cross, *kaú,* "united." They are regarded respectively as *yéung,* "masculine;" *yam,* "feminine;" *shiú yèung* and *shiú yam shiú,* meaning "assistant." The inquirer draws a splint at random from the vase in which the entire bundle is placed, and the fortune-teller notes the mark on it upon a piece of paper. Then another splint is drawn and the result written down just above the former mark, and this is repeated until six marks, written in a line one above the other, are obtained. These are then referred to a treatise in which the significance of the various combinations are explained. This system is said by Chinese here to have been invented by *Man Wong* (B. C. 1231-1135) and is hence called *Man Wong Kwa.* It is believed to be based upon th eancient Chinese book entitled the *Yik King,* or "Book of Changes," which the Chinese regard as the foundation of practically all their divination. The *Yik King,* or *I King,* as it is called in the Northern dialect, consists of a series of 64 hexagrams, formed by combining broken and unbroken lines, to each of which is appended a short explanatory text. Appendices by various hands, part of which are attributed to Confucius, make up the body of the book. The sixty-four hexagrams are an expansion of the eight trigrams or symbols commonly known as the *pàt kwà* (Fig. 6).

In one of the appendices to the *Yik King* (the third) there is an account given of the method of divination with divining stalks in ancient China. The stalks of a plant, the *Ptarmica Sibirica,* were used for the purpose. Those which grow on the grave of Confucius are most highly esteemed. It is

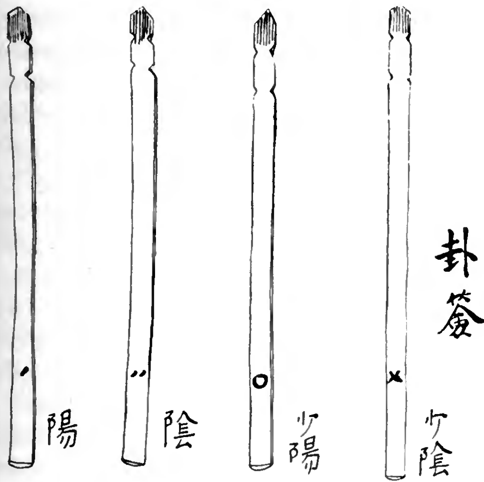
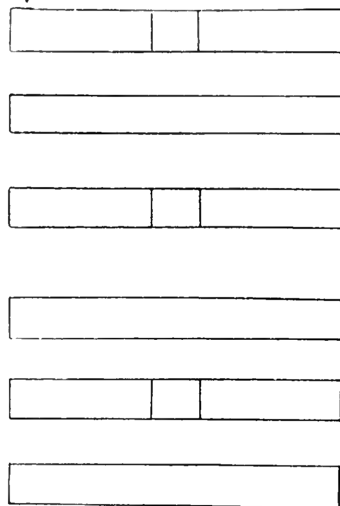


FIG. 5.

difficult to follow the original text, and I have always been extremely anxious to obtain an intelligent explanation of the process. Only recently I became aware that the ancient system, or one imitated from the ancient account, was still practiced in China. This system, from its antiquity, and the light which it throws, not only upon the more popular systems of fortune-telling in China, but upon arrow-casting, divination and games in general, I shall describe in concluding this paper. The particulars were related to me by Mr. Teitoku Morimoto, a Japanese artist of ability at present residing in Philadelphia, who kindly made the accompanying illustrations from objects now in the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania.

At the present day, in Japan, fifty splints of bamboo (Fig. 7), called in Japanese *zeichaku* (Chinese *shai chuk*), are used. They may vary in length from two to fourteen inches. The fortune-teller takes the bundle in his right hand and raises it reverentially to his forehead. He then places the ends in the palm of his left hand, and, with his right, shuffles them with a rotary motion (Fig. 8). Taking the bundle in his right hand, he places one so that it projects from between his little finger and his third finger (Fig. 9). Dividing the remainder into two parts, he places one of the divided bundles between his middle finger and forefinger and holds the other between his forefinger and thumb. The latter bundle is then counted, taking four splints at a time, around the *Pàt kwà*, or "Eight Trigrams," commencing at the one designated by the Chinese character *k'in* "Heaven," and corresponding with N. W. (North-West). The trigram at which the count stops (if there is an uneven number the odd number is not counted) is then noted. This record is kept by means of six oblong square prisms of shitan or red sandalwood, which have two contiguous sides plain and two contiguous sides marked with a transverse cut about an inch wide, which is painted red (Fig. 10). These blocks, called *sangi* (Chinese *sün muk*), or "calculating sticks," are laid parallel to each other and with their plain faces uppermost. If the lowest line of the three that compose the trigram at which the count stops be broken, the block nearest the fortune-teller is turned so that its broken side, marked in red, will be uppermost. If the lowest line be unbroken, the first block



算木

FIG. 10

is allowed to remain undisturbed. The second and third blocks are manipulated in the same manner to correspond with the second and third lines. Then the *zeichaku* are again manipulated and the three remaining sangi turned in the same manner. The fortune-teller then draws his conclusions from the corresponding diagram in the *Yik King*, aided by the traditional interpretation. A knowledge of the present is thus obtained, but if it is desired to know the future, the six blocks are reversed and the interpretation made accordingly. This kind of divination is known in Japan as *Yeki*, a word written with the Chinese character *Yik*, which stands as the title of the *Yik King*, or "Divination Classic." Persons who practice it are called *bai boku sha* (Chinese *mài puk chè*) "sellers of divination" (Fig. 11).

FIG. 11

It is interesting to compare the above account with the [1]ancient record which Dr. James Legge has made accessible to English readers, and even more interesting, as well as instructive, to compare it with the similar, if not identical, systems that exist among the aborigines of America. It is only necessary to suggest the stick games of the Haidah Indians of our Northwest coast in this connection. Through these American games the origin and history of the divinatory systems of Asia may be studied. Seemingly meaningless and empirical except, it may be, to a few native students, they are based upon primitive conceptions which appear to be almost universal. America thus furnishes us with a clue to a correct understanding of these ancient mysteries, which some day, not far distant, will be revealed in all the fullness of their primal significance.

Stewart Culin.

[1]The Sacred Books of the East, Vol. XVI. Oxford, 1882.

AFFINITY.

Surrendered each to each, heart to heart won,
I marvel God may never let them guess
That once they clung just thus in dumb caress,
When worlds were night, before the cheering sun.

Philip Becker Goetz.

PINE BOUGHS.

A SALMON RIVER OUTING.

IT is pleasant to sleep on pine boughs, provided they are properly arranged.

Perhaps, to be more precise and at the same time truthful, I should say spruce boughs or those of the hemlock, tamarack, or fir—cousins germain to the pine, which, of itself, is seldom used and poorly adapted to the purpose of bed making, though in the parlance of the woodsman it is always a "pine bough bed."

Cut the thick leaved stems a foot or more in length and thrust the stubs firmly in the ground in such a manner that the nearly upright twigs shall lap closely one upon the other; cast your blankets over them, your rubber blanket first—American carriage cloth is an excellent substitute—and pillow your head on your canvas sailor-bag containing your personal effects.

Though fragrant and springy and pliable as down—when new—the charm of a bough bed rests not so much in itself as in its surroundings. Pitch your tent beside a clear, cold, mountain stream whose musical gurgle shall keep time, as it were, to the Æolian harp of the pines—remote from civilization, dependent upon your own resources—your pack-horse, your rod and gun,—and then, after a day of mountain climbing, a supper of venison and trout, an evening pipe by the warmth and light of a roaring pitch fire, with a congenial companion, you will discover how sweet a thing it is to lie down and sleep on a bed of pine boughs.

On the 24th of July our prospecting party started from Redding toward the Salmon river country.

When we arrived at Redding we learned that many of the horses in that vicinity were suffering from an equine malady, in consequence of which we experienced no little difficulty in procuring our necessary pack animals.

After wasting a day or two scouring the country and inspecting sundry stock yards, our party held a sort of miners' meeting, appointing a committee of two to secure some manner of conveyance for our outfit into the mountains. In the mean time, we pitched our tents among the cottonwoods and willows skirting the banks of the Sacramento, when we spent our time swimming, and very pleasant it was, too, in those hot, dusty, mid-summer days, to dip into the cool, bright river, for the upper Sacramento is a very different stream from that muddy stretch of water lapping among the tules of the valley.

At last our "rig" hove into sight. The committee were driving. I observed them—the committee—applying a hazel wand in a brisk and persuasive manner to two woebegone boneyard ghosts, that, upon nearing camp, were induced to break into a shambling trot.

They were attached, by means of rope, fragments of harness and wire, to a light spring vehicle, with wheels like saucers, that had sometime belonged to a traveling showman, and on the faded sky-blue side curtains depending from the cover frame, we beheld the following legend:—

AN ENCHANTING SCENE.

THE CELEBRATED MECHANICAL WORKS OF A SHASTA GOLD MINE.

It was my desire to sketch the turnout upon the spot, but the committee urged that we were losing time, so we bundled our traps into it, or, as many as it would hold without breaking, and started on our pilgrimage.

Our animals were so weak—from having been starved, as we afterwards learned—that, in the beginning we were forced to favor them by making short marches. On the second day, toward evening we were obliged to halt in order that they might rest, and, as it chanced, we pitched our tent in a stubble field. Darkness overtook us before we had completed our arrangements for the night, and we could find scarcely wood enough to steep our coffee. There were neither boughs nor straw to lie on and we spread our blankets upon the ground, tired, cross, and I think for the first and only time thoroughly disgusted with our expedition, and tried to sleep. If the fertile brain or combination of intellects that conceived of and constructed the mythical Tantalus could have included our bed among the other tortures, it would have been a keystone around which to unite them all. As fast as we could remove the small stones from underneath us, others seemed to work into their places. The stubble pricked us, and our blankets became infested with barley beards that scratched and poisoned, causing the flesh to smart and itch and subsequently leaving scars and blisters that we carried for many days. The night, too, was intolerably warm and as frequently as we would toss the coverings aside, clouds of mosquitoes caused us to resume them.

Day dawned and hope returned,—hope that we would never pass such another night. Our next camp was near a ford of Trinity river, and, being mindful of our last night's experience, we resolved to camp under circumstances as dissimilar as possible, whereupon, finding a level stretch of fine, loose sand, we pitched our tents. But we discovered long before daylight that a bed of sand is quite a different affair from a half hour's siesté on the beach at Santa Cruz.

You lie down composedly under the impression that your bed is everything that could be wished for. In a little while you have a half-conscious impression that something is wrong; that you are not resting as easily as you might. There seems to be a little mound down there by your side, and you imagine that by moving your elbow a trifle you will hit the exact pose. Perhaps, for the moment, you will come near enough to it to take your mind from the subject, but in a little while you feel like changing again. You still believe the bed to be all right if you could only get into a more comfortable position.

By and by you happen to think that one side may be tired or cramped and you turn over and begin maneuvering on the other. After a reasonable amount of turning and twisting you become a trifle vexed, and accuse yourself of laziness, and determine upon a radical change. It occurs to you that you have read or heard how soldiers or woodsmen have slept with great comfort on the bare ground by merely digging a small hole for their hips to rest in. This you do at once, or, at least I did, but I dug it in the wrong place and had to fill it up and begin over, and then I found that my shoulders seemed too high, and I remedied that as I supposed, but in doing so the first excavation partially filled in. I dug tunnels and shafts this way and that, refilling the one and deepening the other, but it was of no use; the sand kept sliding and sifting about with almost human intelligence, until, at last, I acknowledged defeat.

Our fourth camp, along the old Oregon stage road above Trinity Center, was an

agreeable change. We rested here fora day arranging our supplies, constructing pack saddle pads, etc., preparatory to abandoning the wagon road for the mountain trail. It was very warm, in proof of which a box of composition candles that had been accidentally left exposed to the sun, melted completely to the wicks. At the noon hour as we were taking an afterdinner nap, we were startled by the wild cries and frantic jestures of a member of our party, a Londoner, who, it appears, had strolled down to the river for a plunge. As he stood looking into the transparent depths of the stream, he beheld bright glistening flakes of mica sprinkled thickly in the sand, which he believed to be gold dust. Indeed, the resemblance was strong, but the prospector's first lesson is, "All is not gold that glitters."

Having procured other horses—four in all—on a bright summer morning we bade adieu to the "Enchanting Scene," and, turning sharply from the county road, entered the Coffee creek trail. Till then our course had led us through the parched and dusty Sacramento valley and the blistering foothills, and as we gazed at the far-off mountains shimmering milky blue through the radiating light of August, our hearts misgave us, our enthusiasm sank, for we conjectured that if appearances were not deceitful, we should be roasted alive.

But, Presto! a dozen paces through a screen of hazel bushes, and all was changed. Before us stretched an interminable aisle of portentious cottonwoods and lofty pines and balsams; beside us ran a merry mountain stream singing over the violet-colored pebbles. The aromatic fragrance of the forest was in our nostrils, the chirp of squirrels and the songs of birds in our ears. As we wandered knee deep amongst the luxuriant grass along the trail, baring our heads to the cool patches of shade and pleasant airs, a delightful sense of freedom stole over us. Behind lay the outside world with its petty annoyances and conventionalities; its shams and makeshifts, its intrusive sights, discordant sounds—ill savored and foul smelling—before us spread the untrammelled primeval forest and hills.

I wonder if man can revert to a savage? Certain it is that when thrown upon his own resources in the heart of a wilderness, instincts and propensities are awakened within him whose existence he may scarcely have suspected. It is significant that all the senses are sharpened and quickened—with the possible exception of feeling—including the faculty of memory; the eye and the ear are forever on the alert whether for protection, provision, or in the interpretation of nature's dumb signs.

A man of undoubted integrity told me that he had once traced the whereabouts of his party in the woods, when lost, entirely by the sense of smell, although the distance was something like two miles.

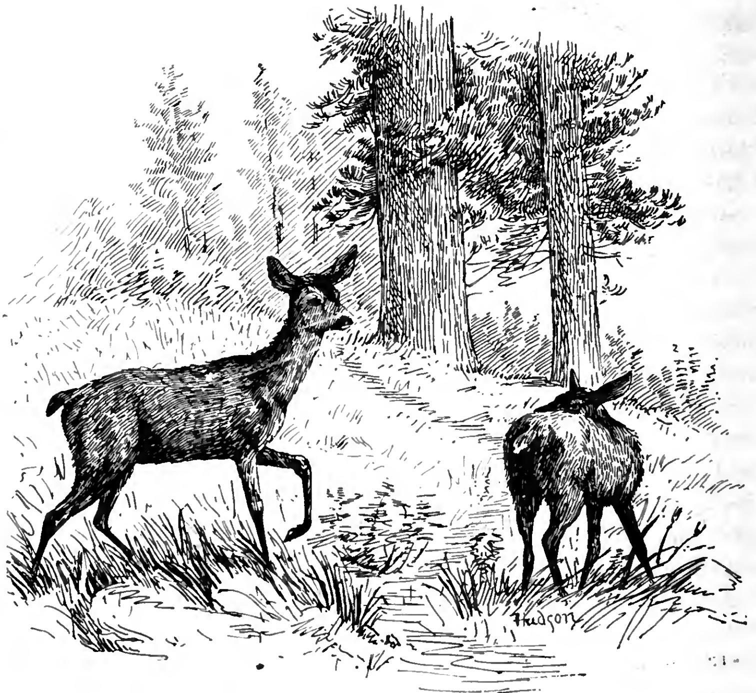
Thoreau has called attention to the fact that a person's taste changes with the weather and the zone. A manilla cigar is delicate and pleasing in a closed room, or, possibly on a summer day, out of doors, but with the thermometer approaching zero, I find an Oscuro more satisfactory. For like reasons whilst dwelling in cloth houses we ate eagerly of wild leaks and tart berries, such as we would thrust aside with disgust in a San Francisco restaurant.

For some miles our caravan wound through a delightful valley amidst clumps of alders, elders, willows and vine maples,—there we passed a wild cherry, and there a dogwood, only to disappear beneath the shade of cottonwoods mingled with black oak and ash and the pines.

It pleased me to discover wintergreen berries and veritable golden rods, the first that I had seen in California. There was a rich profusion of wild shrubs, vines and flowers, some of which were familiar to us in New England. Clematis and bitter-

sweet twined affectionately over the chinkerpin and chamesal and the pungent exhalations of pennyroyal united with that of the tar weed and wild sage.

There were wild violets and dandelions, though not in bloom, May-weed (walkmeister) and wild peas, and once we passed through a patch of rare lady-slippers. As we began to ascend the narrow, tortuous rocky trail, the manzanitas — arbutus — and chapparrall thickened around us.



"THEY WILL FREQUENTLY STAND PERFECTLY STILL IN THE BUSHES AND ALLOW YOU TO PASS."

The manzanitas were apparently of two varieties—the one having broad, round, glossy leaves lying horizontally, the other, foliage of a blue or grayish green, standing vertical, and reminding me by reason of its shape, of a cluster of pumpkin seeds. A gentleman told me that there were five varieties of this shrub, although, from my own observations—which, by the way, amount to little from a scientific point of view—and from subsequent interviews with mountaineers, I am inclined to believe that the variation is due to surroundings, soil, the age of the tree, forest fires, etc.; possibly the male and female may have led to his belief. However, it was of little importance to us, their waxen leaves and clean, dark red, crooked limbs were agreeable to the eye, and the sight of their delicate pink and white blossoms, resembling minature scolloped lamp chimneys, took us back to that coveted trailing vine, the first to put forth blossoms in the spring along the snow banks in the east.

There was one vine or shrub for which I kept a diligent lookout and of whose absence I was heartily thankful, and that was the poison oak or ivy.

For two days we climbed the mountains. Our horses were heavily loaded but we were grateful to observe that they were accustomed to the pack-saddle. This was apparent in the cautious way in which they picked their footing among the rocks, avoiding trees and projecting points in the turns of the trail that might strike against the packs. It was well that they were careful for on one of them was packed twenty pounds of dynamite and caps, and at times the narrow trail, a few inches in width, wound around steep precipices and shelving banks where a single mis-step might have precipitated them downward for five hundred or a thousand feet. A pack-horse

and a roadster are quite different animals.

One of our horses, a jet black mountain pony, familiarly known as "Nig," was a jewel in his way. What he did not know about the mountains and his particular trade or calling, that might in any way relate to his advantage, I am convinced was not worth knowing. It is true, he had one or two little tricks that did not quite meet with our approval. One of which was to take a long breath and hold it while the cinch was being tightened, that he might breathe easily with the pack on, though nothing could budge him should the cinch become loosened. He was continually watching for a choice bite along the trail which he would pluck as he passed, and when we halted, should he happen to feel tired, he would come up and dumbly request us to remove his burden. He was very affectionate and hung around camp like a dog, and always managed to keep glossy and as plump as a partridge. If there were ever any doubts in our minds regarding the way, we referred the matter to "Nig." As a general rule mules are preferable to horses; they are tougher and more sagacious.

One of our party related that on a previous expedition during a rain storm a pack-mule which they owned, came up to the campfire and presented his side to the warmth until thoroughly dried, and then turned and presented the other, whilst the horses stood about shivering with the cold.

We had now entered the high mountains and the scenery lost its pastoral expression and became wild and impressive. Cañon folded into cañon, and peaks turned over peaks to where the pines gave way to the snow. We pitched our tents along a pretty stream called Union creek, purposing to prospect the surrounding country, which abounded in quartz ledges, whose float we were constantly examining.

Outside the excitement of prospecting there is a genuine and wholesome pleasure attendant upon the pursuit. After an early breakfast we would set forth for a day's climbing, just as the sun began to pierce through and light up the topmost spires of the sea of pines, tinging the snow-capped peaks with rosy Alpine light.

In the cool shade of the hills we made rapid progress, swinging easily along, unconscious of exertion, rejoicing in health and strength, our whole beings in receptive mood to drink in every sight, sound and smell.

As we strode upward along the faces of the steep mountain sides, our breaths coming faster and shorter, our hearts redoubling their pulsations, how sweet it was to fling ourselves down upon a carpet of pine needles in that pure, rare, upper air, for a few minutes rest.

Beneath us wound the thundering mountain streams, now inaudible threads of silver, stretching here and there through the broad blue shadows of the mighty cañons beneath us.

The sunlight fell softly upon the lofty pines around us, outlining their purple trunks and branches against the loving blue of the cloudless summer sky; while yonder, to the eastward, like a great monument to purity and truth, arose Shasta, the chaste, with his everlasting crown of snow.

In those higher altitudes a solemn stillness prevails that reminds one of the Sabbath.

We felt, indeed, that the world lay beneath us, and for a moment of exaltation forgot the object of our errand; then on we clambered through the buck brush.

There is a shrub or brush, whose name I have assiduously inquired for in the mountains, which I find to pass under the general appellation of snow brush. It is to be found far up the mountain sides, approaching the snow line, whence, I presume, its name. It seems to resemble the bay or laurel in foliage, though its leaves

"IN ONE TWO PARTNERS HAD LIVED FOR TWENTY-ONE YEARS"

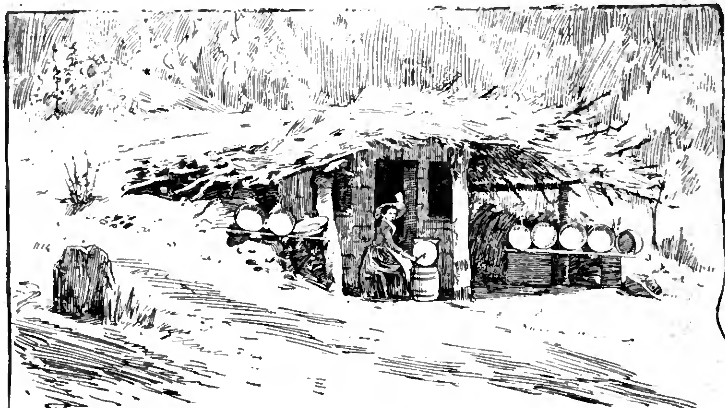
are sticky, and like them gives out a strong aromatic odor, not unlike the Balm of Gilead. Its branches, and for that matter the whole bush, points down the hill, probably trained in this direction by the snow. In ascending, we avoided it as far as possible, and I doubt if we could have penetrated it at all had it not been by following the deer trails, so thickly and so awkwardly it presents its branches to the climber; but in descending, we found that we could get rapidly over it, after a fashion, should we wish to take a short cut, and great sport it was. Grasping a branch, we would fling ourselves bodily forward upon the springy boughs, and thus on downward, repeating the operation. But the buck brush or chaparrall, as I have heard it called —though I supposed the latter term to apply to all mountain shrubs as a unit—was not so easy a proposition.

This is a small, bluish-gray brush, compactly uniting into strips and patches. Its leaves are small and pointed; its limbs twisted and crooked and literally bristling with long sharp thorns.

When this presented an unbroken front we changed our course, passing through it only where the deer had led the way.

There were deer trails in every direction. Hundreds of them, thousands, indeed, the whole mountains surrounding our camp were covered with a net work of them from base to summit. Where first we pitched our camp on Union Creek we observed bands of from twenty to thirty deer moving here and there or unconsernedly grazing on the opposite hillsides. But the crack of our rifles soon made them wary, though so plentiful were they that scarcely a day passed without seeing half a dozen within rifle range, and at night they frequently passed our camp as their foot prints testified in the morning.

We were continuously coming across their beds, sometimes in the underbrush and young spruces or pines, sometimes in the open wood or in the snowbrush. The choice of location seemed to be a matter of indifference to them so long as the locality afforded some protection to the wind and an avenue of easy escape it surprised. On one occasion we passed a bed under the cover of an old deserted cabin. I do not mean to imply by the term bed that they



A MOUNTAIN HOME.

A MINER'S CABIN.

put themselves to the trouble to construct one of straw or other material, it is merely the spot where they are in the habit of lying, as is shown by the impression they have left and scattering hair, and I am not certain that they occupy the same spots successively, though they undoubtedly remain in distinct localities till frightened or driven away. I am referring to the does and fawns at present, for the bucks seem to choose the higher altitudes in summer, separating themselves in a measure from the does.

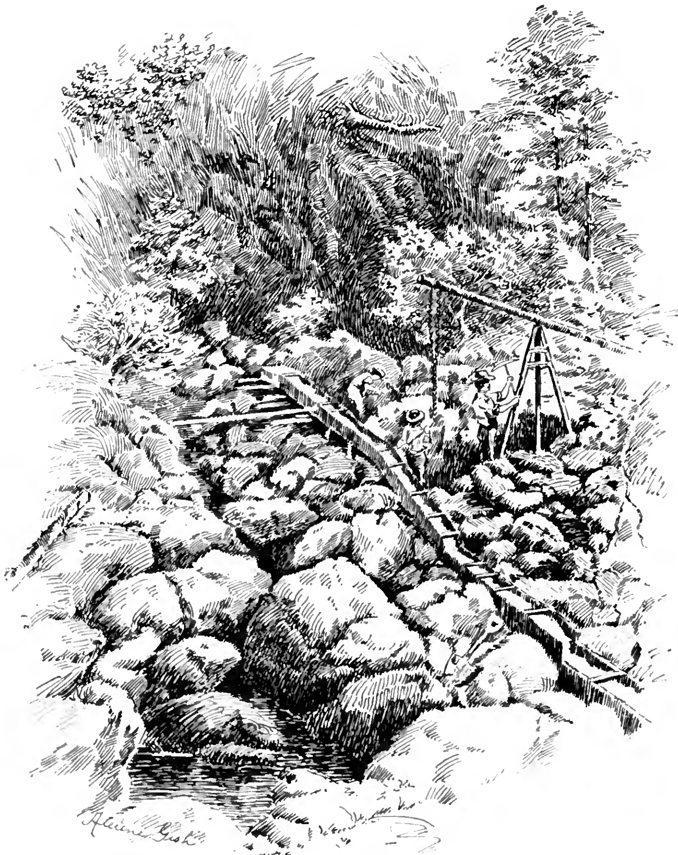
These mountains are their breeding places; thither they repair in the spring and bring forth their young remaining till about the time of the first snow when they migrate in bands down the valley of the Salmon river and over the mountains toward the Pacific slope. Those nearer to the warmer belt of Trinity river descend in that direction, for it would be impossible for them to exist in ten feet of snow. I believe the bucks lead them out, though an old miner of long experience in the mountains told me that they preceeded the does and fawns. On the 1st of October there came six inches of snow and nearly all the deer left the mountains, the bucks among them. A fawn, now nearly grown, whose mother had probably been killed, remained behind not understanding the situation. The fawn had wandered down to our camp when small and had become almost tame enough to handle. We caught him by means of a lasso but released him later.

A SALMON RIVER EXPRESS TRAIN.

Until entering the Salmon mountains, I had always supposed the deer a marvel of sagacity, timid, and possessed of exceptionally acute senses, which may be the case, where they are much hunted, but was surprised at their want of caution, especially the does, on this trip.

One day two of us passing through the wood a hundred yards apart and occasionally calling to each other beheld a doe standing directly between us calmly flicking away the flies from her ears.

One evening as I sat beside the trail with my rifle a deer approached in the gathering darkness so close that I could almost have touched it but for an intervening tree, and could distinctly hear it snapping off twigs and munching them. They will frequently stand perfectly still in the bushes and allow you to pass if they think they are unobserved. If you stand motionless besides a trail they will sometimes walk almost over



"THROUGH THE LONG SUMMER DAYS WE WORKED."

ing, had walked a few steps toward the creek, when chancing to glance across it, not twenty yards away, on the opposite bank, he saw a splendid five point buck with a doe cooly reconnoitering the premises. Nor did he shoot a deer that day though he managed to knock over a bear.

Two men can carry a good sized buck with comparative comfort on a pole stretched through his legs after uniting them by thrusting the fore feet through the tendons of the opposite side hind legs. To preserve your venison hang it in the air on branches or poles and then tie sacks around the pieces in such a manner that they shall not press upon the meat. Remove them at night when the flies and yellow jackets have disappeared and resume them in the morning.

you. This, a prospector tried to explain to me is on account of their having no pupils (apparent) in their eyes and that they could only detect moving objects.

The buck is the more careful of the two, and keeps a pretty constant lookout as a rule.

You will observe him take a few steps and pause to listen and look; then a few steps further and stop and take a nibble at a bush; then on in the same manner. Yet, as one of our party expressed himself, "they will do the cheekiest thing when you least expect them." No doubt he had in mind the morning when his turn came to supply the camp with meat. About dawn he arose and thinking to bathe before start-

Oh how thick the yellow jackets were and how hungry! They would carry off an entire deer in the time that it took our camp to eat one. I observed them under a magnifying glass cutting long strips of meat weighing as much as themselves, rolling it deftly between their fore legs and carrying it away. So ravenous were they that they took no heed as to their personal wellfare. Our coffee cups and soup dishes caught dozens of them; our meat pots became filled with them if left uncovered for a moment, and we were obliged to examine and fight for every morsel we placed in our mouths. When there was nothing else in

sight for them to eat they pitched into the flies and carried them off. The cook could safely calculate to get stung by them three times a day.

Once I forgot a string of trout for two days and when I picked them up again I observed that they appeared to be remarkably light, and upon closer inspection found that they had been completely dissected, nothing but their skins remaining.

Although venison was our staple in the way of meat, trout was not an unfrequent dish on our bill of fare. It required but small effort to bring in a string of forty or fifty of them all ranging between seven and ten inches in length.

For the first month our table was supplied with them nearly every day, when we began to grow tired of them. All the streams that we crossed were literally alive with them and a successful cast could be made at almost any point.

In those rapid, rocky mountains streams one must wade a good deal to be a successful fisherman. In places the stream flows between nearly vertical banks of obstructing boulders and bushes, obliging you to step cheerfully into the water.

It is awkward to fish up stream,—to me at least,—but there is ample compensation in admiring the beauties of naturc which you were too intent to observe on your downward trip. The purple lights and shadows on the playing water; the violet tinted boulders interspersed with flowering shrubs, azalias, wild lilacs, brilliant dog woods, a variety of ferns and grasses, and beyond them the ever impressive pines, between whose mossy columns you catch glimpses of blue cliffs circling high around you. A deer bounds out of a thicket; an eagle may spread out his great pinions and flap majestically up the cañon. You may for a moment be reminded that in that solitude there is other game not so agreeable to meet empty handed and wish that your fishing rod were exchanged for a rifle. Here is a decaying log where a bear has been digging for grubs; you see the prints of his claws and come upon his dung. That great cat track was made by a panther and you are aware that at the very moment he may he watching your every move. The sun sets early in the cañon and you hasten your steps, for, while you argue there is no actual danger, it seems much more pleasant, to sit around a camp fire with companions when the sun has gone down.

Supper! how could we manage to stow it all away? A great kettle of beans baked in the ground, a heaping dish of venison steaks, two frying pans full of savory trout, a great hot pan of biscuits, a gallon of coffee, rice, stewed prunes, onions,—shall I confess it?—this was our usual meal for five and there was seldom anything left over, unless it was the bread I made when my turn came to cook. And our board bill amounted to less than seven dollars a month apiece.

After supper we made a rousing camp fire of pitch logs and branches,—the government supplying fuel,—and by its light we perused a last months *Overland* and ancient copies of the San Francisco dailies. How cheerfully it crackled and roared sending up showers of living sparks zig-zag wise into the branches of the pines like swarms of fire flies in a New England meadow.

As the flames died down we mused on the fanciful or grotesque pictures presented by the stack of gleaming coals.

There is no light in the world unless it be that of the blessed sun that can compare with a pitch blaze.

I shall never forget the fire I made when camping alone in the mountains one night. It was around the hole of a huge pine which had been cut for timber, the section I refer to having been discarded on account of its knots.

It smelt strongly of turpentine and I had

but to apply a match to set it ablaze. All night long the brilliant red and yellow flames circled around the great hole, eating steadily into it like the burning of a candle and leaving a scarcely perceptible white ash. Underneath the burning embers looked like quarters of blood oranges, yellow and carmine. The smoke was really a delicious insence which, when the wind wafted over me, I inhaled with a relish, sentimentally fancying it to be the essential essence and the spirit of the mighty tree—"while the wood spirits came from their haunts of a thousand years."

The wind blowing among the pine tops gives out a sound not unlike the ocean, if anything, it is deeper, more solemn and impressive. Sometimes you will hear a dull, deep thunder as the wind carries a great tree to the ground.

There were several varieties of this noble tree—a tree whose individuality always impresses you—in the mountains where we spent the summer. The sugar pine, bearing long pitchy cones, was a great attraction and storehouse to innumerable squirrels and chipmunks. The pine squirrel—a dull reddish color upon his back, approaching a dirty yellowish white underneath—was constantly whimpering up and down its trunk and chipping off cones in all stages of development.

If you wish to keep your cranium intact have a care how you pass under the branches when he is cutting off green cones. It is no trivial matter to be struck by a compact cone ten inches long and weighing from one to two pounds falling a hundred feet.

It was fun, however, to watch the chipmunks wait for them as they fell and steal a pouch full of nuts before the big fellow could climb down.

It would have fared ill with the intruder had he been captured. I once saw one of them being pursued by the indignant pine squirrel along a hillside. My attention was called by the terrified screams of the little one, who eventually gave his antagonist the slip by constantly dodging till he had found a place of cover.

I saw but one red squirrel on the trip, though we killed some beautiful grays on the summit of Trinity mountain.

An object of passing curiosity to us were the cabins standing here and there in lonely and unexpected places in the woods. Some of them had items of interest attached to them.

In one two partners had lived for twenty-one years working their joint claim. Another, now deserted, with the roof crushed in, belonged to a miner who had been buried by a cart in a ravine under the hill. They were built much on the same plan, substantially of logs, with heavy pole or log rafters, securely propped to prevent the roof from being crushed by snow. Some of them were perched in romantic corners and sunny nooks, probably not from any foresight or design of the builder, whose aim and object was merely convenience and temporary comfort. In the mountains the social distinction of towns and cities is unknown.

You address every inhabitant and traveler as though he were an old acquaintance and chat in a friendly manner over the weather or the prospects. Any pretense of superiority stamps a man as bogus and the cheapest thing you can do is to be perfectly natural, as you will be if you stay in the woods long enough.

Occasionally a man will appear in a destitute condition, but you always invite him to dinner as though he were a prince.

Toward the latter days of September the weather begins to grow cold. You put the blankets all on top of you and sleep on the saddle pads and awake to find a white frost on the ground. You must shortly abandon your tents or move into a cabin, for the snow is not far away. The denizens of the forest take the hint quickly, and you will

see the squirrels and chipmunks, the jays and woodpeckers working with fiendish haste and energy laying in their stores for cold weather.

There is a presence and premonition in the air that bespeaks a sudden change as surely as the barometer apprises the sailor. The leaves along the bottom of the streams grow brilliant. The dogwood blazes like a crimson fire, branches and all, and the cottonwoods and willows put yellow over yellow till the brooks seem lined with banks of sunlight. The wild plums and witch hazles turn purple and red and all the deciduous trees and shrubs fall into procession and put on a carnival attire for the grand wind-up of summer. You begin to grow restless like the other animals and contemplate migration into the valley. Erstwhile there are pleasant ties and attachments that you dislike to sunder. How can you exist again with comfort without the beverage of clear, cold, sparkling water from mountain streams, to the accompaniment of their splashing and plunging, as you lie down on your belly and drink a dozen times a day.

Those mountain streams, how delectable were they to all the senses! Absolutely pure, cool and refreshing to the taste and touch. How they lulled you to sleep with their constant prattle and murmurings; how fragrant smelt the wild grapevines and thimble berries along their mossy banks, and how charming and restful to the eye the liquid crystal pouring over a thousand falls and dripping from a thousand rocks into the cool basins filled to overflowing, the rose maiden hair ferns sometimes completely hiding them from sight for hundreds of feet. Those in our vicinity were bordered with Cinque foil in the fullest perfection and luxuriance.

In every cañon you came upon them and though of half a dozen in as many hundred yards you have drunk, you cannot resist the standing invitation of one draught more.

Take it—it won't hurt you, but rather leave a pleasant memory when in the dust and adulteration of civilization you chance to think of it.

Through the long summer days we worked some weeks sluicing a placer claim in the channel of a stream in which we had turned. Though the work was not light we did not mind it. The pines cast cooling shade around us, and as long as we could bury our faces in the sparkling water and drink whenever we wished we were refreshed and satisfied.

Was it Briaerius whom Hercules met upon one of his adventures and wrestled with and discovered that each time he threw him to the ground he redoubled his strength?

So if you go to the mountains and sleep upon the earth, whether in pursuit of game or gold or an idle holiday, and become, as it were, of the earth earthy—though nor of dirt dirty—you will become strengthened and satisfied and ever after have a lingering affection for a bed of pine boughs.

E. W. Wooster.

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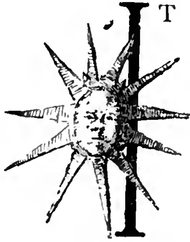
IS OPPOSITION TO THE "INCOME TAX" EITHER LOGICAL OR LEGAL?



IT is a matter of no surprise that those who are selfishly interested resort to various kinds of arguments, either real, spurious or mixed, to oppose legislation which has for its object an increase of taxation, or its readjustment on lines of greater equality, but when public representatives, reputed to be statesmen, adopt such arguments as their own with all the sophistries that pertain to them, either with sincere or sinister motives, it is meet and proper that we should look beneath the surface and the glamour of the situation for the fundamental principle of legislation in a given direction. It must be admitted that an income tax approximates both the equality and equity of taxation to a greater degree than any other system of levy for public revenue. It is not a tax wrung from property without reference to its earning capacity or those adverse conditions to stand the burden of taxation, resulting from the frequent occurrence of local and general causes, which often for longer or shorter periods of time render both personal and real property "unproductive values." The unproductive status of property seldom causes the lowering of the assessment for tax purposes, but it has to bear its proportion of a State and County revenue necessary for any fiscal year, whether the owner is able to pay the tax from the income of the property or not. The hardships resulting in individual cases from taxation and assessments, where the property yields no adequate return have been numerous in many of the Cities and Counties of the States of the American Union. The alleged disfavor of an income tax is based upon the charge that it is both unconstitutional and inquisitorial.

Chief Justice Marshall among the earliest of his judicial decisions broadly construed the power of taxation to be commensurate with the plenary powers of legislation, upon the theory that the very existence of government depended upon the exercise of this power by Congress, in accordance with public necessity.

Our first Federal Income tax was never attacked or seriously called in question as being repugnant to the Constitution. Therefore, all criticism of the Income Tax for unconstitutionality is untenable and contrary to established precedent. While the conclusion is most positively stated in favor of the constitutionality of the law in question, there might arise a very serious question under Article 1, Section 9, sub-division 4 of the Constitution which provides that "No capitation or other direct tax shall be paid unless in proportion to the census enumeration herein before directed to be taken." This clause is somewhat obscure but a judicial interpretation of it would probably determine the mode of collecting the tax and not question the power of Congress to enact such a law. Held in Springer v. United States, 12 Otto, U. S. Reports, S. C. p. 586, that an income tax was not *direct* but *indirect* tax.

In the last analysis, opposition to an income tax centers upon its assumed inquisitorial nature, that is, that it is official and unwarranted invasion of the sphere of private and secret affairs. Mr. Jefferson was cited as an eminent authority to fortify Democratic opposition to the enactment of a Federal income tax. It matters not whether Mr. Jefferson's views were based

upon considerations of public policy or that he entertained disapproval of such a law because of its tendency to infringe individual rights, it is nevertheless evident that Mr. Jefferson in his time did not apprehend the radical changes which would and which have since taken place in the management, control and public supervision of property and of its reaching such magnitude that corporate control and ownership would largely supersede individual and partnership control and ownership. The evolution of corporate ownership of property has brought with it the necessity and expediency of governmental inspection and examination, never dreamed of in the first years of the republic.

All of this is recognized for the public good and for the protection of individuals. When we consider the various legislative and judicial agencies, both under Federal and State laws, for the examination of corporate property, there seems no longer a single element of secrecy pertaining to property under corporate tenure, and the policy has long since become a fixed one to do away with the traditional notion of secrecy as to the assets and income of a citizen when it has a relation to investments under corporate control. The entire commercial communities of the United States surrender or are supposed to surrender, at the request of the large mercantile reporting agencies, the salient conditions of their stock in trade, whether conducted under corporate, partnership or individual management, and refusal to do so, as is well understood, implies suspicion and inability to get commercial rating as the basis of credit or business confidence. These things have become the custom of merchants. There is not a city, county or State or Federal official whose salary income is not fixed and published in the various volumes of public laws. Our State and National Banks are subject to public supervision, and indirectly the affairs of all customers dealing with these institutions are investigated in order to correctly ascertain the solvency of such corporations. It is not unseldom to hear doctors, lawyers and other professionals, and operators on change, as well as commercial men, boasting of incomes far in excess of the reality in order to advertise their professional standing or business success. In nearly all of the States sworn statements are required from its tax-paying citizens, with a schedule showing a full inventory and appraisement of all kinds of property, real, personal and mixed, and so explicitly does the law presuppose a fullness of statement that every imaginable form of property, solvent and insolvent indebtedness, choses in action, etc., are included. These verified statements become public documents and are subject to the inspection of everyone for the purpose of revision, correction or falsification, with legal penalties attaching in case that the sworn statement is materially or willfully false.

The income of any citizen, in his amenability to the tax laws of his State, is a deducible proposition, and differs only from the income tax, in that the latter requires the statement of the sum total and the State method requires the facts and figures from which the sum total can be approximately derived. In short, all the forms of sworn statements accompanied by the annual schedule of taxable property, and used in the different States in getting at the quality and quantity of taxable property, are infinitely more inquisitorial and more repugnant to the canons of secrecy and the privacy of the individual and family concerns than is the single and ultimate fact of the general income from all sources for the given year. Nor is the method of getting at incomes, by sworn statements, under the Federal law, fraught with so much temptation to fraud, perjury and evasion, as are the present State systems.

Men who will commit fraud and perjury to evade the income tax, are now doing the same thing to evade the payment of their full quota of City, County and State taxes. Detection and punishment will be easier under the income system, but the two systems working together will greatly diminish criminal incivism. The argument that the law should not be enacted because its evasion would beget the commission of crime, is about as applicable for the abolition of most of our penal statutes, especially those that relate to punishment of offenses that are *mala prohibita*. The income tax is based upon the actual earnings of the individual or corporation.

The tax rebates in proportion to the falling off of the tax-payer's annual revenue; its practical workings will exact equal contributions for governmental support for all alike affected by its provision.

It is, perhaps, pertinent to remark here that one criticism of the present income tax law, supported by eminent legal opinion, is to the effect that it is not uniform in its application to taxation, and is therefore repugnant to the Federal Constitution, which requires "all duties, imposts and excises to be uniform throughout the United States." This ground of opposition to the constitutionality of the law, is one that could easily be remedied by causing it to embrace, by amendment, smaller incomes than it does at present. This, however, should not be theoretically or practically carried to a point where the income subject to the tax would be so small that it would be impracticable for the government to collect the tax. To get at the meaning of "uniformity" in the operation of a law or in the imposition of a tax, is often-times very difficult. It is enumerated in the Bill of Rights of most of the State Constitutions that "all laws of a general nature shall have a uniform operation." In the face of this general declaration, nearly all the States have exemption laws, or laws which limit the right of the creditor to take the property of the debtor to that which is not exempt by law from execution. This class of legislation has been constantly upheld as not being repugnant to the constitutional provision of "uniformity." In *ex parte* Smith and Keating, 38 Cal., 703, it was held that the meaning of the Constitution is, that "general laws must act alike upon all subjects of legislation, or upon *all persons* who stand in the *same category*."

Reflection demonstrates that the law is no more inquisitorial in fact than the revenue acts of most of the States.

Again, if the law is repugnant in an inquisitorial sense, the principle should rest upon its operation *in rem and not in personem*. In other words, the principle is not broad if it is limited to the *argumentum adhominem*, that is to say it is wrong, impertinent and inquisitorial to force disclosure of the rents, issues and profits of a man's property during his lifetime, but it is not wrong to require legally the fullest disclosure as to every detail in case the same property descend by inheritance or testamentary disposition to next of kin or to those who are the objects of the testator's bounty.

The course of legal procedure in all countries where the common or civil law is recognized, contemplates that upon the death of a person, testate or intestate, the property of the deceased is in the custody of the law; and the estates of all deceased persons have to be accounted for and exemplified in our probate and surrogate courts. All trust estates have generally to be exemplified in our Courts of Equity down to the smallest item, and annual reports and accounts are also required of the trustees whereby the Court may be informed of the annual rents or incomes of property. Our

equity jurisprudence is more largely exercised in this direction than upon any of the subjects of equity.

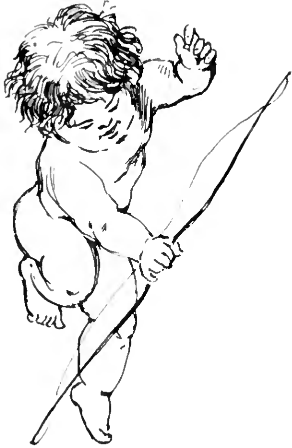
These things are done in accordance with the plain mandates of the law for the protection of the survivors and beneficiaries. How can it be claimed that a man's right during his lifetime to maintain the secrecy of his property to be inviolate when the law itself, from time immemorial, has persistently and positively required that, after his death, the most careful and exact account should be rendered in open court of every kind and value of property belonging to the estate.

There is no tribute or toll to be exacted of property more essential or more necessary than that of taxation. To say that a man's property is sacred and inviolate when it is called upon to yield its reasonable proportion for the support of the government, but that no such rule obtains when it is to be preserved for distribution to his next of kin, etc., is a palpable inconsistency. The law is not more inquisitorial in one case than in the other.

An income tax law does not pry into the private methods of acquiring wealth, nor does it destroy or impair the secrecy and caution of negotiation incident to the purchase or exchange of property. It deals with the ultimate facts without reference to the processes or methods by which the property or employment yielding the income was acquired. There is a large personal equation connected with every income earned or enjoyed by those to be affected by the income tax law. A man's personality and energy in order to produce the largest income and to secure the most remunerative employment, must have the use of public facilities, and he must be protected as to his health, life and liberty. The Government, which he is called upon to support, affords a great expense to itself. Everyone one of these protections, the Post Office, Sanitary regulations, and that general protection to life and liberty, which is the fundamental principle of our free institutions. It is also estimated that at least 80 per cent. of our industrial pursuits are based directly or indirectly upon Patent rights issued and protected by the United States Government; the government charges for Letters Patent are inconsiderable, compared to the value of such exclusive privileges, in many cases resulting as a security to the Patentees of novelties and inventions. In view of the enormous individual and corporate wealth, which patent privileges have produced, this aspect of the case alone, presents a very large quantity in favor of the income tax from this class of industries and gainful pursuits. It is evident that the charge against an income tax that it is inquisitorial, is based upon a false theory and one which has never had the slightest application when property has been transmitted by change of ownership either through inheritance or testamentary disposition. Such arguments against the income tax law are specious and misleading and were used in opposition to the enactment of such a law to shield those who are, under all circumstances, reluctant to contribute to the government their due apportionment by which the government can only continue to maintain its existence and to protect each and every citizen in the full enjoyment of life, liberty and property. Finally, if the execution of the income tax law should necessitate the enforcement of its appropriate penalties, it is to be trusted that neither clemency nor charity will be extended to those who may conjoin perjury with their attempts to evade its provisions; but, on the contrary, such legislation should the more strongly commend itself, as a means both for the exposure and punishment of any such class.

Charles J. Swift.

DOCTRINAL.



I, her pastor, and a student
Of her nature, sweet and prudent
As any little maiden you would really care to see.
When she looked with eyes upglancing,
Most bewitchingly entrancing,
I bethought me of the future and a hymeneal fee.
In a confidential whisper
Which I hoped would not escape her
I proposed that I might marry this creature so divine.
May I—may I—call you—Mildred?
Then she blushed and looked bewil-
dered,
So I kissed this darling morsel and
called her dearest mine.
Quite contrary to invention—
Perhaps I need not mention,
That this little maid I did not
marry—to any other
man.

Edwin Wildman.

*AMERICAN DEAD SEA FRUIT.

AN EIDOLON OF DANITE DAYS.

HE sat upon a low wall of stone, squat-bodied, sluggish, gross. Back of him, stretching north and south, rose the huge tumbling billow of the Oquirrah Range; to the west the heaving heaps of the Turtle Backs, and before him, with its northern end opening wide-mouthed on the grey levels of Great Salt Lake, slept the long valley of Queen Creek, steeped in noontide sunshine. The man, Elder Bungrod, had a flat, toad-like look, as he sat lazily drooping forward with elbows on his knees, and occasionally turning a pair of small, reddish eyes about the landscape. By times a faint breath of wind came down the distant gorges and fell upon the milky waters producing a bluish, opalescent sparkle much like a puff of hot ashes. Up on the "bench," a half mile away to the southeast, lay a struggling Mormon settlement, and all up and down the valley were low adobe houses, small wheat fields, potato patches and plots of alfalfa. There was a great sense of isolation and solitude in the wide hush of the valley, the utter silence and immobility of the brown, barren mountains, the still air, and the dead expanse of ashen waters.

Presently the man turned his squat body partially around and looked sourly toward a long low house, cluttered about with sheds, barns, stone walls and ricks of wood, which lay a little to the southward. A rough oath rumbled up from his great neck as he glowered at it, a

*Frontespiece.

dark scowl wrinkled his grizzled animal face, and he got up and made his way toward the house, panting as he went and crushing the clods and potato vines under his heavily booted feet. In a moment, a party of seven women came hurrying through a gate into the inclosure. They were Bungrod's wives; three of them strong, young Swedish women, two Danish, one German, one American, and all under middle age and bearing upon their bodies and faces the unmistakable stamp of rough work, coarse food and brutal treatment. All had babies in their arms or small children clinging to their skirts, and behind them and about them were other older children—an unseemly drove of half dressed active young animals—laughing loudly, teasing each other, and fighting and crying discordantly. The clothing worn by the women was made of wool, though it was summer weather, and was of the most coarse and irritating texture. They looked heated, weary and unhappy. As they caught sight of their angry lord their pace quickened, and across all their faces passed a visible shadow of fear.

"You wimmen must 'a' et tarnel nigh ever'theng on this yere place," said the man brutally. "It takes more t' feed yeh then all th' stock I got. I et my dinner an' hev been out yere a plum ten minutes waitin' fer yeh. Now, yeh stir y'r stumps; th' wheat's gettin' too ripe!" The eldest women, who was his first wife, having married him some twenty years before in Tennessee, paused and gave him a look of ineffable hatred. The man lifted his heavy foot as if to kick her then desisted and gruffly asked: "Where's Kristene?"

"She's doin' of the dishes," said the woman, still fixing him with eyes like an angry snake's; "You let'er alone!"

The man made a slight movement as if he would strike her, then turned with an oath and tramped heavily on toward the house. The woman followed him with her glittering yellow eyes until he entered the door then walked onward to her task, sallow, angular, and with unspeakable discomfort in her aspect.

The Elder found Kristene standing by the kitchen table, her hands fallen motionless among the steaming ware in the great dish-pan, her eyes, full of sad wistfulness, looking out through the open window to the quiet mountains. She was little more than a child, a slender Norwegian girl, yellow-haired, blue-eyed, innocent, and as white as milk. She was vaguely watching a flock of sheep drifting like a dull, ragged fragment of cloud along a road that crossed the foot of the nearest mountain, and thinking of the peaks which stood so grave and kindly about the cup-like hollow in which lay her old home in far off Norway. As the steam from the hot dishes floated up past her face she seemed to see the little village, a jumbled handful of houses, in the valley below her father's tiny farm, and the blue fjord shimmering beyond it; then her father's face, cold and terrible in death; then how her mother and she had crossed the sea with other Mormon emigrants, and how her mother had died while crossing the American plains, leaving her child utterly bereft and defenseless, and how she had been sent here by the Mormon Elders to become, obviously, the eighth wife of this lecherous monster. Tears welled into her eyes as she stared, and when she heard the man's heavy step behind her, she gave a little cry of fear and shrank away from him.

"Don't yeh be skeered, little un; don't yeh be skeered; nobody won't hurt yeh," said the Elder, advancing, arms extended and with a maudlin expression of countenance.

The young girl flattened herself against the wall with a look of dismay and horror in her eyes, and when his hands touched her she cried out wildly, and, slipping from

"WITH A MAUDLIN EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE."

him, flew with swift feet out the door and down into the fields. With a stifled curse, Bungrod kicked the chairs out of his way and tramped after her. His heavy face had a greenish, congested cast, and his small eyes looked red and evil. The girl stopped near the elder woman, who, with the others, was reaping wheat with sickles, and held her hand against her heart, panting hard.

The woman turned from her work and looked at the girl with an expression strangely blending, pity and hatred. They called her old Mary, for there was a younger Mary among the wives. "Here," she said to the girl in a harsh cracked voice, "yeh ken bind the wheat I'm cuttin'. Keep clost 't me."

The girl obeyed, turning her eyes furtively toward the house. Bungrod came straight toward them. "Yere," he snorted, approaching the girl, "you git back ter them pans an' kittles. I want yeh 't onderstan' thet I'm arunnin' of these premises yit awhile."

The frightened girl shrank back into the wheat, and the elder woman rose up in front of the man, tall, yellow-skinned, hollow-cheeked and trembling. She came close to him, her head craned forward, her amber eyes ablaze with rage, "Don't yeh tetch 'er, Drood Bungrod. Don't yeh lay a finger onter 'er, or I'll kill yeh in y'r tracks!" she hissed, and lifted the sharp sickle threateningly.

The man drew back with a deep-mouthed curse of anger and fear, then stood irresolute.

"Yeh hev did an' ken do what yeh please weth these other fools," said the woman, flinging her muscular hand contemptuously toward the other wives working here and there about the field, "but this child's not fer sich wolves as you! She hain't got no mother, ner nary a tother person in the worl' 't' pertect 'er, an' yeh ken't hev 'er! I've got young uns of my own, an' I say yeh ken't hev 'er!"

The man threw back his head and let off a loud hollow bray of derisive mirth. "Y'r jealous, air yeh? No wonder, fer yeh certain' ain't so purty as Kristene! Haw! Haw! I thenk y'll find sumpins happened by this time tomorrer!"

The woman turned and knelt down at the edge of the wheat and began to ply the sickle. Sweat was trickling down her furrowed, sallow temples. "Yeh keep clost 't' me," she said roughly to the girl, and was silent.

The man looked at them a moment with a Satanic grin wrinkling his brutal face, then sat down upon the wall and began hoarsely shouting his orders about the field; over to the older children, who were shocking the sheaves on the opposite side of the inclosure, to the younger ones "minding" the fretful babies, which were seated here and there upon blankets in the stubble, and to the hot, weary mothers cutting and binding the grain. The scene was Hebraic; doubtless an actual picture of life in the early Israelitish epoch, that life which to half the world looking back through a glamour of distance and religious awe, seems beautiful and holy. Here was a Dead Sea, the same desolate mountains, the same narrow fruitful valleys, the same besotment of the marriage tie, the same rulership of a political Priesthood, and here I fancy was another Patriarch watching the gleaners with a stormy eye. Across the Oquirrahs, at the foot of the Wasatch Range, lay the modern Zion, with its Temple and Tabernacle, its Prophet, Priests and seventy Elders. Alas, that history should repeat itself! At the present moment Bungrod's voice was harsher than usual, and his washy pig-eyes were more red and open as if his hard animal heart was roused with an evil purpose. That death could not somehow overtake this petty autocrat seemed almost a pity, seeing that his hand was so heavy upon those around him, his spoliation of innocence so great, his debauchery of life's holiest relation so unspeakable. But this vile autocracy was his religion, the "gospel" as preached in the meeting house up there on the "bench" above the farm, and its victims, the women, were taught that their salvation depended on human increase and obedience to the Elders. Fifteen years ago this style of farm life was common in Utah, and still, in this later, saner day, in the deep outlying mountain valleys, the hands of women are put to the same rough tasks, their bodies to the same ignoble uses, and their crushed hearts still cry to heaven for succor and deliverance.

When darkness had begun to gather in Queen Creek Valley that evening, the elder Mary and Kristene slipped out into the gloom, and together and with palpitating hearts, took the road which led downward to the lake. A moon, red and enormous, was pushing its great disc over the huge billow of the Oquirrahs as they went, and its weird light and the solemn hush of the hour were reflected in their faces. The girl held the tall woman's hand, looking up to her now and then in a questioning frightened fashion.

"Vere you make me to go? Iss it far?" asked Kristene.

"I ken't say whar ner how fur," said the woman. "I ken't say ef hit air clost or fur; but I'm goin' 't' save yeh from thet man shore, ef—ef I hev 't' *kill yeh!*" Her great, tanned face looked like brass in the moonlight.

The girl gave a cry and involuntarily drew back, but the woman held her fast. "Yeh needn't be skeert of me," she said. "I won't tetch a hair of your head ef I ken hep hit. But, child, yeh better be daid an' afloatin' in th' salt water out yander then fastened 't' thet man an' wearin' out y'r life livin' in our hell back thar. I hearn they wuz a railroad bein' built from th' east, an' thet hit wuz nigh th' upper end of th' lake, fifty mile or more from here, an' ef I ken I'm goin' t' take yeh thar. Don't yeh be afeared of me; I'll do by yeh th' same, I'm shore, as y'r own mammy would 'a' done ef she wuz me."

They passed on down the valley. By the lake, the woman turned off from the road and went among some willows near the creek. There she knelt down, and surely no stranger prayer ever ascended to heaven.

"God in glory," she prayed; "God of them as hev no mothers ner no fathers ner no friends, hep me t' save this pore orphent child thet air so fur from home an' so innercent an' undefiled! Hep me 't keep 'er out of slavery, out of this hell thet men hev made in thy name! Give me strenth 't kill 'er, t' drown'd 'er ef needs be, an' O God, furgive me fer doin' hit ef hit is a sin! But he ken't hev 'er, Lord! She ain't fer sich as him! Amen."

When they came to the marge they found a small boat drawn up with its prow upon the gravel. All along the shore where the briny water rose and fell, each stick and stone incrusted with salt, glittered in the moonlight as if coated with frost. After standing for a moment silently looking out upon the glimmering waste, the elder woman placed a bundle in the boat, took her seat at the oars, bade the girl seat herself in the stern, then pushed the frail craft outward.

At once they seemed afloat upon a sea of molten opals. The moon and the faint red after-glow struck their dull rays into the smoky waters as into a bed of mother of pearl. The oars smote out a thousand milky jewels. The waters seemed enchanted. All along the west, the mountain walls, still tipped with a vague film of dying glory, stood up like ramparts of blue vitriol. The whole scene was strangely, weirdly beautiful, but to the two imperiled women afloat upon this dead sea of the desert, the wonderful water was but a means of conveyance, the silver-spangled darkness no more than an awesome covering for their flight.

The elder woman was but a poor hand at the oars— the girl knew nothing of the oarsman's art—but hour after hour she labored northward, her eyes on the moon for guidance. Toward morning despite her disquiet, the girl fell asleep in the stern of the boat, but the Mormon wife drove the little craft slowly onward, parched for water, trembling with weariness. At last the mountain tops took fire with morning, flames ran up the east, the heavy water moved slowly like a sea of rosy oil. The haggard woman dropped the oars, pushed hack the grizzled hair from her sweat-dampened temples, and looked about her. But a half hour ago the lake had seemed a sea lying still and lifeless in some dead and spectral basin of the moon ; the shores had been lost in shadow, the grim mountain-islands with which the lake is studded had seemed to roll up out of the brine like immeasurable castles of blackest basalt, and she had floated through a silence as of universal death. Now all was suffused with indescribable glory. A little wind came with the dawn, moving the heavy waters into mimic ridges of smoky pearl, which, from the sheer weight of liquid salt, split open along their crests like pouting lips, emitting little surdal murmurs of unrest. The waves did not comb over as with fresh waters, but slowly rose and broke like brittle masses of blending beryl and ice. Only for a moment the woman stared at the lovely wonder, then she turned and looked narrowly across the blushing levels toward the south. A boat

like a black speck was coming northward! She caught the oars and drove onward with all her strength. After a time she passed a mountainous island, and when it lay between them and their pursuers she paused. The girl still slept, the rosy light upon her cheeks and hair. The woman looked at her with strange irresolution, this beautiful girl whom her own husband intended to wed.

"God hep me!" she gasped. "O God hev mercy on me!" She looked toward the north. "I ken't save 'er! I ken't never save 'er!" she moaned; "O God hev mercy, I've got t' drown'd her!" and she twisted her hands together in agony. Her lips were blue, her sallow face was ghastly. She knelt down and drew the sleeping girl across her knees. For a moment she gazed into the sweet face, trembling from head to foot, then she lifted her slowly in her arms poising for the fearful throw. Suddenly the girl opened her blue eyes like a waking child and looked up into her face. "God!" exclaimed the woman, and her own eyes gushed over with tears. She laid the slight form down with the gold head upon the bundle, took up the oars, and pulled onward.

Miles to the northward lay another barren island. By noon she had put that also between them and those who pursued, and still far away to the northward lay the grey shore line. Hour after hour she pulled forward. Her eyes had a feverous, glassy look, her lips were drawn and parched, her tongue was dry as dust. Twice the girl essayed the oars but could make no progress, and the woman took them from her and labored onward.

Near sundown the pursuers came in sight again, Bungrod and two brother Danites—members of the cut-throat police of the Morman church. "God hep us!" gasped the woman, when she saw them rounding the last island several miles to the southward. She worked the oars with deadly energy. Her hands were blistered and swollen, her arms seemed drawn from their sockets, but she pulled onward spurred to a last supreme effort by a maddening sense of their narrowing chances of escape.

As the sun was sinking they made the shore, a vast reedy marsh of tall salt-grass. Finding a tiny inlet she drove the boat through and came into a little bayou; rowing along that for a mile or more, they emerged into a small river, which ran down from the north, past the present site of the town of Ogden. There they drank of the fresh water, the elder woman bathed her hot face and swollen hands and arms, and then pulled feebly on up the stream.

At length, as the red moon rose over the eastern mountains, they came to a railroad bridge in course of construction across the stream. Camp fires were burning at either end of the structure, and men were sitting about them smoking and talking. As the boat struck the shore beneath the bridge, the Mormon wife stretched her blackened trembling hands up toward the stars. "God, I thank yeh!" she said, and fell fainting across the side of the boat.

The men cared for them that night. In the morning the Mormon wife took some money from her bosom and handed it to the foreman. "Send th' child t' y'r home east," she said, "send 'er anywhar out of these mountains. Hit's more'n likely thar ain't enough money, but hit's all I got. I been a savin' hit up fer a long time so as t' go myself w'en th' railroad wuz come, but she ken hev hit now."

The man swore heartily that her desire should be held sacred, and the woman turned away and went down to the river's brink where the boat was moored. Kristene followed and begged in her broken English that her rescuer would come with her, would leave the accursed region forever.

"No," she said, "I ken't go now; my little darters air back thar; I must go t' 'em.

He may kill me, but I ken't hep hit; I must go back t' th' children." She drew the girl to her breast and kissed her, then got into the boat, took up the oars, and with a last look at Kristene, standing alone but free, with the morning sunshine breaking against her fresh young face, she passed down the river, on through the sea of glittering salt-grass, out into the gleaming waste of brine.

That evening a great storm came over the mountains from the west, and the salt waters rolled and threshed upon their bed in night-long fever. Two weeks later, while the Mormon mother's little daughters were playing in the sand upon the south shore, she came floating to their feet across the shining levels of the lake. The beautiful chemistry of the sun and salt had wrought its marvel on her. Her sallow face and toilworn hands were crystaline, her poor, coarse garments were as webs of spun glass, her hair was frosted as with powdered pearls, her feet were shod as with alabaster; like a splendid angel she lay asleep on the pillowing waters, clear, wonderful, as if her mother-love had turned its dwelling-place to crystal.

Alvah Milton Kerr.

SAN GABRIEL MISSION.

Franciscan Fathers deemed the spot so fair
They planted olives and the purple grape,
And gentle, pastoral Indians gathered there
To hear the lessons planned their souls to shape.
The circling hedge of sharp-spined prickly pear
Was barrier sure to all designing foe,
But any friend who wished might enter there
The willing hosts' sweet charity to know.

The full-voiced chime that pealed the matin call
And bade the toiler to the vesper chant
Still hangs in arches of the ancient wall.
But now its rhythmic tones are sadly scant:
There spaces are, like empty cloister cells,
That echoed once the hallowed song of bells.

L. Worthington Green.

MOST EXASPERATINGLY INDIFFERENT.

OUTWARD AND VISIBLE SIGNS.

V. THOROUGHBRED.

Once there were two men in love with the same girl and this is the story of how the one was taken and the other left.

The girl's name was Vance — Barry Vance of the Vances, who lived on Stockton street when Stockton street was the place to live and even afterward when it was not. In this story she shall be little more than a name. After all, a name (using the word largely) and a face are about all that men ask of a girl to-day. They are not so very far wrong. The best charactered girl is the girl with the least character; that is — don't misunderstand — decided character. Just as the best tempered girl is the one with the least temper. So in this story Barry Vance shall be simply Barry Vance to the end, which was when she married one of the men and changed her name to his.

But the men were of temperaments sufficiently marked and were as widely different as one could well imagine. They were ex-

tremes and as it were Barry was the mean between them.

In the first place, Jack Brunt was a tower of leathery muscles and hard, tough sinew and fibre, and used to crack walnuts in the hollow of his arm. He was handsome, too, with fine, high coloring, brown eyes, and a drooping brown moustache. He was a self-made man, a true son of the people, a man whom other men, children, and *some* women liked, although his manners were rather coarse. He had made his money by hard work, and when business men spoke of him they said he was "a good *earnest* fellow with no nonsense about him." He was in land and real estate and seemed to be forever talking about "fifty-vara lots on O'Farrell street." He spoke unreservedly about his humble, his very humble origin, because he was not ashamed of it and because it made people establish comparisons between it and himself and forced them to admire him for having raised himself to a position so far above that to which he had been destined by fate, and his father, old "Buck" Brunt, who had the country store and a fifth interest in a little stone quarry up Inyo way. The grandfather had been a stone cutter from Colusa.

Perhaps it made no difference between the two men that Wesley Shotover's ancestors were framing laws, commanding privateers and making history generally in the days of the *Constitution* and the *Bonhomme Richard*, when Brunt's were being leased out to labor contractors to grub and grapple under the whip with the reluctant colonial soil; they were both Americans and American-born, and a certain document that a Shotover had helped to draw up told them both that all men were created free and equal.

Whatever Brunt was you saw at once upon the surface, but Shotover's colorless face was an unimpassioned mask. It was almost the face of a girl, smooth, guiltless of beard, and invariably calm. It was just saved from effeminacy by certain mssculine dints about the nostrils and between the cheekbone and the angle of the jaw. There was a catlike daintiness about his dress and manner and he had a very happy faculty of saying and doing precisely the right thing at precisely the right time. Women were very fond of him, but the men were not. They said he never would amount to much, which in America is the very worst thing one man can say of another. And Shotover never *would* amount to much in the future because he amounted to so much in the present; as a matter of fact he amounted to about a million and a half in six per cents by his own right. Because he choose to enjoy what he had rather than to get more, he did absolutely nothing at all.

In point of years he was very much younger than Brunt, and in point of morals very much worse, often doing many things which cannot be noted here. He was in a fair way to smoke himself to death with cigarettes, his chief diet seemed to be chocolate nougats and French Vermouth, and his chief occupation, when not tendering suit and service to Barry, appeared to be holding down Market and Kearny streets during the fashionable time of day which is from four to six in the afternoon.

Old Vance was something distrustful of Shotover, and as a possible son-in-law vastly preferred Brunt. Brunt seemed to him to be of the stuff good husbands are made of. Vance used to say that Brunt was like a cube full of harsh angles and sharp lines to be sure, but solid upon his base, steady, and not to be easily moved. You could put your hand upon him and feel him firm. Shotover was a sphere, graceful and pleasant to the eye and made up of soft curves and harmonious surfaces, but unstable, slippery and elusive to the touch. As to Barry, she preserved the balance of power between the two men so well that it would have been hard to say which of them she liked best.

You can still see the remnants of the old Vance place on Stockton street, near the corner of Sacramento, about opposite the Chinese Consulate, but the lawn which made the corner is now taken up by a hovel with a "Bonanza cigar" sign upon it. The place is practically surrounded by Chinatown now, and the Vances have moved out into the Western Addition. The homestead is cut up and riddled and honeycombed to lodge some hundred Chinamen and the old wine cellars are made into a nest of opium dens. Below these the ground is tunneled and chambered into accommodations for domino-gambling and tan games. Even at the time when this story was actually working itself out, the indications of Chinatown's very near approach — that is, Chinese shops and boot stores with the signs in English — were only across the street, while all Hong-Kong reeked and weltered within two or three stone throws of Barry's tennis courts.

One day during the San Francisco Indian summer, which is the short period coming in between the end of the winds and the beginning of the rains, Shotover drove down to the Vances in his trap to play tennis with Barry. Brunt was already there, but Shotover did not seem to mind. That was Shotover's way. Barry thought him at times to be the most exasperatingly indifferent man in the world. Herein existed a great difference between the two men. Brunt, because he was as honest with other people as he was with himself, never took the least pains to conceal the fact that he was very much in love with Barry and was mercurially responsive to the most trivial variation of her moods. But Shotover never made love to her either by mouth or manner, and just now seemed to take less interest in Barry than he did in her blue-grey, wall-eyed Great Dane, who was pounding his tail upon the veranda steps in welcome of his approach. Both the men were effusively cordial in their mutual greetings, which is the way with rivals that dislike each other. Shotover sat down on the veranda steps; he lighted a cigarette and gravely blew the smoke into the dog's face.

"If I owned Bevis," said he, "I would crop his ears."

Bevis was about as large as an ordinary *burro* and was a famous dog. His pedigree was longer than many a Continental nobleman's and he was a winner in every bench show he entered. Barry often took him walking with her, leading him by a heavy dog-whip that had a snap-catch in the butt, to be sprung upon his broad leather collar. This was laying upon the porch even now. Bevis was known to be valued at five hundred dollars.

"Which," said Brunt, "is manifestly wrong. Why should Bevis bring more than a very good horse that can be put to some use. A dog is a dog after all. Five hundred or five thousand dollars would not make Bevis anything better than simply a big dog, and no more and no less a dog than any street arab's 'yaller pup.' Besides, the bird-store man on Kearny street advertises Great Dane puppies for thirty dollars."

"Bevis is a thoroughbred," retorted Barry, "and that's what makes all the difference. Of course, if he was'nt I don't suppose he would be worth any more than a 'yaller pup' or a bird-store dog. I thought," she said suddenly, turning to Shotover, "that you were going to play tennis with me."

"O, I don't know," he answered listlessly, strumming his Sear's special as if it were a banjo. "I am very well content to stay here."

"No you are not," she cried, getting up. "You are just dying to show me that under-hand cut of yours and allow me to beat you. And here is Jack" (she flung in the praenomen so that Shotover might worry about it) "who I know is just expiring with eagerness to line for me."

Brunt, absurdly glad because she had called him "Jack," jumped up, saying that "O, he was only too glad to do anything that would serve or please her."

"Get up, get up," she went on, poking Shotover in the back with the handle of her tennis-racquet. "O my, what a lazy man. Burns has marked out the courts, fresh and all, and has been rolling them since this mornin, They're in just splendid condition."

He rose with feigned reluctance and they all went around to the courts at the side of the house. Brunt, who did not play and who wondered what amusement two people could find in knocking little balls back and forth over a strip of fish-net, being sufficiently instructed lined for Barry.

She and Shotover were soon playing vigorously and shouting to each other across the net. Shotover was facing the street. Presently he lowered his racquet and said:

"What the devil is the matter with that Chinaman?" A coolie had jumped over the low evergreen hedge that divided the lawn from the street with a yell and was now running across the grass toward them. His hat was gone and his blouse all but torn off of him. His mouth was full of blood and dust and broken teeth. At the outside line of the courts he flung himself down, forehead to the ground, and then sitting back on his heels, reeled off a shriek of high-keyed monosyllables that sounded like the shaking of pennies in a child's bank. He was wildly, terribly excited. He talked, or rather shouted, in the vernacular, swaying back and forth and often looking behind him into the street.

Barry was a young woman of really virile force of intellect. She merely got upon the veranda and watched the howling wretch with wide-open eyes. She was less frightened than interested. After all, no one is ever afraid of a Chinaman.

"Stop!" shouted Brunt, breaking in. "What's the matter? Who are you afraid of? Talk English, you limb."

"*Hoang chow dass*," howled the limb, "plenty many *tchins*, all got 'um knife and *pow*; *Hop Sing Tong* go *tchang-lo* with *Lee Tong*. I b'long *Lee Tong; Hoang chow dass*, you know." He waved his fist as though it held a knife. "*Lakh lakh*," he yelled at the top of his voice. "*Lee Tong* all *tchung* and *harri-karried* just now *nisi* Washington street. *Ai lakh-a singh*, you know, *kai gingh*, highbinders."

"Ah," said Shotover, with the voice of a man who has been groping in the dark for the matches on the mantel and has suddenly found them. "Ah, this throws some light on it; *kai gingh*, that means highbinders, you know. The *Tongs* have been out since yesterday afternoon and there has been fighting all this morning, I believe, in Gambler's Alley and Washington street. The highbinders of the rival *Tong* are evidently after this man, and here—" he added, looking into the street, "here they are."

He was right. Here they were sure enough, fifty to a hundred of them, and they were evilly-minded and meant to do harm. They suddenly boiled in around the corner of the street and in an instant had filled it from end to end. Every yellow throat of them was vibrant and rancous with a droning, oft-repeated monotone: "*Ai Hoang-chow lakh, lakh, lakh.*"

Now, when a Chinaman has sung the *Hoang-chow* song long enough and in sufficient numbers, he forgets that he is a low-caste Mongol who smokes opium and takes in washing and remembers that he comes of a nation who were making conquests and systems of astronomy while his white brothers ate raw fish and damaged each other with sharp stones. In this mood he is apt to go about as though his were the kingdom of heaven, and is liable to kill somebody unless knocked on the head and reasoned to.

The day before the men of the *Hop Sing Tong* had not been so cowed by the ward police and the special detail but what they had broken loose again late at night, and finding a Lee Tong man in a *tan kahn* room underneath Clay street, had mishandled and bitten him so badly that he had died before the dawn, out of his head and gibbering. This had let them feel their power and they did not want to relinquish it. They *did* want the man who groveled on Barry Vance's tennis courts and whose arms and legs were now and then jerking and twitching with the fear that sat upon him. The idea of sacking the house and mobbing its inmates seemed good to them too.

"*Aih Aih Hoang Chow!*" With a wailing staccato yell and a rush of a hundred of padded soles they lurched heavily forward toward the steps that led up from the street to the lawn and — recoiled before the figure of a slightly-built young man in tennis flannels who stood upon the topmost step with a cigarette in his month and a heavy dog-whip in his hand. Shotover faced them, calm and watchful, drawing the lash of the whip slowly through his fingers, and the *Hop Sing Tong*, recognizing, with a crowd's intuition, a born leader and master of men, felt themselves slipping back into the cowed washmen and opium-drugged half-castes of the previous week, and backed off out of reach.

It is so rarely one sees the coolie otherwise than as the meek and cringing menial of the laundry or the kitchen, that when he turns and shows his teeth he looks particularly mean and ill-favored. It is like getting a rat into a corner.

But the present situation was something the reverse of this; instead of one, there were one hundred rats. It was the man who was in the corner, and a momentary suggestion of the old Rhine bishop in his mouse tower flashed across Shotover's mind. As he ran his eyes over them he knew that he was facing as ugly a lot of ruffians as could be found up or down the coast from Portland to San Diego. Thugs, who had more ways of killing a man than you would think possible; hatchet-men, brought over from the purlieus of Canton and Peking to do the work of the Tongs; highbinders from the horrible *chan-doo kahns* underneath Clay and Jackson streets, with Smith & Wesson's strapped to their forearms; *kai-gingh* and *tan* men from Gambler's Alley, with poison darts in their mouths; *tchins* who could put a knife into their man's lungs and disappear before he dropped.

Perhaps Shotover got the courage to face them as he did out of his love for Barry, or perhaps he underestimated the danger or was too unimaginative to appreciate it, or perhaps he felt the old privateer blood of the Shotovers of 1812 stir in him and believed that it all was only what was expected of him as their descendant. Ancestors are sometimes an inconvenience in this way. A man has to live up to them, as it were, for if he can afford to have them at all he must look to have the world expect more from him than from the rank and file.

A hatchet-man, wearing a coral-tipped *mow*, stood out from the crowd, and hooking his fingers at Shotover, cried:

"Let us pass."

Without raising his voice above conversation pitch, Shotover answered:

"I will not."

Both spoke their own language, but each perfectly understood the other, because at such times men see and hear things, not with their eyes and ears, but with a kind of sixth sense that overpasses the outward and visible signs and that is born from and dies with the occasion.

And the *Hop Sing Tong*, curs to the marrow, chattered and cowered before him, and he, without any melodramatic posing or gesturing, even without any show of interest in their doings except a very intense watchful-

ness, held them at their distance with his dog-whip, which he slowly drew between his fingers. And he was quite alone.

No, not quite. He did not watch the coolies so close but what he was presently aware of a big blue-grey bulk at his side and knew that Bevis was standing there, his tail slowly waving and the hair on the nape of his neck raising and bristling.

There they stood and kept the crowd in check, thoroughbreds both.

Had he quailed the least in the world they would have probably been on him, knives and nails, in an instant, and have killed him where he stood, and this tale never would have been written. But somehow this pale young man in the tennis flannels made them feel as if the dog-whip were a machine-gun and his hand were upon the lanyard, and they were afraid and began to expostulate.

When he understood that they were trying to reason with him, Shotover drew a long breath, for he knew that the worst was over. In five minutes more two patrol wagons had come up on the gallop and twenty policemen were beating the *Hop Sing Tong* over its hundred hydra heads with slungshots and revolver butts.

Then the childish vanity and the foolish desire to show off came out upon Shotover like prickly heat, and as he reached for his match-case and relighted his cigarette, he said listlessly, "Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing?" Then he turned back to the veranda and asked Barry to finish their game.

I am sorry to say that after the affair was over Brunt came down-stairs, brushing the dust and cobwebs from his shoulders, and tried to talk as though he had been looking for old Vance's revolver in his closet and bureau drawers. They never saw very much of Brunt after that day,

One evening, about a week later, old Vance met Shotover in the hallway as he was leaving. He went out bareheaded upon the verandah with him and shut the front door. He said:

"Barry has told me a good many things about you, Mr. Shotover, and though she's an only child, *I* wont stand in her way if she's sure of her mind. If you two young people understand each other, why I don't suppose the old folks have got anything to say. Only I wish you'd think once more about taking hold of that controlling interest in the D and O Company — or any other steady business."

"You see," old Vance explained afterward, "there can't be very much wrong about a man who can stand off a mob of highbinders with a dog-whip. I don't know; I'm no Tory, but if good blood is what makes all the difference between a five and a five hundred dollar dog, I suppose it would make a difference between men as well."

And Barry thinks so too.

Frank Norris.

OREGONIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

ACROSS the stage of early Oregon there passes in picturesque succession the Spanish, American and British adventurer coming by land and sea, the French voyageurs, the proselyting Jesuit father, and the American trapper. These came, had their brief day and departed leaving practically no track behind them. The first influence destined to be permanent in the country was that of the religious enthusiast. The American missionary — Presbyterian, Congregational and Methodist came to Oregon in the early "thirties" bearing, indeed, the Divine Message—and, as well, representing a definite social and political purpose. The Missionary hoped to win souls, and he hoped also to save the land for his own country. And if his chief success was political and worldly rather than spiritual, in view of the results what hard heart shall say that his service to mankind was the less worthy? Which is better—to have brought a few unsavory Siwashes to the Cross or to have founded three American states? It is a question if the missionary be fairly entitled to all the honors that has been claimed for him, but nobody, I think, who has studied the records, will deny that he wrought greatly for the power and glory of his country. Oregon was lost to England the day the American missionary raised his Ebenezer on her soil.

The first corner-stone in the permanent structure of civilization in Oregon was, as we have seen, a composite of religious and patriotic enthusiasm. The second was, in like spirit, compounded of patriotism and adventurous courage. The interests and passions which inspired the march of multitudes across the plains and mountains to Oregon, in the path of dangers, were such as appeal only to strength of spirit and of character. Beginning in 1843, each succeeding summer witnessed the addition of a monster caravan, made up of men, women and children, to the American population of the Oregon country. They came not in the spirit of mere adventure, but with their worldly goods and household Gods, to find homes for themselves and to support in a virgin land the system of American ideas. The motive of this movement has been the subject of endless contention. On the one hand the inspiration of a paramount patriotic motive is claimed for it; on the other it is asserted that it proceeded from the ordinary motive of human interest. I believe that the truth lies somewhere between these extreme claims. However, I have never been able to see greater merit in what assumes the title of "pure patriotism" than in that other patriotism proceeding from loss of home and family and freedom and illustrated in a wise provision for their conservation. In this view one who sought Oregon in the "forties" to found a home for himself and his family, is as worthy a man and as truly a patriot as he who came in the fervor of a purpose entirely political. But, with respect to this question, whether one view or another be accepted, the Oregon immigration is one of the unique facts in the history of American settlement. It contrasts curiously with the circumstances of California's settlement by Americans fifteen years later. There is a world of romantic interest in either; but may it not fairly be claimed for the Immigrant that he

wrought in higher spirit and in ways of nobler promise than did the Argonaut?

Of that hardy multitude it may truly be said, if I may venture to make a phrase, that only the brave adventured and only the strong endured. He who seeks to know Oregon, to understand her motives and ways and to interpret her judgments, must study well this Immigrant population. From it have sprung the essential elements of her social constitution. Through it have come tendencies which largely dominate her political life. In her larger development and with her multiplied population, Oregon continues to reflect the traditions and principles of those who redeemed her from the wilderness, just as New England still reflects the character of the Puritan although the children of the Puritan are now in the land only as a handful unto the multitude.

The immigrants came from everywhere; but they were overwhelmingly American born, and a good third of them native of Kentucky and Tennessee. Their fathers were the men who in the last century pushed beyond the Blue Ridge or floated down the Ohio River. So habited were they in every aspect and sense to American conditions that, for the most part, all traces of old world genealogy were lost. To this rule there was one notable exception, namely, that of the Scotch-Irishman. One-fourth, surely, of the whole body of those who crossed the plains to Oregon were plainly decended from strong-headed, tough-fibred ancestors who, in times past, fled from the religious and political storms of two countries to find beyond the seas a field for the development of their chivalrous courage and nobility of character. They were austere, and prejudiced; but they were, as well, strong in body and mind, and, by nature, dominant. Without organization, without even recognizing among themselves a common spirit or the sources of a common inspiration, men of the Scotch-Irish race—a race never to be confounded with the peasant Irish who swarmed to this country in the middle years of the present century—have taken the lead and have maintained it. Broadly speaking they have been the lawmakers, the judges, the teachers, the doctors and the preachers of the land by sheer force of temperment and of character. And when they have not personally been in the leadership of affairs, the social and political ideas originating with them still have ruled.

The Oregon Provisional Government was formed during the period of joint American and British occupation of the Oregon country, and before the ascendancy of the Missionary had been wholly supplanted by the ascendancy of superior numbers. If the new-comers contrived to take the lead in the actual business of legislation, the principles upon which it was based and the austerity with which it was tinged, still bore witness to the authority and the spirit of the Missionary. Of that famous system I cannot halt even to give the outlines. Framed with small ceremony by woodsmen in buckskin breeches to meet the necessities of a handful of people in a wilderness, it was made to include the highest principles of governmental science. For the private rights of life, liberty and property, and for the public interests of protection and defense, it made ample and adequate provision. And in practice it worked as well as in theory. No country was ever more equitably governed or more bravely defended than was Oregon under the provisional system. It met every want of the people; it suppressed not alone crime, but, in a large measure, public vice as well; while the cost of administration was relatively a mere fraction of what States commonly pay for worse service. It stands in the records of Oregon a monument to the enlightenment of her early citizens. If the capacity for wise self government be in truth, as it is declared

to be, the highest virtue of a people, then are the makers of the Oregon provisional system indeed worthy of honors.

Late in the "forties" and early in the "fifties" a new element found its way to the Oregon country. As the pioneer followed the missionary, so the merchant from Boston or New York in turn followed the pioneer. The law of selection which filled the immigrant caravans with the brave and the strong, operated to send into the new commercial field of Oregon a body of picked men. The adventure was one which called for high qualities. Health, energy, judgment were essential; and since the credit requisite for an enterprise so remote must rest chiefly upon integrity, the prime qualification was, of course, personal character. No Boston or New York merchant would give backing in a venture so hazardous to any man who had not in him the promise of a successful career, and the character to support it; and thus it came about that a class of merchants, exceptionally able and trustworthy, found settlement in the country. Herein lies the secret of the continuance of certain familiar names in the fore front of Oregon's business and commercial life.

The missionary element and the pioneer element readily fused, or, to be accurate, the latter soon absorbed the former; but the pioneer and the mercantile elements are to this day in a domestic sense strange to each other. So few have been the notable alliances between the two castes that anybody familiar with the social history of the State can readily recall them. The pioneer has, in the wider sense, been the controlling power. He has made the laws and, largely speaking, he has supplied the political leaders of the State. For nearly forty years a man of the pioneer class (and of Scotch-Irish descent) presided in Oregon's highest court. From the foundation of the State University, until just now, another man of pioneer stock (and of Scotch-Irish descent) has sat in its president's chair. Another man of the pioneer class (likewise of Scotch-Irish descent) has been for thirty years the pre-eminent writer and editor of Oregon. In all the broader lines of State life the pioneer is persistently dominant; but he has never succeeded in wresting from the merchant what may be termed the social supremacy. Society (I use the term in its limited sense), which in spite of its shams and its follies, is still a prodigious force in the world—and in Oregon as potent as elsewhere—is to this day almost exclusively engrossed by the commercial class. This circumstance explains a fact often noted by visitors with surprise: that the society of Oregon's metropolis is suggestive of New England. It is natural that it should be so, for its standards and practices were created by people of New England and New York breeding. And to this day, in spite of infusions, of commercial Britons and of occasional accessions from what may be termed the pioneer second-growth, it firmly holds to the lines in which it was cast originally.

It would not be easy to determine whether to the influence of the New Englander or to that of the pioneer belongs the credit of a curious social austerity, which is one of the notable traits of the Oregon character. Both perhaps have contributed to a certain tone which pervades the moral atmosphere. It frowns upon a sensational press; it banishes gambling, even in its smallest form, from respectable social circles; it knows not the lottery ticket; it ostracises not only the saloon keeper, but the wholesaler in liquors. In our California cities the grocery and the drinking resort are frequently associated, and the good wives of retired neighborhoods make no scruple about buying domestic supplies from the convenient corner store because there may be a bar in its rear. But not so in the Oregon towns. No keeper of a bar-room may hope to command recog-

nition and patronage for a grocery attachment from scrupulous Oregonian housewives.

Since 1856 the population of Oregon has increased four-fold. Every race and every country has contributed to its expansion, but the social forces which started with the earlier years have continued to dominate. The principles and habits planted at the beginning still sway and rule the land. A thousand influences have intruded themselves, but they have bent to the conditions which existed before them. We have now, at the end of the century, a very different Oregon from the Oregon of the "fifties," but it has been wrought out by evolution, not by revolution. The Oregon of to-day is the true child of the earlier Oregon, with the family likeness strong, with the family tendencies predominating. Of the complex circumstances contributing to the moulding and fixing of the Oregon character as we now find it (after the primary influences heretofore outlined), none other have been so potent as isolation. From the period of the great immigration until the coming of the Northern Pacific Railroad ten years ago, Oregon was a land remote and alone. Hemmed in between the mountains and the sea, her position was practically that of a far-away island. The nearest point of contact with the general world was a thousand miles away: the road was the ocean. In such a situation, much that gives variety to life and connects it with the wide universe of human interests was wholly lacking. The Oregonians were thrown upon themselves for much that people usually look for away from home. It was inevitable that such conditions, continuing for forty years, should promote a strong community interest and create a homogenous people. Here, in fact, is the key to the Oregonian character: the State is a neighborhood in which each citizen knows every other; yea, even unto the remotest generation. Other countries have gone through similar periods of isolation, with results approximately the same. Such experiences always breed provincialism and marvelously promote the wisdom of self conceit; but these traits are but spots upon the sun of social and moral co-ordination.

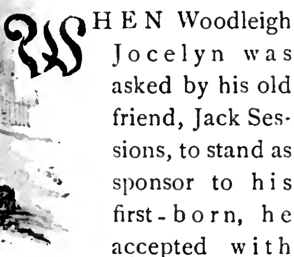
There is no circumstance which so continuously illustrates the community spirit and the conditions born of that spirit as the career of the Oregonian Newspaper. In a commercial city of ninety thousand people, the metropolis of a State of three hundred and fifty thousand people, there is one only newspaper. No other city or State affords the counterpart of this situation. Critics have sought in the quality of the Oregonian an explanation of this anomaly, but in vain. They find a newspaper notable for general excellence—epecially in its department of criticism and opinion which reflects the wisdom, the force and the conscience of a man essentially large in mind and character—but not apparently a journal of such supreme merit as to render competition hopeless. They fail to read the secret because they do not conceive the Oregon character. The truth is that only an Oregonian can make a newspaper acceptable to the Oregonians. A stranger though combining in himself the highest journalistic talents, and with adequate financial strength, might easily fail in Oregon journalism for want of insight into things peculiarly Oregonian. At every step he would be in danger of giving offense where he meant to please, and of creating antagonism where he sought for favor. He would probably come to grief by the very projects which elsewhere win approval and success. The Oregon journalistic boneyard is full of fair ventures gone to wreck because the helmsmen did not know and could not learn or conceive the curious windings of Oregon's moral, social and political sensibilities and tendencies.

Among the many phases of social co-

ordination wrought out through the community spirit in Oregon there is none better than its system of leadership. It would be hard to over-estimate the value which lies in an efficient and honest leadership which reckons upon the general advantage as coincident with its own, and is wise to seek its particular good in the good of all. Such a force is probably more useful in what it hinders than in what it promotes. It has saved Oregon from booms and convulsions, it has saved her from public extravagance, it has built up her commercial credit, it has made education universal, it has conserved the good offices of religion, it has promoted the higher interests of civilization. And when I reflect upon the service rendered to Oregon in her moral, intellectual and material life, by the late Judge Matthew P. Deady, in multifarious ways, by Mr. Harvey W. Scott in the leadership of public thought through his great newspaper, by Bishop Morris in the labors of Church expansion and education, by Hon. Henry W. Corbett in political and commercial life, by Judge William Lair Hill and Judge W. P. Lord in the fields of jurisprudence and political criticism, by Mr. Henry Failing in the world of large business affairs and in Municipal promotion, by the late Dr. Aaron L. Lindsley and the late Dr. George H. Atkinson in special lines of religious and moral effort, by Dr. Thomas L. Eliot in the fields of humanitarianism and liberal culture, by Mr. Henry L. Pittock, the late Wm. S. Ladd, Mr. Wm. Hume, the late Capt. Ainsworth and a score of others in works of material development—when I reflect that the commonwealth of Oregon has commanded the service of these men in interests as directly public as personal to themselves, I do not marvel when I see a product in the forms of material wealth, of established and stable public character and of elevation in moral and social life.

As to the future of such a people in such a country, it is very easy to be hopeful. It is a land whose physical aspects are writ large. Its resources include a fertile and abundantly-watered soil, a climate which stimulates and maintains the energies, mountains of iron and coal, timber in quantities beyond reckoning, unlimited and available water power, vast fisheries, wide ranges—in brief, the whole varied list of native resources essential to industrial empire; all this with the ocean at her door and with river navigation into the heart of her productive regions. Not the tenth acre of her soil has been brought into production; of her varied resources not one has been more than fairly explored; and yet while thus relatively undeveloped she contributes annually to the world of commerce, commodities worth forty millions of dollars. It is a law of forces that the character of a people and of their social and political life must follow and reflect the character of their industrial life. Hopes the highest seem reasonable therefore in the case of a people nobly bred and disciplined, in a land where the variety of nature gives assurance of a multiform industry and a many sided-intelligence, and where the splendors of nature are the constant sources of mental and moral exaltation.

Alfred Holman.



A QUESTION.

WHEN Woodleigh Jocelyn was asked by his old friend, Jack Sessions, to stand as sponsor to his first-born, he accepted with seeming gratitude and secret elation, as, to him, it appeared to carry a certain distinction of age.

No thought of the demands of sponsordom weightier than remembering the birthdays and Christmases of his god-child and name-sake, Jocelyne, occurred to him.

And this, having no family ties of his own, he never forgot, and little Jocelyne grew up worshipping the young god-father, who, in careless generosity, so relieved himself of further responsibility.

Woodleigh Jocelyn had never married. As a worldly wise woman once said of him: "He was too clever to risk his happiness on a single chance." But women can afford to be cynical about man's morality. When taken to task for his selfishness in not giving some girl a good husband, he defended himself by saying that he was rich enough not to marry, his theory being that only the poor could afford such a luxury. "Besides," he would sometimes add (if his interlocutor happened to be one of those unfortunate creatures, a married person), "the ventures of my friends have not encouraged me as to possible results." This said in his bland, unapplying air, that robbed the remark of intent to wound and that never gave offense.

In truth, Jocelyn had only felt once a fleeting inclination to change his single and satisfactory state. The night he had played best man to Jack Sessions—he had but just reached man's estate—the romantic contagion took possession of him, and this, aided by the scent of flowers, the music, and the face of the prettiest bridesmaid, (May it not be hinted that the champagne, in which he pledged his faith in love and woman, had something to do with it?)—all this made him enthusiastic to follow Jack Sessions to the sacrificial altar.

But the next morning, when he awoke in his comfortable room at the club, his enthusiasm had cooled. Jocelyn thought it all over, and decided that he had too much to lose, too little to gain; and, as time went on, every hint as to his prosperity he accepted as a fresh tribute to his discretion.

Wearying at last of club life, he had invested in a home. His brother-in-law dying opportunely, Jocelyn insisted upon his sister coming to live with him. This arrangement proved satisfactory and threatened to be permanent.

Mrs. Hancock was only encumbered with one child, a son, and this Jocelyn did not consider a drawback to his happiness. On the contrary, he saw in Sted Hancock good material on which to work, and thus prove his theories of life.

He meddled with Sted's education, leaving all the cares of the household generously to his sister, but as he paid the bills as generously she was content.

Mr. Hancock had left his wife independent, but not wealthy, and her maternal mind foresaw a golden future for Sted if she only effaced herself with regard to his bringing up.

Self-effacement with a mother is not easy,

but the reward was a great one, and she persevered.

Jocelyn was a theorist. He breakfasted on a theory, dined on a theory, lived on a theory; in fact, had a theory for every and all occasions in life. As his theories were consistent and not variable, and tended to promote the comfort of those about him, he was never objectionable and even his servants respected him.

But, all unsuspected, Mrs. Hancock nursed a solitary theory, and that was that a theorist is the most vulnerable and helpless of creatures in a clever woman's hands, and she was content to let Jocelyn manage Sted, convinced that she in turn could control Jocelyn, and the future would prove it to her credit and Sted's aggrandizement.

So Jocelyn theorized about Sted, and Mrs. Hancock theorized over her brother, and neither knew anything at all about it.

In the meantime, it was an ideal home, the menage perfect, and Jocelyn saw in Mrs. Hancock the obliging sister, effacing mother, and model housekeeper, with all the merits and none of the drawbacks of a wife.

When Sted had been at college a year, Jocelyn heard with regret of the death of his old schoolmate and friend Jack Sessions, whom he had not seen for over twelve years.

At first, after the marriage of his friend, Jocelyn had been a constant visitor at the Sessions home, but their honeymoon happiness having become so aggressively obvious that he had felt awkwardly unnecessary while there, he had soon dropped the habit and had looked forward to the post-nuptial awakening when friends should regain their lost importance.

In this he had been disappointed. The girl whom Jack Sessions had married had developed into an all exacting wife who demanded the whole time and constant attention of her husband. Gradually his friends lost sight of him, he dropped his club, forgot his old sociable habits, and it was only a question of time, Jocelyn had declared, when his entire personality would be absorbed by the ever increasing demands of his wife. And this the theorist afterwards used in confirmation of his belief that Nature invariably ruined two promising personalities in her anxiety to make one poor match.

It had not been long before the pleasure that Jocelyn had formerly taken in meeting his friend had become almost a pain, so it was with a characteristic feeling of relief that Jocelyn had heard of Jack Sessions' departure from the city on account of the increasing invalidism of his wife.

Correspondence between the two friends had soon ceased, and the only word that ever came from the Sessions was a bi-annual note that came with solemn regularity from his little god-daughter Jocelyne, acknowledging his never failing gifts.

Now that Jack Sessions was dead it was with a touch of remorse that Jocelyn thought of the long separation that his disappointment had allowed to exist. But as the death of his old friend made no apparent difference in the course of his smoothly ordered life, Jocelyn soon thought very little about it, but, one morning, he was startled by the receipt of a letter from Sessions' lawyer informing him that he had been left guardian of his friend's only child, Jocelyne, as well as executor of the estate.

Inquiries led to the discovery that Mrs. Sessions' death had somewhat antedated that of her husband, and it was a decided sensation to Woodleigh Jocelyn to find himself burdened suddenly with a small child.

To his credit, he never faltered from what seemed to him his obvious duty. He told his sister that she was to consider herself mother of two children instead of one, which considerably upset her plans. But self-effacement is a habit that grows with

age, and, woman-like, she accepted the inevitable, simply postponing with considerable trepidation the results of her theory.

Jocelyn himself went after his ward, but as he settled himself comfortably in the railway carriage that was to bear him to his destination, he acknowledged that he was too old to enjoy such surprises, which necessitated changes in his well-oiled and smoothly-running existence.

This unusual irritation did not last long, for Jocelyn's nature was essentially oyster-like. As the most precious pearls are in reality only the result of rough and irritating substances, which on entering the oyster system are glazed over into things of beauty, so it was with Woodleigh Jocelyn's crosses. He assimilated them, and under the influence of his comfort-loving nature they were converted into real blessings, a thing impossible to more generous dispositions. For where adversity would have moulded a man, prosperity had succeeded only in perfecting a gentleman.

So by the time he had reached his journey's end Jocelyn had planned with genuine pleasure the future of the child whose sole protector he was to be. But when he first saw his ward, his surprise was manifest. The twelve years, now past, had brought no rude changes to him. He had simply mellowed, with ever increasing abilities to enjoy, but Time had led the little child, Jocelyne, to the threshold of budding womanhood.

Woodleigh laughed to himself as he recalled the pretty picture he had drawn in which he was holding Jocelyne on his knee, reasoning away childish grievances or tempting childish ambitions. No, decidedly that picture must go, but others more interesting took its place; and with infinite more pleasure than he had anticipated Jocelyn brought his ward home.

And soon the sunny haired, dark eyed girl filled an important place in the little family.

Her guardian was in his element. Never did a botanist take greater delight in rearing a rare plant or analyzing a flower than did Jocelyn over this promising blossom, who repaid his care by her devotion. Mrs. Hancock watched it with alarm. Sted's future was threatened, but at the danger her plans expanded and she schemed for a future that would make her, in truth, a mother to Jocelyne. In the meantime Woodleigh Jocelyn had come to the same conclusion. He had determined to play Destiny to these two young people whom fate had thrown his way; and so, all unconciously, sister and brother were dreaming the same dream while the object of their interest was growing up. Leaf after leaf of the flower was turning back, revealing and promising greater beauty, to the satisfaction of her botanist, Jocelyn.

The result promised to be most satisfactory. Sted Hancock came home to spend every vacation, and was well pleased to have Jocelyne in the big house. He learned to love her, boy-heartedly, and would talk to her for hours, feeling well rewarded if he caught a glimpse of those dark eyes she kept so well concealed. She had a quaint trick of peering through her long lashes, which gave a shy expression to her face; but most unexpectedly, when touched or excited, those white, heavy fringed lids would fly up, giving a sudden glimpse of passionate interest in the dark eyes. To those who on first acquaintance failed to find her interesting, she was dazzling, read by those lightning glances, and her friends considered it her chiefest charm. As she reached womanhood she was threatened by suitors, attracted alike by her womanly attractions and the hints of prospective wealth. This alarmed her guardian to a state almost approaching fever, and breathing of defiance. He had grown so accustomed to thinking of Jocelyne

as Sted's particular property (created by the selfish wish to keep her in the home, made so attractive by her presence,) that any near approach of friend or suitor he repelled with polite but irresistible discouragement. This hostile attitude was variously interpreted by those interested, though the girl herself was indignant, and seemed unaware of her guardian's vigorous defense of his fortress.

It was therefore with relief that Woodleigh welcomed Sted on his return from college. He was expected to fill gracefully and successfully the place left open for him.

But Sted had been home some time, and yet, though eager, had not brought his wooing to a crisis. Was it that his heart, made keen by loving, feared what none else dreamed?

And Woodleigh Jocelyn waited for the last half of his flower to unfold, leaving its golden heart in view. But when it happened, he was not prepared.

It was Valentine's Day. Sted had come into his uncle's den, flush and glowing from a walk in the cold, crisp winter air.

"I want you to do something for me, uncle Woodleigh," he had said. "Will you write on this? It is a valentine for Jocelyne, and I want her to guess who it is from."

And Jocelyn had entered into the affair with zest. It was but natural that he who had planned the happiness of those two young people should be the means to bring it about. And so he had written on the little box, "To Jocelyne, from her true Valentine."

An hour passed, and then Jocelyne entered the room. Coming straight to her guardian, she stood all unconsciously in the path of the wintery sunbeams, which, gleaming in her brown gauze draperies, brought out in strong relief her sunny hair and deep brown eyes. Then she spoke,—"You sent me this. You will put it on?"

Looking in her hand, Jocelyn saw with dismay a little topaz circlet which she held out to him, in all truth and sincerity. Jocelyn breathed fast. Which of his theories could help him now, against the revelation that was coming?

Slowly, tenderly, he said: "What made you think I sent it Jocelyne?" Then those heavy lashes flashed up, and as those great brown eyes told him their story, Jocelyn saw the last leaf of his gold-hearted flower turn back.

And his blossom had bloomed, but what would he do with it?

John Vernon.

A MEMORY.

A low-hung moon; a path of silver flame
    Across a lonely stream; a whispering wood;
A vigil drear for one who never came;
    And all around God's peopled solitude.

Carrie Blake Morgan.

THE ROOT OF HATE.

What has that man thou hatest done to thee?
N'importe, I hate him, that's enough for me.

Do birth and fortune give him rank undue?
Born in the Alms House, he will die there too.

Does he with brazen sin at virtue flout?
The hypocrite has never been found out.

Then thou hast been unconsciously his tool,
He mulcted thee? *You do not know the fool.*

On thy fair dame does he enamored gaze?
Herself knows not, his eyes look diverse ways.

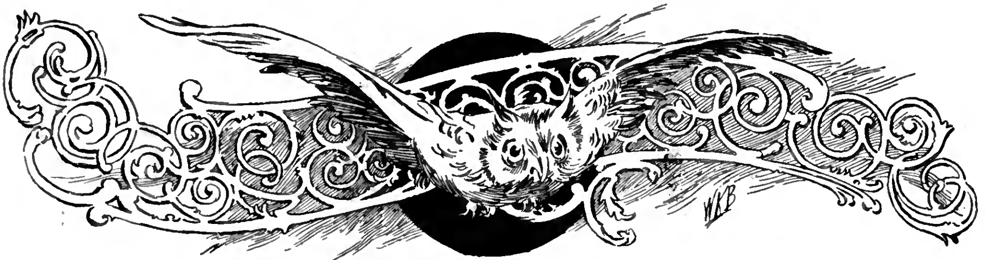
Has he upon thy honor cast a slur?
Never, he dares not ope his lips, the cur.

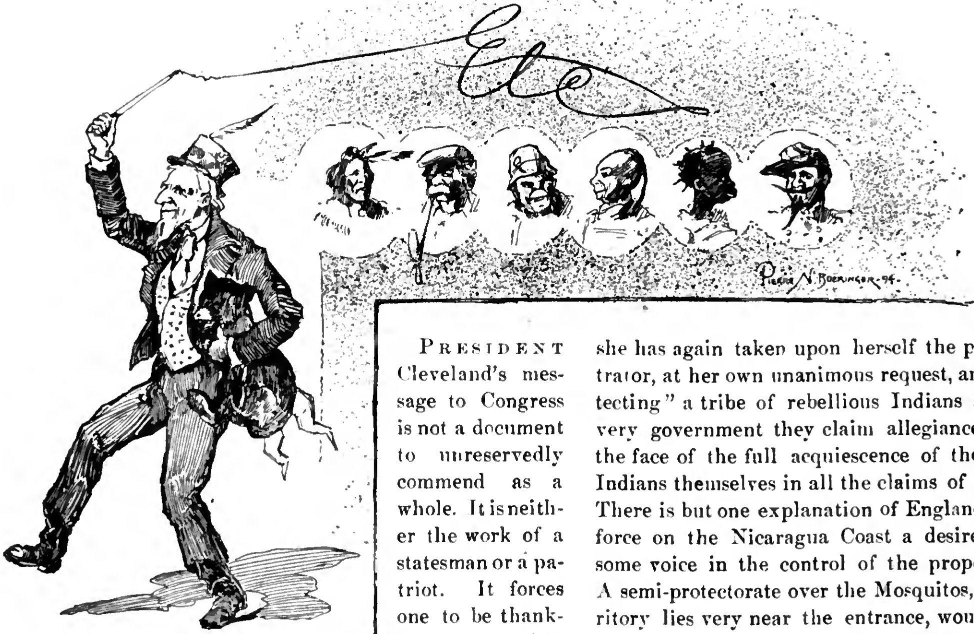
Why should he ope his lips, what hast thou done?
Helped God to justly deal with such a one.

Those whom we wrong we hate with all our heart.
A knave ne'er bawled but you would take his part.

Does he the ghost of murdered conscience raise?
Do you believe ill-natured meddling pays?

Wilbur Larremore.





PRESIDENT Cleveland's message to Congress is not a document to unreservedly commend as a whole. It is neither the work of a statesman or a patriot. It forces one to be thankful for small favors when the favor should be a duty. Any notice by our Chief Executive of the high-handed proceedings of England in our sister republic—Venezuela is a step in the right direction and should meet with hearty co-operation from Congress. However, the single fact that Mr. Cleveland has mildly requested Great Britain to consent to the arbitration of the so called British Guiana boundry dispute will have about as much effect on the "Mother Country" as our first request in 1812 that that power surrender the "right of search" had. Great Britain acknowledges requests when they are made at the point of the bayonet.

British American Policy.

That Great Britain has a distinct American Policy no one can doubt after witnessing her high handed proceedings in Venezuela and Nicaragua. In the former country, as was noted in the "As Talked in the Sanctum" for January, she has within the last few years, in the face of the repeated requests of this country and the South American republics, taken forcible possession of and fortified as strip of populous, fertile country as large as the state of New York. She has added this Venezuelan state to her colony of British Guiana and yet has the bold effrontery to sit back and tell the Western Hemisphere that there is nothing to arbitrate. What she needs is a good swift kick from the combined powers of the New World.

In the Mosquito strip on the Nicaragua Coast, she has again taken upon herself the part of arbitrator, at her own unanimous request, and is "protecting" a tribe of rebellious Indians against the very government they claim allegiance to and in the face of the full acquiescence of the Mosquito Indians themselves in all the claims of Nicaragua. There is but one explanation of England's show of force on the Nicaragua Coast a desire to secure some voice in the control of the proposed canal. A semi-protectorate over the Mosquitos, whose territory lies very near the entrance, would serve as an excellent excuse for her meddling performance. Nothing but our own indifference, seeming connivance, could have emboldened England to organize her American campaign. She has discovered that since the death of Blaine that we are a great nation of blow-hards and do-nothings, and that the celebrated Monroe Doctrine is a scare crow that scares no one but the feeble minded.

The Nicaragua Canal.

The surviving Democratic Congress has the opportunity within its grasp to go out of power in a blaze of glory, comforted with the plaudits and thanks of a unanimous people. The opportunity was granted them by our revered forefathers who made the Federal Constitution and the clause which allows each Congress to hold its second session after its successor has been elected. They, the Democratic Congress can pass a bill authorizing the government to build the Nicaragua Canal. The subject has been discussed again and again in the pages of this magazine. In the May, 1894 number will be found two exhaustive contributions on the subject, so it would seem that there was no immediate necessity to enter here into a discussion of details or ways and means, and then again, the writer has not even the stimulus of opposition or controversy. The East and the West, the North and the South acknowledge to-day as they have every day since the war, the practicability and necessity of the canal.

It is one of the strangest anomalies of the human

character that a people, rich and proud, should want a thing that they can have for the asking and yet not ask.

An Assyrian Nebuchadnezzar, an Egyptian Pharoah or even a Chinese Emperor of the same date would have ordered the ditch dug and saw that it was dug as a monument to his reign. The Democratic Congress is dead. They need a monument. Let it be a glorious one like the Nicaragua Canal rather than their inglorious one, the Wilson Bill.

The Overland's Wants.

With this month the OVERLAND closes eleven month's of hard work during the hardest times this Coast has ever seen. It has always been frank with its readers and never tried to conceal the fact that it has felt the so-called "stringency in the money market" with every other business. It has not exactly suffered from a loss of circulation or advertising, but in order to keep up with the demands of its readers and the pace set by its big Eastern rivals, it has been forced to strain every resource and bend every energy. It has had to carry its subscription list for the year without asking for pay so that its subscribers would not feel that their subscription was a luxury or a burden. It has had to overlook delinquent accounts rather than lose the good will of big firms who for years have been generous patrons. Yet with all this, it has gone steadily up hill, adding new subscriptions to its list and securing new friends everywhere. It has more than doubled its subscription list and has added many new features to its literary department. It does not mean to claim that it is by any means satisfied or contented. It will never be until the magazine is found in every reading home on the West Coast. Why should it not?

The OVERLAND is the only magazine west of the Rockies and is the only permanent record of Western life. It feels that it has the right to demand that every school house, club and library would consider its claim first when making up its year's list of reading matter.

San Francisco, alone, ought to consume at least 15,000 copies monthly. Home pride should stand that much. If the reading public will only stop to think, they cannot but agree to such a demand. Now is the time of the year when subscriptions are renewed. If Californians and Westerners, wherever they may be, will give their own magazine an equal chance with the New York magazines that seldom, if ever, devote a line of space to their interests, the OVERLAND will promise to doubly repay any sacrifice they may make.

We want 50,000 new subscribers between now and the 1st day of July, and we are going to have them.

Mother's Apple Pie.

When appetites begin to flag and Jane and Susan wish
For more new fangled recipes to make some heathen dish;
And Annette talks ov diet and they argify, and pass
Opinions on the hurtfulness ov meat and garden-sass,
I tell um that there aint no sort ov relish, they can try,
'Twould tone up my digestion like a good, green apple pie.

Our son, he's been through colledge, that's his office there you see;
He's just put out a shingle with, J. Arthur Jones, M. D.
He says that "pastry'll slay the race:" and talks about the lay,
And the workin's ov yer liver in a dretful knowin' way;
But I've noticed that he sometimes slips down cellar, on the sly,
And there's missing sev'ral doughnuts, and a half an apple pie.

There is science in the baking, and there's high art in the crust,
And when their baked a little brown, Amanda'll gently dust
The top all round with sugar, and I believe, I've heard her say,
She sometimes puts in butter, and a pinch ov caraway,—
Them gals! with all their finny finey notions, mind yer eye,
Don't have no trouble managin' their mother's apple pie.

Nella H. Chapman.

Mr. Magee's Essays.[1]

Mr. Magee's little collection of essays is one of the most charming as well as erudite books that has come to the Reviewers table.

The esssay on the "Alphabet and Language" shows a thorough knowledge of the subject and while space did not allow an extended technical study, the author has made a most interesting one. We can do no better than quote:

"The object and use of an alphabet are to express in speech every sound that is uttered by the voice, and, ultimately, in the far higher development of words, every thought that has its birth in the mind of man. Five leading ancient authors assert that the alphabet passed from Phoenicia into Greece. The best authorities agree in asserting that the Egyptians invented the alphabet, that the Phoenicians improved it, and that the mental flower of Aryan race, the Greeks, in the dawn of their history, did most to bring it to the stage of comparative perfection. From *Alpha* and *beta*, the first two letters of the Greek alphabet, in its ultimate form, the word *alphabet* is derived, although by going back further, we find *aleph* and *beth*, the two corresponding characters in the Phoenician, or Semitic alphabet. The first means an ox and the second a house. All existing European alphabets have been derived from that of Phoenicia. To the Greeks great credit is due for extending the use and significance of the vowel sounds. All of the Semitic alphabets were consonantal; that is the consonants were the radical elements and the vowels relational only. The Greeks, in the development of the alphabet they received from the Phoenicians, altered this, exhibiting the mental ability and creative genius they subsequently did in architecture, sculpture, oratory, poetry and science They made the vowels the pillars upon which the sound structure rests. Consonants in their and our alphabets are largely dumb (soundless) without the vowels. For instance, the letters, *d-l-l-* are soundless; but with the aid of the vowel *e*, they blossom into sound, and become *dell*, significant of flowers, grass, and running water.

In asserting that the invention of the alphabet was in some respects, the greatest invention of the human mind, probably many will connect the invention with material rather than mental work. The essence of alphabets is material too. That which is most metaphysical, mysterious, and spiritual in both can always be traced back to some physical fact in nature. All picture-writing was drawn from that source, although the analogies were still mental. A picture of the bird (to represent flight), and of the sun (to represent light, brightnes, heat or time), and of a house with a door open (to impart the information that the inhabitant had gone on a journey from the house two suns or days before), was both a material and mental picture; that conveyance of a message as truly to the mind, as far as it went, as the writing of a letter.

The Chinese have no true alphabet. They have two hundred and thirty four key characters, each of which is a monosyllable. There are about one hundred thousand words in their vocabulary. This large stock of words, in an uninflected language, and is formed by joining syllables. Instead of saying *parents*, they say *father-mother*. The word *average* is expressed by *not-greatness, not-smallness*; *brother-brother* is *eldest brother*; *lady-lady* is *great lady*. A man may trade with unequalled success on a small

[1]The Alphabet and Language—Immortality of the Big Trees—Wealth and Poverty of the Chicago Exposition—Three Essays. By Thomas Magee. Doxey, Publisher. 1894.

capital of words in Chinese. Sir George Stanton says the Chinese penal statutes are all written in eight hundred words. This is remarkable when it is remembered that in China all laws are penal."

With his wide range of mind Mr. Magee now turns his attention to the "Big Trees." This essay partakes of a scientific character and is of interest to every Californian and to every student.

In his essay on "Wealth and Poverty of the Chicago Exposition," the author says:

"The writer does not think of asserting that the nineteenth century has been barren of great poets and prose writers. The fact, indeed, is that the *general* contributions to the literature of the past half century have never been surpassed, in either quantity or quality. Whatever poverty the nineteenth century has exhibited in poetry is relative only. That is, it is poor only when compared to the works of the few poets — the concentrated geniuses of all the ages—already named. But leaving these, and these only, aside, Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and "Princess," and Longfellow's "Evangeline" and "Keramos," will bear compârison with the works of any other poets of any other age whatever. Whittier's "Snow Bound," not equal to Gray's "Elegy" or Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night," is still worthy, as simple annals of the New England poor at their hospitable firesides, to be placed beside those great pastorals, both in a poetical and heart-touching sense. Macauley, Motley and Fiske, as philosophic, graphic and brilliant writers of history, have seldom been surpassed in any age; while for double gifts as an essayist, De Quincey has never been equaled. As a writer of spiritualized English of a most weird and heart-stirring power, he is seen at his best in his "Confessions of an Opium Eater." Brilliant with color as his word-painting there is, it never oversteps good taste or chastity of description. Common-sense guides his pen, even when he describes opium dreams and hallucinations. His language, though like his dreams—gorgeous—is never more extravagant than an attempt at full description necessitates; while on the other hand, for the qualities of gentle humor, delicate fancy, and the most subtle wit, he is seen at his best in "Murder as a Fine Art." The best touches of Charles Lamb and Washington Irving are not equal to that essay of De Quincey's

Other ages, too, cannot, because natural science is so recent, pretend to furnish such graceful prose writing, illustrating scientific truth, as that of Tyndall and Huxley. English is there exhibited in a dual capacity, at its best in direct force, power and scientific accuracy, with imagery and description of the most appropriate poetic beauty and felicity. If the works of Darwin, Wallace, Agassiz and Draper are referred to last, it is not because they are least. These naturalists have made the results of their study of out-door nature as intensely interesting as the most brilliant novel, somber fact being illumined with the most wonderful scientific theoretical generalizations, which, but that they *are* facts, would be relegated to the airy regions of fancy. The poor earth-worm on which we had previously heedlessly tramped, was shown by Darwin almost to deserve deification, for its universal and most miraculous service to agriculture."

Mr. Magee has taken a position with the foremost of thinkers of his day, and his book is an invaluable addition to any library.

Two Stories of the Nations.

"The Story of the Nations" series by the success of about forty different books has been made familiar to those who keep up with recent English literature. Each work on the list is a popular history of some State, people, national movement, or period of natural development, complete in one illustrated duodecimo volume of about 450 pages. Among the authors are such distinguished names as those of Edward A. Freeman, J. E. Thorold Rogers and J. P Mahaffy.

Venice[1] possesses much interest for general readers as well as for students of many specialties. The Queen of the Adriatic, a remarkable city in our own time, was one of the great powers in the Middle Ages, when she played a prominent and often a leading part in commerce, manufactures, diplomacy and war. Her government was the most durable known to history, and had the loyal support of all classes of her people as no other government had for many centuries in succession.

Without claiming to have made any original research in the manuscript archives of Italy, or to have thrown new light upon any important point in her career, Mrs. Wiel has accomplished her task creditably, by setting forth the main facts of Venitian history in lucid arrangement, pleasant style and good historical proportion.

[2]A more difficult task was Mr. Tregarthen's, to make a readable story of the Australian colonies. In tracing up the different provinces in turn to give a formal history of each, much repetition was unavoidable, and to sum it all up the history of

[1]The Story of Venice. By Alethea Wiel. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York: 1894.

[2]The Story of Australasia. By Greville Tregarthen. *Ibid.*

Australia is not interesting. There are, it is true, certain modern developments and problems in government that are of interest. The steps by which the Australian ballot was devised, the experiments of various colonies in free trade and protection, Chinese restriction, woman suffrage and the like, but these living problems are excluded from the Story of the Nation Series by its general plan. There is left to tell about, in this case, only the early voyages of discovery, the hardships of the first colonists, the list of more or less incompetent governors sent out by the Crown, the evils resulting from the large criminal population and the problems involved in their amalgamation with the mass of the people, and the sad story of the nearly complete extermination of the native races. Americans have in their own history so much more that is picturesque and available for an interesting history on all these points but that relating to the convicts, that they find the story of Australia and the adjacent islands decidedly dreary.

The author seems to have a strong sense of this paucity of material, and in his discouragement, fails to make the most even of what there is.

My Lady Rotha.

In the April, 1894. "As Talked in the Sanctum," there was a review of Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's.—"A Gentleman of France," and what was there said applies in a great measure to his later novel—"My Lady Rotha."

Not that there is a sameness in his tales but because the manner of handling and the development of the plots are much the same.

Mr. Weyman makes an unimportant character tell the story of the novel and narrate the doings of the historical heroes and heroines—My Lady's Steward—Master Schwartz.

The scene is transferred from the France of Henri Quatre to the Germany of Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein and the Thirty Year's War, and the author endows his German and Swedish actors with the same stirling qualities that distinguished his French and American ones in his earlier books. My Lady Rotha is a relation of the famous Count Tilly and Countess of Hertizburg a little province, that up to the opening of the tale in the year 1632, has escaped the horrors of war.

In protecting a Catholic girl from the fanaticism of her dependents, the Countess is forced to flee from the castle for safety with but a small following. They find the country over run with the soldiers of all Europe, and first are made prisoners by the chief of a band of free lances, a General Tzerclas, and later escaped to Nuremberg and come under the protection of the Count Leuchtenstein and the great King of Sweden. Here for months they live in the midst of stirring events both personal and historical. They witness the slow starvation of the people who are cut off from the outside by the armies of Wallenstein, and the gallant battles and dashes made against him by the King.

Mr. Weyman treats all his great historial characters with the utmost respect. He never slaps them on the back as Dumas sometimes does or pretends to be on an equal footing like Scott. While in every one of his historical novels he introduces one or more of the people whom the world call great, he makes us see them through the eyes of his narrator, a humble bearer of a message or the envoy of his master or mistress, or listen to what they say as repeated by the same awe struck hearer.

There is a simplicity and quaintness in the method that ofttimes becomes impressive. At least it is a change. The plot of "*My Lady Rotha*"[1] is carefully worked out, and holds the readers interest from first to last; the characters are clearly drawn, and the action is stirring.

I Am Well.[2]

This is a very thorough and exhaustive treatise, both upon the theory and practice of the system of cure by Natural Suggestion. It explains the principles of mental healing as founded upon the fundamental premise that man, by the development of his intelligence, secures a "marvelous control over material by the power of his mentality, and proves it by curing his physical ailments and preserving bodily health solely by the skillful exercise of mind."

The book is prettily bound and typographically attractive; however, it would take more than pretty binding and seductive language to make a victim of the small pox believe that while his body suffered his soul, "himself, an invisible being" is well and that the pains and aches are simply "elements being used and dismissed"—"that your body is not you, it does not control you, and never shall, unless you mentally endow it with the power to do so." This is asking too much of the patient. It is a mental *tour de force* quite beyond his vitality.

As a sample of how much may be written with very little basis in fact, the book "I Am Well" stands in bright relief. The tale is as old as the hills, but it does not follow that we are all "malades imaginaire."

[1] My Lady Rotha. By Stanley J. Weyman, New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1894.

[2] Natural Suggestion, or Scientia Vitae. C. W. Post. Lee & Shephard, Publishers, Boston.

Catherine De Medici.

Balzac has rightly headed off the adverse criticism of novel lovers by qualifying his work, *Catherine De Medici*,[1] a philosophical study. It is certainly and distinctly a philosophical and historical study rather than a purely historical novel.

The love interest, which one alway expects to find in the French novel, is severely neglected and the court gallantries are hardly suggested. There is no connected plot other than the true historical one, neither does the author take the liberty of introducing fictitious characters, imaginary scenes and adventures to carry off the historical narrative. He follows neither the method adopted by Hugo, Dumas or Thackeray or later by Stanley Weyman and A. Conan Doyle to teach history in a series of brilliant pictures. He rather handles the characters of history as they handled themselves and tries to make clear the motives that brought about the great events in which they were the chief actors. The present work is an attempt to justify the character and explain away the charges that all historians have made against the great wife of Henry II. He insists that she was but an instrument in the hands of Providence, and that the massacre of Saint Bartholomew was as necessary as the massacres of the Revolution. They were two bloody lessons that the human race needed as centuries before they needed a deluge. The author argues in his introduction, which is as interesting as the main work: "Is craft permissible in the hands of power against craft? May it kill those who seek to kill it? The massacres of the Revolution have replied to the massacres of Saint Bartholomew." "All power," said Casimir Perier, "is a perma-conspiracy." Outside the political intrigue of the Court from 1560 to 1573, embracing the reigns of Francis II and Charles IX, one of the most interesting features of the work is the description of Calvin and the rsse of Calvinism in France. The author paints the great reformer as black as Robespierre, in fact, likens him to the tyrant, both in disposition and in the actual abuse of power and bloody excesses. Calvinism, he contests, was a political movement founded on a gloomy fanaticism, sold out always to the highest bidder in Court, regardless of the bloody reprisals exacted by both the victor and the vanquished. It served any master as long as it furthered the sanguinary projects of its tyranical founder. Balzac does not glorify Catholicism only by showing wherein it, in no one act, political or religious, is either above or below this new so-called reformed religion of the gloomy pastor of Geneva. Both churches were no better than the times.

Catherine used first the Catholic Church and then the Reformed, as she used first the Guises and then the Bourbons to maintain her own power over two kings. It was a gigantic duel in which the crafty Italian held her own against all churches and all houses.

Balzac's work, novel, if you please, will never be popular, but it will always be held in the light of a powerful assistant to the reader of history. It is one of the thousand books that Napoleon said must be written before the history of France would be thoroughly known.

Its translation from the original French has been carefully and painstakingly done by Miss Wormeley, who deserves much credit as the translator of so many of Balzac's novels that have been brought out in uniform style by the same publisher.

[1]Catherine De' Medici. By Honori De Balzac. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1894.

Dumas' Napoleon.[2]

Alexandre Dumas has told the life of the Great Napoleon with the same dash and spirit that his admirers have learned to expect in every work to which he lends his pen. He has painted his hero Napoleon as he painted his hero D'Artagnan—a demi-god in war and intrigue. The dramatic acts of the Emperor's life appealed to him as a novelist of action, and he has held them up, idealized, possibly, at least intensified, by his own superb genius as a word painter. The book throws no new light on the great Frenchman's character, nor adds anything of importance, beyond a glowing tribute from a famous novelist, to the Napoleonic literature of the day.

However, if the reader only wishes to familiarize himself with the main points and acts of Napoleon's life and does not care to go deeply into either his home life or the details of events he will find Dumas' spirited narrative as interesting as a novel. Mr. Larner has translated the work from the French with fidelity and care, losing nothing of the author's vigor thereby.

Ropes' Civil War.

Part I. of John Codman Ropes' *Story of the Civil War*,[3] is the narrative of the events of the war to the opening of the campaign of 1862.

The chapter headings give an insight as to the

[2]Napoleon. By Alexandre Dumas. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894.

[3]The Story of the Civil War. By John Codman Ropes. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894.

character of the work:—The States and the Union—The Question of the Southern Forts—South Carolina Alone—The New Confederacy—The Accession of Mr. Lincoln—The Call to Arms—The Opposing Parties—The Military Situation—The Battle of Bull Run—Plans and Preparations: The East, the Atlantic Coast, and the Gulf—Plans and Preparations: The West—Lincoln and McClellan.

In the preface the author outlines the scope of the book and the plan of the war he wishes to impress.

"It is to write of the subjects treated from the standpoint of each of the contending parties. In our judgment, the war should not be so depicted as to imply that the North and the South differed and quarrelled about the same things. That was not the fact. The questions presented to the men of the North were not the same as those with which their Southern contemporaries had to deal. . . .
The ensuing work aims in the first place to state the political positions of the contending parties at the outbreak of the war, and, in the second place, to give a general view of the whole struggle, showing the objects of the different campaigns, and their relations to each other, and describing as fully as has seemed to the author desirable, the more important movements and battles."

Mr. Ropes is an easy, graceful, concise writer, but it strikes the ordinary reader that the phase of the great conflict that impressed him the most strongly and of which Part I. is almost given up, is the internal bickerings and political squabbles of Lincoln, the Cabinet and McClellan. He emphasizes over and over again the little disputes and incidental waverings and mistakes of the leaders. He paints the immortal president in the light of a querulous old woman, the Cabinet as his fit associates, McClelland a conceited failure, Butler and Banks impossibilities, Fremont an exploded bubble, and in fact finds nothing good in any general or statesman save Buell, of whom he asserts:—"But Buell, who unlike Lincoln, was a military man, and who was a far abler military man than McClellan, etc."

The work as a whole does not leave a good taste in the mouth. One feels all the time that the author has an ax to grind or some relative or friend to boom.

It is illustrated by carefully drawn maps of Charleston Harbor—Campaign of Bull Run—The Field of Bull Run—Kentucky and Tennessee—The Coast of Virginia. The volumne is well printed and bound.

"The Panglima Muda."[1]

Any one who failed to read in the *Overland Monthly* Rounsevelle Wildman's Malayan romance, *Tho Panglima Mudo*,"[1] will find the story even more interesting now that it appears in book form. It is one of the few tales that gives the reader a strong impression of the wealth of life and color of the Orient; that paints the startling exuberance of tropical vegetation, the deadly foes to man that lurk in the shade of the jungle and the volcanic passions that in an instant convert the Malay into a wild animal more terrible and more dangerous than the tiger which swims the Straits of Malacca in pursuit of its prey. The peculiar excellence of Mr. Wildman's work is that, without any tedious description, he has placed before us the gilded barbarism of a Malayan Prince who has added a Parisian polish to his own natural cruelty. The Panglima is a genuine creation, and his cynical punishment of an over-zealous servant of the white men, as well as his bold kidnapping of an English girl, show traits that would not be found in the uncultured savage. The story moves forward swiftly to the denouement, which is full of dramatic power. The volume is richly illustrated by Pierre N. Boeringer, is well printed and is neatly bound in red leather. It is the first of a series of books to be reprinted from the OVERLAND.—George Hamlin Fitch in *S. F. Chronicle*, Jan. 6, 1895.

Mrs. Brodhead's Slav and Moslem.

A book on Russia in the English language free from the Russophobist sentiment is a "rare bird," but that is not the only remarkable thing about Mrs. Brodhead's *Slav and Moslem*.[2] The underlying motive of the book seems to be to promote the growing friendship between the Greek and Romish churches in the hope that sometime the schism between the east and the west may be healed. To this end Russia, its government, and its church are painted with a friendly brush, Nihilism is abundantly execrated, and the shopkeeping sentiment of the English people that sustains the infamy of Turkish rule in Europe for commercial reasons is strongly rebuked.

It will take more than one book, however, to undo in the minds of American readers the work that years on years of English writing on Russian tyranny and cruelty have done, to say nothing of

[1]The Panglima Muda. By Rounsevelle Wildman, San Francisco; Overland Monthly Publishing Company. 1894. Price 75 cents. For sale by all booksellers, or can be ordered direct from the *Overland Monthly*.

[2]Slav and Moslem. By J. Milliken Napier Brodhead. Aiken, S. C.: Aiken Pub. Co. 1894.

such American writing as Mr. Kennans, which Mrs. Broadhead deprecates as prejudiced. Possibly if the new understanding between England and Russia since the accession of a new Czar continues and a new crop of English writing comes up to overgrow the sort we have heretofore fed on, we may learn to speak of the virtues of the White Czar, and the great measure of self-government exercised by the *mirs*, the happiness of life in Siberia, and the small differences, hardly worth mentioning, between the Greek faith and that of Rome, or perhaps England. It is not to be denied that Mrs. Brodhead's work causes the reader to suspend judgment and await further evidence on matters that he had held to be thoroughly proven.

Newton Booth's Speeches.[1]

It is instructive to read over the speeches of a scholarly, and eloquent leader of public opinion, as Newton Booth undoubtedly was, beginning forty years ago and coming down to within the last ten years. Many questions of which he treats we can judge with the comfortable *aposteriori* judgment, while others wear to-day the same perplexing aspect and are seemingly no nearer solution. Of the first class are those pertaining to the war and its outcome, Here Governor Booth is at his best—deeply moved by the great issues that were then at stake, strongly convinced of the justice of his views, he gave utterance in no uncertain tones when all but a few brave spirits hesitated and were silent.

On this great subject the outcome has proved his words prophetic, but what shall we say when we come to other questions that hardly less exercised his mind? Of these corporation control, the power of money in politics, and the growing in equality of social conditions, are chief, while his speeches on the currency question, with small modifications, would serve in Congress to-day. It doubtless is true that Mr. Crane has selected from the material at hand those parts that are either fulfilled prophecy or discussion pertinent to to-day, but there is so large a body of such work in the volume that it proves the solid value of Governor Booth's contribution to political thought.

His anti-railroad speeches in particular sound like discussion that we hear to-day, his position being summarized in his epigram. "If the question should ultimately come between the Government owning the railroads and the railroads owning the Government, I shall certainly favor Government ownership."

Governor Booth's lectures are good reading, especially that on Fox, in which he shows careful study of the great English orators, whose influence can be traced in the style of his own speeches.

The part of the book given over to selections from writings for magazines and journals is too short, that is, if there was more of the same quality to print. The editorial on Horace Greeley, the sketch of Rufus A. Lockwood, and the study of Swedenborg—an essay, though given as a lecture—make the reader wish for more.

Mr. Crane has done his work fairly well, though there are places where he might have done better—repetition that might have been eliminated and small corrections that should have been made. Mr. Crane ought to have settled in his mind, for example, whether one that debates is a "debator" or a "debater."

Bill Nye's History of the United States.[2]

Mr. Nye's objection to "nude truth" is quite familiar to the public, but not many people have realized, perhaps, how shocked he has been all these years at the idea that the bare facts of American history are presented to school children. This feeling at last impelled him to attempt to remedy the evil by writing a history whose truths should not lack a sufficient "dressing up." Clothed in Mr. Nye's fancy, the old friends present a strange appearance, and yet it requires little inspection to recognize them.

It is hardly to be supposed that Mr. Nye's work will supplant Swinton and Higginson in schools, and yet it must be confessed that there comes into the minds of those who have suffered over Swinton a wish that there could be a book written in a judicious commingling of the style of Swinton and Nye This is not from any consideration of modesty, for Swinton's dry bones are "Far too naked to be shamed."

We have spoken of the book as Mr. Nye's work, and yet quite as much should be made of Mr. Opper's illustrations, for much of the fun hangs on the clever drawings. It is seldom that a whole book of humorous intention can be read without staling, but by allowing themselves suitable times for recuperation, we fancy that most readers will find no difficulty in finishing this *History*.

Briefer Notice

[3]Mr. Holt makes a lone pedestrian trip across Europe from Holland to Italy and tells of it in a

[1]Newton Booth of California, His Speeches and Addresses. Edited by Lauren E. Crane. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1894.

[2]Bill Nye's History of the United States. Philadelphia; The J. B. Lippincott Co. 1894.

[3]Four Centuries After, or How I Discovered Europe. By Rev. Holt, New York. 1893.

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rather flippant way. Since his trip was on the four hundredth anniversary of Columbus' voyage he claims to reverse the process and discover Europe, so he constantly refers to himself as "the expedition," and refers to "the expedition's leg" and the like. He rather runs his conceit into the earth, but in spite of it records some interesting and some amusing observations.

Mr. Torrey's bird books have been reviewed in the OVERLAND before and always with commendation. His latest, *A Florida Sketch Book*,[1] is no less entertaining and interesting to nature lovers than its predecessors, indeed, rather more so, for he is in comparatively new territory, and adds to his contributions to bird lore many quiet observations of the people and places of Florida. It is pleasant to sit with him on sand bank or by bayou and note the birds that flit by in the pleasant winter weather. Would that some happy chance could bring Mr. Torrey from the northeasters of his beloved Boston, to spend a winter in California, for he would find a far from covered field, so far as published observations of bird life are concerned.

In Distance and in Dream,[2] by M. F. Sweetser, forms one of Joseph Knight Company's well known and highly prized "Cozy Corner Series." The story is a study of life after death easily told full of sweetness and pathos. It is without plot, being simply the author's idea of what would take place at the parting of a loving wife and husband by death. He maintains that earthly love reaches beyond the grave and that we shall know each other in the hereafter. The story can be read in half an hour, is printed in good type, nicely illustrated and neatly bound. It is just the book for a cozy corner and solitude.

On the table by the side of the pipe, the tobacco bowl and the cigar should lay Mr. Joseph Knight's quaint little collection of selected poems in praise of the "weed"—*Pipe and Pouch*[3]—*The Smoker's Own Book of Poetry*. Within the space of 150 pages we find almost as many poems gathered from all sources. The author says in his introduction: "A vast amount has been written in praise of tobacco, much of it commonplace or lacking in poetic quality. While some of the verse here gathered is an obvious echo, or passes into unmistakable parody, it has been the aim of the writer to maintain, as far as possible, a high standard and include only the best." The book, as all of the publisher's works, is handsomely bound and printed.

The Abraham Lincoln Myth[4] is a skit at the higher criticism, supposed to be written in A. D. 3663. It proves by trains of reasoning supposed to be similar to the Biblical criticism of the liberals of to-day that no such person as Abraham Lincoln ever lived. The idea is rather clever, but it is not worked up in a scholarly enough manner to make it truly effective.

[1] A Florida Sketch Book. By Bradford Torrey. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

[2] In Distance and in Dream. By M. F. Sweetser. Boston: Joseph Knight Company. 1895.

[3] Pipe and Pouch. By Joseph Knight. Boston: Joseph Knight & Co.

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From a wash drawing by L. Maynard Dixon.

Half-tone by Bolton & Strong.

"HELLO, STRANGER!"
[Told by Owyhee Joe.]

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

Overland Monthly

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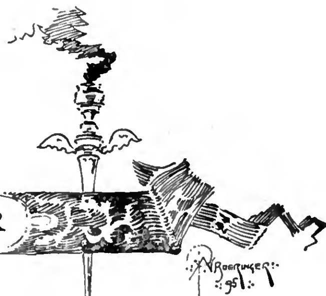
AS TALKED IN THE SANCTUM.



BY THE EDITOR

IT is not to be supposed that we were always making set speeches, struggling to be brilliant or that we never talked about the weather. Collectively we have our weaknesses and I think I may be pardoned, being the voluntary, fatuous if you please, chronicler of the circle, for recording some of the remarks and the usual trend of conversation when we indulged in one of the most universal and yet not most unpleasant of weaknesses—discussing the weather.

People, outside of the Sanctum, only talk of the weather when all other topics have run as dry as the dryest spell of weather we had last July, when they honestly cannot think of anything else to say, or when they consider the person they are forced to interest too shallow minded to grasp anything more abstruse. Yet as much as the subject is used and abused, it is one that crops up daily in the sanctum and is discussed with just as much earnestness and good faith, as the newly projected San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Road, the defeat of the Reilly Funding Bill or the abdication of Mr. Cleveland's —"great and good friend" Liliuokalani.

Unfortunately, from a political standpoint, but fortunately from a meterological one, none of us are—"Native Sons of the Golden West," hence this glorious California midwinter climate is a continual cause of thankfulness and song. Even the wet rains of the past week were not wet enough to dampen our spirits or drown our enthusiasm. While our friends and relations "at home," for in spite of all, the Atlantic Coast is "home," are battling with snow and ice, or huddling over the fire, we on the 1st of February are writing and chatting in the full sunshine with the great south window wide open. The thermometer stands at 63° and so it remains with slight variations the year around. It

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may forget itself for a day or two and run down to 44° or up to 75°, but such temporary aberrations are too fleeting to cause comment. The Poet's "Spring Poem" is always apropos, and the Parson's daily "O Lord make us properly thankful for this glorious climate" passes without reproof. You can wear your summer clothes all winter or your winter clothes all summer. My lady's seal skin coat is seldom relegated to the camphor chest for more than two weeks at a time and yet it is quite an unnecessary adjunct, and is never really needed. Such a paradox is our glorious weather! In the heat of summer you may spy a lady hastening to the ferry in a pure white duck yachting suit with a seal-skin round her shoulders as in the so-called dead of winter; this very day, you can see hundreds of picnickers in "Golden Gate Park" eating their luncheon on the green grass among the flowers with their coats off.

If I did not hope that what we have said in praise of weather would be heard outside of California, I would not think it worth recording, for I see no reason why we should spend our time telling one another what each already knows. But as a body we have lived all over the world, and when we all agree that there's no climate like the Californian climate, we feel that our united opinion should be worth something to the real estate agent and the collector of climates.

THE reader yawned.

The Reader: "I feel as stupid as an owl."

He was sitting in the full glare of the sun. What he meant was that he was physically so comfortable that he was unable to keep his mental faculties pinned to the M. S. that we noted was written in a fine Italian hand on foolscap paper. The M. S. was rolled. He might better have been asleep than struggling with a rolled manuscript. For my part I never read a rolled manuscript through in my life. I promptly mark it "read and declined" without a single conscientious pang.

The other day I received a very neatly type-written story. I found that between every fourth page a little bit of mucilage had been placed. In order to read I had to break the pages loose. The writer evidently wished to test the much mooted theory that Readers never read thoroughly the manuscript sent them by unknown writers. It was a good story and I read it word for word, religiously separating each and every fastened page. I was forced to refuse it because it treated of fields that were not the OVERLAND'S, but I did take the trouble to restick every fourth page. I suppose the disappointed author has a lasting grudge against the Editor of the OVERLAND. He has proven his theory, and his experiment will no doubt serve as the text for a paper on the unfairness of the editorial profession before some literary society. However, I meant it simply as a joke, and I sincerely hope the rejected author will persist in his attempts for recognition, for he has talent.

The Parson: "I object to the Reader's simile, and I rise up to defend the entire family of owls from the charge of stupidity."

The Contributor: "And yet there is no question as to the Reader's stupidity. He looks like a ground-hog after a winters hibernation."

The Reader: "I am able to see my own shadow, however."

The Parson: "I have seen a good deal of bird life and I have failed to find a single instance where an owl did anything to deserve the universal charge of stupidity. Because it sleeps all day and is up all night is no excuse, for you and I know too little of the ways of the feathered tribe to brand it with so unforgivable a failing. For my part I take it as a wise dispensation of Providence that it can change night into day.

Were he forever about in the sun light like the chickadee or the swallow, he would be a glaring object for every sportsman's shot-gun and small boy's rock, and would soon become as extinct as the roc or the great auk. Then, too, we say as wise as an owl. If the owl possess both qualities at once and at the same time, he is more paradoxical than our California climate.

The Poet: "If the owl is supposed to be stupid because he sleeps all day, does not the repute for wisdom come from his absurd habit of asking innumerable questions in the still watches of the night, 'hoo-hoo hoo-hŏŏ, hoo-hoo hoo-hōō'?"

The Visitor: "The Poet is thinking of the old maid who, wanting a husband, went out into the fields to pray. At the end of each fervent petition an owl on the limb of a tree above, inquired earnestly, "Whoo-whoo, whoo-whoo?" Believing the question came in answer to her prayer, and unable in her agitation to think of any particular man that she cared to honor above all others, she replied at last in sheer desperation, "O Lord give me anyone!"

The Contributor: "Was it Lincoln who told that story first?"

The Poet: "When ever one tells a good story, Lincoln is thrown in his face. It is like saying something that one thinks brilliantly original, and noting a smile of forebearance flit round the room, which invariably means that you will find your epigram in 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.' Instead of being a loss to the world, I maintain that the burning of the library at Alexandria was a benefit. It gave us poets and you writers a chance to say an original thing once in a while. A hundred Emersons, Holmes', Kants, Brownings, Longfellows, and possibly a 'Green Carnation,' or so went up in that holocaust."

The Parson: "And a Panglima Muda."

THE OVERLAND was in the heat of a book publishing campaign. That is it had reprinted from its columns a little Malayan story written by a member of the Sanctum. It was the author's as well as the magazine's first book, although dozens of books from Bret Harte's stories, until the present time, have been drawn from the magazine. Never a day goes by, but that something amusing or ridiculous comes up to heighten or detract from the joys of authorship and publishership.

The first edition was 1,000. We counted up some 794 friends that would wish our book, regardless of its quality, the moment it came out. That, of course, would cover the cost of publication. Two rather distant friends, whom we had not counted on, did actually buy the book under protest, but the solid squares of the 794 remained unbroken. From time to time, one of them drops into the Sanctum and casually remarks, "O, by the by, I hear the *Panglima Muda* is out in book form. You know I never read a continued story when it is in a magazine. Is the book in the Library?" And then rather than have them go and find that it is not, I stoop down and open the door of my desk and get one of the many that are awaiting a popular demand. "Put your name in it old man. I have quite a collection of autograph copies."

Mentally wondering who my brother unfortunates are, I unwillingly indite on the fly leaf, "To my dear old Graball, with the sincere compliments of his sincere friend, the author."

Our New York advertising agent wrote us, "Cannot you send me 400 copies of 'P. M.,'" my heart went up into my mouth. "They will do nicely with our stamp inside to take the place of Calendars during the holiday season." I swallowed my heart.

The Carquinez *Retort* wrote asking for an editorial copy. A review in the *Retort*, they asserted, would sell two hundred copies. It was sent and in course of time the review came back: "The Pangliminia Mud is a jaw-breaker. If anyone ever gets by the title, he will strike more. A man who downs them can pass on to "Letters from Hell." Outside of the Dago dialect, we enjoyed the book. Its merit lies in its atmosphere and shortness. We cheerfully recommend it to our schools to be used at spelling bees. * * *" The editor of the *Retort* wrote a personal letter to the author later explaining that he intended the review to be complimentary, but for some reason it did not look in print just as he intended. Other reviews followed that evidently did not sound as the writers had intended. Then came the request for complimentary copies from the big London dailies. This we put down as a good sign. There are other good signs that lead one to think that after the first edition has been given away that the second might sell in time.

THE vast number of books that are turned out yearly by publishing houses, great and small, will ever afford a surprise and subject of speculation to readers and even writers. What becomes of all of them, who buys them; how many books in 100 pay the cost of publication?

The OVERLAND reprinted its book as an experiment—the text was owned by the magazine, it had been run serially, the type was set and the illustrations made, the only expense was for press work, paper and binding; but the hundreds of books that come to the reviewer's table yearly that are not worth the trouble of reviewing, what of them? In 1894 there were not over half a dozen novels in the world written, that have an international fame, there were not over as many more that really paid well. A publishing house that has a subscription list among libraries and book stores that will use up the first edition of any work, no matter whether it is a primer or new edition of "Pepy's Diary," can afford to keep its presses running until it tries out their good natured customers, but that does not explain how new publishing houses are springing into being daily. Hard times seem to have no effect on them. They live in atmospheres above and beyond the region of clouds and business depression. In ten years at the rate these houses, great and small, are turning out books—of all degrees, their collective output will out-grow the new National Library at Washington.

The Manager: "The mail brings two orders for *The Panglima Muda* from Carquinez!"

The Author: "That's like finding a needle in a haystack."

The Artist: "O, there is no trouble in finding a needle in a haystack when you have a sore finger."

The Office Boy: "A bouquet for the Author."

OF THE UNIVE

SWIPES.

A TALE OF EARLY DAYS.

"SWIPES." I read his name a few days since in the *Journal Des Debats*, but it was not "Swipes," and it carried me back—back to the early fifties, when life bristled with marvel and with magic, and the world was not grave and bald.

I was in the heyday of youth, flushed with hope, and *en route* to its realization, I firmly believed.

I can vividly recall the scene—the muster of canvas-covered wagons on the bank of the North Fork of the Platte, the picketed horses, the white tents, the smouldering fires, a motley and somewhat picturesque group of men, and in their midst, Dave Mallory, bronzed, broad-shouldered, black-eyed, with the index finger of his right hand uplifted.

That finger exacted silence, and received attention before the words came. What he said is as distinct as if I heard it now.

"I've got a word to say to you, men. I'd been runnin' the river fur more'n twenty year, and I made up my mind that I'd light out and see if I couldn't git my sheer of the nuggets. I know'd old Mammy whar this kid stopped, and used to go thar fur my washin'; she was allus tellin' me what a peert chap he was, and how brave he was, and how honest he was, and how he wouldn't take nothin' cept he earned it, and how his poor mother, 'fore she died had held him by the hand and tole him, in her French lingo, to be honest and say his prars and God would take keer of him.

"I've had my sheer of kicks and cuffs in this world, and when the boy come to me and said kinder skeerd like, 'Won't you take me with you, Mr. Mallory?' my heart softened, and I said, 'Pack your duds and come on, Swipes.' I couldn't get the hang of his French name, so I gave him the first one I could think of. I thought he'd be feard and back out, but he didn't, and when I went up to old Mammy's just before the boat started, thar he sot, with his little pack tied up, and old Mammy was talkin' to him, and when we come away she stood in the door, with the tears runnin' down her face, and she said, 'Good-bye, honey, may the Lawd bless you.'

"I overhauled that kit o' hisn 'fore we got to Council Bluffs; there wa'n't much in it, but there was a prar-book, and somethin' he called a 'rosary,' and he said, with tears in his eyes, that they belonged to his mother. I tole him to do what his mother tole him and he would allus be right; that I wasn't lookin' at these things outen curiosity, but to see what he needed fur an outfit which I was goin' to git him.

"I've made a purty long speech fur me—I generally let somethin' else talk—and now I tell you, fellers, if you make fun of this boy fur sayin' his prars, and interfere with him, I'll make it hotter'n hell fur you. You know Dave Mallory; if you don't, you'd better inquire."

It is needless to say that there were no further jests at the expense of Swipes; not alone that the men regarded the significant hint of Dave Mallory, but they came in time to like the lad for his modest, manly ways, and he grew to be the pet of the

vagrant caravan ; this was emphasized by adding a single letter to his name; and so he was called "Swipsey." But my story does not pertain to our five months' trip across the plains. It is enough to say that we crossed the summit of the Rockies and did not know it; that we swam the Green River,

"Where ford there was none:"

"CLIMBING THE HILLSIDE TO THE SOLITARY GRAVE."

that we skirted along the shores of the Great Salt Lake; that we crawled down the alkali bottoms of the Humboldt; and so on, across the Desert, over the Sierras, into the Sacramento Valley, where our nomadic party fell to pieces, the fra~ments seeking mart or mine in search of fortune.

A few months after, with somebody's wonderful tale in my ear, I sought the Southern Mines, and found myself high up on the Merced, at a place called Sherlock's Flat. I was just uncinching my long-eared carry-all when I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder, and, turnng, I looked into the eyes of Dave Mallory.

"Glad to see you, my boy. Tighten that cinch," he said, "and come on to the Camp; you will find Uncle John and Swipes."

Only those who met and parted in the early days can know the full significance of the sincere and honest handshake. "Put it thar, pard," meant a league to the death. Kithless and kinless, our fealty to friendship was fierce and exacting. No man wore a mask to his friend; his true value was fairly estimated, and he was coined for what he was worth.

Uncle John was a middle-aged Harvard man who had been our companion on the plains; quiet, sensible, cultured, his knowledge of men and manners was large and varied.

As I sat with him, in the open air, after dinner, I noticed that the Flat was a picturesque spot. It nestled against the mountain, and was skirted in front by the noisy, rollicking child of Yosemite; it was sprinkled with live oaks, while here and there a pine tree lifted its evergreen plumes skyward.

"I like the freedom and freshness," I said.

"Yes," replied Uncle John, "one never tires of them. There are no gaudy, overdressed effects here; nature is well-bred;

even the sober hue of the soil is harmonious; but, to change the subject—you are on a mining venture, I take it; why not join us? Dave has suggested it. We will give you an equal interest for the use of your two hands. And so I became a partner in the Middle Mine, as it was called.

The life of a mining camp is both humorous and pathetic; the rude cabins, where men eat and sleep in savage isolation; the earth rent and torn in the relentless war of the pick and shovel.

> "No songs to lighten,
> No flowers to brighten:"

and ours, with its score and more of grey-shirted men, and one woman, was no exception.

There was a grim humor in the unconventional companionship, where brawn and brain met on a common level; where men were a law to themselves, but governed by an unwritten code more potent than the edict of king or kaiser.

Our one woman, kind-hearted old Mrs. Moseley—I can hear her south-western greeting of "howdy," even now—lived on the sole hope of returning to Pike County when "Mose" had made his "pile."

One evening I came up from the mine earlier than usual, and an unwonted spectacle presented itself, In the front of our cabin there was a dismantled pack train, and an array of boxes and bales; in the midst stood a stout, swarthy man, and on a pile of canvas was seated a little girl six or seven years of age, As I approached I noticed that Swipes was talking French with them. The man immediately came forward and said,

"I meet *Monsieur* Mosely in Sacramento; he advise me come here, and so I come; I have one letter." At the same time presenting a letter for Uncle John.

"My leetle girl she tire very much; ze young gentleman, he give her to eat, *il parle bien Français.*"

I replied that the gentleman to whom the letter was addressed would shortly arrive.

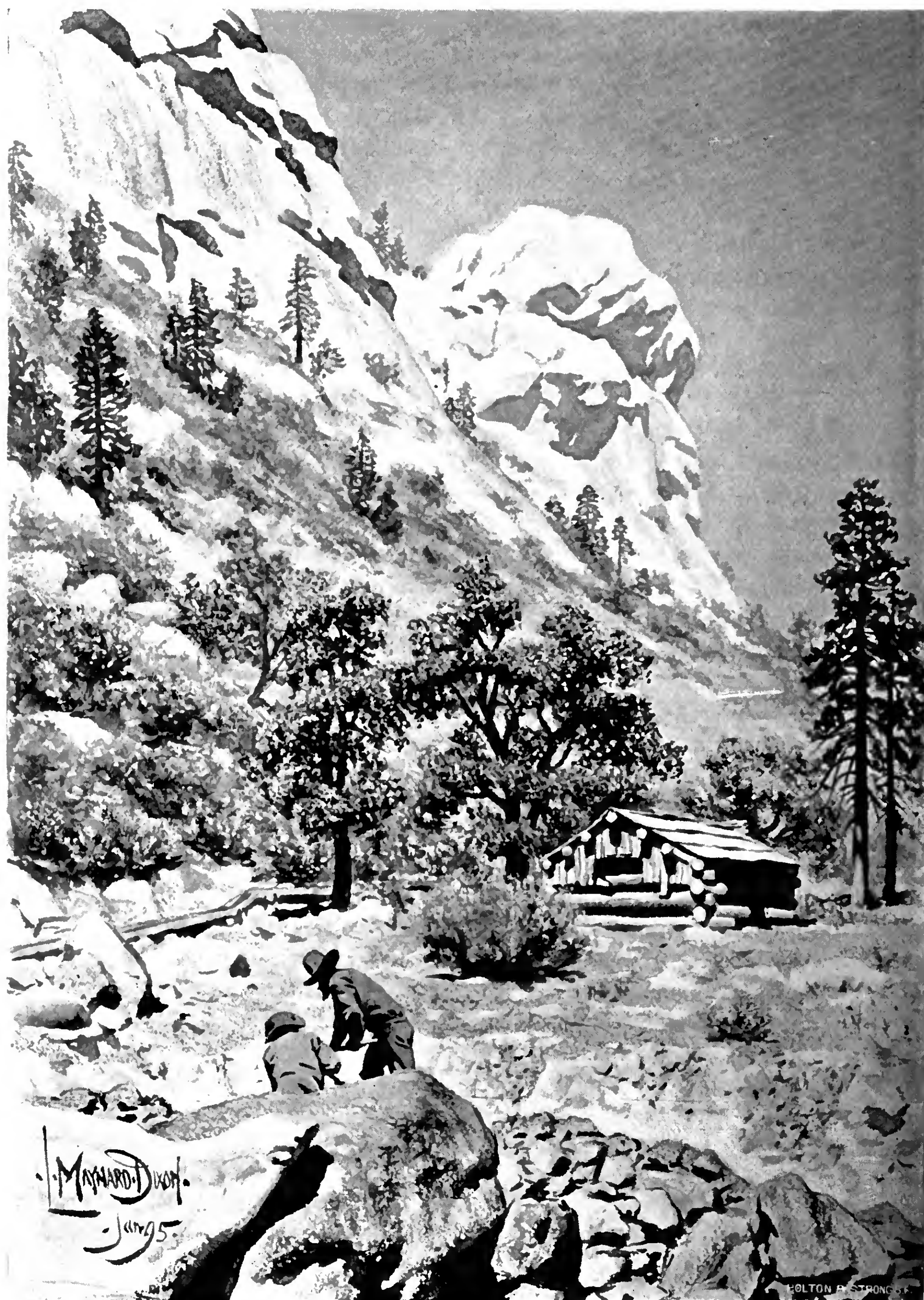
The letter to Uncle John explained that Pierre would open a much needed store of supplies for our camp; and as he sat with us at table that evening, he explained, in his broken English, how he had left Bordeaux, with his wife and little one, for the New Eldorado; that his wife had sickened and died shortly after his arrival; that he had then gone to the mines and opened a trading post at Mormon Island, and after being in business one year had sold out, and was on his way to San Francisco when he met Mr. Mosely by chance, who persuaded him to come to us; and so Pierre's Canvas Store became a fixture of the Flat; and Swipes, too young to wield the pick and shovel, became Pierre's assistant.

"God never gave me any children," said Mrs. Moseley, "and so he sent this yere one to help me out. She's mighty peert;" and she pointed to the wee French girl who was dancing in the sunshine. Her face was freckled and her hands were brown, but her eyes were bright. Her father called her "Ma Petite," and the miners called her "Ma Sweet."

Her improvised nursery and family of dolls, under a live oak, excited universal interest. She was a sunbeam to the one childless woman of the Flat. There was a humanizing influence in her happy laughter, and she touched with unconscious fingers, the cord which bound our hearts to far-off homes.

Uncle John, by reason of his education and good sense, was the acknowledged "Chief of the Clan." He was the priest and the doctor, the schoolmaster and the magistrate.

"You bet he can run this craft and never strike a snag," said Dave. "Do you mind how he sewed up the cuts in that Greaser? And when he read the prayers over poor Bill Bradley's body, it was so d—d solemn



"AND AS THE SUMMER CAME, THE RED EARTH LAY BASKING IN THE SUN."

I thought the Day of Judgment had come sure." .

As I remember, we seemed to pass from the wet season to the dry in a day. Spring vanished in a night; and as the summer came, the red earth lay basking in the heat.

The only greenness was that which was deathless. Day after day the hot sun went down in fire, but the nights were delicious; when silence reigned, and starlight and moonlight shed their hallowing influence on rock and river and cliff.

Books were rare things in a mining camp in those early days; but Uncle John was a rare man; he had thrown away a trunk full of clothing on the plains to lighten the load, but had clung to his books. He had Scott and Dickens and Hawthorne and Tennyson and Longfellow. In due time he invited Swipes to this feast of letters.

The silent boy sat down a novice, and he rose up a knight. Piloted by Uncle John he had discovered a new world—the world of Romance; and it left its indelible impress upon his character and conduct.

This was an education, based upon the teaching of the public schools of St. Louis, which eventually fitted him for the higher walks of life. Nor did Uncle John's good offices stop here; he taught him the art of composition; the subtle charm of putting his thoughts happily and gracefully upon paper. Each Sunday some theme was discussed, some obstacle overcome, some question solved; and thus he waxed in knowledge. In this unforeseen way the God of his dead mother cared for him, and the prayer of his black Mammy was answered.

By the first of July we had cut through the rim of the inner channel and begun to reap our reward.

Dave insisted, as he put it, that we should give the "Fourth" a "send-off," and annex the Flat to the United States; and so, on the "Day we celebrate," a small American flag was unfurled, and we had a co-operative dinner under the brooding branches of the trees. Uncle John was the Master of Ceremonies, and Mrs. Mosely, in her best bonnet, poured the coffee. There was an improvised oration, in which the speaker said that, although we had formally annexed ourselves to the United States, he hoped that they would never learn of the fact at Washington, and that they would ignore us in the future as they had done in the past.

Swipes recited the "Star Bangled Banner;" Pierre sang the "Marseillaise," and as a *finale*, Uncle John, with a merry twinkle in his eye, gave the toast of "The Ladies," and called on Dave to respond. There was a ludicrous expression of agony on Dave's face, but it was useless to protest, and at last he got to his feet, and with that eloquent index finger of his in the air, he said, "Women ain't much in my line, but I am satisfied with Mrs. Mosely if you are;" and he sat down amid roars of laughter; even Ma Sweet seemed to comprehend that that "Naughty Dave" was taking some of the medicine he had at times administered to her; and a few days after, when Dave again addressed her as "Mrs. Swipes," she retorted, saying, "Ah, Mr. Dave, when you make ze speech, you no say Mrs. Swipes, you only say Mrs. Mosely."

And so the summer months wore on until there came a day of deep anxiety to our little camp. Pierre had left the Flat in the early morning, with two Mexican vaqueros for a trip up the river to a mountain cattle range; and the word came back to us that at the Point of Rocks where the narrow trail ran along a beetling cliff which overhung the river, his horse had become frightened and there had been an accident. Help was asked for, and Uncle John and Dave and two others had gone to his assistance. I took it upon myself to dispatch a man to Hornitos, ten miles distant, for a doctor.

Ma Sweet knew that something had happened, and she sat on the rocks by the river side looking with strained eyes in the direction her father had taken. Mrs. Mosely tried to entice her away, but she would not leave. Swipes took her a dainty lunch, but she put it aside without a word. I saddled my horse to go and meet them, and Ma

Sweet begged me, with tears in her eyes, to take her. I said, "No, child; wait and hope for the best."

As we approached the Flat, bearing the unconscious form of Pierre on a stretcher, she came to us moaning, "Oh, my poor papa, my poor papa." The doctor arrived ere long, and after making an examination, he motioned Uncle John and myself aside, and said, "Nothing can be done; he may possibly regain consciousness before he dies; if so, administer the stimulants, and wait for the end."

Shortly after midnight the dying man moaned and opened his eyes; Uncle John and Mrs. Mosely at once administered the stimulant. He seemingly strove to articulate, but it was in vain; he looked first at his child, who, with streaming eyes, was holding his hand and uttering words of endearment—and then at Swipes; the boy came forward and knelt by the side of Ma Sweet. The dying man's eyes closed; there was a child's wail, a boy's sob; and death had touched him with its pallor and its peace.

"Come with me, child," said Mrs. Mosely, and she led the bereft one away, to give her that consolation which can only only be found on a woman's breast.

Two days after we laid him to rest under the pines. Uncle John read the solemn service "dust to dust," and the clods fell with a mournful sound on the coffin lid. Dave with his own hands fashioned the cross to place at his head, and had hunted the hills for wild vines with which to garland it.

The little French girl was orphaned, but she was not friendless. There were strong arms ready for her defense, and warm hearts for her to rest upon.

She had a home with Mrs. Mosely; and Swipes, counseled by Uncle John, and unvexed by Public Administrators, closed up the business and added the proceeds and the profits to her small fortune.

The French Consul in San Francisco was written to, and in due time letters were received from France, directing that she be placed in charge of the Consul and sent thence in charge of some one, to France. Uncle John was to escort her to San Francisco.

The day of her departure came. In the early morning I saw Swipes and Ma Sweet, with a basket of wild flowers, climbing the hillside to the solitary grave; they came back hand in hand.

"It breaks my heart strings to let you go, child," said good Mrs. Mosely, as she clasped Ma Sweet in her arms. "I hoped you would allus be mine, and I 'lowed to take you back with me'n Mose to Pike."

"Good-bye, Mr. Dave—" but the big fellow was deeply engaged in fixing the pack saddles, and would not hear; it was his way; weeks afterward I saw him shyly putting away a dilapidated and deserted doll. I never betrayed him, and I liked him the better for it.

At the last moment, Ma Sweet went to Swipes, who was standing apart, and taking his two hands, said, in French: "You will not forget?"

"Never," said the boy, as he stooped and kissed her.

When Uncle John returned from San Francisco he handed to Swipes a plain gold locket, and in it there was a girl's face. It was the gift of Ma Sweet.

Ere I left the Flat, which I did some months after, Uncle John and Swipes had received letters from France, telling of Ma Sweet's safe arrival.

The moment of my own departure came. Uncle John clasped me by the hand in silence. Dave said, "I never say good-bye;" but he looked it. I patted Swipes on the shoulder, and whispered, "Ma Sweet will never forget."

As I climbed the mountain, I turned in my saddle to take a last look at the camp. The jays were scolding in the boughs above my head; the lizards were rustling in the

dead leaves; I could dimly see the distant peaks, with their everlasting mantles of snow, and I faintly heard the roar of the red river rushing to the sea; and this, the last chapter of my mining experience was closed forever.

Years—ten, fifteen went by. One day in the office of a once famous hostelry of San Francisco, I recognized a familiar face and form, and Uncle John and myself again clasped hands.

"I know much that has happened to you in all these years," he said; "more, perhaps, than you know of me. Dave, Swipes and myself have never separated until now. We left the California mines in the early days of the Comstock excitement, and went to Nevada; fortune smiled upon us, and I parted from them this morning. They go hence to St. Louis, and Swipes thence to Europe."

"And Ma Sweet?" I asked.

"Nothing has been heard from her for some years. The last known of her she was at a convent school in Paris. As for myself, I bought the Carmelito Rancho in San Luis Obispo County, some years since, and there, with my sister and her husband, I shall make my home. "When you are tired of the turmoil," he said, as we parted, "come and see me."

Years again went by; time had sprinkled my hair with silver. I looked back from my two score years and ten. Chance took me to the Orient. I landed from the steamer at Yokohama, and made my way to the Grand Hotel, where I registered.

I was standing on the steps, engrossed for the moment, with the novel sights and the new sensations. In front of the entrance a gentleman was assisting a lady and two children to alight from *jinrikishas.*

As they passed into the hotel, I noticed that the gentleman looked intently at me. In a few moments he returned, and lifting his hat, said, "I beg pardon, your face seemed familiar, and your name, which I have read on the register, is even more familiar;" and taking a card from its case, he wrote under the address, one word, in pencil. As I took the card I glanced at the word; it was "Swipes." Our hands met.

"After so many years," I said, "to meet you here; and time has wrought such changes."

"Yes," he replied, "it is indeed an unlooked-for meeting. I have often thought and spoken of you. But come, I wish to present you to another old-time acquaintance." And as he ushered me into the presence of his wife, he said, "Who is it, my dear?"

She looked at me earnestly, and after a pause, said, "Wait, wait, I know, I know—some one I met, when a child, in the mountains of California;" and the floodtide of old memories filled her eyes with tears.

"And after all these years you are going back to your own," I said, "and these are your children?" as they came forward to greet me.

"Yes, God has been good to us," she replied; "tell us of Uncle John."

I was forced to confess that I had not seen him for years, but had heard of him often.

"We go to meet him; he expects us," said her husband, "and Dave will join us there. They have the first place in our hearts, you know, and we wish our children to have their blessing."

"Why not remain in California?" I asked. "It has ceased to be savage now."

"And lost its charm, perhaps," he replied. "No, we love Paris, it is our home; our children were born there."

As I arose to take my leave, the wife said, "To think that I should have remembered you after all these years."

"Yes," I replied, laughing, "the last words I said to your husband, when we parted, thirty years ago, were, "Ma Sweet will never forget."

Lucius Harwood Foote.

GOOD ROADS.

HOW TO ADD $300,000,000 TO THE TAXABLE PROPERTY OF THE STATE, BY GEN. ROY STONE, SPECIAL AGENT OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

The OVERLAND has asked me for a word upon the road problem in California before leaving the State, and I am glad to be able to make that word one of encouragement as well as of counsel and appeal.

California of to-day represents, as it appears to me, the highest forces of American civilization. Either by recent selection or by descent through only one generation, it has had the pick of the vigor and intelligence of all the older States. An environment in the highest degree stimulating has developed and cultivated the ambitions, aptitudes and powers of the original pioneer and State builder until they have been able to build up a commonwealth that is the admiration of the world. I see only one blot on their work, and from an American standpoint that one is no disgrace, for if it is, the nation shares it.

Our "relics of barbarism" were not "twins," but *triplets*, and the third one was "mud." Two of the three have been wiped out in this half century; the third is still with us, but there is twice enough to give it a "wipe" before the century closes, and before that time California can easily be the leader in the work. Her best sentiment is already awake on this subject.

The Road Convention at Sacramento last week comprised representatives of the universities, colleges and technical societies, the commercial bodies, municipalities and county governments, the granges, alliance institutes, humane societies, wheelmen and other organizations, besides forty delegates chosen by the grocers of the State; altogether several hundred men and women all assembled at their own cost and giving their most earnest work to this reform. Governor Budd opened the session, and committees of the Legislature were in constant attendance. In composition it was easily the best of the many State Road Conventions I have attended.

In physical conditions California reminds me constantly of France, with many points of advantage over that country. It has nearly the same area, a better soil and finer climate, and vastly more valuable minerals. It would easily support an equal population. Its only apparent inferiority is in its highways. In France, to journey by country roads is one of the supreme delights of life; in most parts of California it is a task in winter and a torture in summer. In France, to dwell all the year round on one's own estate in the country, however small, is a privilege and a distinction, almost a patent of nobility. To be obliged to do so in many of the most fertile sections of California would be a punishment with periods of mitigation. The average California farmer looses one-fourth of the home value of his products through excessive cost in their primary transportation. The French farmer grows rich so fast by means of his good roads and his constant access to markets, that he is the financial mainstay of his Government in all its emergencies. Following all the losses of a devastating war France was able to pay in cash a thousand million dollars as a war indemnity, then to sink hundreds of millions in a foreign canal speculation, and all without exhausting her resources, or perceptibly impairing her pros-

perity. A careful observer says "the wonderful financial elasticity of France is due to her prosperous agriculture, assured by her good roads."

Should California wait for "good times" to build good roads, or reverse the process and build good roads to bring good times? Good times, through other means, are elusive and perhaps distant, but good roads (at least throughout all the great central valleys of the State), can be had promptly and certainly by means absurdly easy compared with the great difficulties commonly apprehended. The current progress of road-building in the United States as disclosed by the investigations of the Department of Agriculture, is developing such economies in construction, and such equitable and wide distribution of cost that even in the most unfavored localities the burden of expense is extremely light. In California it would be nothing. A little good business management, a little concert of action, a little husbanding of resources, natural and artificial are all that is needed to secure this blessing. To particularize; it is found that for almost all country roads one half the width of macadam formerly used, is all that is necessary, and in fact preferable to the greater width, while improved methods, machinery and appliances for transportation are bringing down the cost of that one-half nearly one-half more, so that excellent stone roads are being built in places more difficult than any here for less than $1,000 per mile, whereas the usual estimate a few years ago was $3,000 to $5,000 per mile. On the financial side of the question, the fact is everywhere becoming recognized that the rural population is no more interested in road improvement than the people of cities and towns, and the help of the latter is freely extended to the farmers through various forms of State aid. The railroad companies also are recognizing their own interest in aiding the movement, not only for the promotion of the general welfare, but for the direct advantages of increasing their own traffic, and equalizing it throughout the year, and they are sinking all thought of making a profit out of the transportation of road materials, and even proposing to carry them at the bare cost of train service, contributing thereby the use of their tracks and general administration toward the cost of the highways which some of them are advancing their taxes for years ahead to assist further in the movement.

With all this aid the ancient burden of bad roads is lifted off the back of the patient farmer, and he goes on his way rejoicing, not only that his way is made smooth, but that no new burden of taxation is substituted.

For a great part of California the conditions for road improvement are absolutely ideal. At the request of Governor Budd, I visited the State Prison at Folsom, and found there every requisite for the production of road metal at the absolute minimum of cost, and from that point the railroad leads by a down grade to Sacramento, and thence level and straight through all the central valleys of the State. The State at Folsom has a splendid equipment of water-power comparatively idle; and endless quantities of good rock in the prison grounds; so that the labor, the power, the rock and the railroads are brought together as I have seen them nowhere else. The prisoners need the work, in the open air, for their physical and moral health. Such work will not take the bread from any honest workman's mouth, and no honest man need feel that he is helping by his toil to support criminals in idleness.

With this example on the part of the State, the counties would soon set their prisoners at work, and those counties which are beyond the reach of supply from Folsom could open quarries and set up crushers, and detachments from the State Prisons could be

sent to work them. These counties, where they have railroad facilities could have the benefit of the rates made through State intervention, and by this and the aid of State convicts they would be placed on an equality with the central valley counties. For those locations which are not well provided with railroads, other equitable arrangements for State aid could easily be made.

With suitable equipment for transferring the stone from cars to wagons no expense or labor would be required therefore, and if the State should furnish the material free, or at the actual cost of the incidentals of production, apart from convict labor and water-power which practically cost nothing, and the railroads should transport it at cost, the total expense to the counties would be so light that no extra taxes or loans whatever would be needed to complete their road systems in a few years. In many cases the farmers would volunteer to do the hauling as they have done elsewhere, and preference might be given to such localities, which would soon make the practice general.

This whole scheme of beneficence, however, is based upon the co-operation of the railways, and will fail if that is not obtained. The State will not of course, go into the business if it is to be taxed to pay a special profit to one of the chief beneficiaries of the plan. Californians appear incredulous of any such co-operation, but an outsider may be permitted to hold a different view. In fact I have presented the subject to the leading railway officers and am violating no confidence when I say that while of course no off-hand answer could be given, the proposal was entertained as cordially as I could have expected or hoped.

So great a project would require, on the the part of the State an administrative bureau of the highest character, and I believe that when such a representative of the sovereign of the State is ready to confer with the other sovereignty the "high contracting parties" will find it easy to work together for the good of the commonwealth. When this is done the State will be on the high road to such prosperity as has only been dreamed of, and dreamed of only by the "good roads crank." The great bar to high-class immigration will be removed and the country will fill up with a population of the sort that brings wealth and makes more. Taking the central valleys alone and allowing only the increase of values attributed to good roads in other States where the soil is poorer and production much less, the fifteen millions of acres benefitted would add $300,000,000 to the taxables of the State.

Roy Stone.

PARADOX.

What I would not, that I do;
 What I would speak, is unspoken.
Being untrue, to be true;
 Faithful to a word that's broken.

Frederick A. Bisbee.

"WELL, IF YOU WOMEN DON'T BEAT THE DEUCE!"

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. LOFTY'S DIARY—III.*

CHOOSING A HUSBAND FOR CHLOE.

October 15.—When I looked out of my window early this morning, I saw the first ice of the season formed over the puddles left by last evening's rain; and as I looked, Miss Dottie ran out of the Sanders' back door, bareheaded, her curls still in last night's tousle, and made for the largest puddle in sight. Here she set herself to stamping, first with one foot, then the other, screaming with glee as the paper-ice went into splinters under her feet; but her frolic was soon spoiled by the descent of a wrathful papa, who shook her and bore her off into the house to be dry-shod, with admonitions between each two buttons. Poor Dottie! Only yesterday she said to me, "Issam, why is all the funny things bad?" She has run up against that conundrum early in life. As I watched her, I recalled with a smile the time, more than two years ago, when her willow chariot first trundled across my field of vision, and how her mama's constant warbling of snatches of "Mrs. Lofty and I" annoyed me more than I would have liked to confess. The coat was perhaps too good a fit. I owe Dottie a great deal. I am not nearly so much of a bore to myself since she has

*Continued from October Number, 1894.

been about. A niece of Harry's is coming from Minneapolis to spend the winter with us. I have not seen her since she was a child, but it will be a great pleasure to have a young girl in the house—providing she is amenable. Her mother hints at some love affair that has been, or is to be, nipped in the bud, and Chloe is to be amused and introduced to "lots of nice men." The prospect is pleasing, and has almost waked me up out of my customary apathy. Harry is a little nervous about it, and was asking me if I had not better make arrangements for a few private dancing lessons for her, and write to my dressmaker and bespeak some gowns at an early date. I laughed at him. I have not such an abiding horror of the wild and wooly Westerners as my spouse. "The chances are, Harry," I said, "she will be able to give us points on dancing, if not gowns. You may be sure she has not spent three years at Ann Arbor for nothing. I have known Ann Arbor boys who could waltz very well indeed." "Well," said Harry, "of course you know about those things; but for heaven's sake, don't let her make a spectacle of herself at her first setting out here."

October 17th. — The Ostroms have bought the house on the opposite corner, and will move in as soon as it has been done over to suit Mrs. Ostrom. She is very much disgusted at the idea of keeping house, but Mr. O— has taken his own way for once. I don't know that I blame her so much. It must be a pretty tiresome thing to be shut up in the same house with Jimmie Ostrom. But then—why did she marry him? Chloe is coming on the evening train.

October 25th.—Chloe has been in the house a week; Sarah has become tired pulling down the drawing room blinds to keep the sun off the new rug, and putting the sofa cushions and chairs straight; Harry has his hair brushed a new way every time he appears, to hide the growing bald spot, and gets his most deeply rooted convictions laughed at whenever one ventures to show its head. There is music in the air at all hours of the day and night, for Chloe certainly has a lovely voice, which she practices in trills and roulades as she whisks up and down stairs with a swishing of skirts and patter of heels. She has not yet attempted any pranks on me, but circles around me daintily, reminding me of a kitten sidling about some unknown object, and putting out a tentative paw now and again, then withdrawing it quickly. She has already made her first conquest. Howard Ostrom has succumbed utterly and unprotestingly. He is as bad a case as I ever saw, and a boy of twelve can have it very bad. Before school he is at the side door, inquiring sheepishly for Miss Chloe, with a big chrysanthemum, or a bunch of frost-tinted leaves. In the evening he comes under the window and whistles a bar of "Can't you come out to-night," to which Chloe replies with another, and then they are off on some expedition under the autumn moon.

After a day or two, my boy, you will be called on to suffer the pangs of jealousy, for Chloe makes her debut at a reception to-night, and she will soon have things of more importance on her hands than breaking a heart the size of yours. Chloe has already cost me some pangs too. That fickle, ungrateful Dottie has transferred her blandishments almost entirely to the new comer. I have always fed her so well, I fancied I had a secure hold on her affections; but it appears I have been weighed in the balance and found wanting, as against the seductions of a person who can teach her to stand on her head, do the skirt dance for her, and sing for her "Villikens and his Dinah." So unstable are the bases of popularity.

October 26th.—Chloe came down the stairs where her uncle and I stood waiting for her last night, looking divinely pretty in her white gown. She has a beautiful neck and arms, and her big blue eyes shone like stars. I felt a thrill of delight to think I had at least a vicarious proprietorship in so pretty a creature. Harry's last twinges of doubt vanished. "Well," he said, teasingly, "you have got yourself up in great shape, haven't you?" "You better believe," she rejoined. "I have all my war paint on for this occasion. I'm out after scalps this night, and don't you forget it." "That is a very bad habit of yours, talking so much slang," said Harry, reprovingly. But slang or not, she secured her scalps, and I expect the unhappy owners of them will be haunting the house from now on. I am sure Chloe will have no conscientious scruples about returning them, and I don't know that I have. They are perquisites that every girl is entitled to, by way of indemnification for being a girl when she might as well have been a boy for all she had to say about it.

November 1st.—Chloe is fairly launched; if she does not forget that ineligible, whoever he is, it will not be for lack of opportunities to replace him, I feel sure. Last evening was our own "at home," and I have not seen so many of the susceptible sex in my parlors at one time, except by special invitation, for some years. Chloe elected to be extremely demure on this occasion, and was charmingly deferential to her uncle and auntie. The little wretch! When she went to the piano and sang, she finished them all off. Who could disbelieve in depths of feminine tenderness behind that lovely voice? The Judge got up gravely and turned her music for her with ponderous gallantry—in the wrong place every time; but Bud Barager, with the wisdom (and the cheek) of three-and-twenty, got down at the end of the grand piano, where he could look her full in the face while she sang. And if Chloe put her heart into her voice, and her soul into her eyes, Bud was equal to the occasion. He can make quite a dab at that sort of thing himself. If I were a sporting person, I would lay my money on Bud as against the Judge, although he has not salary enough to pay his tailor bills. I am afraid I was indiscreet in asking him to call. But then Chloe would have met him everywhere she went, and no one else I know could lead with her so well in the cotillion I am going to give for her.

November 3rd.—Mrs. Bloom was here this afternoon. Mrs. Bloom always has a fad—nothing so very extraordinary in that. But what is extraordinary, is that she always manages to make other people pay for her fads. Now it is the free kindergarten down in Factory-Town, which it seems is in danger of dying a natural death for lack of auriferous nourishment. Very opportunely, it appears that Professor Hegardt has been writing a new operetta or cantata or something, which he wants to try experimentally—also at some one else's expense. So it is to be got up by amateur talent, for the benefit of the languishing kindergarten. And would I have the rehearsals here, for it is so central for everybody? And of course I must take part, and Chloe must certainly be the prima donna, on account of that beautiful voice: and we are all to pay for our own costumes out of our own pockets; and the opera house is to be donated, only we must pay for our own lights and scene shifters, and so on, which can't amount to much, as we will only want two or three rehearsals there, and we are sure to make a lot of money; and couldn't I sell a hundred tickets? well, certainly, fifty. So I am in for it; and Mrs. Bloom is to try and round them all up for to-morrow

night, and Hegardt will cast us all for our parts (I believe that is the correct expression). I am sorry for Hegardt; he will wish he were dead forty times before he is done with it.

November 15.—Chloe has never taken me into her confidence about the "ineligible." One day when she was rummaging in her trunk she fished out a framed photo, and without a word handed it to me. I studied it with interest. "He is very handsome," I said at length, "but that cleft through the middle of the lower lip means a fondness for a handsome woman, a fast horse and a good dinner. Is he very bad, Chloe?" "Yes, I suppose so," she replied, with a hopeless little sigh, and put the picture back in the bottom of her trunk. I am sorry for Chloe; meanwhile she amuses herself. We have had three rehearsals for the "Sleeping Beauty." It is really a very clever, catching medley, and I should think Hegardt might develop it into something worth while. Chloe and Bud Barager are cast for the Beauty and the Prince, and they find it necessary to do a deal of private rehearsing. They have made me the Queen for two excellent reasons. She has not much singing to do, and singing is not my strong point, and I am supposed to be able to manage a Court train more effectively than some people. Mrs. Ostrom can't sing a little bit, so she is cast for the Wicked Fairy, who has only to come on and look malignant. Fancy Mrs. Ostrom looking malignant! Oh, but there will be some fun at the rehearsals—for the on-lookers. Howard Ostrom has been installed as critic-in-chief. When he says to the Chief Cook with unspeakable contempt, "Aw! don't you know better than to hold your ladle in your left hand?" we all chorus, "Why, of course!" and the Chief Cook shifts the paper cutter which is doing duty into the other hand with a sheepish grin; or when he says brutally to the First-lady-in-waiting, "Don't stand pigeon-toed, Sally," the chorus replies, "No, don't do it, Sally!" But he suffers at the private rehearsals. "Aw," he says, with heartfelt protest in his voice, "no need to get so close, Bud Barager! You ain't trying to take a cinder out of her eye!" No more does Chloe come to his whistle, and if he wants to see her, he is forced to come in and sit down in a chair. He comes early, and at nine o'clock, unless it is a rehearsal night, he takes himself off reluctantly, for his mother's edicts are as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and nine o'clock is his limit; so he departs, glowering unutterable things at the grown-up suitors who don't have to go home at stated hours.

November 20.—It certainly needs talents of a very unusual order to get up an amateur opera; one who has done it successfully ought to graduate to a foreign mission. To reconcile the conflicting claims of all the stars who scintillate in an amateur performance is an undertaking only less difficult than it would be to get the British Lion and Russian Bear to be friends over the same bone. Poor Mrs. Bloom is wearing herself to a shadow in the attempt; and it is the lesson of a lifetime to watch Hegardt possessing his soul in patience, and suavely impressing it on each chorus singer that no one else in the cast could have filled just that aching void but him or herself; and intimating privately to all the minor characters that anybody can take a prominent part, but that it requires real genius to infuse distinction into a few lines. But even Mrs. Bloom gave way yesterday. She came in and dropped in a wilted heap among the sofa cushions, and with tears related that the young woman who has attended four rehearsals as the nurse absolutely refused to "make a guy of herself to please old Hegardt," and said that it was simply a mat-

ter of personal spite in him that had cast her for such a part, and given Sally Patterson the First-lady-in-waiting. "She thinks she ought have been one of the Good Fairies, so that she could have shown off that long blonde hair of hers and her little feet; and now no one else will come in and take the part at the eleventh hour, and what *can* I do?" lamented Mrs. Bloom. "Can't the professor do anything with her?" I asked. "Oh, dear, no!" said Mrs. Bloom, sitting up, "that's what is the matter. He told her once, you know, when she consulted him about her voice, that she had just the right sort of sweet little voice to sing cradle songs, and that nature had plainly indicated the vocation for so charming a young lady," and Mrs. Bloom threw herself back among the cushions and forgot her woes long enough to laugh at the recollection. "Well," said I, with a happy inspiration, "I know a girl that works in the mill that has a good voice, and a natural talent, and I'll see that she gets a week's vacation, and you and I and Hegardt will just have to teach her the part by ear, for she can't read a note; and of course her costume must be got for her." "O, you darling, darling, dear!" cried Mrs. Bloom, jumping up in an ecstacy. "I just *thought* you would find some way out of it, when the case was hopeless to anybody else. You always do." So that is got over; but no telling what will happen next. What with rehearsals, and practising new figures for Chloe's cotillion that is coming off on the 1st, the house is in an uproar all the time. To-morrow I must take Chloe up to the city to get her gown fitted. One hasn't much time to bore themselves when they have her on their hands.

November 26th.—Everything went wrong at the rehearsal last night. The much-tried professor was sharp with the chorus, deadly polite to the fairies, blightingly sarcastic to the ladies-in-waiting, and actually scolded the prima donna, as she deserved, for Chloe behaved abominably. Bud Barager had to be hailed in from the conservatory twice, where he was flirting with one of the chorus girls, to take his part; and Chloe revenged herself on him by singing flat in all their duets, and then looking unutter-

MRS. OSTROM SUCCEEDED AT LAST IN TYING UP THE GRAND CHAMBERLAIN IN THAT COURT DRESS.

able reproach at him and amazement at the rest of us, as if *he* were the culprit. Everybody went home in a dudgeon, and poor Hegardt gathered up his music without a word, and bidding us an elaborately polite "good night," departed also. "Well," said Bud, who alone remained, taking his ease on a divan, his legs stretched out before him and his hands in his pockets, "the Wicked Fairy certainly must have got in her work on us all to-night. What was the matter with everybody?" "Bud," I said, "sit up when you are in my drawing-room, and take your hands out of your pockets." "Yes, ma'am," he said obediently, fetching himself into position. I went on placidly toeing off my silk sock (I am getting awfully behind in my Christmas work), and Chloe walked speechlessly around the room, with heightened color, arranging the disordered bric-a-brac and straightening out the portieres and sofa pillows, with vicious little jerks and pats. Bud watched her for a while with amusement in his eye. "Well, I'm off," he said, finally, suiting the action to the word. "When a woman gets mad enough to fight with the tables and chairs it is time for men folks to be out of the way," and with a ceremonious bow at Chloe's back, which she turned on him just as he was beginning it, he took himself off. When the front door had closed, Chloe came over to me and shook me by the shoulder. "Aunt Patsie! Wake up!" she cried. "You exasperate me so! Don't you ever speak your mind?" "Yes, Chloe," I said, "I do, on rare occasions; and I am always sorry for it afterwards." "Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "That is because you keep yourself bottled up so long that when the cork does fly out, I suppose there *is* an awful sputtering. But anything would be better than those eloquent silences of yours. Do you know, Aunt Patsie, sometimes I have an irresistible desire to rumple your hair and stand you on your head?" "Chloe!" "Yes, indeed, I have! You are always so sleek and composed and well got up. I believe you sleep in a tailor-made nightgown and collar and cuffs. Some day when I know you are taking a bath I am going to stand in the hall and scream 'fire,' just to see what will happen then." "I will tell you one thing that will happen," I said. "You will get your ears well boxed and be sent home." "Well, that would be something, anyway," replied the unabashed Chloe. "Tell me, Aunt Patsie, did you ever box anyone's ears? Truly, now? There have been fleeting moments when I have had my suspicions that you were not so superior as you seem. O, I shall certainly try the 'Fire!' experiment," and her pout evaporated in a fit of laughter she went into, in enjoyment of her anticipated mischief. All the same, Master Bud has piqued her immensely, and he may rely on it, his rashness will be well punished. His fate be on his own head.

December 3rd.—We have got the house settled again after the cotillion, and I can take a long breath once more. Every one says it was the success of the season, and really I don't know of a single thing that went awry, except the breaking of my cut glass punch bowl by a stupid waiter. But that was after every one was gone, so it did not matter so much. Chloe was as pretty as an angel. It certainly takes a New York dressmaker to emphasize all a woman's best points, without appearing to do it of set purpose. Poor Bud's punishment is well under way. Not that Chloe snubs him; O, dear, no! But what notice he gets is of the most casual, happen-chance description. An "O-are-you-there? How-dy'e-do?" sort of treatment, admirably calculated to take the conceit out of a self-satisfied youth of three-and-twenty. It is having its effect. Before the evening was over Bud Barager was brought to that state,

that no matter what might be occupying one eye, the other was on Chloe; or, for that matter, that he could see her perfectly well out of the back of his head. When youth or maiden reaches that stage of psychic sensitiveness, they are in a threatening condition. The next stage is likely to be an abject collapse. The objectionable part of the matter is, that Chloe has chosen Judge Low as the counter-irritant with which to reduce Bud's bump of self-esteem; and I have too much respect for the Judge to like to see him made a cat's paw to rake Chloe's love apples out of the fire. But when I attempted to remonstrate with her the evening after the party, while we sat yawning our heads off before the grate in my room, actually too sleepy to get undressed, she only laughed, and said: "Now, Aunt Patsie, what is the use of you putting on frills about a little thing like that? You know you used to be worse than anybody else ever was; and I would not trust you yet, to tell the exact truth." "Chloe!" I protested indignantly, "I never turned my head to lead any man on." "No, that is what I have heard tell. You just sat mum like an Indian idol, and let them flock round. And once in a while you would raise those long lashes and glance just once at some one of them, and he would go off by himself and die quietly. Now, Auntie! you needn't look so angry. That is just what I have heard tell from my youth up, by people who knew *you* in your youth. I wish I knew your secret, for I have to take a lot of trouble to make people fond of me. O my! I certainly will swallow my head, if I yawn like that again. Good night, and don't let a sense of responsibility keep you awake. You know your conscience is clear; you have done your duty," and the heartless girl kissed me sweetly, and went to her untroubled pillow. Is it untroubled, I wonder? I have a fancy that many a tear soaks into that same pillow in the dead and silent watches of the night, when none of the adorers, boyish, or youthful, or middle-aged, are at hand to divert the passing hour.

December 15th.—I am losing sleep, playing chaperone for Chloe. When there is nothing else going on, there is always the rehearsing for the "Sleeping Beauty" to fall back upon. It is an object lesson to observe Chloe's "business" in her scenes with the tenor robusto. It is in vain that Bud tries to infuse any personal element into them. Chloe docs whatever is to be done in the most matter-of-fact, commonplace way, as if she were tying her shoe, or taking a cough-lozenge. When the Judge happens to be present, as he sometimes is, he regards this method with evident approval. It annoyed Hegardt at first, but he appears to have grasped the situation. "Miss Convers," he said the other evening, and I caught a sly twinkle in his eye; "Miss Convers, could you not instill into your acting in this scene, a little more tenderness?" "As how," inquired Chloe, innocently. "Ach!" said the Professor, "how can I instruct you in that? Can you not figure to yourself the emotions of an unsophisticated young girl, awakened by the first kiss of love? I would not presume to imply that your youth has yet reached that epoch but imagination can often supply the place of experience." And Hegardt preserved an ingenuous gravity of expression as he made this appeal, that caused Chloe's lids to flicker, and a little flush to creep up the side of her cheek. "That's it, Professor," said Bud with enthusiasm. "She is as unsentimental as a meat ax!" "Thank you," said Chloe, with a flash of her blue orbs that boded no good to that rash young man, when she shall see fit to change her tactics. It is the pursuit of the victim that fascinates Chloe. She should surely love fly fishing. To see the fish coquette around

the hook, to feel him strike, to play him about the transparent pool, now reeling him in, now giving him his way, would be to her, keenest delight. But when he was landed, panting and vanquished, her interest would cease, and she would be more than willing to return him to his native haunts. Last evening, she went off with Howard coasting, directly after tea. I am sure she knew well that "The Rivals," as Harry has got to calling them, would both call. Sure enough they did; and I had the pleasure of entertaining the disconsolate twain, whose eyes were constantly wandering towards the door, until nearly ten o'clock; when Chloe entered, glowing, radiant, her blonde frizzes sparkling with melted frost, greeted them with well-feigned surprise, and began gleefully recounting her experiences. Bud indemnified himself for his hour's waiting by quizzing her, and I know that he succeeded in making her feel like a reproved tom-boy; but the Judge was delighted with such innocent freshness of enjoyment and told her as much with dignified circumlocution. To a feminine observer, however, knitting in a corner, it was very evident that the middle-aged compliments went but a little way toward consoling her for the implied disapproval of the youthful censor. Both Chloe and Bud play their hands very cleverly; it bids fair to be a draw game.

January 4th.—Chloe is positively incorrigible. I don't know what is to be done with her; the deliberate artfulness with which she plays off "The Rivals" one against the other, is simply shocking, and even poor Howard is made useful as a provocative agent. Last evening all three were here—as they frequently are; Howard, as is his wont, was hanging around Chloe, presuming on his extreme youth to take boyish liberties. Just at the moment he was standing half behind her, as she sat on the piano stool, turned away from the instrument and discoursing with animation about art in general and music in particular. As she talked, not heeding him, he picked at her ear studs, twisted the little curls at the nape of her neck, and pulled out her hair pins and stuck them in again, till finally, he put one in wrong and prodded it into her scalp. She whirled round on him with a shriek of dismay. "What *are* you at, you bad boy?" she cried, with undisguised temper. Poor Howard stood in speechless consternation, the picture of confusion. "Well then, never mind, you goose!" said she, and throwing her arms around his neck she drew him to her and kissed him half a dozen times, although he wriggled and protested. When she laughingly released him, he shook himself sheepishly, his scarlet face a study of mingled elation and embarassment, and "The Rivals" each drew a long breath. "Young man," said the Judge, "at your time of life, you are not capable of appreciating your privileges." "I am too!" said Howard, stoutly. "Beware, beware, take care," hummed Bud. "She is fooling thee; she is only making a shining mark of you, sonny, for envy to shoot at. It's your bed time, little boy." "That's all right, Howard, don't you mind him," said Chloe comfortingly. "I am going to wait for you, and don't you forget me, when the pretty girls are all making love to you, and I am getting into the sere and yellow leaf." Now Howard more than half believes her when she talks like that. He is quite capable of suffering when he finds out his mistake. We have not been doing much with the "Sleeping Beauty" lately. She has been allowed to slumber undisturbed through the holidays, we have all been so busy with other things, but tomorrow night we are to have our first rehearsal in the opera house.

January 5th.—Professor Hegardt has just

gone. It is the first time I have seen him completely "knocked out." I don't know anything else that expresses it as well. He came in abruptly, sat down on the piano stool without answering my greeting, dropped his hat on the floor between his feet, left his hands hanging just as they had let go of it, and looked at us. "Oh, dear!" cried Chloe, "what *is* it? Don't tell us the opera house is on fire, or the tenor robusto has got acute bronchitis!" "No," he said, "it is not so bad as that. But just now, within ten minutes, the first general rehearsal fixed for to-night, Mrs. Ostrom positively refuses to take her part. "Why?" we cried in chorus. "I forget what reason she gave," replied the professor. "Of course it was not the true one." "Now, Professor," remonstrated Chloe, "that is unkind. But, what is the true one?" "The true one is because I insist that the Wicked Fairy shall not be made up to look pretty or young or well dressed. When you give a performance with amateurs, all the female characters must be pretty and young and interesting, and all the male ones must wear court dresses and take leading parts. It is a law of nature. I should not have dreamed to run counter to it." And Hegardt sighed resignedly. For the credit of my sex I rushed into the breach. "Nonsense" I said, "all women are not like that. I will change parts with Mrs. Ostrom. My gown is not finished yet, and it can easily be fitted over for her; she is just my height. I will do the witch for you, and be as ugly as ever you like." Hegardt looked me over. "And will Mrs. Isham sacrifice that silk gown with the pink flowered train, that she can drag across the floor after her with such an air of royalty?" he asked. "She will," I replied, "and lend all her stick pins and point lace to deck it with." "Exceptions only prove the rule," said Hegardt, shaking his head. "Has Mrs. Isham any long-standing grudge against Mrs. Ostrom?" "What a question! Why do you ask it?" "And has Mrs. Isham an idea, then, that Mrs. Ostrom can manage that train and not tangle up herself and all the court therein?" "That is not Mrs. Isham's affair." "Ach, well! we must not inquire too closely into motives," said the professor. "I will go now and see if Mrs. Ostrom will make the exchange. Then all shall be well." I must go study my own part. I have seen the gathering storm for some time, and I know Mrs. Ostrom will jump at the court train. If she should tie herself up in it, who is to blame?

January 7th. I am out of all patience with Harry. He encourages Chloe in all her badness, and she thinks I am just talking to ease my conscience. I said to her yesterday, after she had dragged the Judge to church yoked to her triumphal car, and sat by his side all through service, looking the picture of devotion, "Chloe, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! It is well enough for you to carry on with boys of your own age that don't take it any more seriously than yourself, but it is a shame to trifle with a man like Judge Low." "So it is," agreed Chloe, penitently, "Such a nice, shiny bald head as he has, too!" Harry threw down his paper and leaned back in his chair with a shout of laughter. "Very well," I said, glaring at him, "I wash my hands of the whole business. It isn't my niece." "O, Aunt Patsie!" cried Chloe, "that is the cruelest thing you have said yet. That breaks my heart, you know." "You haven't any," I said, "no more than Dottie. You are a pair of ungrateful, wheedling hypocrites."

The rehearsal went off better than anybody had any idea it would. Hegardt was delighted. Mrs. Ostrom trailed the piano cover about after her for practice; she will manage it. I shall make a character out of that witch. I was very young, but I have not forgotten seeing Mary Anderson play

such a part years ago, when she was but on the threshold of her fame. I am going to write to a man I know in town and get him to send me a mask properly painted up, so that I shall know how to make up my face to the correct degree of age and vindictiveness, and have him tell me how to line up my arms and hands to make them all tendons and claws.

January 15th. We have had our second full rehearsal in the Opera House. We are improving. Hegardt is quite enthusiastic over us. Chloe has concluded that the time is ripe to "instill more tenderness" into her part. I can imagine what were the Judge's feelings as he sat somewhere in the dark auditorium among the few privileged spectators. As for Bud, his jaunty indifference melted like wax in the flame, and his acting became highly realistic. Ah, what a treacherous coat of mail is that all-embracing cynicism of three and twenty! It is only a skin-thick armor and full of vulnerable joints.

January 28th. To-night the great, much-rehearsed-for event takes place. I am not able to recognize myself, I am in such a flutter of excitement. We had a full dress rehearsal last evening and everything went off beautifully. I did so well with the witch that I thought Mrs. Ostrom was going to ask me to change parts with her again. Wait till they see me painted up! I am reserving that. Chloe enacted her part with so much apparent sincerity that Judge Low, sitting in a stage box with Harry, obviously squirmed, while Bud glared at him with open triumph over the Beauty's shoulder, as he warbled ardent declarations into her coquettishly averted ear. The little wretch, as usual, was bringing down two victims with one arrow. I knew Mrs. Ostrom would come to grief with that court train. In one scene, where the curtain rises on a grand tableau, she had it most artistically wreathed around in front of her as she stood majestically posed in the foreground—too much in the foreground; for as the curtain commenced to revolve upwards it caught that unlucky train and took it along. By the time the curtain had made a couple of revolutions the superfluity was absorbed, and the adjoining draperies began to be involved in the maelstrom. Now Mrs. O.'s ankles are of that sort which prolong themselves indefinitely, and at this juncture she realized what was happening, and began to shriek, "Oh, the curtain! the curtain!" But the stolid supe who was manipulating it neither heard nor heeded, but kept on at his dreadful work with the impassability of fate. Sounds of smothered laughter began to arise in all directions from the darkness of the auditorium, and it was not until Hegardt got hold of that fiendish supe that the curtain began to unroll, and the unexpected little spectacle of which the rather numerous audience had been witnesses disappeared in the reverse order of its unfolding.

January 31st. The long-prepared-for, much-talked-of event is over at last. About noon Thursday the worst storm of the season set in; and as the cars got blocked, and rescuing parties had to be sent out after several of the troupe, the performance was nearly an hour late in beginning. But once begun, it went off brilliantly. Chloe looked simply heartbreaking, and surprised us all both by her singing and acting. She really forgot herself in her part, and showed no trace of nervousness or awkwardness. Mrs. Ostrom succeeded at last in tying up the Grand Chamberlain in that court train but he was extricated without fatal results. I made quite a hit with the Wicked Fairy. Hegardt was kind enough to tell me that I had created the character; but as I hadn't more than fifty lines in the whole thing, the creation must have been principally paint.

The house was rather disappointing in point of numbers, and as cold as an empty barn. Everybody was coughing and sneezing.

February 6th.—Harry and I had a difference of opinion this morning. It was over the moral status of a proposed thing. I have certain ideals of right and wrong. Harry says I can afford to, because I am a woman and have no occasion ever to put them to the test; while he has, what I call a working model of a conscience, which he uses in his business as a man among men. After he had gone, I sat on in my place at the table, staring out at the snow-covered lawn, not too well pleased with myself, while Chloe circulated around the room, arranging and disarranging its belongings, as is her wont when disturbed. "Don't you know, Aunt Patsie," she began suddenly, as if I had asked her opinion, "I think you have higher ideals than Uncle Harry; but I do think, if you wont be angry, that Uncle Harry lives up the more steadfastly to the standard he does set himself. You know, Aunt Patsie, there is such a thing as putting our ideals so high that we don't have to trouble to try and live up to them at all. Nobody on earth would expect anything so superhuman of us." I cogitated this little epigram in silence until I was recalled to my surroundings by Chloe's really threatening demonstrations towards the furniture, when I hastened to relieve the tension. "Thank you, Chloe," I said. "'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings—'"

February 7th.—Before going to bed last night, I apologized to Harry. He stopped in the act of taking off his shoe, with one foot suspended like Mahomet's coffin, and stared at me blankly. "Well, if you women don't beat the deuce!" said he. "You make a man feel like such a confounded rascal that he foregoes a perfectly legitimate deal that he could have made some money out of, and then before bed time you take it all back!" And with an air of profound disgust he went on with his shoe. Under these circumstances, what becomes of Chloe's wisdom, which I had made my own? I amall at sea now about the relative superhumanness of ideals.

February 10th.—"Well Chloe," said Harry this morning, laying down his paper. "Haven't you made up your mind yet?" "About what, Uncle Harry?" "Because," continued Harry, "they are wanting me to run for School Trustee. I will probably get Barager's support anyway, because he is a Republican; and if the Judge is in the family, why then I will get his, though he is a Democrat. So I wish you would hurry up matters a little." "I'll do my best, uncle," said Chloe. "One thing certain, when I accept the Judge I shall make him raise a moustache. Being kissed by a man without a moustache is like eating pop-corn without salt—that is, I should think it would be," she added ingenuously, with an intensely demure expression. "Yes, you had better qualify your statement a little, young lady," said her uncle, with an attempt at severity. Before we had left the breakfast table, Bud came in on his way down town to run over a duet with Chloe, for some young people's guild or something, where they are going to sing to-night. Chloe paused in the door on her way out to say: "Don't you think, uncle, I had better put it off until after the election? I've been told, hope of favors to come is a powerful factor in politics." I went into the drawing-room presently, and sat down with my feet on the fender, to read comfortably, but the duet having been "run over" sufficiently by this time, Bud came and put a foot on the fender too, and wanted to know what was my book, and we fell to chatting. Chloe never likes to be ignored,

even for her auntie, and naturally it was not long before she came and perched herself on the arm of my chair. "I can't see," she remarked, "what all you boys find so attractive in a woman that never utters two consecutive sentences." "True," said Bud thoughtfully, "she never does; but then we think all the time that she is just going to, so we hang around and wait for the oracle. That is one reason; another is, that she never addresses us as 'you boys;' she treats us with proper respect." "Pray go on," I said. "Don't mind me. It is quite interesting." "There!" said Bud triumphantly. "There are three consecutive sentences." "There were," said Chloe. "Three complete ones, subject, predicate and object. Though to be sure, the subject is understood in two of them." "O do go off with you!" I cried, "and leave me in peace with my Haggard, till I find out what new mode of death he has invented in this chapter. Why be wasting your time on me when you might employ it so much better?" "An oration!" cried Bud. "Come, Miss Chloe, I challenge you to walk as far as the canal with me on my way down town. It will give you a color." Chloe went to get her wraps, and I played the hostess part till she should return, keeping my finger between the leaves of my book. Bud fidgeted, as if he had something on his mind. "Mrs. Isham," he broke out suddenly, "you have always been so good to a fellow, you know —do you think there is any chance, you know—for an impecunious fellow like me, you know?—" "To scorch the side of your boot?" I said. "Yes, an excellent one. "It's smoking now." "O pshaw!" he cried with irritation, "you know well enough what I mean. How can a man tell what a girl like Chloe means? But you women understand one another." "Don't ask me," I replied. "I heard her making some plans not an hour ago, as to what she was going to exact of the Judge, when she accepted him." Bud uttered a smothered ejaculation that sounded as if it might be something very naughty if one could hear it very distinctly, and got on his arctics and overcoat with a savage determination amusing to witness. Chloe found it so, looking on from the bottom stair. "I declare," she said, "one would think Aunt Patsie had given you the mitten."

New York, Tuesday Night, Feb. 15th. Chloe came down to breakfast this morning with her head tied up, a poultice on her cheek, and a most piteous expression of countenance. To our astonished inquiries she explained that she hadn't slept a wink, that she had an awful tooth, and that her uncle or I must take her up to the city on the first train to see a dentist. "There are six dentists, that I know of, in this town," said Harry. "O," cried Chloe, "I wouldn't trust one of them! I wouldn't lose that tooth for anything. I must go back to the man that filled it and find out what he can do with it." "I should think he had done enough already," suggested her uncle; but Chloe threatened to become hysterical, and it ended by Harry proposing that I should take her up on the afternoon train, and as he would be coming in a couple of days on business, that we should remain until then and get seats for the opera. "And if you have any sense," he added sternly, "you will have that tooth out," "Yes, I know it, but I haven't any sense," assented Chloe with extreme conviction. She retired to her room with hot water bottles and I went to pack up a few things. This proceeding was soon interrupted, however, by Chloe, who entered in distress. "Here is Bud Barager," she said. "*What* he wants at this hour, I can't imagine; but no matter what it is, Aunt Patsie, you must make him understand that I wouldn't see *him*, above everybody, for a thousand worlds, with a

face like this." I went obediently and disposed of Bud, who seemed strangely persistent. Before the lunch bell rang, the same message, with the same emphasis, had to be repeated to the Judge, who seemed even more persistent. Then I sought my niece. "Chloe," I said severely, "what is the meaning of this?" Let me see your face. I don't believe there is a thing the matter with it." "Oh, Auntie Patsie," wailed Chloe, "don't you go back on me. Remember when you were a girl yourself. I must have a few days to get things straightened out." "What have you been doing?" I demanded. "Oh, auntie, I have promised to marry them *both*. I accepted the Judge yesterday afternoon when we were out sleighing, and I accepted Bud last evening." "What did you do such a thing for?" I asked angrily. "Well, Aunt Patsie, I accepted the Judge because I thought everybody would be so pleased and satisfied at having me so well settled. And I accepted Bud because—well, I accepted him because he looked so handsome and so much in earnest, and I have a little weakness for him myself, honestly. And now *nobody* is pleased," and she commenced to cry. "I should suppose not," I said shortly. "Hurry up and get packed. Will there be any more acceptees for me to perjure myself to, before we get started?" "No, auntie, upon my word. I am not so bad as you think me," Chloe assured me. So here we are, at the Fifth Avenue, with nothing to do but amuse ourselves pending Harry's arrival, when we have leisure from our efforts to invent some scheme for extricating Chloe out of the dilemma she has got herself into. The principal difficulty, so far as I have been able to ascertain, lies in the fact that she herself is unable to make up her mind which to jilt. Of course there can he no question as to eligibility, but then there is that "little weakness" she confesses to. I declare I am annoyed and mortified beyond expression over the affair, and Harry will go perfectly wild, just as if I hadn't warned him what to expect. Chloe says we are safe until Saturday night, for poor Bud is tied up hand and foot in a newspaper office, and the Judge is holding Court. There is nothing to do now but sleep on it.

Thursday night.—Harry came down this morning, and I insisted on Chloe getting her confession over at the earliest possible moment. It was no heavenly task, and at length I thought it necessary to come to her rescue and remind my better half, that a tithe of the present plain speaking, at an earlier date, would have averted the *contretemps* which so annoyed him. You have to sit down on the best of men at times. Chloe was now really in such a heart broken state that between us we soon reduced her uncle to penitence, and as a diversion he proposed to take us out to the Park to see the skaters. Having got Chloe quieted down, and as presentable as cold water and rice powder could make her, we sallied forth. "Wait here a minute," said Harry, when we stepped out of the elevator, "while I go into the office and get a check cashed." As we stood at the foot of the stairway, I heard Chloe give a sudden gasp, and felt her clutch my arm. Looking at her in alarm I saw the girl was as pale as death, and following the direction of her eyes, I beheld a man standing in the entrance of the vestibule, regarding the passing throng with amused interest. His free carriage and soft hat proclaimed him a Westerner; he was still in his early thirties, and notwithstanding certain traces of dissipation not to be mistaken, under the eyes and about the mouth, he was a very handsome man, altogether prepossessing to look at, and I felt a great thrill of pity for the girl at my side. He did not observe us at first, but in a few seconds, our regard drew his,

and his eyes sought those of Chloe. A startled, incredulous look passed over his face, and a pained, questioning expression succeeded the lurking smile in his dark eyes. He too became suddenly pale, but after an instant he raised his hat and bowed gravely, and turned away into the street. "The man loves you, Chloe," I murmured unthinkingly. "Yes, he loves me," she answered in a choked voice; I felt her trembling all over. "Chloe," I said, still scarce conscious of all my words, "In my opinion you are a simpleton. I would have married him." "Oh Aunt Patsie! Aunt Patsie!" she said under her breath, wringing her gloved hands together. "Hush," I said, "there are people looking at us. Here is your uncle."

Friday night.—Chloe's eyes have been like stars all the evening. I believe she has met that Man, in the hall, or somewhere. I am resolved that I shall not ask her any questions. There are places where only fools rush in, and I don't know what mischief I have already done by my indiscreet remark of yesterday. In very truth, my sympathies are all with that Objectionable Man, but it would be a dreadful thing if any renewal of their relations took place while Chloe is under our charge. I must put Harry on his guard. I never knew before, that one girl, such a charming one too, could make so much trouble for everybody.

Saturday Night.—This afternoon when I came in to lunch from a solitary shopping tour, (Chloe having excused herself from accompanying me, on the ground of extreme fatigue from so much sight-seeing,) the damsel was not in our apartments. Several successive discoveries dawned on me with a rapidity that took my breath. Her room conveyed an indescribable but unmistakable impression of vacancy: her trunk was gone; a number of stamped and addressed letters lay conspicuously on the dressing case. The first was directed to her mother; under it lay one for Judge Low, then one for Bud Barager and lastly came a couple addressed to Harry. The one of them which was in Chloe's hand-writing, I tore open without ceremony, though I needed no confirmation of what I already knew, and this is what I read:

Saturday, 11 A. M.

Dear Aunt Patsie and Uncle Harry:—I am married to the Man you all disapprove. We were married in your parlor a few moments ago by the Rev. Mr. Gillingham, whose address you will find on the inclosed card. Two friends of Elmer's, whose cards I also inclose, were the witnesses. We expect to sail for Argentine at one o'clock, where Elmer is going to look at mines, and shall be gone a year. We hope everybody will have forgiven us by the time we get back. Dear uncle and aunt, though I am treating you this way, I am grateful for all your kindness and very sorry for all the trouble and annoyance I have caused you. I did not mean to be so bad, but sometimes people are very gay to keep from being very melancholy. Elmer wants me to say to auntie that I may be a simpleton, probably I am, but that he thinks *she* is the most discerning woman in America.

With love and penitence,

Chloe.

The other note, addressed in a hand of masculine vigor, I left for Harry to digest when he should return. It was a straightforward communication, referring briefly to the writer's business and social standing, and expressing regret that he should be obliged to abduct his bride in this unseemly fashion, but urging in extenuation that there seemed no other way, and that true love could not be balked by considerations of

etiquette; that Chloe was of age, and that he hoped that time would justify her judgment. Meanwhile, as soon as I could collect myself, I called a cab and went on what I well knew to be a wild goose chase down to the steamer landing, to find, as I had expected, that I was an hour too late. There is no occasion to transcribe the remarks of my liege lord when I found him perusing his correspondence on my return, crestfallen and weary. There was nothing to be done but to hunt up the inclosed addresses and verify the facts. Nor is it necessary to enlarge upon the pleasant little explanations which were in order when the Judge arrived on the evening train. Harry was very much disposed to put the burden of these explanations upon me, but I declined to assume it. Likewise, when he remarked, "You must write to Sister Hat the first thing in the morning," I replied, "Indeed I will not. You may write to Sister Hat yourself." And I added obstinately, "You may all storm as you like, but I will wager my wedding ring against a lottery ticket that he makes her happy."

February 22d, Tuesday.—Bud Barager came in to-day and gave me Chloe's letter to read. It was characteristic.

"Dear Mr. Barager," she said, "I am going to be married in a few minutes and go away to South America with a man I have loved for a long time. I thank you for being my partner (or opponent?) in the charming game of Hearts we have been playing at all winter. As we both knew quite well from the beginning that it was only a game, I think there can be no serious disappointment. I do owe you an apology, however, for throwing down my cards so abruptly. You will understand, I hope, that I did not premeditate such rudeness, and I trust you will forgive me, but do not forget me, for I hope always to remain your friend,

CHLOE."

While I read the letter, Bud bowed his head upon his arm over the back of a tall chair by which he stood and sobbed like the foolish boy he is. Not being able to think of anything particularly comforting to say, I began stroking his head in a vague attempt at showing sympathy. He took my hand and drew it under his cheek. "If all the women were like you," he said, "fewer men would find their way to the devil." I felt a tinge of remorse at the undeserved compliment. "Don't be a goose," I said rudely, taking away my hand. "Yes," I continued, in reply to his astonished look, as he lifted a tear-stained face to stare at me, "mark well what I am telling you and guide yourself accordingly, or some day you will find yourself in trouble which will make the grief of this hour seem to belong with the memories of other broken toys of childhood. What a woman like Chloe would do once in her life from pure thoughtlessness and be sorry for, a woman like me would do twenty times deliberately, to pass an hour that hung heavy on her hands. You are not hurt half as bad as you think, and you must admit that you brought it on yourself. You have only been beaten at your own favorite game; so take it philosophically and begin practicing your wiles afresh on some other body."

February 24th.—The house is so lonely! Dottie and I console one another as best we may, but we are both pining to be bullied and teased as we were wont to be of late. Of all the people concerned in the late events, Howard is the only one who has come out of it with complete satisfaction to himself. Chloe scrawled him a charming little note at the last moment after she was on board ship, and asked him to be sure and write by every mail all the news, and told him she never should forget her sincerest lover, etc. Whether that was pure good nature on her part, or whether her motives

were a little mixed, as usual, I am not prepared to say; but Howard's triumph is quite insolent in its radiance.

March 1st.—I had not heard how our kindergarten entertainments came out financially, so I improved an opportunity to ask Mrs. Bloom to-day. It appears that there is a balance of $4.13 coming to the kindergarten. No one had any idea that lighting and heating the house for rehearsals, the expenses for supes, and all sorts of incidentals, could have mounted up so. If that horrid storm hadn't kept so many away we would have made a little. "Mrs. Bloom," I said, after pondering the matter, "it seems to me that if everyone had given what they spent on their costumes, and foregone the performance, the kindergarten would have had something worth while." "O my dear, *yes*," said Mrs. Bloom; "but which one would have done it?"

Batterman Lindsay.

DIEI MORS, VIRI MORS.

O you hate to draw the curtain and shut the sunlight out
As the shadows of the evening leave the darkness all about,
When the trees and fading sunset, mellow in the gloom,
And the flickering rays of firelight splutter in the room.

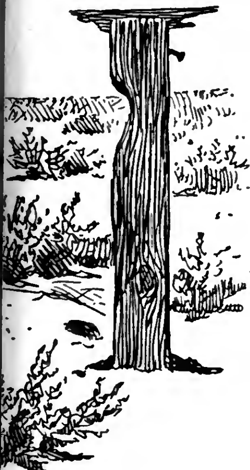
DO you hesitate a moment, ere the dying day's at rest,
Do you watch the twilight's coming from out the darkened west,
Do you draw the curtain quickly and mock the gruesome power
That struggles with your senses at the daylight's dying hour?

IF but one prayer is granted to this weary soul of mine,
I pray that God in mercy, from his gracious power divine
May leave the curtain open when the night comes o'er my life,
And shed a kindly twilight that will soften sin and strife.

Edwin Wildman.

TOLD BY OWYHEE JOE.*

THE HOLD-UP OF THE WINNEMUCCA STAGE.



IT was the beginning of the end. The last tie of the mighty Union Pacific was the first tie in the march of civilization into the great "West."

With the thunder of iron wheels and the reverberant screech of the whistle, the Indian, the buffalo, the desperado fled, the Overland Coach became a memory, the cowboy changed his buckskins for New York shoddy, and Mormonism received its death blow. Later, as the giant Pacific system stretched out its arms to the north and south and absorbed the alkali bottoms of Wyoming, the sage brush plains of Idaho, the pine forests of Oregon, even the lava beds of Northern California, the pioneers of '49 and the miners of '63 became a curiosity and the men who had subdued the wilderness from the back of an untamed mustang, were styled "moss-backs" by the "tourist coach" emigrants and relegated to the background.

Little more than a decade has passed since the Oregon Short Line pushed its way along the great valley of the Snake and laid Idaho tributary to its sovereignty, yet in so short a time I became an "old timer" and as I looked out on the crowd that had taken the places of those who greeted me as a "tenderfoot" I mentally repeated the motto of the new "West": "Keep up with the band wagon or fall in the rear."

Typical of the Brobdingnagian strides of this new order of things, thirty rotting skeletons cumber a ramshackle row of sheds on the suburbs of Boise. Sun and wind, rain and snow find their way down and through the neglected roof upon their bodies, and as year after year goes by they answer to the age and the elements, and fall away into dust and oblivion.

Yet they deserve a better fate. On their weather-beaten forms are the marks of rifle bullets, within their protecting sides came the best blood of the East to find new homes and extend the empire of the great republic.

These thirty leather-springed, steel-ribbed overland stages were for years the one connecting link between the hardy miners and pioneers of Southern Idaho and "Home." Their very sight recall Indian fights, highway robberies and dare-devil flights. In them, lives the essence of the fast dying "Wild West." Their day is past; their past is but a tale; their present is forgotten.

I asked Owyhee Joe about them once. Owyhee Joe had been a famous driver. Wild stories are told of his daring trips up from Winnemucca or out from Boise with a coach well loaded with gold dust, prospectors and government mail. Like Ben Holliday and Yuba Bill his achievements live in the memory and on the tongues of the oldest inhabitants and grow in lustre as the years pass.

It was a hot, sultry afternoon. I had sent in "copy" for the outside page of the *Statesman* and felt free to lounge back in my chair and listen to Joe's stirring if at times mendacious account of an Indian fight he had been in near Kuna, when unaided he had driven off ten Bannocks and

*Frontispiece.

saved the gold bricks in the boxes of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express. I smiled patronizingly when he had concluded. "And how about the time when you were relieved of your bags without even an 'If you please?'" A shade of annoyance and chagrin passed over his bronzed face and he shifted uneasily in his chair. The click—click—click of a job press in the adjoining room sounded a running commentary to our thoughts while from the opposite corner the splash — splash — splash of an irrigating wheel seemed to be rehearsing its version of the incident that so weighed on the driver's mind. The sun beat down on the tin roof and adobe walls of the old office with a fierce, white intensity that awakened the man from his rumination.

"It was a hotter day nor this out there on the *mesa* when that young chap stepped out from behind a little clump of grease-wood and as'd me perlite enuf ter throw up my hands. No argument in the face of that thar shootin' iron, Mister Editor. He took over four thousand clean dust and made for Salt Lake on the back of my best leader. Never hearn tell how we caught him? No? Wall, ye see I took my wheel-hoss and made for Boise. Found Bill McConnell, Governor and Senator since, the same, Colonel Robbins, Jim Agnew, an' Hank Fisher. We made a bee line 'cross countrv to head him off. Changed hosses three times. We struck his trail, found whar his hoss had broke down an' he'd stolen another. That stolen hoss meant a necktie party. Sabe?

"In twenty-four hours we came in sight of him. Hoss played out. Game up. Nothin' but sand and sage brush fur miles except one lone tree. Kinder placed thar by Providence, McConnell said. Thar thet young feller set—one leg over the horn of his saddle. Fine looker. Stood six in his stockin's. I knew him the minute I sot eyes on him. He knew me but never twigged. Bill McConnell war ahead an' he opened the meetin' without singin'.

"'Good mornin' stranger.'

"'Good mornin'.'

"'Seen anything of a man about your size straddle of a sorrel mare lookin' a heap like the one you ride?'

"'No, I haven't.'

"'That's a purty good mare o' yourn.'

"'Yes, she was worth a cool $500, but she's a little winded now; say, mister, I'll give you $500 clear for that one o' yourn and stop the deal.' He was makin' a good bluff, Mister Editor. Hoss stealin' in them days war death on the spot. He knew we war on to him. His offer would well pay for the broken down hoss an' he war a'bankin' that his money would pull him through. But yer see he didn't know McConnell. Mac had been Cap'n of the Vigilant's back in '63 up in the Basin and had

a name ter keep white. He just smiled at the man's innocence. 'That's a straight blind o' yourn, pard, an' it stands us to come in, but we're thar an' hold you over. You look a leetle might played out as well as yer mare. If you'll jest get down an' jine our little party it'll stretch yer legs and mebbe ye need stretchin' all over.'

"He got a little white under the gills, but slid down without a word. We followed suit, and Agnew threw over his head a noose, an' passin' the other end over a limb of that lone old tree, nodded that things war ready.

"That young fellow war game ter the last. Never moved a muscle. Seemed kinder like a damn shame. McConnell went up to him and said:

"'Now, pard, is everything all right? Does it fit your neck accordin' to Hoyle?'

"'All right.'

"'Have ye anything to say why this er' little picnic shouldn't proceed?'

"'Nothin'.'

"'Have ye got any word ter leave to yer friends? If ye have make it short, fur we're goin' to break camp inside er ten minutes.'

"That young feller took his eyes off a bit of sage brush fur the first time and looked us straight in the eyes. His eyes war blue. I took notice of that an' his face war clean and kind of pure lookin'. He didn't seem to be takin' much interest in what war goin' on o' round him. Kinder had a far away, talkin'-ter-the-angels look. Made me feel as though I didn't count no how. Kept thinkin' of some things I learnt in Sunday school in Missouri when I warn't bigger nor that basket o' papers. Then he came to and drawin' a crumpled letter from his pocket spoke with a kinder tremble in his voice.

"'Perhaps you are a better scholar nor I be. If you'll jest read that an' be kind enuf to answer it, I'll tell yer what ter say.'

"McConnell had already passed the coil of rope to Jim Agnew and he had drawn it taut. He took the letter an' as we hung around kinder curious like, he opened it an' read out loud:

"'ETOWAH, Ga., Jan. 18, 1874.

"'*My dear son James*, for long weary months i have waited for news from you since your last dear letter to your old mother. God bless you James, and answer my prayers that this letter may reach you, thanking you for your ever thoughtful care of me in my old age. But once more to look into your dear face and feel that my baby boy was near me would cheer my old heart more than to possess all the gold in Idaho. When are you coming home? You promised me that in the spring you would come back to me. May the good God watch over and prosper you and return my dear boy to my old arms before I die.

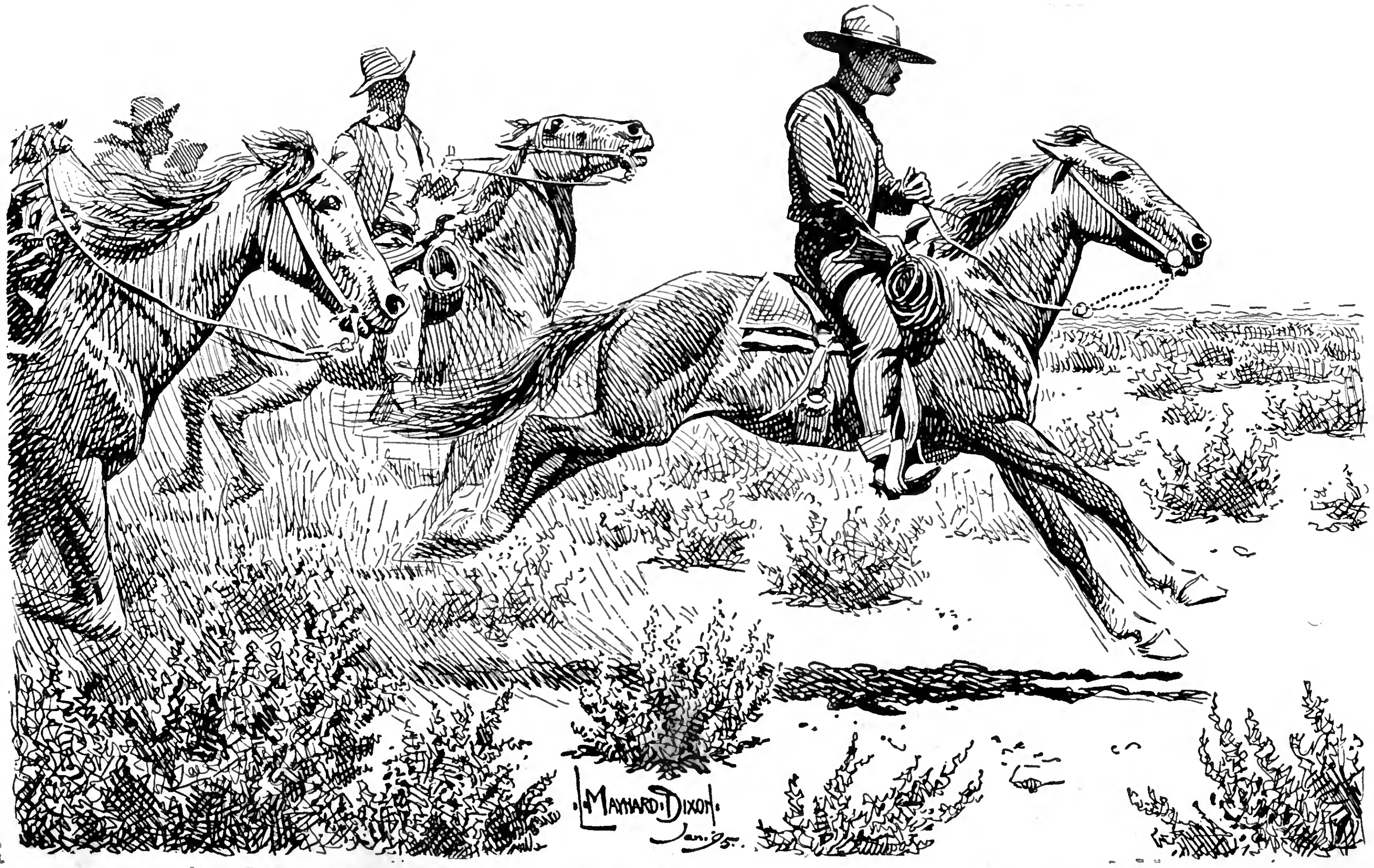
"'From your loving

"'MOTHER.'"

Joe paused and looked vacantly up at the ceiling. His eye followed the drunken gyrations of a yellow wasp. The heavy rumble of the great cylinder warned me that the outside pages were going to press and that more copy would soon be needed. Still I waited in silence.

"That letter did the business.

"McConnell had had a good edication back in Michigan and he commenced in a strong, clear voice, but a'fore the closing words war out, it war all we could do ter hear his voice. Yes, sir, an' my eyes got weaker nor a sick heifer's. Fact! The rope slackened until it fell from the hands of Jim Agnew, and as the breath of the mornin' came a'rushin' through the leaves of that damned old tree, and long shafts o' sunlight kinder prospected down through the opening boughs; someway, my old throat caved in like an' I went ter thinkin' o' long sunny days on the banks of the Missouri, of my



"WE MADE A BEE LINE 'CROSS COUNTRY TER HEAD HIM OFF."

old dorg, an' uv a little sister with eyes jest like this young fellar's, an' of my old mammy an' how she taught me to pray. Couldn't help it Mister Editor, but borrowin' a hoss an' robbin' a stage didn't seem a big enough thing to string that boy up fur, an' break his old mother's heart. Guess McConnell war thinkin' o' the same way fur he kind of reverently like folded up that soiled bit o' paper and handed it to its owner, an' without a word slipped the noose from his neck, an' then in tones as gentle as a mother's asked:

"'War ye goin' home, stranger?'

"'Yes!'

"'Good-bye!'

"The boy didn't dare trust his voice in thanks. I knew how he felt, but he drew from his belt a small bag of twenties an' offered it to Mac.

"'Hoss!'

"'No, take her an'—good-bye.'

"He mounted the mare, while we sot an' watched him out o' sight, an' then like a pack o' starved coyotes, turned and silently sneaked fur Boise.

"Court war adjourned, verdic' sot aside," he concluded, while I leaned back, my mind filled with the dramatic rehearsal.

"Well, so long, old man, I'm off," and the rough old Jehu shuffled out of the room all unmindful of either the moral or the *artistic points* of his story.

Rounsevelle Wildman.

HORACE. I. ii.

AD LEUCONOEN.

'T IS wrong, Leuconoe, to seek to know
  What end to me, to thee, the Gods may will;
  Search not Chaldean tables, and if ill
Await thee, better 'twere to accept its woe!
Though Jove this winter—whose fierce storms now blow
  And dash the Etrurian waves' gainst rocks until
  Their strength is spent—bid now thy life fulfill,
Or many other winters come and go.
Be wise, rack off your wines, and to the span,
The narrow span of life, adjust your way
That's too ambitious. Whilst we talk and plan
Lo! hateful, envious time has fled apace.
Seize the occasion of the present day,
And trust but little to tomorrow's grace.

C. W. Doyle.

TRUE TALES OF THE OLD WEST. IV.

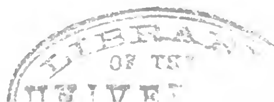
BLACKFEET AND BRUIN.

THE following adventure was related by James P. Beckworth, a California pioneer:

I spent many years among the Crow Indians, but at length determined to go to California, as trappers from that region brought glowing accounts of the beauties of the country, the cheapness of land, and the ease with which riches in horses and cattle could be acquired. Five or six Crow warriors who had been with me in a dozen battles against their inveterate enemies, the Blackfeet, accompanied me some miles, and then bidding them farewell, I set off alone on my long journey toward the shores of the great Pacific. After traveling for some days, I, one afternoon, killed a deer and threw a part of the animal across my horse until I reached a spring of clear cold water, where I camped for the night. My horse was picketed where he could graze upon bunch grass, and after a hearty supper upon venison, I smoked my pipe and then passed a contented and comfortable night. Early the following morning I resumed my journey, but ere going far, discovered the tracks of three horsemen, and soon afterwards picked up a mocasin which I at once perceived had been fashioned by a Blackfoot Indian. Knowing these Indians would attack me if they discovered my proximity, and fearing they had seen my camp fire the night before and would now be lying in wait, I looked about for a place of concealment. The country was covered with bunch grass and sage-brush, but not a tree was in sight save some stunted junipers on the summit of the hills. Some distance to my left ran a stream, and its banks were fringed with patches of willows. I at once rode toward these, determined to hide among them during the day and push forward at night. I wished to avoid a fight with the Blackfeet, as they were three against one, and it was probable they were members of a larger party which might be near at hand.

As I rode forward I cast keen and scrutinizing glances in every direction, and saw nothing of my enemies; but when within ten or twelve rods of the clumps of willows, my animal suddenly stopped, threw forward his ears, and acted as if he suspected danger. "A bear," I said to myself, for I knew there was nothing of which a horse had such a fear as a bear. I had seen a gentle, well broken horse made nearly frantic from simply smelling the hide of a bear, and as I was hunting neither bears nor Blackfeet, I turned to ride higher up the stream. I had ridden but a few rods when I came in full view of the three Indians I had been striving to avoid. They had crossed the stream higher in the valley and were now camped on the opposite bank. They recognized me as an old-time enemy, and with a savage shout, ran to get their weapons and to mount their horses. I put spurs to my animal and dashed off up the valley, and as my pursuers had to ford the creek, this gave me some advantage. I had ridden in a hundred races, but never felt greater excitement than I did that morning. I had picked my horse from a thousand others among the bands owned by the Crows, and had selected him for speed and endurance. The Blackfeet were well mounted, and with shout and yell, with whip and spur, we dashed up the almost level bottom. The air of that high region

was clear and bracing, the day was bright and beautiful, and there was an exhilaration in fast riding that sent the blood to one's very finger tips. Onward we went for nearly a mile at the top of our horses' speed, but my pursuers could not overtake me. I was in hopes they would give up the race, but, no, instead of that they settled down into a steady gallop, and we rode at this pace for several miles. I fully comprehended my danger, for it was not uncommon for Indians to follow a foe during several days, camping at night on his trail and waiting for a favorable opportunity to attack him. Being alone I could not watch at night and ride by day, and sooner or later, overpowered by loss of sleep, I would fall a victim to my enemies. It would be impossible to throw these human bloodhounds off the scent, for my horse left a plain trail for them to follow. I did not wish to use my rifle except in case of extremity for it was not easy to load and fire in a gallop and if powder horn or bullet pouch was lost it would be impossible to recover either. The valley began to narrow after a time and I cast many anxious glances toward the hills on either side for a pass or low opening into one of the larger valleys beyond but none presented itself and the hills were too steep and rugged to be ascended with a horse. I now saw more clearly the object of the Blackfeet in pursuing me so leisurely; they probably knew the situation and understood that I was riding into a trap from which I would find no escape. Narrower and narrower grew the valley, steeper and more precipitous appeared the hills, till suddenly on turning a rocky point the valley abruptly ended, for the stream burst forth from a narrow, rockbound canyon. It was impossible to retreat, so springing from my animal I rapidly ascended the hill seeking to gain the shelter of a thicket of young trees growing in a damp, marshy spot on the hill. Ere I was hidden by the trees the Blackfeet came in sight and with loud cries they left their horses and followed my footsteps. I quickly sought for a hiding place but finding none, was about to ascend the hill still higher when I stumbled upon a hole hidden by a clump of bushes. Into this I sprang, thankful for a place where I would have some advantage. I crouched down awaiting their advance determined to kill the first that came near, but luckily they passed by without discovering my hiding place and then ascended the narrow ridge above. I advanced further into the cave but after going some rods was startled to see a gleam of light in the distance; I advanced with caution but was surprised to find that I was not in a cave, but in a natural tunnel, as my supposed cave had an opening upon the further side of the hill. This, like its mouth, was hidden by bushes and through these I observed the country beyond. A little basin lay below and in its center was a dense growth of wild cherries, covering perhaps an eighth of an acre. Near the bushes grew beds of luxuriant clover while a lonely chipmunk chattered upon a rock, near by and beyond several sage hens were feeding beneath the low bushes from which their name is derived. All was quiet and serene and I little suspected the tragedy that was soon to break the stillness. While I was watching one of the Blackfeet, advanced slowly down the hill and I drew back lest he should discover me. I could easily have shot him, but this would only have caused the other two to avenge his death if possible, and if not they would speedily by means of signal fires have called to their assistance other Blackfeet if any were in that part of the country. I therefore determined to remain hidden hoping in the end to escape without being discovered. The savage slowly and cautiously approached the wild cherry bushes, holding his rifle ready for use, and eyeing the place as if certain that I lay con-



cealed within. Step by step he advanced, every faculty alert and ready for action. He was a splendid specimen of his race, tall, well formed and agile. His shirt and leggings of buckskin were handsomely ornamented and his hair decorated with the feathers of an eagle. At this moment and when within perhaps ten feet of the clump of bushes, a deep, angry growl was heard and the Indian sprang back, at the same time raising his gun. He was not a second too soon, for almost as he moved, a gigantic grizzly bear dashed out of the cover. Her hair was erect, her eyes gleamed savagely, and she gave a deep, ominous growl as she faced her antagonist. She was a mother with cubs and more ferocious on this account. The tall Blackfoot, though armed with rifle and heavy hunting knife, shrank from the encounter and cautiously attempted to retreat, the bear, however, did not intend he should escape, and suddenly sprang toward him. The Indian fired, striking the grizzly in the head and checking her progress, but ere he could reload his gun she was upon him. Casting his rifle aside as useless, he drew his long hunting knife, and before she could grapple him, he drove it up to the hilt twice into her body. She caught him, however, in a fatal embrace, tearing his shirt of tough buckskin into ribbons with her claws and crushing his left arm between her teeth in a frightful manner. He plied his knife with all his power, but her tough hide and hard, compact muscles, prevented him from striking a vital part. Both were covered with blood, but neither had the mastery though from the long, gaping wounds in his body, I knew the Indian could not long continue the contest. A second Indian just at this moment ran down the hill, but before he could secure a position to fire the ferocious grizzly let go of the arm of her victim and caught him by the neck, bearing him to the ground. The savage with the rifle sprang forward, placed his gun within a few feet of the bear, pulled the trigger, and sent a bullet through the animal's heart, killing her instantly. She fell upon her human foe who was fatally injured

by the wounds he had received. I had been so intently watching this struggle between man and beast, that I had forgotten my own peril until, a slight noise behind me caused me to turn my head. The third Indian had found the entrance to the tunnel or cave, and, creeplng cautiously forward, was almost upon me. Bounding to my feet, we both fired at the same instant, and each inflicted a wound, I was struck in the side and my opponent in the shoulder, but neither wound was fatal. We dropped our guns and rushed upon each other, knives in hand. The eyes of the savage gleamed like those of a wild beast as he strove to stab me, but I caught his uplifted arm ere his knife touched me. It was a short but desperate struggle, and we strained every muscle to overcome each other. Twice he foiled me, but the third time I tore my arm loose from his grasp and drove my knife blade through his body. His muscles relaxed, his frame quivered and he sank to the bottom of the cave in his death agony. I turned and glanced through the fringe of bushes; the dead bear and the dying Blackfoot were lying side by side. The other Indian had disappeared, while the playful chipmunk and the graceful sage hens had gone; all was stiller than ever. I knew the Blackfoot would attempt to get to the horses ahead of me, and catching up my rifle I ran through through the tunnel or cave, thus beating the Indian, as he had to surmount the hill. When I reached the opening of the tunnel the Blackfoot had not gained the summit above me, so I ran down the hill in spite of my wound, caught my own horse, and, driving the three Indian horses ahead of me, set off down the valley in a gallop. The Blackfoot saw me and crossing a rocky point fired from the cliff, but the bullet whistled past without striking me and ere he could again fire I was out of reach with my three prizes. The wound proved so severe that I was obliged to return to my old friends the Crows, and for that year gave up all hope of getting to California."

S. S. Boynton.

TRUE TALES OF THE OLD WEST. V.

THE MYSTERY OF A DRILL.

ONE evening, some years ago, a party of old miners and mountaineers were gossiping about the great fireplace that is a main feature in the Big-Tree Room of "Old Hutchings' House" in the Yosemite, where Bernard's Hotel now stands. The talk was on the storm that was raging without.

"Boys," said the "captain," his voice just audible above the howling of the wind and the crashing of limbs and acorns on the roof, "it may surprise you to know that the narrow'st chance for life I ever had, and my first glimpse at Dame Fortune occurred during a blizzard, in comparison to which this 'ere one is a baby."

The white-haired "boys" drew their chairs closer about the roaring arch fire and listened.

"You see it happened this way in the fall of 1875: I had been in Idaho and

Montana up to the time of the Bonanza excitement, which brought me back to Frisco double quick. There, as usual, I soon found myself hangin' round California street and "Pauper Alley," with nary a red in my clothes. I worked every line of the business I knew for a lead, but it was no use, and so I wore out most of the summer. I picked up a few dollars for offhand memory-maps and descriptions of mining localities; but altogether it was a 'short' season.

"I was feeling pretty low when one day I met Pullen and Bevans. Pullen had just come down from a job on the Comstock and the year before, had been through Bloody Cañon and the Tioga country with Hutchings, and he was sure there was a showing of big silver in the cañon.

"Bevans, who had been there prospectin', thought the same. We decided to start for the cañon. They were to furnish all the outfit, tools, grub, and so on, and I the necessary practical minin' 'science.'

"We got away from 'the Bay' about the middle of August and went first to Sonora in old Tuolumne, where we hired a dago and a couple of mules to pack our traps to the cañon, ninety miles beyond. We had to foot it most of the way, for the road merged a little way from Garrote into the old Mono trail. It took us ten days to get from Frisco to the cañon, which we reached just at sundown. It was as quiet and still as a tunnel, and as warm as a summer evenin' in a little New England village, notwithstanding that we were 11,000 feet above the sea.

"You know, at that time this branch of the Mono trail, through the Bloody Cañon, was the nearest road from this side to Bodie, and the cañon got its name from the roughness of the trail, which, being over beds of volcanic slate set up on edge, cut the feet and fetlocks of the animals, leavin' bloody traces where they passed.

"All was obscured by smoke and haze when we got to the summit that looked over the divide down the eastern slope of the Sierra to Mono Lake. Bevans and Pullen, who were at home here, led the way down the slope for half a mile to a little flat that had some green feed growin' on it and a couple of snow-water ponds. We soon had the tent up with a big bed of tamarack brought inside and the grub cookin'. It was starlight when our supper was cleared away. The others took to the bunk at once and had their smoke there.

"I tell you, boys, it was lonesome up there, but I allow it was at the same time grand. It seemed as though I'd been h'isted clean out of the every-day world and left all its cares and anxieties a long way below me, might be forever. The stillness was awful; not a sound of bird, frog, or insect —not a sound of any kind. It seemed as if all the world, exceptin' our crowd, was dead. At my left hand rose up, stern and towerin', the north wall of the cañon, called Mount Gibbs, ribbed and serrated, the faint light and shadow of its side cañons makin' 'em look like flyin' buttresses, as they call 'em, to help hold it up, for it was three thousand feet above our heads. The south wall was all black in the night. Below me, 'way off, was the Mono Desert and great Mono Lake. The desert looked like a smoke and the lake like a streak of open sky, and the Inyo Range beyond like another band of cloud or smoke, while before me and arching up overhead was an ever-darkening vault of blue from the pale distance up, dotted with perfectly quiet stars, such a thing as a twinkling star in this clear and dry air being impossible. It was the grandest and most solemn sight I ever saw.

"It would only be tiresome to rehearse how we managed to get along 'way up on that summit. Most of you fellers have had more or less experience in mining.

"We selected a spot on the south hill-

side not far from the cabin, and soon had a very respectable hole. If the presence of mineral of nearly all kinds of the baser sorts was to be taken as a good omen, we surely had every indication of a bonanza before us. Even our 'dump' glittered and scintillated with sulphurets like a veritable heap of gold.

"After working steadily for about three weeks, one Saturday night we began to review matters. We found our stock of provisions was beginning to run low for the first and most serious item. Then when we desired to make up some amalgam to see whether we had struck anything rich or not, we found ourselves out of our principal ingredients with no supply in reach nearer than Sonora. We did make some assays in a crude way with what we had, and Bevans, who was an expert at this part of the business, declared after a few trials that if a full assay did not run higher than these irregular ones we might as well pack up and strike for below. Then it was September and sudden and cold storms were to be looked for at any moment in this high region, though the warm Indian Summer weather often held on into November after the first fall storm.

"We were not as isolated and solitary as our surroundings made us feel. Fuller had a claim on Mount Gibbs eighteen hundred feet higher than we were and about three miles off—though he was not there then—and he had another, back down towards the plains some five miles west of us, the way we had come, with a good cabin on it in a fairly sheltered spot, as we had reason to be thankful for a little later on. There were also numbers of prospectors and sheep men scattered about the mountains. Then down at the foot of the cañon was Walker's Ranch, a place of some notoriety back in the time of the "Bodie excitement," and a sort of outfitting half-way house yet.

"On this Saturday night it was determined that our affairs needed immediate attention, so it was arranged that we should all take a sort of holiday. Pullen was to go to Walker's twelve miles away down the cañon and out towards the edge of the Mono Desert for more provisions, Bevans was to go to Sonora to load up fresh for full assays and bring back the news and mail, and I was to stay behind to look after the claim and 'chaw grub ginerally,' as Pullen jocularly put it.

"The next morning, after an early breakfast and an even divide of our remaining tobacco, the boys started. Pullen was to be back the following Saturday and Bevans in about two weeks. After they had been gone perhaps an hour, and I had the house work done, I determined to go down to a sort of ledge in the cañon below that I had often wished to visit.

"About half a mile below our claim this ledge or shelf jutted out like a vast level step apparently clear across the cañon. It seemed like an immense artificial terrace which nearly walled the gorge across.

"Notwithstanding it seemed so near it took me some time to get down upon it on account of the great projections and snow banks and bowlders I had to cross or go around. It must be borne in mind that we were near enough to the snow line to find snow always where there was continual shade. I finally reached the plateau, which now appeared far from smooth or level, being nearly as broken as all the rest of the country.

"I sat down for a rest on a projection. Below me perhaps five hundred feet was an indigo-dark oval sort of a pool that appeared of immeasurable depth, and the giant cañon was still down and down. I was facing the stern and frowning wall of Mount Gibbs.

"Suddenly I distinctly heard footsteps lower down. 'Hello,' I thought, 'Is there some one coming?'

"I strained my eyes to no purpose—at

last afar off down the cañon I caught a glimpse of the veriest speck making its slow way downwards. I made it out to be Pullen going down to Walker's, and it was his footsteps I heard, it was so quiet and still, and up here the air was so light.

"I began to look curiously around, to discover if any had been here before me, but saw no indications, so I determined to go on down to the lake. I succeeded after a very hard scramble in getting to its edge. It was ice cold.

"After a time I thought I would go back to the cabin, but somehow I could not find my own trail. Every place seemed like a blank wall. I finally struck through a little clump of bushes towards a few tamaracks near the edge of the lake.

"As soon as I got inside of the brush surrounding these trees, which was higher than my head and enclosed a little open spot, the first object that caught my attention was the stump of a tree evidently chopped years since, and a portion of the log. Further searching, I found the remains of a camp fire.

"Following along through the thicket I came to the ledge again where I ran upon a distinctly marked trail, about a foot wide, leading up the wall. I began to ascend by it. When I had nearly reached the top of the broken slope, I noticed at my left hand a little rude cone of rocks piled up.

"'A monument,' I thought; "must be an old claim hereabout.'

"I began to hunt for other marks. Some twelve feet overhead I saw two other such rock piles side by side. My curiosity now thoroughly awakened, I began to search carefully. I soon climbed to the top of a little ledge some fifty feet wide by perhaps three hundred feet long, yet still some distance below the plateau from which I had first descended, on which were two more rock piles or 'monuments' as miners call them. They are used to indicate corners on claim locations where timber is not growing sufficiently dense to blaze. Examining the ground within them more closely, I was surprised to see that they indicated a diamond like enclosure, each rock corner being about ten paces from the other and the north corner marked by a double monument.

"'Now,' I thought, 'this is no claim, for that would be fifteen hundred feet long. It must be some location of importance.'

"When I came to the *two* rock piles I was puzzled, for I could see no use for them as a mere corner mark. On the edge of the wall just in front of the double monument was a sort of a ledge dipping downwards towards the north three feet wide.

"I followed along this ledge to a little bush which I took hold of and by so doing pulled it towards me and to one side. This disclosed a fissure in the wall nearly vertical and about seven inches wide. It appeared to be volcanic, and was a perfectly smooth and clean fracture, the ledge upon which I was standing being its floor.

"I reached my hand and arm into the crevice. This might have been somewhat risky a few miles or hundreds of feet lower.

"I touched something cold which rolled from side to side, and drew forth a fine steel drill about two feet long and an inch thick, of an early gold mining time pattern, and a vastly better made tool and finer in temper than anything we had. I drew out another and another until I had eight altogether.

"The last one was about two and one half inches in diameter and a foot long with the head badly battered, the iron or steel curling over down the shank for maybe three quarters of an inch. It appeared to me as if this one had been made out of some other tool; it had seen hard usage.

"To judge from the pattern of the tools they had lain in this crevice not less than twenty years but a search of the whole sur-

rounding ledge and plateau failed to discover any clew to the mystery.

"After supper I lighted my pipe and sat down in the door to look down on Mono Lake and away to the distant Inyo Range glowing in the light of the setting sun. I had often wondered how it was possible that all of that eastern horizon so far away, and which seemed all below me, could be so brilliantly lighted while I away up here, sat in shadow and gloom, until I would glance above me and behold the great summits lighted with the same brilliant glow and then remember that the Inyo Range was as high as this. I was thinking about my find and after revolving every idea in my mind I came to the conclusion that the little "diamond claim," as I nicknamed it, was only a marked *cache* for the drills of a party who had left them there intending to return soon. When it was dark, and I had seen the stars climbing into sight and glittering above the great Mono Desert, I shut up the cabin and turned in.

"I was awakened in the earlier part of the night by the roar of the wind rushing through the gap above me. There was an awful blow that night. Sometimes it seemed as though it would blow our cabin bodily, end over end, down the cañon.

"After my hard climbing of that day, I was so tired that I soon fell asleep again, yet I thought I heard voices, muffled and faint, outside, together with the tramp of feet and hoofs, and that I got up and went to the door, where I saw a Chinaman taking off a pair of old black saddle bags from a saddled mule. The bags were very small and of an obsolete pattern. He kept lifting the flap of the one nearest to him and peering into the bag. Finally, seeing me, he said, 'You fin um him fo' corner paper inside.'

"Upon my nodding acquiescence, he said, 'All light,' ending in a laugh that swelled into a blood-curdling and terrific roar. I awoke in my bunk trembling, in a cold sweat from my sudden fright.

"'Pshaw! old man, you ain't used to this high livin', especially when you have it all alone,' I said.

"Still, I was sure the *roar part* was reality. In fact the dream was so vivid that I could not muster courage enough to go to the door, though I am not usually more nervous or timorous than the average man; but my soul was filled with an indefinable dread and great fear. Taking my revolver I got up and stirred the remains of the fire into a bright bed of embers. Then piling on fresh wood, I crawled back into the bunk and took a pipe to calm my nerves. Tumbling over, I went to sleep, and was undisturbed until morning.

"When I got up the sun was high in the heavens and everything was brilliant with morning light. Not a breath of air was stirrin'. I opened the door and looked out, when, turnin' my gaze to the claim—great heavens! what did I see! An awful slide, or avalanche, of rocks and timber had swept down from the mountain side and obliterated every vestige of our hard labor. The mystery of the roar in my dream and its reality was at once explained. Over our winze, shaft, dump, and in fact everything of ours, was a mass of huge rocks ten feet deep in places and extending down a long way below our claim. In an instant all of our season's work had been annihilated. It was too late in the year to think of starting another shaft.

"I thought of the great disappointment in store for my partners when they came back, for we had invested every penny we had on earth in this prospect, and now all our possessions, even our tools, were buried up in this slide.

"There was nothing to do but to make the best of it. Somehow the day dragged out. I killed time by alternately cookin', smokin' and wanderin' about aimlessly. That evenin' I brought out my store of drills and thought in bitterness that they represented all we had left now of our entire trip. I

wondered if their former owners had ever experienced any such hard luck. I was particularly curious about the short, "fat" drill, as I called it, and wondered why it was so much more battered than the others, as it seemed wrought of equally as good material. I took a hammer and broke off the burr caused by the sledge-blows on its head, and then tried to file the head down smooth.

"After I had worked over it perhaps an hour I perceived a line encircling the head about half an inch down the shank, which I found I could not readily file out, so I laid it by for a time. I repeated this the next day. That day Pullen should have been back, but did not come. Thinkin' that perhaps he could not get potatoes at Walker's and had gone further for them, I did not worry.

"Another day passed and he did not return. I began to grow restless, thinkin' he might have been taken ill or perhaps met with an accident on the lonely trail.

"Still another day and he did not return. Then I determined that I would lock the cabin and go down to Walker's the next day in search of him.

"Comforted by this resolution I lay down early that night to have a good sleep before an early start next morning. Again I fell to dreaming and again I heard the tramp of weary feet and hoofs, slippin' and ringing over the stony ground, with the muffled murmur of voices in dialogue, which momentarily grew more distinct and clear.

"This time I was broad awake and was listening in reality. Hastily slipping on my clothes I went to the door and there stood Pullen and the identical Chinaman, mule and trappings that I had dreamed of at first but never before seen.

"'Hullo, pard!' said Pullen; 'think I wa'n't never comin' back agin?'

"'Come in,' I said to the Chinaman.

"He looked at me with the same grin and answered me in the same voice I had seen and heard in my dream.

"'All light! bime by come. Feed um him mule now.'

"After a time he came in carrying saddle bags, but altogether different ones from those of my dream.

"These were of an old Mexican pattern and highly charged with ornament in the peculiar style of florid leather stamping and embossing prevalent among the early Mexican inhabitants of California. They were certainly very old and had seen much and rough usage.

"'You fin' um him one paper insi', said the Chinaman, pointing to one of the bags as he spoke.

"I got supper for them while they warmed at the fire, for the nights were now very sharp and frosty, and while they were eating, I took the bags to one side and felt for the small package and the paper, which I found. While moving my hand around on the inside of the bags, which were warm and damp with animal heat, I felt a roughness which ran along on the inside of the bag well towards the top, and seemed to me like a slit cut in the lining which had afterwards been pasted down to the outside leather again.

"By working my hand around I found that the inside was solid downward, but it was evidently opening upwards. After a few moments of patient work, I opened an inside pocket and took from it a paper which had become attached to the leather It had evidently been placed there and forgotten by the party who intended to mail it at some convenient postoffice. It had been originally written upon a piece of blue letter paper, or an old account-book. It was quite yellow with age. I determined to inspect it by myself before making its contents known to my partner.

"The Chinaman left early in the morning for Walker's Ranch and Pullen and my-

self, after breakfast, visited the scene of our misfortune, around which we loitered, speculating upon the cause of the slide. In the afternoon we wandered off in separate directions, gloomy and silent. I found a secluded chump of tamarack and sat down to look over the paper.

"Carefully unfolding it—I have it now somewhere among my traps—as follows :

BIG PASS, October 21st, 1867.

Jim: I'm gitten' out of the gulch and I leaf the drills in the pocket by the lake. You will find the dimond on the ground and can locate the pocket easy, for it is rite under the dubbel-header. I don't think no one but us can find the trail and I don't think I could easy only from the lake. Look out for the low-forked Tamarack. The stuff is in the big silinder. You know the way to git them. So now hopein' this may find you well, I will say so long from your Pard and true frend

JOHN HOYT.

"'So,' I thought, 'I have struck the mystery of the diamond cache.'

"I was soon down at the lakeside by another and a shorter path. I found the trail and the pocket. I had a piece of candle and I searched it thoroughly, but without any new result. There was surely nothing remaining, nor could I find any other crack or rift where anything could be either stored or concealed, so I was compelled to give up further search, thinkin' that 'Jim' had been there and got the 'silinder,' leaving the drills as too heavy.

"Bevans returned on time and empty-handed from Sonora. So, being worsted all around, we began to break up housekeeping and pack up for our tramp below. It had been cloudy for some time and that night it rained. We worked like beavers all day, intending to break camp on the third.

"The next day was cloudy with a warm southeast wind, and we worked for dear life to get away the next morning. We had about thirty-eight miles of hard travel before we could consider ourselves safe from snow.

"It turned to snow that night and snowed steadily for two days and nights. We had nothin' to do in all that time but to wait with what courage and patience we might for it to clear. Every little while I would get out my drill and file on it.

"The boys called it my pet. Pullen finally asked me why I did not try to hammer the head down to shape first and clean it up with the file afterwards, as it seemed to be a matter of life or death.

"This was a new idea and I acted upon his suggestion, but still found it almost impossible to make any change in the drill's appearance. After hammering for some time under the continual fire of their jeers, I lost patience and struck the drill a heavy blow, which sent it spinning into the ashes of the fireplace amid roars of laughter.

"This instantly recalled me to my senses, and somewhat ashamed of my exhibition, I picked the drill out of the ashes. What was my surprise to observe that the line which I had been so long and industriously trying to file out had sensibly opened and was now broad as an ordinary pin.

"Instantly a wild hope rushed into my brain and set my heart to thumping violently. What if I held the 'silinder' in my hands!

"It had begun to blow again which Pullen hailed as a good sign, thinkin' the wind would bring a clear up. He went to the door and upon opening it, instantly called out: 'Great Scott ! come here, quick! How's that!'

"It was about four o'clock in the afternoon and all of the summits were of a sulphurous fiery yellow from the reflection of the setting sun, glancing through some rift in the storm clouds.

"From numberless edges and points on Mount Gibbs and the other peaks and ridges in sight was fluttering and waving a lace-like gauze of golden-colored snow-smoke blowing in streams to the southeast. They curled and undulated, blowing back

or in-curving and hugging the leeside, downwards, of the peaks and ridges, just as smoke blows down the leeside of a steamer's funnel in a gale. It was the only time I ever saw the snow-banners of the High Sierra of California.

"We determined to start at once for Fuller's Cabin, eight miles further down. If it cleared we should have a full moon, and at any rate it was all down hill and an easy trail when without snow. We could make it in three hours unless it came on to snow again, which we thought hardly probable.

"Everything being ready, we each slung our bundles on our backs and taking all the drills, we lighted fresh pipes, and locking the old cabin after carefully putting out the fire, bade a silently heartfelt goodby to the old log hut which had so long been our home, albeit so unfortunate.

"We got on very well for about an hour, when it began to darken rapidly around the horizon and we were soon struck full in the face by a fresh blast and the air was again full of snow. Squall succeeded squall. We had gone already too far to turn back, and were now really in great peril. It was evident that we had only been experiencing a short lull in this dreadful blizzard.

"Fortunately it was comparatively clear high overhead, and as it was now night, the moon shone through the masses of swiftly-sailing cloud with fitful irregularity. Its faint light, however, enabled us partially to distinguish where we were and to see ahead a little. Bevans took a riata that he always carried and tied us all together at distances of about ten feet, and we started on again.

"How we floundered and staggered, groped, and stumbled, and toiled through the hours of that awful night, trying to make Fuller's Cabin, I shall never forget. When the blinding snow squalls struck us, accompanied by an awful roar of wind and the crashing of trees in the gulches below, it was almost impossible to keep our feet. I was so nearly worn out by the anxiety and nervous strain of the past two or three weeks that I felt myself giving out. I was rapidly gettin' very weak and surely becoming light-headed. I remember their trying to stop my singing. Then I had dizzy-dozy spells, but still I somehow managed to keep on my feet and mechanically staggered along in the wake of the other two. I frequently heard groans and exclamations during the short pauses in the roaring and shrieking of the wind, but whether they were mine or my comrades' I did not know.

"I cannot recollect how it was, but finally we all came to a halt in an awful flurry and squall, and I sank down. I must have either been insensible or asleep a few moments; for all was quiet during that time.

"I came to somewhat brighter. I saw Pullen lyin' on his face and gropin' with his hands, and confusedly thought that we were all perishing there, and did not care much if we did.

"Suddenly Pullen shouted out, 'Here it is!' and instantly tumbled head-foremost out of sight.

"It all seemed quite proper and natural to me then for a man to disappear in that manner. I remember hearing muffled shouts from apparently underfoot, and then saw the head and shoulders of Pullen appear above the snow, at which I had a faint inclination to laugh. I felt a hand on my collar and then I remember no more.

"When I came to again I was lying in a bunk, a brightly glowin' and cracklin' fire was roarin' in the fireplace, Bevans was cookin' and Pullen was smokin'.

"'Where are we?' I asked.

"'Hullo! woke up, hay?' said Pullen.

"'Where are we?'

"'In Fuller's Cabin.'

"'What's been the matter with me?'

"'Oh, nothing; only used up and kinder snow-tired, I guess.'

From a painting by C. D. Robinson. Half-tone by Bolton & Stron .

"BELOW ME, 'WAY OFF, WAS THE MONO DESERT AND GREAT MONO LAKE"

"'Have I been asleep?'

"'Wal, I guess, yes,' said Bevans; 'I should think you had.'

"'How long?'

"'Since last night this time.'

"I had slept fully twenty-four hours. They told me that when I sank down in the snow at the foot of a Tamarack, that they were about used up, too, and could not have got much farther. Pullen knew he was at the place where Fuller's Cabin should be, but no signs of it were visible. He was sure of the landmarks, and stoopin' down close to the snow, he thought he would hunt for a sign of the foundation, thinkin' the cabin had been destroyed. Shortly after he saw a little mound which upon approachin' and touchin' with his hand the snow on its top caved out of sight. He had found the chimney of the cabin and dropped through it to the fireplace below. The cabin was covered with snow—drifted out of sight.

"This was nothing remarkable as it was not above eleven feet from the ground to the chimney-top. They soon had me down and in a warm bunk. Fuller had laid in a stock of wood to use when he came along early in the spring, and they soon had a rousin' fire goin' in the big fireplace, which had melted the snow from the roof already as they knew from hearing the snow blow across the shakes.

"I was all right, only a trifle weak and sore. After we had supper I hunted out my drill from the pile of traps, and getting a small geologist's hammer, which always made part of my outfit, I sat down and went to work on it again, the boys jokin' me about the 'ruling passion.'

"I was now anxious to file and hammer a groove on the drill-head just at the line around it. I worked all that evenin' and during a part of the next day. The files were getting very dull. Bevans and Pullen finally got tired jokin' me and were growin' interested in my earnestness.

"I finally succeeded in makin' a groove about a sixteenth of an inch deep at the line around the head of the drill, and in answer to their importunities, I said, 'Boys, this is a trick drill; this head is merely a plug and I'm tryin' to drive it out. If there's anything inside, or if not, we'll know it when the plug is out, not before.'

"I then briefly told them its history, and that I thought there were papers of value inside of this drill. They were now as anxious as I, and proposed to help me out by taking turns at the filing and hammering, but I refused, knowin' how carefully I had managed to get along so far and fearing an unlucky or clumsy stroke might undo it all.

"Durin' all of this time that awful blizzard yelled and shrieked and whistled and roared in a manner I have never seen equaled since, and I've seen some storms, too. They spent the monotonous and anxious time cookin' and eatin' or smokin' while I worked.

"This had gone on now for three days, and we were on the fourth night since leavin' the cañon with no signs of a let-up. We were very blue and depressed, but kept up a show of cheerfulness over the expected clearin' up of the drill mystery. This night I had been at work for over an hour gently hammerin' around the head of the drill by the dim light of a candle, when suddenly it began perceptibly to open. We were all now in a high state of excitement and I had rapidly driven out the plug for an eighth of an inch when it stopped and would go no further.

"Pullen got some bacon fat and melted it, keepin' it warm in the blaze. He then made me put the drill-head in the hot ashes just long enough to warm it through and then held it in the warm fat.

"I went carefully to work with the ham-

mer again, the two bending over my shoulder and watching with breathless interest, while the gale roared an awful overture in accompaniment outside. In less than ten minutes, with a last tap of the hammer, out flew the plug, disclosing a cavity. Turning the drill upside down, I struck it gently on the end and a roll of papers came in view. Carefully working them out, I had some fresh-looking parchment paper in my hands. I unrolled them and found myself the possessor of some bona-fide certificates of ownership to certain numbers of feet in some of the original Washoe mines that were at that moment selling for fabulous prices on California and Pine streets, and we figured it at a glance that we had over $200,000 worth of good stock in our hands.

" After a look of mute astonishment, as if by a common impulse we instinctively grasped each other by the hand, and standing there in the middle of that rough cabin, lost in the howling storm away up there among those snow-covered summits of the grim Sierra, with scarce a possibility of ever again reaching civilization, we three poor, destitute, worn-out men, ruined in fortune but the moment before, took off our old apologies of hats and to the accompaniment of the hoarse voice of the raging hurricane, gave three rousing American cheers and a 'Tiger' for 'John Hoyt.'

"The gale 'broke' and the next mornin' with light hearts, in the bright sunshine, we again made for the 'plains' below. The tramp was hard over the snow, but that night we all slept on the Hutchings' house-floor in Yosemite.

"When we finally returned to San Francisco we found that Hoyt had 'hypothecated' a big part of the stock, or the feet it represented, for whisky the same winter he had left the cañon. There was considerable left, however, to his account when he was carried to the hospital, where he died from the effects of years of hardship and dissipation.

"This remainder had been confiscated by some sharpers, who cut it up and 'watered' it out of sight and were rapidly gittin' rich on the whole.

"Our certificates covered it all, and my appearance with the documents certifying positive ownership to the property was as welcome to that crowd as a heavy snowstorm on a citrus-belt fruit orchard in June. Of course they tried bluff and bulldoze, then argument and blarney, but I wouldn't have it, and upon my threats of a lawsuit they let go.

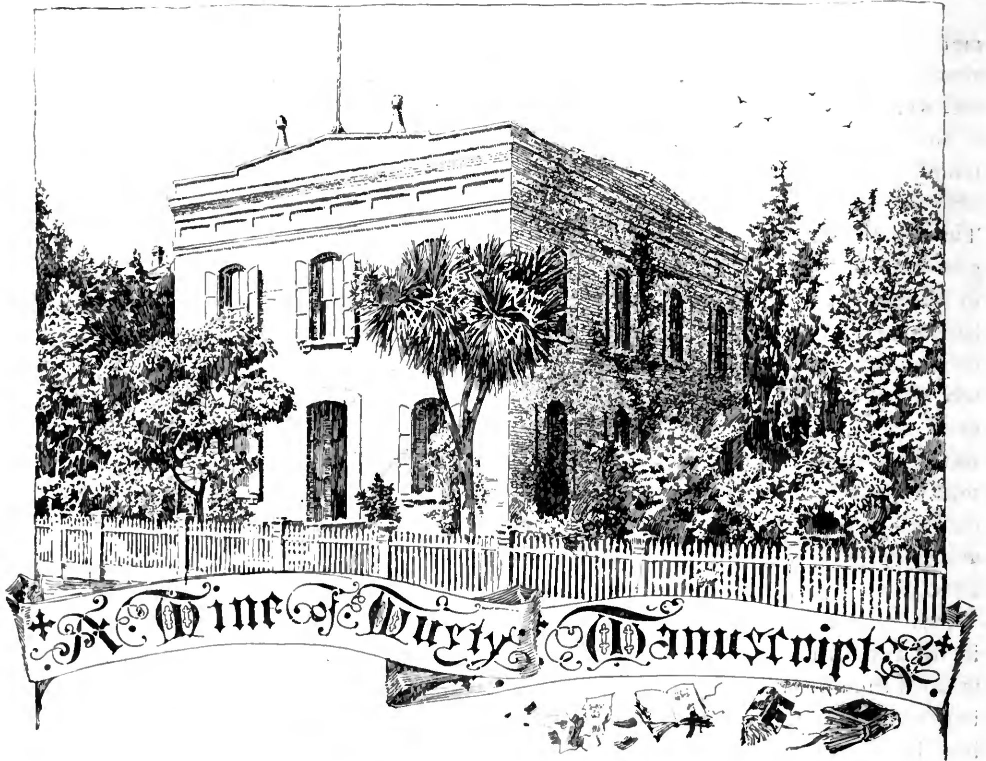
"Inquiry developed the fact that Hoyt had relatives and they came out and compromised with me, of course getting the bulk of it, and it made them very rich. I had for my share about twenty thousand dollars and my 'pards' got twelve thousand dollars between 'em. Pullen bought out a restaurant in Fresno, and after a time a vineyard. Bevans continued at mining and had a good show in the Leadville country. He now has a big property and is rich and married. We divided up the drills as keepsakes."

C. D. Robinson.

THE DESERT.

Boundless, changeless, and cruel as the sea;
With brazen skies, and suffocating air,
With burning rocks, and sand and blinding glare
And silent ether, heavy with despair,
Stretching away e'en to infinity.

Clarence Hawkes.



THE BANCROFT LIBRARY.

All nations, during their slow march along the highway leading to civilization, from the earliest known period of mankind's gradual emergence out of the sluggish conditions of savage and pastoral life into those of settled communities, have shown deep interest in recording past events. The pictograph and hieroglyphic still remain in evidence thereof. As soon as communities began to establish themselves in cities, —no matter how small—their primitive annals—no matter in how crude a form they were recorded—were guarded with scrupulous care, and every effort was made to insure their preservation. In these small beginnings the evolution of libraries had its genesis.

It is known that farther back than 2000 B. C., libraries existed in ancient Chaldea and Egypt, the most famous of those of the land of the Nile being the "Library of Osymandyas," the existence of which in the palace temple near Thebes, popularly known as the "Memnonium" is proven by the discovery of Champollion of sculptured inscriptions in one of the inner rooms. The inscriptions are: "Theoth, the inventor of letters, President of the Hall of Books," and "The Goddess Saf, his companion, Lady of Letters." These sculptured records are ascribed to the 14th century, B. C.

Next in order of time follow the Assyrian and Babylonian libraries. In the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, Layard and Botta discovered collections of bricks, tiles and cylinders of clay, inscribed in cuneiform characters, and the study of them has revealed the fact that, not only were the national records kept in this manner, but that to a large class of such tablets the

term "Public Library in Clay" is applicable. There is every reason to believe that this last mentioned collection was made about 650 B. C., by command of Sardanapalus V., for the purposes of public instruction.

Passing from Persia into Greece, and only referring to the unreliable statement made that Pisistratus founded a library at Athens, 537-527 B. C., and opened it to the public, we find that, according to Strabo, Aristotle was the first to form a library in that country. After the philosopher's death his collection was conveyed to Scepsis, in Troas, where it fell into disorder, a portion of it being concealed in a cave in order to secure the works from the unscrupulous mode of collecting books practised by the kings of Pergamus. This is worthy of notice, as showing the eagerness with which books were sought for in those early days, and the high appreciation in which they were held

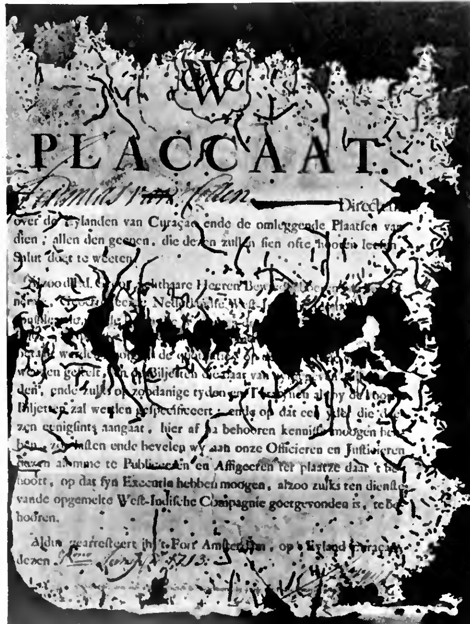
We now come to the noble library of Alexandria, the literary glory of Egypt. Founded by Ptolemy Soter about 300 B.C., it was constantly enlarged by his successors down to the time of its unintentional destruction, 48 B. C., by the action of Julius Caesar, who, having espoused the cause of Cleopatra, found himself compelled to burn the ships in the harbor of Alexandria. The methods sometimes adopted to obtain valuable additions to the Alexandrian library, were not more strictly honorable than those employed by the kings of Pergamus. It is narrated that Ptolemy Euergetes, during a time of famine in Athens, granted permission to the Athenians to buy Egyptian wheat for the relief of the city, on the condition that the original writings of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides should be sent to him, he remitting fifteen talents, about $14,000, as a guaranty for the safety of the works. At Alexandria they were carefully copied, and the copies, not the originals, were returned to the Athenians, who, however, were allowed to keep the money. This narrative is interesting in as much as it bears testimony to the high value attached to original manuscripts.

Contemporaneous with this first library of Alexandria, was the growth of a similar institution under the vigorous modes of procedure of the kings of Pergamus. Probably founded by Attalus I., 244 B. C., it was so enlarged by his successors as to become a rival of that of the Ptolemies, the loss of which it was destined to replace. For Anthony, after his successful war in the East, sent it as a gift to Cleopatra. The collection was deposited in the library called the Serapium—from its position in the temple of the Serapis—which was outrageously destroyed at the instigation of the fanatic, Theophilus, archbishop of Alexandria, A.D. 389.

Few cities in the world have shown a greater devotion to learning than Alexandria, and again she raised her head as the metropolis of culture. Another magnificent library was formed, doomed also to meet with destruction at the hands of fanaticism and barbaric iconoclasm. On the surrender of Alexandria to the victorious Mahommedans, Amrou would have bestowed the library on one Philoponus, but Caliph Omar's decision on the matter was that if the contents of the works agreed with the Koran the volumes were useless and need not be preserved; if they disagreed, the writings were pernicious and ought to be destroyed. For six months the furnaces of the four great baths of the city were fed by the precious volumes for fuel. After her subjection to Mussulman rule, the glory of Alexandria, as a center of learning, departed.

The prototypes of our modern bibliophiles and bibliomaniacs came into existence in the latter days of the Roman republic. Theretofore Rome had been too

occupied in conquest to give much attention to literature. After her victorious arms had brought her in contact with the more civilized world, she imbibed the love of literature, science and art. Then libraries became a fashion, and no private house of any pretension was without its *Bibliotheca*, whether the owner were a Cicero or an unlettered upstart whose splendid bookshelves were never referred to by him. So great was the mania that one or more copyists, called *Librarii* (bookmen) were constantly employed in each house transcribing works. Bibliopoles became numerous and employed great numbers of such copyists, who were educated citizens of conquered countries, reduced to the condition of slavery. The vast accumulation of learning stored up in ancient Rome crumbled away beneath the withering effect of barbaric devastation, and we are indebted to the monastic orders for the preservation of only a fractional part of it.


WC

PLACCAAT.

[illegible] Directeur over de Eylanden van Curaçao ende de omleggende Plaatsen van dien; allen den geenen, die dezen zullen sien ofte hooren lesen, Salut doet te weeten:

[illegible]

den, ende zulks op zodanige tyden [illegible] Biljetten zal werden gespecificeert; ende op dat een yder die dezen eenigsints aangaat, hier af behoorens kennisse mogen hebben, zo lasten ende bevelen wy aan onze Officieren en Justicieren dezen alomme te Publiceeren en Affigeeren ter plaatze daar 't behoort, op dat syn Executie hebben moogen, alzoo zulks ten dienste vande opgemelte West-Indische Compagnie goetgevonden is, te behooren.

Aldus gearresteert in 't Fort Amsterdam, op 't Eyland Curaçao, dezen [illegible] 1713.

A DUTCH PLACCAAT OR ORDER.*

With this brief historical account of the growth of ancient libraries, by way of calling attention to the great importance attached by the ancients to the acquisition of accumulative knowledge, we proceed to describe the gradual growth of the largest collection of material ever made for the study of a single historical field—The Bancroft Library.

The work of bringing together this great collection has extended over a period of more than thirty-five years of an industrious life. In 1859 Mr. Bancroft began to gather together such books as he had at hand bearing on California. The result was the filling of a few segregated shelves in his bookstore with about seventy or seventy-five volumes; small matter, indeed, but this initiatory step was the origin of his present library, which consists of 60,000 books, maps, manuscripts, etc., relating to Northwestern America from Panama to Alaska. From that time Mr. Bancroft became an enthusiastic collector.

Hubert Spencer says: "Very generally when a man begins to accumulate books he ceases to make any use of them." This may be true in the case of most bibliophiles, assuredly so of all bibliomaniacs, but the remark is unapplicable to Mr. Bancroft as a collector. He had a purpose in view; not the gratification of the morbid desire to possess rare books, which infects the mind of the unregenerate bibliomaniac. He was hardly the man to be satisfied with objectless effort of any kind; he loved books, and he saw here an opportunity to render his country an inestimable service in a line wholly neglected by others. Although he pursued with ardor the work of collecting, he never lost sight of his purpose. Vague and undefined as were at first his intentions of writing a work for publication, the con-

*This order was issued as a notice to the citizens of the Dutch West Indies Company Colony on the island of Curacao by Jeremias van Collen, Directeur, on the 1st of January, 1713. White ants have fed upon this parchment and destroyed much of its value.

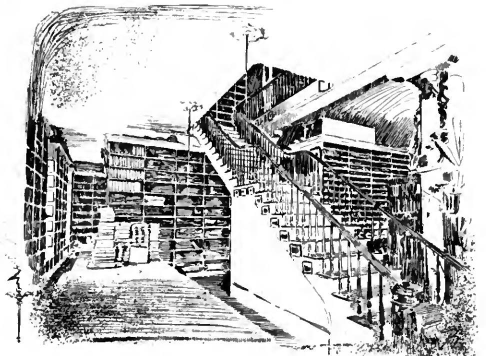
FROM AN OLD COSMOGRAPHY.

ception of a Pacific States history was nevertheless latent in his brain.

Mr. Bancroft began to frequent second-hand bookstores, to ransack the rubbish on sidewalk stands, and buy any old pamphlet or scrap of material bearing on his subject. Then he extended his field, and going East, drew upon New York, Boston and Philadelphia for contributions to his collection. In 1862 he visited London and Paris, and there his eyes began to be opened as to the magnitude of his undertaking. At that time he had about 1000 volumes. On this his first visit to Europe he could do little more than glance over the enormous stocks of second-hand books stored in the hundreds of establishments he there found; but he determined at a latter date to search all Europe for the material he required. An opportunity presented itself in 1866. Meantime the library had increased in number of volumes which now amounted to 5,000, and then Mr. Bancroft recognized that he had only begun his collection.

On his second visit to London, he spent three months in looking over the ground and organizing a thorough system of search, appointing agents, employing intelligent men, and adopting all suitable measures for the promotion of his enterprise. Then Paris was visited, bookstalls and antiquarian warehouses were carefully searched, and catalogues examined. Madrid was his next objective point, and there he met with disappointment. As his collection increased, so did his original ideas on the subject expand. He found the history of the Pacific States so interwoven with that of Mexico that it was impossible for him to draw a line of separation, and his first purpose was developed into the aspiration to produce a history of all Northwestern America. Naturally he expected to find in Madrid much good material relating to Mexico, but he secured comparatively little. In turn all the principal cities of Europe were visited, and everywhere Mr. Bancroft found something to his purpose, ranging from pamphlets at a franc a piece to rare books or manuscripts at three, five or eight hundred dollars each. On his return to California he was the possessor of over 10,000 volumes, and thought that his task was done.

At the close of 1868, however, he received from his agent in London, a catalogue of 7,000 books and manuscripts on Mexico to be sold at auction in January following, in Leipsic, a glance at which sufficed to inform Mr. Bancroft that new ground had been thrown open to him. He did not hesitate. His agent was instructed by telegram to attend the sale and make purchases at his discretion. By this promptitude to act some 3,000 of the rarest and most valuable works extant were added to the collection. It may be interesting to the reader to learn that the volumes thus secured formed a portion of the *Bibleoteca Imperial de Mejico*, which the unfortunate Maximilian founded during his brief rule in



INTERIOR, ~~UPPER~~ FLOOR, BANCROFT LIBRARY.
LOWER

that country. José Maríe Andrade, a Mexican collector of exceptional literary taste and judgment, had been accumulating, for forty years, rare books bearing on the history of Mexico, and when Maximilian began the formation of an imperial library, he turned to this enlightened collector, and enlisted his co-operation. An arrangement was made with Señor Andrade by which, in consideration of a certain sum of money to be paid for his books, his splendid collection should form the basis of the Imperial Library, and become the property of the government. Unfortunately for the project, Maximilian's career was short. Immediately after the emperor's death at Querétaro, Andrade, who had not been paid for the books, packed them in 200 cases, hurried them off on mule-back to Vera Cruz, and thence shipped them to Europe.

COSMOGRAPHIA 1545 *

In June of the same year another important addition to the collection was acquired at a sale in London. The catalogues described this lot as consisting of "an extraordinary collection of books relating to Mexico and North and South America, from the first introduction of printing in the New World, A. D. 1544 to A. D. 1868." At the auction Mr. Bancroft's agent secured a number of works which filled up gaps in the collection. These purchases raised the number of volumes to 16,000.

The zealous collector now decided to begin work as an author, and in 1874 he published the first volume of his *Native Races.* His literary labors, however, did not interfere with the continued accumulation of books. He had appointed agents in all the principal cities of Europe, besides London, who were instructed to purchase, when opportunity offered, such material as was lacking. These agents attended all notable sales which presented possibilities of obtaining additional matter for the library. The more important of those in Europe were held in London, Paris, Lisbon, Leipsic, Berlin, Amsterdam and Brussels. In America, sales in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati and Mexico kept furnishing supplies. So far-reaching and comprehensive was Mr. Bancroft's system that neither bookshop, store nor auction sale escaped his notice; and thus for years a steady stream of material was flowing into his literary reservoir.

Mention must be made of two more collections, at least, from which very valuable additions were procured, namely, that of Mr. E. G. Squier, sold in New York in 1876, and that of Don José Fernando Ramivez, sold in London in 1880.

*Rare.

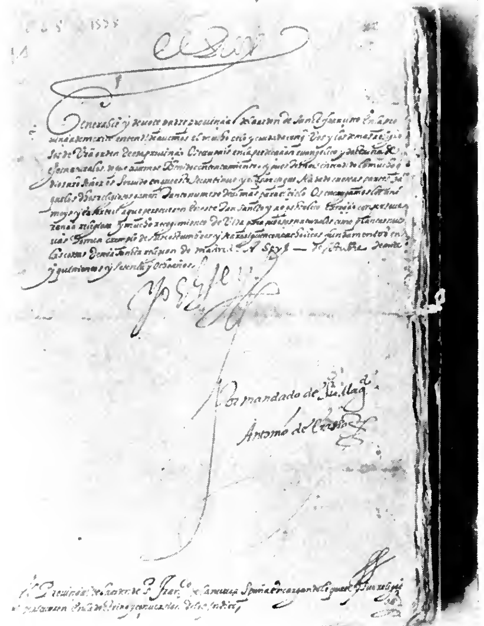
ROYAL CEDULA *1

in every respect, as regarded culture, judgment, and opportunities offered by a high public position, capable of making a most valuable collection. And this he did. It comprised rare books and manuscripts on the Mexican Indian languages and dialects, and on the civil and ecclesiastical history of Mexico; tomes containing laws and ordinances relating to the Indies; unpublished manuscripts relating to the Jesuit missions; old sermons preached in Mexico, and a quantity of other matter. Many of these literary treasures were obtained from convents, after the suppression of the monastic orders. On the retirement of the French from Mexico, Señor Ramivez went to Europe, and took up his residence at Bonn, where he died in 1871.

It is impossible, in a short magazine article to furnish the reader with the names of even the more prominent authors of the

Squier, a man of letters and a well-known author, availed himself of the opportunity which his position as United States Minister to Central America afforded him, and made a rich collection of manuscripts, maps, Central American newspapers, and political and historical pamphlets. A large part of the manuscripts was obtained from archives and depositors in Spain, but a considerable number of those relating to Central America were procured by himself in person while resident in the country. At the sale Mr. Bancroft bought whatever the collection contained that was not in his own library.

Ramivez had been president of Maximilian's first ministry. Highly educated, he was admitted to the bar early in life, and rose to eminence as State and federal judge. At one time head of the National Museum of Mexico, afterward minister of foreign affairs, an erudite scholar, and deeply interested in the history of his country, he was



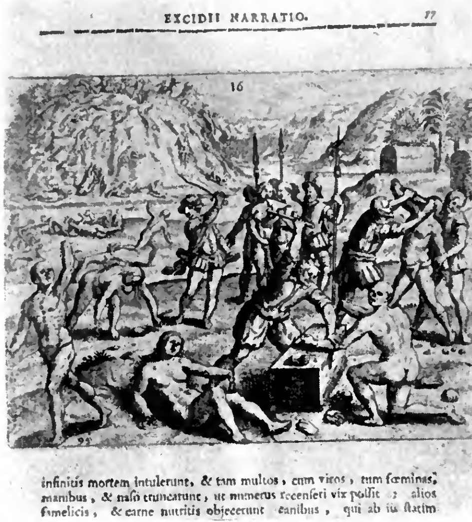
ROYAL CEDULA.*2

*1Bearing the signature of Isabella of Portugal—regent of Spain during her husband's absence in Italy, where he was crowned Emperor—dated 1529.

*2Bearing the signature of Charles V—dated 1541.

MANNER OF BINDING MISSION ACCOUNTS.*[1]

works and manuscripts collected—the list would be too long—suffice it to say that the library, which at the present date contains 60,000 units of the material described, includes every thing to be wished for, from the original cédulas of Charles V.; of his queen, Isabella of Portugal; of Philip II., bearing their respective autographs, "Yo el Rey" (I the King) and "Yo el Reyna" (I the Queen) down to a Mormon primer of 1868. Chronicles and histories; voyages and explorations; Aztec pictographs and ancient maps; cosmographies and atlases; quaint sermons and political pamphlets; papal bulls and letters of Columbus and the conquistadores Cortéz and Alvarado; newspapers and periodicals; rare pictures, wood cuts and engravings—little, indeed, bearing on the history of this part of the New World in all branches, ethnological, civil, political, ecclesiastical and social, has Mr. Bancroft failed to find and secure.



EXCIDII NARRATIO. 77

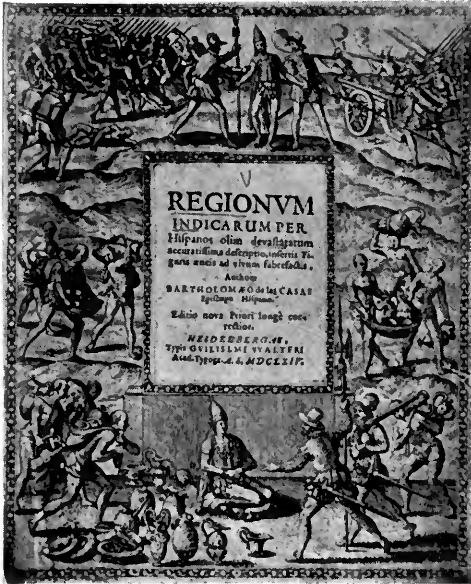
infinitis mortem intulerunt, & tam multos, cum viros, tum fœminas, manibus, & naso truncarunt, ut numerus recenseri vix possit ; alios famelicis, & carne nutritis objecerunt canibus, qui ab iis statim

FROM LAS CASAS BOOK.*[2]

It would be supposed that the constant inflow to this vast accumulation would have satisfied any collector; and so it would any ordinary bibliophile; but Mr. Bancroft was working with no ordinary object, and his observant mind had, from the first, perceived that before him lay a hitherto untrodden field for literary exploration. Califor-

*[1]The separate books to form a volume were bound in green leather and then placed between wood sides covered with thinner leather.

*[2]Showing the savage cruelty of the Spanish Conqueror.



LAS CASAS' WORK ON THE RUIN OF THE INDIES.*

nia was a new land, and there were still living around him men of the pastoral age, when the only communication between it and the outside world was carried on by means of the trading ships that, from time to time, visited the coast; men advanced in years, whose memories went far back; men of high position and influence in the bygone days. There were, too, aliens from other lands, such as General Sutter, whom Mr. Bancroft visited, in 1876, at his residence in Litiz, Pennsylvania, obtaining from him a much-wished-for dictation of 200 pages in length; and Michael White and Widiver, who settled in Alta California, respectively in 1828 and 1832. The time could not be far distant when these would be with the departed. He would obtain their reminiscences. Besides this source, there were the records and libraries of the Missions and municipal and county archives, in keeping when California was under Spanish domination and Mexican rule. These should be searched; and Mr. Bancroft rushed into another undertaking entailing further great expenses.

He prosecuted the work with his customary thoroughness. Competent men were sent out to obtain memoirs from all whose information would be likely to prove valuable. Many of the reminiscences—and there were many of them—thus procured were autographic, but the majority was secured by means of dictation. The most important documents of this class were the contributions of General Vallejo and Governor Alvarado. The value of the papers and documents supplied by General Vallejo are beyond estimation. They were carefully arranged, indexed and bound, making no less than twenty-seven thick, quarto vol-

MORMON PRIMER 1868

*See pictorial title page, published in Heidelberg 1664.

HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT.

umes. This priceless material was presented to Mr. Bancroft by the General, who had collected them with the purpose of writing a history of California himself. Nor did he therein cease to give practical expression to his admiration for Mr. Bancroft's undertaking; for two years he worked enthusiastically for the cause, alternately dictating history, and searching the country for fresh documentary and personal information. The additions thus made by him swelled the original number of his volumes to fifty. Second only in importance to General Vallejo's history, is that contributed by Governor Alvarado, which constitutes five large volumes of manuscript written from dictation.

While this work was being carried on among the old Californian families, other men were simultaneously engaged in examining county and municipal archives, from San Francisco to San Diego, and transcribing important matter. Moreover, all the Missions were visited, and their records, registers and account books, besides a mass of historical and statistical material written

NOVA TYPIS TRANSACTA NAVIGATIO.*

by the priests were inspected, and copies taken of everything that could contribute to the production of a complete history. It was during this period (in 1874) that Mr. Bancroft acquired the valuable collection of Judge Benjamin Hayes, formerly district judge of Los Angeles. From the time of his arrival, in 1849, Judge Hayes had been a diligent collector of documents relating to the history of Southern California, and which he had hoped to use himself. The collection embraces copies from mission and municipal archives, a great quantity of clippings from books and early newspapers, all systematically arranged, and manuscript notes and accounts of his own travels in various parts of the southern country.

Such is a brief sketch of the growth of the Bancroft Library. But the outside work done in collecting was as nothing compared with that performed inside. Every single book, manuscript, newspaper and pamphlet was separately read and separately indexed as to to its contents. A selection of leading subject, about fifty in number, was made, such as architecture, art, bibliology, biography, botany, education, ethnology, and so on, and a separate note taken, after a particular form, of every statement or fact bearing upon each subject and its subdivisions, with title of book and page, and its shelf number. These notes were sorted, subject by subject, and filed in alphabetical order in appropriate receptacles, so that when information on any particular subject is required, be it mining or Indian childrens' playthings, all that is necessary is to go the labeled cases, take out a packet or a score of packets, and the searcher will have hundreds of references or a small half-dozen, according to the importance of the matter he wants.

Let the reader take into consideration the magnitude of such a work. To turn over every leaf, con it, and take notes. A regiment of assistants was required; for the method was not conceived and put in practice until the library had assumed large proportions. There are hundreds of thousands of these notes which will prove of inestimable value in future research.

To the utility and uniqueness of this library, it is almost needless to refer. It is exceptional, and has no rival in the world, nor has it ever had a predecessor as regards design. It stands alone. Never in the history of libraries has any collection ever been

*It is a history of the discovery of America written by a monk of the Convent of Suttenstock of Lower Austria, under the Latin nom de plume *Philoponus* (Lover of toil.)

This monk's writings narrate the adventures of the first missionary sent to the new world, Padre Buil or Buell, a Catalan Benedictine, who was sent in 1492 to preach to the Indians. Buil came in collision with Columbus, and on his return spared no means to injure him.

This work was published in 1621.

made similar to it. It contains all the material that can ever be secured on the past history of a particular region occupying one-twelfth of the earth's surfac. No further additions to it can be made except the productions of the writers of the day; and never again will an opportunity occur for a like enterprise elsewhere. There is no new continent to discover, and never will another Columbus arise. No collection for a single historical study has been, or ever can be, made approaching it in dimensions, and the destruction of the library, or even the dispersion of its contents, would be irremediable, for it could never be reproduced. With regard to its priceless value to the Pacific States of our own country, it may be remarked that their individual histories can be written with a comprehensiveness and fullness of detail that can attach to that of no other State in the Union, or of no other country in the world. Posterity will proclaim this fact, and will not fail to appreciate, perhaps, more highly than is done at the present time, the value of the services rendered by Mr. Bancroft to American history and general knowledge.

J. J. Peatfield.

THE DIGGER INDIAN.*

BY THE SURVEYOR-GENERAL OF CALIFORNIA.

THE white men who saw the Sacramento Valley as God made it, saw a veritable Eden, and in it men who had not progressed to the fig leaf. The verdict of these active, progressive men—who found sons of Adam not as far advanced as our first parents when the Lord shut the gates of Paradise on them, was that that race was the lowest in the scale of humanity. As the race is nearing extinction it is likely that this will be its place in history, but, like many another chapter covering the career of more ambitious people, it is not true. Environment controls the destinies of the individual ; it also controls the operations of tribes and nations.

I saw the Sacramento Valley before the footstep of civilization had made an imprint there. The wild oats grew seven and eight feet high, and the grain made a fine meal or flour. Flowers of several hues covered the plain, and the ripened seeds made rich food; antelope and deer, geese and ducks were plentiful; blackberries and raspberries grew along the rivers; the finest fish filled the waters; wild hemp, from which was made fish and bird nets, was abundant; the climate was so mild and even that clothes were not among the necessaries of man; it was in short a veritable Eden.

Necessity is said to be the mother of invention, but beyond baskets, fish nets and bows and arrows necessity made no demands. Is it any wonder that in such a place she was not a prolific "mother"? Progress comes of necessity, real or imaginary, and it is the cold regions in which man's "knowledge of good and evil" finds its greatest development. Man would live many hundreds of years in the Sacramento Valley before the "mother of invention" would bear in him such a child as a loom. The digger looked upon clothes as merely ornamental. He did not dream that one would put them on for comfort, and he saw no necessity for hiding that which nature gave.

*See OVERLAND February, 1893.

When I first went among the "Colons" tribe a stove-pipe hat and a vest constituted the entire wardrobe of the "rancheria"—three or four hundred adult males. They saw nothing ludicrous in a tall Indian strutting along with nothing on his person but a stove-pipe hat. The fortunate possessor of the vest turned it upside down, put his legs through the arm holes and buttoned it up behind. This, in fact, would seem to be the most useful way to wear a vest if one had no other garment. The digger who could possess both vest and hat at the same time was the Chauncey Depew of the tribe.

The form of government of the *Cotus* tribe was was an absolute monarchy, the *Saaktu* having the power of life and death over each and every one of his subjects. He was legislator, king, judge and jury. There was a marriage law or custom, and monogamy prevailed. Adultery on the part of the women was punished by death. On one occasion, with much ceremony and incantation, I saw them burning a corpse, and asked the reason, and was told that it was the body of a woman guilty of adultery, she had been put to death therefore, and that it was necessary to burn the body. Whether this was supposed to be a further act of punishment, or a purification I could not ascertain. The ceremony would lead to the latter conclusion. But it was all a vague mystery in the minds of the performers ; as vague perhaps as the mysteries of more civilized people. The woman may have been burned alive. They were reticent on all such things.

The store of seeds and acorns was private or family property, while fish and game nets seem to have been more or less common property. Beads, shells and woodpecker scalps were the money of the tribe. The white merchants soon discontinued the use of beads as money by bringing in too great a supply. The men were all inveterate gamblers. They threw small sticks, and the game was simply odd or even—whether they could count the sticks out by ones or by twos.

The digger believed in a life to come, but what the actions here had to do with happiness on the other side I was never able to find out. The coyote seemed to be the devil incarnate. The departed Indian was to run to where the sky came down to the ground, and if he escaped the coyote he was all right for eternal bliss. A corpse was wrapped up with twine, and looked, when ready for interment, like a huge ball. It was then rolled into a hole and covered up. Then the female part of the family blackened their faces and their heads with pitch and ashes, and ran around the grave for about twenty-four hours, chanting in unison a "ya, ya, yah !" As they exclaimed these words three short jerky steps were taken, and then a pause, and then three more steps, and so continued until the vigil was ended.

The men caught the fish and the game, but the women gathered the acorns and seeds, made the meal, and prepared all the food for the *table.* Many persons have seen the squaws preparing food on the sand bars, but do not seem to have known the reason. It was simply the acorn meal thus prepared. They made a basin in the sand in which they placed the meal, and poured water on it continually for some hours. The water and the sand took out the bitternesss and astringent quality of the acorns. Fish were always roasted in the ashes ; but there was very little attention paid to cooking meat. Salmon were caught in great quantities during the season and dried.

Mental care is the great source of unhappiness, and that care is the alloy to the pleasures of a higher civilization. Except the negroes of the South before the civil war, the Diggers were the happiest race under the sun.

The Digger was anything but stupid ; in fact, his environment considered, he had a

remarkably vigorous intellect. Siac, the last ruler of the *Cotus*, was over six feet, was powerfully built, and was a man of clear comprehension and sound judgment. His will was law, but his tribe loved him. He carried a staff about seven feet long, to the end of which was fastened a flint arrowhead about six inches in length. This was the insignia of office. When the whites began to settle over his territory, he saw clearly what the end must be, and it troubled him much. When his boys took to whisky and his girls began going to the bad, he died of a broken heart. I have never seen a man so completely crushed. When, in 1851, the Indian Agent visited the tribe and killed about three or four wild cattle for which the government paid many thousand dollars, the men were having a big time eating and talking. The old chief ate nothing and viewed the happy scene in silence. Towards the end of the feast he began to rise from his sitting posture, and as he rose every voice was stilled, every eye turned upon him. I shall never forget the speech he then made. His vocabulary, of course, was small, but his speech was one of burning eloquence. He told them that they were on the verge of ruin; that the invasion of the whites meant the destruction of the Indians. They were located, he told them, in a great valley with no hiding places. The whites were all-powerful, and war was out of the question. All they could do was to be fair and honest and await results. The old chief made me his confidant—told me all his fears,—"hopes" he had none. To further illustrate the character of this "untutored" man and to show how he strove to get along with the whites, I will relate an incident:

A traveller stopped for the night at the hotel which I in part kept, took off his saddle, to which was tied a coat, in the pocket of which was a large sack of gold dust, set the saddle beside the door of the hotel and went to bed. Next morning the coat was gone, and the air became suddenly blue with oaths. I sent across the river to the "ebuchina" for Siak, and when he came I asked him if the coat had been taken by an Indian. He began cross-questioning those around him. To lie to him, meant death. Some one of the Indians started to the brush and returned with the coat. The gold had not been disturbed. Siak picked up a lariat—rawhide rope—doubled it up, gave it to the man, and counted twenty on his fingers. This was the judgment of the court;—the owner of the stolen property was to be the executioner. The rawhide descended on the naked back, and the blood flowed from two purple gashes clear across the back. Again and again the murderous rawhide came down with all the strength of a powerful man infuriated to a frenzy. The stern old chief stood by and counted, "*atata, pampata, amoosta*," until the twenty lashes had been given and the culprit's back was a jelly. Then came the twenty-first stroke, and it came near being a fatal one. The Indian started to run, and the executioner after him. Siak raised his spear to strike, but I prevented him from killing the man who had set at naught his authority when exerted in behalf of justice. There seemed to be no measure to the old man's mortification. All the Indians saw that he had pronounced a severe sentence on one of the tribe, and the white man, to appease whom it had been given, had set his authority at naught.

Siak died in 1852, and left the tribe without a ruler. Several Indians assumed the role of chief, but none succeeded, and now the tribe is nearly extinct.

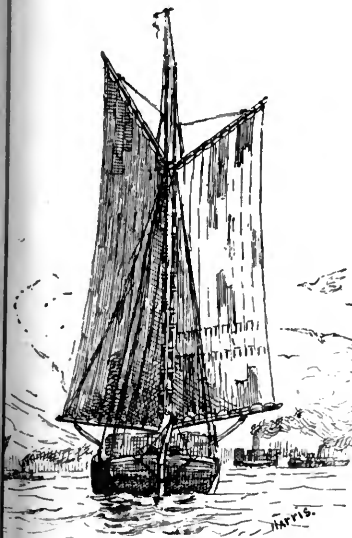
The habits of civilization kill Indians. If left alone they may have progressed up to a high civilization after many generations, but sudden change everywhere and in everything is bad. All things must submit to the slow processes of evolution.

Will S. Green.

EVOLUTION OF SHIPPING AND SHIP-BUILDING IN CALIFORNIA.—III.

COMPILED FROM PERSONAL NARRATIVES OF CAPTAINS DOMINGO MARCUCCI, JOHN G NORTH, HANS R. REED, AND MESSRS. HENRY OWENS, PATRICK TIERNAN, GEORGE MIDDLEMAS, WM. A BOOLE, JOHN AND JAMES DICKIE, AUSTIN HILLS, IRVING M. SCOTT, AND OTHERS.

MR. HENRY OWEN'S NARRATIVE.



ANOTHER of the pioneers in early ship-building on the Pacific Coast was Henry Owens, a well-known name in the annals of San Francisco.

He was born in Carnvaronshire, North Wales, on the 3d of February, 1806.

His people had been seafarers and boat-builders for generations, and he, following his natural inclination, was always to be found in the ship-yard.

At the age of 16 he concluded to go to America, and shipped on board a sailing vessel bound for New York. In 1819 the "Savannah," after having been built as a sailing ship in New York, was turned into a steam vessel, by having an engine put into her, with paddle wheels that could be taken in on deck. This vessel was the first to steam across the Atlantic and return, and the successful voyage gave ship-building a powerful impetus.

Mr. Owens arrived at New York at this fortunate time. He found his way into the employ of the well-known Smith & Dimond firm, who have sent out from their yards so many fine specimens of their skill in naval architecture. He was employed here for many years in different capacities, as foreman, draughtsman, and model-maker, and much other work was done by him in company with Isaac Smith, the firm being then known as Smith, Owens & Griffith. Mr. Owens had married and been left a widower with one son, when in 1836 he again married, this time to Miss Elizabeth Ward, who survives him.

On the 23d of May, 1852, while the Californian gold fever was at its height, and the shipping firms and steamboat companies of New York were coining money in sending out the Argonauts of our State, Mr. Owens arrived in San Francisco on the steamer "Golden Gate," a vessel that carried many a pioneer to this Golden State, and that had such a fearful ending, being burned on the Mexican coast, and losing nearly all her passengers and crew. Mr. Owens came here in the interest of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., and he always found true and earnest friends in the officers of that company, notably Mr. Benj. Holliday. On arriving he concluded it would be better for him to work independently, so he wrote back to the main office and severed his connection with them, much to their demur.

He went up to the Willamette river in

Oregon, and there built to the order of Captain LeFevre two stern wheel steamers. Misfortune seemed to follow both these vessels, for one of them was burned on the stocks just as she was about to be launched, the second one blew up on her first trip. This was in May, 1853, in the earliest days of coast ship-building.

In 1858 Mr. Owens contracted with Captain Geo. R. Barclay to build a steamer at Port Ludlow on Puget Sound, but, there being no lumber suitable for the work there, he went to Port Gamble. On the 28th of July the keel was laid, and on the 9th of September, 1858, she was launched in deep water, and christened the "Julia Barclay." During the memorable Frazier River excitement this boat was kept in constant service. In 1857 the schooner "Elizabeth Owens" was built on the ground where the S. P. R. R. freight sheds now stand at the foot of Fourth street, all that part of the city front being tidewater. The "Elizabeth Owens" sailed down the coast after green turtle for Captain Bogart, and was probably the first sailing vessel to trade with Santa Catalina island. She was afterward sold to the government, and used in the coast survey department. Mr. Owens moved out to what was then called St. Ann's Valley, and in front of what is now 514 Eddy street he laid the keel and built the yacht "Dart."

PANORAMIC VIEW*——

At this time Mr. Owens was associated with Mr. Lockwood, who is yet living, at the age of 88. They built several vessels and repaired among others the "Queen City," a boat well known in the early days of "flush times" on the Sacramento river.

*By placing the following pictures side by side the reader will form a perfect panorama of the Bay of San Francisco at the time of the "Gold Fever." It will clearly show the extent of the city of San Francisco at this period as well as the vast amount of deserted shipping in the bay. This view has never been published before.

Somewhere about February, 1859, a contract was signed with Captain Weeks to build a stern-wheel boat, 125 feet long, 25 feet beam and 3 feet 6 inches hold, temporarily put up on the stocks, built in sections, numbered, taken down again, and shipped to the Colorado river. She was put together at Fort Yuma, and did good work in her time. In October, 1860, Captain Wm. Curry and Captain Jones, old time friends of Mr. Owens, contracted with him to build a side-wheel steamboat to be called the "Enterprise." Her length on load line was 140 feet, beam 28 feet, and hold 7 feet 6 inches.

He commenced to lay down the boat on the 23d of October, 1860, and by the New Year she was ready for launching. She was built at Steamboat Point, between Third and Fourth streets, Townsend and the bay, a part of the city now covered with the tracks and sheds of the S. P. R. R. freight warehouses. Later the "Enterprise," after having seen considerable service, was sold to an English company and went to British Columbia to engage in the traffic opened up through the discovery of new gold fields. At this time Mr. Owens was high authority with the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., and was often called upon to make surveys on different vessels arriving at the port of San Francisco. Many times when called upon for his opinion, with $50 or $100 as a fee, he would shrug his shoulders and say: "I guess you would rather have some other man to survey, as I would not make a coffin for any man."

—— OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY ——

It was now the beginning of a new decade. Times were changing. John G. North* had left Steamboat Point and gone over on the Potrero to organize what was afterwards

*See January, 1895, OVERLAND.

LIBRARY

known as "North's Marine Railway," so in 1862 Mr. Owens applied to the Legislature for a franchise to be placed "On the water front of the Potrero Nuevo according to W. J. Lewis' map of 1856, for 25 years, and out to water 12 feet deep," "For the purpose of constructing and maintaining a Marine Railway, at a probable cost of about $50,000." This was granted, and in November, 1862, he began to build his "ways" at what was later known as "Owens' Yard," for hauling out, cleaning and repairing vessels of moderate size. There was a great deal of repairing on old vessels done here, notably the "John L. Stevens" and the "America," these old-timers being as well known as the "Rolling Moses." On the 19th of January, 1863, a contract was signed with Captains Curry and Jones to build a side-wheel steamer, to be called the "Amelia," so named after the wife of Captain James Whitney, of the California Steam Navigation Company.

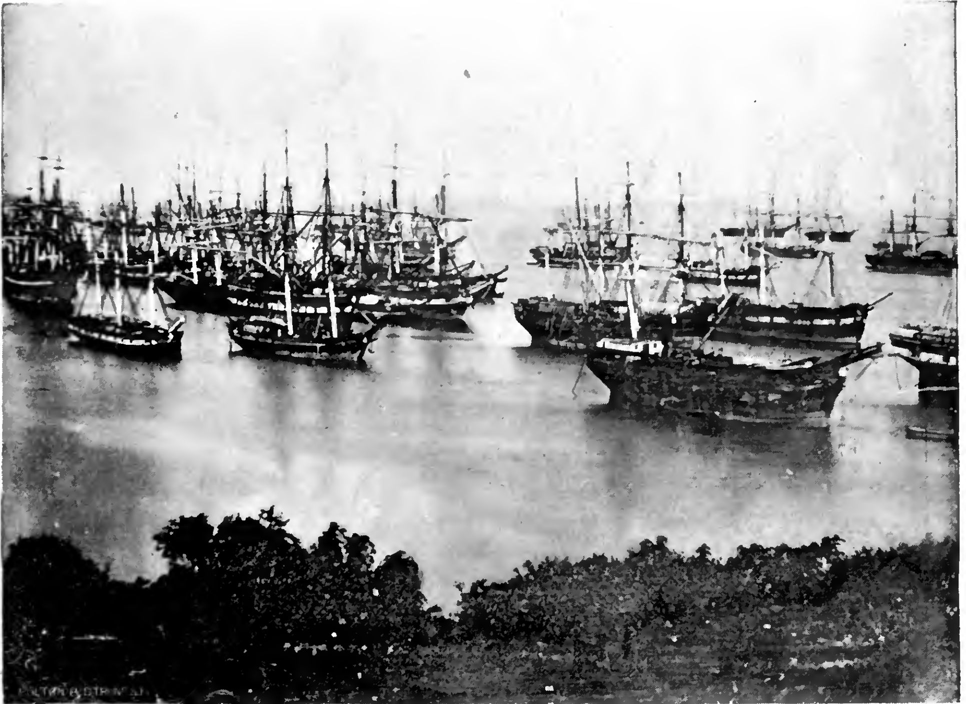
This vessel was 145 feet long, 29 feet beam, 8 feet 6 inches hold, and was launched one beautiful moonlight evening from the stocks of the Owens' yard, where the magnificent plant of the Union Iron Works now stands. This was on the 30th of May, 1863.

Now comes the days of the "Opposition" on the Sacramento river, when the music of the steam "calliope" on the steamer "Chin du Wan" could be heard from one end of the city to the other. In order to add one more to the fleet which elbowed each other at Washington, Clay and Jackson-street wharves, Mr. Owens contracted with Captain Geo. W. Kidd on September 30th, 1863, to build a side-wheel boat, to be called the "Washoe," named after a celebrated silver mining company of Nevada, then coming into great prominence.

His foreman at this time was Mr. Austin Hills, who had also occupied the same po-

—— DURING THE GOLD ——

sition at the North ship yard, and who afterwards built the "Encinal," a ferry boat now plying between San Francisco and Alameda. The boat for Captain Kidd was begun on the 12th of October, 1863, and launched at 11 A. M. on the 12th of April, 1864. Her dimensions were, length 165 feet, beam 31 feet 6 inches, depth of hold 8 feet 6 inches. She proved herself a success, and made good time having many a

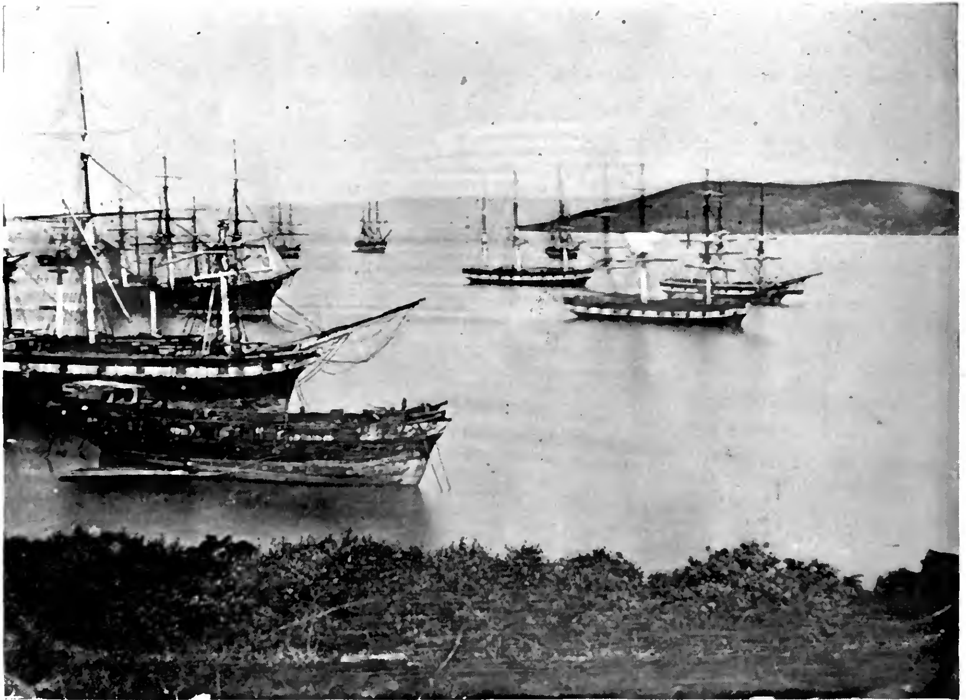


—— EXCITEMENT OF ——

splendid race with the regular line, and warming up many an old steamboat man, with the real Mississippi enthusiasm. But the fate of this boat will be remembered by old San Franciscans, as she was blown up while on her trip coming down from Sacramento. The remains of some of her unfortunate passengers were found a mile from the wreck of the vessel, and months afterward the mutilated remains of the body of a woman was found among the tules, and recognized by a gold watch and necklace found on her. Many of us who read this account will remember the thrill of horror when the news boys shouted, "Explosion of the opposition steamer 'Washoe;' all on board killed," through the streets. Everybody knew everybody else those days, and could sympathize with those who sorrowed for the dead. The next monument to the skill of Mr. Owens was a deep water steamship built to the order of Mr. Benj. Holiday and intended for the outside coast trade. Her keel was laid on the Potrero, at the Owens' yard, on the 8th of September, 1865, and she was called the "Del Norte;" she was launched at 9 A. M. on the 10th of December, 1865, and christened by Miss Lizzie Foley. The career of the "Del Norte" as a fast and well built vessel, is well known to all sea-going folk.

In 1865 in friendly connection with Cap-

tain J. G. North, the "Contra Costa," a steamer built by Mr. North for Charles Minturn to be used as a ferry steamer between Oakland and San Francisco, was hauled out on Owens' ways, cut in two, and about thirty feet added to her original length. This was considered quite a feat in steamboat work, and had been previously done, in the case of the "Cornelia" at Steamboat Point by Captain North.



—1849-50.

Times now became somewhat dull, people said that steamboat building on this coast was dead, never to be revived. Mr. Owens thought this a good time to pay a long promised visit to his old home in Wales.

He did so, but like all the rest, he came back loving San Francisco the better for the comparison between the new and the old order of things.

On his return, and times improving, he contracted on the 8th of May, 1867, to build a steamboat for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for Panama, to be used as a tender. Her length on a 4-foot 6-inch load line was 219 feet 6 inches, beam 38 feet, depth of hold 10 feet. She was launched on October 12th, 1867, at high water, 11 A. M., and called the "Ancon." This was the last vessel built by Owens; after that he rented the yard to other parties, and the steamer "North Pacific" was built and sent up to Puget Sound, to be used as a passenger boat. The big outside schooner, "Rosella," was built here by the brothers Jim and John McDonald, also other vessels.

The Owens yard was purchased by R. H. Pearson on the 10th of March, 1868, and Mr. Owens left the Potrero in 1873, but held an interest there until his death on the 5th of February, 1875.

Captain Austin Hills, whose name is so well and favorably known among the ship

JOHN DICKIE.

building fraternity, was born in Rockland, Maine, on the 12th of November, 1823.

Nurtured on the rock-bound and stern New England coast, where the waters of Penobscot Bay and the Atlantic meet, it was no wonder that Austin Hills' boyish aspirations were turned toward the sea, and with those who go down the sea in ships. After having received a liberal education, he went into a ship yard to pass the regular seven years apprenticeship. For several years he worked as a journeyman, and many of the vessels which carried some of the Argonauts to the "Golden Shore" hailed from the "Rockland Ship Yard." Mr. Hills began business in Rockland on his own account a little while after the news of the discovery of gold on this western coast startled the people of the East. There was a brisk call for seagoing craft, and he contracted for and built, among others, the barks "Rambler" and "Trajan," and the "Architect," which afterward came to California, and broke a time record in the early fifties. The bright glamour of this Golden Gate of ours sent out its rays even as far east as Rockland, and Mr. Hills, seeing an opportunity to better himself, and also to see something of "California and its Possibilities," concluded to give up his business East and start again in San Francisco. He arrived here in the prime of manhood in 1862, and immediately found work at Captain North's ship yard. The fine Sacramento steamer "Yosemite" was in frame, and Mr. Hills went on as foreman of the yard. He remained here some years, working on many of the well known vessels sent out from these works.

Later he went to Owens' ship yard as foreman, and while here the "Julia" was built and launched, and the "Washoe" (that later was blown to pieces on the Sacramento river) was also sent off a finished production of the ship-builder's art. Mr. Hills had now been several years from his home, and the longing came over him to see his family again, so after finishing up several

WM. A. BOOLE.

JAMES DICKIE.

other vessels, he went back to Rockland. While at home he found it impossible to remain inactive, so he went down to the old yard and built for deep water traffic, among others, a three masted schooner called the "D. B. Everette." This vessel was a noted one in her day on account of her fine model. Mr. Hills concluded to return to this coast, and soon after his arrival he contracted for and built a stern-wheel boat, barge and some other bay craft for the Colorado Company. W. E. Collier, (whose father and uncle were so well known in New York and Green Point, and who, I believe, built the magnificent sound steamer "Mary Powell") came out to this coast and modeled the well known bay ferry boats "Garden City," "Newark" and "Bay City." Mr. Hills took charge and completed them.

Mr. Hills then built the steamboat which is now running regularly between Alameda and San Francisco, the "Encinal," and she is a prime favorite with the traveling public. As one of her patrons said not long ago in summing up her good points: "She won't shake the glasses off your nose, nor your false teeth out of your mouth."

The "Encinal" is 268 feet beam over all, 40 feet breadth of beam and 16 feet depth of hold. She cost about $170,000, and was built for the South Pacific Coast Rail road Co. when James Fair was sole owner, and was afterward turned over to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company when they consolidated the two companies. Mr. Hills has spent a most active and useful life, and in the thirty-four years spent in San Francisco he has seen the bay and river fleet grow to enormous proportions, but he says with a sigh and a sympathizing glance at the new comer, "You may have seen grand sights East, but you never saw the 'Chrysopolis' or 'Yosemite' or 'Capital' coming down the river with all lights lit, on a beautiful summer night; nor have you ever heard the cheerful 'toot' of the Opposition boat's calliope; nor have you noticed the mournful wail of the whistles foggy mornings crossing the bay."

HENRY OWENS.

MR. MIDDLEMAS' NARRATIVE.

ARRIVING in San Francisco in the early part of 1854, in the spring of 1858 I went to Puget Sound to build a side-wheel steamer for John Scranton, who was then carrying the mail on the Sound; when the work was about half finished his contract with the government expired, and failing to get it renewed, work on the boat was suspended. Some time after this Captain John T. Wright bought the vessel and completed her.

In 1860 I built the schooner "Pride of the West" in San Francisco; the following year the schooner "Union Forever," and in 1863 the schooner "General Sigel;" the same year I went to Puget Sound and built the steamer "George S. Wright" for Captain John T. Wright; he afterward sold her to the Western Union Telegraph Company.

GEORGE MIDDLEMAS.

I then returned to San Francisco, and in 1864 built the schooner "Glenarm" for the redwood lumber trade. In 1865 I built the steam tug "Rabboni," the first tug boat to tow vessels over the Columbia River Bar.

The next year I built the schooner "Amanda Ager" for the Alaska cod fish trade, three stern-wheel steamers and a steam propeller for the Western Union Telegraph Company; they were at that time interested in laying a cable to Europe via Behring Straits; the stern wheeler "Solano" to carry wheat on the bay for Captain Matthew; also a side-wheel ferry boat called the "Lizzie," and the first ferry to ply between Mare Island and Vallejo. She was built for John Maguire.

In 1867 I started the caisson for the dry dock at Hunter's Point, and did all the wood work connected with the dock. The following year I built the steam tug "Joseph H. Redmond" at Hunter's Point, and the steamer "Gipsy," owned by Goodall, Perkins & Co.

In 1869 I built the steam tug "Neptune" at Hunter's Point, and in 1872 built the side-wheel steamer "Governor Stanford" at the head of Lake Tahoe, Nevada. She was a pleasure boat 100 feet long.

In 1874 I built the schooner "General Miller."

In 1876 built steam tug "Tacoma" for Hanson & Ackerson. She has always been on Puget Sound. In 1878 I built the steam tug "Ætna," now owned and run by the Merchants and Shipowners' Tow Boat Company.

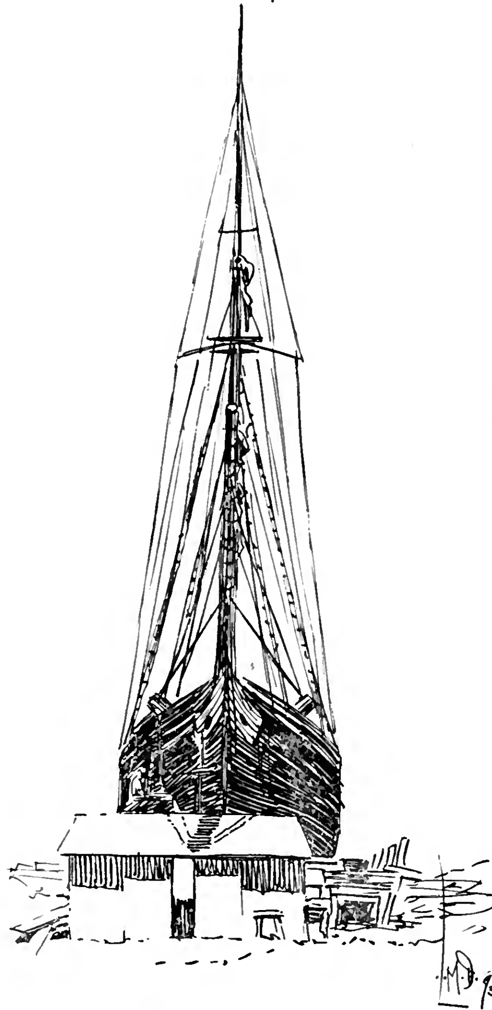
I made the models and plans for the schooners "Sea Nymph" and "Ocean Pearl," steam tug "Blakeley" for Renton, Holmes & Co.; in 1868 bark "Forest Queen;" bark "Cassandra Adams," with a carrying capacity of 2,000 tons, was built for the lumber and grain trade to Europe; the tug "Richard

Holyoke" and single-deck ship "Olympia" were designed for W. J. Adams. The vessel was 230 feet long, 44 feet beam and 18 feet depth of hold, and built expressly for the lumber trade on the coast, carrying 1,400,000 feet of lumber.

I also designed and modeled four vessels for Pope & Talbot, barkentine "Kitsap," barkentine "Skagit," steam tug "Tyee," four masted schooner "Kitsap." Also the tug "Governor Irwin" for the Harbor Commissioners.

In 1888 I modeled and planned the schooner "W. F. Jewett" for the Gardiner Mill Company. Model and plans for a tug at Yaquina Bay for the Oregon Development Company, tug "Mogul," now running on Puget Sound, and tug "Lorne," owned by R. Dunsmuir & Sons, Victoria, B. C. The latter is 154 feet 8 inches long, 26½ feet beam and 14 feet 3 inches depth of hold.

Geo. Middlemas.



Some twenty-five years ago Mr. Middlemas formed a partnership with Mr. Wm. A. Boole.

Mr. Boole comes of excellent English stock that early settled in the British Provinces. He came to Boston, however, when quite young, and there he was educated and began his life work. He selected the trade of shipwright and was regularly apprenticed, and became a thoroughly proficient workman. He was engaged with Samuel Hall, the Boston ship builder, who turned out many splendid vessels. Ambitious to make a success of his life, Mr. Boole started for California by way of Panama, arriving in this city in 1853. He went to the mines in Tuolumne County. It was the dry season, however, and no mining was being done. In consequence of this he left. Going to Mare Island, where were then building the docks for a navy yard, he worked there for a time, and then returned to San Francisco.

When the Western Union Telegraph Company had the intention of building a line through Siberia, Mr. Boole went north and built a steamer for the company, the "Mumford," named after the manager.

This firm are managing owners, indeed, of five of our largest ships—the "Kennebec," the "Ericson," the "Commodore," the "Valley Forge" and the "Southern Chief."

HANS R. REED.

CAPTAIN REED'S NARRATIVE.

"MY CAREER as a ship-builder on the Pacific Coast," says Capt. Hans R. Reed, "dates from 1860, when I arrived from my home in Norway and went over to that haven for all our countrymen, Capt. John G. North's shipyard on the Potrero. I must premise by saying that I was born in Norway, that home of the ancient sea rovers and vikings, in the year 1840, and was one of three brothers, Olaf, Edward and myself. We lived on the sea shore, and heard the waters of the North Sea continually calling to us to go forth into other fields of labor, for the Norseman's blood is not as cold as the Norse climate, and comparative inaction is not his forte. I learned my trade, passed my examinations, and worked at the various shipyards in Norway until I left. I arrived here in San Francisco in April, 1860, and immediately found work at Captain North's yard. The old steamer "Bro. Jonathan" had just been hauled out and was to be rebuilt from stem to stern, and I was employed on her. Those were lively days for the Potrero, although the only way to get there was to go down to Third Street wharf and hail Nelson with the "Dart" or Johnnie Fohlmer of the "Restless" and be carried over "if the tide served," or to work your way around through "Butchertown" and take in the "seventy and seven" distinct smells with which that part of the peninsula abounded. I worked on all the vessels that were built there, notably the "Reform," the first steamboat built for the California Transportation Company, Captain Andrew Nelson, President, for the carrying of fruit on the Sacramento River; the "Yosemite," that ran for years on the river and was a noble example of skilled workmanship; on the "Capital," the largest river boat built in the State; on the twin schooners "George Lewis" and "Euphemia." For seven years I worked under the able instructions

AUSTIN HILLS.

of Captain North; then shipbuilding, locally speaking, getting slack, I went to Mare Island where I was employed on Government work for nearly a year. I began then to branch out for myself and started up the coast looking out for a place to locate. My first work was at Davenport Landing where I built the first sailing vessel, the "Jennie Thelin." This was in Santa Cruz County and my two brothers were concerned in the venture. The "Jennie Thelin" is still sailing the high seas, and has been a most successful vessel. From here I went to Coos Bay, Oregon, in 1869. Here I received the contract from the Oregon Coal Company to build for them a steamer fitted for their trade. I got out the frame for her, having my pick from the fine timber of that region, and shipped it to San Francisco, (as the facilities for handling heavy timbers and machinery at that time in Coos Bay were limited.) landed it at Owens' shipyard, Potrero, right where the magnificent plant of the Union Iron Works, Irving M. Scott, President, now stands. I set up the vessel, completed and launched her. She was called the Eastport, and was the first steamer built for the Oregon coal trade of Coos Bay. After the Eastport was completed I went to that paradise of the lumber trade, Port Madison, Washington, and built the steamer "Empire" that still makes regular trips between San Francisco and way ports; barkentine "S. M. Stetson," well known as a lumber vessel; schooner "W. H. Phelps" noted as a fast sailer. Later I built the four masted schooner "Puritan," quite an innovation on existing sailing craft, two and three masts having been thought sufficient. However, the "Puritan" proving a success, there were others soon following her; she, however, was the first four masted vessel from that port. I now left here and located at Marshfield, Coos Bay, Oregon, in 1874, and constructed many vessels that are now in active service, and among them the steamers "Coos Bay" and "Antelope;" and schooners "Panonia," "Laura May," "Jennie Stella," "C. H. Merchant," "Glen," "John G. North," "Dakota," "Viking," "Jennie Maud;" barkentines "George C. Perkins" and "C. C. Funk." After having spent several years in Marshfield, and seen the place develop from a simple lumber port to quite a beautiful little town, I left there and located my ship yard at Bandon, Coos County, Oregon. I have here designed and constructed the following vessels, which are said to be fine models of their class: Four steamers called respectively "Triumph," "Alert," "Homer" and "Dispatch," and several schooners for the ever growing commerce of this glorious coast. Among them are the "Silver Wave," "Mascot" and "Manchester." There are wonderful possibilities for the advancement of the mechanical branch of labor on this coast, and nowhere is there more improvement shown in the appliances toward the getting out of the magnificent timber of Washington and Oregon than here and on the Sound. In the office of the Bandon Woolen Mills, in the Mills Building rotunda, may be seen a model of a steamer I expect to build in the coming year, constructed of the different woods of this county. Some of them cannot be duplicated in any part of of the world.

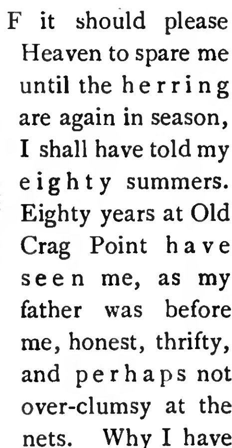
DICKIE BROS.

THE firm of Dickie Bros., Shipbuilders, was composed of John and James Dickie. They were born in Arbroath, Scotland, John in 1842, James in 1847. They landed in America in 1870, coming direct to San Francisco, where they started ship-building in 1871. Their first vessel was the Revenue cutter "Oliver Wolcott." During the years they were in business they built forty-four vessels, besides boats, launches, barges, etc.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PAUL AND MIGNONETTE.

THE LAST OF THE ARCADIANS.



IF it should please Heaven to spare me until the herring are again in season, I shall have told my eighty summers. Eighty years at Old Crag Point have seen me, as my father was before me, honest, thrifty, and perhaps not over-clumsy at the nets. Why I have been condemned to remain so long out of paradise, I cannot say.

Ah, yes! I have slipped through the meshes of the Almighty's net now for these many years; yet, knowing I must, in the end, be taken too, I await the inevitable with serenity, nor do I think my cheeks will blanch or my heart quicken its pulse, when on that day, I look the great Fisher in the face.

My days move by in a quiet progress. That adjunct of age, reminiscence, which is the judgment of an evil life, as it is the solace of an upright one, has happily been my comfort for years. Long since has it been my joy to marshal the incidents and characters of my life, and review them with deliberation. In this manner do I beguile many hours that might else have proven weary, lessening to others the burden of my care, and deriving for my own consolation sweet comfort from the storehouse of the past.

To one like me, who has spent eighty years on these waters and headlands, such visions must, of necessity, be similar and peaceful. There is one that perpetually recurs to me and each time awakens the same emotions of pleasure and pain. Alas! it is the vision of Paul and Mignonette!

It must appear strange to others that I so often sit in the sun before my cabin, smiling, and yet sighing. Perhaps sometimes I weep—though I hope not. It is then that I am thinking of those lovers who, years ago, were very happy and very miserable; who lived for their love and died for their love, on the glistening white beach below me.

Certes, it is I should know the story. Tormaso was by me that night on the beach? Very well. But was it not I saw the marriage, and so stood spiritual sponsor to the lovers? So then I am the proper person to tell the story, who knew it best, and has told it oftenest. This then it is.

On a sultry day in June, sixty years ago, with my hamper of fish, I toiled up the dusty road that leads from Old Crag Point to the town. My load was heavy, it being the beginning of smelt season.

The sun plays scurvy tricks, sometimes, at the Point, scorching down furiously on one's back and streaming up into one's face, reflected from the hot stones in the road. The perspiration dropped from my forehead, my eyes swam and my head throbbed with the great heat. When I reached the White Chapel I said to myself, "there is no hurry; I will rest a moment."

It had been built, many years before, by a pious Dominican friar out of gratitude to the Holy Virgin, who had miraculously preserved him at this spot when his foot had turned on a stone and he had else inevitably

fallen to his death down Graystone Cañon, three hundred feet below.

The little building, nestling in the dark foliage of a clump of bays, promised a refreshing coolness. Within, I knew there were quaintly carven benches and a brown vaulted roof, made of stained hemlock and pine. "The altar," I said to myself, "will soothe me with its sombre trappings of purple velvet and silver. The paper flowers and wax ornaments will appear beautiful after this walk in the sun." So I placed my hamper in the shade, and went in.

The coolness was delicious. I bared my head, and, observing a nook that was in deep shadow from an abutting cornice, I crossed to it; and, believing myself beyond the observation of any, who, allured as I had been by this peaceful retreat, might by chance enter, I fell asleep.

How long I slept I cannot say, but when I awoke I perceived I was not alone. A young man and maiden had entered and, with hands shyly joined, were kneeling before the altar. They were unconscious of my presence and I, unwilling to intrude upon their confidences, was on the point of retiring, when an exclamation from the maiden restrained me.

"Ah, Paul! I am trembling with joy! I love you! I love you!"

"Mignonette, fix your eyes on the crucifix and we will say it to Him together;" and they repeated, in voices choked with emotion, a simple formula they had evidently prepared beforehand:

"I take you to be my wife."

"I take you to be my husband."

"Sweet Virgin, look down and bless us."

Then they arose and embraced, whispering:

"My wife!"

"My husband!"

The sunlight fell about them like a benediction. But the lovers observed it not. Even God was forgotten.

For myself I was as one entranced. I dared not tarry on such holy ground. I left the chapel, moving noiselessly. The bliss of the lovers possessed me; and because of it my hamper was light and the path was no longer stony

As I walked I said to myself over and over: "Of a certainty the maid was old Marlow's Mignonette. This young man was the stranger from Hamlin. He has been at the Point but a week or two, yet has he appeared an admirable youth, albeit without any trade, that I knew of. It must be that he has wealth, and a good heart as well, for I myself saw him bear a portion of meat and a flagon of water to poor Mistress Lackie whom God had punished with poverty and blindness. And he has loved our Mignonette, and wedded her too! For they are surely wedded. Ah, yes! They are surely wedded!"

So my progress to Hamlin was half a dream, so constantly did I think of the lovers. Upon my return to the Point everyone was talking of the marriage. They said that Paul and Mignonette had walked through the village, and on to Marlow's cabin, saying proudly to the people that passed them: "Do you not see? We are married."

Old Crag Point is no better, nor worse, than every other fishing hamlet—and nothing was talked of but the lovers.

It would have been hard to have forgotten them, so continually were they before us. They would pass days on the beach together, gazing at Heaven knows what; or, reclining under the pines, hold each other's hands, and fancy they had kingdoms somewhere among the clouds. No one had the heart to distress them or annoy. Poor little lovers! They were among the angels!

Marlow, who was a hard working fellow, tried to make a fisherman of Paul. The attempt was a failure. Paul's eyes remained fixed on the shore all day, nor did he once

draw out his line to see if the fish had cleaned his hook. When we carried out the day's catch from the boats, Paul was so overcome at the thought that Mignonette was watching, that he stumbled over the tiller lines, casting his basket of fish into the sea. Yet what would you have? He was a lover.

Thus the days fled for Paul and Mignonette. Sometimes they gathered flowers which they made into bouquets for Mistress Lackie and others of the stricken poor with whom we were burdened. Sometimes they passed whole days beneath the pines, whispering together. Each day they visited the wayside chapel where I had first seen them together, and prayed that the Virgin would continue to bless them. Thus lived these children, as happy as the flowers of the field—till sorrow came.

I scarcely know, at this distant day, what it was that made us fear that clouds were gathering over the heads of Paul and Mignonette. The youth himself had acquainted us with but little of his history, although we often pressed him to speak of it. From what we learned from Mignonette it appeared he had rich relations who would not take kindly to his new condition. On this account he had taken care that they should not know.

It was on a stormy night in July, that Paul's family sought to reclaim him. Oh, night of horror! Never can I forget it!

Shortly before dusk, and just after the fishing boats had come in from the Heads, a vessel, rigged a merchantman, anchored outside the harbor. No boats were put to shore from her and the utmost secrecy prevailed on board. This arrival caused no little comment at the time, but was shortly forgotten, we supposing her to be a smuggler. Such incidents were common in those days. But a boat did land, although we did not know it.

An hour or so after dark Paul and Mignonette, as was their custom, were walking on the beach. The night was dark and there was promise of a storm and Paul had removed his cape to wrap about Mignonette to protect her from the sand that the gusts raised about them in swirls, when, without warning, half a dozen men sprang from the black shadow of a rock, seized the youth and bore him, struggling desperately, to a skiff. He tore away for a moment the hands that covered his mouth, and cried, "These are my father's men! Have no fear; I shall return to you." Then the skiff was run hurriedly out into the surf and rowed in the direction of the merchantman.

Beside herself with fear, Mignonette fled back to the Point and aroused the hamlet by her cries and prayers. We did not need to be shown our duty; every man and woman in the town hurried to the beach upon the first word of the disaster.

Active preparations for departure were being made on board the merchantman. We could see, by the light of her lanterns, that the anchor was already being weighed, and that the men who had manned the skiff were safe on the deck of the vessel.

The sea was now running at a furious pace, and the waves that broke on the bar dashed spray and gravel high over our heads. No craft could live in such weather, and, after one or two attempts to launch a fishing boat, we gave up all hopes, and in despair and silence watched the movements of the sloop. Mignonette besought us on her knees to try but once again, but we knew there was no hope and were forced to refuse though it tried us sore.

For the most part our attention was directed to the extreme stern of the vessel where a serious altercation seemed in progress. A group of those in command were gesturing violently and frequently pointed toward a sailor who stood near, over whom two stalwart seamen stood guard. As we looked, the captive broke from their grasp

by an unexpected movement, and, leaping across the deck, sprang high over the rail into the sea. By the light of the lanterns we had recognized Paul.

Immediately the excitement on the sloop was not less than that on the land. Orders were rapidly given and men rushed about as if distracted. Three attempts were made to lower the skiff away in safety, but each time it was overturned before it had well touched the water. On the ship and on the shore there remained but to await the outcome of the youth's rash venture.

From the sloop to the beach where we stood was a distance of less than a mile. To traverse this abyss of water on such a night we knew to be well nigh impossible. The swimmer's sole hope was to cross the bar on the crest of a billow, and so sweep on to the shore. The bar once passed, there might be hope.

With the dread in our hearts that the attempt would prove futile, we awaited breathlessly the first appearance of the swimmer. Shortly we made him out, tossing among the hissing breakers, rapidly nearing the bar. Our hearts stood still as his billow mounted toward the reef, and, with a crash of thunder, was shattered upon it. Immediately after, a great shout went up from the ship and the shore, for Paul was over the bar and on his way to the land.

The seconds seemed dragging into small eternities as we waited. Then a roaring mountain of water lifted him bodily out of the sea and dashed him at our feet. Trembling hands carried him beyond the reach of the waves, and smoothed back the dripping curls. A hundred eager faces looked into his, then turned away with a sob. A courageous heart was still. The boy was dead.

We bore him amid lamentation to old Marlow's cabin, and the following day made him a grave in his favorite spot, beneath the pines.

In less than a month Mignonette was laid beside him. The stricken flower had drooped from day to day. "Ah, why must I live without him," she would say with pitiful moaning. One day, God smiled down and beckoned her home. Her last whisper was, "My Paul! At last, my Paul!"

Such is the history of Paul and Mignonette. The events here set down transpired more than sixty years ago. This is, I know, a very long while, but if Heaven spare me until the herring are again in season I shall have seen my eighty summers.

Perhaps it seems strange to others that I so often sit in the sun before my cabin, here, smiling and yet sighing; but it is then that I am thinking of those lovers who, years ago, were very happy and very miserable; who lived for their love and died for their love on the glistening white beach below me.

Charles F. Howell.

ELVIRA'S CHANCE.

A KANSAS IDYL.

ELVIRA!

No answer. Sullenly the girl continued to milk, two white streams flowing alternately, with measured rhythm into the pail. The foam rose steadily.

"There—so—stand over!" she muttered, ignoring the querulous voice.

"Elvira!" wistfully, "I'll strain the milk to-night. You needn't bother. I want you to go right straight to bed and get a good night's sleep. Elvira!—Why don't you answer?"

"I didn't know you asked me anything. What do you want me to say?"

"You will go to bed, won't you Elvira? You ought to get all the sleep you can."

"I expect I will, I guess we'll both go to bed. I don't see why I need sleep any more than you do. I don't see why I shouldn't strain the milk same as I always have."

Again the two milked in silence. The twilight deepened. Stars were out. A gentle wind from vast spaces drifted by. The plaintive note of a night-bird came across the invisible prairies. From the posts of the corral, crickets called to one another. The corn-field close at hand was murmurous with growth. Mosquitoes were abroad, and the cows were restless.

Twice Elvira rose and emptied the contents of her milking-pail into a larger one outside the bars. The movement brought her into line with the narrow road which stretched through the corn-field from the corral to the house. Its dimming perspective was closed by the barn, which had gathered to itself all the light of the afterglow. Against its pale surface, a dark horse stood in dim relief. Elvira leaned forward while a warm color mounted to her face, and she smiled in the dusk. She understood her mother's solicitude.

"Elvira! why don't you hurry up and finish your milking?"

"Yes, mother. So there!" she said and sat down at the left side of the cow.

Like most Kansas farmers they worked in the fields till sundown, then they did the chores. There were horses, chickens, pigs and calves to feed. After this, Elvira went to find the cows, while her mother cooked the supper. In the long summer days, it was always nine o'clock before the work was finished.

"There," said Elvira, as she hung the box she used for a stool upon a fence post. "Aint' you most through mother?"

"I don't believe you've milked those last cows dry. You seem to be in a dreadful hurry!"

"I thought you wanted me to get to bed," said Elvira defensively.

"And so I do, Elvira. You don't get sleep enough."

The woman rose, stretching upward her lean back and shoulders, rounded by much toil.

Her maternal solicitude had lately been aroused. At times she found herself fretful and querulous—and it was so necessary that she should be calm, wise, diplomatic.

"Don't hurry so, Elvira." She herself was closing the bars with desperate haste. Elvira had started toward the house.

"Well, mother, what *do* you want?" She spoke pettishly. She felt as if her feet were winged, and yet she must wait. "First you want me to rush right to bed, and then you want me to lag along all night. I don't believe you know what you do want."

"Elvira, you have no call to speak to your mother in that way."

"Well!" said Elvira. It was evident that she sympathized with herself.

They walked on. The singing corn was all about them, save in front, where the dark horse had grown larger but not more distinct in the deepening twilight. Half way down the path, Mrs. Fulson set down her two pails of milk.

"Elvira, I want to talk to you. You know as well as I do that that Melville Wright is at the house waiting for you. You have nothing to do with the likes of him. If you're the girl you ought to be—a Fulson and a Matney—you'll go right in and straight to bed. Say good-evening to him civil, and go right into your room. He hasn't any business to come here this time of night anyway."

"Why, mother, I don't think *that's* being civil. 'Twould be just the same no matter when he come. If it's in the daytime you say I've got to work!"

"Yes! Your mother works you to death!"

"Aw! You know I didn't say that. Well—have it that way if you want to!"

"Such as *he* has no business to come here anyway Elvira. But I'll treat him right. Nobody's ever come to my house that wasn't treated polite. *I'll* entertain him."

Elvira tittered nervously. There was a note of anger in the sound. She stirred the fine dust with her bare toes.

"I aint no objections to him for a step-father. Of course I'll go to bed and get out of the way," she said flippantly.

The older woman blushed with shame and then turned white. To be thus defamed, and by the lips of a daughter! She picked up her milk-pails and walked on in silence. Elvira followed, repressing the contrition that struggled at her heart. She had not always questioned the judgment of her mother. But lately had she learned to demur, to disagree, to rebel. But lately new thoughts had crowded into her brain, and made her heart, restless, and barbed her tongue.

They emerged from the corn into the open space of the door-yard, and turned to the low frame house, unpainted, weather-stained. From the bench by the door a lounging figure rose.

"Good eveni'n' Mis' Fulson, 'Howdy Elvira." Elvira with a stiff 'good-evening' passed into the house.

"Why, is that you, Mr. Wright, sitting here in the dark by yourself! Come in. I'll get a lamp."

They went into the little kitchen. Mrs. Fulson stumbled over a chair, and the physical jar brought to her eyes the tears which her anxiety and that last coarse stab had already prepared. She fumbled on the shelf for a match, and was noisy and awkward about lighting the lamp. Elvira went straight to her room and shut the door with a bang. Hers was not the dignified with-drawal that Mrs. Fulson had desired. Melville Wright gave a low, soft whistle.

"I hadn't noticed the weather a risin'," he ventured jocularly. "They come mighty sudden, them wind storms."

Mrs. Fulson's hospitable soul was fain to apologize,—to say that Elvira wasn't feeling well,—she worked too hard. But, "Let him think she's mad, cure him quicker," she thought.

"I hadn't noticed no storm coming. Do you think we'll have one to-night? We're so shut in since the corns got so big, we don't see them till their right over our heads."

"I guess you won't need t' prop yer

doors shut t'night, Mrs. Fulson. I wasn't referrin' t' the elements."

"There," said Mrs. Fulson placing a chair, "Set down Mr. Wright." Then she strained the milk and put it away on the shelves, covering the pans with square boards, and talking volubly the while.

Her guest assented in monosyllables to her views of the crops and the weather, while he furtively watched the door which Elvira had slammed, but she came not.

Her work finished, Mrs. Fulson brought forward a chair and sat down, wrapping her hands in her apron. She sighed wearily, but her face wore its company smile.

"I declare, Mr. Wright, if I didn't forget to take your hat. Do let me hang it up."

"No, I guess not. It's gettin' late."

It occurred to him that his presence there was not accounted for. He had supposed he came to see Elvira, but it appeared he had not. The prim little woman sitting before him with her polite solicitude and her pretentious dignity, dismayed him. Suddenly he was inspired.

"I was a-wonderin' Mis' Fulson, ef ye didn't want t'sell any o' them spring shotes o' yourn. I've got some last years corn left over, an' I 'low I could make some money on 'em."

He crossed one leg over his knee, and rotated his felt hat on his hand. His boyish face was grave and calculating.

"I expect you want to fat 'em for the fall market?" She too entered into the spirit of bargain, and tilted her head a fraction to one side—her business attitude.

"Yes'm, thet's my idear."

She pondered.

"It don't seem as if I could bring my mind to having those little pigs killed. I've raised them by hand ever since they were born. The old sow is that unfeeling, she eats them up if we dont take 'em away. Elvira and I have named every one of them. They know their names. I can't find it in my heart to let them be killed. If you wanted them fcr *stock* hogs now?"

"Well, no, Mrs. Fulson, I dont need any stock hogs,—but I see how you feel about it. You've made pets of 'em. Thet's all right, only it aint payin'. But it's late. I'd better be goin'. Ef ye change yer mind, jest let me know," and he was gone, glad that she had refused to sell what he did not want to buy.

Mrs. Fulson's farm was over-stocked with scraggy, breedless creatures, and this state of affairs grew steadily worse, for every animal born on her property was thereby endowed with the right of life, liberty, and happiness. Only when necessity compelled her, would she part with one of them. So carefully did she protect the individuals that the species were fast dying out. Such thriftless ways made her the scorn of her neighbors. She knew it, and writhed.

"Of course he'll go and tell," she muttered as she sat alone in the kitchen.

Long she sat there, dreading to enter the little room where she and her daughter slept together, fearing she should find Elvira sitting, accusing and rebellious, by the window, ready with some of those cutting little speeches of hers, such as only youth and ignorance in the grasp of a first passion can utter. She pictured her so, staring out at the moonlight, armored by her sense of abuse. Worse still, she might be undressed and in bed, crowded as close as possible to the wall. There they would lie through all the night, sleepless, saying nothing.

"Oh, Elvira, Elvira," moaned the heart of the woman and mother. She was sore distressed, and knew not what to do, for Elvira was growing away from her. The close communion of their earlier years had ceased. The mother had become questioning, watchful, suspicious, the daughter shy, reserved, petulent.

Sitting in her shadowy kitchen, she tried to reason it out.

"It's because she's got her growth before she's got her education. She's got to turn her mind to something, and he's the best she's ever seen. If she was only studying now, she wouldn't give no thought to such as him. It wouldn't ever be in her heart to talk so to her mother. She aint had a fair chance, and I've done my best. Oh, my little girl, my little girl!" and the kitchen table trembled with the rest.

Mrs. Fulson had not always been a proud woman. Her days of arrogance, tempered by a gracious reserve which she called "being civil," had come with her maternity.

One small daughter had isolated her completely from her kind. What had satisfied her for herself, did not satisfy her for her daughter. The best in the world was not too good for that daughter. Some day she should have it, and be—a lady.

"Elvira shan't always have to dig the way I have. I plan for her to be a schoolteacher or a lecturer. She's got the brains for it. All she needs is the education, and I mean she shall have it, if we have to sell everything we've got!"

This she had confided to Mrs. Rockwell, her butter customer, who lived in Salina, ten miles away. Mrs. Rockwell had said:

"Why don't you send her to the Academy? If she will help with the work mornings she can stay with me. Suppose you send her next fall."

The fall had not yet come, and Elvira! Ah, Elvira! She had not been able to keep pace with those ambitions—healthy, commonplace, satisfied Elvira! As she grew older she longed for the companionship of her neighbors, and chafed against the restraints which placed her apart from them.

"They're not your kind, Elvira. You've no time for their foolishness, going to their dances, and such. I don't want every Tom, Dick and Harry to be dancing with you. Treat 'em polite, *always*, but remember you're a Fulson and a Matney.'

"Who were the Fulsons and the Matneys, anyway, mother? Elvira had once asked.

"Why land, child! They were your forefathers."

"I know, but what did they *do?*" and the mother did not know. Those dead and gone ancestors, who in some mysterious and yet never-doubted way, had been better than other people she had never known. She had a vague idea that her parents, good honest folk, had in their youth met reverses. Of their past she knew nothing, save that they had come from the East—but who had not? Yet somewhere, there where the sun rose, she knew that the Fulsons and the Matneys had gone down. And here was Elvira, their descendant—so pretty, so bright, so lovable—distraught by the cheap pleasures of ordinary people, and satisfied to be one of them—discontented, not with the hard work, which was the legitimate portion of all whom she knew, but with the isolation, which was to have its reward in the future. So the breach widened between her and the mother, whose really fine nature she could not understand and whose crude ambitions irritated her and filled her with contempt. Why must she walk along those high and lonely places where her ancestors had walked, when Melville of the sunny hair and joyous countenance and glad warm, human heart, loitered on lower but broader plains, and would fain have had her with him?

There comes to every girl a time when the mother love does not satisfy. It had *come to Elvira now.*

Bobbie Ballanger was on hand bright and early the next morning. Bobbie, one of those freckled-faced, useful boys, was their mainstay, their man-of-the-house. To-day he was to help Elvira put up the last wire along the south fence. On Saturday Mrs. Fulson carried her butter to market, and then, if the work was urgent, Bobbie was pressed into service.

Mrs. Fulson started to town as the sun rose. Her butter bucket hung from the right horn of her saddle, and its weight was sufficient to buy twelve pounds of sugar and a ten-cent lawn for Elvira. "She'll need it at the Academy, I might as well get it now," Mrs. Fulson told herself, her mind on propitious thoughts intent, for the atmosphere of injury was still dense around Elvira.

By nine o'clock the top wire was securely fastened to fifty rods of fence. Bobbie drove the wagon, from which the wire, revolving on a spindle, uncoiled. Elvira followed with hammer and staples and nailed it to the posts. The work, the bright sun and the beautiful day had sweetened her mood. Bits of song trilled from her lips, were deepened and mellowed in the sounding tunnel of her sunbonnet, spread abroad, and were to the appreciative ears of Bobbie, "like a meadow lark a pipin'."

Their conversation lagged because every now and then Bobbie had to drive on to uncoil more wire. While Elvira slowly caught up to him, he sat with his legs swinging over the back of the seat, ruminating. The scene was conducive to vastness of thought. Far to the south rolled the prairies. They stretched away in parallel ridges of ever-increasing vagueness, and curved to the north on either side. When that transient bit of scenery—the cornfield—was obliterated, these ridges completed their circles.

Certain speculations of Bobbie's were interrupted by the appearance of a dark horse —a dark horse with a rider—at the corner of the cornfield where they had commenced work that morning.

"Humph!" observed Bobbie spaciously.

How Elvira knew that Melville Wright was coming, who can tell? That she knew it, is certain, for at the sound of those hoof-beats she did not turn her head as she would have done had she not known. She kept steadily on with her work. It is also certain that she could not see him without turning, for her sun-bonnet permitted no vagrant glances.

"Well, Elvira, ye mad yit?" A staple was driven home with nicety and precision, and Elvira moved on to the next post. He followed, and again reining his horse, leaned forward easily on the pommel of his saddle.

"Ef that leetle cuss warn't starin' straight hyer, I'd *make* ye answer—ef ye be a Fulson and a Matney. How air the old fossils this mornin' any way? Hope to goodness they're more sociable 'n *you* be—leetle gal!" tenderly. And then Elvira's hammer went wrong and hit her finger. The hammer dropped and the finger disappeared in the depths of that bonnet.

"Jest be keerful o' them hands, Miss Fulson. When I walk off with 'em, I want 'em in good condition." He touched his horse and rode to the wagon.

What bribe was offered to the severe, exacting conscience of Bobbie, is not known, but soon he was mounted on the dark horse, and was off with the wind.

Elvira, still soothing her finger, heard those well-known steps return, and knew that the moment had come—the fateful moment, which in her heart was already decided.

One wild spasm of pity for that unconscious mother chilled her, and passed. She had no room then for alien sorrows.

Melville Wright pushed back his broad felt hat, seated himself on a grass-grown gopher mound, clasped his knees and spoke:

"The all-seein' eye hes removed itself, an' I guess you an' I will build this fence, Elvira. But I've got a few things to say first. You needn't be afraid. I aint goin' to tech ye—no more'n I would ef yer ma was hyer—an' Lord knows I wouldn't then, not with a ten-foot pole—tell I'd guve her fair warnin'. I've got a few things to say t' her, too, but we're workin' this on the American plan, an' I'll speak to her with

your consent, my dear. She thinks I aint good enough fer ye, an' Lord knows I aint, but no more I wouldn't be ef I owned a store, an' wore gloves an' talked French. Thet's her style. Ye needn't shake that bunnet o' yourn, fer I know *'tis.* By jiminey, Elvira, don't ye s'pose I know thet leetle woman? I know 'er like a book. I tell ye what 't is, leetle gal, ef ye was on the wrong side of a boilin' river, I'd 'uve been across long ago, but ye aint. Yer on the yon side of thet one leetle woman! But I'm a-comin', Elvira—with your consent. I aint good enough for *you,* but I'm good enough for all the dead grand-dads ye ever had, an' I'm a-goin' t' tell *her* so!" The last words brought him to his feet. "Elvira, shall we build this fence together?" Elvira handed him the hammer.

Melville Wright spent Sunday in strengthening his courage to the requirements of an interview with Mrs. Fulson. Several times that day he had tried to start, but the stiffness and the warmth of his heavy wool suit which was his Sunday best the year round, and which his ideas of the fitness of things compelled him to wear, had not tended to put him at ease with himself.

"There's goin' t' be a rumpus, an' me a-turnin' tail in my store clothes! Plague take it! I aint a Fulson an' a Matney if I have got on a biled shirt. I'll wait till to-morrer. It's heathen t' work on Sunday, anyhow!" and with the decision peace came to him.

Mrs. Fulson's house, barn and garden spot were in the middle of her corn field. "Makes it seem more retired—as if we had trees," she said to Elvira. It also gave her the sense of reserve, of hauteur, with which a hedge thick and high invests a gentleman's estate. From the time the corn reached the level of their eyes, till it was cut in the fall, their glimpses of the outside world were intermittent and few. Now and then a neighbor called. Nearly every day a hawk or buzzard sailed across the dome of their enclosure, the slow and stately motion bespeaking the repose and assurance of those who have traveled in the world and viewed it from exalted places. The winds, with their message, rustled through the corn; but were faint and almost silent before they reached her door. Still Mrs. Fulson had never been lonely. Had she not Elvira and her ambitions?

She was working in her garden Monday morning when Melville emerged from the corn, by way of the east road, into the little enclosure.

"Melville Wright again. I hope Elvira won't see him."

But Elvira had, and all of a quiver straightway shut herself in her bedroom.

Melville fastened his horse and went to the garden.

He greeted Mrs. Fulson's "good morning" with the smile of a comrade.

"It's about Elvira," he said, and waited.

The hoe handle on which she leaned trembled. The stoop of her frail figure was pathetic. The lines of her face were questioning, protesting. Her eyes were at bay. "You'd a thought 'twas butcherin' time, an' 'twas her turn," Melville told Elvira afterwards.

"I've asked her t'marry me, and she's said she would. We hope you're willin'." He paused.

It was his intention to treat the subject in a natural, off-hand manner. It was thus he hoped to keep his courage up. He had no idea how impertinent he appeared to her. Her trembling figure had stiffened. At first there were little gasping pauses between her sentences.

"My daughter is too young. She is going to the academy this fall—I don't want her mind hampered with no such ideas. You had no right to speak to her. What does she know about men? She's never seen any—no, not one!" She was roused now. She would show this impertinent fel-

low his place. "What business have *you* to marry *her*? She aint your kind! You've sneaked up behind my back, and tried to steal my daughter—you've set her against me, her own mother! Oh, I haven't been blind all this time. I've seen you edging her on,—making her discontented, and teaching her to talk back to her mother! She'd never have done it of her own accord. No, you *can't* have her. She ain't of age yet; and when she is she'll have more sense: she'll have seen the world. And now leave my place, and don't you ever set foot on it again!"

He quailed, but held his ground.

"Perhaps ye don't know that ef I tell Elvira not to go to school, horses kaint carry her thar. But I shant tell her nothin' of the sort. Send her! I'll rent my farm, an' go to school, too! I kept ahead of Elvira Fulson at the crooked school-house, an' I guess I can at the academy. You've al'es bragged on her brains. Lord, I've took prizes from her agin an' agin,—an' then guve 'em to her afterwards! She talks prettier'n I *do*, but no better'n I *kin*. Say she's too good fer me, an' I say thar yer right, but I kin match her on grandads, an' beat her on spellin', an' thet's the way it orter be. Women ortent t'know too much. I don't want t'marry no strong-minded female. I want Elvira,—an' I'm goin' t'have her!"

Mrs. Fulson's eyes were blazing. Her white lips said nothing, but she pointed to his horse, and then down the road by which he had come. The gesture was melodramatic, the situation grotesque; but to his untutored eyes it was the climax of a fine tragedy.

That he might play no second part, his decision was quick and final. She had never guaged him accurately, had never recognized under his gay demeanor certain sterling native qualities,—quickness, tenacity, and more than all, that faculty, called success.

He started towards his horse, then turned again.

"You've ordered me off yer place, Mis' Fulson, an' you've a-right to. Consumquently I'm a-goin',—but I give ye fair warnin',—keep yer eye on thet daughter o'yourn. 'Cause why? I'm goin' t'run off with her. I *could* tom-fool around the academy, but I aint a-goin' to. You wouldn't never appreciate it no way, an' Elvira'll come es soon es I git ready an' whistle fer her, jest put thet down. An' I'm goin' to whistle mighty soon!"

Her only answer was the tragic gesture repeated, enlarged. He obeyed it, and mounting his horse, rode away.

That day was not a pleasant one for Elvira or her mother. Mrs. Fulson had been outraged, and she longed for the assurance of sympathy and obedience which Elvira would not give; while Elxira felt, as she had felt so often of late, injured and misunderstood. She was not kept in the dark as to the disgrace of following her inclinations—of having such inclinations to follow. In their self-jealousy and self-pity, this mother and daughter had grown to be strangers.

"He is not fit to black your shoes, Elvira. He's an insolent, grinning—"

"Perhaps he's fit to get me a pair. I've never worn them summers yet. I ain't finding any fault. I know you couldn't get them, but I don't see what we've got to be so dreadful stuck up about."

"Where's your pride! Do you think shoes and fine clothes can make a lady? Haven't you a family—and what has he? And *you've* got brains—if you just had the education. I know you've never had no chance, but you're *going* to have it. If you'll just go to the academy this fall, and pay no attention to that——*creature*! He boasted that you'd come when he whistled! and you've given him grounds! Elvira Fulson, I'd be ashamed!"

"You riled him first, you know you did! And he did'nt boast. I told him I'd marry him—so there now!"

"Elvira Fulson, you don't know what you're talking about. I suppose when you're of age you can do what you please. The law'll let you. But now you're *mine* to take care of and protect—"

"Goodness, mother, I guess I'm big enough to protect myself."

"You haven't shown it!—and if a thief should come here trying to steal my cattle, I'd shoot him. As you're so dreadful friendly towards Mellville Wright, you'd better tell him so!"

"I will," said Elvira, emphatically, and went out in a white heat.

She had her choice. On one side was a weak, exacting woman, in whose plans and ambitions she had no faith, no interest. All she saw before her was a lifetime of sameness, hedged in by corn fields, isolated by vast, dreary prairies. On the other, was his youth and strength, his rollicking disposition, his broad and obvious wit.

And, after all, in spite of the Fulsons and the Matneys, he was "just about her size."

When Elvira went for the cows that night, she did not come back. Bobbie sneaked them into the corral, and then crept in among the morning glory vines, between the fence and the corn, and felt very small and mean. He heard Mrs. Fulson coming down the road, her four milk pails jangling on her arms. He heard her call Elvira. Then she put down one of the bars of the corral and crawled through. She called Elvira again. After a pause, Bobbie heard her speak—such a hurt, tired voice: "She's gone off mad, and left her mother to do all the work. She don't care any more."

The milk made a noisy sound against the pail, and then gradually became muffled in its own increasing depth. Bobbie, among the vines, felt his sense of hearing becoming painfully acute. Perhaps it was the throbbing of the blood against the drums of his ears, but below the steady rhythm of the flowing milk, he heard a softer, unmeasured sound: a sound of sobbing.

"If I was two fools," thought Bobbie, indignantly, "I'd— I'd marry each other!" Clinging closely to the ground, he wiggled some distance from the corral, then jumped up and ran.

Soon his lately acquired whistle, somewhat shaky in places, came across the dusky prairie to herald his coming. "She don't want t'see nobody, now—not unless she knows they're comin', and gits ready," thought Bobbie.

"Good evenin', Mis' Fulson," he called, as he neared the corral. "I jest happened to be goin' by hyer, an' I thought I seed you in hyer a-milkin'. Le'me have one o' them pails, Mis' Fulson. I know them cows like a mother. Milked 'em many a time out on the prairie when you wasn't around." He slipped under the wire.

"Have you seen anything of Elvira?"

"Huh? Elvira? Why she aint hyer, is she? I wonder where she is! Thar, so you, old Rosie! Don't you know yer grandad?"

Bobbie learned that night how hard it is to talk for appearances' sake. He knew he was not heeded. Now and then Mrs. Fulson would stop milking, and listen for footsteps that did not come. Then the steady rhythm would go on again.

Bobbie was as silent as she when they reached the house.

"Elvira, are you here?" she called wistfully as they entered the dark, empty room.

"Put down your milk there by the door, and find a chair, Bobbie, and I'll get a light. Elvira 's tired, and I expect she's gone to bed. Why Bobbie Ballanger, what's the matter with you!" This last after she had lighted the lamp and turned to put it on the table, for there sat Bobbie, trembling, on

the very edge of his chair, great tears rolling down his face.

"I wouldn't mind ef I was you, Mis' Fulson. I wouldn't care!" cheerfully, but ending in a sob.

"Bobbie!"

"Oh, Mis' Fulson, she's run off—she an' thet Melville! But they'll come back quick enough, you bet. They're only goin' t' git married. I wouldn't care!"

He heard her say, as if pronouncing a verdict, "She did it of her own free will. She went willing!"

"Oh, she went willin' enough. Girls is al'es crazy t' get married. They aint got no sense," comfortingly.

Bobbie was getting the better of his feelings. "Let 'em go, Mis' Fulson. *I'll* rent your farm. I guess you an' me kin run things"

He waited anxiously for a reply. His business offer was not entirely unpremeditated or unselfish. But the woman was dazed and did not answer.

Bobbie brought her a chair, and she sank into it mechanically. He heard her murmur, "My little baby! My little baby!" and curve her arms as though she were holding it.

It was Bobbie who strained the milk that night, and then, dreading to intrude upon the woman who had received her blow like a soldier, full in front. and was yet a bit stunned thereby, he sat down to watch the night through. Against his will he fell asleep. When he awakened in the morning, Mrs. Fulson was gone. He found her at the barn, busy with the chores. She had comprehended and accepted life in its new fashion.

"She's game. They aint goin' t'hear her peep!" thought Bobby, with vast admiration.

They came back in Melville's new buggy, symbol of their dawning prosperity. It was toward evening when they drove up to the door where an old, old woman stood waiting. The change smote them with a sense of guilt—yet they knew they had done right. They sprang out, and Elvira ran to her mother. Having had her own way, she forgave and wished to be forgiven.

"Oh' mother, it's all right! Can't you be glad? I'm glad!" Her mother patted her on the shoulder, and did not answer. She was looking at Melville. He drew from his breast pocket, and handed to her, a marriage certificate. She read it and gave it to Elvira.

"You'd better be careful of it, child. It would look pretty framed. Just feed your team, Melville, and we'll have supper early."

It was thus the hard parent relented. She opened her doors wide, and asked them to make hers, their home. As much for her sake as their own, they consented. Melville rented the farm on shares. The two women do not work in the fields any more and they both wear shoes.

Mrs Fulson having once accepted her great defeat, accepted it daily. They heard no upbraiding. The watchfulness, the querulousness, the anxiety, the ambitions were over,—burnt out. And what did it matter? Love had conquered, as love always will, as often its counterfeit does. What did it matter if a lonely old woman, who had had her day, found her heart suddenly bereft of all care,—nothing left to live for, nothing fitting left to do? What did it matter?

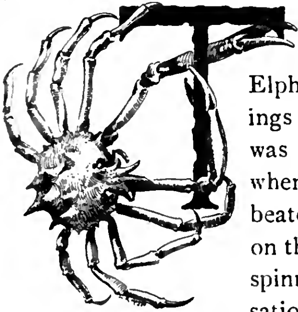
She watches as the days go by the steady dissolution of the character she once thought was her daughter's. Elvira is becoming more practical. She believes in making farming pay. They butcher every fall and spring now, and superfluous stock is fattened and sold. Melville likes chicken, and not long since Elvira herself, killed one for his dinner.

And for all, there is the simple excuse, "Elvira never had no chance."

L. P. Bridgman.

TOLD IN THE DOG WATCH.

THE TALE OF AN IRISH MUNCHAUSEN.



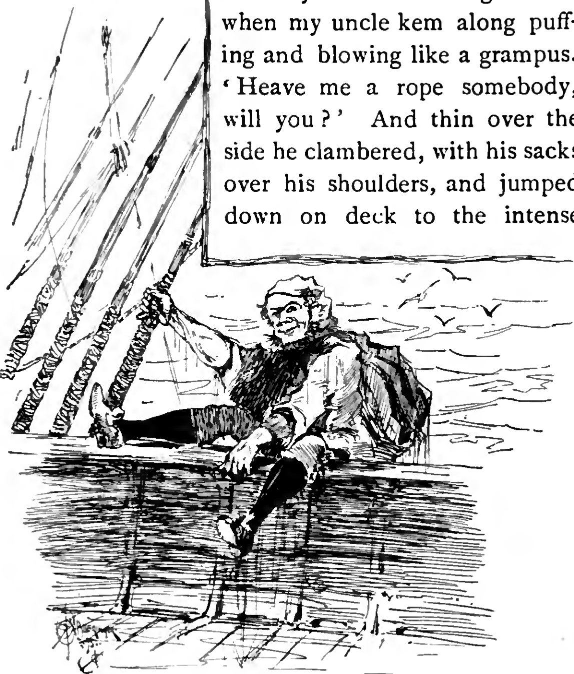
THE "Honorable Company's" sloop-of-war, Elphinstone," lay at her moorings in the harbor of Aden; it was in the second dog-watch when a group of weather-beaten seamen was collected on the forecastle smoking and spinning yarns. The conversation turned on feats of swimming and diving; the pearl-fishers of Ceylon or the Persian Gulf, the coral-divers of the Red Sea, and the surf-swimmers of the Pacific islands were all in turn discussed, while some wonderful stories of their fights with sea-monsters, or of the long distances they had accomplished, were related. "Ah," said Tim Farley, captain of the foretop, "ye may all talk as ye plase about thim savages, but there was an uncle of my own that could bate thim all and more by token shure he made his fortune by it. Ye see, boys, in '46 the pitatie crop failed in ould Ireland and the people there would have been starved outright if it wasn't for the help they got from other countries, and particularly from Amerikey. There was an uncle of my own, by the mother's side, one Barney O'Toole, who rinted a couple of acres of land in the County Cork. Up to this he had managed well enough to make a living. He always kep a pig in the sty and had a good frieze coat on his back, but when the famine kem he was broke altogether, while the worst of it was he had been coortin' a neighbor-girl for years and they had just agreed to get married. Several of their acquaintances had gone out to Amerikey, and some of them had been sending money home to their relations, so at last my uncle made up his mind to follow their example if he could manage to raise the price of his passage. After consulting with the Praste, he went to his landlord and told him everything. 'Well, Barney,' said that gintleman, 'you and yer family have been our tinants for a great many years and you've always paid your rint purty regilar, so to help you along I'll give you five pounds for your lase and that will pay your passage out.' The next Sunday the Praste gave notice from the althar, and the neighbors all lent a hand to purvide a dacint outfit, so, in a couple of weeks' time, my uncle set out for the city of Cork dhressed in a spanking new suit of clothes and with five pounds in his pocket, afther promising his sweetheart to sind for her or come back as soon as ever he'd made his fortune.

"When he got to the city he was fairly bewildhered by the number of the sthreets and the great tall houses. By axing his way, he got down to the kays at last, but there he was bothered by the tall masts of the vessels ranged along in rows. Soon he seen one that had a boord stuck up: 'THE FIRST SHIP FOR NEW YORK.' 'Bedad, that's the one for me,' cried he; but whin he got a little further on he seen another and thin another that had the same notice up. 'That's mighty quare; they can't all be the *first* ship,' muttered my uncle, as he wint across the plank on to the last one he saw. There was a lot of men working in the hould and some more up aloft bending sails, but no one paid any attention to him as he wandhered about the decks, till at last, just as he was thinking of going ashore

again, a dure opened and out kem a man with a face as black as coal. 'How are yez, Barney O'Toole?' says the black-faced man, 'and how's all the people at home?' 'I'm purty well, thank you kindly, sir,' says my uncle, 'and so are all my people; but I disremember knowing any gintleman of your complexion.' 'Arrah be asy now, Barney; shure I'm Tim Doolin. My mother's aunt Norah was married to your father's first cousin, so you see we're blood relashuns.' 'Faith that's thrue for you, Misther Doolin, and it's meself that's mighty glad to meet you here. Are you the mate?' 'Indeed I'm not, Barney; but I'm the man that cooks the mate. Now what in the world has brought you aboord here?' With that my uncle up, and tells him all about it, and says the cook, 'Just hould on a bit, Barney, till I get a wash, and I'll go ashore along with you in less than no time.' So after a little the pair of them started up town together. My uncle says how he'd like to go in the same ship and the cook makes answer, 'Never throuble yourself about that; just lave it all to me.' By this time, what with walking and talking, my uncle began to feel hungry, and just then they kem to a shop that had in its windows some beautiful joints of mate, smoking hot, with great big puddins chock full of raisins and currans enough to make any one's mouth wather. So in they wint and had a lovely dinner of corned beef, cabbage and pitaties, with a quart of porther and a tumbler of punch apiece just to settle it. Of coorse my uncle paid for it all and thin the cook found him a dacint place to lodge in and bid him 'Good night.'

"The next day my uncle went aboord and saw the purser, who put his name down for a steerage passage, but tould him that there was no need of paying until the ship was ready to sail, which wouldn't be for eight or ten days. So my uncle went on shore again and spent the time sthrolling about and seeing the wondhers of the city, while every evening the cook used to join him, and, as Barney always stood thrate, the money began to slip away purty quickly, but whenever he spoke about this, the cook used always to answer him with, 'Never you mind; lave all to me.' At last one morning the cook came up in a great hurry. 'Barney,' says he, 'we're going to sail to-morrow morning, so come aboord at once and pay your fare.' 'Pay my fare, is it?' cried my uncle. 'Arrah how can I do that whin I've only a few shillings left? Didn't you often tell me 'to lave it all to you,' and now what's to become of me, for it's ruined I am out and out if you can't take me out wid you." After a long argument, at last the cook agrees to stow Barney away, and after dark my uncle slips aboord and the cook takes him down below, shows him a place to hide in, gives him a lot of hard-tack, a chunk of salt beef, with a jug of wather, and cautions him to keep quiet and not make the laste noise. Next morning the ship gets under way and soon the pitching and rolling makes poor Barney say-sick, and for three or four days he couldn't ate a morsel, was shure he was going to die at once, and wished he was back on shore again; but after that he kem to his appetite wonderfully and got away with all the grub he could lay hould of. So things went on for a couple of weeks, but then, one morning, down comes the cook all of a trimble. 'Barney,' says he, 'we're both done for; the mate is going to stow some of the cargo afresh to-morrow. He'll be shure to find you and then it's hanged or thransported we'll both be for piracy on the high says.' My uncle considered a bit, thin says he, 'Who'll have the first watch to-night?' 'Why, the second mate, more by token. He does be always snoozing on the hencoops in his watch.' 'Well, thin, bring

me a couple of empty male-sacks, a ham bone or two, and empty whisky bottle (it will be all the betther if it has a couple of dhrinks in it),' says my uncle. 'Well, I'll do all that; but what do you want wid them things?' axed the cook. 'Never you mind; just lave it all to me,' and not another word could be got out of Barney. The cook kep his promise, and after eleven o'clock that night my uncle crep up on deck, crawled over into the main-chains and lowered himself quietly into the say. The ship was sailing easily along, about three knots an hour, while the lookout on the fo'c'stle was nodding over the capstan-head, when, all of a sudden, he hears, 'Ship ahoy!' coming out of the say just astern. He was so astonished that he made no answer until the hail comes again, 'Ship ahoy!' 'Halloa,' cries the lookout, 'who are you, and what do you want?' 'Why, to come on boord av coorse,' replies the voice. 'Do you mane to keep me here all this blessed night?' In a minute all was bustle and hurry; the ship was hove-to, the captain and passengers kem rushing up on deck, and they were in the very act of lowering a boat when my uncle kem along puffing and blowing like a grampus. 'Heave me a rope somebody, will you?' And thin over the side he clambered, with his sacks over his shoulders, and jumped down on deck to the intense amazement of all hands, who never expected to meet a man swimming in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. 'Where's the captain?' sang out my uncle, shaking himself like a big wather-dog. 'Here I am, sir,' replied the captain. 'Faith thin, ye ought to be ashamed to look me in the face afther trating me the way you've done. Didn't I, Barney O'Toole, ingage a passage wid you, and yet ye sailed widout me, and here have I been swimmin' afther you ever since?' The captain and all the rest of thim were thunderstruck, and so my uncle went on, 'I'd not have made so little of myself by coming on boord of your ould ship only that my purvisions have gev out. So if you'll fill up my sacks agin, and let me have a fresh supply of wather, I'll swim on and tell the people of New York that you're coming.'



"'I beg you won't do anything so rash, Mr. O'Toole. Let my steward find you some dry clothes, give you a good supper and show you to a cabin. Then in the morning we can talk over the matter,' rejoined the captain. 'Well, I'll agree to that just to oblige you, and, to tell the truth, I'm rather sleepy at present, for it's mighty hard to get a long nap whin you're floating on the say;' and with that my uncle followed the steward down below, put on a a fine suit of the captain's, wid a white ruffled shirt, took an iligant supper, turned in and slept soundly. Next morning the steward kem and showed my uncle the way into the big cabin where the captain and passengers were just sitting down to breakfast. 'Good morning, Mr. O'Toole,' said the captain. 'I hope you've slep well and have a good appetite for your breakfast?' 'Thank you kindly, sir,' answered my uncle, 'I have all that,' and he soon proved it by the way he pitched into the ateables. Soon after the captain sent for the purser and axed him if Barney O'Toole's name was on the passenger list. So that officer looked over his books and then said the name

was there, but no money had been paid. 'Of coorse not. You wouldn't take it whin I offered it to you and now all my beautiful bank notes have been melted away by the salt wather.' 'Never mind such a trifle as that, Mr. O'Toole,' remarked the captain. 'If you'll accept of it, I'll be happy to have the pleasure of your company on to New York free, gratis and for nothing.' 'Well, just to show that I never bear spite against any one, I'm quite agrayable.' So from that out my uncle was quite a hayro on boord and lived on the best of ating and dhrinking.

"When the vessel got close to New York a steam-tug met her; a crowd of fellows with newspapers and note-books climbed over the side and clustered round the captain, who, in a few minutes, led them all up to where my uncle was standing.

"Then they all began axing him a lot of questions, and you may be shure he wasn't backward in giving them a grand account of his doings which were all published in the city papers next morning. For several days after the passengers had left, my uncle remained on boord and nothing could bate the kindness with which the captain thrated him. There were parties of fine-dressed ladies and gintlemin coming constantly on boord and the captain used to bring thim all up and prisint them to my uncle, who was sated on the poop and resaved them most politely. At last one fine morning my uncle thought he'd stretch his legs a bit, so he crossed the gang-plank and strolled along the kay a little piece. Then he turned to go on boord agin, but what does he see stuck up in the rigging but a big placard with this on it:

TO BE SEEN ON BOARD.

THE GREATEST WONDER IN THE WHOLE WORLD,

THE CELEBRATED MR. B. O'TOOLE,

WHO SWAM FROM CORK TO AMERICA.

ADMITTANCE, ONE DOLLAR.

"My uncle was taken all aback for a minit. Thin he yelled, 'Where's the captain? I want to see the captain;' and whin that gintleman kem up all smiling, Barney burst out in a regular fury, 'This is a purty way you've been trating me, isn't it? Making a common show of me, as if I was an alligatur, or a hippipotimus, or a panoraymy or some other kind of wild baste.' 'Be asy, Mr. O'Toole,' said the captain. 'Haven't I used you well in every respect?' 'I don't deny that, captain, but I won't stand bein' made one of 'the seven wonders of the woorld' for all that.' 'Now, Mr. O'Toole, it's all for your own binifit, for I'm going to give you one-half of all the money I take in. Purser, how much does Mr. O'Toole's share come to?' 'Why, sir, close on a thousand dollars.' 'How much is that in Irish money?' 'Well, a little over two hundred pounds.' 'Do ye tell me so? Faith, thin, ye may make a musayum of me, at that rate, as long as ye plase,' replied my uncle, and so things went on just as before.

"One fine day a grand gintleman, with a goold band round his cap, in company with a tall yellow complected fellow, kem to see him, and looked over him closely from head to foot. 'Bedad I think ye'll know me agin,' says my uncle; but when the yellow chap began pulling his fingers apart, he got mad. 'What's that for?' says he. 'Why, to see if you're webfooted,' answered the captain. 'Bad luck to his impidence, exclaimed Barney. 'Does he think I'm a duck or a frog?' and off he marched in a passion.

"Two or three evenin's afther, Barney tould the captain he was getting tired of that sort of life and wanted to settle accounts and go back home; but the captain begged and intrated him not to think of such a thing. 'You remimber the gintleman with the goold band? Well, that was a commodore, one of the richest men in all Ameriky, and I've backed you for tin thousand dollars with him to swim agin the

yellow chap you seen the other day, who is the best swimmer in the woorld and once swam down the falls of Niagary. If you lave me I'll lose all I have and be beggared altogether, but if you stick by me, sure I'll make your fortune and give you a free passage home besides.' 'Well, captain, I'm not going to lave you in the lurch, and as to that yellow chap, why any one could swim *down* thim falls you spake of, but did he ever swim *up* thim, tell me that? So you may make your mind asy.' Of coorse whin the news of the bet was published more people than ever kem to see the wonderful swimmer, and, as the appointed time kem near, the captain began to get narvous and axed my uncle 'if he wasn't going into thraining;' but Barney tould him to lave it all to him. 'Do you think,' says he, 'that an Irish gintleman like me wants any thraining to bate the likes of him?'

"At last the long-expected day arrived and all New York kem out in carriages or on foot to see the great match. My uncle wore a white shirt and breeches with bunches of green ribbons, 'for the honor of ould Ireland,' and was in the hoight of good spirits. The commodore and his man kem along and whin my uncle looked at the chap's great long body, with muscles like steel, he began to think that he had a mighty hard job cut out for him. They walked along, side by side, eyeing one another like two strange dogs, and at last says my uncle, 'How far are we going to swim, anyhow, for I've not heard as yet?' 'Oh, about fifteen or twenty miles, I guess,' replied the other chap. 'Fifteen or twenty miles, is it? Why, I wouldn't demane meself by the like. I swum out from Ireland and I expected at laste to make a return thrip of this.

"The other man only shuck his head at this, so my uncle continued, 'I've heard lots about the eyeland whare Boney died, Saint Helayna. What do you say to goin' thare?' But the other fellow shuck his head woorse. 'Well, then, I've heard you swum *down* Niagary; what do you say if we swim *up* it by way of a change?' The yellow began to stare hard at my uncle and changed color; but just then Barney's foot hit agin a big iron ring and nearly thripped him up. 'Hurroo,' says he, 'betther luck next time; but what is this, anyhow?' Some of the people said it was the best bow anchor of an old man-of-war, and then my uncle cried out, 'Shure this is the very thing we want. We can get another like it and then we'll aitch take one on our shouldhers just by way of ballast.' With that the other fellow turns a dirty green, and says he, 'I waken; I feel very sick and I can't swim to-day.' So his backers gev up all the bets and took their champion back to a hotel where they put him in bed at once, and before night he had ice on his head, mustard plashters to his feet and was raving, 'Swim back to Ireland; swim to Saint Helayna; swim up Niagara; swim with an anchor on his back.' Manetime Barney was a greater wondher than before, and, at last, whin the vessel sailed for Ireland again, it carried Barney as a first-class passenger with more than two thousand pounds in his pockets. Of coorse, as soon as ever he landed, he went straight home where you may be shure the whole neighborhood turned out to welcome him. He bought a snug farm and got married to his sweetheart in due time and there's not in the County of Cork a finer family at prisent than that of my uncle, Barney O'Toole."

"Now, Tim, do you think we can hoist in such a yarn as that?" "Well, you've heerd it as I was tould it, and my uncle Barney is alive to this day."

"Forward, there. Strike eight bells and call the quarter watch," sung out an officer, and as the whistle of the boatswain's-mate echoed shrilly along the deck the group on the forecastle dispersed to seek their hammocks. *T. J. B.*

THE BLAZING STUMP SALOON.

A REMINISCENCE.

INTO the clearing in which stood the shingle mill the rays of the setting sun broke, and the long shadows of the blackened stumps gave the landscape a dismal appearance. As I passed, I could hear the snarl of the saw chewing its way through the bolts, and see the dripping cedar spray covering the rough flooring with a soft carpet of yellow red. Beyond the mill, with the rough wall of virgin forest as a background, stood a large frame building, the front of which was covered with a flaming sign, and the legend, "The Blazing Stump Saloon."

In the saloon were several "bull-punchers" playing poker. A large bowie-knife was stuck in the center of the table, and Jack Russell, the dealer, had signified that there was to be "no monkeying." Beyond this was the dance hall. Coal-oil lamps attached to the rough walls by rudely fashioned brackets cast, a not too brilliant light, on the scene. The long room was heated by two wood stoves whose smoke-stacks had been poked through the roof. The orchestra, consisting of a bass-viol, a cornet and a piano, was playing wildly to an appreciative audience. At the piano was a happy-faced young woman in a black dress and a red waist with black polka dots.

Agnes came over from Marysville to attend the Christmas dance at the saloon. The people towards Morgan's claim called for her with the spring wagon, but she declined their invitation, preferring the sure-footed pony to the jolt of a wagon over the skid roads.

She had no intention of humiliating her neighbors, but, woman-like, had put on the best clothes she possessed. She had been a belle in the Gogebic region, and seemed destined to become the favorite at Marysville and Getchell.

Agnes Burton came West about the time when Getchell was the distributing point for the "tote—roads" leading to the Monte Cristo mining camps and the other placer districts in the mountains to the east and north. For her, it was not much of a change from the dreariness of her native Michigan woods, and she did not feel the difference nearly as much as her friends, the Norwegians, whose tired-faced women plodded through the stillness of the Washington forests with an apathy that was pathetic.

The stranger hovered around her as she played. He was going the next day and she furtively gave him her photograph. He was the first man she had cared for, and in three days she had learned to love him, in her mind's eye carried every movement of his athletic figure into the stillness of her cold little room at Marysville; and in the gloom of the rafters between the shakes, she could see his brown eyes looking down at her. He had never told her that he loved her, but had flattered her into a yearning belief; he had no thought of remorse, for he deemed her less innocent and himself guiltless.

He cared little for dancing, and so it was that he sat out each number with this girl at the piano. It was only indistinctly that he heard the calls by the master of ceremonies, who stood in the middle of the dance hall—a picturesque figure; his slouch hat poised side-wise on his pear-shaped head, his high cheek bones wet with perspiration, his pointed chin elevated in constant motion,

as he mumbled his tobacco or bawled in a strident voice, "Balance to corners," "Half promenade," "Swing de gal wid de green waist," "Swing de gal you love de best." And the music was punctuated with the thump of cow-hide boots.

It was not until a gray light streaked through the fir and cedar, that by ones and by twos, on pony back, on foot and in wagons, the company separated in all directions.

Just in the shadow of the dance-hall door, the tall figure of the stranger bended over Agnes, and he kissed her gracefully, thoughtlessly. * * * * He soliloquized as he passed through the piles of shingle bolts, and smiled at the thought of the sweet flirtation with the maiden he would never see again, the meeting with uncouth and rough men, and of his transient visit to the Shingle Camp.

The soft sound of the morning breeze through the forest, the smell of the cedar and fir, and the smoldering stumps, was a picture strong in relief, and redolent of primitive nature not easily forgotten.

* * * * * *

At Marysville, Agnes has that memory of brown eyes, and the corduroy clad form, those half made and wholly broken promises, and sometimes she is startled by the distinctness with which she can see the stranger looking at her from the shadows in the shakes above her head.

* * * * * *

She is married now. She could not expect to live forever on her brother's bounty, and a marriage was arranged with Waller of section sixteen in the township to the north. Down the Snohomish Valley, soft winds sing the same sweet old song in the needles, and the pheasant plays a bass to the divine melody in an ever-recurrent thrum; but to her there is a shadow in the grayish mists of the purple perspectives, and Waller's cheery evening greeting is met with the same passive smile that grates on him, and that he does not understand. I have often seen her sitting just outside their shack, combing the hair of their only boy, an unloved and a bad-tempered child. She has the tired look of her Norwegian friends on her face, and she goes about her duties in the same listless way; and the stillness of the woods weighs her down, and the nodding forest giants look upon her in cold and silent compassion.

Pierre N. Boeringer.

CHRONICLES OF SAN LORENZO.

III.—HEPSIBAH'S WOOING.

THE Honorable Hiram Stump, wholesale slaughterer, and late member of the Legislature, of Cincinnati, Ohio, arrived one fine afternoon in May at the Hotel Buena Vista in San Lorenzo, and his daughter, Miss Hepsibah Stump, to say nothing of a French poodle, a French maid, and five Saratoga trunks, accompanied him. Our annual flower festival, well advertised in the Eastern papers, was about to take place, and Mr. Stump had announced his positive intention of "takin' it in."

According to Bradstreet, who seldom lies, the slayer of hogs and beeves was a warm man—a millionaire five or six times over—and Hepsibah, so the young men on the piazza whispered, was his only child, his ewe lamb. Moreover, she possessed remarkable physical attractions, to wit: a trim, well-rounded figure, more than passable features, a dazzling complexion, and an enchanting smile. One of the young men aforesaid assured me enthusiastically that she was "out of sight."

"SHE'S OUT OF SIGHT."

Rooms had been already engaged, and as the Hon. Hiram divested himself of duster and hat he expressed approval of his environment in no measured terms.

"It's slick as grease, ain't it, Heppie?"

"It's perfectly lovely, papa."

"Jest to think! Here we air, as the advertisement says:

"'Whar' a bud never dies in the still bloomin' bowers,
An' the bee banquets on through a hull year o' flowers.'

"The Californian bee has no time ter lay off—not much! He has ter keep a rustlin' summer an' winter for us poor, frozen cusses back East. Ter think that I've sot an' sot, winter after winter, back thar' in Cincinnati, an' this garden of Eden jest naterally bloomin' without me. It makes a man lonesome. Wal, I've earned a holiday, an' I mean ter make the most of it. An', Heppie, my dear, I want ye ter have a real, good time. I've spent a heap o' money on yer fixins an' trimmins, an' I want ter see ye get value received. I expect ye'll make a splash. Thar ain't a prettier, or a cleverer, or a better dressed girl than my girl in all creation. The man who says no to that proposition is a liar. Back in Cincinnati we ain't appreciated. It beats all why we ain't, *but we ain't!* It's no use talkin', the bong-tongs back East air too high toned fer us. A plain butcher has to take a back seat."

"You are not a plain butcher, daddy."

"I'm not handsome, my pretty, but I'm proud of my profesh. I make the bone an' sinew o' Cincinnatti. When the Lord balances his books I reckon ther'll be considerable of a credit on my side o' the ledger. Now, Heppie, ye've jest got ter sail in, an' make things hum around this hotel. Ye needn't ter worry about me. I'll sit off somewheres an' watch yer pranks. That'll be joy enough fer me."

"You are the dearest, funniest old man in the world," said Heppie, ruffling up his iron grey locks, and then smoothing them down again, emphasizing each word with a kiss; "and as for my enjoying myself—you trust me for that. I am going to have a gorgeous time. You'll get value received for the outlay, rest assured!"

She tapped her father's shoulder till it shook like a jelly. Then she added, in a soft voice:

"What a good, kind father you are! What a lucky, lucky girl I am!"

Having thus delivered herself she tripped gaily out of the room and left her sire alone.

"Ain't she a daisy," he muttered to himself. "Oh, Lord! ain't she a daisy."

It was fully seven when father and daughter entered the long dining-room and—the cynosure of every eye—were marshalled solemnly to the seats assigned them. The Hon. Hiram was modestly arrayed in smug black, but Heppie, in a rainbow gauze confection from the atelier of Félix, walked beside him, an entrancing vision of health and beauty.

Old Mrs. Backbite, who is credited, not unjustly, with the evilest tongue in San Lorenzo, adjusted her lorgnette.

"Beauty and the Beast," she ejaculated. "However," she added in an audible aside to her eldest daughter, "that kind of girl always runs to flesh. She will be, twenty years hence, a mountaim of fat! Mark my words."

Meantime Mr. Stump had seated himself, and, having carefully tucked his napkin into his collar, was regarding his surroundings with complacent interest. Finally his small keen eyes rested upon two young men, evidently Englishmen, who were seated at the same table. As their outward appearance pleased his fancy he smiled genially and engaged them forthwith in conversation.

"First visit ter Californy, eh?"

The elder of the two replied quietly in the affirmative.

"It's a mighty fine State. You young men are English."

"Is our nationality so plainly stamped upon us?" they asked.

"Why, yes; thar's no mistakin' Johnny Bull. I know the genu*ine* breed a league away. Thar's a lot o' dudes in Cincinnatti who put in all their time apin' English talk, an' English ways. but they make a terrible muss of it. It takes a heap o' trouble to become an Englishman."

The young fellows laughed. Mr. Stump amused them.

"Do you live in Cincinnatti, sir?"

"Yes, mister, I do. My name is Hiram Stump. Ye've heard tell o' Stump's Compressed Pork. *That's me!*"

The Englishmen bowed stiffly, but their glances lingered upon the rounded form of Hepsibah.

"This," continued Mr. Stump, waving a large red hand in the direction of his daughter, "is my daughter, Miss Hepsibah Stump, also from Cincinnatti. Waiter, a bottle o' wine, *if you please*, Roederer, white label. Pint? No—a quart, an' plenty of ice."

After this the conversation became general. The Englishmen's tongues were loosened and they took an active part in the talk. Dinner over, they insisted upon Mr. Stump trying their brand of cigars, and they both listened, with absorbed interest, to a long discourse upon the processes of pork packing. Subsequently the party ad-

journed to the bowling alley, and while Mr. Stump solaced himself with a frozen Crème de Menthe, Hepsibah, under the able direction of the two Britishers, was initiated into the mysteries of scoring.

"Them fellers is aristocrats," said the Hon. Hiram to himself, as he sipped his liqueur. "I'll gamble on that. Now if one o' them lords took a fancy to my Heppie I'd feel satisfied, I would fer a fact. They don't put on style like them Eastern dudes, but its thar all the same. They look to home in a claw-hammer coat. By golly, the Lord made a way-up job when he designed them. I reckon I'll stroll back ter the office, an' take a squint at the register."

"What's the name o' them lords that sit at the same table with me?" he asked, a few minutes later.

"We have no lords staying here, Mr. Stump."

"Yer don't say. Wal now I naterally took 'em for lords. Who air they?"

"Mr. Reginald Yorke, and his friend Mr. Richard Burgoyne. Athletic young men and quite popular in San Lorenzo. We have no English noblemen here as yet."

The hotel clerk smoothed his mustache and looked fondly at his diamond ring. He conveyed the impression that lords would be thick as leaves in Vallombrosa—later on.

"However," he pursued blandly, "a French nobleman is our guest. The Comte de Caen."

"French counts don't amount to much," said Mr. Stump. "A wormy lot, sir, a wormy lot. Wormy and wiggley!"

"The Count is very much of a gentleman, Mr. Stump, and a remarkably handsome man. There he is, by the mantel, talking to the young lady in pink."

Mr. Stump stared, and coughed discreetly. He realized that this French Count was certainly neither wormy nor wiggley.

"I should like very much ter make his acquaintance," he remarked presently. "He's well put up fer a frog-eater, an' looks blooded. Pedigree stock, I reckon. He'd tip the scales at 200 pounds, live weight. But he's no spring chicken, mister. He'll never see forty again."

"SHE'S A DAISY.

As he was speaking the Count bowed gracefully to his companion and sauntered leisurely toward the office.

"If you like, Mr. Stump," said the clerk, flipping a speck of dust from his sleeve, "I'll introduce you with much pleasure to the Count."

Thus it came to pass within a few minutes that the Hon. Hiram found himself on the way back to the bowling alley, with the Count by his side talking volubly.

"I noticed Mademoiselle, your daughter, at dinaire. *Ma foi*, she is beautiful as *Venus—magnifique, mon cher Mons*. Stump."

Honest Hiram blushed and stammered. "Hepsibah," he said in a loud voice, "is a mighty fine young woman, an' as good as gold. She takes after her poor mother."

"*Sans doute*," replied the Count. "You will present me to her, my good sir. Hein?"

Accordingly the Comte de Caen was introduced to Miss Stump, and the two Englishmen retreated frowning. John Bull, since the battle of Hastings, has very prop-

erly regarded all Frenchmen with suspicion, particularly Counts. Moreover this Count treated them both with such exasperating condescension that they shortly flung out of the bowling alley and lighted fresh cigars.

"Damn the chap," said Reggie; "he thinks he owns the hotel."

As the Count showed no disposition to leave Hepsibah they sought the billiard room, where, in company with other convivial spirits, they engaged in "freeze out' and consumed many "John Collinses,'" which improved their tempers at the expense of their stomachs.

When the coast was clear the Count made the running. He had played—so he said, and there was no one at San Lorenzo to call his word in question—a prominent part in European affairs and politics generally. He had performed prodigies of valor in the Crimea. He had fought seventy-three duels. He was the intimate friend of the late Comte de Chambord, and was himself of the "*vielle souche.*" Upon art, literature and the topics of the day he held forth with authority, and talked of dukes, marquises and belted earls as ordinary folk talk of butchers and bakers and candlestick makers. Of course he made an immense impression on Mr. Stump; and Heppie confessed to herself that she had never met a more entertaining companion. She looked at him sweetly from under her half closed eyelids, and the Count, susceptible like all Frenchmen, grew crimson in the face

He insisted upon accompanying them to their apartments, and there, on the threshold of the parlor, a curious incident occurred.

Mention has been made of the abigail who hailed from Paris. Mr. Stump had engaged her himself without a certificate of character. He had advertised for a French maid for his daughter, and Mademoiselle Julie Manette had applied in person for the situation. She was a tall, thin, self-contained woman, with a pale face, black eyes, a pretty knack of draping dresses and a positive talent for brushing hair. Heppie took a fancy to her and that was sufficient for the fond father. He engaged her on the spot.

To return to our story. As the door into the parlor opened the Count perceived Miss Manette standing beneath the glare of the gas light. Their eyes met in a flash of recognition. The woman flushed deeply, darkly red, but the Count perceptibly paled. Then the maid walked quietly into the adjoining room, and the Frenchman, with a supreme effort, recovered his normal self-possession. He glanced at his companions, but evidently they had noted nothing amiss. He smiled and pulled his blonde moustache. It was imperative that he should speak with this woman at once. But how? when? where? His ready wit devised a plan.

"You have a French maid," he murmured carelessly. "Do you speak French, mademoiselle?"

"Not a word," she answered promptly. "I studied German at school. But I am going to start in with Julie right away."

"Does Julie speak correct French? That, you understand, mademoiselle, is of the first importance."

On this point Heppie confessed herself unable to hazard an opinion.

"If you will call her," he said easily, "I will speak with her myself. In a minute I can take—what you call it—her measure."

So Julie was summoned and the Count exchanged with her a dozen sentences in rapid French. She answered demurely, her eyes cast down; and the Count, after assuring Heppie of the excellence of her accent, made his adieux.

His next proceeding, for a middle-aged gentleman of rank, was unquestionably queer. He went to his room, unlocked a drawer and took therefrom a small pistol

which he placed in his pocket. He smiled amiably and hummed a few bars from La Fille de Madame Angot.

"Julie has a temper," he muttered in his own tongue. "A bad temper. It is surely well to be prepared."

Throwing an overcoat upon his arm, for the night was cool, he strolled lazily back to the main hall, and, lighting a cigarette, sat down. He had smoked silently for nearly an hour before Julie appeared on the scene. She was closely veiled and passed quickly across the hall and through the big glass doors. The Count looked at his watch, yawned, rose to his feet, put on his overcoat and followed her. The night porter, from his coign of vantage, chuckled. He was a student of human nature and an Irishman. Had he surmised the truth he would possibly have rung the fire bell and aroused the hotel. He would certainly have not chuckled!

"TALKING TO THE LADY IN PINK."

The Count and Julie Manette walked across the tennis court and up the road which leads to the County Hospital.

"Let us sit down," he said curtly, pointing to a rude bench by the side of the road.

They sat down and the woman lifted her veil. Very white and set her face looked. Very black and inscrutable her eyes.

"After we parted," began the Count, "you wrote to me. You swore to be revenged. You prayed God that I might cross your path. You made threats, yes threats, which I shall not repeat. *Eh bien, le bon Dieu*, in whose goodness I do not believe, has answered your prayers."

"Yes," said Julie, drawing her breath through her set teeth, "we meet again, Monsieur le Comte, in a country where the wrongs of women are avenged."

"I presume, *ma chere*, you will denounce me to the hog king and his lovely daughter. *Hein?*"

"You can rest assured, monsieur, that I shall not consider your feelings in the matter. No—no.

"Good," replied the Count. "I don't want you to consider my feelings, Julie. I want you to consider yourself. See here. You are working for a living, but you can appreciate the *menus plaisirs* of life. You would enjoy a snug little income: a *pignon sur rue* within easy reach of Paris."

"Who questions that?" cried Julie scornfully. "I am not a lady's maid from choice. *Après?*"

"If you gratify your woman's passion for revenge where will you be, *ma chérie?* I will tell you. You will find yourself, as these dear Americans say, in the soup! Now if you will do as I say you may yet enjoy these good things I speak of. I am no longer poor. I am comparatively rich. I can afford to buy your silence."

"How much?" said the woman sullenly.

"I will give you one thousand francs—now."

She laughed shrilly.

"One thousand francs? You offer one thousand francs to me, Julie Manette? *Pouff!*"

"I said one thousand francs now. What else I will do depends upon you. Tell me: this Monsieur Stump—he is millionaire?"

"Billionaire," amended Julie.

"*A la bonheur.* Well, with your assistance I hope some day to call him papa. This does not surprise you. No? It is time, you will admit, that I should *rangér* myself. This little Yankee pleases me. I have my title, which is as old as any in France. I am a gentleman."

"Truly," said Julie, "you are a gentleman."

"The French Consul knows me," pursued the Count. "I have letters of introduction. I am accepted everywhere and can pick and choose among these beautiful rich Californian girls. *En bref* my future is assured."

The woman smiled as a tigress smiles when she smells blood.

"It is assured," she repeated in mocking accents, licking her white lips with feverish tongue. "It is indeed assured."

The Count started imperceptibly and looked into her eyes. A boxer or a fencer will tell you that the human eye is the most faithless feature in the human face. It invariably betrays the owner's purpose, be it good or ill. The Count was not a boxer: his education had been neglected in that regard, but at sword play or rapier play he had few equals anywhere, so he kept his eye on the black orbs of Mademoiselle Manette, and his hand on the butt of his pistol.

"Further," he proceeded, "if, unhappily, it comes to an issue between us I would suggest to your common sense that here my bare word is better than your bare word. Besides in self-defense I should be compelled to say things about you that would result in your ignominious dismissal. I could tell your kind employers, for instance, that Julie Manette was my cast off mistress."

The black eyes began to gleam strangely, and the Count's hand closed on his pistol.

"*Ca donne furieusement a pensér,*" she murmured.

"There is no more to be said," he replied, airily. "I have tried to indicate to you the salient features of the case. You have, in a word, more to lose than I."

"Have I?" she cried fiercely. "Cur! coward! liar! Take that!"

She snatched a knife from her bosom and lunged suddenly at his heart, but her eyes had betrayed her as the practised fencer knew they would. He caught her arm in his vice-like grasp, and at the same moment placed the cold muzzle of his pistol to her forehead. The sudden reaction was too much for the nerves of Mademoiselle Manette. The knife dropped from her hand and she burst into tears. The Count picked up the knife and put the pistol into his pocket. He had conquered.

What followed may astonish the Anglo-Saxon reader, but it must be remembered that the Count was a Frenchman and that he knew the strength and weakness of his fellow countrywoman.

Accordingly he took her in his arms without more ado and embraced her affectionately on both cheeks.

"*Ciel,*" he murmured in her ear. "You were superb, Julie, in the *rôle* of *La Tosca.* Sarah herself might kiss your hands."

The woman released herself from his embrace.

"What do you want?" she asked humbly.

It will not be necessary to repeat the conversation that ensued. The Count gave certain explicit directions and backed them with the promised thousand francs. He concluded as follows:

"Upon my marriage with Mademoiselle Stump I shall settle on you twenty-five thousand francs. The stake, Julie, is worth playing for. I am willing, you see, to make amends. Let us forgive if we cannot forget."

Then they walked back to the hotel and the night porter smiled again, discreetly, as became a married man. They had been absent upwards of an hour.

During the ten days preceding the Flower Festival Heppie plunged gaily into the small lake of San Lorenzo society, and made, as her sire had predicted, a big splash. Some of our married ladies, especially those with ugly daughters, made some unkind remarks to me about the Stumps, but the young men and the middle-aged men and the gray-beards agreed solemnly that a prettier, nicer, more modest damsel had never been seen in the old mission town. No less than seven swains were at her feet, but the Count and Reggie Yorke were first favorites in the betting. Dick Burgoyne retired in disgust and left the field to his friend.

The Count, like a wary campaigner, approached the father early in the proceedings, and sounded him thoroughly: not a hard task.

"I am a foreigner," he said, with urbane dignity, "and you know nothing of me, nothing! But here, and here, and here are letters, passports, credentials! "

Mr. Hiram Stump waved the documents aside.

"No, no, Count; I'm satisfied. Yer blooded, an' by thunder, I know it. Yer breedin sticks out all over ye. Why yer nose alone would give ye away anywheres. I sized you up fer a thoroughbred as soon as I sot eyes on ye."

The worthy Hiram forgot to add that he had already applied to the French Consul in San Francisco who had vouched for the rank and social standing of his compatriot.

"I appreciate your compliments, monsieur. You are ver' kind. In applying for the hand of Mees Heppie I am sensible of the *honeur* of connecting myself with one of the merchant princes of America. In France our girls are *dotées*—dowered, you say—but although I am far from rich yet I am ready to marry mademoiselle *sans le sou*. Without a dime."

"No, sirrrr," cried the old man. My Heppie will bring her husband a cool million, cash down on her wedding day. You bet yer sweet life on that."

In these days Mr. Stump took a strong dislike to Reggie Yorke, and spoke of him, in Hepsibah's presence, as an adventurer. By arrangement with the steward of the dining-room the Stumps were removed to another table where the Count joined them. Heppie, however, resented her father's hostile attitude toward Reggie and allowed him to bask in the sunshine of her smiles until the Frenchman grew furiously jealous.

"I am making progress," he said to Julie, "but I need your help, *ma petite*. This *sacre* Englishman blocks my game. Your tongue must sweep him from my path. Tell your mistress that he is the scandal of the hotel. That he drinks, and gambles, and dissipates. Paint him as black as Satan."

Julie obeyed him without cavil. That little castle—the *pignon sur rue*—was assuming material proportions in her imagination. Hepsibah, of course, fell an easy victim to the plot. She was no fool, but her mental scales were hardly adjusted. She leaped to conclusions like other maidens of tender years and understanding. Without being a prude she had formed a certain standard for her masculine acquaintance. If they fell short of that standard she quietly dropped them. And accordingly she dropped Reggie. The unfortunate youth tried to drown his cares in the seductive liquids prepared by Billy the bartender. The drinks, especially the juleps, were gilt-edged, but they were consumed in vain. Burgoyne advised him to leave San Lorenzo.

"I love her," raved Reggie. "If I don't marry her I shall cut my throat."

"Don't be a damned fool," said his friend. Your people would hardly cotton to old Hiram, I fancy, and it's plain to be seen that the girl prefers the Frenchman. For the Lord's sake pull yourself together and be a man."

"You're not sympathetic," grumbled Yorke, "and I daresay you think me an ass, but I'm so jolly miserable that I don't care a rap what you think. You can go to blazes but I shall stay on here."

Dick Burgoyne told me all this and more. But such lucubrations are unworthy of record. This story has a moral, and that moral has nothing whatever to do with love or lovers. It will be developed immediately.

On the morning of the festival the Count proposed in due form and Heppie promised to give him a decided answer within twenty-four hours. In his own mind he had little doubt what that answer would be, and, meeting Miss Manette in a corridor, he confided to her his good fortune. The woman turned aside with her hand on her heart. Somehow the prospect of twenty-five thousand francs did not exhilarate her. On the contrary she cried bitterly for two hours and brought on an amazing headache. Perhaps she was jealous. Perhaps she regretted the ignoble part she had played. Who can interpret the secret workings of a woman's heart?

And now comes the queer part of the story.

Hepsibah was keenly looking forward to the Carnival Ball, the crown, so to speak, of the festivities. For it she had reserved her prettiest gown, and her mirror assured her that a mighty triumph was in store. Her father, kind old soul, had presented her with a diamond pendant and the Count sent her a superb bouquet. What girl could want more? She wisely decided to dress after dinner (as her frock was of filmy and ephemeral texture, not designed to sit down in,) but when she rang for Julie that invaluable servant sent back a message to the effect that she was "*desolée*," but too ill to wait on mademoiselle. Heppie hurried to her room and found the poor creature almost crazy with pain. Then this young girl did a very unselfish thing. She deliberately put on a wrapper, seized a bottle of eau de cologne and went to work on Julie's head. Ten o'clock came and brought Mr. Stump who wanted to know the reason of his child's non-appearance. She told the old man with a cheery smile that she knew her duty and should remain where she was. The Hon. Hiram kissed her, with tears in his eyes, and went away thanking God that he had been given such a daughter. Eleven o'clock found her still at her post, pale and fagged, but victorious! The headache was gone and Julie was resting quietly. At half past eleven Mademoiselle Manette got out of bed, fell at Heppie's feet, kissed her hands and told her—everything!

Heppie listened with averted face, and, at Julie's request, sent for her father.

"The brute beat her," said Hepsibah, with tearful indignation. "He seduced her under promise of marriage and then deserted her. She was left alone in Paris with her baby. Left to starve!"

"Great Scott," ejaculated Mr. Stump.

"The baby died," pursued Heppie. "Died of want, papa, of hunger and cold. Poor, poor little mite."

"Jeeroosalem," ejaculated Mr. Stump.

"He told her to lie to us about Mr. Yorke and he promised Julie twenty-five thousand francs the day he married me. Here is the bank bill that he gave her in advance."

By this time the Hon. Hiram's eyes were bloodshot. The veins stood out upon his forehead. His pudgy fists were tightly clinched. He was not an amiable object to

contemplate. As his daughter finished he relieved his feelings with a snort of rage; then he seized the bank bill, and disappeared.

He was stout, and, like Hamlet, scant of breath, but he ran down stairs three steps at a time and hunted up Reggie Yorke.

"Mister" he panted, "I've somethin' of importance to tell yer. Come right along."

A few words sufficed to explain the situation to Mr. Yorke. He also clinched his fists and swore terribly under his breath. After a hurried consultation the two sallied forth in search of the Count. They found their quarry in the card-rooms, playing écarté with a callow youth who soon made himself exceedingly scarce.

Mr. Reginald Yorke wasted no time in verbiage, but proceeded to administer such a thrashing as no pen can describe. The Count was a powerful man, and he struggled desperately, but Reggie had rowed stroke in his 'varsity eight and his muscles were of iron. When he had finished the descendant of the crusaders lay upon the floor, a crumpled, towzled heap of blood-stained profanity!

Then the Hon. Hiram Stump put his arms round Reggie's neck and hugged him.

. . . .

Mademoiselle Julie Manette has her "pignon sur rue" within easy reach of Paris. She has, also, a snug sum of money in the Rentes. Upon the walls of her modest *salon* hang two photographs. The right hand one is an excellent likeness of Reggie Yorke, and beneath the other, in bold, angular writing, is an autograph — Hepsibah Yorke.

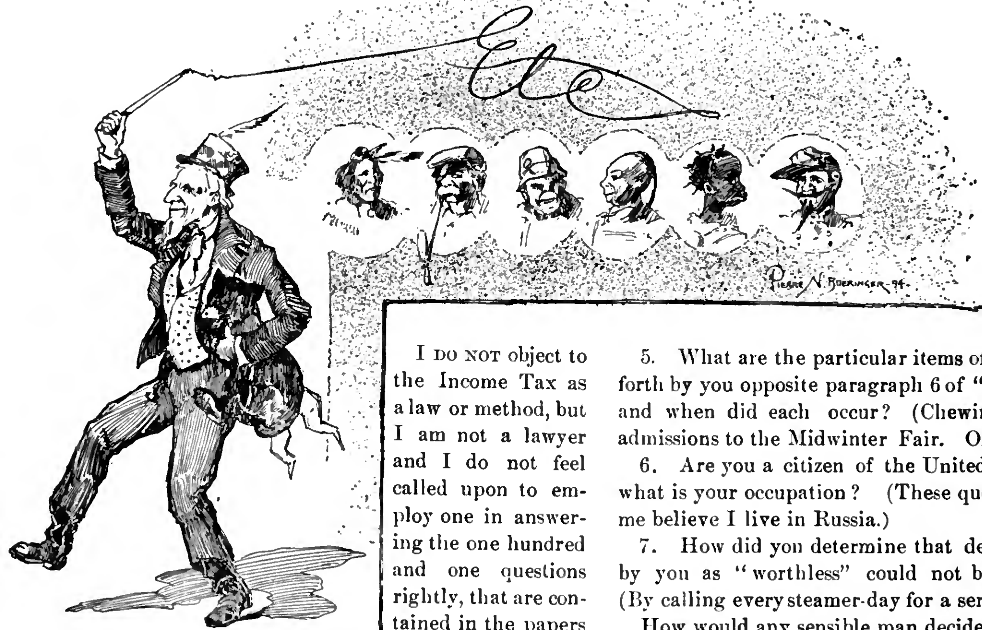
Horace Annesley Vachell.

SANTA MONICA.*

O, Santa Monica! Thy balmy air!
Thy mountains grand! Thy ever, surging seas
With waves intoning pious paeans there,
Like white cowled monks telling their rosaries;
Now slowly sinks the sun in western skies
Rosy as maiden's blush o'er sparkling snow
Irradiating airy mist that lies
Veil like, o'er Madre's brow, (an afterglow)
Floating along each fluted, cool ravine,
Where rippling brooks, through verdant valleys sweep
Meandering 'neath its hedges evergreen,
Among rough rocks, in hidden caverns deep
With mellow music like aeolians sweet
Until their waters Ocean's waters meet.

M. B. Toland.

*A pen picture written at the sea side, Santa Monica, Cal.



I do not object to the Income Tax as a law or method, but I am not a lawyer and I do not feel called upon to employ one in answering the one hundred and one questions rightly, that are contained in the papers that have been sent to me to fill out. If I were simply asked to state my income and swear to it, I think I would do it cheerfully and honestly. I see no reason why I shouldn't, but to be asked to state and swear to everything from the day I was born to the death of our neighbor's canary is rather rubbing it in. I mean this to be serious. I do not consider the income tax a joke, not since I have received my papers. These are worse than any school examination I ever attempted to pass. Furthermore I am at a loss to know where or how by the constitution or statute a collector gets the power to make me answer the questions specified. The fifteen items of "gains, profits, and income" besides being absurdly inquisitorial, are so ambiguous that I defy myself to understand them or the collector to explain. The law requires me, if I have the happiness to possess an income of over $3,500, to "make and render a list or return;" well and good, then if I refuse to consider such questions or the following what is the penalty?

1. Had your wife or any minor child or children of yours any income last year? (What is this to do with my income?)

2. Have you included such income or incomes in this return? (Suppose I have and suppose I have not. What then?)

3. Have you kept books of account? (Yes, that is the way I earn my income.)

4. Is your income therein estimated or taken from your books? (Both.)

5. What are the particular items of "losses" set forth by you opposite paragraph 6 of "deductions," and when did each occur? (Chewing gum and admissions to the Midwinter Fair. Off and on.)

6. Are you a citizen of the United States, and what is your occupation? (These questions make me believe I live in Russia.)

7. How did you determine that debts returned by you as "worthless" could not be collected? (By calling every steamer-day for a series of years.)

How would any sensible man decide that certain amounts owing him were worthless? Any business man could write a book on the subject alone. A citizen can answer these questions just as foolishly as I have, and there is no power in the land to make him answer differently and no penalty for not doing. The days of the inquisitors are no more. Then in my judgment it will take a $4,000 income to pay the expenses of keeping books and accounts to furnish the required items and answer the colossal array of interrogations. Take for example the case of the Southern Pacific Railroad. I will venture the guess that $25,000 a year will not cover such an undertaking. However, the income tax law may be a blessing in disguise, but it will take some time to educate an average tax-payer up to considering its voluminous examination paper, blessings disguised or otherwise.

Britain's Perennial Wants.

It is a cold day when John Bull and Co. does not want something. The island has to be mighty small to escape her leonine eyes, and if some "cold day" we read in the telegraphic dispatches that she has mistaken a detached and erratic iceberg for a possible naval station and raised the English Jack over it, no one would be surprised. Her latest want is Neckar Island in the Hawaiian Archipelago. Unfortunately for her she cannot take immediate possession without the consent of the United States. It goes without saying that the English Government experienced no difficulty in obtaining Mr.

Cleveland's sanction and recommendation to Congress that she be allowed to lease the Island from the Hawaiian Republic. If Mr. Cleveland was on the salaried list of the mother country he could not be a more willing and ready agent. It is a fortunate thing that he did not hold his high position during either the first or second war with England.

Anyone who read "The Naval Control of the Pacific" in the January OVERLAND, or who will take the trouble to glance at the map of the Pacific Ocean can readily see that all England needs is a foothold in the Sandwich Islands to perfect its massive chain of forts that encircle the world. Why this country, which has the most at stake in the Pacific, should connive to aid its most formidable rival in strengthening its grip on our western coast, is beyond comprehension. The fact that England has the nerve to ask for what it wants is no reason why she should always get it.

From a strategic and commercial point of view there should be an American owned cable between California and Honolulu. A bill subsidizing such a project did pass the Senate a few years ago, but like every public measure that aimed at strengthening our hold on the Pacific it was smothered by the assinine economy of a half dozen so called watchdogs of the Treasury and the hostile attitude of an un-American President.

If Mr. Stewart, Mr. Jones, Perkins, Mitchell Shoupe, Dubois and all our Pacific Coast representatives would unite in demanding the passage of measures that every thoughtful voter believes would be for the best interests of the coast and the country, instead of being satisfied with the sop of an appropriation for a post-office or court house, the Nicaragua Canal, the Hawaiian cable, the irrigation of arid lands and the encroachments of Britain would all have a respectful hearing and prompt consideration.

The Reilly Funding Bill.

Congress is a regal pauper. One cannot but admire the bravado with which it refused $116,000,000 by voting against the Reilly Funding Bill. Whatever side, individual readers of the OVERLAND may take as to the merits or demerits of the bill for funding the debt of the Southern Pacific Railway, the question crops up as to whether the Government will ever get a better offer. In our own private affairs we sometimes have to cut a debt in two and take what the debtor is able to pay regardless of the justness of our own claim.

The original issue of bonds in aid of these roads was $64,000,000, upon which interest has been paid to the amount of $102,000,000. The roads have repaid $50,000,000 by transportation and sinking-funds. It is now proposed by some clear headed business men in Congress, who believe that it is better to have half a loaf than no loaf, to tack an amendment to one of the appropriation bills to accept $75,000,000 as a lump sum for the Government's claim on all the subsidized roads.

With the $75,000,000 which is no bagatelle, the the Treasury could meet all the maturing bonds known as the "Currency 65," and leave a margin of nearly $11,000,000 to be applied on the back interest account. I am not giving advice to our elected Solons, but I am perfectly sure in my own mind what I would do if the Southern Pacific R. R. offered to buy up all the old accounts on our books at the same rate.

State Printing Office.

Mr. George F. Neal, the printer of the OVERLAND, has caused quite a flurry at Sacramento by his criticisms of the system whereby the State printing is done. Mr. Neal, like all good independent printers, is wide awake, and insomuch as there is no vacancy in the office of State Printer this year, he thinks that the next best thing to being State Printer is to do the State printing. However, the flurry has done no harm, and the investigations and editorials on the subject have from first to last redounded to the credit of the Hon. A. J. Johnston, the State Printer. Gov. Budd, who at first took some interest in the alleged $50,000 deficiency in the last appropriation for this department, announced in a newspaper interview that he was more than satisfied with Johnston that, he "was as square as a die," and that the great expenses of the office were due to the system existing, which compelled the State Printer to fill all orders for printing for State institutions just as they are made, and he is absolutely powerless either to add to or subtract from the volume of work in the slightest degree. His power is limited to doing the work ordered as cheaply as possible, and in this respect Johnston has made a vastly better showing than any of his predecessors. These things Budd now admits, so that if there is any "upsetting" to be done, it will be in the system which gives the State Printer no discretion as to the amount of work he shall do, or its quality.

The $50,000 "deficiency" was really no deficiency at all, but is the amount necessary to do the legislative printing, and has been regularly appropriated every session since the office was established, though it is customary to treat it as a *deficiency*. The same thing will happen next session, and the

fact is understood by every one conversant with the office affairs. The Governor signed this Deficiency Bill at once after his last interview with Johnston. The *regular* (biennial) appropriation of $250,000 was cut to $244,000, and has been passed by the Assembly.

Evolution of Ship-Building.

OFFICE COMMANDING OFFICER IDAHO NATIONAL GUARD, Boise City, Idaho.

Editor Overland: Your interesting accounts of the steamboats of early times in California are not complete without mentioning the S. S. "Tehama," familiar to the river men of those times. A sternwheeler of that name was built in 1850 at the shipyard on the beach directly under the Marine Hospital. She ran as an opposition line to Stockton, and was commanded by Captain J. D. Farwell.

The writer of this was part owner and purser. The fare for passage was $25, and no distinction between cabin and deck passage. Freight rates were in same proportion; so that receipts for a round trip from San Francisco would be $2,000 to $3,000. The machinery had been brought from Boston, where it had done duty in a sawmill or something of the kind. Hardly a trip was made without blowing out our boiler flues or cylinder heads, and repairs were frequent and expensive. Captain Farwell had been a ship-master, and managed the craft in seaman-like manner on the deep waters of the Bay, where his skill was frequently needed. On the intricate reaches of the San Joaquin the pilot took charge.

Finally the Tehama was run by Captain Hite, of Mississippi fame, as far as Red Bluffs and Tehama on the Sacramento River. *J. F. Curtis.*

More Memories.[1]

One is struck with the thought when looking at the frontispiece of genial Dean Hole's last volume of memories that one ought to write just such kindly, sweet-tempered, whole-souled thoughts from such a generous sunny old Deanery as it shows his at Rochester to be. Indeed, one's first impressions are strengthened as we read on into the book, and we finish with the idea that the author enjoyed himself in the writing, fully as much as the reader did in reading.

In a quiet, easy-going style, Dean Hole treats in a series of word pictures, anecdotes and reminiscences of bishops, preachers, laymen, church services and missions, education, marriage, aristocracy, workingmen, politics, orators, flowers, poetry, the drama, bores, impostors, sport, horses, and innumerable other people and things. All through his many subjects he never loses an opportunity to show his admiration for America, and he does his best to try and impress his American readers with the idea that the majority of his countrymen feel as he does. He seems to think that his American cousins came honestly by their bad habit of bragging. "They" (the English), he says, "regard it as a waste of time to study carefully any history except their own, and they close their eyes and shut their ears to any records which seem to contradict their creed, that Britannia rules all seas and shores. I need not remind you that there are incidents in the annals of America which do not lend themselves quite gracefully to this idea of an English

[1] More Memories. By The Very Rev. S. Reynolds Hole. New York and London; Macmillan & Co. 1894. Price, $2.25. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

monarchy over all creation; accounts of battles, which are not such pleasant reading as those of Trafalgar and Waterloo; songs and tunes, which are not harmonious in our ears; a doctrine, in short, and spirit of independence, which will accept no Bull of Infallibility, whether John Bull from England or some other Bull from Rome."

Then the Dean quotes from one of his country's common school histories to prove that English children are now being educated properly. Of our great Washington we read: "Never in all history were feelings of love, gratitude, and esteem better deserved. From first to last no selfish ambition, no desire for aggrandizement, had ever led him astray from the duty which he owed to his country," etc.

It is impossible to go deeply into extracts, although the work is singularly adapted to the making of them. It is chatty, full of good stories, funny and otherwise, and contains much good advice. It is readable and wholly enjoyable.

Dumas' She-Wolves of Machecoul.

In the December 1894 number of the OVERLAND there appeared a short review of "The Whites and the Blues" and "The Companions of Jehu," the first four volumes of "The Napoleonic Romances," of which *The She-Wolves of Machecoul*[1], in two volumes, is the last. What was said in the review mentioned applies, in a general way, to what might be said of the book under review; in fact, to everything the great Frenchman ever wrote. When one has once fallen captive to the spirit, dash, swing and go of Dumas' style, the mere mention of his name make detailed descriptions worse than needless. So that the review of a new translation of one of his novels must engage itself with a recital of the plot rather than with a criticism of the literary shortcomings. *The She-Wolves of Machecoul* embraces in time the period that followed Napoleon's return from Elba and the reign of Louis Philippe—1795-1843, although the main events narrated occurred in the year 1832. Especially in the pages of "The Companions of Jehu," the reader becomes very familiar with the province and people of La Vendée in 1793; so that the scenery, which is the same in this novel, is not foreign, and the farcical attempt of the Duchesse de Berry, the mother of Henri V, to re-arouse in 1832 the spirit which animated the Vendéens of that period, comes in natural sequence.

The "She-Wolves" are the two daughters of an old royalist *emigré*—the Marquis de Louday. Around them, their devotion to their father, and their strong, pure love for the young Baron Michel, hover the interest of the story. In all of Dumas' novels, there exist not two more perfect types of noble, high-bred womanhood. Dumas is not always careful of the good name of the women that pass on and off his stage, but in this one case he has neither by suggestion or innuendo cast the faintest of stains on his high-spirited heroines.

This little, second and last, uprising in La Vendee in favor of the Bourbons, and the visit to the very heart of the rebellious district by the Duchesse de Berry, is told with all the power and fire that has made "The Three Musketeers" dear to all. The love interest in the tale is much stronger, and more prominent than in the two preceding novels referred to, possibly because the historical interest is much less.

Jean Oulliér, the retainer and second father to the "She-Wolves," is by far the most striking character in the book. He is the perfect type of the "shrewd, self-contained, unforgiving, unreasoningly loyal" Vendéen peasant of the days of '93.

The Corsican Brothers is a rather remarkable tale of the close of a Corsican vendetta and magnetic undestanding of two brothers who are separated by the entire breadth of France. The tale, which is short, is valuable for its vivid descriptions of Corsican customs and life.

The books are well illustrated with full page etchings and half-tones.

[1] The She-Wolves of Machecoul and The Corsican Brothers; II vols. By Alexandre Dumas; Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 1894.

A Shelf of Old Books.[2]

Lovers of the writers of literature of the last generation, even readers of modern authors who have forgotten the authors that have gone before, will thank Mrs. Fields for her charming reminder that there are books on the top shelves of our private and public libraries, dust covered and neglected, that are just as brilliant, witty and absorbing as those of our favorite authors of today. Her two hundred and fifteen pages of reminiscences cover the recollections of herself and Mr. Fields' of Leigh Hunt, Shelley, DeQuincey, John Wilson, John Brown, Barry Cornwall, Mrs. Proctor, Thackeray and others, and a certain amount of pleasing literary gossip concerning Milton, Lamb, Ben Johnson and Keats. A little incident which she relates of Thackery when he was on his lecturing tour in this country illustrates the style of the book: "He (Thackeray) was coming down a long flight of steps into the street after one of his lectures. We were in front, and we were with Washington Irving (ah what a joy that was, and what a gladness still to recall him!) Thack-

[2] A Shelf of Old Books. By Mrs. James F. Fields. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

eray startled the little group by overtaking us and striking Irving briskly on the shoulder (they were evidently much at home together): then turning to us, 'And there's the little woman I was telling you of to-day!' at which rally, since he evidently had not been telling anything very serious, we all laughed, and then he began to relate the experiences of the evening. It was only a touch, a glance a nothing, as one may say, but that warmth and sunlight of his nature always seemed to waken a new flower of existence into being where it shone even for an instant." Of the three chapters—"Leigh Hunt," "Edinburgh," and "From Milton to Thackerry," the one devoted to Leigh Hunt is the most connected and interesting. Mr. and Mrs. Fields spent some time at Hunt's home and learned to admire him as a man as well as a writer, for which reason, no doubt, she gives him high place in literature, higher than most critics are willing to allow. It has two valuable portraits of Hunt and a drawing of Keats by Severn, made for Mr. Fields. The other chapters contain portraits of Dr. John Brown and Scott. The book is printed on heavy plate paper and handsomely bound in cloth. It is a permanent addition to literature.

An Estimate of Joaquin Miller and Bret Harte.

American Writers of To-Day[1], by Henry C. Vedder, is a collection of critical essays on the following writers: Stedman, Parkman, Howells, James, Warner, Aldrich, Twain, Crawford, Burnett, Craddock, Phelps, Whitney, Bret Harte, Hale, Eggleston, Cable, Stoddard, Stockton and Joaquin Miller. Of the writers named, the Pacific Coast is particularly interested in two—the first editor of the OVERLAND and its most distinguished contributor, Joaquin Miller. In his sketch of Bret Harte and his work, Mr. Vedder has nothing new or fresh to tell, yet he makes an interesting story. He rightly says what the OVERLAND has been teaching the world for twenty-seven years, that: "Nothing in the history of this Western world is more romantic than the story of California." Of the founding of the OVERLAND, the writer says: "In July, 1868, was begun the publication of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, a somewhat ambitious periodical that aspired to be for the Pacific Coast what *The Atlantic Monthly* had become in the East. Mr. Harte had so far established his reputation that he was indicated to the publisher (Mr. Anton Roman) as the best man to conduct the editorial part of the new enterprise. It seemed to the editor to be a defect in the first number published that it contained no romance distinctly Californian; and accordingly he set himself to work to remedy the defect. 'The Luck of Roaring Camp' was the result of his labors." Then follows the well-known story of the difficulty he experienced in making his proof readers and printers see that it was neither immoral or irreligious. Speaking critically of Harte's work, the critic says: "Bret Harte is a singular example of the force that lies in narrowness. Speaking broadly, he is able to do just one thing well, and that is to delineate the life with which he became familiar in his early days. He can do that only in one way, through the medium of the short story. * * * There is an advantage not to be lightly esteemed in thus restricting one's sphere. Breadth is very well when it does not mean shallowness, but with narrowness commonly goes a certain depth and force."

[1] American Writers of To-Day. By Henry C. Vedder. Silver, Burdett & Co.; New York, Boston, Chicago. 1895.

Of Joaquin Miller, Mr. Vedder has some interesting things to say, although in his critical analysis of the poet and his work he falls into the common fault of taking for granted that because Mr. Miller has not written as much in the past few years as he did when he first published his *"Songs of the Sierras,"* that he is moribund and weak. It is only necessary to call the reviewer's attention to his masterly and almost faultless *"Song of the Balboa Sea"* that ran through the October, November, December and January numbers of the OVERLAND to refute any such assertions. In every particular it is equal to the poems that made him the lion of London society in 1870.

In barely any particular is the writer's estimate of Mr. Miller correct, trustworthy, just or even scholarly. "Twenty years ago," he says, "Joaquin Miller was the lion of British society; he was fêted and caressed by the rich and titled; he was praised by the chorus of irresponsible, indolent reviewers, his books ran through numerous editions in two continents—surely this was fame. * * * The British public has, of course, long since recovered from its Miller craze. * * * Not long ago one who had occasion to purchase his collected poems searched New York high and low, but not a copy, new or second hand, could he find on sale." These statements hardly agree with the fact that during the publication of *"The Song of the Balboa Sea"* the OVERLAND and Mr. Miller were in receipt of letters of congratulation and appreciation from such men as Gladstone, Lord Roseberry, Lord Houghton, Oscar Wilde, Andrew Lang. etc., and and that Stone & Kimball write that *"The Building of the House Beautiful"* is soon to run in its third edition. As to the other essays in the book they are interesting but of no very great value to the review of reviewers.

The Green Carnation.

The Green Carnation[1] is one of the very cleverest satires on "modernity" that has ever been penned. One reads the opening chapter with a sigh and an inward revolt that the book must be read at all, but long before the XV chapter is reached you understand that the aim of the book is as Lady Locke, the only old fashionably sensible character in it, explains to her little son, after a lecture by Mr. Amarinth to the school children on the lawn of the country-house. "Tommy," said Lady Locke at last, "give me a kiss and run away to your supper; but before you go, listen to me. Did you attend to Mr. Amarinth's lecture?" "Yes, yes, yes, mother. Of course, of course, of course!" cried Tommy, dancing violently on the lawn, and trying to excite Bung to a tempest. "Well, remember that it was meant to be comic. It was only a nonsense lecture, like Edward Lear's nonsense books. Do you see? It was a turning of everything topsy-turvy. So what we have to do is just the opposite of everything Mr. Amarinth advised. You understand, my boy?" "All right mumsy," said Tommy, "but I forgot what he said." Lady Locke looked pleased, kissed his flushed little face, and packed him off."

Mr. Amarinth's lecture is the keynote of the entire book. It is a clever defense of the attractiveness of vice and the absurdity of living up to the old fashioned standard of virtue.

The writer turns everything upside down, compares nature to Turner's pictures, the sun to the lime lights at a London theatre, and makes his characters Lord Reggie Hastings and Mr. Esmé Amarinth, keep up a perfect fire of epigrams. The epigrams sound very clever at first, but you soon discover that they are but our world old epigrams about virtue and honesty turned upside down. Lord Reggie is a "young man with pale gilt hair and blue eyes," forever boasting of his own beauty. "The mantle-piece in his sitting room bore only photographs of himself, and he explained this fact to inquiriers by saying that he worshipped beauty."

Mr. Amarinth is the young lord's sponsor; he is a married man, after the "modern" fashion, and believes "sensations are the details that build up the stories of our lives."

Mrs. Windsor is the cousin of a rich young widow whom she wishes Lord Reggie to marry. The future marquis with the dyed carnation, "the arsenic flower of an exquisite life" is not unwilling if it can be done without putting his arm around her waist. "One owes something to one's self in spite of all the nonsense Ibsen talks." The five characters of the novelette, including one Madam Valtesi, an elderly cynic, go down to Mrs. Wilson's cottage in Surrey. There they hold nature up to blame, make fun of the rector, patronize the choir boys, and finally Lord Reggie proposes.

"Esmé said to-day that marriage was a brilliant absurdity! Will you marry me?" * * "I cannot marry you," she said. * * * I am not brilliant, and therefore I have no wish to be absurd. * * * Men like you are so twisted and distorted in mind that they cannot recognize their own distortion. * * If you would take that hidious green flower out of your coat, not because I asked you to, but because you hated it honestly, I might answer your question differently. * * If you could be like a man, instead of like nothing at all in heaven or earth except that dyed flower, I might perhaps care for you in the right way." And Reggie answers, "Oh! It will be out of fashion soon."

The writer of the skit conceals his or her name, possible because of the thrusts made at the popular novelists of the day.

[1]The Green Carnation. New York, D. Appleton and Company, 1895 75c.

Essays In American History.[2]

Professor Ferguson of Trinity College has collected in book form four historical essays:—"The Quakers of New England," "The Witches," "Sir Edmund Andros" and "The Loyalists."

The essays are careful studies of early history in the American colonies. While they are well written and the facts stated are well fortified, they all take the unfortunate position that the early fathers and patriots were men of low thought and high passions. They manage to drag up a lot of history that, if really history, had much better be forgotten. That the Puritans hung the Quakers and the Quakers and Puritans in turn hung the so-called witches is a deplorable fact; that Sir Edmund Andros was too good a man for his times is open to controversy, and that the Tories were more sinned against than sinning can only be believed by the weak minded. Such is the ground the learned teacher and author takes. He has made a readable book, but not a valuable one, except from a debating society's point of view.

[2]Essays in American History. By Henry Ferguson, New York. James Pott and Company, 1895. $1.25.

Joaquin Miller is in Honolulu in the interest of the OVERLAND.

* * *

Of all the publications filling a special field, the *Traveler* comes to our table as the best of its kind. The typographical work is of the very finest. The half-tone engraving is excellent and the management has shown a commendable enterprise in securing the publication of a new process of colored half-tone before any of its contemporaries. The February number has the customary "head" embellished with a beautiful half-tone in three colors and a tint. There is an article on "Unique California Souveniers" by Emma Seckle Marshall, an OVERLAND writer. "Life on a Man-of-War," by Elizabeth Lulu Cochrane is well written and splendidly illustrated from photos. Prof. Barnard of Lick Observatory holds forth on the "Milky Way."

* * *

George Hamlin Fitch, the scholarly editor and reviewer of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, said, in his notice of the February OVERLAND, on January 27th: " * * It smacks of the soil, and from pioneer reminiscence to the story of the period, it has the genuine flavor of a life that is as distinct from the life of the East as the vegetation and the coloring of this Coast are set apart from those of the older States east of the Rockies." In one sentence Mr. Fitch has expressed the magazine's platform and shown a most thorough appreciation of the mark at which its editors are aiming.

* * *

Margherita Arlina Hamm, editor of the New York *Journalist*, whose "The Mongol Triad" in the February OVERLAND proved such a valuable contribution to Chinese-Japanese literature of the day, has a descriptive sketch of "A Chinese Trial" in the February *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*. Miss Hamm is the wife of Dr. Fales, who, almost up to the breaking out of the present Eastern war, was U. S. Consul at Amoy, China. The literary material she then gathered has proven most timely and is of a nature far more trustworthy and instructive than the great bulk that purports to be written by those who know whereof they write.

Books Received.

Les Historiens Francais of the 19th Century. By C. Fontaine. New York: Wm. R. Jenkins: 1894.

La Conversation des Enfants. By Chas. P. DuCroquet. *Ibid.*

El Final de Norma. By Pedro A. de Alarcon. *Ibid.*

L'Art de Interessér en Classe. By Victor A. Bernard. *Ibid.*

Preliminary French Drill. By "Veteran." *Ibid.*

In Wild Rose Time. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard: 1895.

Jean Belim. By Alfred de Bichart. *Ibid.*

Philoctites. By J. E. Nesmith. Cambridge: Published by the Author: 1895.

Little Eylof. By Henrik Ibsen. Chicago: Stone & Kimball: 1895.

The Ralstons. By F. Marion Crawford. (2 vols.) New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1895.

A Bachelor Maid. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. New York: The Century Co.: 1894.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. New York: D. Appleton & Co.: 1895.

The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. By Arthur W. Pinero. Boston: Walter H. Baker & Co.: 1894.

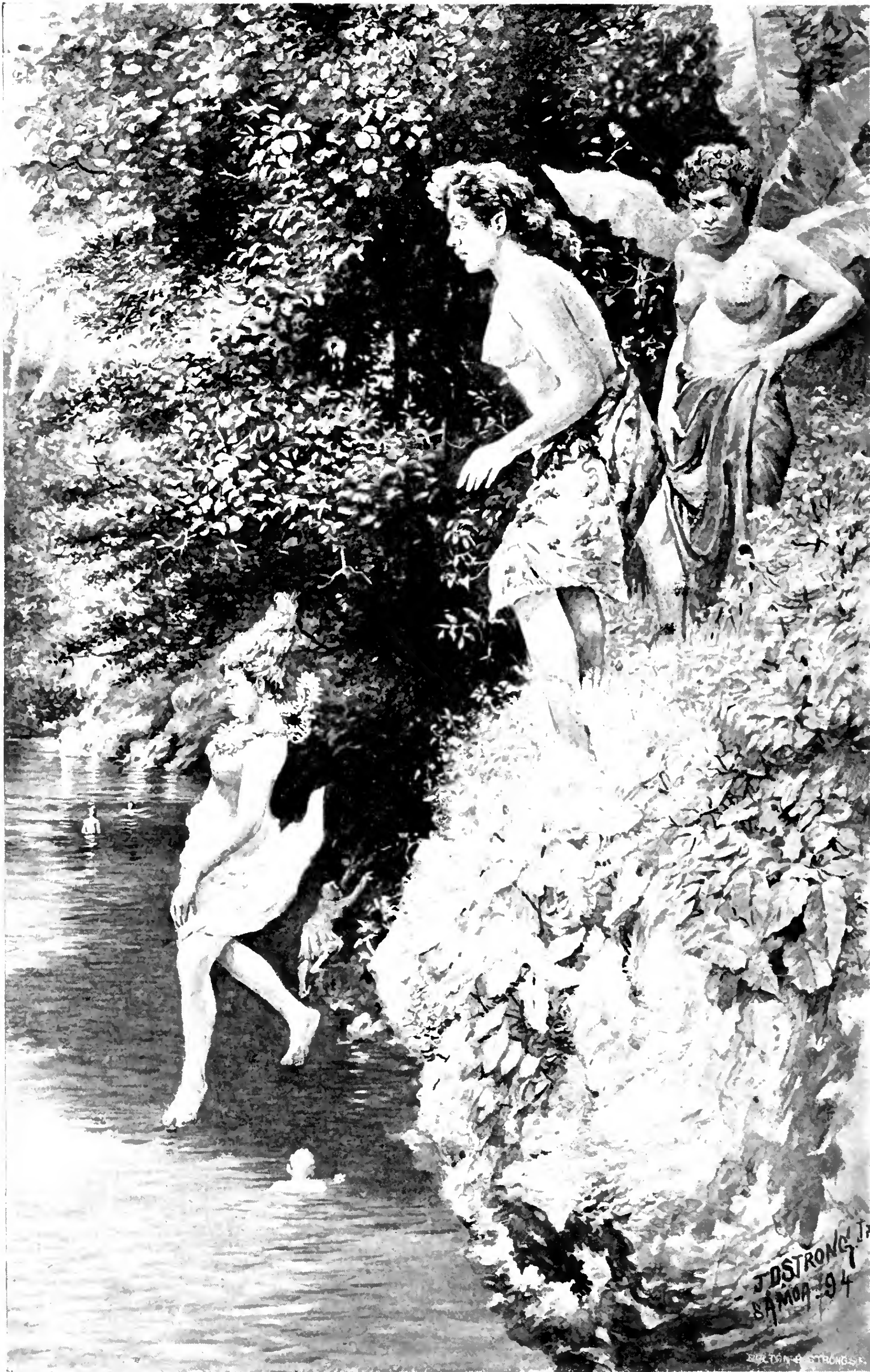
The Chouans. By Honore de Balzac. Boston. Roberts Bros.: 1893.

Magnesia. By Henry G. Hanks. San Francisco: C. A. Murdock & Co.: 1895.

The Classic Myths. By Chas. M. Gayley. Boston: Ginn & Co.: 1894.

Philip and His Wife. By Margaret Deland. Boston: Haughton, Mifflin & Co.: 1895.

Roderick Hume. By C. W. Bardeen. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen: 1894.



Painted by J. D. Strong, Jr | Half-tone by Bolton & Strong

SAMOAN MAIDENS DIVING.

[The Legend of the Falls.]

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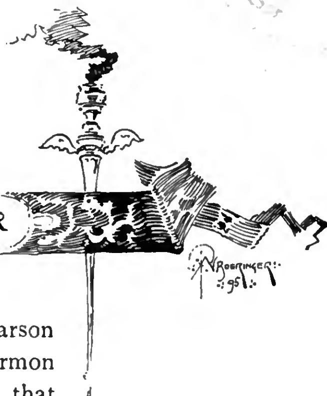
AS TALKED IN THE SANCTUM.



I WENT to hear the Parson last Sunday. His sermon was good. I mean by that that it was entertaining. He gave me some fresh ideas, ideas that never originated in the Sanctum, and made me remember that I had a higher duty to perform for my fellow men than to edit a magazine. I believe it does one good to go to church even if his mind does wander at times during the sermon — no matter how excellent. My grandfather was an earnest Christian and never to my knowledge missed a service on Sunday, and yet one of my earliest recollections is the row of spots along the wall of the simple edifice in which he worshiped for seventy years, where his head, and the heads of his dear old neighbors, rested peacefully in slumber during the two hours exposition of the text —" Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming."—*(Isaiah xiv, 9.)* I do not think hell from beneath was moved to meet him simply because he slept. He slept reverently, for he had become wearied in doing good all the week. I am sure I might better have been asleep during the Parson's discourse, than to have had my mind slipping away on all imaginable errands — sacred and profane. Some passage strikingly beautiful would rivet my attention for a moment, and then, before I knew it, I would recollect that I was carrying a letter in my very inside pocket that I had promised the Mistress to mail the day before. The thought would carry me to the letter's destination, and for ten minutes I would take part in a spirited conversation with the little family circle in the New England town where my grandfather slumbered through so many Sunday sermons. Then the scenery of a Sunday morning would all come back to me and the Parson, the stained glass tombstone, the groined arches, would fade away. We always lay abed at grandfather's on Sunday morning. We usually arose on week days at six, and how good that extra hour in bed seemed. The memory of it now is so filled with a sense of luxuriousness that it seems almost sinful. Grandmother never failed to shake her head gravely, with a look in her

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Commercial Publishing Company, S. F.

eyes that half reproved and wholly forgave our childish indulgence, and she never failed to say as the last tousled head appeared from the twisting oak stairway : "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep;" but it was said so sweetly that it left no sting and was almost an invitation to return to the great downy bed upstairs. But just as I had entered upon a Sunday morning way back in my earliest childhood, I heard the Parson say as though in commentary upon my very thoughts,—"The path of the just is as a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day," and I congratulated myself that even if my thoughts had strayed from the text, they were following in "the path of the just."

Grandfather shaved himself carefully every Sunday morning. It was a momentous undertaking, and we would watch him strop his razor on the leather-bound family Bible, with an interest that bordered on awe.

The Contributor: "It is something to be able to boast of a grandfather who owned a family Bible. There is no disputing that grandfathers, family Bibles, and blue-blood, hunt in trios."

While grandfather was shaving, we tiptoed about the room as though his life was in danger, and I verily believe it was.

The blue and green kittens that forever played with a faded yellow ball on the face of the great clock above the brick fireplace, seemed to open their solferino eyes as grandfather lost his indentity in a vast Niagara of lather.

The Parson: "I do not resent the day-dreams of my parishoners if they are as innocent as the last speaker's. I am not conceited, and I do not hope to hold each and every one's mind in my grasp as I sermonize. If I can turn their thoughts into a pleasant channel, away from business and dress, for thirty minutes once a week, I am content. Every man has an inner consciousness in which is stored a vast melange of things — bits of sunshine, snatches of song, forgotten smiles, half remembered kindnesses, childhood recollections, and babyish sweets that he is ashamed to summon up in the glare of the sun and the flare of a work-a-day life. For six days you are hammered and knocked by the world and yourself; on the seventh I want you to open your soul and let its hidden incense and honey out. The Editor may return to the Sundays of his childhood and the "golden texts" of his first Sunday school; the Contributor to a sweetheart in the long ago, and a first kiss that has kept his lips pure ever since. You see I don't expect a great deal. I preach for myself as much as for you. If I can start the divine milk of human kindness, or cause an inward tear to flow, my sermon is more than a success. 'For he on honey-dew hath fed, and drunk the milk of Paradise.'"

The Artist: "Bravo! Had the Parson preached like this, the Editor's mind would not have wandered."

The Parson: "One of my first sermons was delivered in the pulpit of an eminent divine. As the congregation filed in and saw a stripling in the place of the great man they had learned to reverence, they tip-toed out again one after another. In my righteous wrath I arose and announced that there would be an intermission of five minutes, during which all those who had come to worship Doctor Chapin might withdraw, after which all those who had come to worship the Lord would unite with me in singing the 23d hymn. I thought the retort very smart at the time, but I have since learned that, perchance, I was a wasp in the ears of the good old Christians, and that my buzzing kept them from their Sunday meditation. It is the old familiar face and voice in the pulpit that bring out the best in the listener, not the gymnastics of the actor or the eloquence of the revivalist. If I suggest a train of thought that makes you better, it is as much as

Demosthenes or Cicero ever accomplished. 'Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding.'"

THERE is an atmosphere about some churches that is filled with reverence. Ofttimes it is owing to the preacher, sometimes to the architecture, but more often, I think, it is because of associations. If for forty years or five hundred years a church has been blessed with a congregation that fills its spaces for but one purpose,—the worship of the Creator,—I believe it builds up an atmosphere that fairly throbs with their prayers; the air is magnetic, charged with so subtle a current that the stranger feels it without understanding.

The cathedral at Cologne gave me that impression, while Westminister Abbey did not. Notre Dame was so saturated with history and romance that I forgot that I was in a church, while the half ruined Mosque of Hassan, at Cairo, impressed me, in spite of the fact that it was raised to the glory of a false Prophet, as a home of God. I am not half as reverent in the Parson's big church, with its costly windows and great organ, as in the small pine church of my grandfather. The Parson's steeple is 200 or 300 feet high and holds a chime of bells, but the smoke from the city hides the steeple, and the clang of the cable cars drown, the music of the chimes.

As grandfather finished shaving, and grandmother was arranging his stock for the fifth time, the long sweet note from the bell in the seventy-foot steeple three miles away came sounding through the soft, pulseless air. It was the "first bell," ten o'clock. The scent of the hay and of growing things came into the half-open window. The air was sleepily warm, and so still that the urchins on the back seats could hear every fretful movement of the staid old horses in the long row of sheds that bounded the small churchyard on one side. The pulpit was five steps above the congregation, far enough to transform the white-haired old preacher, who was our companion and adviser on week days, into a priest and a master. We were in God's house; we felt it, and whether the discourse was on heaven or hell, it was accepted with a cheerful thankfulness and reverence befitting the place.

There is something in reverence that with a little fanning bursts into blind obedience and unreasoning patriotism. In the solemn hush that preceded the benediction, when every head was bowed, every heart throbbing in unison, every mind filled with the same thought, a flood of reverence, too deep to hide, passed over the congregation, and a tear stood in more than one eye. God, for the moment, was very near.

THE Contributor: "I sometimes think after all has been said, that an autocratic monarchy is the only really sensible government. This system of government, when the power of spending money and declaring war is vested in the hands of 400 Congressmen, every one of whom has a different mind and is responsible to his constituents, has its drawbacks. A king, if he were not an imbecile, and imbeciles on the thrones of the world are not good form in this century, would see at a glance that the building of the Nicaragua Canal was a matter of vital importance to the commerce of United States, and he would order it built. But the project was smothered in the last Congress, because one member thought the money could be better spent in river improvements on Willow Creek — his district. And another thought that Shoreditch had got to the point where the government must build it a new post-office, if it expected his vote on any bills that were for the benefit of the great body politic. Newspapers like the New York *Nation* egg Congressmen on to oppose the building of battleships, because it is a

decade of peace, and no doubt, because Wall Street needs the money. If a foreign war ship should sail into New York harbor and drop a bomb into the midst of the big cylinder press that prints the *Nation*, I think, if able to ever get out another issue, it would see the need of more warships. This country is rich in spite of its everlasting talk about lack of funds and treasury deficit. We pay our President, cabinet ministers, diplomats, mere pittances compared to fourth and fifth-class European powers. We have no court to support or royal loafers; we do not even pay our just claims — adjudged to be just by the Court of Claims — then why should we not use public moneys for public needs?

"Since when has the world become so good that war ships and armies have become unnecessary? It is exasperating to elect a good, sensible neighbor to go to Washington only to have him spend his time building up and tumbling down tariffs, wasting wind on bond issues, and haggling over "contested election cases."

The Reader: "——— —— —— —— ! !"

The Contributor: "There, don't interrupt me. The Cuckoo Congress is dead, and I, as an American citizen, intend to have my say. It is a matter of indifference to me what its politics was. It is what they did and what they promised to do and what they didn't do that interest me. Where is the free trade tariff they promised? How many of the trusts that they swore to suppress have felt their blighting breath? What has become of the boasted repeal of the prohibitory tax on State bank notes? Have they irrigated the arid lands, or built the Nicaragua Canal, or laid a cable to Hawaii?"

The Contributor's impassioned note brought the Office Boy to the door with a look of genuine alarm on his face. "But they are gone, the cuckoos, thank God!"

The Office Boy: "Yes, sir, they sailed on the 'Mariposa' Thursday for Australia."

"They what?"

"The 'Gaiety Girls,' sir."

Then the good Contributor blushed to the top of his dear old head. The Contributor who never went to the theater unless Shakspere was before the footlights, had gone three nights to see the "Gaiety Girls" at the Baldwin, and mere curiosity, no doubt, had taken him to the Oceanic dock to see them sail out of the ever mysterious portals of the Golden Gate. The Artist laughed softly, and the Editor went out into the adjoining room to listen to the story of a "poetess of passion," who brought a letter of introduction from Joaquin Miller.

THERE is no excuse for the Fifty-third Congress. It had every opportunity to do good and make a name for itself. Had it but done one thing to help the people weather the hard times it could have stayed in power indefinitely. As it was, it neither was true to its party nor its country. It wiped out the gold reserve in the Treasury, not satisfied with that, it borrowed to keep up expenses of the government nearly two hundred millions of dollars. All this when an honest man could not raise a mortgage on his home to save his business. At the behest of the President and Wall Street, it repealed the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act and vaingloriously promised that it would bring about "waves of prosperity." The "waves" are evidently waiting for the Cuckoo Congress to return to the obscurity from which it came.

The defunct body has found Lincoln's maxim true,—"You can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

The Office Boy: "Proof."

From a Photograph taken for the OVERLAND.

MISS ELLEN BEACH YAW.

THE SINGERS OF THE CENTURY.

WHAT an astonishing picture is disclosed in a mere glimpse of a century of song. In the wane of the present hundred years America may well cogitate upon her contribution to art, to letters, to science. The thrift and toil of ages have fructified in the nineteenth century. We are "in at the death" of a mechanism and method with which the past has dismally accomplished the cruder results. We are in the age of new force, new elments, and perhaps, in the midst of the most potent factors in our civilization. From the racehorse to the man, capacity, grace, power, has been infinitely enlarged, and what was phenomenal a hundred years ago is the ordinary of today.

The present century has produced many subjects for the wonder of the world. One of the great edifying phases of a refining civilization, the musical expression of the human voice, has in this century surpassed all time before—time of which we have account.

Of all countries thriving in the life of the present age four, perhaps five, have been distinguished by their renowned interpretation of human melody. So far the crown belongs to Sweden for having given us the immortal Jenny Lind and that magnetic lyricist, Christine Nilsson; to Scotland we speak homage for Parepa-Rosa, and to old Madrid, from the luxurious warmth of Spain, we acknowledge peerless, dramatic Patti. Sweden, Scotland, Spain! an alliterative trio, indeed. Comparable with these what has America, with her marvelous material advance, produced and dedicated to the melo-sonatic sphere? Perhaps in the ebb of the century we shall yet find a treasure in the drift. It may be we are already promised gratification of American genius by the late attainment of a new generation of talent, and it is quite probable that the inculcations of American institutions have already dimmed the glory of Sweden, Scotland, Spain.

JENNIE LIND.

Jenny Lind was born in Stockholm, October 6, 1820, (not, as Fétis says, on February 8th). Her first lessons were received from Berg, master in a school attached to the Court Theatre, of which Count Puke was director. In March of her eighteenth year, in her native city, this deliciously voiced woman made her debut as Agatha in Weber's "Freischütz." Her success was instantaneous, and when thereafter she played the principal rôle in "Euryanthe," Alice in "Robert le Diable," and finally "La Vestale," her triumph became brilliant. In fact she upheld the Royal Theatre until June, 1841, when she retired to Paris. determined to improve her style of singing. So far her success had been of a dramatic nature, for when she presented herself to Manuel Garcia, in Paris, her voice was characterized as "naturally harsh and unbending." But Lind had her ideals, and to attain these, and even transcend them, was her dream and her endeavor. With Garcia she applied herself for a period of nine months. In the following year she obtained a hearing at the Opera, but no engagement followed. Naturally hurt at this, she is said to have determined never to accept an engagement in Paris, and whether this be true or not, it is certain that as late as March, 1847, she declined an engagement at the Academie Royale, for reasons of "affaires person-

elles." True to her previous declaration, she never appeared in Paris again.

In that day and until her age retired her from public life her voice was distinguished for two qualities — the one of range, the other of an intense human color. She had been wont to sing to her mother's friends from her third year, and even at that period the feeling of melancholy, so instinct in the Swedish nature, which impelled her young soul, imparted to her tones the quality and power to bring her listeners to tears. Meyerbeer, having once heard her in her youth, ventured to predict for her just such a glory as she afterwards attained.

CHRISTINE NILSSON.

From her own country she carried her conquest into Germany, where she adopted the principal rôle in Meyerbeer's "Feldiager in Schlesien," winning the German heart absolutely. England first heard her at her Majesty's Theatre in London in May, 1847. Moscheles, who had already met her in Berlin, hearing her now in "The Camp of Silesia," wrote of her that she fairly enchanted him. "She is unique in her way, and her song, with two concertante flutes, is perhaps the most incredible feat in the way of bravura singing that can possibly be heard." In the same year she was popularly termed the Swedish Nightingale. She sang from D to D, with another note or two occasionally available above high D. Her upper register was brilliant, and superior both in quality and strength to the lower. A notable feature of her method was her length of breath, and the invention of her own cadenze. Her, at that time, unequaled feat was singing a chromatic cadenza, in a song from "Beatrice di Tenda," ascending to E in alt and descending to the note from whence it had risen. This, it was said, could scarcely be equaled for "difficulty and perfection of execution." Giulia, in Spontani's "Vestale," was perhaps her best part. In 1849, after successfully interpreting "Lucia di Lammermoor" and singing Mozart's "Flauto Magico," she left the stage and betook herself to the more congenial platform of the concert room.

For Jenny Lind's appearance in America in 1850 this country is indebted to that prince of opportunists, Mr. P. T. Barnum. She remained here two years, repeated all her old triumphs, won us to her feet with the bird song in Hayden's "Creation," the Sanctus of angels in Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and carried off a purse of one hundred thousand American dollars.

Five years later, while we were still wondering if we should ever again see the like of the Swedish Nightingale, Scotland sent

PAREPA-ROSA.

a daughter to startle Naples. Euphrosyne Parepa de Boyesku, or as her shorn euphonious appellation designated her, Parepa-Rosa, was born May 7, 1836, in Edinburgh. Her debut was made at the age of sixteen, when she successfully appeared as Amina, in Malta. In May, 1857, five years after the witchery of melancholy Lind had lodged in American hearts, Parepa-Rosa charmed us as Elvira in "Il Puritani." This spirited rendition was but a precursor of her later advent in our midst, for she returned to England in 1859 and remained there till 1865. In that year, after the cessation of martial music attendant upon the late disturbance, she returned to America with Mr. Carl Rosa, whom she afterwards married here in February, 1867. Her previous husband, Captain Henry DeWolfe Carvell, died at Lima, Peru, in April, 1865. She remained with us until 1871, establishing her famous English and Italian Opera Company. She died January 21, 1874, a woman of acknowledged talent and great physical beauty. She, too, was noted for the scope of her voice, and even more for this feature of it than for any dramatic force or poise, for she only attained a moderate success in opera. She sang two and a halt octaves, to D in alt, in a voice of combined power and sweetness. Her execution was characterized as good, her range "extensive," and her intonation fervid. Certain it is, she adopted her art where Lind left it, but she carried it on with a different character of song, with less pathetic charm, with a lesser appeal to humanity, but perhaps a greater plea to art.

But the elves of Scandia were silent not for long. Near Wexio, in the district of Wederslof, Sweden, Christine Nilsson was born on August 20, 1843. The charm and chastity of Ophelia were never known with such beauty until the personification by Nilsson immortalized that character in the realm of song. If Nilsson has symbolized any character, accord her that of Ophelia, just as Lind made the heavens smile at her Giulia, or Lucrezia Azugari transported the previous century with her wondrous flight in Mozart's "Magic Flute," La Bastardella and Catalina with their brilliant cadenze in the sixteenth century, or as Patti's Amina won all England to her worship in 1861.

Nilsson was nineteen when she made her debut in October, 1864, at the Theatre Lyrique, in Paris, as Violetta in a French version of "La Traviata." Thence her way lay through England, made glorious by the wonderful charm of her crystalline voice. In March, 1869, at the Academie de Musique, she thrilled all France, impressed two continents with her creation of Ophelia in Thomas's "Hamlet." With a short absence, she sang in America from 1870 to 1874 in Italian opera and Flotow's comic opera "L'Ombre." We have heard her chiefly as Elsa, Margaret, Mignon, and her then incomparable Ophelia.

From a Photograph taken for the OVERLAND.

MISS ELLEN BEACH YAW.

Her voice is of moderate power, great sweetness, brilliancy, and evenness, in all the registers, the compass being about two and a half octaves, from G natural to D in alt. Pathos is its distinguishing melodic quality.

The beauty of Christine Nilsson's personal character and the generous hospitality of her home are a constant delight to American students abroad.

Patti, Adéle, or Adelina Juana Maria Patti, the sun-kissed lark of a Castilian cradle, was born in Madrid, Spain, on February 19, 1843. What a lute to conjure with! Though of Spain, America nursed her early childhood, gave her the first lessons in music through Maurice Strakosch, who married her elder sister, Amelia, attended her first appearance when she was still very young, and a short time thereafter saw her sudden withdrawal from public life for further study abroad. Again her adopted country greeted her in November, 1859, in

ADELINA PATTI

New York, when she achieved a signal triumph as Lucia. But it was left for England to attend her debut proper, on May 14, 1861, when at the Royal Italian Opera she fairly vaulted to her fame as Amina. From that hour her tours were one constant ovation, her name sought out the furthermost corners of the earth, and the magic with which her sudden favor had invested it blazed honor and homage along her way.

Patti's talent was versatile, her voice dramatic, her mood magnetic. I say "was," for the frequency of her public "adios" gives me license. Her voice, in the prime of her public life, was of moderate power, if the consensus of the world's critics may be adopted. It was noted as to quality principally for its dramatic element, and its compass has been the marvel of two decades. She sang from G below to F in alt, and when this attainment with the human voice was acknowledged to her she was crowned "peerless."

With Patti as the last of that European quartette constellated in the musical sphere of the present century, with a revival of grand opera during the past few years, with Melba, Scalchi, Calvé, and other foreign talent, with the American *prime donne* still inchoate in the studios of France and Italy, what *can* we show that of all peoples we are among the foremost exponents, patrons, ay, executants, of the higher art?

We can show this, that before the century closes, America will have taken her place in the lyric world beside every other nation; that the promise is she will have transcended not only in the beauty of her product, but in the number and achievment of her musical subjects, that older talent which has occupied and distinguished the past. The unfolding, nurtured genuis in the studios of Marchesi, D'Albani, Spigliari, Massenet, Delle Sedie, and Bax, attests what American young women are destined to do in human vocalization. The instance of Eames and Sanderson in opera, and Yaw in grand concert, is forceful in its suggestion of what this continent will produce as a crowning sunset to the century.

Perhaps no American girl has ever so suddenly set the world ablaze with the phenomenal nature of her talent, as that accomplished, supernaturally-endowed Californian, Miss Ellen Beach Yaw. There is no excess of zeal in accounting hers, what the world is fast acknowledging it to be, the most astounding soprano voice in history. California has a peculiar pride in narrating briefly some of the features of Miss Yaw's career, and her marvelous leap to the fame now heartily accorded to her. She is a tall, beautiful girl, with a wealth of blonde hair, dreamy blue eyes, and features of the finest delicacy. Her throat is as graceful as a swan's, her poise and manner elegant. She reminds one of Jenny Lind, in that affectation and artifice have no place in her expression. Much of her girlhood was

From a Photograph taken for the OVERLAND.

MISS ELLEN BEACH YAW

spent in California, near La Crescenta and Los Angeles. The early stages of her culture were under the tuition of Mme. Bjorksten, in New York, who later accompanied her pupil to Paris, and placed her under the instruction of the famous Delle Sedie and Bax. From time to time the whispers in Parisian studios about the "fair American marvel," found an echo in the French press, and the Paris *Galignani* was particularly enthusiastic in her praise. She had not dedicated her voice to the public as yet, so the fair American continued her devotion to her studies. About two years ago, while Miss Yaw was still abroad, the *New York Herald*, having learned of the prodigious nature of this new voice, published a column article headed, "Miss Yaw's wonderful voice!" It declared that voice as having the greatest compass of any soprano recorded by history,—a range of nearly four octaves from G below the staff

to E in the altissimo, and expressed surprise that a voice reaching such an altitude should possess such breadth and beautiful quality of tone in the lower and medium register.

Thus her scale would be :

Later the Parisian papers adopted her cause, and characterized the tones they heard at two of her private appearances as, "extraordinarily crystalline, with wonderfully bird-like notes, which rose and fell with the precision and 'rondeur' that French people characteristically compare to 'falling pearls.'"

Transcending in scope any singer who ever lived, with a quality of voice which is charming, she stands alone as the most phenomenal soprano in the world. So amazed were her first American critics, before whom she sang privately in New York on her return from Paris, that one of the leading musical writers of that city published the following :

A soprano who can sing high C and sustain the note well is supposed to have a good vocal range, but Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, of California, can sing E above high E. . . . Christine Nilsson used to drive her audience into the seventh heaven of enthusiasm by singing high F sharp in Mozart's "Magic Flute." Miss Yaw sings F sharp without an effort, and sustains the note with the sweetest quality. The highest vocal range of a singer recorded by history was that of Lucrezia Azugari. Mozart says that in 1770 he heard this soprano range from A below middle C to C above the high C. It was a range of twenty-four notes. Azugari could execute trills on the high D. This is noted in the Encyclopædia Britannica as the only known instance of its kind. Miss Yaw can sing lower than Azugari, and three notes higher in the upper register.

One of the most singular things about Miss Yaw's singing, indeed the thing that has attracted the most attention, is that a singer who possesses such a high range should be able to sing in her lower register with the breadth of a contralto. . . . A throat specialist, who examined Miss Yaw's larynx recently, said that her vocal cords were finer than he had ever seen or heard of. . . . I was present when Miss Yaw sang Proch's "Variations" the other night. While she sang her highest cadenzas the tones were of beautiful quality. She sang higher F sharp and held it for eight seconds, then running up the scale to C. . . . The scientific explanation of this tremendous vocal altitude is that Miss Yaw's inferior thyroarytenoid or true vocal cord had made 2048 vibrations each second.

Her method has evoked as much comment as the wonderful altitude and lyric sweetness of her voice. It is faultless. Her tones are produced without the slightest physical effort. Her cadenzas are astounding. The most intent observer will not discover the slighest breath movement, so perfectly does this wonderful organ produce its fascinating strains. The auditor naturally wonders from where the silent power of propulsion comes, and how this slight and lissom girl expresses the charm and volume of tone for which her lower and middle registers are fine examples of perfect voice-placing.

The notable elements of this voice are its natural poetic quality, its warmth and variety of color. When Miss Yaw sings the mad scene from Ambrose Thomas's "Hamlet," one fancies she is simply feeling aloud, and exclaims with Carlyle,—

"Little dewdrops of celestial melody."

Her repertoire embraces the composers, past and present, in the English, French, Italian, and Swedish languages. She is especially fond of Grieg, whose Northern ballads are numerous among her successes.

Just as Beethoven declares, "Every creation of art is mightier than the artist," so it

may be said of this young singer that she has shown the world the greater power of the human voice. This alone is the greatest contribution to art in modern times.

At rare intervals genius evolves a unique artist, an artist not to be distinguished by the features which denote the quality in another, and not to be judged comparatively by the canons which apply to a species. Such a one is Ellen Beach Yaw, innate genius, lyric phenomenon, not alone an expositor of marvelous vocal altitude, but an interpreter of tonal sentiment, the emotion of harmony, a brilliant, magnetic executive of the human voice. As a technician she may be deemed proficient, as a subject of peculiar, almost superhuman endowment she is phenomenal. It is true she is now the greatest-ranged soprano of which history affords an account, but this feature of her talent is not what constitutes its charm—not by any estimation. If she sings from G below to E in the altissimo, a range of twenty-eight tones, it is because she has demonstrated the capacity of the human voice beyond that which cultivated by former methods it ever before attained. Her famous note, the E above high E, five notes higher than Patti vibrated to an amazed world some years ago, and the highest note ever intoned from human throat, is an altitude which untrained, yes, even trained ears, can seldom distinguish as being that note in the scale, unless attested by a verifying instrumental accompaniment.

But no one so well as Yaw knows that those very high notes do not constitute music in the sense of emotional quality. She possesses them naturally, and vibrates them without the slightest perceptible effort. But vocal music is not written into the altissimo, and for the purpose of tonal interpretation a lower registration is more readily to the comprehension of human ears.

The human voice has been aptly characterized the barometer of the subject from which it issues. Yaw is therefore subject to the same vital elations and depressions which attend every physical body. Her very human nature renders these high notes entrancing, but issue them from a machine and you have sound, not music. Arduous travel may fatigue, and Yaw, appearing suddenly on a cold, miserably appointed stage, is affected, just as every other human instrument would be if similarly situated. Then, she tells me, she feels no impulse to sing trippingly up her wondrous flight to where the high E hangs like a crystalline star in the firmament. Striving for no superficial or false effect, she sings simply to A or B, for she feels it no artistic mission to make an exhibition of the high E. It is music Yaw evidently feels, not vocal acrobatics, and as she is moved naturally she sings. She always sings to B with the greatest ease under the worst conditions, because that lies like a tone-pearl in the arch of her shapely mouth.

Patti but once in many appearances ever sang to the limits of her voice. No true artist will strain, for conditions prevail in human nature which admonish against such foolhardy exhibition. This is true of Parepa-Rosa, Nilsson, Jenny Lind, and Mozart's protége, the famous Lucrezia Azugari, who sang within four notes of the fair American. In a word, Yaw's fame will be based upon the weird quality of her tones, her ideal interpretation, and her wonderful method with a voice of such magnetic force, such phenomenal range.

She is incomparable only in that she is unlike any other artist in the world. You cannot compare her to Patti, for she belongs to no general sphere, no generic class. She is not another example of the past, but a new, undefined plant in the present.

Not reared from the "then," she stands unique, strange, mysteriously in the "now."

Two continents are fast realizing this, that she is not a part of Patti's dramatic poise and lyric expression, nor of Nilsson's human tonal pathos, nor of Jenny Lind's melancholy warmth,—but that she is Yaw! If you would learn what that is, go and sit before this new creation.

Beginning in Washington, D. C., on October 18th, Miss Yaw has sung throughout the South and East during the entire winter. The public press has teemed with praise of her, her audiences, from Florida to beyond the Canadian border, have been the critical and cultured people of the larger cities. California, her home, is justly proud of her triumph.

With this phenomenon in her lap, with Sanderson ascendant, with Eames acknowledged, and with the new school of American women soon to graduate with the approval of masters, America certainly will be represented in the SINGERS OF THE CENTURY.

Harry Wellington Wack.

MISSION MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

THE PADRES AND THEIR WARDS.

IT CAN hardly be denied that the savage's idea of music is noise without harmony. All savage tribes have ever delighted in making, during their ceremonial observances and festive celebrations, as much noise and discord as their limited ingenuity has been capable of producing. The first musical instrument designed by primitive man was doubtless some kind of drum of the tom-tom type, or perhaps a rattle, suggested by the sound produced by the seeds in dry pericarps when shaken. It is not beyond the scope of retrospection to bring before the mind's eye the cause of the invention of a drum-like sounding instrument by primeval man, though the inventor lived hundreds of thousands of years ago. We can go back to the period when our arboreal ancestors were getting rid of their spinal elongations, and picture to ourselves some intelligent member of that class — or several such — seated on one of the hollow trunks of fallen trees scattered in the archaic forest, and tapping with a rude club on that natural sounding-board, greatly pleased at the noise he produced. That observant individual, we can well imagine, after deep study of the subject, brought his imitative faculty into play and constructed a portable drum of wood, from which in time were evolved the tom-tom, the tambourine, and similar masterpieces of the ancient musical instrument makers. The pipe of reed or hollow cane was probably an invention of a later date than that of either the drum or rattles made of gourds, but the perishable nature of woody growths, the material of which they were manufactured, renders this question a matter of conjecture based on the comparative degrees of attractiveness exercised by different natural sounds on the ear.

When the missionary fathers arrived in California they found the natives possessed of these three primitive musical instru-

THE INDEX

ments, which doubtless have been independently invented by all savage tribes throughout the world originated under similar conditions. From Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft's *Native Races* we learn that the games and dances of the California Indians were accompanied by some kind of uncouth music. The dance was accompanied by chantings, clapping of hands, blowing on pipes of two or three reeds and played with the nose or mouth, beating of skin drums, and rattling of tortoise shells filled with small pebbles. This horrible discord was, however, more for the purpose of marking time than pleasing the ear. The primitive whistles alluded to were performed on without the aid of the fingers, were about the size and length of a common fife, and produced only about two notes. Successful instruction in vocal and instrumental music of a people in whom the very idea of harmony seemed to be absent might be regarded as impossible; nevertheless the neophytes of the California missions were soon taught to chant the church services, and early in the present century neophyte performers played from note on the violin, bass viol, flute, and guitar, accompanying the choristers as they sang hymns of prayer and praise to the new divinity they had been taught to worship.

In the March number of the OVERLAND is an article which might have been entitled "The Evolution of the Bancroft Library," speaking of that collection of sixty odd thousand volumes as a whole, giving a general idea of its character and scope, and showing how and why it was made. Little could be said in such limited space, as every one can well see, in the way of describing the books themselves, each individual volume having a history of its own. We will now, however, for the purpose of illustration, describe one of them bearing on the subject of the above remarks, musical instruction in the California missions.

It is a ponderous manuscript music-book, twenty-two inches in length by sixteen in breadth, containing one hundred and forty-eight numbered folios of music, besides six folios devoted to the dedication of the work and "prologo ad lectorem," and two at the end supplying an index of the pieces. All the leaves are of parchment, varying in thickness and quality, the corners of most of them being worn away by incessant thumbing by the neophyte pupils and performers. It is a book of instruction and of sacred music combined. The first numbered page contains the scale for the flute, the second that for the bass viol (reproduced in our illustration), and the succeeding pieces are graduated as regards difficulty of performance, and are thus adapted to gradual progress.

From the prologue, which is signed "Fr. N.," and dated "Año 1813," we learn that when the good padre arrived at the Mission

Prologo ad Lectorem

A PAGE FROM THE PREFACE.

—that of San José—he found that the neophytes were very backward in the knowledge of church music, and though he confesses himself to be no master of the art, he nevertheless devoted a large portion of his time to the improvement of his flock in

such an important mode of worship. The result was the production of this music-book, which he dedicates to St. Joseph. Here is a translation of his address:—

To the most fortunate of human beings: To the most happy of mortals: To the King of the Saints:

The Most Holy Patriarch Señor San José: To whom except to you, O Most Holy Patriarch, ought I to commend this book, since it is for the use of a Church dedicated to your august name? And since its object is Divine Worship what could be more agreeable to you than to implore your high protection in favor of its success? In reliance on this it was undertaken, and it will be the text-book in this your Church as long as no other be issued deserving preference. Accept then, O most chaste Spouse, this small labor and extend to it your sovereign blessing. And to me in reward grant me your benign and powerful help in the hour of death, and patron protection in life, so that I become not unworthy of living. Thus your servant humbly supplicates you. FR. N.

The binding of this unique book is composed of two boards or slabs of wood covered on the outside with native tanned leather. They are half an inch thick, and on the inside knots and splintered depressions in the surface show that the Californian carpenter's plane of 1813 was not a keen leveler. The boards, which are connected at a distance of three inches apart, by five broad equidistant straps, two inches wide and roughly nailed on to the wood, are covered with a single piece of leather, which is folded over about one inch and glued to the inside margins of the slabs. Two pairs of small iron hooks and staples serve to fasten this unwieldly volume when closed. The inside binding is in keeping with the outside workmanship. The vellum sheets are roughly but strongly sewn together with thick twine, and the book thus formed is attached with twisted whitleather thongs to the straps which connect the boards of the outside binding, these thongs being passed in and out along the middle of the back of the book.

With regard to the alphabetical characters and the music notes, it should be remarked that they are all of large size and can be read at some distance, thus admitting of several musicians playing the same piece together. The music notes are all square in shape, and most of them in two colors, red and black, the squares being horizontally divided in halves.

Under the instruction of teachers as zealous as the compiler of this work, the neophytes attained no little skill in instrumental and vocal music. There are, doubtless, men still living in California who remember Old Silvestre, as he was called, a chorister of the Mission of San José in the days before secularization laid its heavy hand on the padres' lands and belongings. Silvestre was an Indian of marked intelligence, and had been well instructed by the missionaries, who, no doubt, found him to be an apt pupil. He could read and write, and was an excellent performer on the violin and guitar, besides being a good singer. All the Spaniards held him in respect. In the latter years of his life he lived in an adobe house situated on a knoll lying half way between San Leandro and Haywards, called the Derramadero; and it is worthy of note that a corner of the foundation of his abode, which had fallen into ruins after his death, was made a corner landmark in the government survey which laid out the boundary line between the great ranches of San Leandro and San Lorenzo, then belonging respectively to Joaquin Estu-

THE STABAT MATER.

dillo and Guillermo Castro. Old Silvestre died at an advanced age late in the forties or early in the fifties.

It will be perceived from Silvestre's reputation that the Californian Indians possessed a highly receptive faculty for the acquirement of musical knowledge, as well as practical ability for skillful performance. Nor were they apt to forget the lessons taught them in the missions, as the following incident, narrated to the writer by a pioneer of '49, will demonstrate. The narrator, about the year 1862 as nearly as he can recollect, was riding on the road between Watsonville and Santa Cruz, and when near the place which bore the classic name of Whisky Hill, came upon a pleasure party. It was Sunday morning and a trio of convivial souls was enjoying a Sunday's outing. The party consisted of an old Indian, a much younger man of the same race, and a woman. They were seated in an angle of the worm-fence, bent on festive relaxation, as several bottles, which did not contain water, and a supply of eatables lying on the ground pointedly suggested. The younger man was already in a semi-stupid state, but the old veteran was still lively.

"When I rode up to them," said the narrator, "the old man was singing, but as soon as he saw me he rose, tin cup in hand, and saluted me with the customary '*Buenos dias, Senor.*' After an exchange of greetings, he asked me if I should like to hear him sing, and on my assuring him that it would give me great pleasure to listen to him, he immediately began a cuartel Spanish song. Interrupting him, I told him that it would give me much more delight to hear a song in his native language. The venerable singer's politeness was equal to gratifying the request; he promptly switched off from profane to sacred melody, and broke out in a Latin chant of the church. He rendered it impressively and *con gracia*, but as he

SCORE FOR THE BASS VIOL.

solemnly waved the tin cup, thereby spilling some of its contents, my inclination to laugh was almost irrepressible. I could not, however, be guilty of such a breach of decorum, and at the first pause that occurred, bidding the old chorister good-day,—I afterward learnt that he had been a chorister in the Mission of Santa Cruz,—I put spur to my horse and rode away."

At the time of this incident, there were still alive many neophyte choristers. Nowaday it would be hard to find one. Little, indeed, remains in evidence of their musical abilities except such rare books as the one described, and the few remaining instruments of home manufacture still preserved in some of the missions. Those of our readers who may take an interest in such things can see in that of Santa Barbara, if they should happen to visit that missionary-founded town, a bass viol, a flute, and a huge guitar, on which neophytes, dead long ago, played church music.

J. J. Peatfield.

BY THE OVERLAND TRAIL.

This was the path of empire. Fifty years
  Have hung their halos where heroic rolled
The white-topped wagons of the pioneers
  Who walked the desert ways for dreams of gold.
How gaunt and ghastly spread the far frontiers
  With care and carnage for the pale-face bold,
When savage legions with embattled spears
  Brought death and danger to the days of old!

Here crossed the prairies towards the Golden Gates
  The fathers, founders of the Greater West;
  They conquered kingdoms in their mighty quest,
And sowed the seeds of cities, towns and States.
Lo, by their prowess is the Present blest
  And on their glory all the Future waits!

Freeman E. Miller.

"HE STAGGERED, LOST HIS FOOTING AND FELL OVER THE SHEER EDGE OF THE CLIFF."

TRUE TALES OF THE OLD WEST. VI.

THE FIRST MURDER IN AMERICAN VALLEY.[1]

"Sh," cried Tim Murphy, touching my arm as I was in the act of washing a panful of rich gravel. I dropped the pan with its golden contents and grasped my rifle. We listened intently a moment until we heard the trampling of horses, then sprang up the bank and stood with guns in hand as the riders emerged from the fringe of willows that lined the narrow valley.

There were three in the party, two Americans, and the third evidently a Mexican. As they drew near, I said, "Good day, gentlemen," but instead of replying they eyed us sullenly, evidently angry at seeing us on our guard.

"They are thieves," said Tim, "for an honest man never fails to answer when spoken to."

[1]Related to the author by Job T. Taylor, a pioneer of American Valley, Plumas County, Cal.

"Will they stop at the post, do you think?" I asked, but the question was answered by their acts; for instead of crossing the American Valley to the trading post, from which we obtained our supplies, they turned down the stream and camped within a few hundred yards of our cabin. We had between two and three thousand dollars buried in our hut, and it was not safe to be away from it with suspicious characters abroad, so hastily finishing the pan of gravel, we caught up our picks and shovels and hurried to our cabin.

We were amid the wilds of the Sierra, and a number of lawless deeds had lately been committed in Plumas County. These were ascribed to the noted Mexican bandit, Joaquin. Miners had been robbed, packers had been stopped upon lonely trails, and twice the expressman had been "held up," so that much uneasiness and anxiety were felt by the miners who were thus forced to guard as well as mine.

"We will take turns in keeping awake," said Tim, as we busied ourselves in frying some meat and warming up beans for supper, "and if those fellows come prowling around this cabin in the night, they will get filled with cold lead."

We passed a wakeful and uneasy night. At dawn, to our relief, the three strangers had disappeared. "Good riddance to them," said Tim, pouring out some hot coffee "if we had not had our guns handy yesterday, they would have robbed us."

The day being Sunday, we hastened to the trading post at an early hour to inquire for the three travelers. No one had seen them, so we concluded they had remained but a few hours and had departed in the night. During the forenoon, a Frenchman named Silver came in. To him Tim said, "Faith, Silver, did you see three ugly divils on horseback that would not answer when spoken to?"

"I meet two," was the reply, "one on a fine gray horse."

"Three, I didn't say two," was Tim's response.

"You think I can't count?" cried Silver, who was a quick-tempered fellow. "I see two men—two," holding up his fingers. "You no understand?"

"Three! I say three!" roared Tim, who had drank enough to be quarrelsome.

"You are too drunk to know two from three," replied Silver in a contemptuous tone.

"You lie!" yelled the Irishman. "I am no drunker than you."

The fiery Frenchman responded with a quick blow that staggered Murphy. The next moment they grappled, and a crowd of excited miners gathered around, but made no efforts to separate the combatants.

Murphy, though half drunk, was a powerful fellow, strong and active, and soon had the Frenchman at his mercy. The latter, seeing himself overmatched and likely to be beaten, suddenly drew a dirk knife. Tim received the blow on his left arm, cutting a gash, but not seriously wounding him. Springing back, he cried, "That is the way you fight, is it? bedad, then, every man to his own weapons." And catching up a rock he let it fly with such force that it knocked the other down. The crowd rushed between the two men. Silver was hurried off by some of his countrymen, while I bandaged Tim's arm and got him to go home.

The next morning his arm was too painful to be used, so he remained at the cabin while I went down to the mine.

About the middle of the forenoon I was startled by a cry, and seizing my rifle, hurried up the bank. Tim was running toward me, his face pale and his whole manner betraying much agitation.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"Silver was right," he answered, as soon as he could recover his breath.

"What do you mean?" I asked in surprise.

"He said there were but two men," answered the Irishman, still panting for breath. "Come with me. Come with me, I say, and see if he was not right, even if he did say I was drunk."

"What do you want me to see?" I asked impatiently.

"See?" he retorted,—"why, I want you to see a dead man."

"A dead man!" I exclaimed. "Who is dead and where is he?"

"Faith, and if you stand here and ask questions all day you will never see him."

He led past the cabin and down into the little bottom where the three strangers had camped, there he stopped and pointed to a mass of dried blood on the grass.

"Has there been foul play?" I asked, startled at the sight.

"He was murdered, sure, and here is where they dragged his body through the grass; and in yonder," indicating with his hand a clump of low willows, "you will find the man that was killed."

I pressed forward and pushed the bushes aside, when a horrible and repulsive sight met my view. A human being lay dead upon the ground with swarms of flies buzzing over and around the body, while the bloated and swollen face was gashed and torn by the great buzzards that had fled at our approach.

"He is one of the men who camped here day before yesterday," I said, retreating hurriedly.

"Did you see how he had been killed?" cried Tim. "A pick was driven into his head, and then the murderous devils caught hold of the handle of the pick and dragged the poor fellow into the bushes."

"And how did you come to find it?"

"And sure it was the buzzards that were flying up and down and having a feast upon the poor man's eyes."

We set off without delay for the post, and half a dozen miners came back with us and helped bury the body. We searched the clothing, but no money nor letters could be found.

"It is too late to pursue them," said one of the miners. "They have nearly two days the start of us, but some day we may run across them."

Months passed by, more miners came, and every bar, flat, and gulch, had its little mining camp, but Tim and I continued to work our claim in the little valley.

Just a year from the day of the murder, we were in our cabin cooking supper, when I saw a man ride by on a large, handsome gray horse. I was certain that I recognized the animal. I bekconed to my partner, who was frying the fish. He ran to the door and looked out.

"It's one of them divils that killed the poor fellow we buried."

He was about to catch up his gun and start after the rider when I stopped him. "He is well mounted, and can easily escape if we alarm him."

"A bullet might reach him."

"No," I answered, "We must let him go to the post and then follow."

He rode down into the open valley and halted on the bank of the stream.

"He is looking for the poor fellow's bones," cried Tim.

"I have heard," I answered, "that some mysterious influence impels a murderer to return, once in his life, to the spot where he slew his victim. But he shall swing for it; the boys will not forget their oath of a year ago."

The rider turned his horse, crossed the small stream, and rode toward the trading post at the foot of the mountain.

"Now is our time," cried Tim, as the murderer disappeared behind the cottonwoods on the bank of the creek.

We ran to the pasture, caught our horses,

and throwing the saddles upon their backs, set off in a gallop for the trading post. Three or four miners stood in front of the log building as we rode up, but neither the gray horse nor his mysterious rider were in sight.

"Did that man on the big gray animal stop here?" I asked of one of the men.

"Only to buy some tobacco and ammunition," was the reply.

"Just our luck," exclaimed Tim with an oath. "We ought to have shot him while we had the chance."

"Shot him, what do you mean, what has he done, has he robbed you?" cried one of the men

"Worse than that," replied the Irishman, "he is one of the two murderers who killed that man we buried on the bank of the creek last year."

"Are you certain? Do you know him?" quickly inquired two of the miners tightening their belts.

"Yes," answered Tim, "we both recognized the man, and I wanted to take a shot at him, but Brown here was certain he would stop at the post over night."

"We must follow him, boys," I said, "and there is no time to lose. How many of you have horses here?"

"I," said a tall, slim, dark-complexioned young fellow, named Kendall.

"And I," answered Hall, a well made, stout, blue-eyed young fellow, whom I knew was as brave as any man in the mines.

"Get your horses and go with us," I cried, and they ran to get their animals while I laid my plan before the rest of the men. "We will go to Smith's Pass and try to head him off. He will probably camp between here and there for the night. The rest of you get your horses, keep watch here, and follow us at daylight. He will be between two fires and cannot escape."

"Ready," cried Kendall, as he and Hall dashed up to the spot, each well mounted.

We set off at a gallop, which we kept up for many miles but saw nothing of the man we sought. On reaching Smith's Pass, we dismounted, picketed the animals where they could feed on the rich bunch grass, and made a careful examination of the road. We were satisfied that the man had not yet reached this point.

"He has camped in some part of the valley for the night," said Kendall, "and will be apt to pass here early in the morning."

Hall and Kendall took the watch the first half of the night and called Tim and me at midnight. Our vigil was a lonely one, made dismal by the continued howling of wolves and coyotes. The first tints of dawn had scarcely reddened the eastern horizon ere I caught the sound of an approaching horseman. I immediately awoke my comrades. They sprang up and drew their revolvers.

"Hide in the bushes," I said, "near that big tree. Wait till I give the word, for we must make no mistake."

"Faith," said Tim, "we don't want to shoot the wrong man."

"I will cry 'halt!' if it is the murderer," said I, not answering the Irishman's remark, "and if he attempts to show fight or run past us, shoot him down without mercy."

"He'll get no more mercy from us than he showed the man he killed with the pick," said Kendall.

We took our positions and waited anxiously for his coming. In another moment the handsome gray horse was in sight. There could be no mistake now, and I whispered to Tim, "Watch close, Murphy, this is the right man."

He was almost upon us, when either the horse detected our presence or the rider heard the click of a pistol, for he suddenly whirled and was off down the valley like a flash.

"Curses upon him," I cried, "mount and run him down."

We ran to our animals, tightened the cinch strap, sprang into the saddles, and in another second were in swift pursuit. Away we went through the woods and the little dells, up and down the low hills, and along the sides of the grassy valleys, but not a foot could we gain.

"The men at the post ought to be on the road before this."

We still rode at a sharp gallop, but this the stranger did not seem to mind, for he patted his handsome gray steed, and looked back as if inviting us to another race. By way of reply we fired a volley, but the bullets flew wide of the mark. At this moment we entered a valley a mile or more in length and had ridden out but a short distance, when Tim cried: "There they are!" and gave a whoop. True enough it was a party of miners from the post, and we gave our animals the spur. The pursued man saw his danger, and wheeling his horse abruptly to one side, dashed toward a cliff of rocks near the edge of the valley.

"He would need the wings of a bird to get up that cliff," said Murphy, his eyes blazing and his hand tightening its grasp upon his pistol.

The gray horse meantime sped rapidly over the greensward, easily out-running our own, and soon reached the foot of the cliff.

"There he goes!" cried Hall, as the man sprang from his steed and hastily clambered up the cliff.

"Tim," I cried, "you and Hall watch the face of the rocks while Kendall and I climb the hill."

Jumping from our panting animals, we dashed up the steep hill.

By this time the party from the post had joined us, and while three or four remained at the foot of the rocks, two others climbed the hill on the opposite side of the cliff.

"Look out!" shouted the party below, but the warning came too late, for a shot fired by the murderer broke my companion's arm. He dropped his revolver for a second, and then grasping it in the other hand, fired in return, and struck his antagonist in the body.

"Give up, give up," we cried, "or we will kill you."

"Kill, and be d——d," he yelled, firing another shot at Kendall. He had a safe retreat and it was impossible to dislodge him without coming within range. We attempted to creep up the rocks to a higher point where we could overlook his hiding place, but in so doing he fired another shot that struck me in the head and knocked me down.

"He has finished you," said Kendall.

"No," said I, "I am not very badly hurt. Take my handkerchief and stop the blood if you can."

I kept my eyes on his hiding place, and as he raised from behind the rock to fire I was too quick and gave him the contents of my revolver before he had time to fire. He fell back with a groan and young Kendall rushed forward to where he lay, crying, "Come on boys, that shot floored him."

They were his last words for the murderer raised to a sitting position, and fired at the young miner, striking him in the breast and killing him instantly. Then, as if reckless of his own life, he got upon a rock overlooking the men below him and fired two or three shots at them, crying at the same time, "Come up here, d——n you, and I will kill every one of you."

He was leaning forward over the rock. A miner on the farther side of the cliff fired, and the shot evidently broke the desperado's leg, for he staggered, lost his footing, and fell over the sheer face of the cliff.

"A just death for such a man," said a tall, dark miner, and the others echoed his sentiment. We bore the body of young Kendall down the hill and placed it upon his horse. We searched the body of the murderer, but found only a few hundred dol-

lars in gold, which none of us would touch. His remains were left for the wolves and the coyotes, while we took our sad trip back to the trading post, for young Kendall was a general favorite. The gallant gray horse had, during the fight, disappeared nor was he ever afterwards seen. We had been anxious to capture him, for we fancied upon his saddle or trappings might be found some explanation of who the murderer was and what led him to commit the murder of the year before. It was thought by many that the three men belonged to Joaquin's band and that two of them had killed the third to obtain his share of the gold. "And it is my belief," Tim always said, "that the man on the gray horse then killed the other and thus obtained all the treasure." These were but conjectures, nor did we ever learn anything concerning either the man who was slain or those who committed the crime.

S. S. Boynton.

THE COMING OF THE RIVER PIURA.

THE COLORED COTTONS OF PERU.[1]

THE discovery of new and natural sources of wealth in Peru is an unending wonder. From the day in 1531 when Pizarro entered the bay of Paita, welcomed with gifts of flowers and fruit, whose brilliancy and lusciousness had been as yet unknown outside the Inca world, and the visit ashore, where the gentle-mannered subjects of the "religion of divine life" offered him the "sparkling chicha in golden goblets," that delightful land has presented the world an illuminated procession of revelations extending along three and a half centuries of its modern history. The Spaniard passed but a single day and night in the beautiful bay, and gave to his poetry the lovely image of *el sol de Colan y la luna de Paita* — the sun of Colan and the moon of Paita—in itself a story of heavenly beauty and delicious climate.

But when to ransom Atahualpa, their adored Inca, the Peruvians filled a great apartment at Cajarmarca with gold as high as a man could reach, and the conquerors followed this first shipment with invoices of precious stones and metals, with the potato, the turkey and maize, with alpaca, wool, and vicuña, Peru became a prey to all the greed of Spain, and even since acknowledging the independence of the republic she has attempted to recapture the country.

By the abuse of the aborigines, who were forced to labor in the mines, under the cruel treatment of the whites, the population became reduced from twelve millions of virtuous, contented beings, to three millions of heart-broken, melancholy slaves, and poverty seemed to stare the nation in the face. Then the world demanded guano, of which Peru had almost the exclusive store, and she came at once to the front as a leader in South American enterprise, with a magnificent system of internal improvements. But even guano had an end. This product nearly exhausted, the nitrates of Tarapacá entered the breach to reinforce the weakening resources of the republic. A devastating

[1] Last year I sent to the Irrigation Congress at Los Angeles a few samples of the wonderful colored cottons of Peru, indigenous in the valley of the river Piura, the regions wherein Pizarro made his first permanent settlement before he undertook his murderous conquest of the Incas.

These samples may be seen today in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce of that city, but their story remains to be told. A. F. S.

war robbed the country of this source of wealth, and Peru suddenly found inexhaustible stores of petroleum, with which it is rapidly taking possession of the markets of the Pacific basin. But like California, it has at last discovered that its true strength lies in its agricultural ability, the fertility of its soil, cultivated one knows not how many centuries, and never ceasing to yield abundant crops.

Green fields covered the coast plains under the benign influence of the Inca rule, which devised the economy of irrigation and impressed the discoverers with a sense of the wealth and the beauty of the land, now become a bald, gray, sterile waste under the tyranny of Spanish rule, but showing here and there a brilliant spot of verdure in the midst of the general aridity.

One of the northern valleys, the Piura, now claims attention, because of the production of an extraordinary class of cotton. This article had not been thought of value for exportation until within the last three years, during which time it has become of great demand in England, far exceeding the supply, and is now attracting the attention of manufacturers of fine underwear and hosiery in the United States. Hitherto it has been used solely for the coarse ponchos of the peons and their striped saddle bags. And this fact suggests its value for miners' blankets.

The lands of the Piura lie four to five degrees south of the equator, and once in seven years are visited by an extraordinary flood, that, leaving the bed of the stream, wets a narrow belt along the banks, whereby some 1600 acres are made available for cultivation, all of which is now appropriated to cotton. This one wetting gives five crops, two per year, and then the land rests to finish the cycle of seven years and another succession of five crops. The septennial flood waters of the Piura continue to flow until some time in October, when the people who live in the valley begin to sink wells in the sands of the river bottom for their daily domestic supplies. Besides this exceptional flood, there is an annual flood of less volume, which serves no use for irrigation, because it is sunk in a bed too low to be accessible for any such purpose without artificial works. These floods disappear in June or July of each year.

The disappearance of the river is so gradual, it is not possible to designate the day when it takes place. Not so, however, its arrival, in February or March, when the bed of the stream has been dry for months and has been occupied for truck gardens.

Then the people become thirsty for the river. Every traveler from the hill country is questioned as to where the river was when he passed. If he report that it is coming, a crowd of eager listeners and questioners surround him as if he brought important news from some foreign loan commission; and naturally enough, for the condition of the river, whether it contain much or little water, is the prophecy of the year's crops. At last, generally about the middle of February, one hears of the river twenty leagues away and coming; a few days it is only ten leagues distant, and as it passes the upper haciendas the Indians turn out and welcome it with drums and fifes and fire-rockets.

Sometimes there comes a disappointment; for when it seems a sure thing and the people in the city of Piura in the lower valley have begun to look for it the river has ceased to flow; it sinks away in the sand and they say "the river has gone back." This, however, will last but a few days. Again it comes and we hear in Piura that "the river is but a league away and will be with us today." Then every horse and saddle is brought out and the people leave the town to meet the messenger of glad tidings, of health and riches to the arid land.

In all the year there is not in the north of Peru a feast to equal this. No fatigue is

felt by the multitudes who travel through the heavy sand; some on foot, some on donkeys — poor brutes, most patient of all created beings — carrying two or three grown men and women with a small family of half-grown children; others again are mounted on mules and then the elite on horses. All are glad. When you meet the river, it is a little trickling streamlet running here and there in search of the lowest places; it stops to fill the wells in its road that were excavated last season, and then runs forward in the same little rill. A short distance farther up you will find it a respectable stream, where the boys and dogs run into it and lie down and revel, and in a little time can swim. It is for everybody a season of real joy, and to many a carnival of frolic.

The spectacle of its approach witnessed from the bridge of Piura is a wonderful sight. You see the pioneers of the marching host come slowly around a bend of the river at the upper edge of the town, followed shortly by the surging army of thousands of people; you hear the music of the band, the murmur of five thousand voices and the din of rockets, which throw a smoking line along the air.

The River has come.

It has reached the bridge in the early evening and the band plays while the people dance on and under the bridge all night long, or as long as the increasing flood permits. If five thousand turn out to escort the river to Piura, it is met by more than twelve thousand at Catacaos, an Indian pueblo six miles lower down the stream

And so the river Piura has a triumphal march from the mountains to the coast at Sechura, where, sadly enough, all this wealth and glory are cast into the sea and pass away forever. Two thousand million cubic meters per year are thus lost of a treasure worth more than any guano or nitrate deposit, because it represents a source of life to the common people, who have only to stretch forth their hands in honest industry and secure its bounty. A concession has been given to an American civil engineer, who devised the system of irrigation for this valley several years ago, and who has succeeded in organizing a corporation for the purpose of developing the wealth which has slumbered ever since the Incas were dethroned.

The cotton produced in the valley of the Piura shows varying shades from a rich dark brown to the purest white, so finely graded that one can scarcely tell where one color ends and the other begins. At the present time the cultivable area is so small that the demand for the market cannot be met. By the system proposed it is hoped to get more than a million acres of the fertile territory under the care of irrigation, when not only cotton, but sugar, coffee, cocoa, indigo, all the vegetables and fruits of the tropics, can be grown as they were centuries ago, and American capital will thus make an opening for American influence among a people most friendly to our country and in a land not so far from New York as Liverpool or San Francisco. A region too, that demands the lumber of the American north-west coast, its wheat, flour, and wine and canned goods, of which great quantities are now imported from France and Italy.

It is worthy of thought and experiment to determine the adaptability of our California soil and climate to the production of this wonderful cotton. It has failed when planted in other parts of Peru, but there is no region of that republic so like the valley of the Piura as our own San Diego territory, in soil and climate, notwithstanding the great difference in latitude.

The appearance of a Peruvian cotton field may well astonish an American planter, for in the five years of its growth the plant

often reaches a height of twenty feet, and in the weeks of ripening has all the beauty of an immense sunlit snowdrift.

The "Peruvian tree cotton," of which a good deal has been written, is really only an accident. The "trees" are from seed deposited in some wet place during an exceptionally high flood and left without attention during succeeding years. But where the supply of water permits, the crop is replanted each seven years, the second, third, and fourth, being the finest crops of each planting. There are low spots where veritable cotton orchards are found of which the trees are forty years old, but they receive no attention, save when an extraordinary flood or rain may happen to give them a spasmodic vigor of life for a year or two.

As the American sea-island cotton enters largely into the manufacture of silk in France, so the cotton of Peru is almost entirely used in the adulteration of woolen goods by English manufacturers, who claim it adds strength, luster, and protection against shrinkage. The colored cottons permit the make of certain very stylish "merino" goods of real sanitary quality, since there is no poison from the use of aniline dyes, and the colors, being natural, never fade.

Alfred F. Sears, M. Am. S. C. E.

THE BIBLE AND DIVORCE. I.

WHAT IS THE TEACHING OF THE SCRIPTURE UPON THE SUBJECT?

THE Episcopal Clericus and clergymen of other Protestant denominations have recently, through the medium of the daily papers of San Francisco, announced their position upon the subject of divorce, and the remarriage of divorced persons, claiming that there is but one Scriptural justification for divorce, viz.:—adultery, and asserting that they will refuse to marry persons who have been divorced upon any other grounds. This is a matter of grave concern to the community, and it seems proper to inquire whether the stigma thus attached, or attempted to be attached, to many excellent people and valuable members of society, to their families and friends, and to many of the wisest lawmakers of the land, is just, and warranted by the teachings of the Bible.

It is conceded that "divorce is altogether too rife in America," that the marriage relation should be sundered only for sufficient cause, and when it is evident that thereby the good of the individual and community will be promoted; but that divorce should be limited to one cause, is denied. Looked at from a sociological standpoint, it seems so apparent as to require no affirmative argument that it is wrong to insist that a good man or woman be required to maintain marital relations with a drunkard, a criminal, or person of unsound mind; or that one party shall be strictly held to the marriage contract when the other party thereto persistently violates it. How are the interests of society promoted by requiring the deserted husband or wife to pass a lifetime deprived of marital relations, and what gain can result from the imposition of such a heavy and unnecessary burden upon the individual? Why compel the innocent to suffer for the sin of the guilty? What code

of ethics justifies a marital union, which results in bringing into the world idiotic children, or children inheriting such vicious and criminal taints as to stamp them from birth with a mark as ineradicable as that of Cain?

If in reply it is said that in such cases divorce is not necessary,— let there be separation, but not an absolute dissolution of the marriage relation; the further question is at once suggested, is it wise or conducive to the best interests of society to bring about a class of men and women to whom marital relations are forbidden, yet who like other men and women possess the passions and affections of the race, but to whom, solely because of the sins of others, is denied all lawful expression thereof? With the existence of any considerable number of such persons, what would be the inevitable consequence and effect upon community? The answer may easily be given.

Marriage was instituted for the perpetuation of the race, and the happiness of the individual; first, is the union of heart; second, the physical union; without the loyal affection, the companionship and the helpfulness of conjugal life, marriage fails to realize its ideal.

And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him.

When through the fault of one party, the true purpose of marriage is perverted, the extent to which the unoffending party must endure would seem to be a proper subject for legislative action; in time to come, when community rights are more insisted upon, stirpiculture may become the subject of statutory enactments, and for specified causes a dissolution of the marriage relation, in the interests of society, without action upon the part either of husband or wife, may be insisted upon.

Dropping the sociological side of the question, let us consider it from the standpoint of the Bible student. The law of divorce, as given through Moses is contained in Deut. xxiv, 1, 2:—

1. When a man hath taken a wife, and married her, and it come to pass that she find no favor in his eyes, because he hath found some uncleanness in her: then let him write her a bill of divorcement, and give it in her hand, and send her out of his house.

2. And when she is departed out of his house, she may go and be another man's wife.

The uncleanness thus constituted a lawful cause of divorce, though an actual offense, did not include the sin of adultery; the punishment for that was death, not divorce, as shown by Deut. xxii, 22.

From this it is clear that under the law of Moses divorce was permissible upon grounds other than adultery, and that being so divorced, the offending one was permitted to marry again.

Matthew v, 31, 32, and Matthew xix, 3-9, contain the words of Jesus Christ upon the subject, and it is contended that the language of these verses limits the right of divorce to one offense. But is such deduction warranted by the text? In the time of the Saviour licentiousness abounded, and great abuses of the law of Moses existed; men divorced their wives at pleasure, without finding or alleging any uncleanness. This was contrary to the letter as well as the spirit of the Mosaic law, see Deut. xxii, 13, and following, wherein it is shown that even hatred for a wife did not justify divorcing her. The question propounded to Jesus in Matthew xix, 3, was,—

"Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause?"

The answer to this and following question is given as follows:—

4. And he answered and said unto them, Have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning made them male and female,

5. And said, for this cause shall a man leave

father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh?

6. Wherefore they are no more twain but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.

7. They say unto him, Why did Moses then command to give a writing of divorcement, and to put her away?

8. He saith unto them, Moses because of the hardness of your hearts suffered you to put away your wives: but from the beginning it was not so.

9. And I say unto you, Whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery: and whoso marrieth her which is put away doth commit adultery.

Matthew v, 31, 32, reads as follows:—

31. It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement:

32. But I say unto you, that whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.

All who accept the Bible as the word of God must admit that it is a just book; that rightly interpreted, it imposes no grievous burdens upon humanity. In Matthew xi, 20, the Saviour declares,—

"My yoke is easy and my burden is light."

Yet that interpretation of the sacred text which makes adultery the only cause of divorce, imposes heavy, unnecessary, and sometimes unendurable burdens upon many of God's own. Says Jesus in Luke xi, 46:—

Woe unto you also ye lawyers! for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers.

Let public expounders of God's word beware, lest they render themselves liable to this woe.

Scriptural precepts are briefly rendered, and often the language is intended rather as an illustration of some principle than as a literal statement, as for instance in Matthew v, 32, where it is said that the putting away of the wife saving for fornication, "causeth her to commit adultery;" certainly this does not admit of a literal construction: nor do verses 39, 40, 41, and 42 of the same chapter. Who, now, understands these as requiring that, smitten on one cheek, the other should be turned also; that if a man is sued and loses his coat, duty requires him to give his cloak also; that if compelled to go a mile, he shall voluntarily go twain; that to him who asks must be given, and to him who would borrow a loan must be made?—the language of these verses is as plain as is that of the verses relating to divorce, and prefaced by the same "But I say unto you."

But why, even though the Saviour had used the word "adultery" in the place of "fornication," should a literal interpretation be insisted upon in the one case and not in the others? And what interpretation is to be given Matthew v, 28?

If this sin is the only just ground for divorce, does the sin in the heart constitute such ground?

Neither in Matthew v, 32, nor in Matthew xix, 9, does Jesus say that "adultery" is the one and only sufficient cause for divorce; he does not name it as a cause; that offense was then punishable by death. In both verses the word used to express the requisite offense is fornication. If adultery only was meant, why was not that plain, unmistakable term used instead of one having various meanings? The Greek word translated fornication, as designating sexual sin, is not synonymous with the word translated adultery, and the words were not used interchangeably. In our Saviour's day an "idolator," "one disobedient of God's law," "one guilty of vile conduct," or of behavior calculated to bring contempt upon the husband, was guilty of fornication.

The Septuagint version of the Bible in

Judges xix, 2, says that the wife of the Levite in leaving him and returning to her father's home, though no charge of adultery is made, and the circumstances preclude the idea of such offense, committed fornication; also, in Numbers xv, 39, willful disobedience to God's commands is called fornication; and in Psalm lxxiii, 26–27, distrust in God is called fornication.

It is claimed that Matthew xix, 9, is to be understood as an abolition of the law of Moses; but the Saviour plainly states in Matthew v, 17,—

Think not I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; I am not come to destroy but to fulfill.

Matthew xix, 8, cannot be so construed as to charge that the Almighty, the just and unchangeable God, in his law given by Moses, for any cause connived at sin. The hardness of heart referred to must have been like that which the interrogating Pharisees possessed, that which had caused the abuse of the Mosaic law, and it was this which from the beginning "was not so."

The correctness of this construction is confirmed by Ezra x, commencing with verse 3, where is given an account of the putting away of the wives and children of certain of the Jews, who had "taken strange wives of the people of the land." This putting away was not for adultery, nor was it suffered because of the hardness of the hearts of the people; but it was commanded by Ezra to be done "according to the law," in fulfillment of a solemn covenant with God, and to gain his approbation.

"What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Stress is laid upon this passage by those who contend that divorce should be granted for one cause only, but how does it strengthen their position? If God joins together all who are married, and man is not to divorce such, then none can be divorced. If God does not join together all that are married, then who can say who are thus joined?

There have been cases where a married man or woman has, under sudden temptation, fallen, confessed, and been forgiven, and thereafter, as before, lived a virtuous and happy married life. There are other cases where sin has not been committed, yet where marital happiness and affection does not exist,— of such cases, which are joined of God?

A free, but fair interpretation of the Saviour's language, as given in Matthew v, 32, and xix, 9, is, "No, it is not lawful or right for you to put away your wives for every cause. Under the law of Moses you are permitted to do so for certain causes, but you are abusing that law in divorcing your wives that you may the easier gratify your desires, and thus not only your divorced wives, but the whole community is being debauched. I say to you that you must not divorce your wives unless for an offense so serious as to justify such an extreme measure."

This seems to have been the understanding of the Apostle Paul, who certainly did not construe the Saviour's language to mean that adultery was the only offense justifying divorce, as he allowed the believing husband or wife, when deserted by unbelieving marriage companions, to remarry, as witness I Corinthians vii, 15, where he says:—

15. But if the unbelieving depart, let him depart. A brother or sister is not under bondage in such cases.

The fathers of the Church, and many eminent Christians of later days, have expressed themselves as understanding the language of Jesus as permitting divorce for other causes, and it was not until the canon law that it was restricted to that offense.

Justin Martyr, who wrote within fifty years after the death of St. John, approved of a divorce in a certain case, because of

unrighteous and ungodly deeds, yet where no adultery was charged.

Tertullian says: "Christ teaches not contrary to Moses. . . . He would not have marriage . . . kept with ignominy, permitting thence divorce," and explains Christ's words by adding, "that he might marry another."

Origen says, "To endure faults worse than adultery or fornication seems a thing unreasonable," and plainly shows his understanding upon the subject.

Lactantius, Basil, Epiphanius, Ambrose, Jerome, Austin, as also the Counsel of Agatha, A. D. 506, the Emperor Theodosius, and Valentinian, Lea, and many others, hold to the same construction of the Saviour's language, and that as used by him the word "fornication" is not limited in meaning to adultery or sexual sin.

Wyckliff, of the Reformation, says, "Divorce is lawful to the Christian for many other causes equal to adultery."

Martin Luther says, "A man may send away a proud Vashti and marry an Esther in her stead."

Melancthon says that divorce is lawful for "cruel usage and danger of life."

Erasmus maintained that the words of Christ comprehended many other causes of divorce under the name of fornication.

Bucer, Fagius, Musculus, Gaulter, Hemingius, and many others of acknowledged learning and piety, have expressed themselves to the same effect.

The Roman Church, claiming to possess within itself the authority to decree doctrines, may to a degree be consistent in its position regarding this question, but it is surprising that Protestants should adopt and contend for such an error. It is a fact that in the community at large, and among Christian people of the different sects, there are great and increasing numbers of those who disaprove of and dissent from the teaching of Rome upon divorce, and no greater authority will be accorded to the ill-advised and unwarranted utterances of bodies of Protestant clergymen upon the subject. Such utterances serve only to weaken the influence of, and detract from confidence in, those who as professional leaders of religious thought and interpreters of God's word should be conservators of truth, and seek to maintain in the highest degree the respect and confidence of an intelligent public.

E. H. B.

II.

REJOINDER BY THE REVEREND W. W. BOLTON.

I HAVE been asked by the Editor to make some general remarks from the point of view of a priest to the above statement of a layman. E. H. B. is evidently an interested party and pleads with the force of despair for recognition by the churches. His question is "What saith the Scripture?" and though in his ardor he goes off from the main line to discuss divorce from the point, "What saith my desire?" he really brings forward a very formidable array of texts, which he interprets in defense of his position. Now, as a matter of fact, the Scriptures can be made to say anything. Satan, as we all know, has more than once quoted Scripture in his own favor. Every heresy in the world today stoutly asserts Scripture in its defense. Every theological fancy and whim flies to the Scriptures, and here finds protection and reason for its existence.

The real question is, on this matter of

divorce and the Bible, "What is the true interpretation?" There cannot be two interpretations of these texts quoted by E. H. B., diametrically opposed to each other and both true. God cannot in His word face both ways. E. H. B. quotes these texts as against divorce by adultery alone; the interpretation of the ages gives them that exact explanation. The Papal Church, the Episcopal Church, and various clergymen of other denominations, simply fall in with what is called the "Catholic" interpretation; they dare not do otherwise, since such an interpretation comes with the force of unalterable truth behind it.

E. H. B. will not mistake me in the use of the term "Catholic." It does not mean a "Roman Catholic" interpretation, unless such is in keeping with something far greater than the witness of that mighty body of Christians. It means the general consensus of the Christian ages. To the Christian Church as a whole the gift of infallibility was given by Christ. What has been the steady teaching (despite much that has clung to it or grown about it that is false), such is "The Truth," and the real interpretation of the Scriptures. The true interpreter of the Bible is neither E. H. B. nor W. W. B. but the whole Christian Church, not only of the nineteenth century, but of all the nineteen centuries, and this voice will be found (amid much that is discordant) to be against the granting of divorce for aught save adultery.

The Bible is "a just book." There is no book of laws in the world at all to be compared to it. But it calls for just treatment at men's hands. The law books of today are understood and stand for an interpretation in harmony with the ages that are past. There is a consentient testimony of inestimable value and every judge and lawyer feels the force thereof. The Bible requires like treatment. The utterance of churches or bodies of clergymen cannot be made in defiance of such treatment,—and though men seeking their own ends and finding the professional leaders and conservators of truth not willing to fall into line with what may, for the time, win the confidence of an intelligent public, shall call out against what they are pleased to term "the churches' ill-advised and unwarranted utterances," the clergy can do nothing else but stand firm to the old paths where is the good way and true and lasting rest for souls.

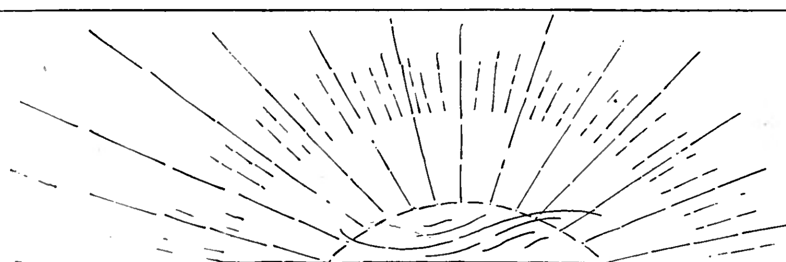
W. W. Bolton.

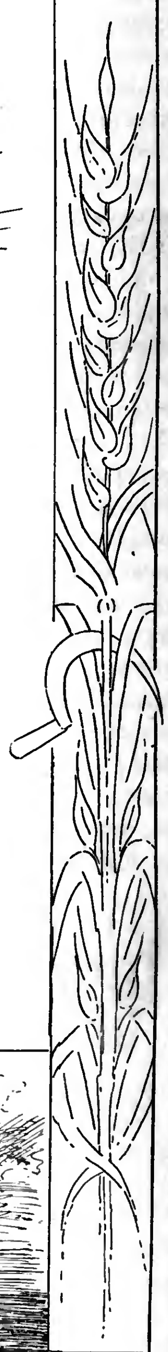
Rector of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, San Francisco.

NO MAN SO LOW.

No man so low but he may rise again.
The mountain towers above the common plain,
Yet once he fought and struggled hard for birth,
Deep in the molten, seething womb of earth.

Carrie Blake Morgan.





AT SUNSET.

BARS of cloud against the sky
Stay its blue immensity.

Underneath, the tumbling brine
Beats to the horizon line.

Lapping lines across its face
Mark where the leaping breakers race

Over the hill's round-shouldered rim
Peers the young moon, shy and slim.

Far fields of the Sierra's snows
Blaze with the sun's departing rose.

In the valley, shadows play
Hide and seek with tired day.

And I—who may not see her dawn—
Bless sweet Earth, still swinging on,
Careless of one poor lover gone.

DOROTHEA LUMMIS.

BABOO'S PIRATES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PANGLIMA MUDA" AND OTHER MALAYAN STORIES.

THERE was a scuffle in the outer office, and a thin, piping voice was calling down all the curses of the Koran on the heads of my great top-heavy Hindoo guards.

"Sons of dogs," I heard in the most withering contempt, "I will see the Tuan Consul. Know he is my father."

A tall Sikh, with his great red turban awry and his brown kaki uniform torn and soiled, pushed through the bamboo chicks and into my presence.

He was dragging a little bit of naked humanity by the folds of its faded cotton sarong.

The powerful soldier was hot and flushed, and a little stream of blood trickling from his finger tips showed where they had come in contact with his captive's teeth. It was as though an elephant had been worried by a pariah cur.

"Your Excellency," he said, salaaming and gasping for breath.

"It is Baboo, the Harimau-Anak!"

Baboo wrenched from the guard's grasp and glided up to my desk. The back of his open palm went to his forehead and his big brown eyes looked appealingly up into mine.

"What is it, Tiger-Child?" I asked, bestowing on him the title the Malays of Kampong Glam had given him as a perpetual reminder of his famous adventure.

Dimples came into either tear-stained cheek. He smoothed out the rents in his small sarong, and without deigning to notice his late captor, said in a soft singsong voice:—

"Tuan Consul, Baboo want to go with the Heaven-Born to Pahang. Baboo six years old,— can fight pirates like Aboo Din, the father. May Mohammed make Tuan as odorous as musk!"

"You are a boaster before Allah, Baboo," I said, smiling.

Baboo dropped his head in perfectly simulated contrition.

"I have thought much, Tuan."

News had come to me that an American merchant ship had been wrecked near the mouth of the Pahang River, and that the Malays, who were at the time in revolt against the English Resident, had taken possession of its cargo of petroleum and made prisoners of the crew.

I had asked the colonial governor for a guard of five Sikhs and a launch, that I might steam up the coast and investigate the alleged outrage before appealing officially to the British government.

Of course Baboo went, much to the disgust of Aboo Din, the syce.

I never was able to refuse the little fellow anything, and I knew if I left him behind he would be revenged by running away.

I had vowed again and again that Baboo should stay lost the next time he indulged in his periodical vanishing act, but each time when night came and Aboo Din, the syce, and Fatima, the mother, crept pathetically along the veranda to where I was smoking and steeling my heart against the little rascal. I would snatch up my cork helmet

and spring into my cart, which Aboo Din had kept waiting inside the stables for the moment when I should relent.

Since Baboo had become a hero and earned the appellation of the Harimau-Anak, his vanity directed his footsteps toward Kampong Glam, the Malay quarter of Singapore. Here he was generally to be found, seated on a richly hued Indian rug, with his feet drawn up under him, amid a circle of admiring shopkeepers, syces, kebuns, and fishermen, narrating for the hundredth time how he had been caught at Changi by a tiger, carried through the jungle on its back until he came to a great banyan tree, into which he had crawled while the tiger slept, how a sladang (wild bull) came out of the lagoon and killed the tiger, and how Tuan Consul and Aboo Din, the father, had found him and kissed him many times.

"SHADOWY FORMS WERE LEAPING FROM THE BRANCHES."

Often he enlarged on the well known story and repeated long conversations that he had had with the tiger while they were journeying through the jungle.

A brass lamp hung above his head in which the cocoanut oil sputtered and burned and cast a fitful half-light about the box-like stall. Only the eager faces of the listeners stood out clear and distinct against the shadowy background of tapestries from Madras and Bokhara, soft rich rugs from Afghanistan and Persia, curiously wrought finger bowls of brass and copper from Delhi and Siam, and piles of cunningly painted sarongs from Java.

Close against a naked fisherman sat the owner of the bazaar in tall, conical, silk-plaited hat and flowing robes, ministering to the wants of the little actor, as the soft, monotonous voice paused for a brief instant for the tiny cups of black coffee.

I never had the heart to interrupt him in the midst of one of these dramatic recitals, but would stand respectfully without the circle of light until he had finished the last sentence.

He was not frightened when I kicked the squatting natives right and left, and he did not forget to arise and touch the back of his open palm to his forehead, with a calm, reverent, "Tabek, Tuan," (Greeting, my lord).

So Baboo went with us to fight pirates.

He unrolled his mat out on the bow, where every dash of warm salt water wet

his brown skin, and where he could watch the flying fish dash across our way.

He was very quiet during the two days of the trip, as though he were fully conscious of the heavy responsibility that rested upon his young shoulders. I had called him a boaster and it had cut him to the quick.

We found the wreck of the Bunker Hill on a sunken coral reef near the mouth of the Pahang River, but every vestige of her cargo and stores was gone, even to the glass in her cabin windows and the brasses on her rails.

We worked in along the shore and kept a lookout for camps or signals, but found none.

I decided to go up the river as far as possible in the launch in hope of coming across some trace of the missing crew, although I was satisfied that they had been captured by the noted rebel chief, the Orang Kayah of Semantan, or by his more famous lieutenant, the crafty Panglima Muda of Jempol, and were being held for ransom.

It was late in the afternoon when we entered the mouth of the Sungi Pahang.

Aboo Din advised a delay until the next morning.

"The Orang Kayah's Malays are pirates, Tuan," he said, with a sinister shrug of his bare shoulders, "he has many men and swift praus; the Dutch, at Rio, have sold them guns, and they have their krisses,—they are cowards in the day."

I smiled at the syce's fears.

I knew that the days of piracy in the Straits of Malacca, save for an occasional outbreak of high-sea petty larceny on a Chinese lumber junk or a native trader's tonkang, were past, and I did not believe that the rebels would have the hardihood to attack, day or night, a boat, however unprotected, bearing the American flag.

For an hour or more we ran along between the mangrove-bound shores against a swiftly flowing, muddy current.

The great tangled roots of these trees stood up out of the water like a fretwork of lace, and the interwoven branches above our heads shut out the glassy glare of the sun. We pushed on until the dim twilight faded out, and only a phosphorescent glow on the water remained to reveal the snags that marked our course.

The launch was anchored for the night close under the bank, where the maze of mangroves was beginning to give place to the solid ground and the jungle.

Myriads of fireflies settled down on us and hung from the low limbs of the over-

hanging trees, relieving the hot, murky darkness with their thousands of throbbing lamps.

From time to time a crocodile splashed in the water as he slid heavily down the clayey bank at the bow.

In the trees and rubber vines all about us a colony of long-armed *wah wah* monkeys whistled and chattered, and farther away the sharp, rasping note of a cicada kept up a continuous protest at our invasion.

At intervals the long, quivering yell of a tiger frightened the garrulous monkeys into silence, and made us peer apprehensively toward the impenetrable blackness of the jungle.

Aboo Din came to me as I was arranging my mosquito curtains for the night. He was casting quick, timid glances over his shoulder as he talked.

"Tuân, I no like this place. Too close bank. Ten boat-lengths down stream better. Baboo swear by Allah he sees faces behind trees,—once, twice. Baboo good eyes."

I shook off the uncanny feeling that the place was beginning to cast over me, and turned fiercely on the faithful Aboo Din.

He slunk away with a low salaam, muttering something about the Heaven-Born being all wise, and later I saw him in deep converse with his first-born under a palm-thatched cadjang on the bow.

I was half inclined to take Aboo Din's advice and drop down the stream. Then it occurred to me that I might better face an imaginary foe than the whirlpools and sunken snags of the Pahang.

I posted sentinels fore and aft and lay down and closed my eyes to the legion of fireflies that made the night luminous, and my ears to the low musical chant that arose fitfully from among my Malay servants on the stern.

The Sikhs were big, massive fellows, fully six feet tall, with towering red turbans that accentuated their height fully a foot.

They were regular artillery men from Fort Canning, and had seen service all over India.

They had not been in Singapore long enough to become acquainted with the Malay language or character, but they knew their duty and I trusted to their military training rather than to my Malay's superior knowledge, for our safety during the night.

I found out later that the cunning in Baboo's small brown finger was worth all the precision and drill in the Sikh sergeant's great body.

I fell asleep at last, lulled by the tenderly crooned promises of the Koran, and the drowsy intermittent prattle of the monkeys among the varnished leaves above. The night was intensely hot, not a breath of air could stir within our living cabin, and the cooling moisture which always comes with nightfall on the equator was lapped up by the thirsty fronds above our heads, so that I had not slept many hours before I awoke dripping with perspiration, and faint.

There was an impression in my mind that I had been awakened by the falling of glass.

The Sikh saluted silently as I stepped out on the deck.

It lacked some hours of daylight, and there was nothing to do but go back to my bed, vowing never again to camp for the night along the steaming shores of a jungle-covered stream.

I slept but indifferently; I missed the cooling swish of the punkah, and all through my dreams the crackle and breaking of glass seemed to mingle with the insistent buzz of the tiger-gnats.

Baboo's diminutive form kept flitting between me and the fireflies.

The first half lights of morning were

struggling down through the green canopy above when I was brought to my feet by the discharge of a Winchester and a long, shrill cry of fright and pain.

Before I could disentangle myself from the meshes of the mosquito net I could see dimly a dozen naked forms drop lightly on to the deck from the obscurity of the bank, followed in each case by a long, piercing scream of pain.

I snatched up my revolver and rushed out on to the deck in my bare feet.

Some one grasped me by the shoulder and shouted:

"Jaga biak, biak, Tuan, (be careful, Tuan), pirates!"

I recognized Aboo Din's voice, and I checked myself just as my feet came in contact with a broken beer bottle.

The entire surface of the little deck was strewn with glittering star-shaped points that corresponded with the fragments before me.

I had not a moment to investigate, however, for in the gloom, where the bow of the launch touched the foliage-meshed bank, a scene of wild confusion was taking place.

Shadowy forms were leaping, one after another, from the branches above on to the deck. I slowly cocked my revolver, doubting my senses, for each time one of the invaders reached the deck he sprang into the air with the long, thrilling cry of pain that had awakened me, and with another bound was on the bulwarks and over the side of the launch clinging to the railing.

With each cry, Baboo's mocking voice came out, shrill and exultant, from behind a pile of life-preservers. "O, Allah, judge the dogs. They would kris the great Tuan as he slept—the pariahs—but they forgot so mean a thing as Baboo!"

The smell of warm blood filled the air, and a low snarl among the rubber vines revealed the presence of a tiger.

I felt Aboo Din's hand tremble on my shoulder.

The five Sikhs were drawn up in battle array before the cabin door, waiting for the word of command. I glanced at them and hesitated.

"Tid 'apa, Tuan" (never mind), Aboo Din whispered with a proud ring in his voice.

"Baboo blow Orang Kayah's men away with the breath of his mouth."

As he spoke the branches above the bow were thrust aside and a dark form hung for an instant as though in doubt, then shot straight down upon the corrugated surface of the deck.

As before, a shriek of agony heralded the descent, followed by Baboo's laugh, then the dim shape sprang wildly upon the bulwark, lost its hold, and went over with a great splash among the labyrinth of snakelike mangrove roots.

There was the rushing of many heavy

forms through the red mud, a snapping of great jaws, and there was no mistaking the almost mortal cry that arose from out the darkness. I had often heard it when paddling softly up one of the wild Malayan rivers.

It was the death cry of a wah wah monkey facing the cruel jaws of a crocodile.

I plunged my fingers into my ears to smother the sound. I understood it all now. Baboo's pirates, the dreaded Orang Kayah's rebels, were the troop of monkeys we had heard the night before in the tambusa trees.

"Baboo," I shouted, "come here! What does this all mean?"

The Tiger-Child glided from behind the protecting pile, and came close up to my legs.

"Tuan," he whimpered, "Baboo see many faces behind trees. Baboo 'fraid for Tuan,— Tuan great and good,— save Baboo from tiger,— Baboo break up all glass bottles — old bottles — Tuan no want old bottle — Baboo and Aboo Din, the father, put them on deck so when Orang Kayah's men come out of jungle and drop from trees on deck they cut their feet on glass. Baboo is through talking,— Tuan no whip Baboo!"

There was the pathetic little quaver in his voice that I knew so well.

"But they were monkeys, Baboo, not pirates."

Baboo shrugged his brown shoulders and kept his eyes on my feet.

"Allah is good!" he muttered.

Allah was good, they might have been pirates.

The snarl of the tiger was growing more insistent and near. I gave the order and the boat backed out into midstream.

As the sun was reducing the gloom of the sylvan tunnel to a translucent twilight, we floated down the swift current toward the ocean.

I had given up all hope of finding the shipwrecked men, and decided to ask the government to send a gunboat to demand their release.

As the bow of the launch passed the wreck of the Bunker Hill and responded to the long even swell of the Pacific, Baboo beckoned sheepishly to Aboo Din, and together they swept all trace of his adventure into the green waters.

Among the souvenirs of my sojourn in Golden Chersonese is a bit of amber-colored glass bearing the world-renowned name of a London brewer. There is a dark stain on one side of it that came from the hairy foot of one of Baboo's "pirates."

Rounsevelle Wildman.

PLEASURE.

Pleasure is like perfect liquor,
Sweet to taste and after taste,—
And like, too, in that when gotten
We imbibe too much, then waste,
And we find when pleasure passes
Life is empty as the glasses.

Sigismund Blumann.

AN OREGONIAN POET HERMIT.

THERE is nothing strange for a man to live
Alone in a mountain dell;
Sweet solitude will always give
A quiet peace to such as dwell
Within the circle of her arm.
Perhaps to "Mart" it was a charm
For his declining years and age,—
They pass him by as Hermit Sage.

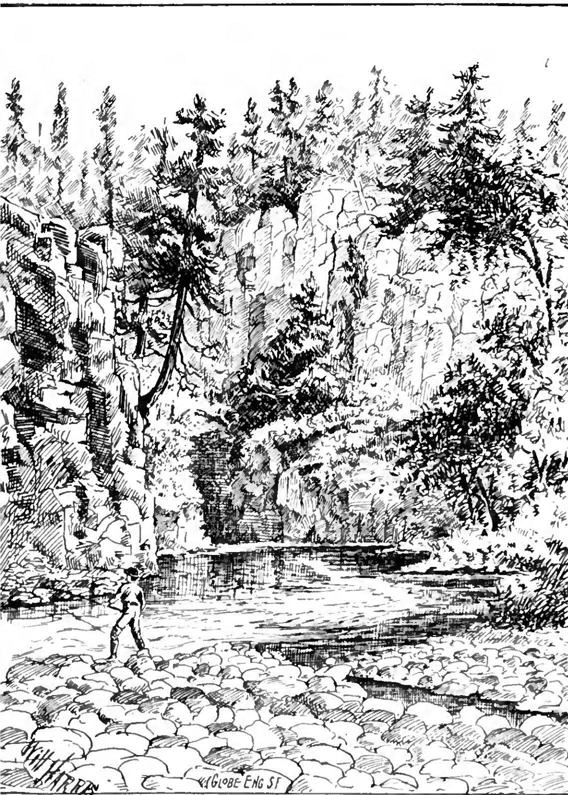
ENIUS ofttimes dwells in queer places. Until recently no portion of the United States could have been more isolated, and farther from the haunts of civilization than Tillamook. In this ideal asylum for a recluse or hermit poet, a number of men who at one time enjoyed fortune or distinction, have found refuge. Some of them in their declining years, are there yet. Tillamook is a region on the coast of Oregon, shut off from the rest of the State by the densely wooded Coast Range.

Until the past few years, the lethargic, clam-subsisting Coast Indians lived, or rather existed in a state of semi-hibernation, undisturbed, and the eyes of white men had not yet heheld the undulating prairies, or penetrated the dense jungles along the streams of this coast country. The impassable Coast Range seemed to preclude any connection with the rest of the world, and the general aspect filled the beholder with lonesomeness. The placid bays, lagoons, and tide inlets, with a cast of somber blue, and the wide, deep rivers, over-hung with drooping foliage intertwined with long garlands of trailing mosses, imparted a deep sense of gloom to the first inhabitants. Yet, this is not all. There are wide stretches "of glimmering beaches, picturesque promontories, weird caves," and farther in the interior, are wild cataracts, plashing aimlessly over rugged precipices, and streams, roaring through echoing cañons.

What strange fancy led the poet hermit, Sam Smith, to this solitary refuge, no one knows, but knowing his nature, one would not wonder at his remaining.

He built a small log cabin on a stream called "Slab Creek," about two miles from the beach, and not far from Nestucca Bay. Civilization works wondrous changes sometimes, and now the stream bears the romantic name of "Kiawanda Brook." Sam Smith lived in his rustic habitation, little noticed by his few neighbors, and his only companions were a dog and cat. The settlers regarded him as an "odd old man," and as is often the case in pioneer life, supposed, perhaps, he had good reasons for living a lonely life in a remote country. They never dreamed that his soul heaved with the fire of poetic passion, as he contemplated the works of nature around him. The unappreciative settler saw only water, brush, and rock. Sam Smith saw pictures, masterpieces. Yet the old man was jovial in disposition, and always had a word of good cheer for those who chanced to meet him. Some of the more inquisitive eventually learned how the hermit acquired a living.

Surely, he could produce nothing on his place, and he was often seen carrying provisions from a store, a few miles distant.



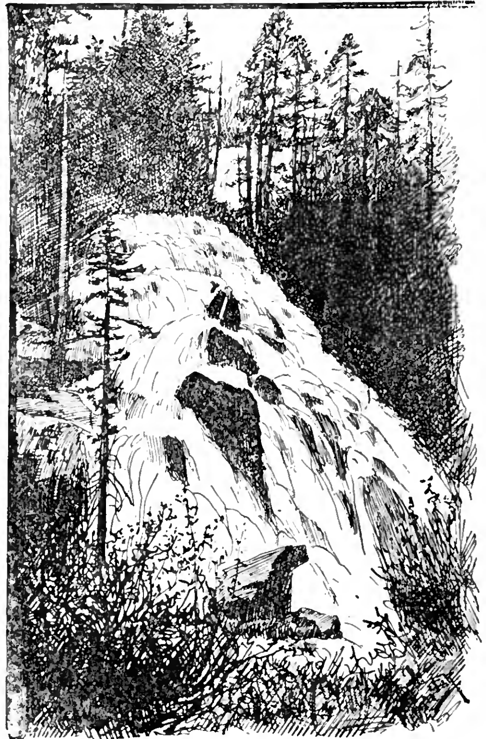
"ANGLING FOR TROUT IN THE SILVER WATERS OF KIAWANDA BROOK."

He received a draft for one hundred dollars occasionally, and it was for something he had written in the past. It was whispered that he was an author, and the writer of this sketch was told, "Ole man Smith had some queer writin's and would tell interestin' stories of his life if you'd see him."

Samuel W. Smith was born in Fayette County, Indiana, in 1831. He was educated for the law, and taught school for a while, but went to California when the gold fever broke out.

After varied experiences, he enlisted in Company A, 4th Infantry, California Volunteers, in 1861, and served until 1866 in California. He was commissioned lieutenant of his company by Governor Low, and was popularly called Captain Smith, by old Californians. Papers show he was a member of Mariposa Masonic Lodge.

In 1870, Captain Smith made a rich strike in the gold diggings, and three years later went to San Francisco with quite a sack of glittering dust. He lost everything in one of Flood's big stock deals, and while walking the streets trying to devise means to get a meal, the thought struck him that he had an old manuscript which he had submitted to John Woodward, the actor. Woodward had rejected the play as worthless, and now Captain Smith submitted it to J. C. Williamson, who was playing some part at the California Theater. Williamson took it, and said he would see what he could do with it. He tried in in San Francisco and elsewhere, but had poor luck, however he gave Sam Smith one hundred dollars for the play. Williamson afterward



"PLASHING AIMLESSLY OVER RUGGED PRECIPICES."

"HIS OLD CABIN ALMOST HIDDEN BY GROWING BRUSH."

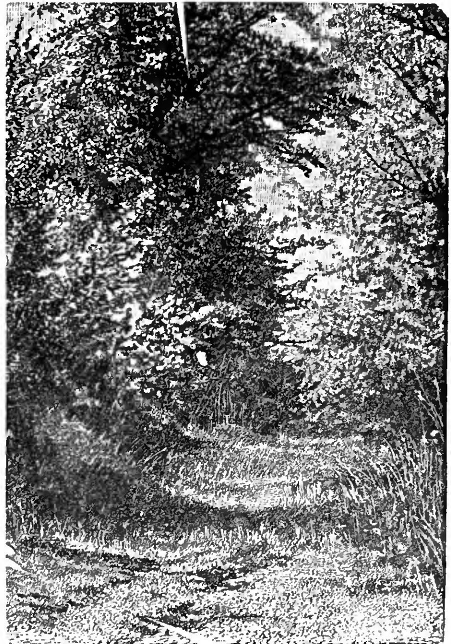
went to Australia, where he presented the play with brilliant success.

The name of the play is "Struck Oil." It has been played in the leading theaters in all the large cities of the world, and was immensely popular in its time. It was the foundation of Williamson's princely fortune, and enabled him to own several of the largest theaters in Melbourne and Sydney.

Captain Smith also wrote "The Blue and the Gray," "Fonda, the Trapper's Bride," and several other popular plays, but never realized much from them. Williamson occasionally remembered him with small amounts of money, and at one time sent him a draft for one thousand dollars, so the old man never really suffered for the necessaries of life during his latter days. Captain Smith also wrote several pastoral poems, though none have been published. Some of these showed marks of genuis, though they are eccentric. They usually describe Californian scenes.

The lines at the beginning of this sketch are characteristic of his work, and were written while he lived in his hut on Slab Creek. They are from a pastoral poem, entitled "Birds' Nests among the Cedars."

Sam Smith lived in Tillamook to see it transformed from a wilderness to a progressive, settled community, though his declining years probably prevented him from seeking a more secluded retreat. Before he died he wrote a few articles for a local paper, describing his abode and surroundings in his happiest vein. His health failed in 1891, however, and he was obliged to go to the Portland hospital for treatment, where he died October 5, 1891. His remains rest in Lone Fir Cemetery at East Portland, Oregon. His old cabin, almost hidden by growing brush, is still unoccupied and unclaimed. It is situated on government land, and the thousands of summer visitors who frequent Nestucca Beach, tramp across his deserted claim, angling for trout in the silvery waters of Kiawanda Brook, little dreaming that they are trespassing on the



"FILLED THE BEHOLDER WITH LONESOMENESS."

last dwelling place of one, who in the past, electrified the theatrical world with drama and with song.

Here are a few stanzas from the introduction to "Birds' Nests among the Cedars," a pastoral poem of considerable length, which has never been published :—

There are yet unwritten stories,
  That never have been told,
Of that country, now a vineyard,
  But once the land of gold.
If I write one, who will read it?
  Not the many,— will the few?
I will write it, yes, will write it,
  If only read by you.

The poet of the present
  Must spin a golden thread,
With diamond scintillations,
  Or it never will be read.
Our little natural stories
  Are low and growing lower,
Art has grasped the pencil
  And Nature is no more.

Perhaps one in ten thousand
  Kneels yet at Nature's throne;
If so, then I have brothers
  And sisters of my own.
To such I'll tell the story;
  If they shall pass it by,
It has no bloom of promise,
  And the bud had better die.

W. F. D. Jones.

FLORENCE.

Enamored of thy beauty, I am here
  To find thee robed in color everywhere;
  Spring, with her garlands woven fresh and fair,
Crowns thee with youth eternal, year by year.

From out thy Campanile the bells ring clear,
  And round about Duomo's marble stair,
  Thy careless children, gay and debonair,
Make light of toil, with jocund laugh and jeer.

Across the years I scan thy stormy past,
  And mark thy dauntless stand against control,
    With Guelph and Ghibelline in fierce array;
And though enthralled, at times, by creed and caste,
  What deathless names are on thy blazoned roll,
    While Art triumphant, holds its tranquil sway.

Lucius Harwood Foote.

HOW THE PETREL DIED.

NOBODY saw the Petrel go
  Silently drifting out with the tide;
The people of Belvedere only know,
  She was anchored safe when the daylight died,
With the fleet of boats that snugly lay,
Like sleeping swans in the little bay.

Yes, anchored safe, but the eddy's sweep,
  Quietly saps the anchor's hold,
Till when the world is all asleep,
  She lies unmoored and uncontrolled,
And slowly at first, she gently floats,
Out and away from the dreaming boats.

Which way to go? Well knows she,—
  Never a touch of doubt in her mind,—
She turns her head to the open sea,
  Hearing the call of her feathered kind;
For better she loves the billows' play,
Than the quiet slough or the peaceful bay.

But Angel Island sees her not;
  And Sausalito gives no hail;

And grim old Alcatraz marks no yacht,
That glides along without a sail;
The Lime Point keepers give no sign,
As she dances by on the heaving brine.

Out in the channel! And faster now;
For the ebb tide runs like a mill-race here.
She sees the frown on Diablo's brow,
But her foolish heart has felt no fear.
And never a bit the faster she runs,
Before the mouths of the heavy guns.

The ancient Fort with its blood-red eye,
That shuts and opens, fails to see,
And Point Bonita, as she goes by,
Stolidly gazes; and gay and free,
She rises and falls on the ocean swell,
With the rhythmic sweep that she loves so well.

For now she has come to the end of her course,
Wayward and happy, wild and free,
And is caught and crushed by the awful force
Of the mighty rush of the cruel sea;
And never again when the yachts are gay,
Shall the Petrel sail on the sunlit bay.

Charles S. Greene.

THE JEW IN SAN FRANCISCO

THE LAST HALF CENTURY.

BY GUSTAV ADOLF DANZIGER.

EXPLANATORY.

Prompted by a spirit of fairness and a liberal mind, the editor of this magazine has asked me to write an article that should contain "a fair, square, honest discussion of what they (the Jews) have done for the City and State; how they have achieved their great fortunes, and who among them has become prominent in letters, in politics, etc."

In the following pages I shall endeavor to deal as fairly with the subject as its varied aspect permits, without racial predjudice in favor of racial faults; nor will I permit false modesty to pass in silence those whose meritorious lives ought to be known and appreciated.

I cannot conceal the fact that the very question as to what the *Jews* have done for the City or State, makes a bad impression upon me—at first! My people have suffered so much by their peculiar distinction as Jews, the "Hep, hep!" and the "Yellow Patch" have been such striking, crying and cutting marks in their existence, that a quiet inoffensive inattention to their peculiarities, virtues or vices might serve their cause much better. At any rate a discussion of this kind, will of necessity be taken *cum*

grano salis, coming as it does from a writer himself a Jew. The mind uncleansed of mediæval cobwebs will naturally take it for granted that one can never see the faults of his own as others see them. That this is a mistake needs hardly the assertion; it is the Jew who is most severe on the shortcomings of his people. The cynicisms and satirical shafts of the most pungent writers of ancient Rome were not as cutting as the *Words* of the Prophets of Judea. On the other hand, the Jewish critic is ready to condone certain faults, because of his intimate knowledge of their origin, a source often too subtle for expression. Of course the Jew is looked upon as one of the world's great riddles; his tenacious existence, his power to bear sorrow and outlive persecution, appears phenomenal and the consonous interrogative naturally rises: Who is he? How is he? Why is he?

Sometimes a Catholic prelate desiring to inform the world that the Church is as eager for the cultivation of the minds of Catholics as for the acquirement of real estate, pens a spirited article about Catholic charities, missions, schools, and culture; seldom that anyone (these A. P. A. times excepted) asks: How the Catholics Flood, Mackay, O'Brien, Fair and others of the class made their fortunes; what did they do for the City or the State? Forsooth, there is no use nor reason to ask, for save the building of their fortunes upon the ruin of thousands of small people through the State, these men have done nothing that posterity might point to with pride. In life they cheated the people, dying they cheat the State, and the only one whom some of them cannot cheat is the devil.

It is different, you see with the Jews. Everybody thinks that the Jews are the richest in the land. Yet, it is a fact, that there is not a Jew in San Francisco or California whose individual fortune is much above five million dollars. But it is equally undeniable that the Jews control the finances of the City; that the greatest financier on the Pacific Coast—a veritable Napoleon of finance—but one who never met his Waterloo—is a Jew. But this is another story—as Kipling would say.

The question what have the Jews done for San Francisco, might be answered by a counter question: What have they not done that others have? They pay taxes; they own homes—some very fine homes; they build Synagogues and pay toward the building of churches; they own some of the finest stores; they buy the best furniture and fine paintings; they buy the best groceries — and — though temperate—drink the finest wines and smoke the best cigars; they are the best patrons of the drama, the concert and the lecture. Take the Jewish element out of San Francisco, and—I will not say that business would be destroyed but—the market in its various lines would certainly be crippled. Now then, if there be merit in doing one's duty as a citizen; if fine buildings beautify a city; if those who are active in Finance, Commerce, Politics, Charity, Art, Literature, Journalism, Law, Medicine, Education, Stage and Music, can be counted as people "doing something for the City they live in," then the Jews of San Francisco have done a great deal for the City and the State, nay more, they have added lustre and greatness to the Golden State, for some of her sons of the Jewish faith have carved their names into the hearts of men and women all over the world and their fame

will last as long as the fair name of California, with the memories of "the days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49."

What originally brought the Jews to California was the universal desire for gold—

> "Gold sow'd the world with every ill;
> Gold taught the murderer's knife to kill;
> 'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
> In treachery's more pernicious arts."

Upon the wings of the wind the word *gold* is borne into distant lands, and man forsakes home, love and friends, and follows the enchanting sound. It is human nature, not of the best kind, but it is human nature. The philosophy of ages comes to naught on this point, and the ethical principle hides its face. The Sages, who erstwhile found fault with this particular bend of the human mind, close their fingers upon the nugget of gold and look the other way. At once their morality takes on a different complexion. "Unspeakable good can be accomplished by the aid of gold," they say. The Church militant needs gold; the ends of justice, of education, of morality, of charity, of religion, of a proper commonwealth—in short, of everything that constitutes an elemental of our mundane existence, can be reached by means of gold.

THE CONVALESCENT.[1]

The motive that led the Jews towards the setting sun was of that dual force, poverty and persecution. The first three decades of this century were rather gloomy for the Jews of

[1]This picture represents the youth Offenbach His anxious mother has just entered after an absence from the bedside of her fever-stricken son. She finds him playing the violin, and, while alarmed, is gratified, as she realizes that the boy has reached a favorable turn in the disease. This picture is now owned by Prince Rudolph, Regent of Bavaria.

LIBRARY

Europe. With the exception of France, the Jew of every country was treated as a pariah. *America* was a symbol of freedom ; but few Jews liked to go "so far away." Most of them believed—and some believe so still—that the religion of their fathers could not be kept as punctilious as in the old country. The old people, with that abandon that comes from continued suffering, stayed home, sending their sons with tears and prayers into the land "far away." Some of these young men went to England, others to America, settling in the Eastern States ; beginning life as traders (vulgus, peddler). By dint of industry, sobriety and economy, these young men accumulated competencies ; but, whether with the pack upon their shoulders plodding along the dusty highway or superintending magnificent establishments in the great cities of the Eastern States they never forgot their "old folks at home," whom they sent means to delight the body, though the spirit of freedom could not be bought. The beneficiaries learned to bless the land of plenty. Parents who had "a son in America" were considered well-to-do, and if not that had at least sufficient credit until the arrival of the next remittance. To increase this credit, to make their dear parents independent, to free *them* of all *want* was a constant prayer, a steady ambition with every Jew. This parental love was his guiding star to fortune, if any other element entered his nature and competed with his nobler sentiments, it is due to those strange forces which promote in every age and every clime, hatred, vice, war and crime.

TOBY ROSENTHAL.

When the cry of gold came from California, the Jew was not slow to respond, and thus quite a number gathered in and around San Francisco. At first they mined, then traded and then banked. Some of these early miners and traders became famous the world over, and were foremost in the patronage of art, science, literature and the charities. Their fortunes were started in the mining districts, where pants, shoes and handkerchiefs sold for gold dust. With the increase of the precious metal, the stock grew apace, until they moved to San Francisco, where they opened wholesale houses, and the country merchant paid for the goods he bought with the gold dust of the miner.

The accumulation of wealth is a high-grade profession; wealth confers a certain polish upon people whose minds have not been utterly vulgarized by greed. The most natural inclinations of a man of wealth are for pleasant surroundings, and he buys or builds a house ; gradually an artistic sense develops and he buys works of art ; the presentation of communal affairs by the Press, awakens an interest in politics. But while politics becomes of the foremost importance to some foreigners the Jew is an exception. The comforts of home is an all

surpassing thought, and after acquiring the necessary means he devotes himself to practical charity, and after that the sacredotal adjuncts of religion attract his attention. With him, Charity is above Creed—in fact it is the chief factor in his creed.

The good ladies of San Francisco who edited and managed the Christmas edition of the *Examiner* for a noble charity and wrote a check for $12,000 were not exclusively Christian. The woman who signed and did a great deal towards getting that check, and whose name will go into history, by future generations blessed, was Mrs. Louis Sloss—one of Israel's noblest daughters, whose charities are vast, yet boastless. Of the people most active in charitable work and the institutions which they maintain I must speak in another chapter.

THE JEW IN CHARITY.

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."—*I Corinthians, xiii, 5.*

WITHOUT prejudice I quote the above, although there is much to quote from non-Christian sources. I take it for granted that my subject will be read with similar sentiments. That many Jews lived in California much before the fifth decade of the present century is not probable; for the very simple reason that Alta California having been once the dominion of the *Rey Catolico,* and the population indolently submissive to the representatives of the Church of Rome, California might in all probability have been a good place for Jews to stay away from. It is certain that if there were any they did not publicly confess it. The Jew always had a peculiar prejudice against flaunting his religion before the people; it was not good for his health. Besides, from the time when they were forced into baptism in Spain until they were paid to do it in England they had a prejudice against religious interference in business affairs.

In 1849, a number of Jews had congregated in San Francisco, most of whom had come by way of Panama, a few crossed the plains and a few had come from Australia. The first Jewish woman that had followed her husband across the ocean and Panama to the Golden State was Mrs. Hugh Simon, now of New York. Mr. August Helbing, who was a fellow passenger with Mrs. Simon tells an amusing story of how he stood off the purser and the captain, who tried to make him give up his stateroom to another passenger.

"I was young then," says Mr. Helbing, "and as strong as a lion. I had taken two prizes as an athlete in Munich, and had gone to America in a spirit of adventure. A friend of mine and I had gone to Panama and there we bought tickets for California. My friend and I went down to the steamer and took possession of our stateroom. The next day the train brought a load of passengers from New York, among them a gentleman who held a ticket —bought in the head office in New York—that called for my stateroom. The purser told me peremptorily to vacate, which I as promptly refused. He went for the Captain and the Captain tried persuasion first, then threats. At this I took a brace of pistols and told them I would kill the first man attempting to enter my room; I had paid for it and had a right to its possession. But right or no right I would keep this room or die. The Captain was not eager for bloodshed; he placed the passenger somewhere else, and my friend and I remained where we were. We staid indoors till late at night; and then in spite of the drizzling rain, I went out. When my eye grew used to the darkness I saw a man and a woman holding a little child amongst them cuddled up in a corner, shivering with cold and wet. I addressed them and found they were Jews; they had paid for their passage, but could get no other accommodations. I was young

and strong then; I went to my friend, stated the case, and he was satisfied to give up his berth. A few minutes later the little family was in our stateroom and we were on deck rolled in blankets. The lady was very thankful to us, but I did not think much of what we had done, you know. That lady's name was Mrs. Hugh Simon."

That was the first act of charity of August Helbing, the man who a few months later wrote the laws for the "Eureka Benevolent Society."

In 1849, the Jews organized the "First Hebrew Benevolent Society," of San Francisco, which is still in existence. The object of this society was the amelioration of suffering Israelites; to visit the sick, bury the dead, and in case a man wanted a start, the Society saw that the means were not lacking. The Society's funds were gathered from dues, (which are $1.00 per month,) and entertainments given at intervals during the year, and which as a rule amounted to $2,000 or $3,000 per annum.

The first officers of this Society were: Louis Cohen, President; Jacob Meyer, Vice-President; J. E. Wolf, Treasurer; Henry J. Labatt, Secretary.

During the year following, (October 2, 1850,) the "Eureka Benevolent Society" was founded; an institution that does a vast amount of good, supporting indigent families and Jews of all ages. Mr. August Helbing of this city was the first president of the Society and its founder. Simon Lazzard, of Lazzard Freres, now of Paris, and M. Morgenthau were the first trustees. Mr. August Helbing, who is still an active member and prominent business man, was four times elected the Society's president. The Eureka has as its branches and adjuncts in charity-work, the Pacific Hebrew Orphan Asylum and the Home for Aged and Infirm Israelites (the "Home" started by another faction of Jews a few years ago, has neither right nor reason for its existence, as the Eureka Society takes care of all worthy cases). It has also a fund for the support of members' widows, but it assists also those of non-members. This Society has disbursed millions of dollars since its foundation and continues to do good under the direction of its first and only secretary, Mr. Leo Eloesser. Mr. S. W. Levy, the president of the Asylum and Home Society, in his annual report ending the fiscal year, August 31st, 1894, says: "We have now the largest number of children under our care that the history of our Society has ever recorded, namely, one hundred and twenty-eight, of whom one hundred and sixteen make their home at the Asylum, while twelve are boarded outside. Of these latter, ten are learning trades and two are infants, too young to be cared for in the Asylum."

At the Home for the Aged are twenty-three people, sixteen men and seven women. Their ages range from 62 to 98 years. Of Mrs. Babette Levy, whose charities were many, the president speaks thus: "Babette Levy was my own dear wife, my life companion, my co-worker. She was connected with this Society as one of its Ladies' Visiting Committee from the very first day of the opening of our Asylum on Mason Street in 1872. She worked as only a motherly woman can work, feeling for the fatherless children as if they were her own. She was so kind and gentle that the little children could not help but love her. No harsh word ever passed her lips, even to those who deserved reproof. Her heart went out to the unfortunate and the poor, without regard to race, creed, or nationality. Her entire life was devoted to the poor, the unfortunate and the afflicted. She has gone to her reward. 'May her soul rest in peace,' is the prayer of one who awaits the welcome summons to join her.'" A community that has such women in it is certainly the better for it.

From a Photo taken for the OVERLAND.

THE SUTRO BATHS.

Those that devote themselves to the charitable work of the Society are: S. W. Levy, president; H. L. Simon, vice-president; Lewis Gerstle, treasurer; Leo Eloesser, secretary. The trustees are: A. Anspacher, P. Berwin, Jos. Brandenstein, Jules Cerf, Jacob Greenbaum, Sig. Greenbaum, Jacob Neustadter, Juda Newman, S. W. Rosenstock, B. Sheideman, Jacob Stern, Samuel J. Wormser.

These men also constitute the following committees: Committee of Finance, Committee on Real Estate, Committee on Buildings and Furniture, Committee on Education and Indenture, and Committee on Bequests.

Ladies' Visiting Committee for Home and Asylum: Mrs. I. Wormser, Mrs. R. I. Cohn, Mrs. J. Hirschfeld, Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mrs. H. A. Meyers, Mrs. C. S. Fecheimer, Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Mrs. Jacob Levy, Sr., Mrs. Jacob Stern, Mrs. Simon Bachman, Mrs. S. Toorman, Mrs. L. Greenwald, Mrs. M. Lowenthal, Mrs. D. N. Walter, Mrs. Juda Newman, Mrs. William Lewis.

Mrs. Lewis Gerstle, the treasurer, reports total receipts for the fiscal year ending Aug. 31, 1894, $63,811.22 and the disbursements for the same period amounted to $63,621.80. The Orphan Asylum Building occupies a block of land on Oak and Devisadero streets and the "Home" is on Silver Avenue and the Mission Road.

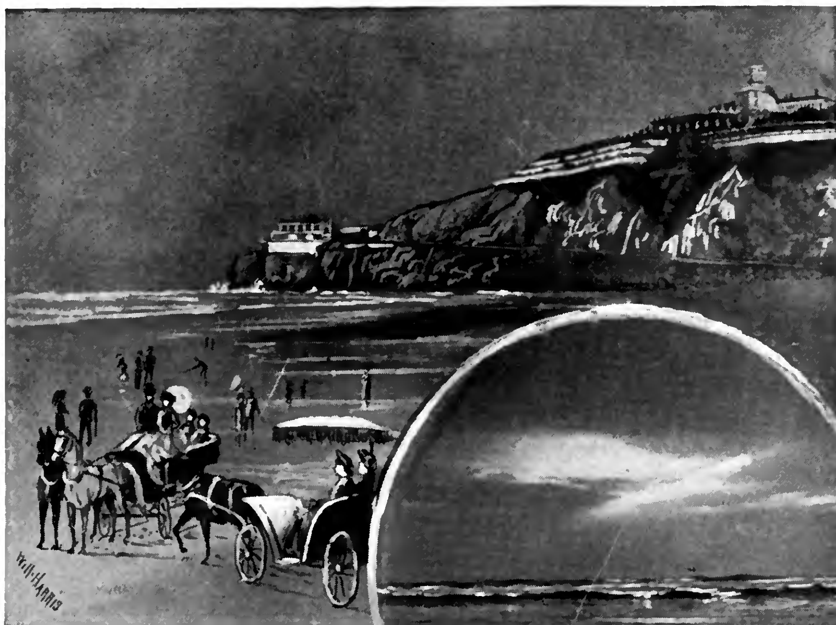
In 1855, the "Ladies United Benevolent Society" was organized, and in 1875, the "Hebrew Young Ladies' Sewing Society" was called into existence; both institutions are for the purpose of mutual help and the assistance of worthy poor. But outshining in splendor all charities, the noblest of all, and the only one of the kind on the Coast is the "Pastors' Aid Society," founded by the Rev. M. S. Levy, M. A., Rabbi of the Congregation Beth Israel, worshiping in their temple on Geary Street, near Octavia. This society devotes its work solely for the benefit of Jewish prisoners, whom they send books and give such comforts as the prison regulations will permit, and when the prisoners are discharged the society finds them honorable employment, thus restoring their

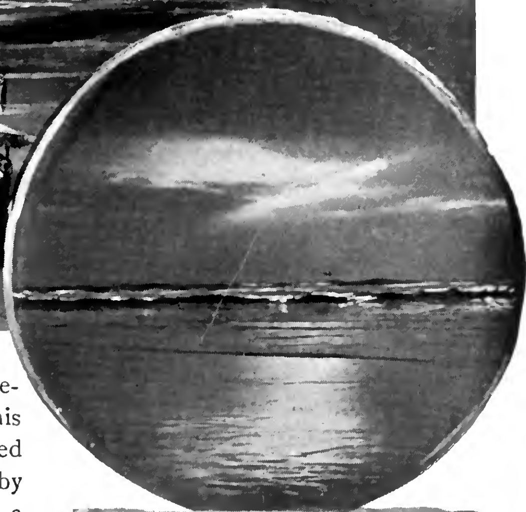
self-respect. While it may be gratifying that the number of Jewish prisoners in the State penitentiaries in 1894 was less than one per cent, it is nevertheless sad to see a Jewish prisoner, because the Jew ought to remember that he is a universal missionary transplanted amongst the nations to teach the way of right living under Divine Providence; and lastly because he ought to bear in mind that whatsoever his guilt, superinduced by passion to which the flesh is heir regardless of creed, that his people are bound to be drawn before the eyes of the world. Let an Irishman, German, or Frenchman, do wrong, and in their arraignment their nationality might be mentioned, their creed never. It is different with the Jew. There are few newspapers in the country, who, when mentioning a merchant or a criminal whose name or nose happens to have an Oriental inflection, would fail to print the word "Jew." It is natural, therefore, that the Jews in general do not take kindly to those whose indiscretion has brought additional stigma upon the Jewish name. The one who undertakes this mission of restoring such persons to respectability, giving them the means of self-support, and what is of infinitely more value, sympathy and love, accomplishes a wonderful amount of good. The gratitude of the community in general and that of the Jews in special, is due to the Rev. M. S. Levy for his noble work.

I desire to remind those who were, and are still, in the habit of calling the late Michael Reese all sorts of opprobrious epithets, that he gave the Eureka Society the sum of $20,000; that he gave large amounts to similar institutions; that he endowed non-sectarian hospitals in Chicago and New York, and that he gave to the University of California the nucleus of a magnificent library.

Charity and philanthropy are twin sisters, and those prominent in either branch are worthy of encomium. Michael Reese is dead, but his deeds are bearing rich fruit, making his name illustrious. There is another man in San Francisco who exemplifies what the Jews have done for this city. Adolph Sutro, Esq., whom the people of San Francisco called to the chief magistracy. It is fresh in the memory of everybody, how Mr. Sutro championed successfully a five cent fare from the Ferry to the Cliff-House, and spent thousands of dollars to defeat the Reilly Funding Bill, firm in his belief, that the passage of that Bill would be a calamity to California. Something more is that popular health and pleasure resort which Mr. Sutro has thrown open to the public, and which is known as Sutro Heights. In 1880 this spot was a sandy waste, but Mr. Sutro laid it out himself and created what is conceded to be one of the finest places in the world, a beautiful park, two hundred feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean, overlooking an ever changing, ever glorious scene from the dawn

ADOLPH SUTRO.





THE CLIFF HOUSE BEACH DRIVE AND SEAL ROCKS.*

of day to the setting of the sun. Something equally good and beautiful are his baths. The supply of water is obtained without the aid of machinery and solely by the action of the waves dashing against a rocky shelf over fifty feet in width and eighteen feet above low water mark. A tunnel cut through a rock carries the water from the shelf into a reservoir, thence to the aquarium and bathing place. It was wonderfully conceived and more wonderfully carried out. These baths are in appearance, general appointment, comfort, luxurious vegetation, electric splendor, music, and art, unequaled and certainly unexcelled. Another object of interest is the prospective castle that is to rise in the place of the old Cliff House, lately burned. It is to be a wooden structure, five stories high, terraced down to the ocean. But that which will surpass the splendors of architectural art and will be a benefit to generations to come, to scholars of all the sciences from Semitic philology to botanical science, is the magnificent library, which is constantly being increased, and will be one of the finest collections in the United States. As a reference library it cannot be excelled even now. Mr. Sutro has many Hebrew MSS., and though on the whole he has been much imposed upon in this particular line, there are in the collection many rare MSS. of great value. There can hardly be any

*Cliff House destroyed by fire in 1894.

doubt about an answer as to what Mr. Sutro has done for San Francisco. As for the personality of the man, whose philanthropic spirit seems to embrace every feature of popular beneficence, it may be stated that he was born on the 29th of April, 1830, in Aix-la Chapelle; that he is an educated man in the accepted German sense; that though his hair is snow white, his faculties are unimpaired, that he has an eagle eye and reads without glasses, in short that Mr. Sutro is, in point of venturesomeness and push, truly American, but has the carriage of a *Roman Militaire* of the old school, sturdy, rugged, always ready for duty.

The Independent Order of B'nai B'rith (Sons of the Covenant) is a magnificent institution, doing a great deal for the enlightenment and the education of its members and their children. But as it is in character not above any of the other secret orders in the United States, it needs no special emphasis under this head.

THE JEW IN RELIGION.

> "A man devoid of religion,
> Is like a horse without a bridle."

I WISH I could say the same of the Jew in religion as I said of the Jew in charity. Not that the Californian Jew has no religion, or that he despises his religion—far from it. The several synagogues in San Francisco, and throughout the State, seem to speak abundantly for his religious zeal. Yet withal there is something lacking. That *something* so subtle and indefinable, yet so manifest among Christian people. Perchance, because the Jew is primarily and above all things a commercial factor, that even his religion partakes something of that cool, calculating, inaudible expression, so noticeable in the ways and manners of our great merchants and financiers. Certain it is that there never was nor is there any manifestation of so-called "revivals" or prayer-meetings, or special mission work. Nor are preachers "called" to preach; nor is their preaching accepted or acceptable when the sole demand for attention is based upon a certain effusion of "faith." The preacher must be a scholar, a man of thought and intellectuality, a discreet person, a good conversationalist, a combination of the "man of God" and the "man of the world." If he be the Rabbi of a moderately wealthy congregation, he has to be pretty much of an all around utility man, a sort of "*Arrangeur publique generale.*" He gets up "affairs," and makes speeches; he is not over orthodox nor too strongly progressive; in brief, he is an ideal "Pastor."

A wealthy congregation treats the minister with more consideration, not on account of over piety,—because gold seldom makes people pious,—but because they can afford to lend dignity to the office. As the wealthy congregations in the United States are all, or nearly all reformed, the reformed rabbis in large cities are therefore the best paid. The seggregation of the Jews in classes takes place naturally; wealth decides the station in the synagogue and in society, and next to wealth is nationality. Bavarian, French, and Alsatian Jews go one way, Russian and Polish Jews another. It is not my province to discuss the relative merits of either of these factions, but somehow it happens that the first-named Jews are in the reformed ranks and pay better salaries to their various and graded functionaries. Thus, for instance, the Congregation Emanuel in this city, takes pleasure in having an English speaking rabbi, who can deliver a lecture in fairly well turned phrases, and when occasion requires it, can represent his people acceptably. They pay him a liberal salary. In addition to the rabbi, the Congregation affords the luxury of a fine cantor or recitator with a splendid choir. This expenditure is not a hardship; the members of Temple Emanuel sign as quietly a check for a $1000 or more for the Synagogue

THE TRIAL OF CONSTANCE DE BEVERLY.*—(MARMION CANTO II.)

*The poem of Marmion is a favorite one with Mr. Irving M. Scott, and the wish for a painting of this particular scene caused the production of the "Trial of Constance de Beverly," by Toby Rosenthal. After several journeys to Scotland and the most careful studies of historical accessories Mr. Rosenthal finished this picture. (See OVERLAND MONTHLY, March, 1893.)

as quietly as they transact their own splendid affairs. There is little or nothing of the sentimental about it. The members of this Congregation are the aristocrats of the city. All or nearly all of them are German or French Jews; a Russian Jew is as rare amongst them as a pig in a palace and the distinction is as crass.

It was not always thus. When the Jews of San Francisco numbered two or three score instead of as now between 20,000 and 25,000, this distinction was not noticeable. The traders of 1849 and 1850 were rough shod; they made no pretense to anything much except to shrewdness in bargaining. and if the religion of their fathers had waited until the awakening from within, it is doubtful if the Jews would have as many synagogues and institutions as they have now. But these young men, who carried pistols and knives and wore top boots and braved privations and dangers of all kind in order to get the yellow metal, those young men had parents in Europe who bore them on hearts of prayer. It took a long time for a letter to reach California, but when it reached here it told on the fellow who read it. It caused many a tear to run down the face of the bronze-faced pioneers. The demon of gold was forced to give way before the angel of love; memory was quickened by the written words, and the Jew became a Jew again, ethical, rational, moral. These letters usually came before the Jewish High Holidays, and the implorings not to forget the "Day of Atonement" had its effect upon the searchers after fortune. This in brief is the history of how synagogues came to be built in San Francisco. At first they had but a *Minyan*, that is, ten or more Jews congregated in a hall or private dwelling and offered their orisons; with the growth of their wealth and their numbers, they built a synagogue; the first of the kind being on Broadway, between Kearny and Montgomery streets. In 1850, there was but one congregation and this congregation bought a piece of ground, then known as the "Lagoon," but which now forms the corner of Vallejo and Gough streets, and consecrated the same as a Jewish burial ground. With the possession of a synagogue and a burial place, much of the ancient cermonialism took its place in the service; some even carried their orthodoxy to extreme. The following story told by Mr. August Helbing shows that even then there was a difference of religious conception which in later years caused a total separation. A Jewish gambler was shot and killed, and Mr. Helbing undertook the arrangements for burial; he was a prosperous merchant, was a member of the Congregation Emanuel, had founded the Eureka Benevolent Society and was generally esteemed for his charity and bravery. There was also in the Congregation a man by the name of Lewis, an Englishman, having heard of the gambler's death and of Mr. Helbing's intention of burying him in the Jewish cemetery, he gave notice that he would not permit the burial in consecrated ground, the man having been murdered and having died unshriven. Mr. Helbing said that he would bury the man. Thereupon the Englishman sent word to Mr. Helbing that if the latter made any attempt to enter the cemetery he would be ejected. Nothing daunted, Mr. Helbing hired a hearse, put a brace of pistols in his belt, and accompanied the corpse. The other faction was there in full force, but the sight of the pistols and the determined look on Mr. Helbing's face was sufficient to cool their ardor, and the corpse was buried. Up to 1860 this was the only Jewish cemetery in San Francisco.

In 1865, the number of Jews in San Francisco had grown enormously. Elements not as homogenous as the first Jews desired, became manifest, and the Congregation Emanuel bought its property and built the magnificent Temple on Sutter

SEIN ERSTES WERK.*

Street. The separation became distinct; those who went to the new Temple were nearly all German, Alsatian, or French Jews.

The other Jews built their synagogues; not that there was not room enough in the Sutter Street Temple, but the ritual of that

*At Oberammergau, in Bavaria, celebrated for the performances of the "Passion Play," there are many artisans employed in the carving of holy images. "Sein erstes werk" represents the shop of one of these carvers, to whom his young apprentice is showing his first work, the image of Christ, for critical examination. The photograph from which the engraving was made was loaned the OVERLAND by the artist's father.

Congregation had changed under the leadership of Dr. Elkan Cohn, and the orthodox element separated. In the course of time there arose a synagogue on Stockton, near California Street, one on Mason near Geary Street *(Ohabai Shalom)*, one on Post and Taylor *(Sh'erith Israel)*, one on Turk Street near Market *(Beth Israel)*, one on Minna Street near Fifth *(Beth Menacham Streisand)* and the last on Geary near Octavia *(Beth Israel)*.

In the history of the religious life of the Jews of San Francisco, four men, and they were rabbis, may be said to have left their stamp upon the people. The first of these was Dr. Julius Eckman, who was also the Nestor of Jewish journalism on the Coast; the "*Gleaner*" being the first Jewish paper ever published on the Pacific Coast He was in many respects a wonderful man, a man who lived an ideal life, devoting his time to individual charity, writing, and the education of the young. He was born at the beginning of this century in the province of Posen, Polish Prussia. He received a thorough academic education at the University of Berlin, and in 1846, at a time when the whole of Europe was breathing the air of revolution, he came to this country. He was acknowledged to be a man of a most affectionate disposition, yet he never married. He was a tremendous scholar, having had the complete mastery of no less than seven languages. He was Rabbi of Congregation Emanuel, having taken his position in that pulpit in 1854. Dr. Eckman was old-fashioned; the progressive element in the Congregation clamored for a younger man, and the latter element was victorious. This however left him undaunted; unable to preach from a pulpit, he published his sermons in the "*Gleaner*," a Jewish weekly founded by him. Dr. Eckman devoted himself to literary and educational work, for the latter he never charged and all the income from the former he gave away in charity. He died on the 5th of July, 1874, in San Francisco, at the age of 69, sincerely mourned by all who knew him.

Dr. Elkan Cohn was the second man who left his stamp upon his generation; he worked in a different element with different principles and vastly different ends in view than Dr. Julius Eckman. The latter desired to keep intact the orthodox autonomy of the Synagogue. With him the Jews were still a supernaturally chosen people, with no other mission than to do the will of God, to suffer in the "Dispersion" and to be ultimately gathered into the Palestinian dominion by a Messiah. Dr. Elkan Cohn broke with all this. The Talmud had no binding force for him. The Jewish "cause" was to him forever lost. California was as good and better than Palestine; the "people" the only national sovereign, the Jews no more nor less than a religious sect, Jewish Americans, with a mission to teach God's truth, purity, holiness, and right living, and proclaiming the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man; neither hoping, praying, or caring, for the advent of a Messiah. He turned his back on Orientalism in the ritual and advocated the worshiping in the synagogue with uncovered head. He succeeded well, and the service of Temple Emanuel in its principal features is the work of Dr. Elkan Cohn. He was a scholar like Dr. Eckman, but he did not possess the unselfishness of the latter. Age and a foreign accent in the pronunciation of his English were the forces that worked against Dr. Cohn. He was a great master of English, French, and German, and his English phrases were always plain, beautiful, and full of wisdom. In giving him an assistant when the infirmities due to old age became very marked, the Congregation acted very nobly.

In 1884, the advertisement appeared in Jewish papers that Congregation Emanuel desired a junior Rabbi. There were many

JULIUS KAHN.

candidates for the position, but Dr. Illch, a young man of splendid attainments was successful. But he did not long enjoy his position; doctrinal differences affected his supersensitive nature, he grieved over what he considered uncalled for attacks, and he was one day found dead in bed. He was succeeded by the Rev. Jacob Voorsanger, who, after the death of Dr. Cohn, was elected Rabbi, and through hard work and splendid executive ability is said to have given his congregation greater moral and intellectual stability. Timely and well put expressions have made Doctor Voorsanger popular. He is voluntary professor of the Hebrew language and literature at the State University. He has lately been re-elected by his Congregation for a term of five years at a salary of $6,000 per annum.

The third man whose memory lingers still in the hearts and the minds of many, was the late Dr. Henry Vidaver. He excelled in learning all the rabbis that have ever been in San Francisco, past or present, and as an orator, he had no peer in any pulpit, Christian or Jewish. Most persuasive, logical, forcible, he was at the same time learned and everyone of his sermons or lectures was a masterpiece of erudition and rhetoric. He died in this city universally regretted.

The fourth man is the Rev. M. S. Levy, M. A., who, taking the place of a very popular minister, the Rev. Dr. Messing, so far succeeded above his predecessor, that he has lifted the class of people that formerly worshiped in the temple on Turk Street, but a few years ago moved into their new Synagogue on Geary near Octavia, to a high standard. He is identified with many noble charities, and is the most popular minister among the Jews.

The Mason Street congregation is at present in a very uncertain condition; it had the honor of being preached to for a while by that eminently great rabbi and orator, Dr. S. H. Sonneshein, now rabbi in New York. Dr. Bien, of Vicksburg, Miss., and the late Bettelheim were also among those who, years ago, were advocates of the Jewish religion in San Francisco.

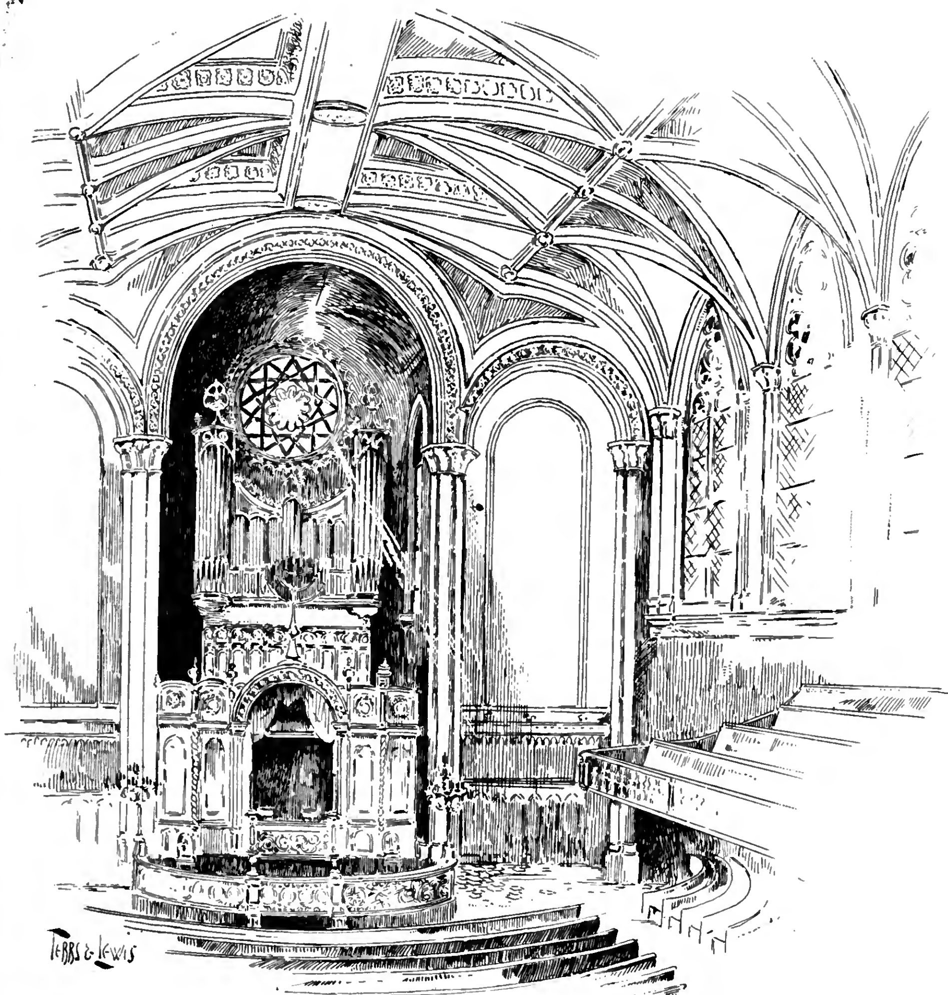
It is doubtful whether the Jews of San Francisco can lay claim to much religious sentiment, although they — especially the younger generation — stand high intellectually; but this intellectual height is precisely what is against the perpetuation of the religious forms. Eight out of every ten cultured young men and nwoem are agnostic. It may speak much for Jewish liberalism that sixty per cent of the non-voting members of the *Young Men's Christian Association* are Jews; but it speaks at the same time volumes against their cohesiveness and their own building up. It is certainly a destructive democracy.

THE JEW IN COMMERCE AND FINANCE.

"A statesman may do much for commerce; most by leaving it alone. A river never flows so smoothly as when it follows its own course, without either aid or check. Let it make its own bed; it will do better than you can."—*Anon.*

BOHEMIAN tastes and habits belong to a chosen few, and these few must of necessity be persistent in their pursuits to acquire right and title. Bohemian proclivities go hand in hand with education and culture; money is not a *sine qua non*, although eminently useful. Poets are satisfied with potatoes and compromise on whisky. Sights and scenes are the raw material which they weld into spondaic, iambic or trochaic forms, to the delight of their and others' souls. But spondaic forms, done in ever so acceptable a style, do not fill a stomach, pay room rent or the tailor, and thus the poet is forced to sell his material for the "dross of the devil" or sweep the streets for a living. In either case, a certain value is given in exchange for the money received, and thus you behold established a trade between the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of the fine arts and the plebean crowd. All men are traders, and here in San Francisco where there are so many traders that are not Jews, it would seem at first glance strange to discuss the Jews. But I am to answer what the Jews have accomplished in this particular line, and how they achieved their "vast fortunes." Mention has been made that the Jews of San Francisco came here, prompted by the same desire for gold as the rest. Hence the very first thing they did, that is a great many of them, was to go to the mines. They desired to get the *nervus rerum* of the social world, *gold*. I cannot, nor will I, make any historical reflections of the causes that drove the Jews from agriculture to the exclusive occupation of money making. There were certainly no restrictions in California, and yet the Jew dropped into commerce. But this was not because he was a Jew, but because it was the only way to make money stainlessly. It was thus that the Seligmans laid the foundation for their fortune. Miners at first, they became merchants afterward, exchanging overalls for the gold dust. From the retail business the Seligmans went into wholesale, taking from the country merchant the gold dust that he in his turn received from the miner. In the early fifties, the Seligmans went into the banking business. There are others who did not begin life that way, but coming to California from distant Bavaria, had no intention of digging out the precious metal. Taking a pack upon their shoulders, they peddled, and afterward founded great business houses. Such is the history of the Hellers, Levi Strauss, and others. While these people are merchant princes, they are not "merchants" in the accepted old English sense of the term. The only people that might be rated as merchants of that class are John Rosenfeld, the Alaska

RABBI JACOB VOORSANGER.



INTERIOR OF TEMPLE-EMANUEL.

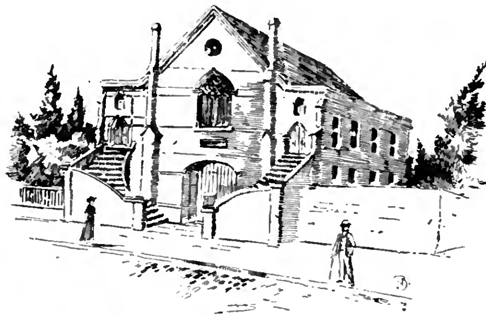
Commercial Company, and Castle Brothers. In the early days there were Jews in San Francisco who swayed the market; among them mention may be made of Isaac Friedlander, then called "the grain king." But these men have passed away, and the business affairs of to-day are not what they were. The Jews are not making great fortunes in business. Going by the principle that money makes money, the wealthy business men just hold their own.

In finance this is different, although every small trader has an ambition to become a "banker." It is the exceptional Jew who succeeds in being a really great financier.

The first important banking-house was founded in 1852 by Messrs. Davidson and May, who were agents for the Rothschilds. They were succeeded by Mr. Gansel. Then came J. Seligman, who founded the Anglo-California Bank, which is now managed by Mr. Ignatz Steinhard and Philip Lilienthal. The former is a brother-in-law of the Seligmans and the latter is a son of the late Rev. Dr. Lilienthal, of Cincinnati, one of the greatest scholars and orators of his time.

After the Seligmans came Lazzard Fréres, now of Paris, who founded the London, Paris, and American Bank, which is now managed by Sig. Greenbaum, Esq., and Charles Altschul.

Another man, whose financial genius raised him above his fellows, is I. W. Hellman, who, beginning life as a drygoods merchant, laid the foundation for a large fortune. The instability of Temple & Worken's banking-house was the first chance that Mr. Hellman had. He bought shares in the concern, and after the firm failed took hold of the business. He organized the "Farmers' and Merchants' Bank," and lately was elected president of the Nevada Bank. But the greatest Jewish financier on the Pacific Coast is Mr. Daniel Meyer. He conducts a banking business in this city and handles a vast amount of capital. He is universally regarded a financial genius, whose judgment on any proposition is infallible. In person Mr. Meyer is what ladies would call "the homeliest man in the market." He is very short and broad, with not an over beautiful nose and mouth and a ridiculous tuft of hair under his lower lip, but he has a wonderful head and a penetrating eye. He is a diplomat and smokes a short Turkish pipe while talking, shooting a keen and searching glance at his *vis-a-vis* from behind a small cloud of smoke. He has read some and is rather proud of having known the historian, I. M. Jost. He is never in a losing proposition. The only time he was in one was when he kept a cigar store in this city and sold an expensive box of cigars to a high Mason. The latter never paid for them and Mr. Meyer has had a small estimate of Freemasons in consequence ever since. Like all men of his particular kind, he has a contempt for any one that does not deal in money or its equivalent. The literature of the day does not interest him; yet he is public-spirited and encourages enterprise. Daniel Meyer, Levi Strauss, and other wealthy Jews, never stand back where the welfare of the city is concerned.


BROADWAY SYNAGOGUE.

The idea of the Midwinter Fair was entirely conceived and carried out by Jews. While I am not sure as to Mr. de Young's religious convictions, pride, or prejudice, (it is certain that he was born a Jew and that all his blood relations are Jews,) I am sure that Mr. Lilienthal, Colonel Andrews, and Julius Kahn are Jews, whose splendid efforts brought San Francisco, the State, and Coast, in a desirable light before the world.

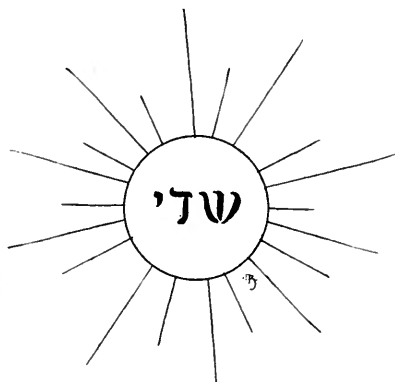
THE JEW IN POLITICS.

> "Deep on his front engraven
> Deliberation sat, and public care;
> And princely counsel in his face shone
> Majestic."—*Milton.*

THE Jew hates publicity, especially in this country, where liberty enhances his citizenship; he is satisfied to be an American, nothing more and certainly nothing less. He is opposed to have himself singled out as a Jewish voter; and if the politicians but knew, their surprise would be great to learn that if they lost Jewish votes it was precisely on account of this demarkation.

There may be an Irish vote, a Dutch vote, or any other *national* vote, but there is no Jewish vote; as I stated before, the Jew is a Jew only in the synagogue, *i. e.* in his religion but not in politics or business.

It is perchance for this reason that there are so few Jews in politics. A better reason is, the ancient prejudice, which still clings to many so-called Christians on one side and the fear of the Jewish voter on the other. The former will not readily vote for a Jew, because he is a Jew, and the latter is afraid to vote for a Jew, lest he prove dishonest in office and thus bring shame upon his people, who always suffer collectively because of the shortcomings of one. The Jews have had their quota of rascals in office or rather of men who, having the opportunity to steal, went the "way of all flesh." That has made the Jews careful, and a candidate to succeed must be of known probity. That San Francisco has had her Jews in politics who have gone wrong does by no means overbalance the fact that she has had and still has good men, whose future is bright or whose name is glorious. I mention the name of Benjamin Franklin Peixotto, the great lawyer and politician, the founder of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, in Cleveland, Ohio, and the founder of the *Menorah Monthly Magazine*, which has a high literary standard. He was born in New York, but he spent happy and active days in San Francisco. He was appointed Consul-General to Roumania by President Grant, and having been active in the election of Hayes, the latter sent him as Consul to Lyons, France. The appointment to Roumania Mr. Peixotto sought in order to ameliorate the sad condition of the Israelites in that benighted country, in which he succeeded admirably. He died in the city of New York in 1891 at the comparatively young age of 55, mourned by many, but most of all by the Order B'nai B'rith, which he had raised from a handful of members to a powerful organization throughout the United States.



Other men who are prominent in politics are Abraham Ruef, the young lawyer, who was Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee; Max Popper, the late leader of the Democracy, the man who attempted to purify politics in San Francisco and fell, fighting against corruption; and lastly, the Hon. Julius Kahn, a man of the most sterling qualities of character, honest, fearless, and impregnable, with a broad mind, fine executive ability and splendid oratorical powers.

Julius Kahn is a Californian. He was born February 28, 1861, and in 1879 made his debut at the Baldwin Theater as "Shylock." The critics were unanimous in prognosticating a successful career for the talented youth. He played with Edwin Booth, Tomaso Salvini, Joseph Jefferson and other celebrities, and in 1887 was elected Vice-President of the Actors' Order of Friendship. He was the prime mover to bring the foreign English-speaking actor within the province of the contract labor law. He wrote the report that afterward was formulated into a petition to Congress, asking that the law be so amended as to prevent American managers going to England and bringing over entire companies, as the salaries of the English "mummers" were at least 50 per cent lower than those received by American actors. He also called

upon the Collector of the Port, in New York, and demanded that he appraise imported scenery and costumes and levy a duty thereon. As a result of this demand the late William Windom, who was the Secretary of the Treasury, made a ruling and issued an order that all imported theatrical paraphernalia was subject to custom duties, and that said duties must be collected.

In the spring of 1890 Mr. Kahn called upon Mayor Mosely, of Cincinnati, and formally protested against the arrest of actors for playing on Sundays, insisting that if any arrests were to be made the managers of theaters should be taken into custody, for if they were made to close their doors actors would not have to perform. He was entirely successful in this. In 1891, Mr. Kahn came back to San Francisco, and having tired of theatrical life began to study law in the offices of the Hon. W. W. Foote and to take an active interest in politics. He became at once popular, and in May, 1892, was a delegate to the Republican State Convention at Stockton. He was nominated for the Assembly in the Thirty-ninth District in September of the same year, and although the entire Republican ticket was defeated, out of twenty-three nominees for the Legislature Kahn alone was elected.

His party was in the minority, but within a fortnight after the session of 1893 had begun Kahn was the acknowledged leader of the minority in the House. He led the fight for the repeal of the costly coyote scalp bounty, and introduced several bills to abolish useless and expensive commissions. He fought and defeated the forces of the San Francisco political bosses by beating the fire bill. He was one of the leaders in the struggle to compel the Southern Pacific Company to pay its back taxes. He was frequently called to preside over the deliberations of the House, and as a member of the Ways and Means Committee struck out all ne less expenditures. Chairman Mathews that committee openly stated that Kahn been the means of saving the taxpayers California over one million dollars.

At the close of the session, Mr. K read law in the office of Hon. W. Foote, and in January, 1894, went be the Supreme Court for examination, was admitted to practice.

In the early part of July, 1893, Ma Ellert appointed him a member of Finance Committee of the California M winter International Exposition, and he elected secretary of the committee.

In the summer of 1894, Julius Kahn mentioned in connection with the Repu can nomination for Congress in the F District; but certain influence was brou to bear against him. He was offered nomination for State Senator, but he clined the honor.

Julius Kahn has inspired the peopl well as his co-religionists with confiden and there is hardly any doubt as to who be the next Republican congressman fr California.

There are a number of Jews in San Fr cisco politics, but their records are ei maculated with corruptive influences they have not demonstrated their right recognition.

THE JEW IN ART.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art.

THE Mosaic admonition not to fash any graven image or any likeness, may h acted against the development of the pla form in art among the Jews, although artistic work in the first and second tem in Jerusalem must have been of a h order. During the Judaeo-Hellenistic pe (3d century B. C.) when the Jews of A andria were as much Grecian as the Gre Jewish artists were plenty, and those wh literary conception of the Mosaic comma

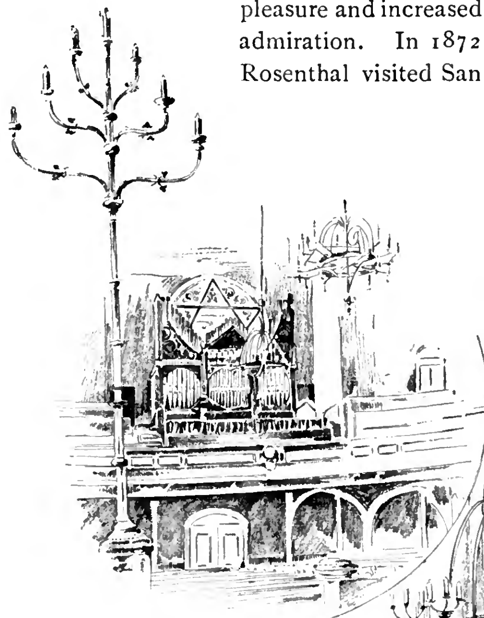
ent prevented them from fashioning beau-ul forms, devoted their time to philosophy the development of architectural forms. Spain the Jews were most happy under e Moors, and as they could not indulge any other form of art except architecture d literature, the Jews created wonderful ovements of their superb genius. Then me the dark period. The fifteenth cen-ry is the very darkest and bloodiest in the story of the Jews. They were outcasts up the middle of the present century, and a od deal of the spirit at created the won-rful cantos of Dav-, the orations of iah, Jeremiah, and nos, died of inani-n. But not entire-. If the genius found means of asserting elf as a Jew's, the w became a Chris-n, and the world id homage to his eations. But there re those who never erved in their faith. he more oppressed ey were, the more aciously they ad-red to their religion; nce the othodox Jew ver became a great inter or sculptor. But there came the great demption, American liberty and reform, d the Jew did his share for art. Glorious mes have been recorded, and in this cord California may be proud of having ven to the world some of the most famous tists. San Francisco bred the men whose me has gone far beyond the dominion of e stars and stripes. First and foremost ands Toby Rosenthal, whose new painting, "*Sein erstes Werk*," is as great in technique, loring, and general execution, as his famous work, "Elaine," or "The Vacant Chair."

M. GREENBLATT.[1]

Toby E. Rosenthal was born March 15, 1848. At the age of six he betrayed already the latent powers of genius. It was fortunate for the artist and the world at large that Toby's father was a man of a liberal mind, and permitted the boy's genius to develop. A Frenchman, M. Bacon, who lived on the corner of California Street and St. Mary's Place, was the first to teach the future master the correct method in drawing. Toby was ambitious and his aim was high, but poverty is not conducive to rapid progress, and Rosenthal's father was certainly not rich, so the profession of a sign painter was resolved upon. However, the boy rebelled, and the father desisted. About that time a Mexican gentleman, Señor Fortunato Arriola, arrived in San Francisco,—he was an art enthusiast. It so happened that he saw one of Toby's drawings, and desired to purchase the same. He was quite astonished to find in the author of the masterly sketch a boy fourteen years of age. Arriola was himself an artist of no mean quality, and he offered to teach the boy all he knew. Rosenthal remained nearly four years under the Mexican's guidance, and then went to Munich, where he became a pupil of Professor Raupp, of the Royal Academy. Later, Toby became a pupil of Piloty, who became director of the Academy. It was under Professor Raupp that Rosenthal painted " "*Die letzte Liebesgabe*." which created a sensation, and

[1]Editor of the California-Demokrat.

brought the young artist before the world at a jump. "The Return of the Exiles" and "Joys and Sorrows of Springtime" were created under the direction of Piloty. The critics were unanimous about the artist's greatness. Then followed a series of works of art that created new pleasure and increased admiration. In 1872 Rosenthal visited San



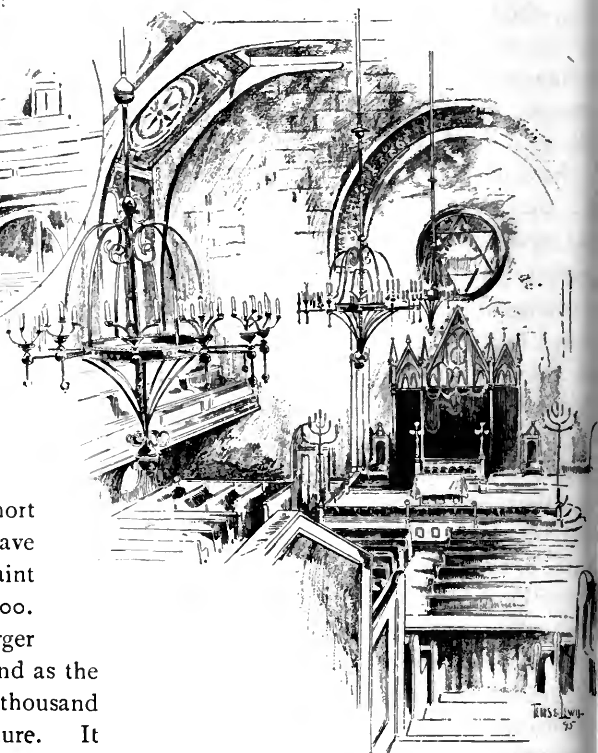
Francisco, and stayed but a short time. The late Tiburcio Parrot gave Rosenthal a commission to paint "Elaine," the price was to be $1,000. But Rosenthal painted a much larger picture than Parrot had desired, and as the latter would not pay more than a thousand dollars, Rosenthal sold the picture. It then fell into the hands of the late Mrs. R. C. Johnson, who paid $3,500 for the painting.

Among the lesser lights are Ernest Peixotto, whose talents as an illustrator on the Overland Monthly staff can hardly be overestimated. He is now in Paris study ing painting.

A very clever artist is Lee Lash; a artistic soul, a nature fully awake to th import of art, but hampered by condition

Charles Saalburg, the clever cartoonis has long since outgrown California, an New York and Chicago admire and appre ciate his work at its proper value.

Last, but not least, is Solly Walter; he clever; he has fine ideas; but he is reall more of an art critic than an artist. He ough to teach art in various forms at some grea



IN RABBI LEVI'S SYNAGOGUE.

university. He is a master in the elucidatio of art, and those who have heard him as lecturer think him incomparable.

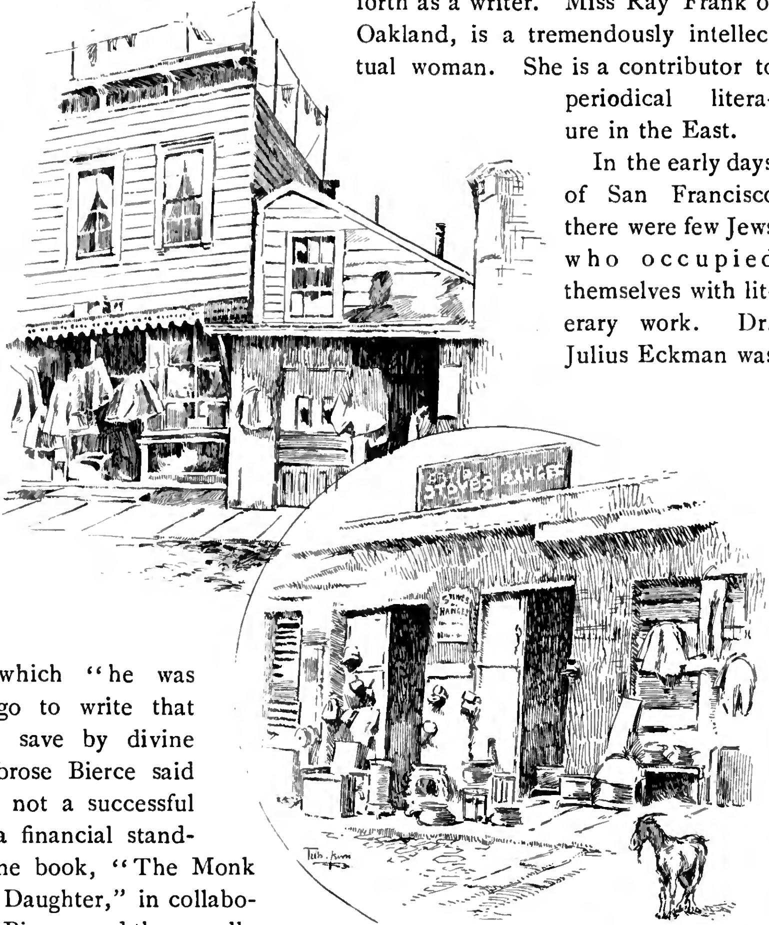
THE JEW IN LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM.

"The triumphs of the warrior are bounded by the narrow theatre of his own age; but those of a Scott or a Shakespeare will be renewed with greater and greater luster in ages yet unborn, when the victorious chieftain shall be forgotten, or shall live only in the song of the minstrel and the page of the chronicler."—*Prescott.*

LIKE that writer, who opened his thesis on the "Snakes in Ireland," with the remark that there are no snakes in Ireland, I might begin this chapter with the statement that there are no literary Jews in San Francisco; that they have done little or nothing for literature in the higher sense.

The writer of this article has devoted his life to literary work. A foreigner he has spent a decade in California, devoting much of his time to the acquirement of the English language, which "he was unable six years ago to write that anyone could read, save by divine inspiration," as Ambrose Bierce said of him. But he is not a successful literary man from a financial standpoint. He wrote one book, "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter," in collaboration with Ambrose Bierce, and the rascally publisher swindled him out of every penny. Then he wrote and published a volume of short stories, "In the Confessional," which met with pleasant criticism, but that was all. He has written a book on "Jewish Folk Lore," which no one would publish when submitted, and he has finished four other books which he will not submit. David Lesser Leszinsky has literary tastes, but has produced little to single him out as one of the clan. Miss Wolf, the author of "Other Things Being Equal," has met with some success as a writer. Miss Harriet Levy is another clever girl, whose contributions are crisp and readable. Miss Miriam Michelson has lately come forth as a writer. Miss Ray Frank of Oakland, is a tremendously intellectual woman. She is a contributor to periodical literature in the East.

In the early days of San Francisco there were few Jews who occupied themselves with literary work. Dr. Julius Eckman was one, and Dr. Henry, who was rabbi in the Synagogue, on the corner of Post and Taylor Streets, was another. But theirs was professional work rather than literature.



THE JUDEN STRASSE.
A STATION ON THE ROAD TO WEALTH.

In sectarian journalism, the Jews have not stood behind other sects. The *Gleaner*, edited by Dr. Eckman, made its first appearance in the early '50's. This paper was later changed into the *Hebrew Observer*, Mr. William Saalburg, the veteran Jewish journalist on the Pacific Coast, became its editor and publisher and he is in the chair yet, associated with the Rev. M. S. Levy. The paper is now known as the *Jewish Times and Observer*.

Philo Jacoby of the *Hebrew* is also a veteran in Jewish journalism; he has gone through some strong crises in the early days when mob rule was the order of the day, but the "little giant" stood them off. His paper is clean cut, liberal, and well edited.

The third Jewish paper on the Coast is the *Jewish Progress*, of which Mr. Seligsohn is editor and publisher.

Jews active in secular journalism are: Mr. M. H. de Young, whose brother, the late Charles de Young, a brainy man, founded the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Mr. M. H. de Young was the Director-General of the Mid-winter International Exposition. Whatever criticism his opponents may make upon his methods and ambition, they do not deny him that energy which made it possible for Eastern people and foreigners to see California at her best and which has made the *Chronicle* one of the finest newspapers in America.

Mr. M. Greenblatt is the editor-in-chief of the *California Demokrat*, a daily paper printed in the German language. It is the most influential German paper on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Greenblatt is a native of Bavaria and is 53 years of age. A man of liberal education and breadth of mind, he has indentified himself with Californian interests and was one of the founders of the San Francisco Cremation Society, whose President he was for one term, now he is its Vice-President.

Mr. Samuels is the editor and proprietor of the *Abend Post*, a daily evening newspaper also in German.

Charles Michelson, of the *Examiner*, is rightly called one of the *Examiner's* "bright young men." He is a clever journalist and an all-around newspaper man. Some of his short stories have been copied by Eastern papers and translated into other languages. He belongs to that bright galaxy of journalists who have made San Francisco Bohemianism famous.

Mr. Albert May of the *Call* and Dr. Kollman of the *California Demokrat* are clever reporters, who do good work in their chosen profession.

Mr. Emanuel Katz, for many years the editor of the *Jewish Times* might be mentioned as a successful newspaper man. He now represents the Eastern interests of the *Examiner* and other journals.

Thus have the Jews of San Francisco done their share in journalism; and though they have not succeeded as well as their brethren in commerce and finance, yet their activity commands respect.

THE JEW IN LAW.

"The science of legislation is like that of medicine in one respect; it is far more easy to point out what will do harm than what will do good."—*Colton*.

THE science of legislation that will point out what will do harm, is the most damnable science extant. It is the miasma that breeds trouble-brewing shysters; it sets brother against brother and fills the pockets of men supposed to be learned in the law with the coin of the contestants. The entire system of Judaism or Mosaism is a legislative arrangement for a domestic and hierarchical autonomy. "*Thou shalt*" and "*Thou shalt not*," is the basis of what is commonly called the Jewish religion. If a Jew trangress any of these laws, he is a law breaker. He does not seek salvation because he believes a certain object to be of

superior holiness, but because he was commanded to do it as the right in juxtaposition to the wrong. Law therefore is a thing that enters more largely into the life of a learned Jew than of any other. The reason is easily discerned. There are laws and statutes which the Jew could have observed only in Palestine and under the hierarchical government. Dispersed as the Jews became after the destruction of the Temple, they could not follow up those injunctions and consequently incurred a certain threatened punishment. The learned in the law then invented laws to circumvent some of the laws. These exterior laws, or let us call them "Commentaries," embrace pretty nearly each and every injunction by which mundane life is regulated, even making a guess or two beyond that. These laws, decisions, discussions, narratives, myths, legends, and all the regulations, positive, negative, and passive, are treasured in a work called "*The Talmud.*" This work contains a text that embraces over three thousand folio pages, with an endless number of commentaries. The learned among the Jews study these laws all their lives, and their hair-splitting arguments are interesting to a degree. Thus while the Romans have written *laws*, the Jews wrote laws and were great lawyers at the same time. Space forbids, else I should have quoted some very interesting legal arguments and decisions as found in the Talmud, which are unique.

The law, therefore, rightfully belongs to the Jew, and whenever he has had a chance to develop this—as it were—natural talent, he has always excelled. Adolphe Cremieux, in Paris, and Edward Lasker, in Berlin, are two specimens of the great number of Jews whose legal minds were developed in the Talmud school. This, then, is the distinction between a Talmudistic lawyer and an ordinary Christian lawyer, supposing both to have studied at the same law college, that the brightness of the former will outshine all the learning of the latter. The late Judge Heydenfeldt was a descendant of a glorious line of scholars, just of such Talmudists as mentioned above; and it may be because of that, that he was the foremost lawyer of his time on the Pacific Coast. Whatever were his faults in the flesh, he was a Titan in spirit, an enormous storehouse of learning, with a mind superbly fitted for the exalted position he occupied. He had the kindliest face, a face of almost feminine sweetness and grace. He was a righteous judge, whose decisions were well nigh infallible.

Lawyers and others who were present when the news of the great lawyer's death was brought into Judge Wallace's court, will still remember the graceful tribute he paid to Judge Heydenfeldt's memory. More glorious words on a more glorious subject have seldom been uttered; the bench and the bar felt its loss.

The Honorable Walter H. Levy, ex-Judge of the Superior Court of San Francisco, is another man who deserves laudable mention. His decisions were never reversed, and though the foul tongue of slander sought to besmirch his fair name, it did not succeed. His defeat at the last election was due to powerful influences, which jealousy and personal animosity brought to bear against him. Lawyers are pretty much agreed that a fairer judge, more kind and considerate, never graced the bench of San Francisco. Judge Levy has all the grace and kind heartedness of a Southern gentleman, and his friends are legion.

Judge Joachimsen is the popular Police Court judge. Although an American by birth, the Judge betrays the urbanity and scholarship of a German "Richter." Judge Joachimsen is master of several languages, an exceedingly well-read man, and bears an excellent reputation. Politicians of all shades coincide in the popular

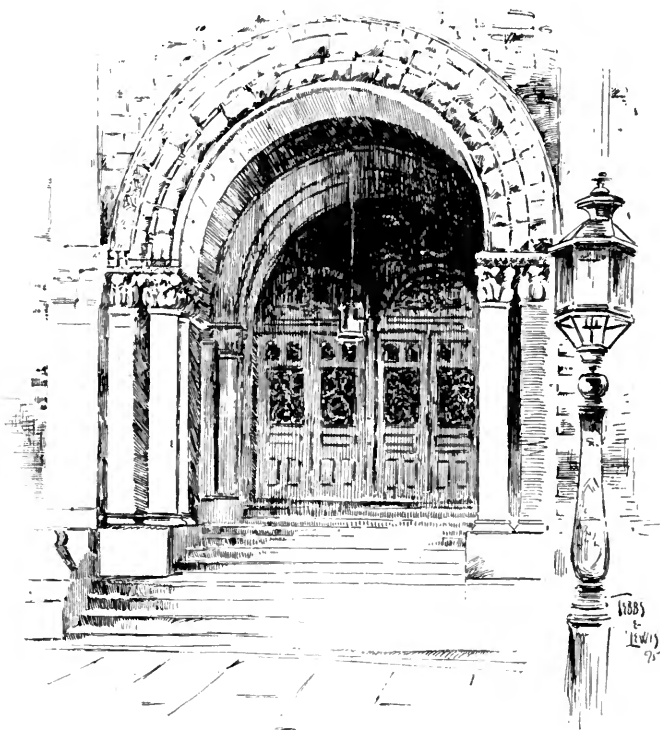
assertion that the Judge has a lease on the office he holds, which runs *ad libitum.* He has a charitable disposition, and is identified with the charities of San Francisco regardless of creed.

Of lawyers who have come prominently before the public, either in celebrated cases or in politics, especially in the former, are: Col. Henry I. Kowalsky, Charles L. Ackerman (one of the finest pleaders in the State), Abraham Ruef, Henry Ash, Joseph Rothchild, Milton Eisner (the Jewish Cicero of the Pacific), Marcus Rosenthal (brother of Toby Rosenthal), J. R. Brandon (a descendent of a fine family of Portuguese Jews), and many others, who will make their mark because of their undoubted ability.

THE JEW IN MEDICINE.

"*Mens sana in corpore sano.*"

THE Jews are the best physicians. This is not a brag, but a fact; and they are no exception in San Francisco. Let me remind you that medicine was the only profession which they were permitted to follow unhindered. The reason for that is found in the fact that the Christian monarchs, as well as the petty rulers all over Europe, sought the services of Jewish physicians. And the reason for this again was the superior health and longevity of the Jews. Those who oppressed the Jew never stopped to think that the Mosaic legislation regulated the conduct of the Jew even to the eating of food; that it forbade him all man-



ENTRANCE TO CONCORDIA CLUB.

ner of lasciviousness; that in spite of being cramped and shut up in the closed quarters of the Ghetto, the Jew never succumbed to the plague. The oppressor had the horse to gallop and the free country to roam; he had more than enough to eat and no end of drink, yet the plague caught him first; he died prematurely, in consequence of countless excesses in which a Jew never indulged. Of course the former never looked at it in that light, but it gave him food for thought. It is a famous medical maxim that more people die from eating too much than from eating too little. The feudal barons, the emperors, khans, khalifs and all those who were great and powerful, were not strong enough to command their own stomachs; nor could they rely upon their gourmandic subordinates. Invariably the well balanced mind of the Jew had to come to the support of those in power. Thus we find that nearly all rulers had Jewish physicians, and foremost among the latter, the greatest, the grandest figure of his time in learning, in philosophy, and in medicine, was Moses ben Maimon, commonly called Maimonides, (twelfth century A. D.). As physicians they were sought even by the popes, who issued bulls against the Jews; still they never hesitated to intrust their sanctified bodies to the care of Jewish physicians. It is a notable fact, little observed by people in general, that the Jews were the historical guardians and promoters of medical science at a time when it was known only to some monks, and by them practiced in the crudest form. It would be hard to find many monarchs who did not employ the Jews in this special capacity. Alfred the Great thought much of Maimonides, both as a philosopher and as a physician, and thus it runs right down the line. The most prominent and most successful physicians in Europe, outside of England, are Jews.

It would lead me too far to enter more extensively into the subject. Suffice it to say that the Jews have added luster to an exalted profession, and in San Francisco occupy an honored position among their colleagues of different creeds.

I would especially mention such scholars and great physicians as Drs. Rosenstern, Barkan, Arnold, Abrams, Krotossyner, Oscar Meyer, Lilienthal, and Hirschfelder. These are men of note, of vast learning in their profession, combined with extraneous scholarship gathered at Eastern and European universities. There are others who rank high in their profession, and who devote their lives for the amelioration of human suffering, doing much unostentatious charity, or who have been prominent in politics as appointees. Among the latter there is Dr. Regensburger, Dr. Lustig, Dr. S. S. Kahn, and others.

While there is no special merit in doing one's duty as the laws of the commonwealth direct, it is nevertheless gratifying that no one can point the finger of scorn against our people. Those who stand at the top are there by virtue of all the graces of manhood, learning, attention to business, and economy.

THE JEW IN MUSIC AND EDUCATION.

"When music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd round her magic cell."—*Collins.*

Education is the revelation that comes to mankind with the evolution of ages, and will continue until Truth, all-majestic, shall shine with surpassing splendor.

Books might be written on the above combination of subjects. Aye, even I could write a book on it. For David beat his lyre and sang his heavenly song, when Rome was not and Greece was young. And Moses educated the horde of Egyptian slaves into the forms of self control and love, when the aesthetic Greek had not been evolved. Who would not grow enthusiastic over a subject in which the educators have been and are still the object lesson.

If rhythm of speech be the music of expression, and the right expression of tone the essence of music, then the Jews have exhausted the depths of that peculiar soul-touching form of expression, music. The grand sweep of Isaiah, the lamentations of Jeremiah, and all the poetry created in glorification of Jesus of Nazareth is a wondrous music. There is a resonance in tone, a rhythmic cadence of expression in Hebrew poetry matched only by the Greek. The Jew, therefore, is by race a musical being. He was always ready to express his joy, his sorrow, his hope and expectation in sounds of music and rhythmic forms. The Jew in America has not fallen behind his ancestors in this respect. Unconsciously he has developed musical talent. It is really remarkable what a bright galaxy of musical stars we have in San Francisco; and men of brains at that; men who have carved their mark in the social, musical, and political world of the metropolis Here is Professor Rosewald, at present school director. He is master of the art, a clever writer and composer, and a prominent figure in society. Not less prominent is his wife, Mme. Julia Rosewald, acknowledged to be the best teacher ot vocal technique on the Pacific Coast. She is professor of music at Mills College, and has refused many flattering offers from the East.

Another graceful violinist, a pupil of Joachim, in Berlin, is Sigmund Beel. He is self-possessed, cool, and handles his instrument like a well trained, even-balanced scientist. The Carr-Beel concerts are social events.

Diametrically opposed to Beel is Nathan Landsberger. He is a fiery genius, with occasional sparks that are ignescent in a high degree. He is a thorough Bohemian, with the nature of a Tsigane, passionate, impulsive, and generous. Nathan Landsberger brings people into the closest sympathy by his playing. His violin carols, laughs, sighs, and weeps, and he stands there, swaying with the music, pale in the face with the grimness of a demon or the smile of an angel. Such is Nathan Landsberger in his various moods.

Many years ago Professor Ballenberg was the musician of "society." At any and all events that required music, such music was played by Ballenberg and his orchestra. A good deal of this patronage has gone to Brandt, who is a good all around musician.

Henry Heyman, knighted by the late King Kalakaua, is a prominent musician, much thought of by his pupils, who give him an excellent reputation as an instructor.

In education, there are many well trained pedagogues active in bringing up the citizen of the republic. Bernard Marks was the first principal of the Lincoln Grammar School. Mr. Julius Jacobs was one of the originators of the kindergarten system in California.

Albert Lyser, the principal of the John Swett Grammar School, is an educator of no mean ability.

Gentlemen who have taken an interest in education with no other object in view except the furtherance of our educational system, are: Raphael Weill, Max Brook, Isidore Danielovitz and Professor Rosewald. The latter introduced many commendable features in the school system, among others that of closing the school with patriotic songs.

The public school system in America is the noblest work of all; and the Jew glories in it because of the equal chances it affords every boy and girl, no matter what their creed. The Jew has suffered too much by sectarian interference not to guard this right, and America has no stancher supporter of its educational system than our people.

THE JEW AND THE STAGE.

"ACTING," though liberally patronized by the Jews, is not, as a rule, adopted by them

as a means of making money. The young West is peopled by an element that has a yellow-metal mind, and the Jews are no exception. This is probably the reason why there are no California Jews on the stage at present.

In the early days Ada Isaacs Menken shone with some brilliancy, and in latter days Julius Kahn, whose histrionic talent was commended by no less a genius than the late Edwin Booth, and also by Lawrence Barrett. Endowed with a fine memory, good enunciation, and exceptionally pleasing stage presence, Kahn might have made his mark and a fortune in that profession. He made a pronounced hit as Brassy Gall, in "A Texas Steer," which part he learned over night. Mr. Hoyt made him a flattering offer to return to the stage, but Kahn had already mapped out for himself a different career. So there are really no Jewish actors that California can call her own. But instead of them she has some clever people who manage the amusements of the city, and they are all, or nearly all, Jews.

Mr. Al Hayman, who has made a vast fortune in the management of theatrical affairs, is the proprietor of the two best theaters on the Coast, the Baldwin and the California. He owns several other theaters on the Coast and in the East. And if amusement of a superior kind — the Shaksperian drama and other classical and highly literary productions—be conducive to the elevation of the mind and the promotion of general happiness, then the city of San Francisco owes a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Al Hayman, for he it was who, speculating on the people's tastes, offered them the very best the world has produced. That *en passant* he has also made a fortune, no one generous enough to appreciate energy, skill, and "push," would be inclined to begrudge. Harry Mann, the brother of Al Hayman, is now the president of the Al Hayman Company, and manages the Coast interests. Mr. Al Hayman lives in New York.

Mr. Leavitt, the proprietor of the Bush-Street Theater, deserves also notable mention.

Of late J. J. Gottlob and Mr. Friedlander have gone into joint management of the old Stockwell Theater, on Powell Street, re-christening it as the "Columbia." Both men are well known in theatrical circles, and the decent element of San Francisco can be safe in expecting a clean presentation on that stage.

And now I have done. I have presented the Jew in nearly all branches of social life; have shown that there is little that he does not take a vital interest in and sends his best representatives into the field. I might have said more; I might have spoken about those of our faith who have become famous in every branch of learning. I might have dwelt upon the famous physicians, Dr. Marcus Herz in Berlin, Dr. Stern in Amsterdam, Dr. Heilbrom, who six times in succession took the prize at the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, Dr. de Pinto and others. We have had also some respectable lawyers: Asser, Sr., and Asser, Jr., de Lemon, Bronel and Mair, in Holland; Dr. Julius Cohen, Dr. Spanien-Spaziez and Dr. Riesser, in Germany. In Poland there flourished the mathematicians: Abraham Stern, who invented a computing machine, and Slonimski, who invented an apparatus for logarithms; Dr. Rott, who also invented a computing machine, Dr. Creizenach and others. Our philologists were: Dr. Julius Fuerst in Leipzig, Block in Pesth, Emrichson in Copenhagen, and Freund in Breslau. Historians we had Dr. Isaac Marcus Jost, Dr. H. Graetz, Dr. Hetzfeld, Dr. Phillippson, Dr. Geiger, Dr. Fraenkel, Drs. Zunz, Rappapot, Luzatto, and Reggio. Famous Jewish seamen were Buseglo Beliufante,

Desallo, Capadoce in Holland. Our natural scientists were: Dr. Bassori, of Livorno; Dr. Ponti, of the Haag; Wallusius, in Denmark, later in Calcutta; Dr. Block, in Berlin; Dr. Itzigsohn, in Frankfort; Dr. Valentine, in Switzerland.

We have had also some musicians; like Meyerbeer, Halevi, Moscheles, Herz, Gusikow, Levi, and Ernst. Singers we had in Mme. Garder, Mlles. Falcon and Nathan. Our painters were Boekmann, Kaulbach, Oppenheim, Mayer, and Pollack. Lippman, in Berlin, invented the process of the so-called chromo impressions. The French Colonel Simon was the most skillful stonecutter of his time. Rachel, in Paris, and Rott Prag, Bohemia, represented our histrionic talent.

Obviously I might have said more, but hardly less. I have done my best to answer the question, "What have the Jews done for San Francisco?"

Gustav Adolf Danziger.

FROM A GENTILE STANDPOINT.

For behold, I will command, and I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, as corn is sifted in a sieve; and there shall not a little stone fall to the ground.—*Amos ix, 9.*

GERMINATING into a vigorous growth from all soils and strengthening into prosperous and effective activity under all climatic conditions, the Jew has become a part of the integral national constitution of every people, yet preserving to himself his racial characteristics.

He absorbs with avidity, thus transforming himself with the lapse of a generation or two so specifically and unmistakably into French, German, English, and Spanish, respectively, as to be instantly recognized as a son of France, Germany, Great Britain, or Spain, while he continues generically and at the same time more genuinely and thoroughly Hebraic.

He assimilates just to a sufficient degree to become national, but maintains with jealous pertinacity those positive and essential attributes which mark him ever as a separate nation among nations. He commingles, but never becomes one with; he associates, but never in sufficiently intimate relations to fuse and amalgamate. He is ever the branch and fruit of the vine of the Land of Canaan, transplanted and teeming with life; but never grafted or budded into the gentile root of which he forms a sustained and sustaining substance. He is above all the faithful adherent of the Mosaic Dispensation, a pure, unadulterated seed of life that has floated down through historic ages, multiplying and thriving,—ever the Scriptural Jew, binding the present with the past as carefully as were collected and bound the sheaves of grain in the field of Boaz.

THE PIONEERS.

WHEN the gold discoveries of the Pacific Coast were noised abroad, the sons of Abraham came from the different quarters of the globe to try their fortunes here. Their advent, and above all their continued residence, has given a seal of success to the Western El Dorado. The presence of the Jewish element in a country or community is an unfailing sign of well-doing and encouraging development, while their absence or withdrawal is an indication of sterility or decline. They are the trusty thermometers, registering the financial and commercial conditions as faithfully as the rising and falling of the mercury in the tube guages varying temperatures. The gentile of obser-

vation and thrift knows that where there is no Jew there is little promise of prosperity.

Although the Hebrew may not sacrifice his own and his family's interests in an effort to check disastrous fluctuations in moneyed values or the laying waste of a country; still his energy, thrift, economy, and strict devotion to business principles, are always expended to aid in building up a commonwealth where industry and perseverance can hope eventually to reap a harvest.

In 1848, the first coming of the people to this Coast is historically noted, though a few may have visited the country at an earlier date. The mining districts were from the first fruitful fields for their mercantile tastes. A few became miners. The numbers busied themselves in trade, carrying into the tent communities of the Yuba and other mining districts the many necessities of life.

For the pioneer Hebrews, Sacramento and San Francisco were the center points of settlement. These were the business marts and the distributing markets for the Coast. Early in the fifties, traffic shops and rooms; sale counters, roughly improvised; cubby recesses dignified by the title of offices, and more pretentious quarters, built sometimes of redwood, sometimes of corrugated and sheet iron, furnished with shelves, a desk, numbers of packing boxes, and presided over by a merchant with one or two clerks, —the embryo mercantile houses of today,— budded into life.

In the city directory of 1850, a small handbook published September 1st, by Charles P. Kimball, are to be found among the names of business men those of Adelsdorf, S. W. Neustadter, J. G. and Simon, Rosenbaum, S. R. and A. C. Labatt, Schwarz, Simonfield, Edward H. Castle, Heller, Lehman, Cohn, Kaufman, Feigle, Lazzard, Goldstein, Hess, Hort, Isaacs, Jacobson, Jacobs, Jacoby, Herman, Joseph, Keesing, Langfeld, Lewis, Levi, Mack, Meyer, Meyers, Morgenthau, Morris, Newfield, Waters, Wolf, Raphael, Rosenswig, Lask, Rosenthal or Rozenthal, Schwartz, Schloss, Schultz, Sloss, Simons, Stamper, Sweitzer, Unger, Triest. A little later, follow in the enrollment of the developers of the trade resources of the Coast, the Seligman family, four brothers, William, Henry, Joseph, and Jesse, Samuel Marks, the Gerstles, August Helbing, William Steinhart, the Greenebaums, the Sachses, Livingstons, Wertheimers, Wymans, Dittmans, Taussig, Krause, Bien, Jacob Benjamin, Anspacher, Rosenbaum, S. Fleishacker, S. Tohrman, C. Meyer, and others whose names or those of their descendants are still registered among the merchants, bankers, and business men, of the community. Here they cast their lot in their youth and vigor of manhood and here they have, as a rule, remained to enjoy the fruits of those early days of strict, unremitting attention to the requirements of trade and commerce.

The Jews who came to the Coast in the days of its primeval wealth and promise were more prudent and far-sighted than the average pioneer Gentile. They realized that the over-abundance could not always continue; that the great possibilities of the Coast would invite immigration; and that the milk and honey which flowed through the land would be absorbed in the heat of competition,—and following the dictates of an inborn economy, they were frugal and laid up stores for the future while their colaborers of various denominations luxuriated in the sunshine of the day.

IN TRADE.

From the very inception of commercial and mercantile interests on this Coast, Jews have been influential factors in trade. They are at present among the heaviest dealers and in many cases are the principal and controlling power in the market.

The Neustadter brothers, Henry, Jacob

H., and David, associated with Isaac Oppenheimer and Sigmund Feuchtwanger, have in connection with their extensive wholesale importing house a shirt factory to supply their large trade. Stein, Simon, & Co., in which are interested Herman L. Simon, Sylvain Weill, Henry Hoffman, and Ludwig Arnstein, is one of several similar establishments carrying an immense stock of cloths and tailoring goods. Few dry goods firms can compete with the Levi Strauss Company, of which Mr. Strauss is president; Jacob Stern, first vice-president; Sigmund Stern, second vice-president; Louis Stern, treasurer; and Abraham Stern, secretary.

John Rosenfeld, one of the most popular and best known merchants of the city, is a wheat dealer who has for years been able to make his strength and superior knowledge of the market respected. He is a commission and shipping merchant, controlling several lines of clipper ships and is largely interested in the coal business. Like most men of energy and enterprise, he has met at times with reverses; but his recuperative power is almost phenomenal, and his business obligations have been always satisfactorily met. He has served as Harbor Commissioner and has just been appointed a Park Commissioner.

The tobacco trade, wholesale and retail, is almost entirely in the hands of Hebrew merchants, and the wine interests of the country are receiving the benefit of their enterprise. Dreyfuss & Co., consisting of B. Dreyfuss, Emanuel L. Goldstein, Jacob Edward Frowenfeld, and John J. Weglein, not only deal in wines and brandies on a scale of more than ordinary magnitude, but are producers and wine growers, as are also Lachman & Jacobi, Lilienthal, and others.

Much of the wool development of the country is the result of Jewish capital. The industry it organized produced the superior grades of California blankets, which were prized here and in the East, and received attention abroad. The old Pioneer Woolen Mills, near Black Point,— Fort Mason,— which have been closed for the past three or four years, belonged to a Hebrew corporation. Levi Strauss has been agent for the Marysville Mills, Ephraim Simon of the Merced; the California Woolen Mills are run by Dannenbaum & Wiel, and the local representative of the Oregon Mills is Brown & Co., a Jewish firm.

As a rule Christians, or Gentiles, are employed in numbers in the large establishments, both in positions of trust and responsibility and as laborers. In many of the retail stores the assistants are all Christians, and in others the majority of the clerks are not one with the proprietor in faith. Mr. Neustadter, in speaking on the subject, remarked that with his firm "no consideration is given to the subject of faiths and no question as to religion is put to an applicant for a position." The employee seems to be generally well satisfied with his relations to a Hebrew employer, and often holds his position for years.

All along the line of Sansome, Battery, and Front Streets, and on the lower section of Market Street,— that portion of the city given over to wholesale interests,— the firm names give unquestionable evidence that the mercantile business of the Coast is controlled by Hebrews. On the Day of Atonement and the solemn festivals of the Jews, trade in that quarter is suspended. Up town on those occasions there is a perceptible lull in traffic. The influence of the special holidays is manifest throughout the city. The devotion to the mandates of his religion, or at least, the respect he pays to the faith of his forefathers,— some of the Jews, under the banner of freedom in this age of progress, are avowed agnostics,— is commendable. He conscientiously makes a profession of religion at the sacrifice of

temporal gain. Only active business men thoroughly understand the disadvantages accruing through a day dropped out of the trade calendar.

THE FUR INDUSTRY.

THE fur industry of the Coast has been among the interests which have successfully invited the investment of Jewish money. Early in the century, the Russian Fur Company established trading posts and forts along the coast. In 1841 Sutter purchased from it the holdings in Bodega. The new State of the far West was still in swaddling clothes when Hermann Liebes, a practical furrier, came from England, and immediately on his arrival commenced purchasing skins from the trappers and the furs brought down the coast by captains of sailing vessels. He had for a partner E. J. Behlow, and although there were at the time other small traders, the firm built up an establishment which still maintains supremacy in the city.

In 1868, the Alaska Fur Company was incorporated by Hayward M. Hutchinson, William Kohl, Alexander Philippeus, John F. Miller, Louis Sloss, Louis Gerstle, Mr. Greenewald, Mark Livingston, Gustave Niebaum, and August Wasserman. The moneyed strength and enterprise was Hebrew. By negotiation all rights were obtained from the United States for sealing in Arctic waters and along the Aleutian shores. The firm amassed wealth and the members became the veritable Astors of the Pacific Coast. The corporation has in recent years merged into the American Fur Company.

Louis Sloss, one of the originators of an enterprise which reaped success in the fur markets of Europe and America, and his son, Louis Sloss, Jr., a young man highly esteemed in society and club circles, rank among the leading merchants of the city. They are active in all the Jewish charities, and their aid is liberally extended to the needy of other denominations. Mrs. Sloss, Sr., a woman of refinement and culture, is an active participator in philanthropic work and a munificent patron of the free kindergartens.

THE MONEY CHANGERS.

THERE are money changers — lineal descendants of those who were driven with scourges from the Temple. They cash warrants, certificates and notes; advance money on securities at a rate pauperizing to the mortgagor, and otherwise make money, coin money. There are in the same field of labor Christian and gentile Shylocks, coworkers, who can extort as relentlessly as they. There are brokers that do a legitimate business, and bankers of probity. Some of the latter have gained prominence in financial circles in a comparatively short time. Daniel Meyer came to this city in 1852. He engaged in the cigar trade until 1859, when he had sufficient capital to warrant banking. Today his house probably does as heavy a commercial banking business as is carried on in any establishment in the city. He has built a handsome residence in the most desirable quarter of town, has amassed a large fortune and is considered a power in money circles, especially by his Hebrew brethren.

Isaias W. Hellman, one of the most prominent bankers of the Coast, did not come to California until 1859. He was then sixteen years of age and settled in Los Angeles. He practically began his struggle in the money-making world with nothing, and received as his first salary twenty dollars a month. In 1864 or '65, having accumulated sufficient to justify it and being then of legal age, he entered into a general business venture. In 1868, under the firm title Hellman, Temple, & Co., he engaged in banking. The partnership was eventually dissolved and the senior member organized the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank, of which

he is still president. While in Los Angeles he became indentified with the gas and water companies, the street railroads, and all municipal developments. Since removing to San Francisco to reside, he has been elected president of the Nevada Bank and of the Union Trust Company. His son, I. W. Hellman, Jr., is a native of this State. He has been educated in the public schools and at Reid's preparatory school at Belmont and graduated from the University of California in 1892. He has twice visited Europe and is now pursuing a business career. He is cashier of the Union Trust Company, a manager of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank of Los Angeles, and holds other posts of trust. He deprecatingly remarks, "As for me, I have accomplished nothing, it is all owing to the circumstances of birth."

ORTHODOX AND LIBERAL.

On the day of Atonement, 5610, which corresponds to the year A. D., 1849, the first Jewish service was held in San Francisco, by fifty Hebrews. Writing of the event in an article for "The American Jews' Annual," Rev. Dr. Voorsanger says :—

> When the Day of Atonement of the year 5610 came, it found them assembled in prayer and with weeping hearts they thought of the dear ones across the plains or on the other side of the ocean. In that room, above a store where the entire day the gold dust was weighed, received, and paid, fifty Hebrews spent the day in fasting and prayer."

One Jewess has been mentioned as among the worshipers. At the second assembly, which took place in the following year, Albert Priest gave a scroll of the Law, which had been forwarded by the Rothschilds as a donation to the first organized Jewish congregation of this Coast.

In 1854, the Synagogue Emanuel was erected on Broadway, between Powell and Mason streets. Dr. Julius Eckman dedicated the new synagogue and was elected rabbi of the congregation of which Henry Seligman was president.

It has been rendered possible to give a simple sketch of the now historic edifice through the courtesy of Rabbi Voorsanger. He obtained from Frankfort-on-the-Main a pen and pencil drawing copied from an engraving on a piece of the silver service presented to Henry Seligman by the congregation before he went abroad to reside.

As time advanced and the congregation grew in numbers and prosperity, a new site was purchased and the handsome Emanuel Temple built on Sutter Street. It is one of the most flourishing associations of the city and under the able direction of Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger is keeping pace with the most advanced thought of the day.

The same year that saw the Emanuel Congregation occupying its synagogue, marked the erection of the Sherith Israel Synagogue on Stockton, between Broadway and Vallejo streets. The congregation was composed largely of Polish Jews. Under its present administration and in its place of worship on the north-east corner of Post and Taylor streets, the services are moderately reform. There is an abbreviation of prayers, elimination of Piyutim, and the introduction of family pews, organ, and choir.

The congregations of the city can be classified as: one reform, three moderately reform, and four or five orthodox. Numerically the reform element is in the minority; the balance of power, however, rests with it, and the superior intellectual culture of its members is not denied. A rabbi, in speaking in general of the religious sentiments of the people of his race, considered that about twenty-five per cent were faithful supporters of the synagogues, eighteen or twenty per cent gave evidence of laxity in the observances of the requirements of the ritual, while the remainder were sympathetically permeated with the fundamental principles of Judaism. The attitude of the younger

men towards religion, he considered, gave promise of stronger institutions. Another reverend gentleman was, however, of the opinion that the young men postponed too long direct affiliation with a congregation. In regard to Unitarianism they both acknowledged there could be no essential approach or blending. The Jew and the Unitarian might have broad and humanitarian ideas akin ; but there is no fundamental relation. A rabbi may become a Unitarian minister, but the Unitarian could never become a rabbi.

THE CHARITIES.

THE Jews of the city have always provided comfortably for the poor, afflicted, and the old, of their people. As early as 1850, thirteen young men under the leadership of August Helbing bound themselves together in the cause of charity under the title of the Eureka Benevolent Association. A charter was obtained in 1851. The closing months of 1850 were marked by the ravages of cholera. In union with the members of the "First Hebrew Benevolent Association," founded the same year, they established the "Humane Society," whose mission was personally to minister to the wants of the plague-stricken and to bury its victims.

The present membership is eight hundred and fifty. The disbursements during the year reached over twenty-five thousand dollars, of which five thousand dollars went to widows whose husbands had been members of the association.

The Hebrew Orphan Asylum is one of the best conducted eleemosynary institutions in the State. For the tots a kindergarten has been established in the asylum. The older children are sent out to attend the public schools. After leaving the grammar grades, they enter the Commercial School, are taught trades, or homes are obtained for them in respectable families. The institution is guardian for the child until it becomes of age.

There is an Old Peoples' Home conducted under the same management.

There are various Hebrew aid societies throughout the city conducted respectively by charitably disposed men and women.

Some of the Jewish citizens are well known philanthropists, to whom Christians interested in good works look with confidence for aid. Raphael Weill, proprietor of the "White House," one of the best patronized dry goods and cloak establishments of the city, is a man always prompt in responding to a call of this kind. He has served on the Board of Education, is one of the most prominent members of the French Colony, and a leading member of the Bohemian Club. His brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Weill, have always been friends of the afflicted, and most bountiful supporters of many charitable organizations. Sylvian Weill, another brother, is one of the active benefactors of the Société Française de Bienfaisance Mutuelle. Another among the noted Jewish contributors to the poor is Abraham Anspacher.

At the Alms House there are no Jewish inmates, unless they have entered under assumed names. Mrs Phillip Weaver, wife of the superintendent, when questioned on the subject said: "They are too well cared for to come to us. Sometimes one is brought by mistake, but as soon as a rabbi or one of the benevolent associations hears of the case, it receives attention, and the patient is withdrawn."

CRIME.

AMONG the lawless element the Jew forms no considerable part. San Francisco with other cities of the civilized world must give testimony that he does not materially augment the criminal classes. Even the idlers that congregate on street corners and the disturbing contingent of the suburbs are not recruited from the Hebrew colony. If they

are idlers, they possess rather the inclinations and tastes which create dudes, especially that type which forms in line along the promenades, and aggressively obtrudes its presence on shoppers and patrons of the matinees.

At the Folsom State Prison there are twelve convicts of the Jewish faith. At San Quentin there are sixteen. W. E. Hale, warden of the last-named institution, says, "As a general thing they are well behaved and make very little trouble for the officers." He further adds: "Rabbi Levy and his coadjutors take a great interest in the welfare of those of their own denomination who are confined here (at San Quentin), and if other denominations would take the same interest, not only in those who are confined in prison, but also in those outside, there would be a less number of criminals and fewer prisons."

Rabbi M. S. Levy, of Beth Israel Synagogue, is organizer and director of the "Pastors' Aid Society." The society which he has founded is not intended to interfere between the criminal and the law. It is only at the termination of his penalty, when he has rendered to justice its due, that the association comes to his aid.

PAWN-SHOPS.

On the continent of Europe, under different reigns, excluded by oppressive laws from all trades except that of peddling old clothes, and even from buying certain classes of these,— Frederick William I. confined their business to trade in money and goods,— Jews have been almost forcibly led to look upon old clothes, second-hand, and pawnbroker shops as the natural means to wealth. Circumstances have made them parsimonious economists. They can see profit in the barter of a piece of corroded iron for a bit of smaller size free from rust. No increase is too small to be worthy of consideration, consequently a proportion of the Jewish population of every community goes into the old clothes and pawn-broking business. They reside in the poorest quarter of a city; subsist on the bare necessaries of life, collect and exchange, buy and sell,— the advance of a quarter of a cent is sufficient to make a bargain,— until fortune is coaxed to abide with them.

When, pressed by poverty and weighted with absolute want, the Jew is borne down to find a home for himself and his family in the most squalid and demoralized quarter of the city, he accepts the conditions just as they exist, and to all intents and purposes apparently becomes one with them. As soon as more propitious circumstances dawn, he, his wife and children, will move out of the mire and the vice thoroughly free from the slime. The Christian and his family invariably seem unable to inhabit the same district without becoming degraded and smutched by the vile surroundings.

At present in San Francisco, along the lines of Jackson, Pacific and Vallejo streets, leading east of Montgomery to the wharves, Jewish families can be found in many of the rookeries wedged in between saloons, eating houses, and sailor boarding places, industriously plying a trade in old clothes and the forlorn looking articles and garments that have been taken in pledge. Fishermen's yellow oilskin suits, Arctic sailors' moth-eaten fur coats and skin trousers, a few bear skins or elk furs, perhaps a seal-pup skin purchased or taken in pawn for sufficient to secure a few glasses of whisky or a night's lodging, are exhibited for sale, hanging from the low, dingy ceilings, ornamenting the door casements to invite the passer to enter and buy, or are piled up with rough-grade overalls, red and blue sea-blankets, coarse textured underclothing and shoddy suits, all intended for the seaman's chest on a long whaling trip to Behring Sea. A bedraggled, unkempt woman will wait on the customers during the absence of her hus-

band, and around her will cling or play three or four children, when they are not renewing their health and regaling their lungs with quaffs of fresh air on the curbstones. In a few years these families will move farther up town; the children, well clothed, will attend the schools, and they will all take their place in the community as self-respecting, law-abiding citizens.

South of Market Street, in the alleys and narrow thoroughfares, numbers of Polish and Russian Jews have settled. They are poor, inclined to isolate themselves, industrious and frugal, but unable to compete with the requirements of an advanced state of civilization. It takes them about five years to master the English language, and this one point is in itself a retarding factor in their well-being. They are strictly faithful to the requirements of their religion, in which they are hyper-orthodox. They purchase only meats slaughtered and prepared by persons properly authorized, and avoid the use of shell-fish and other forbidden foods. They are sincere and imbued with a love of their faith. The Emanuel Sisterhood and kindred societies protect them and see that the pangs of poverty do not press too severely. It is calculated that about one-fourth of the Jewish population of the city resides south of Market Street.

DRESS AND NAMES.

THERE is a flavor of Orientalism, a southern luxuriousness, a more than ordinary love of the bright and beautiful, in the Hebrew race. Perhaps in the lower classes it touches the line of barbaric taste, but it nevertheless exists, and as refinement and education elevates it, develops into artistic qualities.

When in 1780 the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria promulgated an edict granting the Jews marked privileges, at the same time requiring them to adopt surnames; and again during the protectorate of Napoleon I. in Prussia, in 1806, when they were obliged to take family names in place of distinguishing each other as the son of a certain father,— Abraham Ben Simon, or Jacob Ben Isaac Ben Nathan,— they gave pronounced evidence of a true poetic sentiment in selecting those names. Rosenbaum (rose tree), Morgenthau (morning dew), Lebenbaum (tree of life), Goldstein (gold stone), are a few among the favorite patronymics of German Jews. The historic fact is recorded in the names of many of the Hebrew residents of this city.

The Jewish women are fond of bright, gay colors and handsome, costly raiment. Both men and women are prone to deck themselves with massive jewelry. In San Francisco, the tendency is so toned down by the refined and cultured classes, that the Jewish ladies are noted for a stylishness and elegance of attire.

Still another indication of southern tastes is found in the love of the people for sunshine and the open air. In portions of the city where a large Hebrew element abounds, on pleasant afternoons and balmy, moonlight evenings the entire membership of each family dwells in the open casements, on the front porches, and sidewalks, and holds friendly intercourse with the neighborhood.

REAL ESTATE.

IT HAS been estimated, that taking into consideration the amount of capital held and kept in circulation by the Jews of the city, their pro rata of real estate is low. It is natural to suppose that a man who has money invested in active business will not withdraw it to invest in realty, which may account for the supposed relation of the Jews to land holdings. As a rule, when he becomes prosperous he invests in a homestead. Some of the most desirable residence lots and the handsomest homes are owned by Hebrews. There is a large wealthy

class, among which are numbered at least twenty millionaires, worth, it is estimated, from one to six million dollars, and although they may not have large income producing properties, many own valuable pieces of ground.

Mayor Adolph Sutro owns one fifth of the real estate of the city and county of San Francisco—twenty-two hundred acres. This is, however, mostly outside land and would not come within a business man's idea of city property. The tract stretches out west towards the cliffs and the Pacific Ocean, and Mr. Sutro's one idea is to develop and beautify it. His home on the Heights is surrounded by a landscape garden, and from the terraces the ocean can be viewed sweeping out in magnificent grandeur to blend with the western skies. The citizens have every facility for enjoying the well kept grounds and the handsomely equipped series of salt baths, constructed near by, are something for which they will always have reason to be grateful.

Mr. Sutro is a man who has always devoted his energy to any project which has awakened his interest. For a decade and a half of his life he gave his mental and vital force to engineering and completing the Sutro Tunnel, which was planned to drain and give ventilation to the lower levels of the Comstock mines. It was projected in 1878 at a cost of six million dollars, including interest on the money invested. In the following year, 1879, he came to California from Nevada, and ever since, his attention has been centered on improving, beautifying and adding to his real estate in the Western Addition of this city, clearly demonstrating thereby the faith he has in the future of San Francisco. He is clearly endowed with the pertinacity and concentration of interests characteristic of his people, and it only needs time for him to accentuate the attractiveness of the Cliffs which are already one of the crowning glories of the municipality. His pride, however, is most centered in his library, and a smile of justifiable pleasure can always be seen radiating his countenance when he stands in the midst of his books, tenderly handling or looking over a favorite, highly prized volume, perhaps a first edition of Shakspere or Ben Jonson. Mayor Sutro is now busy with the cares of his high office, but he finds time after hours, to devote to his outside projects.

IN POLITICS.

San Francisco is not for the first time under the guidance of a Hebrew mayor. Washington Bartlett, a man honored in his private life and a great favorite in the political world, was the son of a Jewish mother, whose maiden name was Henriquez. He served as alcalde of San Francisco in 1849. He was mayor in 1883, and was elected governor in 1888, but death called him a few months after his inauguration. Politics in this city have always awakened the attention of coteries of the Hebrew population, and there are at all times evidences of interest in municipal and State affairs. The Jew, as a rule, becomes a citizen as soon after his arrival in the new world as possible, and he immediately acquaints himself with the principles of the government, its laws and institutions. It is natural, therefore, that he should occasionally step into the political arena. Some have proved themselves in this State worthy and useful officials, while others have not passed unscorched through the fires of a just and righteous public opinion.

Hon. Henry A. Lyons was one of the three justices elected by the first legislature of California in 1850. Abraham C. Labatt was alderman of this city in 1851. Elkan Heydenfeldt and Isaac N. Cardoza were members of the first legislature which convened after the admission of California into the Union. Hon. Solomon Heydenfeldt was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court

of the State of California in 1852. Coming down to more recent years, they have been elected to the judiciary, as members of the Board of Education, and have held through the suffrage of the people some of the most responsible and trusted positions in the gift of the municipality.

IN EDUCATION.

THE mental power and ability of the Jews has been acknowledged through the ages. Whenever an opportunity has presented they have availed themselves of the advantages of education. The Hebrew father does not hesitate to send his sons and daughters into any community or school, among any class of religionists, where he considers the best and fullest methods of mind-training prevail. His faith has been so ingrafted into the youth, has become so thoroughly a part of his nature, that neither father nor mother seems to dread the influence of the gentile, no matter how zealous he may be to convert to his special doctrines. The Hebrew takes the education, the fullest measure of learning, but with it he keeps and treasures the faith of Abraham and Isaac. Since the public schools of the city have reached their present excellent standard the Jews have been faithful patrons of them. The school hours, as a rule, are supplemented by lessons at home, especially in music, and teachers find the parents willing auxiliaries in stimulating attention and studious habits. Most of the children do the regular routine work satisfactorily, and many of them are brilliant. The very mental effort required of some in their homes to master sufficient Hebrew to read the prayers, Scripture, and portions of the Talmud, seems to develop mind power.

THE PROFESSIONS.

MANY of the young men of the city have entered professions. There is a number of lawyers, variously rated as to talent, legal acumen, and integrity. George Leyzinsky, Charles Ackerman, A. Heyneman, W. M. Kaufman, Abraham Reuf, Felix H. Merzbach, a partner of Crittenden Thornton, and a score of others, stand well with their brother attorneys, have a large cliéntele, and some have been called to official positions. There is, besides, a set of disreputable practitioners, whom none are more ready to condemn than their own race.

The most noted lawyer of the Hebrew creed who ever visited the Coast was the Hon. Judah P. Benjamin. He came to take part in the famous legal contest over the New Almaden Quicksilver Mine claim, known as the United States vs. Castillero et als. It was tried before the late Judge Hoffman, with Benjamin, supported by Edward M. Stanton, Secretary of State in President Lincoln's Adminstration, and Reverdy Johnson for the the contestants. During the argument of Mr. Benjamin the courtroom was crowded to overflowing. Lawyers of today who were familiar with the case state that it was a masterly argument. The venerable Governor Peter F. Burnett said recently when speaking of the case: "Mr. Benjamin was possessed of polite and accomplished manners. He was the handsomest man I ever saw." His after career as Secretary of the Southern Confederacy, and his still later legal successes in England as one of the Queen's counsel, are matters of history. The photograph of Mr. Benjamin, in gown and wig, together with his autograph, is among the souvenirs in the rooms of the San Francisco Bar Association.

In medicine the Hebrews have pushed forward to the foremost ranks. Their ability is acknowledged, and they have gained wealth and fame. They are members of the faculty of both medical colleges, and are prominent in their relations to the Polyclinic Association of San Francisco. Doctor Joseph O. Hirschfelder was born in

Oakland and educated in the public schools. He studied in and graduated from the San Francisco Medical Department of the University of the Pacific, and spent five years abroad. In 1877 he was appointed professor of Materia Medica of the Cooper Medical College. In 1880 he took the chair of Clinical Medicine in the same institution, which he still holds. Doctor Adolph Barkan, whose reputation is widespread, is the Professor of Ophthalmology, Laryngology and Otology; Doctor Albert Abrams has the chair of Pathology. The resident physician at the Lane Hospital is Doctor Rosenthal. At the Toland Medical College of the University of California, among the members of the faculty are Doctor A. A. D'Ancona and Doctor Abraham Lengfeld, a brother of Doctor Felix Lengfeld, a Californian who is taking his place among the well known scientists of the United States. He is a graduate of the College of Pharmacy of this city. He received the degree of Ph. D. in the branches of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology, in 1889, from the John Hopkins University, and has been since appointed Professor of Chemistry at the new Chicago University.

Doctor Emma Sutro Merritt, a daughter of Mayor Sutro, has distinguished herself in her chosen profession. She has studied in this city and abroad, and has received the recognition of her brother physicians. That the Hebrews are ambitious to enter the learned callings and devote themselves to science and literature, is evidenced in the fact that ten per cent of the students of the University of California are of that race.

In art they have also made some pronounced advance in this city. Among the noted professional teachers of music are a number of Jews. The amateurs of taste and education are so many that it has always been acceded that their patronage has rendered it possible, from time to time, to have a season of first-class opera. They are lovers of classic music, and know and appreciate its merits.

In art they have not left the path untrodden. Toby Rosenthal is an artist any people could be proud of claiming, and he belongs to the Jews of San Francisco. Why so much stress should be placed on his "Elaine" is surprising. It is true it has been the means of making his name widely known, but it is not the child of his imagination—a growth of his strength, power, and love. He put much conscientious work into it, yet it falls far below his "Vacant Chair." The latter is a picture that speaks, and most sympathetically, most touchingly, to the heart of every human being, it matters not of what nationality.

It can be truly said of San Francisco, as Ezekiel said of Tyre. "Juda and the Land of Israel, they were thy merchants with the best corn: they set forth balm, and honey, and oil, and rosin, in thy fairs." They have not here, however, been satisfied with barter and gain, but have set themselves in the paths of learning, and have said with Solomon: "And I proposed to my mind to seek and search out wisely concerning all things that are done under the sun. This painful occupation hath God given to the children of men, to be exercised therein."

K. M. Nesfield.

A MATURE PLANT.

PAMPAS GRASS[1] AND POMEGRANATE IN CALIFORNIA.

IT IS a very old saying that everything comes from a blade of grass. Following closely is another accepted truism — "He who makes two blades of grass grow in place of one is a benefactor." The grass we propose to consider has, through the beneficence of nature, long passed from the single blade and the two-blade into the magnificence of a giant cluster, into the condition of highest development or perfection of its kind, and stands rightly named the "King of Grasses."

From our geographies we long since learned of the Pampas plains of South America, of the Pampas grass and Pampas cattle. To associate these facts or connect them with our ornamental shrub in the dooryard is quite another matter. These same pampas cattle are said to be the finest wild cattle in the world, and they have nothing to eat but the Pampas grass.

The word *pampa* means "a marsh filled up."

In the Quichoa tongue, the ancient language of the Incas, the word *pampa* means "a plain about a spring," a plain which also has a boundary, where in the rainy season water will stand a few inches deep. The modern name, Cocha-bamba, is derived from the Inca "Quichoa pampa," or a town on a plain bordered—a "pampa."

In the evolution of the South American

[1] See OVERLAND for December, '91, and April, '93'

grass in this State there came by accident the knowledge that the ornamental "flowers," or plumes, as they are called, could be bleached and preserved. From this discovery an industry sprang up of such commercial importance that the largest return per acre from any product in this State has been received from selling these cured plumes of the pampas grass. The price of cut plumes in 1890 was from $30 to $60 per 1,000 to the grower in 100,000 lots, or the entire crop. Upon this basis of value was estimated the freight charges. It cost, in round numbers, until recently, $5 to send 1,000 plumes to New York. From this can be judged the commercial value of plumes in the past. There have been grown in this State and marketed 1,500,000 plumes on an average per year for fifteen years, with the price averaging $20 per 1,000. These are minimum figures.

In 1888 I planted between walnut trees, that stood fifty feet apart, two rows of pampas plants each way. In six months' time I had harvested 1,500 plumes, with which I purchased 2,000 eucalyptus trees that are now being cut for wood.

I was led to give the pampas a trial, in order to have something to take the place of corn, the usual crop planted in our neighborhood to provide money for taxes and interest while the walnut trees are growing. At the first real harvest in 1889 I had 130,000 plumes, which sold for $3,000. The second harvest brought me $4,000 for 260,000 plumes. But speculators were at work. The price was pressed too high in Germany, our great market, and in 1891 there were left in California 1,700,000 plumes unsold. As the plumes are chiefly ornamental and wholly a luxury, when the bottom dropped out of the German market there was nothing to be done with the left over stock.

A FIELD OF PLUMES.

To Americans plumes are known only as a nuisance. In their estimation two or three in a broken jug in the corner, badly cured and dusty, compose the sum of their decorative achievements. "And therefore," they argued, "why should not the industry die?" But to show how this misconception arose from ignorance, let me give a few words as to the ornamental possibilities of these plumes. We have not even reached the A B C in this direction. As a decorative fabric the fiber of the pampas is only limited by the art, taste, and skill, of the decorator. Friezes, portiéres, cloth hangings, rugs, etc., can be made out of fragments, while the magnificent plumes themselves, in groups or festoons, either in natural tones or dyed, respond to the requirements of perfect decorative material. This quality is thoroughly appreciated in Europe. London alone now takes half a million plumes for Christmas decorations each year, while one season not long ago the New York market was overstocked with 1,500! Because there was no demand the growers made no attempt to furnish a convenient supply, and therefore when the Native Sons waked up to patronizing a home industry and planned a grand tower of plumes for their celebration in San José, (on Admission Day, I think,) they could not find there any plumes, and so had to abandon the plan.

DRYING ON THE FIELD.

To wake up Americans and make them acquainted with the pampas was the first thought of the larger growers in those declining days of the industry. The utility of the plant as fodder was soon apparent. I noticed that our carriage horses were fond of the grass, and even of the plumes. I

had some grass cut and cured as hay, and thrown into my alfalfa pasture. Several loads were eaten in a short time. I had also some plants set out along the irrigation ditches in the pasture. These were eaten off as soon as the grass started, and so agreeable was the taste that every little plant was uprooted by the stock and eaten. I determined to go further, and made two entries in the Agricultural Department of the Columbian Exposition. First—Pampas plumes and their uses. I received two awards upon this. Second—Pampas grass as a forage plant and its uses. I obtained an award on this entry also, making three. Under Professor Wiley, of the Analytical Department at the Government Building, an analysis was made, and comparisons with other forage plants was given me.[1] As nearly as I can understand, pampas hay has more life-sustaining properties than alfalfa, while, according to expert examination, its nutritive qualities exceed timothy hay, which it resembles in flavor (no doubt the reason why horses like it so well), but it is not quite so good as clover.

The next step to be taken is practical, experimenting by our stockmen and proprietors of large holdings. Plant pampas on the plains and on the hillsides. In my opinion the thing most needed in California is a perennial forage plant,— the pampas is that. In damp, marshy localities in South America it grows large and coarse, as with us when under cultivation to produce fine plumes. But on uplands and where frost cuts it back, the grass is smaller and correspondingly tender. I think when there is an abundance of rain, as we have had this winter, plants set out and well rooted will continue to grow with the ordinary rainfall and an occasional drought.

[1] Analysis of pampas grass·

Moisture	6 67 per cent
Oil	3.13 per cent
Ash	6.34 per cent
Indigestible fiber	29,11 per cent
Albuminoids	9.10 per cent
Digestible carbohydrates (by difference)	45.65 per cent

In addition to the value of the plant for forage, the plumes will make a fine grade of bank note paper not destroyed by water; the fiber of the husk makes now in South America the strongest rope in the world; cloth is also made there for dresses of their women.

Experiments are now being made in another use for the plumes, which may be still more important. And I consider every pampas plant in California, if properly utilized, worth its weight in gold to the State.

In my plantation, this year, are many seedling bunches that are most interesting to me, and are already proving their usefulness as tender and succulent forage plants.

In a French florist's exhibit, on the east side of the Woman's Building, at the World's Fair, were some French pampas plants. They put forth plumes in September, in appreciation, no doubt, of their return to their home—America.

The dictionaries tell us, that the pomegranate is an apple with many grains or seeds, and is the same as the "Granada" of the Spanish—the name of all names that stands for the most poetic and artistic in the romance of history—and without stretch of imagination we can identify its juice with the nectar of the gods.

Always is the pomegranate a thing of beauty. Standing singly or in rows, the bush has no superior as an ornamental feature in decorative horticulture. Its leaves resemble the laurel; its blossom is a glorious burning red; its fruit combines within and without the richness of the various tones of yellow, brown, red, and green; its jewelled center rivals in beauty the costly ruby; while its juice symbolized to the ancients the blood of life, and the whole stood for perennial existence.

It is further immortalized by the Brownings,—" home pomegranates, which cut deep down the center show a heart within

blood-tinctured by a grave humanity." So said Elizabeth Barret, of Robert Browning's "Belaustion," before they had met, and recently the charming fruit is the fashion for wedding breakfasts in the East, served with shaved ice.

From all this beauty, poetry, and sentiment, how can we condescend to speak of tannin or tannic acid? Still do we not reach a truer benefaction than he who makes two blades of grass grow in place of one, when we can successfully combine the beautiful and the useful? We shall never reach the highest position possible until we acquire this which places the French people financially far in advance of us, — they make the beautiful in the arts of commercial value, until in flowers, in fabrics, in everything, whatever is French bears the stamp of excellence.

The fruit of the pomegranate is first pleasant to the eye and good for food. Second, the juice is a refreshing drink for invalids, especially in fevers. Boiled, with the addition of sugar, we have a sirup for cakes and waffles that preserves a bewitching flavor. Third, the skins and centers, after the juices have been extracted, may be dried with very little trouble, when they are ready for the chemist to extract the tannic acid for the leather manufacturers. The per cent of tannin compares favorably with canaigre, and can be more easily produced. The plants require little care; they may be trained into bushes or trees, and all the work of curing could be done by children or people not in robust health.

It has been suggested to me that the peels, after the tannin is extracted, would make a fine grade of papier maché, and the juice might be converted into wine. In short, as a fruit it will more than pay all the expense of cultivation, leaving the tannic acid pure profit.[1]

I predict under the fostering care of our enterprising citizens and our unrivaled climate, the two products I have mentioned in this connection will be to our State what the date palm is to the Orient.

This is no insignificant showing. From the pampas, with its wonderful decorative possibilities (I have not mentioned the green grass itself, as used in churches, halls, etc.), we may have food, cloth, rope, paper, etc. From the pomegranate, the ornamental shrub, fruit, jelly, sirups, leather, and possibly papier maché and wine. This ancient emblem of perpetual life, utilized and crystalized into kindly service, and by its side the monarch of grasses, with crown of gold and throne of green, going forth conquering and to conquer until his realm shall extend from the Pacific to the Atlantic, throughout the Gulf States to California.

H. W. R. Strong.

[1]Analysis of Pomegranate Skins—Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.—Percentage of tannin and tannic acid, 44.99. Same lot samples, University of California analysis, 32.58 per cent.

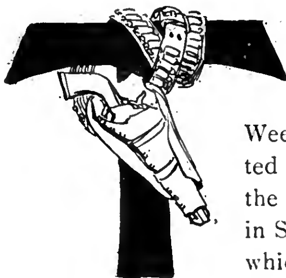
A ROSE TO THE LIVING.

A rose to the living is more
    Than sumptuous wreathes to the dead;
In filling love's infinite store
A rose to the living is more —
If graciously given before
    The hungering spirit has fled —
A rose to the living is more
    Than sumptuous wreathes to the dead.

Nixon Waterman.

"IS THIS WOMAN YOUR WIFE?"

LO-TO-KAH AND THE GOLDEN WOMAN.[1]



HE Indian agency of the allied tribes of the Capota, Moache, and Weeminuchee Utes is located in a picturesque part of the valley of the little river in Southwestern Colorado, to which still clings the old Spanish name of *Rio de los Pinos*,— the River of the Pines. The little cluster of log and frame houses that constitute the agency stands in the narrowest part of the valley, and high mesa walls rise from the river on either side. Far away in the distance on either side, their crests showing high above the mesa lines, can be seen the La Plata Mountains and the mountains that hem in grim old Cumbres Pass.

The main building at the agency is a long, huge affair built of logs, with a "lean-to" addition of boards at either end. It looks like a fort, and indeed its walls were made thick for good reasons. The doors of this building open toward the river, and there is a platform of rough boards that runs the entire length of the building. On a clear day — and the most of the days are clear with a crystalline clearness not known to lands of lower altitude — one can sit on this porch and look for miles up and down the valley; watch Indians on

[1] See Lo-To-Kah and the Witch, OVERLAND, December, 1894.

horseback, racing after colts or cattle; squaws, tanning hides or cooking over rude tripods.

For a month the old log agency building was my home. During the day I lived among the Indians, listening to their strange tales of magic, of battles and hunts of the golden long ago, before the day of reservations and Indian agents, and at night — the month was March — we clustered about the big open wood fire in the doctor's quarters, and talked of the hundred thousand things that isolated men with time to spare can find to talk of.

The two artists that shared the outing with me were working like mad, painting everything in sight, from sprawling pappooses to dignified council meetings, and almost every day I was astride a canny little black mare, racing over the reservation, now helping to round up the refractory herd of an Indian, now going with the doctor to see some sick baby that was almost suffocated in a smoky *can-nee*, and then just riding for the pure joy of riding. That little black mare was nearer human than any horse I ever knew; she would run for the pure enjoyment of it, and she could leap like a jack-rabbit.

"AN INDIAN CAN BIDE HIS TIME"

One midnight found me sitting on the agency porch smoking and wondering at the beauty of the brilliant moonlight that filled the valley. About two hundred yards from the building was a cluster of *can-nees*, or tents, one of them brilliantly lighted by means of a bright wood fire, and at sharp midnight there went up from this tent a chorus of as wierd, unearthly wails as I believe a white man has ever listened to. I knew it to be some of the "medicine making" of the Indians, and I thought lazily of going to the place to ascertain if any of the Indians who were my friends were there, and if I might witness the ceremony.

I sat so for half an hour, listening to the wail that came from the medicine tent; and just because I had nothing better to do, I was going to turn in, when, without a sound, old Lo-To-Kah stood before me. He was dressed in full native costume; an eagle feather was in his hair, and he was

"SHE DID NOT LOOK UP."

wrapped in a rich Navajo blanket. He was not known to be on the reservation, and I had not expected to see him.

"Lo-To-Kah," I said in surprise, "where do you come from? Why are you here?"

"I am here, O friend, for two things. One is to see you, for José Amarille met me

in the Blue Mountains and told me. And the other thing I am here for is to be present at the chant of the Golden Woman. Do you not hear the chant the medicine men are making? That loudest voice is that of Charvys, the fat pig who would not know any difference between the glorious Golden Woman and the meanest squaw who runs naked on the Mojave Desert."

"I hear the chant," I answered, "but what is it all about? And who is the Golden Woman?"

The old man seemed not to hear me, and he gazed away down the valley as though he saw something. As though speaking to himself he said:—

"She of the golden hair! The Golden Woman with the heart of gold! Ah! she was more beautiful than the sun in the sky on a May morning!"

"But who is she, or was she?" I asked.

"It is a long story, O friend of mine, and the night grows old," answered Lo-To-Kah. "To-morrow you will ride with the *mah-soot-quicket*[1] to the Rio Florida to witness an Indian ceremony performed by old Ma-pe-ah-sas of the squinting eyes. It is better for you to sleep tonight than to listen to the old tale of the Golden Woman. Another time I will tell the tale to you."

He made a pillow of his blanket and I leaned restfully against the log wall of the building. After smoking for a time in silence he said:—

"The tale of the Golden Woman is an old tale of my nation. It is a true tale, and the things of which it tells happened in the old time of the long, long ago, before I was fully a man, before I had ever seen Zeetah, who became my wife. Eighteen summers had come into my life, and that was all, and I was but a boy when the Golden Woman was brought a captive to one of the encampments of my people. She was tied to a horse, riding astride like a man, and she was so weary that she swooned from faintness and fatigue as soon as she was lifted from the saddle. I have but to close my eyes and in memory I can see that beautiful woman again. I can see her fair face, her eyes as blue as the arch of the sky, and her long silken hair that was of the glorious color of molten gold. There was a time, too — just a fleeting bit of time, scarcely long enough to be remembered— when I gazed upon her and was almost sorry my skin was red instead of white; for I thought if I had been white and had been of the blood of her race, I might have won her love. Such thoughts were foolish thoughts, *amigo;* just stray, half-formed thoughts that wandered unasked into the empty head of a boy. And too, that was before Zeetah had ever been seen by me."

The old man ceased speaking. He leaned his head back against the wall of the old agency building, a dreamy look came into his eyes, and he gazed down the valley. His cigar went out. I lit a match and offered it to him, but he did not see it. A belated Indian swain, returning to his tent from some amorous expedition, passed us and spoke, but Lo-To-Kah did not stir. His mind was wandering back to that old time, almost three quarters of a century gone, when he had been a youth and had known her who was called the Golden Woman. It seemed strange to me that Lo-To-Kah, the savage nobleman who had been a very knight in his loyal devotion to the one woman who had been his wife, should lose himself in a flood of memories of a woman whom, I began to believe, he had loved in secret. He had had but one wife; and if a lurking love slept in his heart through all the long years that lay between his youth and his old age, it was a secret that he would not confess, and would not even give a hint of unless in some unguarded moment. After a time he roused himself and said:—

[1] White physician.

"Pardon me, friend, I was dreaming without being asleep. We old men, when we live past the time that is allotted for action, live over the years again in memory, and I was living over again a time that was old before you were born. I will now go on with my tale.

"When I was a boy, and esteemed by some of the vainglorious warriors as being too young for battle, a party of our warriors set out on a raid against a roving band of Kiowas that were journeying beyond Tierra Amarillo. I desired to go with the band, and could have gone, except that Mirdo, who was a sub-chief and had command of the expedition, said that I should not. This Mirdo had longed to possess my mother when she was a girl, and because she would not wed him, he hated her and my father and myself. Mirdo, who was on his horse, stood up in his stirrups, pointed his goad at me, and said:—

"'I go forth to lead men, and not children, to battle. Yon Lo-To-Kah is called a Ute, because he was born to a Ute woman, but he acts like no Ute. He is now old enough to be a man, to have lovers, to cheat slow old men out of the kisses of their young wives, and to play in the games of kan-yute, where men win horses and blankets. He is not a man in love or games, and he will not be a man in war. He cannot go with any band I lead.'

"I stood in silence, my arms crossed upon my breast, and listened to the talk of Mirdo. And as he talked I promised to myself that a time should be when I would hold the throat of Mirdo in my grasp and make him eat his words and beg for his life like a craven. But I spoke no word in answer, for an Indian, as you know, can bide his time when he promises himself to be revenged upon his enemies. And Mirdo and his band rode away, their feathers streaming in the morning sunlight, and I was left in the camp with the women, the children, and the old men.

"It was evening when our warriors returned,—an evening two weeks after they had gone forth, an hour before the going down of the sun, when from far over that mesa that lies toward the cruel heights of Cumbres, we heard a cry of '*ho-la-ho-ho*!' The cry was a cry of victory. Soon the men came in sight, riding one ahead of another. Both men and horses showed the signs of long travel and hard riding. Mirdo rode at the head, two fresh Kiowa scalps flying from the shoulder of his hunting shirt; and by his side, strapped to her horse and riding astride like a man, was the fairest and most beautiful woman who ever trod the earth of the valley of the River of the Pines. I liked not Mirdo and I expected to hear him insult me, but I stood among the tents to greet the warriors. Mirdo rode up with a flourish, dismounted, and called some old women to come and unbind the woman. And when she was unbound, she swooned, but she soon recovered for she was a woman who was brave.

"Who is the woman with the golden hair, Mirdo?" asked an old man.

"She is my captive," replied Mirdo, "the Kiowas took her from the Navajos, and I took her from the Kiowas. She is mine to keep my tent; she is mine to enjoy; she is mine to work for me. I am Mirdo, and I am a man without fear, a man who deserves the most beautiful woman in the land."

"So boasted Mirdo; and as he boasted he looked upon the woman with his greedy gaze, and as he looked she cowered and shrunk. And I spoke to the woman, asking her name and from whence she came. The woman could not understand the Ute speech, but she seemed to feel that I was her friend, and she came close to me and held out her hands to me in appeal. I could speak the Navajo tongue also, and Mirdo could not; and I spoke to the woman in that speech, and she answered and asked me to protect her. I gave answer that I would protect

her with my life. And then Mirdo took me roughly by the shoulder saying:—

"'Speak not to my woman, you squaw. What! Do you think to play with her and prattle to her. Get you to your mother's tent.'

"Mirdo stood leering into my face; and as soon as he finished, I shot my clenched fist into his face and felled him as the blow of a stone ax would fell a sheep. He rose to his feet and drew his knife. The men caught him and took it away, and said that Utes must fight, not like enemies, but with their naked hands. Mirdo cursed, for he was a coward at heart; but he liked not to be humiliated before the woman he had captured and he came on. It was the first time I had ever fought a man. When Mirdo came within reach of my fist, I sent him sprawling in the sand again, and again and again, as fast as he rose. Then, after I had almost knocked the breath from his body, while he was lying in the dirt, I put my foot upon his neck, I spat upon him, I threw dust in his eyes, and then I gathered him up as a man might gather a log of wood, and I carried him to the river and threw him in. The water was deep enough to wet the garments of Mirdo and to fill his eyes and mouth. When he came up I said:—

"'O, Mirdo, you coyote, who call yourself a chief, look upon the Golden Woman who has four times been made a captive. First this woman was taken by the Navajos, and because they took her they had the right to do with her as they liked. Then she was taken by the Kiowas, who had the same right for the same reason. Then she was taken by you, and the rights of the other thieves became your rights. But now she is taken by me, mine is the right to do with her as I choose, and it will fare ill with any man who dares to so much as lay his finger upon her.'

"Mirdo stood glowering at me, his bleeding lip hanging and a look of murder in his eyes. I had not intended to strike him again, but the sight of his big brute face was a temptation that was too strong; and just as he was ready to snarl some reply to the speech I had made, I struck him, breaking his nose.

"Then Mirdo slunk away, cursing me me as he went. He vowed that he would leave the tribe and lay in wait for me in the forest. But an old *pwu-au-gut*[1] the one who was the teacher of old Mape-ah-sas, whom you know, said to Mirdo that he was a coward, and that if he ever sought to do me wrong save in a fair fight or open battle, he would cause the evil spirit to haunt him all the days of his life. You know, *amigo*, that no Ute would incur the danger of a *pwu-au-gut's* curse; and I knew that I was safe.

"Then the old men said the woman was mine and that I had fairly won her. I took her to my mother's tent, but with no thought of making her my slave or my wife as Mirdo would have done. I told her that she was safe from all danger, and then I sat down on the ground before the tent and thought. I tried to think of Mirdo and the battle I had fought with him; but I could not think of him because I was thinking of the Golden Woman who had come into my life so strangely. And I sat there all the night, keeping guard over the tent, and wondering what the days of the future would bring forth.

"From that time on life was different to me. Before then, I had been a lonely, silent boy, wandering in the forests or sitting aside, while the men and boys played games. But it was not long until the Golden Woman became my friend and then my companion; and we talked to each other and wandered together in the forests, and rode ponies from one encampment of my people to another. Not at first, of course; for at first the woman was timid and half afraid. She was afraid of my

[1] Medicine man.

people, and also afraid of me, for she knew I could make her my slave or my wife if I cared so to do. But she besought me not to take her to wife, and I placed my hand in hers and told her I would guard her, and that her life should be lived as she desired. It was after that—after she had thanked me, and kissed my hand—that she became my companion.

"A few times the woman was affronted. One burly man of my tribe, when drunk upon Mexican mescal, attempted to embrace her. I was sitting in front of our tents at the time, fitting heads to arrows; but her first cry took me to her side, and when I had been there but a little time, the brute lay upon the ground in a stupor that came very near being death. I was mad with anger, and after I had felled the man to the ground and knocked him senseless, I sprang upon his body and tramped his face in the dirt. Then I took the Golden Woman in my arms as a mother might take a babe, and bore her to my tent. When we were inside the tent, she placed one of her soft arms about my neck, she drew my face down to hers and kissed me, crying as she did so. Her kiss thrilled me through and through and I was in danger of forgetting my promise. And I told her if she desired me to keep the promises I had given, she must kiss me no more. It seemed for a moment as though she, too, were tired of the promise, for she held my hand in hers, and looked wistfully into my eyes.

"After the fear of my people left her, it came about that she would go among them. At first she went only to the women and children, but it was not long until she went among all, even the chiefs and medicine men. When a child was born in some cold tent on a hillside, the Golden Woman was there. When a woman or a child was sick, there was the woman; and when a plague came upon our people, when the men died in their tracks as they stood in the camp ground, and little children were daily found dead in the arms of their dead mothers, then it was that the people of the Ute nation learned to love the glorious being whom we named the Golden Woman. She comforted the sorrowing, cared for the sick, and prepared the dead for burial. She seemed sleepless and tireless, and every hour of the day and night while the plague lasted, she would be seen flitting from one tent to another, making tasteful things for the sick ones to eat, bathing the hot brows of those who were in the throes of death. And our people believed she was a medicine woman sent from the bright land that lies in the sun. Then some men came from the other Ute tribes, and they took home to their people the tale of this Golden Woman whose heart was said to be of pure gold. And thus it came to be that this woman was looked upon by us almost as a goddess, and that feasts and chanting are yet given in her honor.

"There are not many secrets among Indians who live in one encampment, and the people knew that the woman was not my wife. I had another *can-nee* made, joining the one my mother had before, and I lived in the outer one.

"In time I taught her the Ute speech, and in time she told me something of her life. She was born in a great city in the East, and had gone to the West to be a missionary among the Indians. She first lived with a band of peaceful Navajos, and learned their speech. Then she went to El Paso del Norte for rest. Between El Paso del Norte and Ciudad Santa Fé she had been captured by a roving band of Navajos, but before they had reached their camp they were beaten in battle with Kiowas and the Kiowas had taken her. The Kiowas started for their own country and were surrounded by the Utes under Mirdo. In this way she had been stolen by one tribe after another, and so swiftly that no harm had befallen her.

"More than this, the woman did not tell me, thinking because I was an Indian I would not understand. But I learned in time that she had journeyed to the wild lands of the West because of an almost hopeless hope that she might find her lover, who had come to the West and had never been heard of again.

"But as time went on, the Golden Woman grew silent as she went about her work of healing the sick. I fancied that she tired of dwelling in my *can-nee*, and when I asked her, she said it would please her if she might dwell alone. It is not well for a woman to dwell alone, especially if the woman be young and as beautiful, and I would not give my consent; but an old Navajo woman, who had been taken captive, and who had grown too old to work, also desired to live apart from the others. And the two women, the fair young one and the wrinkled old one, had a hut built in a sheltered part of the valley of the Rio Florida, and there they took up their abode. They tilled some land, and hunters brought them much game, and they did not want for anything. The other people did not at first note the change that was taking place in the Golden Woman, but I, who knew her as well as though she were my mother or daughter, knew that she was becoming crazed.

"After this, the years sped on, and I lived my life as it came to me. I met Zeetah and took her to be my wife. I became a chief among my people, and much honor came to me. My mother died, my brother was killed by the Apaches, and many adventures of many kinds befell me. Often I journeyed to the ends of the lands that were known to my people, and often the time was long between my visits to these valleys. But whenever I came, I went to the hut of the Golden Woman, going alone, as Zeetah did not like to go with me. And always I found the woman living as I had left her, alone with the old Navajo woman. The hair of the Golden Woman became longer and more golden, her eyes seemed to become larger and more blue, and her fair form seemed to grow into the very perfection of loveliness. But even the people who cared little for beauty or goodness in women, came to see that she was becoming crazed; and then she was safe for a certainty, for no Indian will harm those who are demented.

"One time I took my band of people and went into the West, and for almost two years we did not see the Valley of the Pines. After a time we began, very slowly, to make our way homeward again, but going only by short marches, and hunting and fishing by the way. While we were encamped in a valley in the Blue Mountains a man came to our camp, being on his way from this valley to visit one of our tribes in the place that is now Utah. And when he visited us he told me that the Golden Woman was sick in her hut, and that the old Navajo woman was also sick and had lost her mind. Then I told Zeetah what I intended doing, and I saddled my fleetest horse and set out for this place, hoping to see the woman again before she died, or perchance to save her life.

"I had not been to the *hogan* of the two women for two years, and I scarcely knew the place as I came to it. The building in which the women lived was somewhat like the *hogans* of the Navajos or the *wick-e-ups* of the Utes, but it was also better than any *hogan* or *wick-e-up* I ever saw. Wild flowers were trained before the building, wild vines clambered over it, and behind it was a little irrigated field in which corn and other things were growing. When I came to the place I dismounted and went within. Upon a shelf-like bed built into the wall lay the old Navajo woman dead. And seated on the floor, in the middle of the room, her wealth of golden hair falling all about her,

sat the Golden Woman, moaning and rocking herself to and fro. I stood in the door and gazed upon her, and it was long before she heeded me. In time, though, she saw me, and smiled a sad, sad smile that almost broke my heart. And she said:—

"'So you have returned to me, Lo-To-Kah. Did you find Hugh?'

"I had never heard of any man named Hugh, and I knew not what answer to make. I stood in silence, trying to think, and the woman got up from her seat on the floor. She came and stood by my side and took my hand in hers.

"'Lo-To-Kah, I have been crazed. For how long I do not know, but I know that when last a glimmer of reason and memory was left to me the Navajo woman was living and was well; and now you see she lies dead. It must be that I am very ill, and it may be that I, too, will soon lie dead in this little hut. Now, when I am dead, I desire that you go forth and journey among the white-faced peoples until you find a man named Hugh; and when you find him, tell him that Helen died with his name on her lips, and that the love of him was the only love that ever was in her heart.'

"She sank down on the floor again, and before I could think of an answer to make, I heard a shout from outside, and upon looking, I saw a small party of Navajo warriors riding toward the *wick-e-up*. I did not fear the Navajos, for our tribes were then at peace. And when they came nearer I saw that a white man was with them. I was glad of this, for I knew not how to set about the task of finding this Hugh, and thought perhaps the white man could tell me. I told the Golden Woman to look, but at first she paid no heed, and she would pay no heed until the party of riders had drawn up their horses and stopped before the door. Then the woman rose to her feet, she brushed her long hair out of her eyes, and with me she went out. As she stepped outside the door I saw the white man leap from his horse with a great shout. The woman saw him the same instant, and stopped in her tracks as though she had been stricken with a palsy. The two white-faced people stood in mute, wondering silence for an instant, then the man called out the name 'Helen'; he sprang forward and clasped the woman in his arms, and all the time he wept as a mother might weep who had found a long lost child. I thought at first the man might be her father, for he seemed older than she; but he was not her father, he was her lover. The woman nestled in his arms, and then for the first time in long years I saw the light of perfect reason shining in her eyes; and for the first time since I knew her I saw her with a happy look.

"And then he saw me, and at once he stood as straight and firm as though he were made of stone. 'Is this woman your wife?' he asked in a fierce tone.

"'Is she your wife?' I asked in turn.

"The man flushed hot and red; for a moment he did not speak, and then he hung his head and said: 'No, God forgive me, she is not. You have as much right to her as I.'

"'Why, Hugh, what is all this talk of right?' asked the woman, looking curiously into his face.

"The face of the man hung lower and lower, his cheeks grew first red and then white, and he said, 'It means, dear one, that I gave you up as dead, and married another woman.'

"And then the Golden Woman lay on the ground at his feet, in a faint that seemed like death. And the man took her face in his hands, and kissed her lips, and wept over her as one weeps over the dead. It was a sad thing to see, friend, sadder than I, at that time, could understand. For then I knew only the ways of the Indians, and it seemed to me that if the woman

loved the man, and the man loved her better than the other woman, who was his wife, that he could cast off his wife and take the Golden Woman in her stead.

"In time the woman recovered, and it seemed to me that the shifting light of lunacy was again beginning to come into her eyes. And I, knowing no better, stood by their sides as they talked, and I learned that the man who was named Hugh had been the lover of the woman, Helen, and was to have taken her for his wife. He was an officer of the white-skinned soldiers, and had gone into the West, and the report had gone back to his home that he was dead. Then it was that the first touch of lunacy fell upon the woman; but she did not believe him dead. And saying she was going as a missionary among the Indians, she went to the West to seek him. She was captured, as I have told you. And the man, who had not been killed, in time returned to his home in the East, and found that the woman had gone; and he believed her dead, and he had married another woman. He told the blue-eyed Helen that the woman who was his wife was cold and proud and haughty, and that he did not love her and she did not love him.

"'But she is your wife,' said Helen.

"'Yes, God pity me, she is my wife,' answered the man, his eyes upon the ground.

"What more they said, I do not know, for I went with the men to help bury the old Navajo woman; and while we were thus at work, the white man and woman talked, and the Navajos talked to me. They told me that the white man was a man who had first come to their country to fight them, but that he had become their friend, and that, more than a year before, he had come among them to live, telling them only that he was not happy in his own home. And I knew that he had left his wife, and would never call her wife again, whether Helen married him or not.

"When we had buried the old woman and returned to the *hogan*, the man and the woman were still talking, both speaking in the Navajo tongue, which had come, from long usage, to be the same to them as the tongue of their own people. And I, knowing the thing that was troubling them, asked if a runner might not be sent to the white man's home to learn if his wife still lived, in order that he might take the Golden Woman to wife. The man said that could not be done. Then he mused a while and said to me,—

"'Do you know the trails that lead to Santa Fé?'

"'I do,' I replied.

"The man took a paper book from his pocket, tore out a leaf, wrote upon it, and asked me how much gold I would require of him to carry that to Santa Fé. I replied that I would not do it for gold, but would do it for the Golden Woman. And he told me the paper was for a man who lived in Santa Fé, and was to ask him to write to the East and learn if the woman who was his wife still lived. I was told to give it to the man, and then, in six weeks' time, the man said he would send to Santa Fé again and get a letter that would let him know what he sought to know. And I took the leaf of paper and said I would go, and that I would also tarry in Santa Fé, if he desired, until the answer came out of the East.

"'But the time will be so long,' said the man, and there was a look of great yearning in his eyes. 'The time will be long, Helen,' he continued, 'and when the answer comes, I fear it will have no hope in it for us. We are here in the West, away from our people and away from the things they know and do. Let us abide here, among these Indians, who are our friends, and let us spend the remainder of our days in peace, that we have never yet known. Let

me write to Santa Fé, or send word by a runner, saying we are both dead. Then let us live here in this little valley, alone with each other and love.'

"'It cannot be. It must not be,' said the woman. But as she spoke her voice was very low, and her eyes were cast upon the floor.

"'Do you love me?' asked the man.

"Friend, in the eyes of a woman was never seen such a look as was in the eyes of the woman, Helen, when she looked upon her lover. She took his face between her hands, she drew his head down upon her breast and kissed him, and she answered no word.

"Then the man said: 'Helen, I believe my wife is living, and I believe there is no way that I can have your love. I think it is best for me to go away from the Indians, with whom I have cast my lot and go back to my wife and my people, and be an honest man if I can. But I cannot go away unless your love is mine, if but for one fleeting hour. Think! An hour is so little out of a long, lonely lifetime. Cannot we live this night, just this this one short day as though we were the only two people upon the earth, —as though I had never lost you?'

"A great, yearning, hungry look came into the woman's eyes — such a look as I never saw before, and but once since, the time since being when I saw that look in the eyes of Raymeya. But the woman again said 'no,' and she spoke so faintly that scarcely could her voice be heard.

"'But think,' continued the white man, 'that we may never see each other again. We came together today as two people from two graves, neither of us hoped to see the other again in life. Let us forget, just for one short day, let us forget everything but that we live and love.'

"The woman's head was pillowed upon the shoulder of the man, and the man had won the contest that it gave the woman so much joy to lose. And the Navajos and myself went down the valley and made a shelter of the bushes of chaparral, and we left the two white people alone.

"The next day I was told that the white man was going to send one of his Navajos to Santa Fé, and that the woman desired me to stay with her until the courier came back. I talked to her, but she did not hear half I said, and she seemed so happy that she would smile when no one was speaking to her. And the time went on thus for a long, long time, and then the white man, as I had done once before, seemed to have become the companion and friend of the woman. They gathered flowers together, and wandered in the woods hand in hand, like two children; but there was little talk of love between them for this the woman would not permit until the courier returned.

"As the time drew near for the courier to return, both the man and the woman became troubled, and often they would anxiously gaze away over the mesas as though hoping, yet fearing, for the return of the runner, and for the news he would bring. I sent a runner to my camp to tell Zeetah why I should be away; and although I greatly respected the two white people, I thought they were fools. For if they had been wise, they would have lived and loved, and forgotten the East, and paid no heed to the going and coming of runners. And when the time came for the return of the runner, I, too, began to grow restless; and I would go far down the valley, many miles below where the *rancho* of Sevaro now is, to try to meet him. And it chanced that I met the runner fully two hour's ride away from the *hogan*.

"'Ho, Navajo, what news?' I asked as soon as the man came near.

"'The wife of the white man lives,' replied the Navajo.

"The reply so angered me that I almost

struck the man, for I knew how it would grieve the Golden Woman and the man she loved. You know, friend, that only Indians with evil hearts will lie. But at that time I resolved to lie, or to induce the Navajo to lie, which was as bad. And I said to the Navajo, whom I knew well :—

"'Do you know the cayuse pony that is in my herd? The one with the glossy hair, that can run like a deer and leap like an antelope?'

"'I know that pony,' said the man. 'If it were mine, many are the blankets I would win with it in races.'

"'It is yours,' I replied, 'if you will forget this foolish message that was told to you by the white man in Santa Fé, and will tell the white man and the Golden Woman that the wife in the East is dead.'

"'But the writing that I carry will tell the truth,' said the Navajo, his eyes shining at thought of my cayuse.

"'Tear up the writing and say you lost it,' said I. A strange thing was that I did not feel like a mean man, even when I advised such things.

"And the Navajo tore up the writing and then galloped to the *hogan* with his lying message. And when I returned I saw two happier people than I had ever seen before. Food was cooked and we all partook of it, but while we were eating we heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and a rider stopped at the door. The Navajo looked frightened, and whispered to me that the new-comer was a half-breed courier from Santa Fé. The man gave a letter to Hugh, and when he read it he said,—

"'This is another message saying my wife is dead, and saying the news had been learned after my own courier had started on his return.'

"It seemed strange to Hugh and Helen that two messages, each alike, should be sent so near together, and yet one to say the news was learned between the going of the couriers. But they were so happy that they heeded little, and I gave the cayuse to the Navajo anyhow, for he had done what he could to earn it."

Lo-To-Kah pulled a gold hunting-case watch from some fold or pocket in his garments, looked at it leisurely, and asked me for a match.

"But the Golden Woman?" I asked. "What became of her?"

"She is dead," answered the old man, lapsing into the stolidity of his race.

"But what befell her before she died? Come, tell me the remainder of her story?"

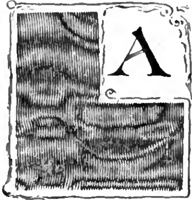
"I knew a man once, a Jicarilla Apache, who was as crazy in his desire to eat wild honey as you are crazy to hear every word of even the longest stories," said Lo-To-Kah, smiling. "But I will tell you the little there is yet to tell. The man and the woman talked long about returning to their own land and their own people; but the wilderness, forests, and the wild life, have many charms for those who have had sore hearts, and they like not to return to the clanging cities and the unwise ways of their kind. And Hugh, the white soldier, and Helen, the Golden Woman, agreed with each other that they would abide in the wild lands of the West. They went away that night, telling me not to say that I knew aught of their going; and I did not learn more of them for many long years. My people believed that Helen had been an enchanted woman and that she had vanished in the air and gone to her home in the sun. I said nothing to change their belief; and they began the chant of the Golden Woman, and the custom has lasted through all the years since then.

"After that time I knew no more of the Golden Woman for ten long years. Then I was riding alone, going to a great medicine ceremony on the river Gila, to which all men must go alone. And while I was riding across the desert I came to a fertile

little valley, hidden away among cliffs, from which I saw smoke arising. I thought it must be the encampment of some wandering Indians, and I approached it with caution. And when I rode nearer to the place, I saw in the valley a house built of stone, and it was surrounded by fields of corn and melons and trees. And I rode to the house, and upon a porch that was covered with the boughs of trees, there sat a man and a woman. The man was Hugh, the white soldier, and the woman was Helen, the Golden Woman. They were glad to see me, and I was treated like a chief returning from a long absence. But I was grieved to note that the woman was again partially insane. She knew me, she knew her husband as well as ever; but she had forgotten many things that took place in the East. And the man told me that they had builded that *rancho* and lived there alone, but that once each year they went to Santa Fé or some other Mexican town for supplies. And he said that he was happier, living alone with his wife in the wilderness, than he would have been if he had been a king and had not had her with him. And I believe I understood, in a dim way, how this might be a true thing that he said."

Verner Z. Reed.

BEAUTY'S IDEAL.



ANOINT my sight that I may see thee, Fair,—
Daughter of Light from out the radiant skies;—
Beauty,—whose form in Earth's frail image dies;
Anoint my sight, that when I plead how rare
Thy graces are, I yet may not despair
Of knowing the divinity thine eyes
Reflect to me from yon veiled Paradise,—
The peerless spirit of thee dwelling there.
O could my blinded vision pierce the clay
That shields thee—Queen—beyond my mortal gaze,
And snatch a glimpse of thee on that high-way
Of thy soul's birth, in immemorial days,
Then to thy perfect self I'd token bring,
Of which this sign is but dim shadowing.

Stephen Henry Thayer.

Etc.

SOMETHING for good may grow out of the invitation of Germany to the world to meet in international conference on the silver question, in spite of Senator Stewart's justifiable protest. While we recognize that no man, in or out of the Senate of the United States, has ever done as much as Mr. Stewart for the cause of the white metal, we cannot but think that no harm ever comes of discussing a reasonable proposition. No one nation cares, in these dangerous times, to undertake the rehabilitation of silver unaided. France has for years, always as far as we know, been in favor of bimetalism, Germany now, after twenty-four years' test of the single gold standard, admits that it is inadequate, and the United States remains in the position it has held since 1873, on the fence, ready to fall on either side, as the majority signifies. England, while accepting the invitation and appointing delegates, does so with the open boast that, like the Scotchman, she is willing to be convinced, but would like to see the man that can convince her,—in other words, "the English monetary system will not be changed" on any account whatever, no matter how France, Germany, and the United States, may agree. England, as the money center of the world, has everything to lose and nothing to gain by the overthrow of the single gold standard. Her delegates are sent merely as watchdogs of London's banking-houses.

The result of the Brussels conference, as Senator Stewart points out, leaves little to be hoped for from this one. It was little more than a junketing trip; no conclusions were reached, and nothing of importance was done. The delegates had a good time and returned to their homes without adding much to their reputations. Continual dripping, however, wears away the stone, and if France sends able delegates they may combine with two or more of the avowed American for-silver delegates, and taking advantage of Germany's present attitude, bring about a complete rehabilitation of silver. England's standing out would cut little figure, as the rest of the world would go with France, Germany, and the United States. I think all believers in the double standard could take more interest in the outcome of the proposed conference, had the President or Congress seen fit to appoint as our representatives two or more men of admitted ability, whose attitude on the subject was above suspicion. The silver people of the West have a right to demand that men like Senator Stewart or Senator Dubois be invited at least to present their views at the conference. We want a few "silver kings" mixed with the numerous "gold bugs."

A Californian History.

It is not entirely from a selfish point of view that we wish to call attention to and urge upon all the school libraries that are now subscribers to the OVERLAND the merit and value of placing in permanent shape their copies of the only magazine on the Pacific Coast.

The OVERLAND is in every sense of the word a text-book of the most comprehensive scope of Pacific and Western history and development. Every article within its cover is as authentic and reliable as the school-books from which our thousands of younger readers learn those things which are supposed to qualify them to do a man's work later on. The OVERLAND has no rival in the field it has been filling so long, it is simply a question with all school teachers, trustees, and superintendents, of the OVERLAND or nothing. Now let us run through the last volume, which was completed in December, embracing the six months from July and pick out the articles of purely historical, educational, and local value. We will exclude poetry, stories, book reviews, "Etc." etc.—which neces-

sarily does not mean a large number for only six months. First, alphabetically, there is a charmingly illustrated sketch of the Government farms in this State, "Among the Experiment Stations," by Charles Howard Shinn. Then a bit of history of the Mission days of Kate P. Sieghold —"The Blazed Trail of Monterey." A wonderfully interesting history of Arizona by Col. Chas. D. Poston, "Building a State in Apache Land," running through four numbers. A record of the blooded horses in the State, by "Benedict," with numerous pictures, under the caption, "The Coming Horse Show." Another phase of the ever interesting record of the Mission days by J. M. Scanland—"The Decline of the Mission Indians,—Was it the Fault of the Padres?" "Drake's Bay Fishing," by James H. Griffes, an account of how fish are caught with tugs for the San Francisco market. "Early Journalism in San Francisco," by J. M. Scanland; "Famous Californians of Other Days," by J. J. Peatfield, and "Dredging on the Pacific Coast," by the same author. "Four Women Writers of the West," by Mary J. Reid; "In the Lava Beds," by John H. Hamilton; "Metamorphosis of Fencing," by Prof. H. Ansot; "Mountain Art," by H. L. A. Culmer, a description of the mountains about the Great Salt Lake; "Naval Needs of the Pacific, by Irving M. Scott; "The Oregon Campaign of '94," by Col. Hofer; "Pulque," the national drink of Mexico, by Arthur Inkersley; "The Republic of Shanghai," by Hon. Mark B. Dunnell; "The Vigilance Committee of '56," in four numbers, illustrated from rare old plates, by one of the actors, Almarin B. Paul; "Alaska," by F. DeLaguna, and "The War in the Orient," by ex-U. S. Minister Foote. Such are a few of the historical treasures that can be drawn from a single volume. It is only fair to say that a number of the schools over the State have taken our view, and are placing bound OVERLANDS in their libraries. What we want is that our own people shall so support their one magazine that it can be made so valuable that it will not be necessary for us to fill our space with such nagging editorials as this one. Give us a little encouragement and see what we can do.

The Legend of Pa-pa-lo-lo-a Falls.

THE Pa-pa-lo-lo-a Falls are situated on Vin Sugane River, about two miles from the harbor of Apia, into which it empties.

There is a legend told by the natives that many years ago a certain devil made this place his abode and lay in waiting for the unsuspecting or venturesome native.

When the spray from the falls could be seen on the mountain side, with a rainbow across it, the natives would say, "The devil is drinking."

There was once a beautiful "Taripo" maid of the village, daughter of a high chief of Samoa, who was so accomplished that none could compare with her. In the water she was the envy of all the other maids.

The people of her village had looked in vain for a bridegroom of suitable rank.

There came a handsome stranger, brave in war and skilled in all crafts. He was of lowly birth and without lands. He was enamored of the maid, and she looked on him with favor in spite of the protests of her people.

"Is he not poor? Where are his fine mats? Where are his pigs and his chickens? He has nothing."

She would not give him up. She was forbidden to see him, and he was banished from the village.

At the falls there was a cave in which they secretly met. This cave they had discovered. It was reached by diving down fifteen feet to an entrance in the face of the cliff. Through this they swam to the surface, until they found themselves in a beautiful cave that was lighted from a fissure in the roof rocks, high over their heads. As time passed, however, the old women of the village became suspicious at the frequent absence of the maid, and told the chief, who placed two of his best men as watchers over her. When she stole away to meet her lover, they followed and caught her in her lover's arms. They set upon him with their clubs, but he killed them both. They lived happily in their cave, venturing out only at night, when the devils are abroad and the natives dare not come forth.

Now, the devil was much enraged at the intrusion of the lovers into his hiding place. Straightway he assumed the shape of a monster eel. While the maid was asleep one night, and in the absence of her lover, who had gone to the beach in quest of "lea," a native salad of seaweed, of which she was very fond, the devil attacked and killed her. Her lover returned only in time to catch the devil devouring his victim. With a strength born of rage and despair, he tore a huge rock from the wall of the cave and dashed the eel to atoms. And when he saw his love was dead he ended his own life by dashing himself against the rocky side of the cave.

Many years afterward one of the maid's brothers, while bathing in the pool, discovered the entrance to the cave. On one of the two skeletons he discovered his sister's necklace and rings. [Frontispiece.]

Philip and His Wife.[1]

MRS. DELAND's last book stimulates argument and causes one to take up the cudgel for or against divorce. *Philip and His Wife*, read in connection with the arguments for and against divorce in this number of the OVERLAND, will make them doubly interesting. The gifted Rector of St. Mary the Virgin presents no better arguments against divorce than Mrs. Deland, nor does the prominent Californian who hides his identity under the name of E. H. B. marshal more weighty reasons in favor of divorce and separation. In fact, Mrs. Deland leaves one in doubt as to which side of the much mooted controversy she personally champions. While she does not, however, detract in any way from the interest of the story, she has simply with consummate skill, summoned her puppets, made them act their little parts, and left the verdict to the individual reader. It is the question in a new light of "Is marriage a failure?" Philip Shore and Cecil Drayton become *Philip and His Wife*, supposedly for love. It takes them but one brief year to find out their mistake. Then follow years of polite forbearance on the part of both. The final break comes when Cecil teaches their daughter, little Molly, to tell the tiresome visitors at Old Chester that she was "out" when she was "in," and encourages her in praying to the devil as well as to the Lord, in order to be on the safe side. This is too much for Philip's hypersensitive soul, and he demands a separation which ends in a divorce, not in the book but presumably in the next volume. Cecil is a strong, highbred character whose peculiar and distinguished beauty "was less noticeable than was that peculiar brutality one sees sometimes in refined and cultivated faces which have known nothing but ease; faces which have never seen eagerness, because all their desires are at hand; nor pity, because they have never suffered; nor humility, because their tributary world has made their sins those of omission rather than commission." She is, withal, a woman of life, blood and flesh, one capable of loving and being loved. Philip, like most women novelists' heroes, is a little too milk and watery for the masculine readers. They feel like kicking him for not appreciating these qualities in his wife, while at the same time they cannot blame him for kicking over the traces at being continually reminded by the same handsome wife that she carries the pocket-book. There is another male character in the book that is likely to disgust the male readers —Roger Casey. Why did n't he kiss the handsome wife when he had a chance and marry her when she got her divorce? His fiancée, sweet Alicia, Cecil's sister, is nice enough, but she should have mated with Philip.

Those who are not interested in the ethical side of the story will find more interest and go — in the minor characters — in the quaint brothers Lavender, Miss Susan Carr, the kindly little spinster, Alicia's mother,—an invalid who is happy in being miserable,—and Mrs. Pendleton, a simpering widow, who is anxious to marry Joe Lavender, but cannot without sacrificing her income, Eliza and her drunken husband, and even the dogs, Danny and Eric.

One of the chief delights of the book is its descriptive touches of nature and village life. They are true and simple and serve as a restful background to the painful strivings of *Philip and His Wife*.

Balzac's The Chouans.[2]

NO EPOCH in French history furnishes more tragic material or more striking scenery for the

[1] Philip and His Wife. By Margaret Deland. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895. $1.25.

[2] The Chouans. By Honoré de Balzac. Roberts Bros. Boston: 1893. $1.50.

novelist than the rugged old province of Brittany during the Vendean uprisings of 1799. Napoleon was First Consul, the hero of Europe and the autocrat of all France, save this one little corner, where a certain loyalty to the Bourbons and a natural fierce love of independence defied both his peaceful and warlike overtures. The Vendeans, or Chouans as they were called, from their use of the hoot of the owls during their midnight forrays, rallied around every royalist *emigre* whom the deposed King sent and carried on a warfare against the government that resembled the struggle of the Spartans, combined with the savage outbursts of the Italian banditti.

Dumas in his "Companions of Jehu" treats of one phase of the war—the waylaying of government coaches by a company of young aristocrats for the purpose of providing funds for the army under Georges Cadoudal and Charette. Dumas sacrifices all sentimental interest to adventure, and his adventure is rather the adventure of the gentlemanly highwayman than of the true Vendean, consequently there is little in common between it and Balzac's account, which is a picture of Vendean peasant war. It can be compared rather to Dumas's account of the second Vendean uprising in 1832, which he so graphically describes in "The She-Wolves of Machecoul." In *The Chouans* Balzac describes an attempt of the Minister of Police, Fouché, to get possession of the leader of the Vendeans, the Marquis de Montauran, by means of a beautiful female agent. Mademoiselle de Vemenil invades the rebellious district in search of the young leader. She finds him without difficulty and wins his love without difficulty, but in so doing she, unfortunately for her plans, loses her own heart.

While the love interest is strong, at times tragic and ends disastrously for both parties, the real interest of the novel lies in the descriptions of the half savage rebels and their guerrilla warfare. They fought blindly, reckless of life and home, gave no quarter, expected none, and stripped the corpses they made. They feared no man, and the Catholic Church held open the gates of heaven to them. Balzac awards them full meed of praise for their devotion to their cause, but at the same time he rehearses deeds of cruelty that would put an Apache to shame.

The translation of the book from the French by Katharine Wormeley has been perfectly done. She is thoroughly *en rapport* with the author and misses none of his flavor or spirit. Roberts Brothers deserve great credit for giving the world so handsome an edition of Balzac's "Comedy of Human Life."

The Manxman.[1]

A FEW papers in New York, notably the *Critic*, are trying to keep the "Trilby" craze alive. Why, we do not know, unless they are subsidized by its publishers, for when you come to compare its flippant, polite immorality with the sturdy, plain-spoken morality of *The Manxman* it becomes weak and nauseous. No book since "Les Miserables" is as thrilling as *The Manxman*. No book of the last decade can compare with it for strength of plot, directness of action, clearness of diction, or singleness of purpose. It is not a goody-goody book. There is sin in it—plenty of it—but it goes by no other name, and it is its own retribution.

Mr. Caine shows the same power, intensified, in this novel that made his earlier novels—"The Deemster," "The Bondsman," etc.—stand out as the work of a master hand. The rough, hard lines of the fisher-folk of the little Isle of Man are drawn as clearly and sharply as the characters of "Les Miserables," or the heroes and heroines of Dumas or Thackeray. Philip Christian, Kate Cregeen, and Pete Quillian, are creations in fiction that have few rivals and fewer equals.

The interest of the novel never flags once during the 529 pages. If any criticism at all might be made it would be that the interest is too intense. One is keyed up to such a pitch that his heart, his soul, and his nerves ache. Even the lightness and brightness in Pete's character only deepen the tragedy and pathos. The characters are in earnest, the author is in earnest, and the reader is in earnest. If comparisons can be made between *The Manxman* and any other book, it would be "The Scarlet Letter." Mr. Caine takes rank as its author in the front rank among the foremost novelists of all time.

Ibsen's Little Eyolf.[2]

STONE & KIMBALL, of Chicago, have brought out in their charming "Green Tree Library" a translation by William Archer of Ibsen's drama, *Little Eyolf*. The story is short, gracefully handled and to the point. It is the narrative of a listless husband, an ardent wife, and a crippled son. The man marries to escape poverty, the woman for love. Then comes the inevitable struggle between duty to the wife and duty to the world. The wife resents the husband's absorption in his book, in the world, and finally in the

[1]The Manxman. By Hall Caine. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1895. $1.50.

[2]Little Eyolf. By Henrik Ibsen. Chicago: Stone & Kimball: 1895.

welfare of their crippled son. The climax comes when the boy is drowned, and the parents unite hand in hand to work for the good of mankind and agree to put aside their own pleasures. The book is striking in its aims and lessons rather than in its plot and action. The publishers have brought it out in a handsome dress suitable for a gift book. All admirers of Ibsen will welcome it and thank the translator for his careful work.

A Bachelor Maid.[1]

A Bachelor Maid is a book with an aim. It aims point blank at the so-called New Woman, and hits the mark every time. If one can be allowed to curry out the simile—it is loaded with the good, healthy, clean religion of womanliness, and is held firmly to the shoulder of a womanly woman who stands within the threshold of what is revered as good society—its report is clear and crisp, and, moreover, the fair markswoman uses smokeless powder. New York society, our best society, is not lost in a cloud of nauseating odors or hazy mist. Mrs. Harrison has nothing to apologize for, explain or conceal, in her peep into New York's "best." Her men and women are all wholesome, clean and hard-working, if rich. The tale narrates the struggles of one of "Gibson's Girls" to get above the dead-level of her luxurious surroundings, away from her manly lover, into the upper ether where woman reigns equal with man, or rather independent of him. It is not the story that attracts, for one is never in doubt as to how it will turn out. Marion Irving found the higher level, but she found there her discarded lover. His bachelor flat was very delicious, but it served only as a short stop in Purgatory, from which she mounted into the Paradise of all high-souled women — home. The interest in the book is in the discussions of woman suffrage and like questions that take place at teas, luncheons, and social functions generally. The types in the novel are essentially modern,—Mr. Justice Irving, the popular jurist, genial club man, and home tyrant; Mrs. Romaine, the society woman, who never lets her many fads blind mental sight; Marion Irving, whose generous enthusiasms and pitiful inexperience furnishes the keynote of the story; Sara Stauffer, the professional apostle of Woman's Rights; Gordon, Baron Strémof, Carlton, high-minded fellows and fellow sufferers from woman's whims. The story is charmingly told, the moral plain, and the picture of New York society worth preserving. It is, moreover, worth reading and worth remembering.

[1] A Bachelor Maid. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. New York: The Century Company: 1894.

Stories of the Foothills.[2]

Californians will be interested in a little collection of seven stories of the grape counties of the southern part of the State. The stories treat of a phase of California life that is little known to the great majority of Californians or to the numbers of summer visitors that annually flock to our big caravansaries in the mountains and along the seashore. Neither Bret Harte's miners and Spaniards, nor Helen Hunt Jackson's Indians grace Miss Graham's pages. It is rather the grape-picker and the small rancher. The grape-picker is Californian, but the small rancher smacks of the dialect and coloring of Charles Egbert Craddock and the Tennessee Mountains. The tales are told easily, the language is graceful, and the characters are strongly drawn, although the plots are a little threadbare. The book is on the whole readable, but the pictures it draws of the State are not those that will aid the real estate agent and land boomer.

Plutarch's Lives.

Frederick Warne and Co. have brought out in the "Chandos Classics" series a new edition in four volumes of the ever welcome *Plutarch's Lives.*[3]

It is the famous Langhorne translation with text and notes complete and revised. It also contains a carefully prepared index which is of great assistance to the student. The edition is printed on good paper from new plates, and bound in an exceedingly charming style, "Roxburgh," with red leather title labels, gilt top, and edges slightly trimmed. No edition that we know of combines so much elegance in book making with so much cheapness. It is a marvel in both particulars.

Heroes of the Nations.[4]

One of the OVERLAND'S old time contributors, Noah Brooks, is the author of the fourteenth volume of Putnam's series of "Heroes of the Nations." It is a life of Lincoln told in Mr. Brooks' own charming style for the benefit of "the present generation who will never know aught of Abraham Lincoln but what is traditional."

Mr. Brooks is well qualified to write of Lincoln intelligently as his acquaintance with that great man began with the Fremont campaign of 1856, and continued without a break until the day of his tragic death.

"In this book," Mr. Brooks explains, "it has been the author's aim to present such a picture

[2] Stories of the Foothills. By Margaret Collier Graham. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1895. $1.25.

[3] Plutarch's Lives, 4 vols. London and New York: Frederick Warne and Co. $1 per vol.

[4] Abraham Lincoln. By Noah Brooks. New York and London. G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1894. $1.50

of Lincoln and his times as shall leave upon the mind of the reader a definite and authoritative likeness of the man whose name is now enrolled among the types of our national ideals."

The book is illustrated with full page half-tones and pen drawings.

The French Robinson Crusoe.

Jean Belin, the French Robinson Crusoe,[1] is a book which will be eagerly read by the young people into whose hands it may come.

It has been justly called the companion to the "Swiss Family Robinson," as Jean and his companions thrown upon an uninhabited part of the coast of Africa, show the same fertility of resource in adapting themselves to their surroundings, and causing the wilderness to yield up its treasures for their comfort, as did the heroes of the former story.

Jean and Landry's adventures among the savages by whom they are taken prisoners, while attempting to reach the English settlements, and the treachery of Landry towards Jean after his arrival at Port Natal, from whence succor was sent to the shipwrecked family, are graphically told.

The final happy reunion of Jean and the Pearson family, and the humiliation of Landry, end a story which will prove as interesting to girls as to boys and teach them the valuable lessons of self-help and united action necesssary to achieve the best results.

Prang's Easter Publications.

An Easter event is the yearly arrival of a box of L. Prang & Co.'s (Boston, Mass.) exquisite Easter cards and books. This year they easily excel those of all previous years. They are as fresh and charming as an ideal Easter morn. Their designs are very tasteful, the coloring delicate, and the printing above criticism. Lilies and violets abound, with the usual number of new-born chicks and tinted eggs. In addition to their cards they have this year a beautifully illustrated booklet of verse, *The Shadow of the Angel*, by Ernest Warburton Shurtleff, a young clergyman, who bases his subject matter wholly upon the foundations of the Christian faith.

Briefer Notice.

Joseph Knight Company of Boston have brought out in a series of *World Classics*, a charming little pocket edition of Saint-Pierre's pathetic story of *Paul and Virginia.*[2] It is bound in light cloth and stamped with silver and green. It is illustrated with pen drawings by Gembard and Marold. The story, old as it is, is ever new and will be read by generations to come with the same deep interest that it has been perused and wept over by the generations that have gone. The book contains a short, well-written biographical sketch of the author, Jacques Henri Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, who, though he became a member of the French Academy, the author of a number of erudite works and the intimate friend of Rousseau, rests his lasting fame as a writer on this little poem in prose that he wrote without thought of the immortality that it was to give him.

Les Historiens Français du XIXe Siècle. Arranged with explanatory, grammatical, historical and biographical notes by C. Fontaine, B. L., L. D., director of French instruction in the High Schools of Washington, D. C. Author of "Les Poètes Français du XIXe Siècle," "Les Prosateur Français du XIXe Siècle," etc., 12 mo. cloth, 384 pages, $1.25. New York: William R. Jenkins.

The selections are from the writings of leading authors and historians, and concern the important events of French history, beginning with the reign of Louis XIV., and ending with the Commune. The annotations of each are placed at the foot of the pages.

The well known theatrical publishing house of Walter H. Baker, of Boston, have brought out in neat paper form and good clear type, some half dozen of the plays of Mr. Pinero. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,"[3] which was played by Mr. and Mrs. Kendall in San Francisco, much to the horror of many of our modest theater-goers, is the last one so far brought out. Those who have not seen the play acted here or elsewhere may gather a good idea from the printed form whether there was any merit in the late scare, and at the same time learn something of the spirit and tendency of modern realistic play-writing in England.

Other Books Received.

Castle Rackrent: By Maria Edgeworth. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1895.

Where the Big Trees Grow. By Geo. Hansen. San Francisco: Bacon Printing Co.: 1895.

John Bull & Co. By Max O'Rell. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.: 1895.

Report on Reindeer in Alaska. By Sheldon Jackson. Washington: Government Printing Office: 1894.

Education in Alaska. *Ibid.*

Out of the East. By Lafcadio Hearn. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1895.

The Two Dianas (3 vols.). By Alexandré Dumas. New York: Little, Brown & Co.: 1895.

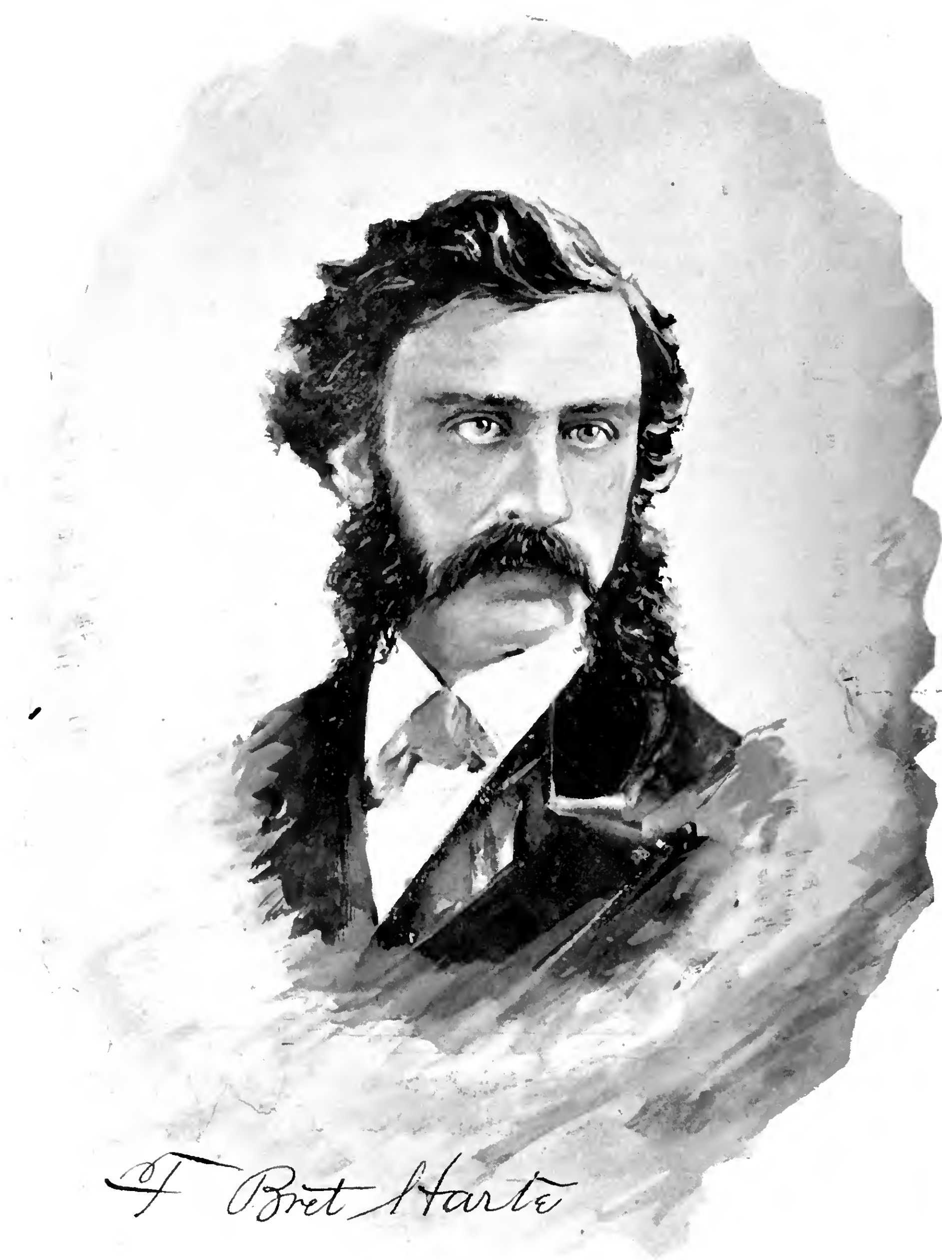
Paul St. Paul. By Beryl Kyle. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.: 1895.

Cleopatra (2 vols.). By George Ebers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.: 1895.

[1] The French Robinson Crusoe. From the French of Alfred de Bréhat. Boston: Lee and Shepard. $1.50. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

[2] Paul and Virginia. By B. de Saint-Pierre. Joseph Knight Company; Boston.

[3] The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. By A. W. Pinero, Boston. Walter H. Baker & Co., 1894. Price, 50c.



From a photograph taken in 1869.

BRET HARTE,
FIRST EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND.

Overland Monthly

Vol. XXV. (Second Series.)—May, 1895.—No. 149.

AS TALKED IN THE SANCTUM.

I BURNT up a batch of my old manuscripts last night. I only wonder that I have kept them so long. They represent my first designs on literature. One I had rewritten eleven times, most of them from three to five, and all had been rejected more times than they had been rewritten. I committed them to the flames without a pang. They were the apple of my eye not so very many years ago. I remember one day when the chimney took fire,—"burnt out," I believe the term is,— I rushed to my room and rescued those precious manuscripts before I paused to see if it were possible to save the house.

There may be a few born geniuses who have never been ashamed of anything they have ever written, but I am constrained to think that none have been born in this century. The common school system has given the death blow to the ready made genius,— it turns out scores of graduates that might have posed as geniuses in their own circles fifty or a hundred years ago. Robert Louis Stevenson a few months before he died disclaimed the proud title of "a genius," and yet he admitted modestly, "I have done fairly well by hard work with my very meager talents."

There is one among my now defunct manuscripts, the one I rewrote eleven times, that under other circumstances and in other times might have brought me fame. It took me five or six years to find out why it was so often found "unavailable" by magazines and newspapers. "The Golden Hope" was not a bad story. I will confess that now. I had it typewritten the other day, signed it with a fictious name, and sent to the Overland. I was deathly afraid that the Reader would accept it, but he did not, although I heard him remark to the Artist that the story made such an impression that it worried him.

The Contributor. "The Reader must be easily worried."

The Reader. "I was worried because of a certain pathetic undertone that seemed to run through it — an appeal for acceptance. I read so many manuscripts that I get to believe that I feel the author's thoughts as he wrote."

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Commercial Publishing Company, S. F.

THAT was my prayer — humble, hopeless prayer; but it was not always thus, for when the "Golden Hope" first went out to try its fortune, it was with a feeling of confidence that was born of inexperience. I had read Poe and Bret Harte, Howells and Stockton, in truth all the story writers, and fondly believed that I should soon be their honored compeer. The story was accepted at once and I regretted that I had not sent it to the *Century* instead of the *Waverley Magazine*; for I noted thaton their editorial letter head they spelt "Waverley," "Waverly,"—I could find no authority for any such spelling. Two weeks later, however, I received the following from the despised *Waverly* without the "e."

DEAR SIR: — I regret to inform you that "The Golden Hope" is not up to our standard. It is wordy and not interesting, except as a personal reminiscence.

Of course I wrote back a letter that was a masterpiece. I only wish I had a copy of it. Had the "Golden Hope" been half as vigorous, it would have been accepted. I did however preserve the reply:

DEAR SIR: — My criticism was not *sarcastic*, but simply the truth. I am sorry your story was marred. I tried to bring it up to publication standard, and failed; but I have done no real mischief, as in any case you could not find a publisher as it stands. As for "personal enmity,"— you show an utter lack of experience in literary matters if you fancy that an editorial opinion is ever biased by anything except *the quality of matter submitted for judgment.* Had not the neat appearance of MS. misled me, I should have returned it at once, as you suggest; but, judging by a casual glance, I thought it satisfactory, and retained it for final examination — when I discovered my error.

I noted with fiendish delight that the editor had accepted the story, evidently without reading, simply because of its "neat appearance."

I forthwith dispatched it to *Lippincott's Magazine.* It was promptly returned with the regulation refusal billet doux. It was my first acquaintance with this important adjunct of the editorial rooms. I hugged to my soul the phrase,— "The rejection of a manuscript does not therefore imply any lack of literary merit." I was still hopeful, albeit a bit arrogant. I mailed it to McClure. It came back. I demanded a criticism, too arrogantly, I fear, and I got it. Here it is: —

DEAR SIR: — This effort is very ambitious, far too much so. The writer evidently has such an exalted opinion of his genius that he entirely ignores, not only the great law of the editorial and composing rooms, that manuscript is to be written on one side of the paper only, but he indulges in a variety of spelling that would give the printer or proof-reader an unnecessary amount of correcting. He also jumbles up his moods and tenses in a way that may suit him, but in no wise meets the requirements of literature.

He has evidently modeled his style after Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel) or some writer of that ilk, and like all imitators he has caught the faults of that class without acquiring any of the redeeming points. He knows nothing of *actual* life, of that I am certain; he magnifies the little everyday incidents of his very near boyhood to too great an extent, and when he comes to speak of man's estate and work, he is forced to draw on his imagination or on hearsay testimony for his facts.

The whole performance exhibits no trace of originality in style or expression, and the very carelessness displayed in getting up the manuscript proves the writer to be an intense egotist.

What this party could do if he were to cease being a copyist and not go in beyond his depth when he does write, and take a reasonable amount of pains with his manuscript, I cannot say,— but I consider this production worthless, except for kindling purposes. A. D. BAILIE.

MY DEAR SIR: — My reader wrote this. It may be very unjust and wrong. I do not say. I have n't read the story. Sincerely yours, S. S. MCCLURE.

I confess I was dashed and sobered. After having a number of small tales printed in a country newspaper, the editor of which I knew, I rewrote "The Golden Hope,"

and renamed it "The Golden Hazard,"—"Hope" had failed me. Yet I had faith in the tale. I decided to be more cautious in the future. I sent it to Dr. T. Munson Coan of New York, with fifteen dollars, for professional revision.

In time it came back edited, accompanied by the following letter:—

My Dear Sir:—I inclose herewith your story, and you will see that I have not spared pains in endeavoring to edit it so that it may be available for one of the great magazines. I would, however, send it first to the Harpers, who publish four periodicals, in either of which it might find place. The *Century* audience is a little more prudish than the *Harper's*, and some of the old maids would doubtless object to the element in it "that gives it pith," as you say. The story has a fair chance. Put it in typewriter before offering it; this makes a difference with the favor of editors.

I send receipt for check as requested.

It was refused in turn by *Harper's* and *Frank Leslie's*, then it was dispatched to the *Century*. Again it came back and again I asked, politely this time, for a criticism, which was awarded me:—

Dear Sir:—Mr. Gilder wishes us to give you a slight idea of the impression your story made upon us, and we hasten to say that the impression was not altogether unpleasing.

The main difficulty is, we think, that your work is yet unformed and a little careless. You have not striven for unity with your whole strength. It strikes us that you have chosen a difficult subject,—one that would demand the highest skill to make artistic and interesting. You do not care to publish careless, amateur work. Genius is a good thing, but experience and hard work and a few failures are good too. With you we sincerely hope that all these things but the failure may yet be found.

Still I persisted,—more times than I care to admit. Then I filed it away and read it over at least once a year. Since then I have had several opportunities to accept it myself, but never have, and last night "The Golden Hazard," *née* "Hope," had its *auto da fé*.

The Parson. "Is this touching tale intended as a warning or a stimulant?"

The Contributor. "Or as a monument to blasted hopes and canceled postage."

THE Poet. "No more touching than the letters I have been in receipt of from one of our poets of the Sierra within the past week. My heart goes out to the poet, and while knowing that the forms for this number are full, I am going to ask you to listen while I read both his letters and his verse.

The Reader. "Wait a moment, until I ask Joaquin Miller in."

The Poet reads:—

Visalia, March 16th 95.

Editor Overland Monthly, San Francisco, Cal

Dr Sir.

I enclose you two Poems. "Pardon the use of the word in connection with such Rhymes." I sent them first to a newspaper because I did not think that I, "a laboring man," could write lines that would be accepted by a magazine, And they might be permitted space in some out-of-the-way corner in the Farm department of a Daily, weekly Edition, but they were refused. I send the same Poem (Pardon again) to you, along with another that I have never chanced to the light of the printers fire. Have long been a writer of Verse. Such as they are. But realizing my deficience in schooling have not annoyed the Publishers. But at present am out of employment and very much in need. Selected two of my best and try to realize something upon them. If they are, "one or both" worthy of space in your colums please accept of them, at *your own price.*

I am not exactly on the tramp, but very close to it. Came down from Whitman County Washington horse back. Along the East side of the Cascades, and Sierri Nevada's. Have been Nineteen hundred miles in the saddle. Am trying to make my way back. Too many men in this State and too little work. Have 75c left, and the Poney I rode from Oregon. So you can see that your letter is looked forward to with considerable anxiety. If they are unworthy space in your colums. *Please point*

out the trouble to me. In my supreme ignorance I cant see it. I have compared some of mine, with many that I have read, and "to me" they compared quite favorably. I send you self address envelope and paper, to make reply with.

Please be prompt.

Excuse the Pencil. I had no pen. Am lying on the roadside, with my saddle blanket for a desk.

Yours sincerely, ———

P.S. Have never offered this poems before. Had kept thinking "foolishly" that I might enter it in some prize contest for unknown verse writers. It is lacking no doubt but I can't find it.

P.S. Take it at what you consider it worth.

Have read it to several people, years ago, and presented one, or two with copys. And cautioned them not to let it be published, you may say it was a useless precaution.

The Poem: —

THAT'S WHAT.

I gave her everything I had
My life, my very soul
I wrote her verses good, and bad
Both timidly, and bold
I begged her earnestly, and kind
To come and share my lot
Her love she said was ever mine
That's What.

I'll kiss her pretty lips. I must
She wouldn't think of such
No never, never could she trust
I shouldn't ask so much
T'was while I eat my breakfast, when
The coldest shake, I got
She kissed another fellow then
That's What.

I'll give her other presants yet
I've been ransacking my brain
To find something pretty I can get
When I return again
Shall I give my Nellie roses red
Or a sweet for-get-me-not
No, I'll give her hell instead
That's What.

"Two days later I received a second letter complaining of the non arrival of his check and some "Stray Thoughts" written at the post-office window while waiting for the letter that never came: —

STRAY THOUGHTS.

I sent them what I thought to be
Insured reply a cirtainty
They'll an's out of courticy
They surely can not fail
I lined up with the other folk
With firm belief. Until t'was broke
The clerk from out the window spoke
There was nothing in the mail.

I tried to think some future plan
Tried to think the Overland
Would be on time to greet me, and
What fools these mortals be
To believe such lines as mine would float
Far better lines are often wrote
And never bring a dollar note
To unknown scribes like me.

I did not stagger in my walk
Did not turn as white as chalk
Nor as a wierid Specter stalk
Phantom lik away
But crestfallen straight. I strode from there
And mounted on my little mare
Rode to be alone away off here
To await another day."

The Office Boy. "Proof."

SHASTA FROM THE NEW TRAIL.

PATH-FINDING UP SHASTA.[1]

THE DISCOVERY OF A NEW TRAIL.

"PHILIP, why don't you climb Mount Shasta?"

"What fer?"

This Yankee answer came, in mild surprise, from a young fellow of about sixteen. We found, however, that it was but a reflex of the general sentiment of the people who live within sight of California's noblest mountain. One bright old lady said, "No, there ain't never been any of our folks up the butte, though we've lived about here fo thirty-five years."

Hundreds of visitors come every year to gaze upon its lofty crest. It furnishes the streams and springs and general charm of all that country; without Shasta the country round about would be prosaic indeed. Yet people who live near it rarely climb it, and it is locally known as the "butte."

So it happened that when members of our little party, camping on the McCloud twenty-five miles east of Sisson, discussed the climbing of Shasta, it was generally pooh-poohed; for no party had ever started for Shasta from where we were, all previous expeditions having had Sisson as an initial point. Yet we decided to try it, and after a time, secured horses, a camp outfit, and a guide. In the latter, Will Russell, we were particularly fortunate.

The horses and outfit came from one Jonah, an elderly inhabitant; a thin, wiry man, with a down East accent and gray chin whiskers. Jonah had a characteristic which might be termed "perverted firmness." He announced that he would accompany the expedition as far as camp, and that he would take with him a young German, named August Shack, who lived in Squaw Valley. Our own party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund S. Gray, Mr. Chas. M. Belshaw, and the writer. The two former had climbed Tallac, and were willing to try something more difficult. Mr. Belshaw had been up Fujiama. As for myself, I had

[1] The illustrations, taken expressly for the OVERLAND, are from photos by the author.

PREPARING THE PACK HORSE.

already ascended eight of California's mountains. We were not exactly "tenderfeet."

Our journey commenced at 8 a. m., on August 21st, 1894. There were in the expedition seven persons, seven horses, and "Daisy"—a hound,—for she insisted on coming along.

Our provisions and camp equipage were placed in a spring wagon, to which were attached Jonah's pair of blacks. We traveled for three hours over the stage road directly toward Sisson's, and then took a hay-road that branched from it, going north toward the mountain. This by-road had for the most part been cut through a thick growth of manzanita to the upper meadows at the edge of the timber. We there reached a spot where the wagon must be abandoned, and after a hearty lunch, the work of "packing" two of the horses began, which Jonah insisted on superintending, and he took so much time that we grew anxious; for Mud Creek Cañon must be crossed before sundown.

At last, however, we were off, Russell ahead, leading one of the pack-horses. We were to follow up a dry ravine, and through the woods, until we reached the Stewart trail, which had been previously traversed by the Geodetic Survey. Of the country between the meadows and the Stewart trail we knew nothing, except from hearsay. We crossed and recrossed the ravine, making little headway, and once it seemed as if we had reached a place where farther progress with pack animals would be impossible. An immense pine lay across our course, and on one side rose an insurmountable cliff.

Russell had been over the Stewart trail, and soon announced that we had left the trackless wilderness and were on the trail. We had to take his word for it, however, for we could only find an occasional weather-beaten hoof print.

John Muir and Clarence King, the principal authorities on Mount Shasta, know nothing of the Stewart trail, and very little is generally known in regard to it, therefore I have endeavored to collect authentic information on the subject. The ordinary way of ascending the mountain is to go in almost a direct line from Sisson to the summit, by what is known as the Sisson trail. This route entails a climb of about five miles on foot, much of the way over blinding snow and ice. The trip is made in two days by the Sisson trail, while it takes three by way of the Stewart trail. By the latter route, however, it is only necessary to climb a mile and a half on foot, and scarcely any of that distance through snow. Had we started from Sisson to come by this trail we should have followed the Sisson trail to within about two miles of the old Sisson camp, and would then have left the old trail by turning sharply to the right and following around the upper edge of the timber to the spot where we now were.

The first ascent by way of the Stewart trail was made September 10th, 1883, by Gilbert Thompson, Chief of the United States Geodetic Survey, and Thomas Watson. The men actually took two mules to

the top of the mountain, that is, to within a couple of hundred feet of its very apex. How and why they did it, is past comprehension. In fact, after making the ascent, it seemed so utterly impossible, that I asked Mr. E. D. Stewart, the best posted man at Sisson, if it was a fact, and he assured me that it is true. Then, unless some one is mistaken, the California mule can equal the far-famed chamois as a climber.

The route was next followed on September 15th, 1884, by Professors Diller and Richsecher and five others, under guidance of Mr. Stewart, who tells me that they did not get to the top, as the wind blew so hard they could proceed no farther than Lunch Rock. Seven years elapsed before another party attempted Shasta by this route, and in 1891, on August 12th and 22d, respectively, two parties made the trip. In August of 1892 Mr. Mark Sibley Severance and party approached the mountain this way, and two years elapsed before our expedition came, —the sixth that ever followed this trail across Mud Creek Cañon.

Says Mr. Stewart: "J. H. Sisson told me that he made a trip to and across Mud Creek from his house in the summer of 1876, but he did not find the way from Mud Creek up to our camp."

Such then is a history, now for the first time published, of the trail we were about to travel.

We entered a stretch of wild country, the rugged slopes of the mountain lying just above us and the great forest far below. By-and-by we came to a narrow defile a hundred yards long, named "The Gate." Here we came upon our first snow, and Squaw Creek, which rises just above us and comes down in a series of charming little cascades.

VIEW FROM THE EAST SIDE OF MUD CREEK CANON, SHOWING A SECTION OF THE CANON AND THE FALLS.

It was nearly dusk when we reached the brink of Mud Creek Cañon, which is the only place for miles where the cañon can be crossed. We had just about daylight enough to light us safely over. So down we started, Russell leading a horse and making the trail. The slope is so steep that the pack-horses could scarcely retain their balance; cer-

tainly no sane person would attempt to ride down. We stretched out in a long line, Mrs. Gray bringing up the rear. Those of us who were in the lead kept a constant lookout for rolling stones, one of which I escaped by a hair's breadth. We shuddered to think what might have happened and kept stricter watch. Our advice to any subsequent party would be to make the descent one at a time.

The ascent on the other side was up a steep and narrow ridge, which starts almost at the creek bottom. We crossed the main stream and then a branch, and proceeded some distance up the slope. It was now dark and the stars were out. Our guide asked if we should go on. The wind soughed mournfully through the treetops, and a sense of our utter isolation came over us. We answered that if he could take us to camp, we were ready to follow.

The trees became smaller, and presently the pines were no larger than a good-sized shrub as we laboriously ascended. Suddenly Russell gave the cheery cry of "Camp," and on a little knoll, shut in from the wind on north and west by stunted pines, we gladly halted after our five miles tramp and climb.

The horses were unloaded, and preparations made for supper. We gathered wood and made a rousing fire. There was water in plenty, not a stone's throw away, fresh from the everlasting snows.

The lady member of the party had stood the trip well, and we ensconced her in a warm corner and dubbed her the "Daughter of the Regiment."

ON THE TRAIL.

As Jonah unrolled the "beddin'" he grumbled about "that Mud Creek Cañon."

"If I'd 'a' knowed," he said, "what that place was, there would n't no hoss o' mine ever come acrost it. There ain't money enough in Sis-ki-you County to ever git me over that cañon agin."

It was a glorious night, and though the wind blew cold over the mesa from towards the Mud Creek Glacier on the west, we scarcely

felt it in our sheltered retreat. In the great vault of heaven above us it seemed as if the stars had never shone so brilliantly. To the south and east were the silhouettes of far-away mountains, and here and there in the distance a forest fire made color for this picture of the night. With cautions from Jonah "not to let the beddin' get too near the fire," we were soon wrapped in slumber.

Next morning we were early astir; for we were to essay the top of the mountain. Looking upward, we saw the only natural approach to Shasta's peak, and Shasta is so guarded by fearful barriers as to leave only two possible ways, excepting an abandoned route by the way of the crater. The natural highway to Shasta is a lava ridge, lying between the Mud Creek Glacier on the west and the Ash Creek Glacier on the east, and by this route, while vast fields of snow lie on every side, it is not necessary to pass through more than a few yards of it, and that is when nearing the head of the Whitney Glacier near the summit.

We knew that all who had previously come this way had ridden to Lunch Rock, which is not more than a mile and a half from the top. When it came time to start we found but one horse saddled, and for once we viewed Jonah's "perverted firmness" with a feeling quite different from that which it had hitherto provoked. He allowed the lady member of the party a horse, but the rest must walk. In vain we tried to hold him to his contract, the old man was obdurate.

We had little time to argue, so leaving Jonah, we started, Mrs. Gray riding old Jim. We made a detour to the westward at first, and in so doing passed close to the brink of the chasm where lies the Mud Creek Glacier. We struck a narrow trail, made long ago by horses, which winds round and round the ridge, gradually ascending. Our feet constantly sank in the loose lava rock, and we could not go far without resting, for the air was getting "light." The wind blew cold and biting, and sometimes, between the rarefied air and the wind, we were compelled to get down almost to the ground in order to get breath enough to go on. As we got higher our hearts' beats were quite audible.

Each carried a flask of strong cold tea, for this air generates a constant thirst, and eating snow is not advisable,—it certainly would not do to take any alcoholic drink in these altitudes, as the heart's action is already at so high a tension.

Finally we reached Lunch Rock, a huge lump of sandstone. This rock is supposed to resemble a lunch table, but the less lunch one eats here on the way up the mountain, the better he will feel. We rested for a short time under its shelter while the cold wind swept over our heads. No matter how warm the day in the valleys below, it is always cold here,—in proof of which, we found ice in the shadows of the rock. Old Jim, the horse, was left under the lee of another rock, a quarter of a mile back, for the "Daughter of the Regiment" could ride no farther in the fierce wind.

We had brought with us a mirror, with which to signal from the utmost summit to our friends across Squaw Valley on the McCloud. We had told them to watch for a flash from us between 12 m. and 1:30 p. m. Three flashes in quick succession would mean, "All is well." We knew that we could not reach the summit now before 3 p. m., so decided to flash from Lunch Rock. Our friends saw the signal.

We soon realized what an advantage the few former parties who had come this way had had over us. Having ridden to Lunch Rock, a distance of about five miles from camp, they had been comparatively fresh for the hard climbing to follow. We felt as though we had come twenty miles, instead of five, so tiring had been the tramp in this altitude through the loose lava rock.

So far we had averaged about a mile an hour, but it took us

ON THE CREST.

fully an hour and a half to cover the next mile, which was up rocky steps, sometimes at an angle of forty-five degrees. Often our path lay over a field of bowlders. We could not take more than a dozen steps without stopping to take breath.

It was during this last mile and a half that we experienced the series of disappointments common to nearly all mountain climbers, that of looking forward to the highest spot in sight only to find on attaining it another goal far ahead.

After a time the rough traveling gave way to gentle slopes of loose lava rock, and ahead came to view a jagged crag, and on its highest point, the government monument, its copper cap bright in the afternoon sun. This monument was placed here in 1878 by the Coast Survey, and marks the spot that lies 14,440 feet above the level of the sea.

The welcome sight lent fresh vigor to our limbs, and we were soon tramping through the snow at the head of the great Whitney Glacier.

We deviated from our course a moment to look at the hot springs, which come hissing from fissures in the rocks, and fill the air about with sulphurous vapor. We melted some snow in a cup, and had the only drink since morning, except that dreadful tea.

It is hard to realize that it was in the smudge about these fumaroles that John Muir and Jerome Fay were compelled to pass one April night during a snow storm on the mountain. To these vapors, the last reminder of the fearful volcanic forces that brought this grand mountain into existence, the world owes much; for they saved Muir's life at a time it could ill have been spared.

After resting a few moments we attempted the last couple of hundred feet. For about half that distance we went up an incline over loose lava, and then came a steep climb over jagged rocks. Daisy, the dog, wanted to get to the top, and we gave her some help, and then with a joyous

THE HIGHEST CRAGS.

wag of her tail she stood upon the summit.

It was now about three p. m. and we could not tarry,—for camp was far away. After writing our names and a brief account of our trip in the register, which we found in a sheet-iron cache, we turned to the great panorama below.

The view in every direction suggests a vastness which one can hardly realize. Directly below, are Shasta, Strawberry, Huckleberry, and other valleys. Most prominent of the mountains, because of its proximity, stands Lassen's Butte, sixty miles to the southeast; while on Oregon soil loom the cones of Mounts Jefferson, Pitt, and the Three Sisters. Southward the Sierra Nevada tumbles in grand confusion, and on a clear day its peaks can be seen for nearly two hundred miles. The famous lava beds, the scene of the Modoc war, lie to the northeast, in which direction also are the Rhett and Klamath lakes. To the west and southwest rise the Trinity, Scott, and Siskiyou mountains, with the Coast Range, far beyond. The valley of the Sacramento is spread before us.

THE GOVERNMENT MONUMENT, 14,440 FEET ELEVATION, SHASTA'S HIGHEST POINT.

As may be imagined, our descent was made in less than half the time our ascent had taken. After reaching Lunch Rock, Belshaw, Shack, and I, began to take short cuts, instead of following the horse path, and finally we plunged boldly down through the loose lava rock, to the westward of the course. We found it no easy work in some places. Belshaw and Shack each took tumbles in crossing snow fields.

Arriving at camp, we found Belshaw there ahead of us. The three others with the horse came a half hour later.

From the summit we could look down the east side of Mud Creek Cañon, and had observed that for a long distance the forest seemed to part along the middle of the ridge, leaving a natural avenue. We saw too, that the chance for good traveling was finally lost in the chaparral zone. After this came forests, the traveling through which we could only guess at, with more brush beyond. Kavanaugh's field, a large open spot, could be seen a little farther on. If we could reach that, the rest of the way would be easy. August Shacks' cabin is just beyond Kavanaugh's field, and August knew the country well thereabout. He was sure we could reach our destination by this new

route in much less time than it would take us by the way we had come. We unanimously determind to become path-finders and discoverers on our own account. Jonah presently appeared, somewhat nettled because no one came when he shouted. We broached our project to him, telling him he could get his wagon any time. Jonah, however, was obstinate and refused to become a party to our scheme. No one had ever been down that ridge, he said, and it was doubtful if we could get down that way.

Next morning, Belshaw, after sleeping on the project, concluded that as he must start for San Francisco on the second day thereafter, he would not attempt to return by the new and uncertain route proposed, much as he was inclined to. Gray and I remained firm in our resolve. So Belshaw and Jonah returned by the way we had come, crossing Mud Creek and so on back to the wagon. They took August Schack with them, much to his regret, as he had great faith in our new route, which led past his cabin.

It was with a feeling of exhilaration that we bid the other three goodby and set off down the ridge on the east side of Mud Cañon, through a territory never before traveled. Russell rode ahead with an ax on his shoulder. I wondered if any lady had ever taken as adventurous a trip about Shasta as Mrs. Gray started on that morning.

As we rode down the ridge, the forest opened on either side, making a natural lane some three miles long. We named this lane "The Avenue." During the trip down this highway we stopped often for views. We saw where immense slides had taken place on the opposite side of the cañon, and in looking back towards the mountain, we got a grand view of Mud Creek Cañon. From here we obtained the finest view of Shasta to be observed from any point; clear-cut, stately, and without intervening hills. This view is here presented to the world for the first time, and I trust some artist may go there to paint it.

Deer and other game make their home near "The Avenue," undisturbed. Their tracks and sleeping places are on every side, but we made so much noise that only three deer were seen.

Finally we left the timber and reached the chaparral, which seemed to present a barrier to farther progress. Manzanita growing thickly from three to eight feet high stood before us, not to mention ceanothus, cherry, and chincopin. This brush extended before us for two miles. We plunged boldly into it, our horses forcing their way. Frequently our clothes and saddles were nearly torn away, and once a stirrup was pulled off. Sometimes we found the brush thin in places and made good headway.

With pardonable elation the little party at last drew rein for repairs at the edge of the lower timber. We had managed to get through that dreaded chaparral with only one resort to the ax. Of course there was plenty of brush ahead, but it was sufficiently scattering to make traveling easy.

For a couple of miles we picked our way. Presently we came to faintly marked paths, covered by the leaves of many seasons. They may be old cattle trails, or perhaps they were made long ago by elk. We followed, knowing they must lead to water. We had gone perhaps a mile, when suddenly we came upon a stream of pure water, flowing about two hundred miner's inches. As we approached, we found that this stream bubbled from under the roots of a great pine and was the source of Elk Creek.

After spending an hour over our lunch, we took up our journey, the way growing easier. Finally we came to Kavanaugh's field, which we could see so plainly from the mountain. Presently we passed August Shack's cabin. Just beyond we came to

fresh bear tracks in the road. We reached the stage road, and at 2:30 p. m. gave a concerted whoop as we approached our destination.

The other section of the party arrived at 6:30 p. m., so dust-covered and weary that we had not the heart to boast of our achievements.

The dog was so tired that she could not find a spot soft enough to lie on, until one of the ladies put her on a haycock and covered her with hay. I wonder what Daisy's opinion of Shasta is, any way?

If you would climb Shasta simply for the sake of saying you have done it, you may be disappointed. Perhaps you will not reach the summit at all, for be it known that half the people who have attempted Shasta have failed, sometimes the guide being the only one of a party to reach the monument and inscribe the names in the register. Yet Shasta is kind to the real lover of nature and mountains, amply repaying him for his toil if he be of sound health and the possessor of good lungs. And Shasta will be easier of access in the future.

Our finding of a new way from camp to Squaw Valley is destined, I feel sure, to prove the most important discovery about Shasta since the Geodetic Survey, in making the trip across Mud Creek Cañon, found the way up the lava ridge to the monument. At a comparatively small cost, a trail could be brushed out from above Kavanaugh's field to camp, as it would only be necessary to cut a passage through a few miles of chaparral to the Avenue, when a natural trail can be followed. The ascent is here so gradual, the view of the mountain so fine, and Mud Creek Cañon so awe-inspiring, that if the trail is once built, the old and much written Sisson route will be abandoned. What mountain climber will care to tramp miles over blinding snow, when he can ride over a good trail to a camp at ten thousand feet elevation, and next day continue his ride to within a mile and a half of the summit? Once a trail has been built, I am satisfied the route will prove so practicable that a wagon road will follow.

Mt. Shasta with its surrounding woods, should be, and I hope will be, set apart as a national park; for it is the most picturesque mountain in the United States, and as such should have the same protection as that afforded to Yosemite.

George S. Meredith.

SILENCE.

Goddess of dusky brow,
Refuge of broken hearts,
    Healer of them that grieve,—
    The veil that thy fingers weave,
The balm that thy touch imparts,
Grant, I beseech of thee, now.

S. W. Eldredge.

EX-SENATOR DOLPH.

MEMORABLE CONTESTS FOR OREGON SENATORSHIPS.

DOLPH'S DEFEAT.

A STATE legislature generally meets in a blaze of glory and expires in an agony of disappointment At the opening of the session, the capitol is thronged with a multitude of candidates for positions to be bestowed by the organization, from pages to speaker and from State veterinary to United States senator.

A month before the Oregon legislature met this year, it was known that there would be a fierce struggle for the senatorship. A successor to Joseph Nestor Dolph would have to be chosen, and while the Senator's recent action on a great railroad land grant had aroused all the anti-monopolists in the State against him, the continuous efforts of the Administration to establish its gold monopoly policy forced all the silver men in the State to demand the election of a senator less hostile to the white metal money than Dolph's record had shown him to be. These two clouds, at first no larger

than a man's hand, arose suddenly and unexpectedly to obscure the fair sky of the Senator's hopes, and out of the conjunction of their forces flashed the lightning of his defeat.

Insubordination to party caucuses is bred in the bone of Oregon senatorial politics. Factious and bitter contests have been the rule almost without exception. After the Union victory of 1860, Colonel E. D. Baker and David Logan were the Republican choice for senatorial candidates. Baker was elected, but Logan was set aside for James W. Nesmith, a war Democrat, whose vote, as shown in Blaine's history, on several very important occasions was thrown on the side of the North and the Union. Senator Nesmith made it the proud boast of his life that as senator, he voted for every man and every dollar that was called for by Abraham Lincoln in the great struggle for the preservation of the Union. The agreement between the Republicans and war Democrats, resulting in the election of Senator Nesmith was never regretted by the people of Oregon.

SENATOR M'BRIDE.

The brilliant career of Oregon's most brilliant public man was ended when Colonel Baker fell in the disastrous battle of Ball's Bluff. He is familiar to the Pacific Coast as a man possessed of extraordinary gifts of eloquence, who on the occasion of his funeral oration over the dead body of Broderick in San Francisco, almost stirred the vast assemblage to bloody riot. He was lawyer, soldier, frontiersman, tribune of the people, in one man. He wrote a letter to a friend in Oregon, that "an Irishman with a gift of gab," would like to come and help make a canvas of the State, and so endeared himself to the people that he was chosen senator before he had gained a legal residence in the State. The vacancy caused by his death was filled by the appointment of Benjamin Harding, a man of fair ability, but not a successful politician. George H. Williams was the next senator chosen, and in turn became President Grant's Attorney General and was appointed by him Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, but was not confirmed. He stood higher in point of ability, as indicated by the honors shown him, than any man who ever sat in the Senate from Oregon, having the only Cabinet position ever reached by a Pacific Coast man, besides being a member of the Reconstruction Committee, sitting in the impeachment of Johnson, and serving as a member of the High Joint Commission on the Alabama claims.

In the next legislature, Governor Gibbs

and John H. Mitchell were the candidates, Gibbs receiving the caucus nomination. On the first ballot a few Mitchell men bolted, and holding the balance of power, they prevented an election until H. W. Corbett, the Portland millionaire, appeared and was chosen as a compromise candidate.

A large portion of what was known as "the left wing of Price's army," had left Missouri in the sixties and settled in Oregon. They made their influence felt in the election of several senators who were Democrats. Among these were Colonel J. K. Kelly, James H. Slater, and L. F. Grover. The first developed from a bitter partisan into a moderate, steady statesman, going through his term with credit. Grover as governor, was involved in the scandal of Tilden's attempt to capture the electoral vote of Oregon. Slater proved a clean and conservative man, and it was fortunate for Oregon that most of the Democrats sent to sit in the upper chamber of the national Congress were of that stripe, and refused to help the Bourbons and Hotspurs of the South do much mischief. L. F. Grover was chosen senator by the Democrats while serving as governor. He was the caucus nominee and was elected after a short sharp fight. Great scandals and charges of bribery and corruption grew out of the struggle. A senatorial investigation was made by a special committee, of which Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana, was chairman. It resulted in a Scotch verdict of not considered proven.

We now come to what may be termed the era of the Pacific corporations in politics. The first railroad had crossed the continent and lines were pushed into Oregon. A different class of immigration resulted. The best keen, active, loyal business blood of the northern Middle States began to mingle freely with the generations of true Oregonians, and new elements were thrown into the political composition of the State. The commercial aspect of politics was developed and the votes of members of the legislature began to have more nearly a fixed or fixable value. Ben Holliday, described as shrewd and energetic, lavish and corrupt, set up as a political dictator and veritable Duke of Portland. For a time Holliday was railroad king, political boss, and controlled the entire machinery of the State. He went so far as to select candidates of both parties for the legislature in the several counties and run both the Republican and Democratic papers. When the time came to select the next senator, he had promised the office to both of the leading candidates, John H. Mitchell and H. W. Corbett, and was himself a dark horse. Caucuses had proven so unreliable as a means of securing elections that none was held. Mitchell was in the lead on the first ballot and a hard fight began. Holliday leased the finest residence in Salem and kept open house for his friends, and they were legion. It was a contest of sociability and pure good fellowship, and Mitchell developed those qualities that have ever since been the open sesame to the hearts of his fellow men. In contact with individuals, he is warm, impulsive, pleasing, sincere, rarely shaking hands with a man without making a friend of him for life, and never without convincing him that every atom of his make-up is genuinely interested in the conscientious performance of that so often merely perfunctory duty. Mitchell has proven a thoroughbred, is serving in his ninth Congressional term, and seems destined to succeed himself, in 1897, without opposition.

The senatorial battle of 1882, which ended in election of J. N. Dolph, was almost an exact prototype of the struggle just closed that ended in his defeat. It is one of the freaks of American politics that the man then obscure and inexperienced in national affairs should have succeeded,

when now, after two terms of knowledge gained, and with a national reputation, he is retired; but it will be shown there were causes at work that brought about the election of his successor almost in the very same manner that his own election was secured. It is necessary, however, to relate the story of the intervening struggles, for, as will be shown by the history of the Oregon senatorships, more were elected in defiance of the party caucus, or without it, more were chosen by irregular methods, than by the regular revolutions of political machinery. Thus in 1882, when Dolph was elected, the Republicans had fifty-four members of the joint convention of ninety. Only thirty-six entered the caucus to select a candidate for senator, eighteen remaining out and refusing to abide by the result.

JOHN H. MITCHELL.

In the caucus Mitchell received thirty-four votes, Henry Failing one, and one vote was cast for J. N. Dolph by George W. McBride, then speaker of the House, and now the senator-elect to Mr. Dolph's seat. Mitchell was then the regular caucus nominee and was defeated by Dolph. Dolph was now the regular caucus nominee and is defeated by McBride. The struggle in 1882 as in 1895 lasted the entire session, and in both instances was a struggle to the death, through the entire last day until nearly midnight, election only taking place on the last ballot before adjournment, and then by changing of votes that had already been cast, but were changed before the vote could be announced.

In a forty-day struggle for one of the greatest of public honors the excitement becomes intense towards the last. It can be felt in the air with your fingers. It is equal to a thousand atmospheres of an ordinary political campaign.

There were some very exciting features of the senatorial contest of 1882. On the last day and towards the last hour Mitchell's vote rose to within a few of the coveted forty-six necessary to elect. More votes were expected and had been promised, and a senatorship floated in the atmosphere among the lunch baskets that some of the members had brought and suspended from the chandeliers, prepared for an all-night struggle. The anti-Mitchell men in that struggle favored an adjournment without election rather than give up their favorite, just as the

anti-Dolph men now prepared to adjourn without election rather than not defeat Dolph. The Democrats also sought by dilatory motions to defeat an election, and after the fifty-ninth ballot the vote on a motion to adjourn the joint convention stood forty five to forty-five. W. J. McConnell was presiding, and as the vote was called over again for verification before it was announced, the stillness of death hung over that legislative hall. The pressure of conflicting emotions, factional interests, and partisan intrigue, was tremendous, but with American pluck and genuine nerve the Chair announced the motion to adjourn lost on a tie vote. A tremendous cheer rent the air when the result was comprehended. McConnell as president of the Senate, and McBride as speaker of the House, won universal admiration for their fairness and good cool judgment as presiding officers, and have been both rewarded with the prize of the high honor they then assisted so materially in having awarded in accordance with laws and customs of our country. Defeated after the bitterest personal warfare probably ever waged against a proud and sensitive man, Mitchell appeared when called out, mounted a chair, and congratulated the successful candidate and the party on the happy termination of the struggle. Twelve years later, when Dolph was not a winner, he was sent for to make a speech, but had disappeared from the State House. Had he appeared and spoken without bitterness for but a minute, he would have made friends of every man who had for forty days been voting against him.

In 1885 the regular session resulted in a deadlock and no election. For some reason, Mitchell did not allow his name to be entered. The agreement by which his name had been withdrawn, so as to permit Dolph's election in the legislature just before, has recently been made public by an editor, who claimed to know, as follows: Mitchell was out of pocket a large sum of money, which Dolph was not in a condition to reimburse. One Solomon Hirsch, a wealthy Hebrew of Portland, advanced thirty thousand dollars, and Mitchell withdrew his name. By this means Dolph was elected and the agreement further was that Hirsch was to be the next senator. Whatever color of truth there may be in this story, Mitchell did not appear in the race and Hirsch had a majority of the Republican votes in the joint convention, but not enough to elect. There was a scattering vote for William Lair Hill and M. C. George. On the last ballot forty members voted for twenty-eight candidates, eleven Republicans not voting, and the thirty-nine Democrats having withdrawn to a hall in another part of the city, continuing to absent themselves until after adjournment and valiantly defying arrest at the hands of the majority. It was well for both Republicans and Democrats that this was before the day of Tom Reed's rules, or the result might have been different. The hour for final adjournment had been fixed at midnight, and the joint convention had agreed to adjourn at 11 o'clock. There being no election of a senator, the Republicans passed a resolution changing the final adjournment to the next day. It was this action that provoked the Democrats into withdrawing in a body.

As the United States Senate was almost a tie, and in the mean time a Democratic President had been seated, great pressure was brought to bear upon Governor Moody to call a special session, which he did in November. It was represented by Sherman, Hale, and other leaders of the party, that an appointment would be of doubtful validity. The Republican vote of Oregon, as it afterwards proved, was imperatively needed to defeat the Mills revenue bill and make the record upon which alone the party could regain control of the country. As it was evident Hirsch could not be

elected, Mitchell became a candidate. Moody's friends hoped, although without consulting him, that if Mitchell could not make the race, the Governor might get it, in which case Secretary of State Earhart would have become governor, as well as secretary. This had been done before when Grover was promoted from governor to senator and Stephen F. Chadwick filled both offices of governor and secretary. No sooner did Mitchell announce his name, than the old warfare of the *Oregonian* was renewed. According to the bargain of 1882, Dolph had agreed to keep his hands off, but did not do it, and strange means were resorted to to defeat Mitchell. But his splendid good fellowship prevailed and he was elected on the third ballot, receiving fifty-five votes. Slater, Democrat, had twenty, and George H. Williams, thirteen. It should be added that Mitchell's election was only secured by receiving seventeen Democratic votes.

Dolph was re-elected in 1889, but not by an unanimous vote of his party, four Republicans refusing to record their votes for him. Two of these were Stafford and Jennings of Lane County, which county furnished four anti-Dolph votes in 1895. The third was J. B. Waldo of Marion County, who at one time was within a few votes of an election to Dolph's seat at this session. The fourth anti-Dolph Republican in 1889 was Thomas Paulsen of Washington County, that county in 1895 having a delegation all against Dolph. Mitchell was re-elected by the unanimous vote of his party in 1891.

But of all the memorable contests for Oregon senatorships none exceeds in thrilling interest the story of Dolph's defeat in the session of the legislature held at Salem in 1895. How a man with the prominence of Senator Dolph, a senator of twelve years' experience, two terms chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, a lawyer in good standing with a large practice in the Federal courts, a pioneer of the pioneers, coming from a county having nearly one third of the wealth and one fourth of the population of the State, having the friendship and backing of the great Pacific railway corporations, being the personal candidate of the *Oregonian* newspaper and its proprietor, having the political machine of the entire State and the organization of both houses of the legislature in his behalf, and all the State and ex-State officials (excepting ex-Governor Pennoyer, the present Governor, Secretary of State, and Attorney-General), on his side, to say nothing of the host of ex-Federal, county, and district officials, who were mostly present and laboring for him,— how such a man, with all the personal friends he could make in twelve years, could be defeated, when on top of all this combination of forces he had the regular caucus nomination, and had forty-two out of seventy-two Republicans voting for him under force of the caucus rule, will always be an interesting problem for the student of American politics.

With all these advantages in his favor, Senator Dolph was doomed to defeat, and in his defeat the whole system of corporation politics has received a death blow on the Pacific Coast. While no man will claim to have accomplished Dolph's defeat, it must be said that his own personality as much as his political record brought it about. The former was chilling and repellent to the degree that it won him the appellation of the "Iceberg Senator," and a reputation for a cold aristocratic bearing to which he was not justly entitled. His record in Congress was made in opposition to popular measures and advocacy of unpopular ones, so that he may be said to have been crucified politically between the Pacific corporations and Wall Street financial views.

According to the Act of Congress regu-

lating the method of electing United States senators both houses must first take a separate ballot, and in case one candidate receives a majority in each house, then the two houses meet in joint convention and simply canvass the result. In case the candidate fails of a majority in either house the two houses are required to sit in joint convention and take a joint ballot. If no one is then chosen, one or more ballots are taken in joint convention each day of the session until there is an election.

On January 16th, the Republican legislative caucus was held at the State House. The full vote of the seventy-two members was cast, Dolph receiving forty, or six less than the number required to elect in joint convention of the legislature. Resolutions were offered to bind all the members to the choice of the majority, but after stormy discussion they were withdrawn, and the caucus adjourned. Dolph's managers hastened to bear to him the news of his nomination, which they considered equivalent to election. It was said by the anti-Dolph Republicans in justification of their refusal to abide by the choice of the conference — as they term the alleged caucus —that the call for the same was not submitted to them, that five men who had met with them and sworn they could never consent to go into caucus or vote for Mr. Dolph were by unfair means induced to change their minds, and that as the conference was a parliamentary body and the resolutions to bind them were withdrawn, it was a nugatory assembly.

Of the thirty-two who voted for some other Republican for senator in the caucus or conference, two earnestly espoused his candidacy. This gave Dolph forty two votes in joint convention, and left thirty against him, although of these several, to satisfy all scruples of those who contended for the legality of the caucus, cast their votes for Dolph at first. Now came the struggle. How could a candidate having a caucus nomination, and having forty-two votes out of seventy-two, be defeated by a minority of thirty men who were without party patronage, political prestige, or any of the sinews of war sometimes relied upon in securing senatorships, and backed only by a public sentiment against corporation machine politics and in favor of genuine bimetallism. It was done, and it will always remain one of the really wonderful achievements of modern politics.

January 22, a ballot was taken in each of the two houses of the legislature separately. In the Senate Dolph received nineteen, the entire Republican vote. In the House he received twenty-nine votes, — against F. A. Moore, 22; Wm. P. Lord, 1; W. D. Hare, 7; Mr. Scott absent, detained at home very ill. When the result was announced and it was known that Dolph lacked one of a majority of those present, the galleries gave vent to a deafening yell of enthusiasm over the hard-won fight of the thirty in behalf of the people and against the corporations and money-power in politics. After the possibility of defeating the machine candidate was demonstrated, crowds formed processions on the streets, and led by a band, proceeded to hold a monster meeting at which the anti-Dolph leaders received ovations. The multitudes built bonfires, yelled themselves hoarse, and marched the streets until midnight. These scenes, but less tumultous, were repeated when the result of the final ballot on the last night of the session became known. Public sentiment was solidly anti-Dolph.

The battle of the Thirty was taken up by the people all over the State and was waged by mail, by telegraph, by public meetings, by petition, and by the personal presence of thousands of Oregonians at the State capital. Every day of the session the city was thronged by thousands of farmers, keenly watching, intelligently interpreting, and often savagely criticising, the actions of

their representatives. The State House galleries and rotunda were packed. Each day of the session, and it was idle for the President of the joint convention to invoke the aid of the sergeant-at-arms and his assistants, to suppress the applause or hissing that greeted the votes of members.

On the ballot in the separate houses, Dolph had forty-eight votes. The next struggle came when the Legislature sat in joint convention. It was known that three senators who had voted for him in the Senate, when the vote in that body was taken separately, would vote against him in the joint convention. But even without those three he would have a majority, unless Mr. Scott, the sick man, could be brought in time to vote. Messengers were sent for him. The convention was required to sit at noon. The sick man could not be got to his seat before two o'clock. The opposition had to consume two hours in making speeches against time, which they did in making telling speeches against Dolph. One speaker occupied a half hour in presenting the name of his favorite candidate, only yielding the floor as the sick member was brought in, more dead than alive, but sufficiently alive to cast the vote which alone prevented an election. A few weeks before, the leading newspaper of the State had said in an editorial, "Senator Dolph will be re-elected virtually without opposition."

Since it has been shown that a candidate of a political machine, and even of the party caucus can be defeated if he is not wanted by the people, the methods adopted by the minority to defeat Dolph are not without interest to the student of modern politics. In the first place, they had no candidate, but contended for a principle,—the principle of representative responsibility to the people. Of course, to win a battle against such odds, it had to be fought upon high moral grounds, and patronage or pecuniary reward had to be left out of the consideration. The Thirty met every night and in place of bossism they substituted leadership upon merit. Every night a roll call was taken. Each of them knew just how each vote would be cast the next day. It soon became apparent that the Thirty could cast their ballots for any good man not offensive to their constituents, and they trusted that when they showed the other members that they were not scheming for the personal promotion of any man, but were actuated solely by consideration for the welfare of the people of Oregon, enough would join them to make the minority the majority and choose a senator.

The result showed they were right. February 15, Dolph had forty-one votes. February 21, he lost two votes. On the last day of the session the initial ballot gave Dolph thirty-eight, to thirty-one for the venerable George H. Williams. Seven ballots were taken, Dolph declining to thirty-six, while C. W. Fulton, of Astoria, the free silver champion, rose to thirty-two. Dolph now had less than a majority of the Republicans, and the joint convention adjourned to 7:30 p. m., when the final struggle was to begin.

Excitement in the city rose to a fever heat. Only by maintaining an extra police force in the State House, could the members be secured ingress and egress. The telegraph in all parts of the building was busy with flashing the news of the impending senatorial accouchement.

Just before the closing scene in the drama a final conference of thirty anti-Dolph members was held. They agreed unanimously that under no circumstances would they cast their votes for Dolph for senator. This action insured a deadlock to the end unless Dolph was abandoned. They also adopted a plan of action for the evening, which was to cast their votes solidly in turn for each of the, to them, unobjectionable candidates. This ultima-

tum was permitted to leak out in a judicious manner, while the regular and unerring discharge of their formidable thirty-pounder in the joint convention began to shatter the already somewhat rickety machine, which had for the past forty days tried in vain to grind out a senator of its own choosing.

Dolph's vote had fallen below a majority the last two ballots of the afternoon session. This in theory, at least, ruled him out of the race as a senatorial possibility, and offered an opportunity for the introduction of candidates who had refused to allow their names to be voted for out of respect for the party nominee. The names of M. C. George, Tilmon Ford, Joseph Simon, and George W. McBride, had been canvassed by their friends as compromise candidates.

McBride's position throughout the fight had been not to become a candidate unless Dolph's vote fell below a majority of the Republicans. That had occurred, and his friends began earnestly to press his claims as a candidate. Balloting began with two men returning to Dolph who had left him earlier on that day. The opposition Thirty cast their solid vote for Thomas H. Tongue, William P. Lord, Charles W. Fulton, John B. Waldo, and George H. Williams, each in turn, throughout the evening. On the fifty-third ballot, McBride received one vote ; on the fifty-seventh and fifty-eighth, two votes; and on the fifty-ninth, three votes.

A recess was taken to relieve the painfully nervous tension under which the assembly was laboring. Three boxes of oranges were thrown to the weary legislators and devoured in about as many minutes, showing how easily men can turn from the most serious to the trivial affairs of life. At 11:25 p. m. order was restored. Representative Cleeton of Columbia, the home county of Mr. McBride, secured the floor. He had throughout the session voted for Dolph, and now declared in an eloquent and impressive manner that the duty of the convention to elect a senator was paramount to any consideration of duty to party machinery. The hands of the clock were nearing the hour of adjournment. He presented the name of Mr. McBride, as he said, to test the sincerity of the opposition to Dolph, who had constantly declared they could support any good Republican.

He was listened to with breathless suspense. Everybody realized that the crisis had come. He concluded his speech amid excitement and applause. The roll-call was ordered. Senator Alley led off for the opposition, voting "McBride" in tones that made the house ring. Baker and Barkley followed him, both eloquently seconding him on behalf of the Thirty, all of whom fell in line and voted for McBride. Close of the roll-call showed forty-two votes for McBride, while Dolph had fallen to thirty votes, exactly reversing the result as it had stood between the Dolph men and their opponents during nearly the entire session.

Realizing that their case was hopeless, Dolph men now hastened to change their votes in favor of McBride, and as they did so, cheer after cheer rang out on the midnight air. The State House shook and trembled under the excitement. McBride now lacked only one vote of an election. Members were climbing over one another and leaping on the desks like madmen to catch the eye of the presiding officer and cast the decisive vote. Women were cheering with wild enthusiasm. Representatives were hugging each other, delirious with joy. After the changes were all made, the corrected roll-call showed fifty-seven votes for McBride and fifteen for Dolph. The customary motion was made to make McBride's election unanimous, which was done. The names of all the seventy-two Republican members were ordered recorded for the winner of the hardest fought senatorial battle in the history of Oregon.

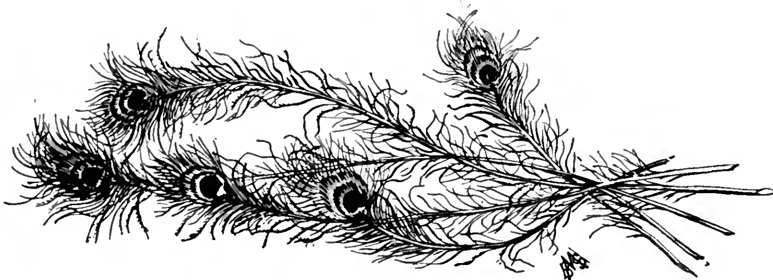
Those who were on the inside of the Dolph camp expected that he would be elected on the last ballot. He believed that himself. When McBride was nominated Dolph was in the Senate chamber across the rotunda, undergoing the slow torture known only to a man who for forty days has been kept just outside the seventh heaven of politics, only to have, at the last moment, the door shut in his face. When McBride's vote rose to forty-five, all hope left the Senator's face. He left the Capitol and walked slowly to his hotel at the other end of the city.

The vast crowds scattered to their homes. Processions of excited men ranged the streets and thronged the hotels until the small hours of Sunday morning. Before adjournment the successful candidate had appeared and made a graceful speech in acceptance of the great honor. He was followed by the leaders and orators of the successful opposition. The long agony was over, and George Wyckliffe McBride was Senator from Oregon until March 3, 1902.

Senator McBride is not only a native son of Oregon, but is the first native son of the Golden West to occupy a seat in the United States Senate. He comes of a family whose history is closely interwoven with that of the State he represents, and which he has served in an official capacity as legislator and Secretary of State. His father, Dr. James McBride, was one of the earliest and sturdiest pioneers of Oregon. He was Lincoln's minister resident at the Hawaiian Islands, and was one of the first Americans to advocate an aggressive annexation policy and the reservation of Pearl Harbor as a coaling station. Senator McBride is a cousin of ex-Governor Woods of Oregon. A brother, John R. McBride, was the first Republican representative in Congress from Oregon, and in 1865 became the first Chief Justice of Idaho. The entire family have distinguished themselves in nearly every branch of the public service, and while wielding great influence in the party councils have all possessed the faculty of keeping in close touch with the people.

There is but one comment to be made in concluding this review of the contests that have marked the selection of senators in Oregon. While nearly every senator was chosen by a revolt against machine methods, bossism, and rings, the people have always been the gainer. The overthrow of caucus was always a protest against abuse of power and a demand for reform within the party. Oregon has been served by men of ability and prominence and the State has profited by the strife of politicians. Mediocrity flourishes under perfect party harmony, and selfish interests are best served in the absence of all political turmoil. There is nothing more dangerous to the liberties of the people and to the cause of good government than an immense party majority working perfectly smooth under the guidance of a machine. It is the centripetal tendency that corrupts politics and centralizes power in the hands of the few, while the centrifugal tendency, which throws power out among the many, breaking the rings and smashing the machines, is the salvation of the people.

E. Hofer.



EXTRACTS FROM MRS. LOFTY'S DIARY.—IV.[1]

THE VULGAR RICH.

MAY 14. An invitation this morning from Mrs. Cranstoun to an informal lunch to meet Mrs. Dykeman! Harry was saying at breakfast that they came in on their private car last evening; and of course poor little Mrs. Cranstoun is in duty bound to entertain her from business considerations. I wonder would Mrs. Dykeman entertain *her*, if she should go to San Francisco?

When I was a little girl, the Eccleses lived not far from us. Mrs. Eccles was a person who had a standing feud with the letter H, and a vigorous contempt for America and all its people and ways, which was scarcely mitigated in its expression by the fact that she and hers were frequent beneficiaries of the same detested Americans; for Mr. Eccles was a sot. Many were the outgrown garments, and numerous and toothsome the pies and crullers, which found their way from my mother's stores to the Eccles family. The younger children went to school when they had shoes, but Louisa, the eldest, who had the distinction of having been born on English soil, never did. It was currently reported, and believed, among the childish gossips that she could neither read nor write, but she grew up a fine buxom girl with a straight back and a small waist, and dazzling skin and teeth. And one day the ne'er-do-well son of a good family filled up the measure of his misdeeds by marrying her. His kinsfolk promptly disowned him, and the newly married pair took their departure for California, and were lost both to the sight and memory of our little community for several years. Then came a day when the Eccleses astounded the neighborhood by buying new shoes all round, not to mention other articles of apparel, and withdrew themselves and their belongings from our midst, to "join dear Louisa in Hamador, were 'er 'usband 'ad a mine." It was not until afterwards that rumors came that it was a brand new 'usband who 'ad a mine.

However, when mamma went out to Uncle John after father's death, the first lady who called on us was the whilom Louisa Eccles, now Mrs. Dykeman. Anything that was unpleasant or ignominious in the years agone she calmly ignored, and referred to people and events of her down East past with a sang-froid that filled my youthful soul with awe, as I sat there staring in silence at the composed, full-busted woman, faultlessly dressed, who so gently patronized my mother in her widow's weeds. And when she turned to me with: "My dear, you must come to see us with your mother. Pussy is wild to see you, but it is her day for her music lesson, and Professor Lulibelero is so put out, if he has to wait one *minute*." I broke out bluntly with, "And who is Pussy?"

"Why," she returned, with a surprised air, "you can't have forgotten Lilian that used to be your little playmate! You are just of an age, you remember, fifteen this spring."

It was with feelings of the most lively curiosity that mamma and I returned that call. As for those three younger girls, nobody could have believed, if they had not seen it, what a nosegay of modest, half-opened rosebuds a few years of cultivation in new soil had made of them. Papa Eccles had been eliminated, whether by divorce or death we did not learn, and Mamma Eccles was

[1] See June and October, 1894, and March, 1895.

most decorously gotten up, and she informed us, "that she never would 'ave believed that she could 'ave learned to like Hamerica so well."

We found later on, however, that Mrs. Dykeman's path was not by any means strewn with roses. Some influential ladies whose ancestral tree was longer than their purses refused to swing their portals wide at the approach of the on-the-way-to-be millionairess. There were unkind things said about her early Californian career and the manner of her first acquaintance with Mr. Dykeman. But certainly there was a present impeccability of life and demeanor that defied all criticism, and Mr. Dykeman himself was a very impressive-looking man. And that tolerant spirit of the West, which absolutely declines to hark back over an old trail, was all in her favor. We saw Mrs. Dykeman's field of operations widen greatly, whilst we remained on the Coast. She married those three girls all off well. Yes, it is a fact that I was bridesmaid for one of them, who now spends her winters in Paris and her summers at Newport.

And now Mrs. Dykeman travels in her private car, with a German governess and a French maid along, to give the young heiress of the Dykemans a native accent in those languages. It is more than ten years since I have seen her. I am curious to see what changes time has wrought. Her California detractors said what her childish ones used to say,— that she could not read nor write. I wonder if she has yet learned? I never could help but admire her; she had a gift for intelligent-looking silence that amounted to positive genius, and came very near to concealing her early deficiencies of education. I repeat, I am curious to see if American opportunities can manufacture a *grande dame* from the raw material.

May 15th. No, even America cannot evolve a *grande dame* from the raw material. Success destroys the creation when it is all

SOME PENT-UP TUMULT WITHIN HER.

but finished. Yesterday Mrs. Dykeman was vulgar. Too much good dining has given her a double chin, put little coral like sprangles of red veins under her fair skin, and spoiled the symmetry of that figure that once seemed formed expressly to exploit tailor-made gowns. She had diamonds like hazel nuts in her ears, and her conversation was redolent of opulence. As she has grown assured in her position, she has forgotten her talent for silence; and her discoursiveness is much to her disadvantage. But the young daughter is too high bred for any thing, and when she dawns upon society will likely enough fit that little, well-poised head into some foreign coronet.

I may be prejudiced against Mrs. Dykeman because she patronized me so effusively; but that is not the reason why I am so hotly angry, even until today, with her. It is because of the virtuous bitterness with

which she spoke of one of her, our, own sex. What right has she of all women to sit in judgment? Does she not remember? Or is it because she remembers, that she has no pity? Perhaps she knows best after all; she has had more experience than the rest of us.

May 17th. A remarkably warm day. After gravely consulting the "hot clock," as she calls the thermometer, Dottie remarked to me that "God was stirring up the fire in the sun awful today." It is a wonderful Dorothy. Yesterday she burst out with, "Mamma, do the little angels have beds to sleep on in heaven, or do they just lie down on a fluffy cloud when they get tired."

Mrs. Dykeman came to see me yesterday quite informally in the morning, when I was still in my wrapper. She sat in my drawing room, and let her eyes wander openly around the apartment, and I knew she was mentally appraising all its furnishings. What they cost, would be the only standard by which she could gauge them; but she looked very imposing with her well-trussed-up English figure, and was gracious in the extreme. She was nicer than the day before, and if I could have forgotten her deliberate, merciless words about a sister woman I should have thought she still possessed some vestige of the heart I used to credit her with. They were to have left last night, but I heard today that Elsie has symptoms of something, and they must stay over to see into what they will develop. I suppose I must go around to the hotel and tender my neighborly offices.

We are going to take Dottie to her first circus tonight. When I say "we," I mean Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, Harry, and myself, and Mrs. Ostrom and Howard. If Elsie is not seriously ill, I think I shall invite Mr. and Mrs. Dykeman. It is one of my earliest recollections in the dim, distant past, Louise Eccles being bundled into the big carryall with all us children and taken to the circus with the rest of us by my grandfather, — blessed be his kindly memory. I don't believe she has forgotten it, but I am sure she will not refer to it.

May 18th. There is no use talking, the circus has deteriorated greatly since I was young. It smells just as bad, and the lemonade is the same, but the clown of yore is an extinct species, and this three-ring business destroys all scenic effect. I defy any one, even the novice, to get excited over the Grand Entry of the present, with its little teetotum circles. But looking at it through Dottie's wonder-dilated eyes freshened it up marvelously. Even the blasé Howard condescended to be amused when she broke out once into a rippling abandon of laughter that made everybody in the vicinity turn their heads with sympathetic smiles. But the climax was reached when a wonderful nabob came in, perched in a howdah on the back of the big elephant. Dottie regarded him with awe for a moment, then plucked her father's sleeve, and said in a stage whisper, "Papa, is that God?"

The Dykemans did not go. Elsie is really ill. If I had any malicious arrière pensée in asking them, I was disappointed in it; for the invitation was gracefully received, and Mrs. Dykeman recalled with great pensiveness the time of her youth, and asked me, did I remember the day we all went in my grandfather's big carryall to see the circus?

May 20th. Elsie Dykeman has the measles. The German governess took flight at the first announcement, and the French maid can not be induced to enter the room. A professional nurse has been sent down from New York, and a special menial has been detailed at the hotel to wait on her,— so it is to be hoped the sufferer will not die for the want of a bowl of broth or a hot water bottle, but the combination is un-

promising, as poor Mrs. Dykeman has already found out. For when I was there today she relapsed into pointed mining county vernacular, whilst she relieved herself of her private opinions about professional nurses in particular and hotels in general. There is a famous aphorism about the Russians,—but it is just as true about other people, that even a double veneer of ultra correctness of speech and demeanor will crack under distress of circumstances and let a little human nature ooze through. Strange to say, perhaps, I thought her less vulgar at that moment than any other time since we have renewed our acquaintance.

May 25th. Poor Elsie Dykeman is very ill. Her mother came out with me today for a half hour's drive, at the doctor's insistence. The hazel-nuts of diamonds are still to the fore; I am sure the woman has forgotten them; I suppose it is her way of securing their safety, but they seem strangely incongruous with her face, haggard and aged with watching and anxiety. There is some undercurrent of tragedy there that I do not understand. The mother seems to have only a secondary place in the sick-room; the father's is first; he takes it as his right, and seems either unconscious or careless of any pain he may cause his wife by so doing. As for her, there is certainly some pent-up tumult within her.

"SEE HOW HE HANGS OVER HER!"

I have not seen Dottie for a week. I must give myself a fumigating and go over and see if Mrs. Sanders will not at least let me look at her through the window. I don't know how I could bear it, if it were Dottie lying there instead of poor Elsie. My heart misgives me often about her, she is the one ewe lamb of too many people. I told Mrs. Sanders the other day that I thought it perfectly disgusting in her not to have two or three more; and she answered very dryly that she had noticed that people without any were always advocates of large families.

May 27th. When I went to inquire after Elsie today, I found Mrs. Dykeman pacing up and down in her parlor in great agitation. She told me they all feared the worst, and after a brief effort at self-control she gave it up and resumed her pacing. The lines had deepened greatly in her face since the day before, a little spot of red burnt under either cheek bone, and there was a hunted look in her eyes. It appeared to me that the inward tumult had risen to a height where it must have an auditor, and as it proved, I was not mistaken. Pausing suddenly opposite me, she demanded, "Did you ever hear, did no one ever tell you in California, that Elsie is an adopted child?"

"No!" I replied, much surprised. "Why," I went on, "she was only a baby when we first went there. I am sure every one thought she was your own."

"I suppose most people did," she returned. "Elsie has never had any idea, but there are some who must know all the circumstances."

She resumed her walking, and after a moment she went on in a monologue, the while I sat breathless. It was an invisible audience she was addressing more than myself, and as she spoke with impassioned earnestness and graphic gestures, her years and her assumptions fell away from her like a mask, and she stood revealed in the eternal youth and the dramatic simplicity of a naked soul. And this was the tale she told.

"No one will ever know — I could not tell — what I suffered the first years after I went to California. I loved that man, worthless as I knew him in my heart to be, and would have clung to him through thick and thin if he would have let me; but he had tired of me before we had landed in San Francisco. Ah! then I suffered! friendless, alone, desolate, homesick, often I was hungry and cold too. O, yes! many a day I went without breakfast and dinner and supper in that town of plenty, because I had neither money nor credit. When my first, my only baby was born, not a human being was near me. A gambler friend of my husband's, coming to our rooms to look for him, found me there crying out in delirium over my dead baby."

She paused, and seemed to be looking on some picture with burning, dilated eyes. I watched her in silence until she resumed, turning her eyes on me.

"After some time, I met Mr. Dykeman. He opened out a new world for me."

Again she paused and seemed to be regarding some inner panorama, while her face softened and her eyes misted over with unshed tears.

"As soon as I got my divorce, we were married. Sometimes we were in Arizona, where my husband used to say: 'Don't be afraid, little one. If the Indians bounce us, there will always be one bullet left in my gun for you' Sometimes we were in Mexico, where I did not see another white woman for months at a time. But every where, and every hour, was an hour in Paradise for me. Only one little cloud hovered in my sky. We had no children, and Mr. Dykeman is a passionate lover of children. We had been married four years when we went to Tombstone. Mr. Dykeman was superintendent of a mine there, but he was looking after some ranch property, too, for some Eastern people, down at the foot of Huachuca Mountains. He drove out there every week; sometimes I went with him, and I used to notice a slip of a Mexican girl there; pretty, like some of those creatures are when they are young. A jealous thought about my husband had never entered my heart; I trusted him as I do my Saviour. But one day when we were out there, I overheard a conversation between two of the men about the ranch."

Again she paused, and a shudder of pain and loathing convulsed her features, but after a second she controlled herself, with a

gesture as if putting something from her, and went on.

"I need not go into it now, but it fell on me like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. I hunted that girl up and taxed her with her infamy. She did not deny it, and then I cursed her. I don't know why I did n't kill her."

Her face hardened savagely. "What did I say to my husband? Nothing. Why should I? Life had nothing for me but him. But I prayed each minute for that girl to die. And two days afterwards a man came in from the ranch with a load of fruit. He came up to the house and was closeted a good while with Mr Dykeman. When he was going away I made an occasion to speak to him. And among other things I said, 'How is that pretty Maraquita?'

"'Maraquita is dead, ma'am,' he said.

"So I know that there is a God who answers prayers, if you pray hard enough.

"A few days after that, a baby was left on our doorstep in a basket one night. No clew could be found as to were it belonged, and there was no institution there to send it to, so it stayed on for a week or two with the Mexican woman that did our washing. When I had got so that I could take hold of it without feeling an impulse to strangle it to death, I said to Mr. Dykeman one day, 'Don't you think we had better adopt the little thing?' and he answered, 'Do just as you like about it, my dear.'

"So that is Elsie. I could have borne it almost without a pang, if my husband had opened his heart to me, for in the worst moment I never doubted I had his love. But now, all these years, there has been that unnamed thing between us."

"And have you hated her all these years?" I ventured, as she paused and stood looking out into the square below.

"O, dear, no! How could I, the little helpless thing? As time went on, and every day she grew more and more like my husband, I almost forgot that she was not my very own. Only sometimes it all comes back like a fresh thing. The last week, it has almost driven me mad. For see now, how he claims her! How he hangs over her! And if she should die, — if she should die! I shall not only lose my child, I shall lose my husband too. For I know he will be false to me again, and I am too old now, too wrinkled and ugly, to win him back a second time. I would give my life for *one*, and down there in that square, playing marbles under the feet of the horses, are six without clothes enough among them to cover one decently." And she burst into sobs and she swayed back and forth with her hands to her face.

A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind sometimes. I went over to her and put my arms around her, and kissed her and mingled my tears with hers. And as we stood thus, Mr. Dykeman came in, very pale and worn-looking, and said, "O my dear, my dear! you must not do so. Elsie is conscious, and is asking for you." And I slipped away, revolving many things in my mind; among others the fact, known to me before, but newly brought home to me, that the romantic, looking and refined are not always the people who have the life dramas; the well-fed vulgarians have their hidden tragedies too.

June 1st. Elsie Dykeman is pronounced out of danger with careful nursing. Mrs. Dykeman said to me this morning, "I know now how the man feels who has a pardon brought him after he has watched his scaffold built."

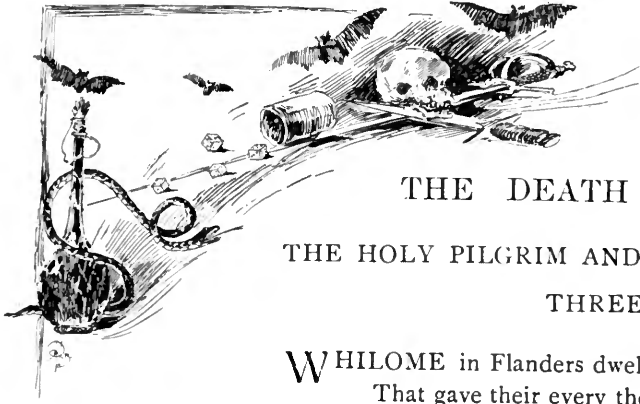
Already the deeply graven lines are fading out of her face, and the decorous mask is donned once more. Woman-like after blurting out the most secret things of her life, she exacted a solemn promise from me, "never to tell." How many things about his wife and her family, the future bestower of that coronet will never know! It is to be

hoped that the fair Elsie will remain as blissfully ignorant of many facts in the life of that hypothetical husband, who is at present probably sowing his wild oats industriously somewhere the other side of the water. The Dykemans will cross in the fall to winter in southern Europe, and next season Elsie will be launched in London.

I wonder what I should do with a daughter if I had one? Dottie said to me yesterday:—

"Issam, why don't you buy a nice little girl like me? 'N'en you would n't be lonely stormy days when my mamma don't let me come over to your house to play wif you"

Batterman Lindsay.



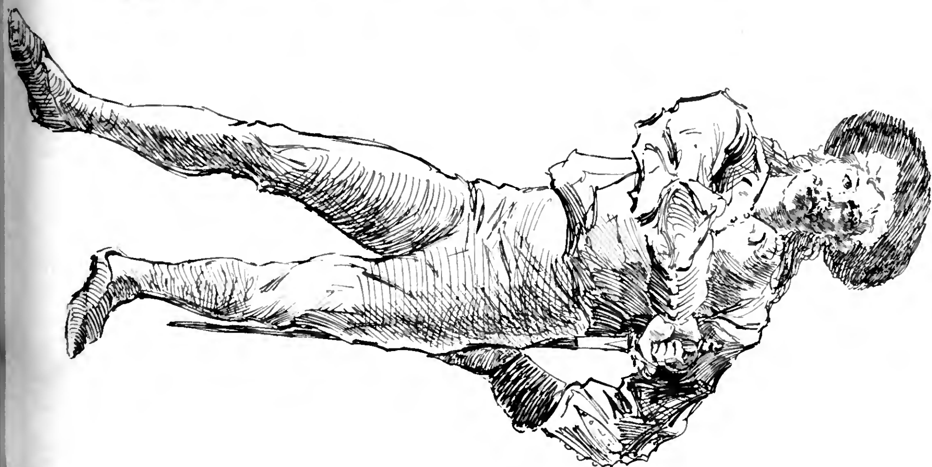
THE DEATH CHASE.[1]

THE HOLY PILGRIM AND THE ROYSTERERS THREE.

WHILOME in Flanders dwelt a wilful band,
That gave their every thought and earthly care
To passing vanities and follies, such
As taverning and hazardry and stews;
And they did trouble with their harps and lutes
The restful hours of both the day and night,
So that good folk would shrew them in their prayers;
And oft they frolicked in such wanton guise,
The Demon smiled and rubbed his grimy hands,
When they did gather for a masque or rout;
And as the Jews had not done hurt enough,
They uttered oaths so villainous and dire,
It did appear it was their curst intent
To tear anew the body of the Lord.

Now, so it chanced, upon a blessed day
Three of these roysterers, ere morning prime,
Were feasting happily when on their ears
There fell the tinkle of a funeral bell,
It was the wont in those far times to ring
Before a body carried to the grave.
Then one did charge a stripling carle to go
And question, on the sheet whose corpse it was
That now did happen to be passing by.
"Sir Cavalier," the simple youth returned,

[1]A Modernizing of Chaucer.

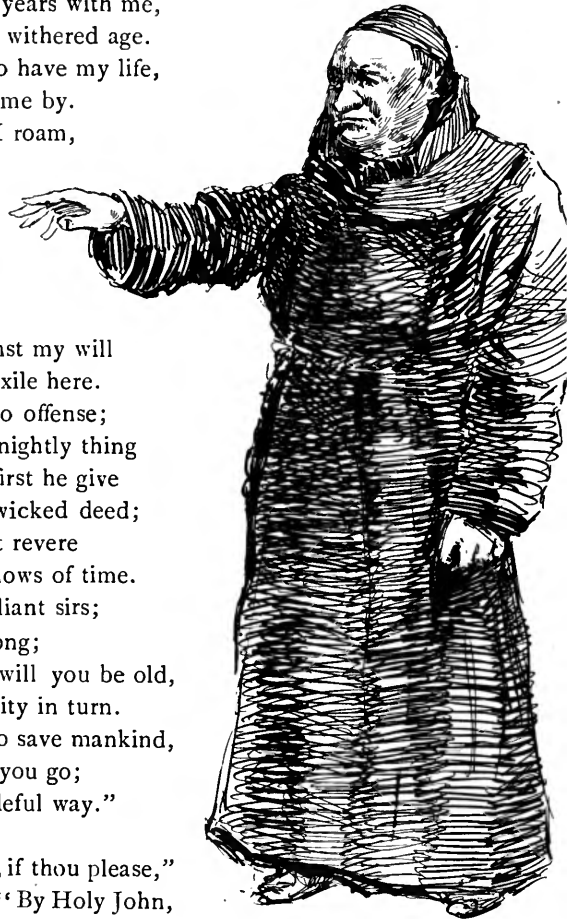


"No need that I should go and do this thing;
Some time ere coming hither, I did hear
What truly now your honor fain would know.
The dead man was one of thy nearest friends,
Who viciously was slain but yester-e'en
Whilst he sat drinking wine as ye do now.
A privy thief called 'Death,' that hath for long
Been slaying honest gentry in these parts,
Crept on him in his wassail and did cut
His valiant heart in twain,—then went his way,
Leaving no vestige save the crime behind.
Ah, but this pestilence is much to fear;
But when into his presence thou dost come,
Be ready him to meet with wholesome works,
And he may never harm thee; so leastwise
My grandam taught me when I was a child."

"By Holy Mary," spoke a master then,
"The lad saith well; this mischief-devil Death
Betwixt the Spring and Summer of the year,
Hath in the village and the country round,
Slain many a man and woman, page and hind.
We must beware how we do choose our path,
Lest he should cast on us his evil eyes,
And send us where there is no wine to quaff,
No dice to play, or rosy lips to kiss."
"Fie," quoth another, "are ye men or hares?
Is it so perilous to meet this foe?
Let others quail before him, but not I.
By Heaven's leave, I will go forth this hour
And seek him out wherever he may be.
But shame ye not to have me go alone?
Pray, why should not the quest be yours as well?
We have not had a bout this many a day
And I dare promise lusty sport in this.
Wherefore, clasp hands, and let us swear an oath
We will be true as brothers each to each,
Then hasten hence and never rest our bones
Till we have made a carcass of this Death
And left him as a mess for birds and hounds."

So all did swear and plight a solemn word,
Then swaggered out with paunches plump and round;
And singing airy chansons as they went.
They did keep up their grisly hunt for Death
Till full a league beyond the village, when

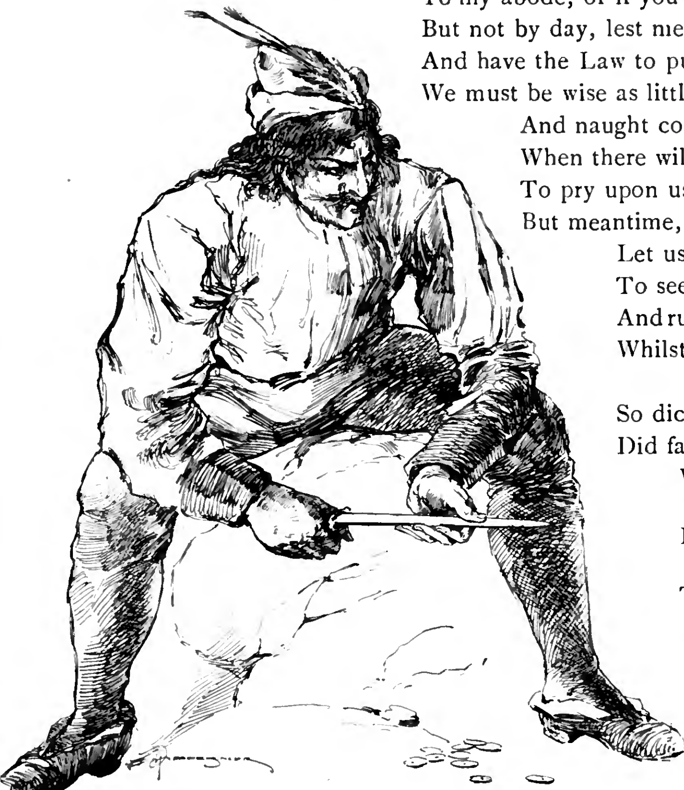
It was their hap to meet a reverend man,—
A hoary pilgrim to some sainted shrine,
Who meekly bowed before them and did speak
Rich mercies from God's throne upon their heads.
But they did spurn his courtesy, and mocked,
And stroked his poll and roughly bade him tell
Why he did still infect the joyous earth
By living thus so long beyond his time.
To whom the holy wand'rer:—" Gracious sirs,
Though I might seek from frozen Alp to Ind,
I should not find in mart or desert wild,
A living man who would trade years with me,
And give up glowing youth for withered age.
Why, even Death doth scorn to have my life,
As harmless he doth ever pass me by.
Thus like an outcast spirit do I roam,
And on the ground which is my mother's gate,
From morn to night, with this good staff I knock,
And say to her, 'Dear mother, let me in';
But she will not and thus against my will
I am constrained in lingering exile here.
For all, brave sirs, old age is no offense;
And 't is a rude and most unknightly thing
To use an old man foul, save first he give
Some cause by bitter word or wicked deed;
And it is written, all men must revere
The head enfrosted with the snows of time.
And so I crave your mercy, valiant sirs;
Forbear to do me injury or wrong;
One day, like me, perchance, will you be old,
And then may need sweet charity in turn.
Now may the Lamb who died to save mankind,
Be always with you whereso'er you go;
Once more do I resume my doleful way."


"DEATH MAY BE FOUND BENEATH THE OLD OAK TREE."

"Nay, not so fast, dissembler, if thou please,"
Quoth one of that bold troop. "By Holy John,
Thou partest not so lightly from us yet.
Erstwhile thou spakest of this rascal, Death,
Who through the country slayeth all our friends.
I well divine thou art a spy of his;
Therefore, tell us where he doth now abide,
Or, by the Cross, thy life doth end this hour."

" Most strangeful humor," spoke the gentle sire,
" To seek a monster all the earth doth shun;
But if ye are thus rashly-minded, know
Death may be found beneath the old oak tree
Ye see but yonder, where he overtops
All humbler fellows in the circling grove,
There did I leave him at the turn of noon,
And there, I warrant, ye will find him still."
So spoke the ancient, and they let him go,
Indifferent now with Death so haply near,
And they did race one with the other, till
They gained the oak, the bourne of their mad hopes.
And there they found, all in a shining heap,
More than a bushel of bright golden coins
And silver florins,— precious to behold:
But scanty heed did they now give to Death,
For kneeling down, into the glittering hoard
They dove their eager hands up to the wrists,
And shook the woods with laughter, song, and glee.
" Oh happy hour," quoth one, "most heavenly chance,
Who ever dreamed of largesse like to this?
This beauteous gold will keep us till we die,
And so our care must be to move it hence,
To my abode, or if you will, to yours;
But not by day, lest men should call us thieves,
And have the Law to put our souls to stress.
We must be wise as little foxes are,
And naught contrive or venture until night,
When there will be no truant eyes around
To pry upon us or to mar our work.
But meantime, that the moments may not lag,
Let us cast lots whose office it may be
To seek the nearest town and buy us bread
And ruddy wine,—to cheer our wasting hearts
Whilst we sit pining for the night to come."

So dice they threw and the untoward lot
Did fall upon the youngest of the three,
Who left straightway upon his errand bent,
His grim companions watching him askance
Till he was lost beyond a field of corn,
When one unto the other thus did speak:—
" By the Lord's wounds, thou art my heart's fond brother.



IMPATIENT FOR THEIR VICTIM AND THE GOLD.

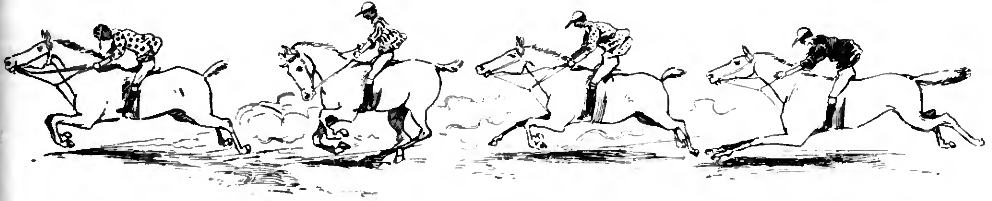
And it is Heaven's merciful behest
We should strive always to do brothers good:
So would I now by thee,— look on this gold:
Thou knowest that it must be shared by three,
But could I shape it so it might be shared
Betwixt us two alone, would it not prove
That truly I was brother unto thee?"
"Ay verily, that may I not gainsay,"
Rejoined the other, "but this is a dream;
Our envoy knoweth of the treasure too."
"He need not know of it if we say nay,"
Thus quoth the first, weird meaning in his eye.
"For look ye, two are stronger far than one,
So when this meddling yokel doth return,
Do we pitch on him as he were a wolf,
And speedily dispatch him with our knives,
When what he knows will harm us not a whit,
Nor rob us of one little stiver here."
The counsel pleased and they did cross their swords,
And swore themselves unto a dark compact,
Then sat them down upon the flowery turf,
Impatient for their victim and the gold.

But now the youngest, though the way was long,
And rapturous fancies eddied through his brain,
Saw nothing but those florins all the while.
"O Lord," quoth he, "if I might be so blest
As of this treasure to possess the whole,
I vow there is no knave beneath the sun
Who would live half so merrily as I."
And pondering thus anon he reached the town,
Where it so happened, that above a door,
His curious eye did by some hazard note
The sign of an apothecary; then
Did Satan enter into his false heart,—
As way he finds to many every hour,
Where careless conscience leaves the gates ajar,—
And told him how those riches might be won.
Nor did the seed fall on unfruitful ground,
For, listening to the tempter's cunning speech,
He sought the shop, and with a simple mien
Did beg of the apothecary there
To sell the deadliest poison he might have.
"Because," quoth he, "my barn is run with rats,
And every night a polecat from the woods

Doth come, and carry my best capons off;
I were most fain to clear me of the pests."
And the apothecary answered:—"Faith,
It is a blessed comfort to my soul,
I may content your worship in this need.
Upon the earth there is no living thing
That may of this confection eat or drink
A portion smaller than a grain of wheat,
But dies before a bird may sing a note:
So violent the poison is and strong."
Nor long time did they barter, for our wight
Soon held the precious unguent in his scrip,
And then was seen with earnest steps to seek
A hostelry, where for a goodly sum
He bought three flagons of Sicilian wine.
One he did set apart for his own drink;
But mingled poison in the other two;
Then daft with visions of the welcome night
When he should be sole lord of all the pelf,
He hied him to the tryst, and joined his friends,
Who, as by covenant, at once did rise
And stick their hungry knives into his ribs,
And so let out his rank and guilty soul.

"Now let us drink," spoke one, "and make good cheer,
And after, we will dig yon whelp a grave,
Lest any should accuse us of this deed,
And bring us to condign and dread account."
And at the word, he snatched by apt mischance,
One of the flagons that was seasond so,
And draining it to midway from the neck,
He tendered it unto his mate to drink,
Who swallowed the full remnant to the lees.
Whereon, both dying as was just and fit,
Not one was left of all the hapless crew,
That by ungodly ways and sinful guile,
Did thus make good the holy palmer's word,—
Death would be found beneath the old oak tree.

D. T. Callahan.



CHRONICLES OF SAN LORENZO.

V.—OLD MAN BOBO'S MANDY.

OLD man Bobo was the sole survivor of a once famous trio. Two out of the three, Doc Jackson and Uncle Jake Spooner, had passed to the shades, and the legend ran —'t is a shriveled chestnut in San Lorenzo —that when their disembodied spirits reached the banks of the Styx, the ruling passion of their lives asserted itself for the last time. They demurred loudly, impatiently, at the exorbitant fee, ten cents, demanded by Charon.

" We weigh light," said Uncle Jake, " awful light! Call it, mister, fifteen cents for the two!"

" Ten cents apiece," replied the ferryman, " or three for a quarter."

Thereupon the worthy couple seated themselves in Cimmerian darkness and vowed their intention of awaiting old man Bobo.

" He 'll soon be along," they remarked. " He must be awful lonesome."

But the old gentleman kept them out of Hades a full lustrum.

He lived alone with his grand-daughter and a stable helper in the tumble-down adobe just to the left of the race track. The girl, a slender chit of seventeen, cooked, baked, and washed, for him. Twice a week she peddled fruit and garden stuff in San Lorenzo and environs. Of these sales her grandsire exacted the most rigorous accounting, and occasionally, in recognition of her services, would fling her a nickel. The old man himself rarely left home, and might be seen at all hours hobbling around his garden and corrals, keenly interested in his own belongings, halter-breaking his colts, anxiously watching the growth of his lettuce, counting the oranges, and beguiling the fruitful hours with delightful calculation.

" It 's all profit," he has often said to me. " We buy nothin' an' we sell every durned thing we raise."

Then he would chuckle and rub together his yellow, wrinkled hands. The neighbors swore that whenever Mr. Bobo laughed it behooved other folk to look grave.

" Mandy's dress costs something," I observed.

"Considerable,—I'd misremembered that. Her rig-out las' fall cost me the vally o' three boxes o' apples — winter pearmains!"

" She will marry soon, Mr. Bobo."

"An' leave me?" he cried shrilly. "I'd like to see a man prowlin' around my Mandy, —I'd stimilate him. Besides, mister, Mandy ain't the marryin' kind. She 's homely as a mud fence, is Mandy. She ain't put up right for huggin' and kissin'."

" But she is your heiress, Mr. Bobo."

" Heiress," he repeated with a cunning leer. " I'm poor, mister, poor. The tax collector has eat me up,—eat me up, I say, eat me up!"

He looked such an indigestible morsel, so obviously unfit for the maw of even a tax collector, that I laughed and took my

leave. He was worth, I had reason to know, at least fifty thousand dollars.

" Say, Mandy, I like ye awful well! D'ye know it?"

The speaker, Mr. Rinaldo Roberts, trainer and driver of horses, was sitting upon the top rail of the fence that divided the land of old man Bobo from the property of the Race Track Association.

Mandy, freckled, long-legged, and tow-headed, balanced herself easily upon one ill-shod foot and rubbed herself softly with the other. The action to those who knew her ways denoted mental perplexity and embarrassment. This assignation was bristling with peril as well as charm. Her grandfather had the eyes of a turkey-buzzard, eyes which she contrasted involuntarily with the soft, kindly orbs now bent upon her. She decided instantly that blue, azure blue, was a prettier color than yellow. Rinaldo's skin, too, commended itself to her attention. She had never seen so fresh a skin, so white a forehead, such ruddy cheeks. David, she reflected, must have been such a man as this; but Rinaldo was a nicer name than David, ever so much nicer.

HOLDING HER SKIRTS HIGH ON ACCOUNT OF THE STICKER GRASS.

" Shakspere never repeats," observed Mr. Roberts, " but I'll tell ye again, Mandy, that I like ye awful well."

" Pshaw!" she replied.

" Honest, Mandy, I ain't lyin'."

He smoothed his hair, well oiled by the barber an hour before, wiped his hand upon his brown overalls, and laughed. It is worthy of mention that the overalls were worn so as to expose four inches of black trouser.

" Ye think more of your sorrel colt than ye do of *me*, Nal."

" I do?"

" Yes, indeed you do, " coquettishly, " you know you do."

" I know I don't! Say — I've gone an' christened the cuss."

" You have?" said Mandy, in a tone of the most intense interest. " Tell me its name."

" It's a her, Mandy, an' me an' Pete fixed on *By-Jo* (Bijou). That 's French, Mandy," he added triumphantly, " an' it means a gem, a *jool*, an' that 's what she is — a regler ruby!"

" It don't sound like French," said Amanda doubtfully.

,, That French feller," replied Nal, with the fine scorn of the Anglo-Saxon, " him as keeps the 'Last Chance' saloon, pronounces it By-Jew, but he 's as ignorant as a fool, an' By-Jo seems to come kind o' nateral."

" Ye might ha' called the colt Amandy, Nal."

The honest face of Rinaldo flushed scarlet. He squirmed — I use the word advisedly — and nearly fell off the fence.

" If there was a nickel-in-the-slot kickin' machine around San Lorenzy," he cried, " I'd take a dollar dose right now! Gosh!

what a clam I am. I give ye my word, Mandy, that the notion o' callin' the filly after you never entered my silly head. Never onst! *Jee*whillikins! this makes me feel awful bad."

He wiped his broad forehead with a large white silk pocket-handkerchief, horribly scented with patchouli. His distress was quite painful to witness.

"Never mind," said Amanda softly. "I was only joking, Nal. It 's all right."

Looking at her now, what son of Adam could call her homely. Her slender figure, the head well poised upon shapely shoulders, suddenly straightened itself; her red lips parted slowly, revealing a row of small, white, even teeth; her eyes, pure and clear as the waters of Choaspes, were uplifted to meet the glance of her lover; her bosom, virginal in its outline, gently rose and fell as Nal sprang from the fence and seized her hand.

"A GOOD GAIT,—NOTHIN' GUMMY ABOUT THE PASTERNS."

A simple courtship truly! Love — not Eros, his counterfeit presentment — had written in plain characters upon their radiant faces an artless tale. With fingers interlaced they gazed tenderly and tranquilly at each other, eloquently silent.

Then the man bent his head and kissed her.

"Marry my Mandy!" cried old man Bobo, a few hours later. "Why, Nal, ye must be crazy! Ye 'r both children."

"I'm twenty-two," said Mr. Roberts, expanding his broad chest, and towering six inches at least above his companion, "an' Mandy will be eighteen next December, and," he added with dignity, "I love Mandy an' Mandy loves me."

"Now, I ain't a goin' to git mad," said Mr. Bobo, stamping upon the ground and gnashing his teeth, "but I'll give ye a pointer, Nal Roberts; you go right home an' stay there! I need Mandy the worst kind, an' ye know it. I could n't spare the girl nohow. An' there 's another thing; I won't have no sparkin' aroun' this place. No huggin' an' kissin'. There 's none for me an' there 'll be none for you. Love, pah! I reckon that's all ye 've got. Love! Ye make me sick to my stomach, Nal Roberts. Ye 've bin readin' dime novels, that 's what ails ye. Love! There ain't no dividen's in love."

"Naterally," observed Mr. Roberts, "ye know nothin' of love, Mister Bobo, an' ye never will. I'm sorry for ye, too. Life without love is like eatin' bull-beef jerky without *salsa!*"

"I've raised Mandy," continued Mr.

Bobo, ignoring this interruption, "very keerful. I give her good schoolin', victuals, an' a heap o' clothes. I 've knocked some horse sense into the child. There ain't no nonsense in Mandy, an' ye won't find her equal in the land for peddlin' fruit an' sech. I've kep' her rustlin' from morn till night. When a woman idles, the ole Nick gits away with her mighty quick. I 've salted that down many a long year. No, sir, Mandy is mine, an' Mandy will do jest as I say. She minds me well, does Mandy. She won't marry till I give the word,—an' I ain't a goin' to give the word."

He snapped together his lantern jaws, and grinned derisively in Nal's face. The gross selfishness which rated its own sordid interest paramount to any consideration for others appalled the young man. How could he stem this tide of avarice; this torrent of egotism?

"So love don't go?" said Nal shortly.

"No, sonny, love don't go,—leastways not with *me*."

"Mebbe you think I'm *after the grease*," remarked Nal with deliberation, "but I ain't. Folks say ye 'r rich, Mr. Bobo, but I don't keer for that. I'm after Mandy, an' I 'll take her in her chimmy."

"I'll be damned if ye will, Nal! Ye won't take Mandy at all, an' that's all there is about it."

"Say," said Mr. Roberts, his fine eyes aglow with inspiration, "say, I'll make ye a cold business proposition, fair an' square betwixt man an' man. I'll buy Mandy from ye, at the market price — there!"

From beneath his penthouse brows Mr. Bobo peered curiously at this singular youth.

"Buy her!" he repeated scornfully. "With what? Ye 've got nothin', Nal Roberts,—that is, nothin' but yer sorrel colt and a measly two, or mebbe three, hunderd dollars. I vally Mandy at twenty dollars a month. At one per cent — I allus git one per cent a month — that makes two thousand dollars. Have ye got the cold cash, Nal?"

Honest Nal hung his head.

"Not the half of it, but I earn a hundred a month at the track."

"Bring me two thousand dollars, gold coin o' the United States, no foolin', an' I'll give ye Mandy."

"Ye mean that, Mr. Bobo?"

The old man hesitated.

"I was kind o' bluffin'," he admitted reluctantly, "but I'll stand by my words. Bring me the cash, an' I'll give ye Mandy."

"I guess I'll go," said Mr. Roberts.

"Yes, Nal, ye'd better go, an' sonny, ye need n't to come back; I like ye first rate, but ye need n't to come back!"

Rinaldo walked home to the race track, and as he walked, cursed old man Bobo, cursed him heartily, in copious Western vernacular, from the peaky crown of his bald head to the tip of his ill-shaped, sockless toe! When, however, he had fed the filly and bedded her down in cool, fresh straw, he felt easier in his mind. Running his hand down her iron forelegs, he reflected hopefully that a few hundred dollars were easily picked up on a race track. Bijou was a well-bred beast, with a marvelous turn of speed. For half a mile she was a wonder, a record breaker,—so Nal thought,—but this hypothesis he kept to himself. Presently he pulled a list of entries from his pocket and scanned it closely. Old man Bobo had a bay gelding in training for the half-mile race, Comet, out of Shooting Star, by Meteor. Nal had taken the measure of the other quadrupeds and feared none of them; but Comet, he admitted ruefully, was a dangerous horse. He was stabled at home, and the small boy that exercised him was both deaf and dumb.

"If I could hold my watch on him," said Nal to himself, "I'd give a hunderd dollars."

A smile illumined his pleasant features as he remembered that Mr. Bobo, like himself, was sitting upon the anxious seat. That same afternoon he had tried, in vain, to extract from Nal some information about the filly's speed. The old man's weakness, if he had one, was betting heavily upon a certainty.

"By Jimminy," mused Mr. Roberts, patting affectionately the satin neck of Bijou, "it would be a nice howdy-do to win a thousand off the old son of a gun! Gosh, Mandy! how ye startled me."

Amanda, out of breath and scarlet of face, slipped quietly into the loose box and sat down in the straw.

"Hush," she said, panting, "grandfather would take a quirt to me if he knew I was here, but, Nal dear, I jest had to come. I've been talkin' with the old man an' he won't let me leave him, but I'll be true to you, Nal, true as steel, an' you'll be true to me, won't you? Grandfather won't last long, he 's—"

"Tough," said Mr. Roberts, "tough as abalone, tough as the hondo of my lariat. I suspicioned he'd peter out when Uncle Jake Spooner died, but he fooled us the worst kind. No, Mandy, the old gentleman ain't a goin', as he says, till he gits ready. He told me that today an' he ain't a liar. He's close as a clam, is Mr. Bobo, but he ain't no liar. As for bein' true to you, Mandy,—why—dern it—my heart 's jest froze to yours, it don't belong to Nal Roberts no longer."

The girl blushed with pleasure and rose to her feet.

"You won't quarrel, Nal," she said anxiously, "you an' grandfather. He gets awful hot at times, but your head is level. He 's comin' down to the track tomorrow morning at five to work out Comet, an' you might have words about me."

"To work out Comet?" said Nal, pricking up his ears.

"SHE 'S A SHUTTIN' 'EM OUT!"

"Me!—" cried Amanda, "I've given it away, an' it's a deathly secret."

"It's safe enough with me," replied the young man carelessly. None the less his eyes brightened and he smiled furtively beneath his blonde mustache. "An', Mandy, don't worry, I would n't touch the old gentleman with a pair o' tongs."

"Well, good night, Nal,—no, you must n't,—somebody might see. Only one then! Let me go, let me go!—Good night, Nal."

She ran swiftly away, holding high her skirts on account of the sticker grass. Nal watched her retreating figure admiringly.

"A *good* gait," he murmured critically, "no interferin' an' nothin' gummy about the pastern!"

He then squatted down, cowboy fashion, upon his hams, and smoothing carefully a piece of level ground, began to — what he called "figger." He wrote with a pointed stick and presently broke into a loud laugh.

"A low down trick," he muttered, "to play upon a white man, but Mr. Bobo ain't a white man, an' must n't be treated as sech."

He erased his hieroglyphics, and proceeded leisurely to prepare his simple supper. He ate his bacon and beans with even more than usual relish, laughing softly to himself repeatedly, and when he had finished and the dishes were washed and put away, he selected, still laughing, a spade and crowbar from a heap of tools in the corner of his shanty. These he shouldered and then strode out into the night.

The crowd at the race track upon the opening afternoon of the fair was beginning to assume colossal proportions — colossal, that is to say, for San Lorenzo. Beneath the grand stand, where the pools are always sold, the motley throng surged thickest. Jew and gentile, greaser and dude, tin-horn gamblers and tenderfeet, hayseeds and merchants, jostled each other good-humoredly. In the pool box were two men. One — the auctioneer — a perfect specimen of the "sport"; a ponderous individual, brazen of face and voice, who presented to the crowd an amazing front of mottled face, diamond stud, tumid shirt sleeves, and a bull neck encircled by a soiled eighteen and a half inch paper collar. The other gentleman, who handled the tickets, was unclean, unshorn, and cadaverous-looking, with a black cigar, unlighted, stuck aggressively into the corner of his mouth and tip-tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees.

"Once more," yelled the pool-selling person, in raucous tones. "Once more, boys! I'm sellin' once more the half-mile dash! I've one hundred dollars for Comet; how much fer second choice? Be lively there. Sixty dollars!!! Go the five, five, five! Thank ye, sir, you 're a dead game sport. Bijou fer sixty-five dollars. How much am I bid for the field?"

The field sold for fifty, and the auctioneer glanced at Mr. Bobo, who shook his head and shuffled away. Ten consecutive times he had bought pools. Ten consecutive times Mr. Rinaldo Roberts had paid, by proxy, sixty-five dollars for the privilege of naming By-Jo as second choice to the son of Meteor.

"Fifteen hunderd," mumbled the old man to himself. "Five las' night an' ten today. It 's a sure shot, that 's what it is, a sure shot. I worked him out in fifty-one. Oh, Lord, what a clip! in fifty-one," he repeated with his abominable chuckle, "an' Nal's filly has never done better than fifty-two. Nal did n't buy no pools. He knows better."

By a queer coincidence Mr. Roberts was also indulging in pleasing introspection.

"The old cuss," he mused, "is blooded. I'll allow he's blooded, but he thinks this a dead cert. Lemme see, fifty-one an' two make fifty-three. No clip at all. Gosh! what a game, what a game! Why, there 's Mandy a sittin' up with Mis' Root. I'll jest sashay acrost the track an' give 'em my regards."

Mandy was atop a red-wheeled spring wagon. A sailor hat—price, trimmed, forty-five cents—overshadowed her smiling face, and a new dress, cleverly fashioned out of white cheese cloth, embellished her person. She had been watching her lover closely for upwards of an hour, but expressed superlative surprise at seeing him.

"Why, Nal," she said demurely, "this ain't you? You are acquainted with Mis' Root, I guess?"

Nal removed his cap with a flourish, and Mrs. Root, a large, lymphatic, prolific female, entreated him to ascend the wagon and sit down.

"You have a horse runnin', Mister Roberts?"

"Yes, marm, By-Jo."

"By what?"

"By Diamond," replied Rinaldo glibly, "outer Cap Wilson's old Sally. She was by—"

"Mis' Root didn't catch the name right," interrupted Mandy. "It 's By-Jo, Mis' Root, — that's French."

"Mercy me, ain't that nice—quite toney. I hope he'll win if Mister Bobo's horse don't."

"Nal," whispered Mandy, "you've not been betting against Comet, have you?"

"That's what I have, Mandy. I 've got my hull stack o' chips on this yere half-mile dash."

"But, Nal, Comet will win sure. Grandfather 's crazy about the colt. He says he can't lose noway."

"That 's all right," said Nal. "I 'm glad he feels so well about it. Set his heart on winnin', eh? That 's good. Say, I guess I'll sit right here and see the race. It 's handy to the judges' stand, and the horses are all on the track."

In fact, for some time the runners had been walking backwards and forwards, and were now grouped together near the starter. Mr. Bobo was in the timer's box, chuckling satanically. Fifteen hundred dollars, according to his own computation, were already added to a plethoric bank account.

"Yer feelin' well, Mister Bobo," said a bystander.

"I'm feelin' mighty well," he replied, "never was feelin' better, never. There 's a heap o' fools in this yere world, but I ain't responsible for their mistakes, — not much," and he cackled loudly.

After the usual annoying delay the horses were dismissed with an excellent start. Bijou jumped immediately to the front, and Nal threw his hat high into the air.

"Ain't she a cyclone?" he shouted, standing upon the wagon seat and waving his stop watch. "Look at her, I say, look at her!"

The people in his vicinity stared, smiled, and finally cheered. Most of them knew Nal and liked him well.

"Yer mare is winnin'," yelled a granger.

"You bet she is," retorted Mr. Roberts. "See her! Ain't she takin' the kinks out of her speed? Ain't that a hell of a clip? Sit still, ye fool," he cried, lustily apostrophizing the boy who was riding, "if ye git a move on ye I'll kill ye. O, my lord, if she ain't a goin' to distance them! Yes, sir, she 's a shuttin' 'em out. Damn it—I ain't a swearin', Mis' Root—damn it, I say, *she 's a shuttin' 'em out!* She 's done it!! The race is won!!!"

He jumped from the wagon and plunged into the crowd, which respectfully made way for him.

"I 've somethin' to tell ye, Mandy," said Mr. Roberts, some ten months later. I feel kind o' mean, too. But I done it for you; for love o' you, Mandy."

"Yes, Nal; what is it?"

They had been married a fortnight.

"Ye remember when the old man had the fit in the timer's box? Well, that knocked me galley-west. I felt a reg'ler murderer. But when he braced up, an began makin' himself hateful over our weddin', I felt glad that I'd done what I done."

"And what had you done, Nal dear?"

"Hold on, Mandy, I 'm tellin' this. Ye see, he promised to sell ye to me for two thousand dollars cash. But when I tendered him the coin, he went back on me. He was the meanest, the ornariest —"

"Hush, Nal, he 's dead now."

"You bet he is, or we would n't be sittin' here."

They were comfortably installed upon the porch of the old adobe. A smell of paint tainted the air, and some shavings and

odds and ends of lumber betrayed a recent visit from the carpenter. The house, in short, had been placed in thorough repair. A young woman with fifty thousand dollars in her own right can afford to spend a little money upon her home.

"He would n't take the coin," continued Nal, "he said I 'd robbed him of it, an' so I had."

"O, Nal!"

"It was this way, Mandy. Ye remember the trial, an' how you give the snap away. Well, I studied over it, an' finally I concluded to jest dig up the half mile post, an' put it one hundred feet nearer home. I took considerable chances but not a soul suspicioned the change. The next night I put it back again. The old man timed the colt an' so did I. Fifty-one seconds, I knew my filly could outrun Comet. His second dam was a bronco an' that will tell! But I wanted to make your grandfather bet his wad. He never could resist a sure shot bet, never. That's all."

Amanda looked deep down into his laughing blue eyes.

"He was willing to sell me, his own flesh and blood," she murmured dreamily. "I think, Nal, you served him just about right, but I wish, don't get mad, Nal, I wish that—er—some one else had pulled up the post!"

The unsavory ethics of the stable have much in common with the perfumed, pinchbeck code of the drawing room, but what latitude may be given to the former constitutes a fine point, which must be left to the individual consideration of the reader.

Horace Annesley Vachell.

MOUNTAIN AND MISSION.

Lift high, O royal Sierras!
Ye may not fade or flee:
Below are the worn old missions,—
Below—beyond—the sea.
Low down are the padres resting,
Asleep with their beads untold,
But grandly ye tower above them,
Perpetual, regal, cold.

I am awed by your changeless summits
And slopes with the pines o'ergrown;
But my heart broods over the missions
And leans to the crumbling stone.
They are touched with supremest pathos;
They feel they are old and gray
In your absence, O holy padres,
In the sunlight of today.

Alice I'Anson.

TRUE TALES OF THE OLD WEST. VII.

AN EXPERIENCE OF MEXICAN JUSTICE.

EVERAL Californians were sitting in the bachelor apartments of one of their number, spending an evening of social chat, when the question, whether a man might slay his fellow-man and not thereafter feel remorse, was raised.

"I do not believe," said one, "that any man with a properly constituted conscience can take the life of another and not at some time feel regret or remorse."

"Not even in self-defense?"

"Self-defense is, of course, a great palliation," replied the first speaker, "but even in that case I believe that the slayer must at times find himself burdened by a feeling of horror and compunction."

One of the speakers turned to the host, who had been a silent but interested listener, and asked,—

"What is your opinion of this matter, Captain Eldred?"

The resolute-looking gentleman thus addressed, an athletic, well preserved man of about forty-five years, who was favorably known to all for his probity, as well as for his success in life, cast his kindly but keen gray eye round the circle, and taking a few contemplative whiffs of his cigar, replied:—

"I do not agree with the gentlemen of the affirmative. I am not a bloodthirsty man; neither do I think that I am more devoid of conscience than are most men; but I have deliberately killed a man in my time, and I can honestly say that I never have felt the slightest remorse or regret."

"You killed a man, you, Captain Eldred?" said one. "Are you not testing our credulity for your own amusement?"

"Not at all. What I have said is strictly true, not only as to the fact of the killing, but as to the state of my conscience."

"Tell us the story," said the first speaker.

"Well," said Eldred, "you will all bear me witness that the subject is not a favorite one. The principal details of the affair can still be found in the records of the San Francisco courts, of which they became a part many years ago. I will tell you the story now if you will promise not to repeat it. I want no fresh notoriety."

About twenty years ago I was just starting in life as a mining expert, and I had acquired sufficient means to enable me to operate for myself, so I began to look for a promising field. I finally learned from a reliable source that in Northern Mexico were quartz mines worthy the attention of any man. I soon found myself in the land of the Montezumas, and settled upon a "prospect" that promised well.

My success was much beyond the ordinary, and by the time the shaft was down seventy feet I had uncovered a large body of very rich gold ore. My good luck was not, however, unaccompanied with drawbacks. I found that while at first my efforts were regarded with indifference or curiosity, this feeling gradually changed to one of envy, especially among the high class Mexicans. This troubled me little, however. I did not fear their interference, for my title to my property was clearly legal, and as a citizen of the United States I was sure of its protection.

One difficulty that I had to encounter lay in the character of my help, which consisted of Mexicans of the poor class. Their laziness and general stupidity almost drove me wild. To escape temporarily from the harrowing task of managing them, I would oc-

I HEARD A NOISE LIKE THE LOW SOBBING OF A CHILD.

casionally knock off work for a day or two, tell them to go about their business for that time, and betake myself to prospecting in the adjacent mountains.

It was on one of these lonely expeditions that there occurred an incident which, though trifling, was destined to have a great influence upon my career. I was on my way home and had nearly reached the valley, when I heard a noise like the low sobbing of a child. I soon came upon a little boy, between three and four years of age, lying face downwards upon a large bare rock.

I took him in my arms and in the little Spanish I then knew, tried to quiet and soothe him, for he was nearly exhausted. I gave him food and drink, and then he cuddled up and went to sleep.

I pursued my way down the valley, where I felt sure I should find an owner for the lad, as the rich materials of his now tattered clothing indicated that he belonged to the upper class. I soon met a search party. They belonged to the hacienda of Doña Inez Castro, and informed me that the child had wandered off the previous evening, and that the Doña had been almost crazed with grief. She received the child from my hands with the liveliest expressions of joy and gratitude.

"Will not the señor," she asked, "rest and refresh himself?"

I pleaded haste, and seeing that I was in earnest, she extended her hand.

"Perhaps the time will come when Doña Inez will be able to repay in some measure the señor's kindness in restoring my child."

I learned that Doña Inez was a widow, her husband, a Mexican officer, having been killed during one of the perennial revolutions in that effervescent country. I called upon the lady several times, and succeeded in establishing myself upon a very friendly footing in her household.

Then came an event that resulted most disastrously for me, and in the end fatally to others. The shaft of my mine was down about seventy feet, and I was engaged in

running a drift laterally upon the ledge. While performing this work, one of my *peons* contrived to fall into it, and was instantly killed.

His death was clearly the result of his own carelessness, and I was greatly surprised the next day to find myself under arrest. I was not seriously alarmed, however. I shut down my works, and went quietly to the office of the alcalde, or judge, in the nearest town.

I was formally arraigned, and pleaded not guilty to the charge of manslaughter. I did not ask for counsel, indeed, I doubt if such a thing as a legal representative could have been found in the place. I stood my trial, showing conclusively that the man's death was the result of his having failed to follow instructions in handling the machinery. No decision was rendered, and I was removed to prison upon the ground that time was necessary for the summoning of witnesses for the prosecution.

I became uneasy and determined to apply to the nearest American consul, but was persuaded by the judge that this was unnecessary, as the case would undoubtedly be decided in my favor,—and besides I had little hopes of official assistance, as at the time the United States was extremely remiss in protecting its citizens in Mexico.

My first glance at the judge assured me that I had met him before at the house of Doña Inez, and I remembered to have heard of him as a suitor for her hand. I noticed that he scowled at me maliciously as he gave the order for my commitment, but I laid no special stress upon his apparent ill-nature.

I protested vigorously against the order, but he coldly said,—

"Such is the law, señor; it is useless to protest."

I was accordingly led to prison, a strong structure about fourteen feet square, built of huge bowlders and cement, with an earthen floor, and firmly secured, as to its entrance and another small opening for light and air, by heavy bolts and bars.

There was no furniture, not even a stool, but in one corner was a heap of dirty straw. The place was intolerably filthy, and swarmed with vermin, but I made the best of it and waited patiently until the witnesses should be found.

Over two weeks dragged by, and just as my patience was entirely giving out, I found myself one day ordered into court.

The witnesses, some of my former *peons*, were brought in, and I soon saw that either malice or interest controlled them, for they swore point blank that my machinery was well calculated to kill men and in no wise to protect them from injury. I had trusted largely to the testimony of my foreman, but he had evidently been tampered with, for his testimony told, if either way, against me.

When the testimony was all in, the judge, whose name was Don Roderigo Gonzales, thus addressed me, and I thought there was a brutal exultation in his tone:—

"Well, señor, your case seems to be a bad one, but I am still disposed to be lenient with you. Can you propose anything else."

I replied that I had determined to apply to the nearest American consul, and asked that a messenger might be dispatched to him.

"Very well, sir, very well," said the Judge. "Draw up your document and I will see that it starts at once."

I accordingly made out an appeal to the consul. This I handed to the Judge, who took it and left the room.

Meantime I was remanded to my filthy abode. Days went by until three weeks had passed, and still no word from the consul. I then began to doubt the honesty of the Judge, and seriously to plan an escape.

My first thought was to seek aid from some countryman, but I could only think

of one, a man named Jonathan Green, who lived about a hundred miles away.

My situation was becoming intolerable. I was harassed by a series of petty annoyances, one of which was to keep me on scanty allowance until nearly starved, and then offer me a mess composed largely of hot peppers, which burned my throat and stomach, so that the tears would roll down my face, to the intense enjoyment of my jailers.

The Judge, though frequently pleaded with to take some action in the matter, claimed that he could do nothing without orders from his superiors, and I became thoroughly convinced of his duplicity and malevolence.

About this time, I was visited by a young woman called "Poor Pepita." Her lover was guilty of some crime for which he was imprisoned, and finally shot, since when Poor Pepita had labored under a mild insanity. She seemed to derive a melancholy pleasure in visiting the prison where her poor Pedro had been incarcerated, and was generally allowed to do so. I had met the girl frequently at the Doña's home, and the thought flashed into my mind that I might make this girl my messenger to her.

Pepita had brought me a tamale, a great delicacy among the Mexicans, which I devoured with such evident enjoyment, that she said: "It is good to see the señor eat, but I am sorry that it will do him so little good, as he is to be shot soon. I fed my poor Pedro well, but they shot him for all that."

"Ah, no, Poor Pepita," I said, "I do not think I shall be shot."

"Surely, surely, you will," she said, "My poor Pedro always said he would not be shot, but you see he was. It is hard, you are so young to die, and then," here she began to weep, "perhaps there is a poor girl somewhere, who loves you, too."

"Will you do something for me which may save me from being shot?" I asked.

"Certainly, I will gladly help the poor señor."

"Well, wait a minute," and taking out my note book, I hastily scribbled a note to the Doña, asking her to visit me if possible. "Carry this," I said, "to your friend the Doña Inez."

Next day she returned with an answer which she adroitly slipped into my hand in a manner which indicated that she had performed such services before.

The purport of the Doña's note was that she knew I was being misused, and also the reason for it; that she must see me personally to explain; that she had tried to do so before, but had been forbidden by the Judge; that she would not ask again, but upon a certain night, would with an attendant, appear at the window of my cell; that during the day previous to this I should ply my guards plentifully with mescal; that upon that evening, she would send me a large flask of strong brandy, which, of course, would never reach me.

At last the eagerly looked for day came. I told my guards that I had slept badly for several nights,— which was true,— and that I thought I would drink considerable mescal that day and see if it would not enable me to sleep better when night came. I further said that if they would get some I would pay for enough for us all. By ten o'clock that night the mescal had done its work and the guards were sleeping soundly.

I waited anxiously for the Doña's appearance. The night was very dark, and I did not see the advancing figures until they were close to the window; then a low, soft voice that I at once recognized as the Doña's asked, "Are you there, Señor Eldred?" I answered and she went on:—

"Alas, I cannot tell you how grieved I am at your misfortunes, my friend, and I beg you to believe that I have not been idle all this time. I have used every effort to secure your release, but in vain. The Judge is

jealous of you and this is his vengeance. But I have a plan by which you may escape. Senor Gonzales is an extremely avaricious man and it is possible that you may able to buy your liberty. He expects to get hold of your mine, as according to an old law still in existence in Mexico, if a foreigner be convicted of a crime and executed or imprisoned for a term of years, his property is forfeited to the State, and this law the Judge would interpret to suit his own interests.

"You must obtain an interview with the Judge, and incidentally mention my name. You must work yourself into a rage and tell him that you would like to write me a bitter letter, dismissing me from your thoughts forever. He will probably offer to write at your dictation, as you do not write the Spanish language. Should he not offer, ask him as a favor. Then you must bribe him. Give him to understand that you are willing to abandon your mine and pay well besides for your freedom. How much he will want and how to get it, is the question. I can raise five hundred dollars, but I fear that is all, and if he will not let you go for that, you must try and raise the rest.

"I must go now, but through Poor Pepita you must let me know how things are going with you."

I thanked her with all my heart for her kindness, and she went away. I slept little that night, my mind being full of plans for raising money. My thoughts reverted once more to my friend Green, and I concluded to try to get word to him of my condition through the Doña.

Next day I sent to the Judge, asking for an interview. He returned word that he would call after dinner. He arrived promptly, but only put his head inside the filthy hole where I was to say that he could not see me in there, but that I could come out and walk with him under surveillance of the guards. I did so, and after a little unimportant conversation I began cautiously to carry out the Doña's plan. I asked various questions about my case, but received very brief and gruff replies. I then artfully turned the talk to Doña Inez and found that the scheme worked to a charm. In a short time I had actually dictated the letter and had received his promise to deliver it. I then carefully broached the question of escape. But I soon found that his mind was elsewhere, and he shortly told me that he could spare me no more time then, but would call a few moments on the next day.

The next day he came in high spirits and handed me a letter from the Doña. It was as spiteful and caustic as need be, and the Judge had evidently been informed as to its contents. After a few remarks as to the faithlessness of women in general, and the Doña in particular, I said:—

"See here, Judge, I want to leave this cursed country, and I want you to help me. I would gladly give all I possess to set my foot on United States soil."

A gleam of pleasure lighted up the eyes of the Judge as he said, "So you would really like to leave Mexico for good?"

"I most certainly would," I replied, "and I would take precious good care never to be seen here again."

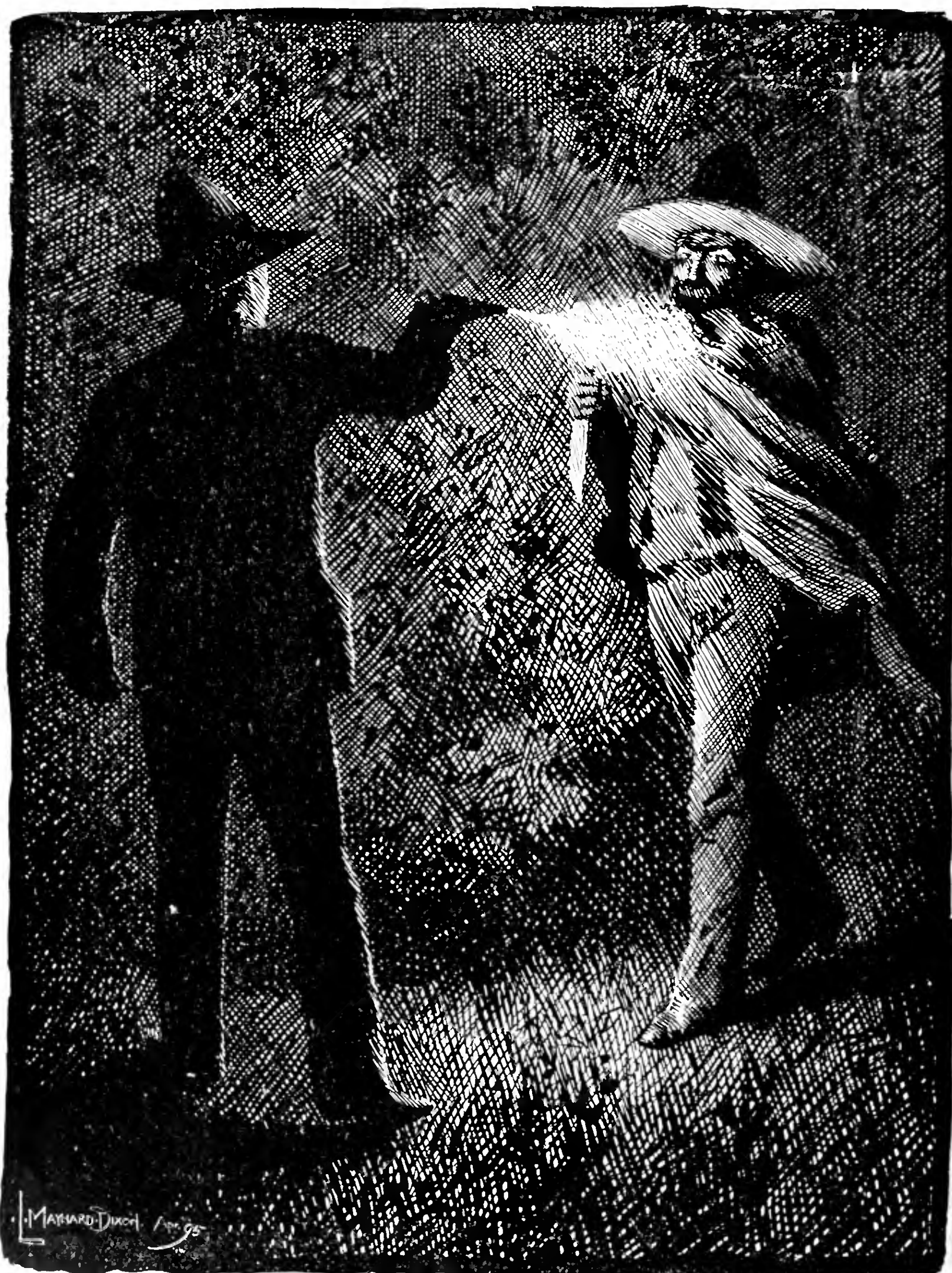
He considered a few moments, and, looking me full in the face, boldly said, "You mean that you would like to have me allow you to escape?"

This was so sudden and correct an interpretation of my thoughts that for a moment I was staggered, and he went on,—

"I should be glad to help you, if I could see my way clear."

"What amount," I asked, "do you think would be necessary to give me a start for the United States?"

He studied a moment, and then said: "It will take about fifteen hundred dollars. You will need a good horse, traveling equip-



"AND DRAWING MY REVOLVER, I FIRED."

ments, expense money, and many other things."

I told him that I could not raise that amount.

After some talk he agreed to see me fairly off for one thousand dollars, and shortl after took his leave.

I had learned through Poor Pepita that messenger had been dispatched to Green so I waited for his appearance, and abou

a week later was overjoyed to see him walk into my cell.

After expressing sympathy, he said: "You are right in deciding to leave here, if possible, and I can help you. The Doña and I together can raise the money,—so now go ahead, before he has time to change his mind."

Next morning I sent for the Judge and told him that I was ready to go.

"Very well," he said, "tomorrow at midnight you will find the door unlocked and unguarded; you will meet me at yonder clump of bushes," pointing to a thicket a few feet from the road. "There I will have the finest horse in this part of Mexico, my own favorite steed in fact, well equipped for a journey. You will then give me the money, mount, and ride away."

That afternoon Green came again and brought the money. He also told me that the Judge had informed him that it would be best for him to leave at once, as his presence at the time of my escape might compromise him. Before leaving, he handed me a small revolver, which he said I might need.

I wrote a note to the Doña, thanking her for the money, and assuring her that I would repay it as soon as possible, and entrusted it to the faithful Pepita, who had come to make me a last visit. I thanked the poor girl and gave her a small sum of money, telling her to buy something pretty with which to remember the poor Americano.

Just before dark a guard was sent to search me and my cell for weapons, but fortunately he found nothing. After he had gone I put the revolver in my hip pocket and quietly waited for twelve o'clock.

It came at last. I heard the stealthy footsteps of the guard as he unlocked my door. Soon afterwards I stole quietly out to the thicket, where I found the Judge.

He stepped forward as I came up, and said: "Well, I see you are ready; here is your horse, now where is the money?"

I handed him the package, which he unrolled and carefully counted by the light of a small pocket lantern.

"That is right," he said.

I started towards the horse, when he called out: "Hold! Señor Eldred, I must speak with you. Something important has just occurred to me, and I find I cannot permit you to leave tonight. You must go back to your prison until the matter is settled."

"And if I refuse?" I said.

"Perhaps this will persuade you," he said, drawing a glittering knife from his belt and stepping toward me.

A wave of rage swept over me. But I crushed down my wrath and said, "Well, you have the advantage of me," and turned as if to go to my cell.

Just as I reached the edge of the fringe of bushes, I turned upon him, and drawing my revolver, I fired. I had scarcely taken aim and was almost surprised to see him fall.

I stood dazed for a minute and then hastily mounted,—first securing my money from the dead man,—and put spurs to my horse. I rode almost constantly for four days and nights. At the end of that time I fell in with a body of Texan rangers, who escorted me to their headquarters.

I rested a few days and then left for San Francisco, where I found a warrant waiting for my arrest. My case was thoroughly investigated, and the United States officials refused to return me to Mexico, as they considered my actions fully justifiable. I thought of making an effort to regain my mining property, but knowing something of the difficulties of going to law in that country, I gave it up.

I returned the money to the Doña and Green, and so closed my relations with Mexico forever, I hope. But I never have regretted, and never shall, the slaying of Don Roderigo Gonzales.

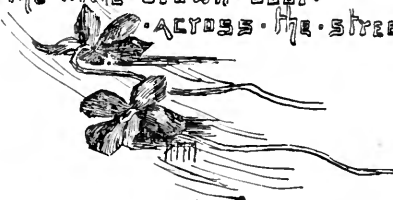
J. W. Walsh.

In Time of Laughter.

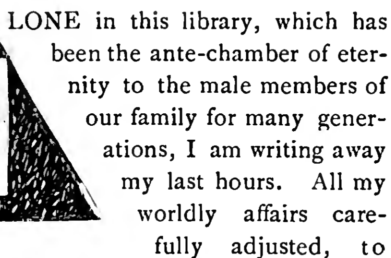
The world is atune
With a springtime rune,
Aglow with the kiss of
a glowing sun;
A hundred trees
Lisp back to the breeze,
A hundred bird-notes
melt into one;
Life's pulses beat
With a joy complete,
No sorrow lies
in the warm spring's track,—
Save for a knot of fluttering black
On the little brown door across the street.

Leaves sparkle green
With a new-found sheen
And weave overhead their twinkling lace.
Violets gild
The hill, sun-thrilled
To let life free from its close embrace.
Buttercups greet
Our eager feet:
Hearts laugh loud when spring comes back:—
There's a ribbon-bound knot of fluttering black
On the little brown door
across the street.

Sarah Comstock.



THE PARTED CURTAINS.



ALONE in this library, which has been the ante-chamber of eternity to the male members of our family for many generations, I am writing away my last hours. All my worldly affairs carefully adjusted, to what better cause could I devote this remnant of life than to crystallizing the memories which, at this crisis, throng from the past? What more fitting than that my only son, who is now on a far journey, should have my very latest thoughts and feelings to guide and stay him when he, too, shall sit here awaiting the fatal signal. Should chance bring these words to the notice of another, and he should wonder at the composure with which I write of my death, I wish here to remind him that we mortals are wisely so constituted as to be happy, even frivolous, though well aware that each is approaching a tragedy. But in knowing the precise manner in which I shall die, I differ from my fellows. I know that in yonder alcove I shall be found tomorrow lying as if peacefully asleep. The time of the end has hitherto been uncertain, as it is in most lives, but I now know that the summons will interrupt this writing; for the dear wife that has cheered my shadowed years went to her rest this day, and I know that my remaining hours are embraced within the next circuit of yonder clock's shorter hand.

My recollections naturally spring from that point in the long ago, when, in the first flashing upon me of a rare youthful beauty, an introduction at a reception, the shy questioning of soul-lustrous eyes, a responsive thrill, a waltz, a promenade, Emily Creelman and I took the first steps toward the border of love's domain, which, heart to heart, we have now traversed. How radiantly clear,— like the sun-brightened spray of a fountain,— rise the details of that night, when her loveliness beckoned me from the path my fancies had marked! How willingly I undertook to gratify the first wish she expressed to me,— simply the carrying of a message to her grandfather and father,— yet how that admiring obedience linked me with the fate now at the door!

Emily's grandfather, Benjamin Creelman, was old. He had won eminence many years before as a microscopist, and had maintained it by a series of valuable discoveries concerning the nature of bacteria. In an upper room in this ancient house he toiled, and in a cabinet near me are carefully preserved the delicate instruments with which he wrested secrets from the invisible. The son, Emily's father, following his scientific footsteps, devoted his years to the study of disease germs, and but for his early summons to the alcove, would have attained a renown equal to that of the elder Benjamin.

I found the two men alone in an apartment of the resplendent house in which the reception was held, discussing the construction of the closing sentence of a book that the grandfather was preparing. I delivered Emily's message; her father noted it by a nod of his head; and I turned to go. On the threshold, I was arrested by a sudden exclamation from the elder Creelman. I looked back and was startled at the abrupt change which had come over the two men.

The old man was pointing, in an awed manner, into an upper corner of the apartment, and I heard him say, —

"The curtains!"

The son was looking in the direction of the pointing finger, and he responded to the old man's exclamation with a low cry of alarm. The color was rapidly fading from his face, and he was visibly trembling. But the white-haired scientist, slowly lowering his hand and withdrawing his eyes from the vision which had appeared to them, said with an assuring smile: —

"Courage, my son. Many years have been given to me, and opportunity to give to the world the results of my work. We must go home to the library at once. Where is Emily?"

Recalling the fact that I had come with the message, they both turned toward the door, and seeing me still there, the grandfather said,—

"Will you please bring Miss Emily to us?"

This commission, trifling in itself, but of importance to me, then in the first enthusiasm of my admiration, thrilled me; and with a glad bound of my heart, I was strangely impelled to cast my eyes into the corner of the room. There I saw a hazy appearance of the air in the form of two curtains drawn close together. The effect of this upon me, however, was speedily overborne by my heightening interest in Emily as I hastened to the parlor and conducted her to her father and grandfather; and indeed, in my regret of her early departure from the reception, I forgot the vision, but very soon afterward I learned, that with the mere beginning of my heart attachment to this remarkable family, the mysterious summons of death became mistily visible to me.

The aged scientist's leave-taking was conventional, his strong face betraying no sign of his knowledge that the dial of his life had been compassed. On the next morning I learned that he had been found dead in an alcove of the library,— this library,— as had his father and father's father before him. Then came my memory of the vision and of the old man's words.

How easily my memory — that God-given faculty which burns brightest when the gloom of death obscures all other earth-lights — glides over the steps that have brought me to this solemn situation! Caressingly it lingers upon my call of condolence; the power of Emily's tearful eyes; the grief tones of her voice; the dormant traits which sorrow quickened into lasting activity and loveliness; my subsequent calls; the gradual confessions of hearts converging to the sweetest compact of earth; — and calls back, almost reverently, the night, when, in the parlor of this stone mansion,— dismal mosaic of the past,— my love made words captive and drove them headlong before it. Ah, that the white-haired woman, who lies, in dread semblance of life, in that same room, were by me now, that we might once more recall, as we have so often, the picture we then made, as with faltering voice she confessed her own love for me, and our lips met in the first kiss, which plighted our vows, and made irrevocable the manner of my death!

Her joy shines in my memory as the evening star then shed its good wishes upon us through the deep mullioned window near which we sat, and my heart now sympathetically responds to the greater love which welled at sight of her blushing timidity when I asked her to come with me to this library and win her father's consent.

We found him sitting where I now sit, writing from the self-same inkstand. He was an approachable man, ever kind, cordial, and pleasant, but when he then looked up at us, I noticed sadness suddenly cloud his face, and saw him glance, with the same expression of awe I had seen at

the reception, toward the alcove yonder. I knew not the reason then; but how often, in these years, sitting here in the ominous hours of night, have I involuntarily cast that same look of uneasy expectancy into the shadows there,— not in fear, for I have seldom feared the fate, but in hope that it might not yet come; for at few times in life will death not leave some work undone.

"Emily and I have come," I began, "to tell you that we love each other. I ask you for her, sir; and she is willing to come to me."

I cannot analyze the expression that then controlled his strong face. For some minutes he was silent, during which, as I now recall, the shadows of this old room seemed to grow to tragic density, and the clock yonder to tick as irregularly as the pulsating of our hearts. I knew not why the sense of a crisis oppressed me,— I know now that the Spirit of Destiny was invisibly active about us all, was inextricably twining about my life the first coils of its influence, and reaching forward into the years, was sealing its termination to the hour now but a few strokes of yonder pendulum hence.

"Mr. Engelston," he replied at length, "I have permitted your visits to my daughter, knowing your worth and believing that you meet all the requirements that a father desires in the man who is to take the interests of a daughter into his keeping. I have permitted them, although your marriage will be a solemn sign to me. I have anticipated this visit from you, and have even now been putting my affairs into shape for the fatality which your request tells me is at hand. Before you are finally engaged, it is right that you should know what will be brought upon you by becoming a member of my family."

My memory instantly revived the half-forgotten vision of the curtains, which had preceded his father's death, and for a moment I shrank from the vague terrors I might inject into my future; but the touch of Emily's hand to mine, as she clung trembling to me, recalled my love and placed its possibilities far above any dangers of which he might tell me, and I replied:—

"I love Emily; let the fatality be what it may."

"Manfully spoken," he was pleased to say, pleasure dimly lighting his face. "I believe you will be able to endure the thought through your years that a vision may at any time appear to you, and one that means your death. I wish both of you to sit here near me and listen, in order that you may each fully understand and prepare for what seems inevitable for you."

We seated ourselves on the divan there, Emily clasping my arm in benumbing apprehension. Into my impressionable nature each detail of the scene imbedded itself,— how the unillumed spaces of this large room formed a background for her father's figure, lighted by the rays of the gas-drop, and enabled me to see plainly, while he talked, each change of expression as his sturdy nature arrayed itself into fortitude.

"I cannot tell you why this summons came to be given to our family," he began. "It is only known that the curtains first appeared to Waldric Torreyson, who came over from England in very early times and built this house. He left a record that one night as he was returning from an expedition against a tribe of hostile Indians, in which many of the savages were indiscriminately, unrighteously, slaughtered, there appeared in the moonlight before him, two closed curtains. A voice came from behind them, which told him that they meant his death; that henceforth they would appear to the oldest male of his family, or if no male Torreyson of direct descent remained, then to the oldest male allied by marriage. The curtains would appear to the man wherever he might be,

and there could be no escape. He must go to his home without unnecessary stoppage. Time would be given him to arrange his business affairs. Then when the two curtains should be drawn aside, or parted, he must walk between them, the curtains would be drawn close, and no mortal eye would again see him alive. If he obeyed the summons implicitly, he would die peacefully; if not, he himself, or the one he most loved, would be subjected to a death of torment, or that member of the family upon whom rested the continuance of the blood would be suddenly removed. Old Waldric went home, arranged his affairs, wrote this brief account, without disclosing what act of his had called this strange fate upon the family, walked between the curtains, and was found lying dead in the little alcove there. Not one of his own family, or the Creelmans, after marriage brought the fate upon us, has disobeyed."

He paused here a moment, closely scanning my face; then asked solemnly:—

"Do you fully understand, that a marriage with my daughter will make you the next one to be summoned? If you cannot accept the prospect of seeing the curtains appear before you at any time,—in pleasure, or suddenly between you and a cherished success,—now is the time to escape."

Emily's hands upon my arm quivered into a tight clasp of suspense, and her eyes anxiously sought my face for signs of weakness. Who that has within him anything worthy the name of love could have placed this doom above her pleading? I rose from my place at her side, and still holding her hand, answered:—

"My determination is not changed. Would I not in any case be in continual danger of death? Besides, if I reason correctly, my subjection to this fate has already been sealed. On the night before your father died, after I had delivered Emily's message, I dimly saw the curtains as they appeared to him."

"Saw the curtains!" he echoed, rising, and coming to me. "Then, indeed, there is no escape for you. The same power that brought this fate upon our family has selected you for Emily's husband. Here is my hand in welcome into our family, and God grant you happiness with her. My own time is at hand. Each of us who is about to pass through the curtains can grant one request to the next. My request was that I should be allowed to remain until Emily should have a protector. You have come, and I have not hindered you. My time is even now here."

As he spoke, there came to our ears, in the silence of the evening hour in this old library, the rustling of heavy silk. Involuntarily we turned our eyes toward the alcove, and in the deep shadow, depending from an invisible support, we saw—distinct then to me as were the material objects about us—two silken curtains, richly fashioned, drawn close together, and swaying slightly from the unseen hands which had set them in place. There were no attending phenomena,—the very silence and simplicity of the summons augmented the fearfulness of its meaning.

"Yes, my time has come," the father said calmly.

With a low cry of terror and grief, Emily fell into his arms. In the sudden welling of his love for a cherished daughter, from whom the mysterious fate was soon to separate him, he pressed her close and kissed her tenderly as he said:—

"My dear daughter, I have kept from you the manner I should die, believing the expectation of it would cloud your young life. I rejoice that I am not to leave you unprotected. I must now hasten to be ready to obey the next signal from the curtains. If I delay, you would be taken from us by an agonizing death. Even now

I may not see you married, unless you consent to be soon."

His face showed rebellion against the destiny which intercepted his prime, with its matured plans and glittering hopes of success, and which removed him from his daughter at the time when she should be the happiest, but I saw courageous resignation again illumine it, and I asked,—

"How soon do you wish our marriage to take place?"

He looked anxiously at Emily, then at the curtains, still closed, and turning his eyes upon me sadly, he answered,—

"It should take place at once."

"THE CURTAINS!"

With a scarce audible cry of modesty, Emily shrank from me closer upon her father's breast. Ah, how the picture gleams out of the past! As fair a maid as ever lover looked upon; who had but an hour before rapturously anticipated her nuptials, but now encompassed by a fate which bewildered her, and which compelled a marriage in the ancient house, black with night and the mystery of death,—no radiant robes of the bride and her maids, or admiration of friends. A few moments she clung trembling to her father; but turning her eyes to me, and seeing me stand with outstretched hands, ready to protect, ready to love her as long as life was given me, she came shyly, trustfully, submissively, to me, and sobbed her willingness in my arms.

I cannot dwell upon the distressing service in the room below, wherein but a brief

time before Emily and I had confessed our love, and where she now lies in that silence into which I too shall sink. The memory looms blackly against even my own fate. I hear again the melancholy tones of the aged rector from the church near by, who had promptly responded to her father's message, and who had long known the mystery of the curtains. During the mournful ceremony, the walls of the room seemed to me as veils through which the Spirits of Destiny were diabolically peering The good wishes of the two men, and of the one witness who had been called, were as sparks flying in a midnight of blackness; and when, at my father-in-law's request, our service was followed by that for the dying, the gloom and terror of it all were as if the sun and moon and stars and all light had been quenched from the world.

After an affecting farewell from the minister, our father requested us to return with him to the library, to be with him when the last signal should be given. On the divan there we sat again, while he explained his business affairs to me and gave me his final directions. Only by my continuous encouragement, and loving assurances, did Emily endure the strain of the fearful moments after our affairs were all arranged, while we awaited the parting of the curtains. I think I can see ourselves sitting just there on that divan, my young wife in my arms, so vivid is the memory. Ah, yes, there was but one feature lacking to complete the resemblance! Over there by the alcove then hung the closed curtains, and even now, as I have written these last words, that has been supplied. With the well remembered silken rustle, the curtains have again appeared, and are again swaying from the invisible power which has hung them upon their immaterial support. I must hasten.

As we sat together that night—that night of terror—the quietness, which we had maintained for many minutes at that critical moment when the chill of death's immediate presence seemed to separate the power of speech from the mind, was broken by the rustling of silk, and looking toward the alcove we saw the curtains move slowly apart. Again there were no phenomena, no beckoning spirit, no voice,—utter silence, and the two parted curtains, distinct as material ones would have been, clearly outlined against the darkness of the alcove.

With no trace of fear Emily's father rose from his chair—*this* chair from which I shall rise when yonder curtains part—and came to us.

"My dear son," he said, without a tremor, "one thing yet remains. What request can I grant you before I go?"

I drew Emily close to me and replied,—

"I ask you that we may not long be separated."

"It is well," he said, catching my hands in a close grasp, casting into my eyes a look which more strongly pleaded for my care and tenderness and love for her whom he was leaving than words could have done.

Then he turned to Emily and took her into the last, fond, parental embrace. For a moment words failed, but at last he said:

"My beloved daughter, the sweetest element of earthly life has come to you as I leave you. Since your dear mother was taken from me the world has been almost a void, and I go hopefully to her. I leave you trustfully to God and to the love he has given you. Farewell."

He turned from us resolutely, and we saw him walk between the curtains, casting a last, long, loving look back at us from the fatal opening.

Then slowly, without visible hands, the curtains closed behind him. No sound from the space behind them broke the heavy stillness, and we waited. As suddenly as they had appeared, and as they have just come to my sight, the curtains vanished. I led Emily to the divan, and

bidding her stay, walked tremblingly into the alcove. He lay dead upon the couch there, his hands folded upon his breast, and his face still sweet with the smile of love with which he had left us.

And now I sit awaiting the parting of the curtains. By my request that Emily and I be not long separated, I have robbed the long expectation and the fate itself of its greatest terror. Come when it might, I knew I should not be unattended by her who has blessed my life. Well can I fancy her gentle spirit awaiting me just beyond the confines of life. Why should I dread to go? For me love has gone from the world, and when love goes the day is done as surely as when the sun sets.

Again, as I have written these words, the curtains have parted with their silken rustle. Willingly I go. My son, when you read these, my very last words, know that I have continued to you the request which to me has been a star in the gloom of our fate. May you be as happy with the maid you shall choose as I have been, and be granted prosperity and a long freedom from the summons. Farewell. I go, joyful in the expectation of joining the dear spirit awaiting me just beyond the pale.

Howard Markle Hoke.

CALIFORNIA.

WHILE by their hearths men sat and stories told
Of fabled islands hidden in the west,
Or spent their lives, all fruitless, in the quest;
Thou wert asleep upon thy bed of gold,
Thy treasure safely kept within thy hold,
Until awaking from thy dream of rest
Thou baredst the secrets of thy mighty breast,
And all thy wonders to the world unrolled.

And yet, beware, much gold can dull the brain,
Can clog the springs of fancy, and destroy
The soul with slow and subtle alchemy,—
A baser race may rise to live for gain,
Pitiful dullards may thy spoils enjoy,
And thou, thyself, become a mockery.

Flora Macdonald Shearer.

THE BEAR FLAG.

MORE LIGHT ON AN HISTORIC INCIDENT.

[THE story of Frémont and the Bear Flag movement has been told to OVERLAND readers in several articles. Mr. Willard B. Farwell in the November, 1890, number, presented the evidence in Frémont's favor, Miss Milicent W. Shinn in the September and November, 1890, numbers gave a careful resumé of the utterances of the historians on the subject, and General Bidwell's own narrative of the events of those stirring days was printed in the December, 1890, number, in the form of a letter to Doctor S. H. Willey. Nevertheless, many new particulars and a very definite statement of General Bidwell's conclusions in the whole matter are contained in the present paper. It was taken down verbatim by E. B. Holladay as General Bidwell talked to a small party of friends at the home of the Holladays, in San Francisco, on the afternoon of May 18, 1894. It is now published with General Bidwell's consent, changed only by omitting the small repetitions incident to the spoken narrative. ED.]

ENERAL FREMONT rashly began the war in California by seizing a band of horses belonging to the Mexican government, which were being transferred from the north side of the Bay of San Francisco, by way of Sacramento, to the south side of the Bay. There is no evidence that they were taken as a part of any preparation on the part of the native Californians to make war against the Americans in California. That was a mere pretense put forward to justify Frémont for beginning the war, when and in the manner that he did. It was certainly very unwise, because Americans were then scattered all over California, from Russian River to San Diego, and because it was done without giving any one any notice and the Americans might have been massacred.

WHEN Frémont arrived in California the second time, (the first time was in the spring of '44,) in October '45, he left the main part of his exploring party east of the Sierra Nevada Mountains and directed it to come through a certain gap in the Sierra Nevada Mountains lying farther to the south,—where there was no gap. He, with eight men, among whom was the famous Kit Carson, came direct through on the emigrant trail into California, and arrived at Sutter's Fort in the absence of Captain Sutter, when I was in charge of the Fort, and immediately made known his want of supplies.

I not being able to furnish them, Frémont took offense, went out without saying good-by,— remarking that I was unwilling to accommodate him,— and returned to his camp, about three miles distant on the American River.

When I heard that he had understood me to be unwilling, I immediately repaired to his camp and asked an explanation.

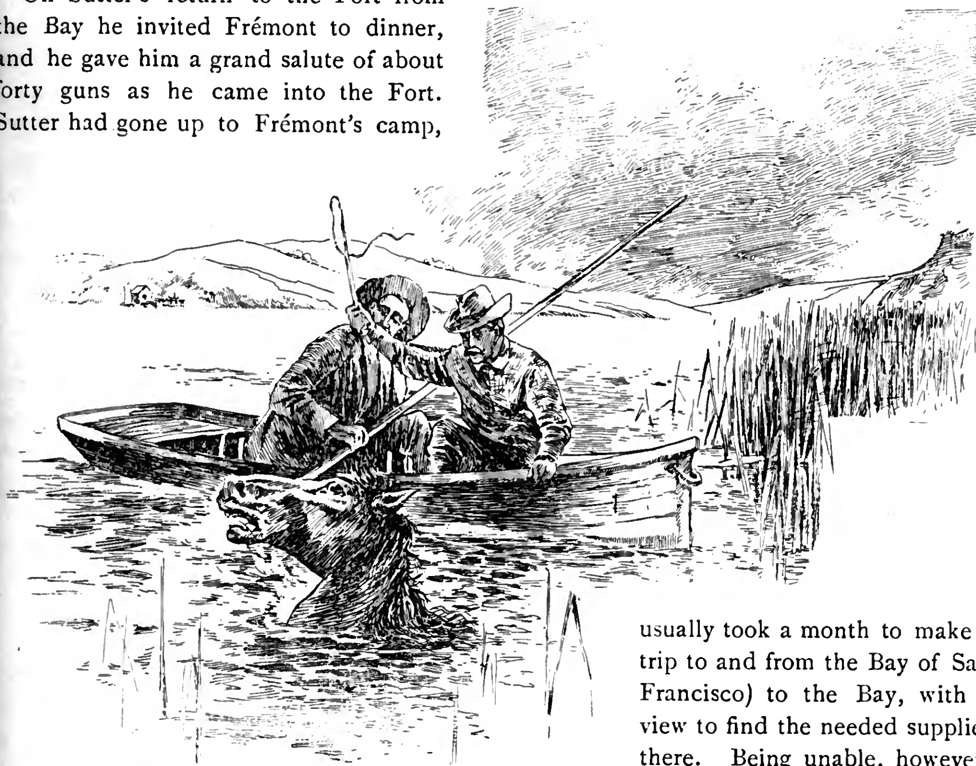
He replied that he was the officer of one government, and Sutter, for whom I was acting, was the officer of another government, and between these governments there were difficulties existing,— for that reason

he supposed me to be in sympathy with Sutter, and Sutter with the Mexican government.

I assured him he was entirely in error; that the United States had no warmer friends than Sutter, myself, and all Americans in California,—which apparently satisfied him.

On Sutter's return to the Fort from the Bay he invited Frémont to dinner, and he gave him a grand salute of about forty guns as he came into the Fort. Sutter had gone up to Frémont's camp, about three miles away, to escort him down. At the prearranged signal the guns began to fire the salutes, and the party, coming on full gallop, approached the Fort, when the random firing made it so dangerous that Frémont came so near being hit that his hat was blown off.

Of course, I had told Sutter about the episode between Frémont and myself in his absence. Sutter said: "I will make it all right with Frémont. I will invite him to dinner."



THEY WERE MADE TO SWIM BY THE SIDE OF BOATS.

But Sutter could do no more for Frémont than I had promised in his absence. Frémont's wants were for mules, provisions, pack saddles, and the use of a blacksmith shop to shoe the mules,—to enable him to meet his main party in the gap aforesaid. So Frémont went down in Sutter's boat (a schooner of about twenty-five tons, which usually took a month to make a trip to and from the Bay of San Francisco) to the Bay, with a view to find the needed supplies there. Being unable, however, to obtain them, he sent his men back to Sutter's Fort, and accepted such aid as Sutter could furnish.

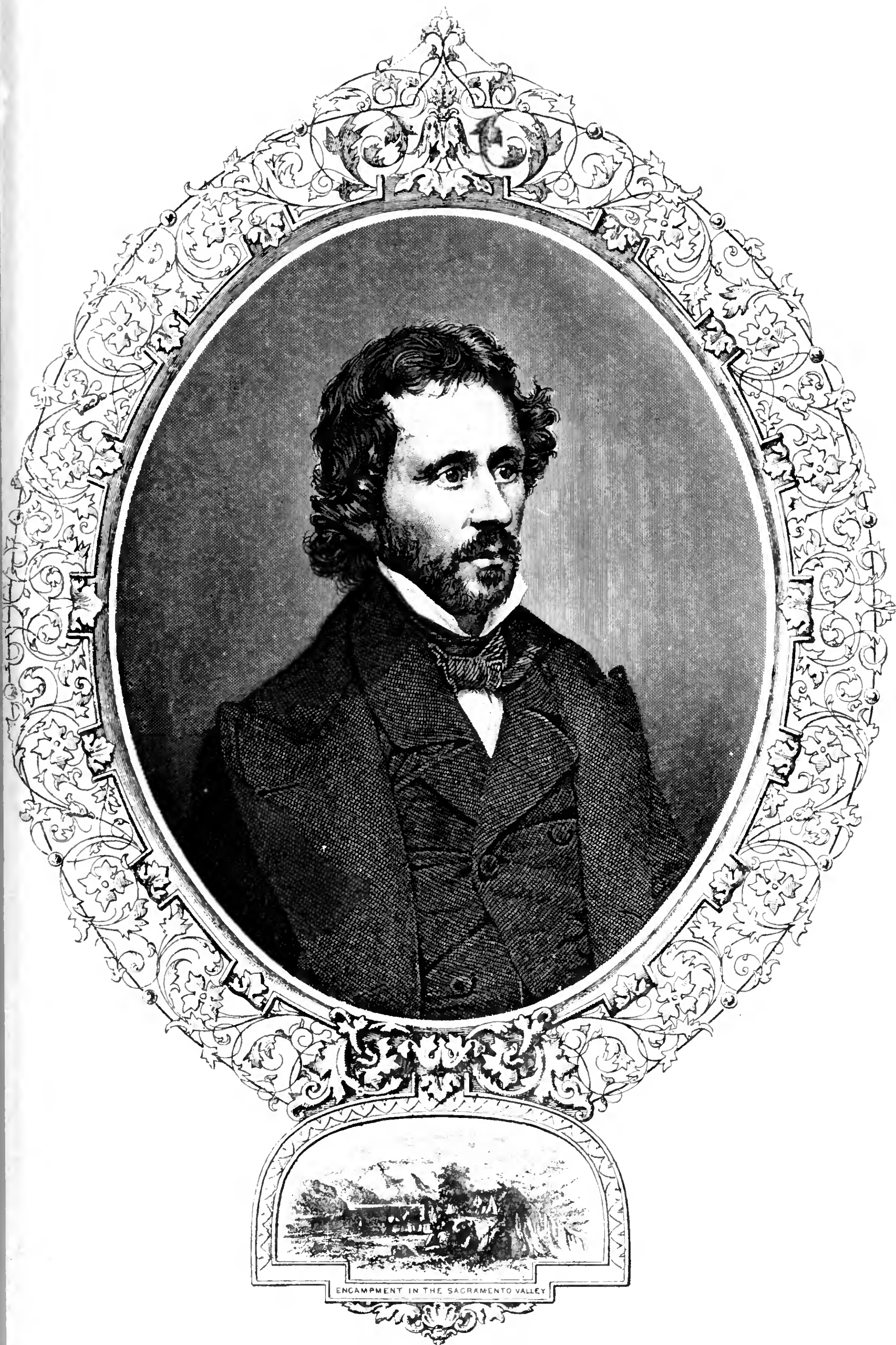
Frémont, meantime, went from the Bay to Monterey, to see Thomas O. Larkin, the American consul. There, through the consul's influence (as I understand), he asked and obtained permission for his exploring party to winter in the San Joaquin Valley, where game was abundant, and where the party would be distant from the settlements and not annoy the people. Frémont also had an understanding with José Castro, commander-in-chief of the

ONE SAID, "PAINT A GRIZZLY BEAR"

military of California, which would permit him to extend his explorations, when spring should open, southerly as far as the Colorado River.

From subsequent events, there can be no doubt that Castro's permission, so granted, was understood by himself to be south from Frémont's camp in the San Joaquin Valley, and east of the Coast Range Mountains, and not through the settlements along the coast. But, lo and behold! when Frémont set out in the spring he marched into the valleys west of the Coast Range and had gotten nearly as far as the Salinas Valley when Castro confronted him with notice and a small force, which brought Frémont to a halt and caused him to take refuge on Gavilan Mountain, where he fortified himself and remained some days. Meantime Castro's forces were daily increasing. Frémont escaped into the San Joaquin Valley, and thence up the Sacramento Valley, apparently in great haste.

There is no doubt that Frémont was greatly enraged against Castro,—in fact, he was known to be so. Thwarted in his explorations to the south, he resolved to extend his explorations northerly. He had barely reached Southern Oregon when a messenger from the United States government overtook him. Those written messages have, I think, never been published. Their purport, however, interpreted by words dropped here and there, and acts



J. C. Frémont

Reproduced on zinc from a steel engraving by Bolton & Strong, in the possession of W. K. Vickery; made about 1856.

that could not be misunderstood in the light of all subsequent events, became substantially and certainly known,— to this effect: that Frémont was advised that a war between the United States and Mexico amounted almost to a certainty, and that he was directed to hold himself in readiness at some point convenient to the Bay of San Francisco, to co-operate with any land or naval forces that might be sent in the event of the war to take possession of the coast of California. Under receipt of such message Frémont immediately retraced his steps to California, still smarting with revenge against Castro.

The very day that he arrived at his camp in the Butte Mountains (now in Sutter County), there occurred an event which had never happened before,— that is, the transferring of a band of horses from the north to the south side of the bay of San Francisco, by way of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys. True, the north side of the bay of San Francisco was covered with horses and cattle and some other live stock, but the first animals were either taken across the bay of San Francisco, one by one, in small boats, or they were made to swim by the side of boats across the straits of Carquinez one at a time.

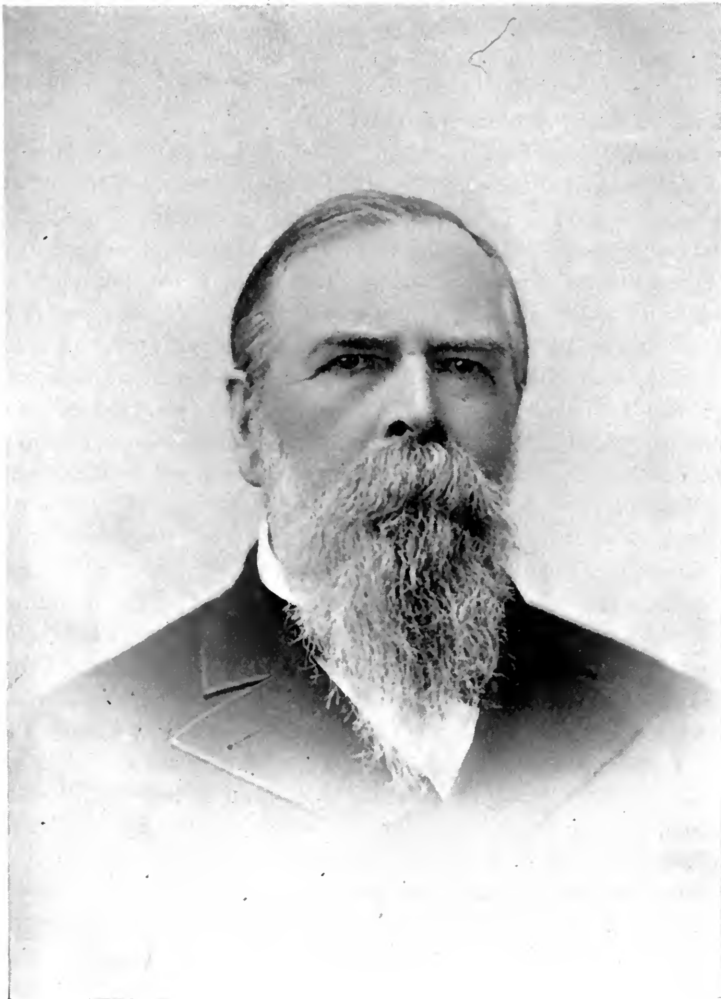
Frémont, hearing of the passing of that band of horses by Sutter's Fort, sent men who overtook them at the Cosumne River, and took them away from the lieutenant and soldiers in charge, taking about one hundred and fifty head of horses, and sending insolent and vulgar messages to Castro. These were not Frémont's exploring party men, but some men who had joined him on his way back from Oregon. The horses were brought to Frémont's camp, which he had moved lower down in the valley.

The taking of these horses was certainly an act of war, but Frémont had not, at that date, nor had any one, heard of actual war or of the declaration of war by the United States against Mexico,— and Frémont did not pretend to do what he did in the name of the United States, but he vaguely intimated that it was necessary because of threats against Americans by Castro. I don't know that Castro did make threats; he was too sensible a fellow to make threats; but we never dreamed of any danger; we felt as safe there in the Sacramento Valley as we do now. There were always rumors of Americans being driven out of California, but we did not apprehend anything at all, or pay any attention to it. We got used to those things. We felt no insecurity by reason of any threatened attack by native Californians. They had no forces and no money. Castro had magnetism and could throw the whole coast of California into excitement in a week.

Almost as soon as the captured horses reached Frémont's camp he sent a small force (not of his own exploring party, but those who had flocked to his camp) to Sonoma and captured and brought as prisoners to Sutter's Fort, General Vallejo; his secretary, Victor Prudone; his brother, Salvador Vallejo; and their brother-in-law, Jacob P. Leese.

The war now was on. Native Californians were in great excitement and beginning to show resistance on the north side of the Bay. A few men, left at Sonoma when the prisoners were taken, had a skirmish near Petaluma Ranch. One American, who was sent to Fitch's Rancho, Russian River, for powder, was killed on the way.

Frémont was sent for, and hastened from the Sacramento Valley to Sonoma with his exploring party of about sixty men, leaving me at Sacramento, as I supposed, in charge of the prisoners. A few days afterwards, I became aware that another man, E. M. Kern, claimed to be in charge of the prisoners; so I left, and went to Sonoma to join Frémont. Arriving there, (Frémont being absent trying to discover an enemy



From a photograph by Taber.

GENERAL JOHN BIDWELL.

somewhere,) I found a few men, a dozen or so, pretending to hold the place (against no enemy, however), for there was certainly none there, and even Frémont could find none, scouring the country on the best of horses.

On my arrival in Sonoma there was a flag on the old Mexican flagstaff. I paid little attention to it, nor did any one else, as far as I know. It had a design of some kind on it, which the Mexicans called *cochino*. The boys, however, told me at the time how it happened to be there. It was the result of mere sport or pastime of the men. The man in charge of the small force there was William B. Ide. He had nothing to do with it. One of the men had suggested that they put up a flag on the old Mexican flagstaff. Another suggested that they paint something on it. This was related to me by the men themselves at the time. One said, "Paint a grizzly bear." Another said, "Paint him standing up with his paw raised, about to crush a coyote." But no one was artist enough for that task. A piece of common cotton cloth was found,

perhaps a couple of yards long. "Bill" Todd found part of a keg of old reddish paint and tried to paint a bear, and this was the now famous "bear flag."

This flag was not used at the time, or at any time, to march under, or for any other purpose,— had no political significance whatever. It was not recognized as having been adopted or used for any political purpose or adopted by any authority whatever. I doubt whether Frémont ever saw it. There never was a "bear-flag party,"— known as such party at the time.

William B. Ide, left in charge of Sonoma when the prisoners were sent to Sacramento, was in some respects a curiosity. Every day, nearly, he issued fulminations in writing, which were posted up on the flagstaff at Sonoma, and these he called "proclamations." Inasmuch as Frémont did not pretend to be acting in the name of the United States, and as we Americans did not know of any danger here that threatened us, Mr. Ide conceived the idea that it would be a good time to establish an independent republic here, and that was about the tenor of his numerous proclamations on the flagstaff aforesaid.

The next day after my arrival in Sonoma, Frémont arrived in the evening. The day following that was Sunday,— the fourth or fifth of July, 1846. Lieutenant Gillespie, who brought the messages to Frémont from the East,— and who had become Frémont's adviser,— was sent to ask Mr. Ide, P. B. Reading, and myself, to act as a committee to draw up a plan of organization. We met. Mr. Ide wished to report all his proclamations as our report. P. B. Reading wanted to report something else. I disagreed with both. The result was, each agreed to make a separate report, and submit them to Lieutenant Gillespie, which we did. He chose my report,— said it was just the thing. My report was simply this:

The undersigned hereby agree to organize for the purpose of gaining and maintaining the independence of California.

This was read at a large meeting of all the people then in Sonoma, and adopted, I believe, without a dissenting voice, and everybody present,— about one hundred and fifty,— including Frémont and Gillespie, signed it. We organized three companies right there and then, and elected three captains, besides those that came with Frémont. We marched to Sacramento, and there as many as could be found also signed it. We carried it with us on our march for Monterey. At our camp on the Mokelumne River I saw this document spread out on Frémont's camp table for the purpose of having a few men who had not been able to do so at Sacramento attach their signatures, and that is the last I have ever seen of it.

The reason why I made that report as I did was because we could get no information from Frémont, Gillespie, or any other source, why the war had been begun. The only thing we could learn was the vague rumors put in circulation in regard to the necessity of Americans acting in self-defense against impending or possible Mexican hostility, which I believe, and feel warranted in saying, were put forth by Frémont to justify the war which he had so inopportunely and without authority begun, in case of the necessity of making a defense for the great outrages he had committed, in the event that no war should take place with Mexico.

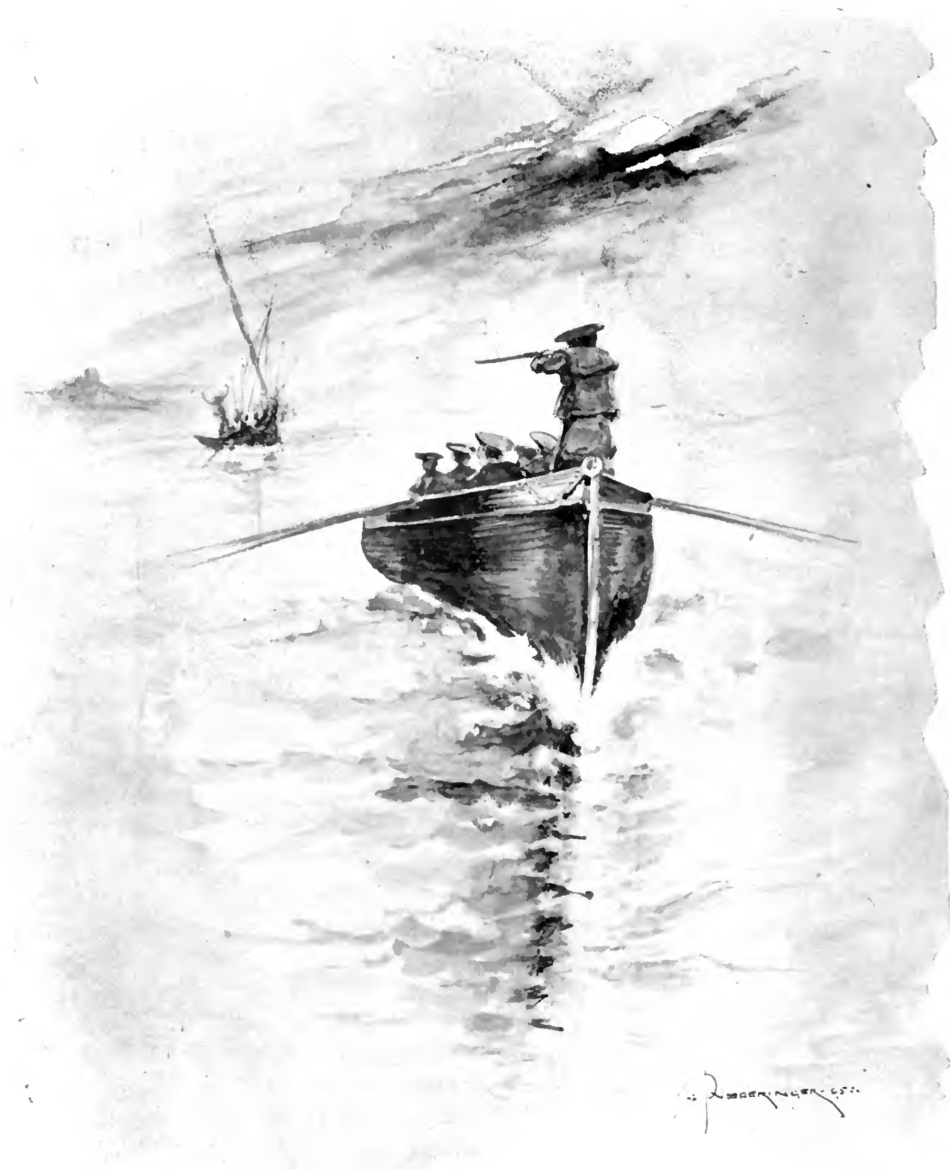
The bear flag was left at Sonoma. Neither did we march under the bear flag at any time, nor under the American flag, or any flag, till we arrived at Monterey and found the American flag flying there, and organized the California Battalion of Mounted Riflemen, and Frémont was made lieutenant-colonel in command by Commodore Stockton, who brought the first authen-

From a photograph by Taber.
GENERAL FRÉMONT IN HIS LATER DAYS.

tic news of the war with Mexico. And there we raised, and for the first time, the American flag.

We heard in Sacramento that Commodore Sloat had raised the American flag in Monterey. When we got to Monterey, Frémont went on board the United States frigate Savannah to see Commodore Sloat. Commodore Sloat supposed, hearing of Frémont's operations on the north side of the Bay, that he, Frémont, had certain news that war had been declared against Mexico, and that was the reason why he, Sloat, had raised the American flag at Monterey. And when Frémont told him he had no such news, he was mad and gave Frémont hail columbia. Sloat thought he had gotten himself into great trouble and blamed Frémont. But fortunately, that evening Commodore Stockton arrived in the frigate Congress to supersede Commodore Sloat, and brought the news of the actual war between the United States and Mexico.

John Bidwell.



"I CLOSED MY EYES AND FIRED."

A FIGHT WITH ILLANUM PIRATES.

THE YARN OF A YANKEE SKIPPER.

THE *Daily Straits Times* on the desk before me contained a vivid word picture of the capture of the British steamship Namoa by three hundred Chinese pirates, the guns of Hong Kong almost within sight, and the year of our Lord 1890 just drawing to a close. The report seemed incredible.

I pushed the paper across the table to the grizzled old captain of the Bunker Hill and continued my examination of the accounts

of a half dozen sailors of whom he was intent on getting rid. By the time I had signed the last discharge and affixed the consular seal he had finished the article and put it aside with a contemptuous "Humph!" expressive of his opinion of the valor of the crew and officers. I could see that he was anxious for me to give him my attention while he related one of those long drawn out stories of perhaps a like personal experience. I knew the symptoms and took occasion to escape, if business or inclination made me forego the pleasure. Today I was in a fit mood to humor him.

There is always something deliciously refreshing in a sailor's yarn. I have listened to hundreds in the course of my consular career, and have yet to find one that is dull or prosy. They all bear the imprint of truth, perhaps a trifle overdrawn, but nevertheless sparkling with the salt of the sea and redolent with the romance of strange people and distant lands. In listening one becomes almost dizzy at the rapidity with which the scene and personnel change. The icebergs and the aurora borealis of the Arctic give place to the torrid waters and the Southern Cross of the South Pacific. A volcanic island, an Arabian desert, a tropical jungle, and the breadth and width of the ocean, serve as the theater, while a Fiji Islander, an Eskimo, and a turbaned Arab, are actors in a half hour's tale. In interest they rival Verne, Kingston, or Marryat. All they lack is skilled hands to dress them in proper language.

I.

THE CAPTAIN'S YARN.

THE captain helped himself to one of my manilas and began:—

I've nothing to say about the fate of the poor fellows on the Namoa, seeing the captain was killed at the first fire, but it looks to me like a case of carelessness which was almost criminal. The idea of allowing three hundred Chinese to come aboard as passengers without searching them for arms. Why! it is an open bid to pirates. Goes to show pretty plain that these seas are not cleared of pirates. Sailing ships nowadays think they can go anywhere without a pound of powder or an old cutlass aboard, just because there is an English or Dutch man-of-war within a hundred miles. I don't know what we 'd have done when I first traded among these islands without a good brass swivel and a stock of percussion cap muskets.

Let me see, it was in '58, I was cabin boy on the ship Bangor. Captain Howe, hale old fellow from Maine, had his two little boys aboard. They are merchants now in Boston. On the Elmira I 've been sailing for them ever since. We were trading along the coast of Borneo. Those were great days for trading in spite of the pirates. That was long before iron steamers sent our good oaken ships to rot in the dockyards of Maine. Why, in those days you could see a half dozen of our snug little crafts in any port of the world, and I 've seen more American flags in this very harbor of Singapore than of any other nation. We had come into Singapore with a ship-load of ice (no scientific ice factories then), and had gone along the coast of Java and Borneo to load with coffee, rubber, and spices, for a return voyage. We were just off Kuching, the capital of Sarawak, and about loaded, when the Captain heard that gold had been discovered somewhere up near the head of the Rejang. The Captain was an adventurous old salt, and decided to test the truth of the story, so taking the long boat and ten men, he pulled up the Sarawak River to Kuching and got permission of Rajah Brooke to go up the Rejang on a hunting expedition. The Rajah was courteous, but tried to dissuade us from the undertaking by relating that several bands of Dyaks had

been out on head-hunting expeditions of late, and that the mouth of the Rejang was infested by Illanum pirates. The Captain only laughed, and jokingly told Sir James that if the game proved scarce he might come back and claim the prize money on a boat-load of pirate heads.

We started at once,— for Captain let me go,— and we rowed some sixty miles along the coast to the mouth of the Rejang. Then for four days we pulled up its snake-like course. It was my first bit of adventure, and everything was strange and new. The river's course was like a great tunnel into the dense black jungle. On each side and above we were completely walled in by an impenetrable growth of great tropical trees and the iron-like vines of the rubber. The sun for a few hours each day came in broken shafts down through the foliage, and exposed the black back of a crocodile, or the green sides of an iguana. Troops of monkeys swung and chattered in the branches above, and at intervals a grove of cocoanut broke the monotony of the scenery. Among them we would land and rest for the day or night, eat of their juicy fruit, and go on short excursions for game. A roasted monkey, some baked yams, and a delicious rice curry, made up a royal bill of fare and as the odor of our tobacco mixed with the breathing perfume of the jungle, I would fall asleep listening to sea yarns that sometimes ran back to the war of 1812.

II.

At the end of the fifth day we arrived at the head of the Rejang. Here the river broke up into a dozen small streams and a swamp. A stockade had been erected and the Rajah had stationed a small company of native soldiers under an English officer to keep the head-hunting Dyaks in check. I don't remember what our Captain found out in regard to the gold fields, at least it was not encouraging; for he gave up the search and joined the English lieutenant in a grand deer hunt that lasted for five days, and then started back accompanied by two native soldiers bearing dispatches to the Rajah.

It was easy running down the river with the current. One man in each end of the boat kept it off roots, sunken logs, and crocodiles, and the rest of us spent the time as best our cramped space allowed. Twice we detected the black, ugly face of a Dyak peering from out the jungle. The men were for hunting them down for the price on their heads, but the Captain said he never killed a human being except in self-defense, and that if the Rajah wanted to get rid of the savages he had better give the contract to a Mississippi slave trader. Secretly I was longing for some kind of excitement, and was hoping that the men's clamorous talk would have some effect. I never doubted our ability to raid a Dyak village and kill the head-hunters and carry off the beautiful maidens. I could not see why a parcel of blacks should be such a terror to the good Rajah, when Big Tom said he could easily handle a dozen and flattered me by saying that such a brawny lad as I ought to take care of two at least.

In the course of three days we reached the mouth of the river, and prepared the sail for the trip across the bay to the Bangor. Just as everything was in readiness, one of those peculiar and rapid changes in the weather, that are so common here in the tropics near the Equator took place. A great blue-black cloud, looking like an immense cartridge, came up from the west. Through it played vivid flashes of lightning, and around it was a red haze. "A nasty animal," I heard the bo's'n tell the Captain, and yet I was foolishly delighted when they decided to risk a blow and put out to sea. The sky on all sides grew darker from hour to

hour. A smell of sulphur came to our nostrils. It was oppressively hot; not a breath of wind was stirring. The sail flapped uselessly against the mast, and the men labored at the oars, while streams of sweat ran from their bodies.

The Captain had just taken down the mast, when, without a moment's warning, the gale struck us and the boat half-filled with water. We managed to head it with the wind, and were soon driving with the rapidity of a cannon-ball over the boiling and surging waters. It was a fearful gale; we blew for hours before it, ofttimes in danger of a volcanic reef, again almost sunk by a giant wave. I bailed until I was completely exhausted. But the longboat was a stanch little craft, and there were plenty of men to manage it, so as long as we could keep her before the wind, the Captain felt no great anxiety as to our safety.

III.

At about six bells in the afternoon, the wind fell away, and the rain came down in torrents, leaving us to pitch about on the rapidly decreasing waves, wet to the skin and unequal to another effort. We were within a mile of a rocky island that rose like a half-ruined castle from the ocean. The Dyak soldiers called it Satang Island, and I have sailed past it many a time since. Without waiting for the word, we rowed to it and around it, before we found a suitable beach on which to land. One end of the island rose precipitous and sheer above the beach a hundred feet, and ended in a barren plateau of some two dozen acres. The remainder comprised some hundred acres of sand and rocks, on which were half a dozen cocoanut trees and a few yams. Along the beach we found a large number of turtle eggs.

The Captain remembering the Rajah's caution in regard to pirates, decided not to make a light, but we were wet and hungry and overcame his scruples, and soon had a huge fire and a savory repast of coffee, turtles' eggs, and yams. At midnight it was extinguished, and a watch stationed on top of the plateau. Toward morning I clambered grumblingly up the narrow, almost perpendicular sides of the rift that cut into the rocky watch-tower. I did not believe in pirates and was willing to take my chances in sleep. I paced back and forth, inhaling deep breaths of the rich tropical air; below me the waves beat in ripples against the rugged beach, casting off from time to time little flashes of phosphorescent light, and mirroring in their depths the hardly distinguishable outline of the Southern Cross. The salt smell of the sea was tinged with the spice-laden air of the near coast. Drowsiness came over me. I picked up a musket and paced around the little plateau. The moon had but just reached its zenith, making all objects easily discernible. The smooth storm-swept space before me reflected back its rays like a well-scrubbed quarter deck; below were the dark outlines of my sleeping mates. I could hear the light wind rustling through the branches of the casuarina trees that fringed the shore. I paused and looked over the sea. Like a charge of electricity a curious sensation of fear shot through me. Then an intimation that some object had flashed between me and the moon. I rubbed my eyes and gazed in the air above, expecting to see a night bird or a bat. Then the same peculiar sensation came over me again, and I looked down in the water below just in time to see the long, keen, knife-like outline of a pirate prau glide as noiselessly as a shadow from a passing cloud into the gloom of the island. Its great, wide-spreading, dark red sails were set full to the wind, and hanging over its side by ropes were a dozen naked Illanums, guiding the sensitive craft almost like a thing of life. Within the prau were

two dozen fighting men, armed with their alligator hide buckler, long steel tipped spear, and ugly, snake-like kris. A third prau followed in the wake of the other two, and all three were lost in the blackness of the overhanging cliffs.

With as little noise as possible, I ran across the plain and warned my companion, then picked my way silently down the defile to the camp. The Captain responded to my touch and was up in an instant. The men were awakened and the news whispered from one to another. Gathering up what food and utensils we possessed, we hurried to get on top of the plateau before our exact whereabouts became known. The Captain hoped that when they discovered we were well fortified and there was no wreck to pillage, they would withdraw without giving battle. They had landed on the opposite side of the island from our boat and might leave it undisturbed. We felt reasonably safe in our fortress from attacks. There were but two breaks in its precipitous sides, each a narrow defile filled with loose bowlders that could easily be detached and sent thundering down on an assailant's head. On the other hand, our shortness of food and water made us singularly weak in case of siege. But we hoped for the best. Two men were posted at each defile, and as nothing was heard for an hour, most of us fell asleep.

IV.

It was just dawn, when we were awakened by the report of two muskets and the terrific crashing of a great bowlder, followed by groans and yells. With one accord we rushed to the head of the cañon. The Illanums, naked, with the exception of parti-colored sarongs around their waists, with their bucklers on their left arms and their gleaming knives strapped to their right wrists, were mounting on each other's shoulders, forcing a way up the precipitous defile unmindful of the madly descending rocks that had crushed and maimed more than one of their number. They were fine, powerful fellows, with a reddish brown skin that shone like polished ebony. Their hair was shorn close to their heads; they had high cheek bones, flat noses, syrah-stained lips, and bloodshot eyes. In their movements they were as lithe and supple as a tiger, and commanded our admiration while they made us shudder. We knew that they neither give nor take quarter, and for years had terrorized the entire Bornean coast.

We were ready to fire, but a gesture from the Captain restrained us; our ammunition was low and he wished to save it until we actually needed it. By our united efforts we pried off two of the volcanic rocks, which, with a great leap, disappeared into the darkness below, oftentimes appearing for an instant before rushing to the sea. Every time an Illanum fell we gave a hearty American cheer, which was answered by savage yells. Still they fought on and up, making little headway. We were gradually relaxing our efforts, thinking that they were sick of the affair, when the report of a musket from the opposite side of the island called our attention to the "bo's'n," who had been detailed to guard the other defile.

The boatswain and one native soldier were fighting hand to hand with a dozen pirates who were forcing their way up the edge of the cliff. Half of the men dashed to their relief just in time to see the soldier go over the precipice locked in the arms of a giant Illanum. One volley from our muskets settled the hopes of the invaders.

Our little party was divided and we were outnumbered ten to one. One of the sailors in dislodging a bowlder lost his footing and went crashing down with it amid the derisive yells of the pirates. Suddenly the conflict ceased and the pirates withdrew.

"THE DEEP BASS TONES OF THE SWIVEL ON BOARD THE BANGOR."

In a short time we could see them building a number of small fires along the beach, and the aroma of rice curry came up to us with the breeze. The Captain, I could see, was anxious, although my boyish feelings did not go beyond a sense of intoxicating excitement. I heard him say that nothing but a storm or a ship could save us in case we were besieged; that it was better to have the fight out at once and die with our arms in our hands than starve to death.

Giving us each a small portion of ship biscuit and a taste of water, he enjoined on each a careful watchfulness and a provident use of our small stock of provisions.

I took mine in my hand and walked out on the edge of the cliff somewhat sobered. Directly below me were the pirates, and at my feet I noticed a fragment of rock that I thought I could loosen. Putting down my food, I foolishly picked up a piece of timber which I used as a lever, when, without warning, the mass broke away, and with a tremendous bound went crashing down into the very midst of the pirates, scattering them right and left, and ended by crushing one of the praus that was drawn up on the sand.

In an instant the quiet beach was a scene of the wildest confusion. A surging, crowding mass of pirates with their krisses

between their teeth dashed up the cañon, intent on avenging their loss. I dropped my lever and rushed back to the men, nearly frightened to death at the result of my temerity. There was no time for bowlders, the men reached the brink of the defile just in time to welcome the assailants with a broadside. Their lines wavered, but fresh men took the places of the fallen and they pushed on. Another volley from our guns, and the dead and wounded incumbered the progress of the living. A shower of stones and timbers gave us the fight, and they withdrew with savage yells to open the siege once more. Only one of our men had been wounded,— he by an arrow from a blow-pipe.

V.

All that night we kept watch. The next morning we were once more attacked, but successfully defended ourselves with bowlders and our cutlasses. Yet one swarthy pirate succeeded in catching the leg of the remaining native soldier and bearing him away with them. With cessation of hostilities, we searched the top of the island for food and water. At one side of the table-land there was a break in its surface and a bench of some dozen acres lay perhaps twenty feet below our retreat. We cautiously worked our way down to this portion and there to our delight found a number of fan-shaped travelers' palms and monkey cups full of sweet water, which with two wild sago palms we calculated would keep us alive a few days at all events.

We were much encouraged at this discovery, and that night collected a lot of brush from the lower plain and lit a big fire on the most exposed part of the rocks. We did not care if it brought a thousand more pirates as long as it attracted the attention of a passing ship. Two good nine-pounders would soon send our foes in all directions. We relieved each other in watching during the night, and by sunrise we were all completely worn out. The third day was one of weariness and thirst under the burning rays of the tropical sun. That day we ate the last of our ship biscuit and were reduced to a few drops of water each. Starvation was looking us in the face. There was but one alternative and that was to descend and make a fight for our boat on the beach. The bo's'n volunteered with three men, to descend the defile and reconnoiter. Armed only with their cutlasses and a short ax, they worked their way carefully down in the shadow of the rocks, while we kept watch above.

All was quiet for a time; then there arose a tumult of cries, oaths, and yells. The Captain gave the order, and pell mell down the rift we clambered, some dropping their muskets in their hurried descent, one of which exploded in its fall. The bo's'n had found the beach and our boat guarded by six pirates, who were asleep. Four of these they succeeded in throttling. We pushed the boat into the surf, expecting every moment to see one of the praus glide around the projecting reef that separated the two inlets. We could plainly hear their cries and yells as they discovered our escape, and with a heigh-o-heigh our long boat shot out into the placid ocean, sending up a shower of phosphorescent bubbles. We bent our backs to the oars as only a question of life or death can make one. With each stroke the boat seemed almost to lift itself out of the water. Almost at the same time a long dark line, filled with moving objects, dashed out from the shadow of the cliffs, hardly a hundred yards away.

It was a glorious race over the dim waters of that tropical sea. I as a boy could not realize what capture meant at the hands of our cruel pursuers. My heart beat high and I felt equal to a dozen Illanums. My thoughts traveled back to New England in the midst of the excitement. I saw myself

before the open arch fire in a low-roofed old house, that for a century had withstood the fiercest gales on the old Maine coast, and from whose doors had gone forth three generations of sea captains. I saw myself on a winter night relating this very story of adventure to an old gray-haired, bronze-faced father, and a mother whose parting kiss still lingered on my lips, to my younger brother and sister. I could feel their undisguised admiration as I told of my fight with pirates in the Bornean sea. It is wonderful how the mind will travel. Yet with my thoughts in Maine, I saw and felt that the Illanums were gradually gaining on us. Our men were weary and feeble from two days' fasting, while the pirates were strong, and thirsting for our blood.

The Captain kept glancing first at the enemy and then at a musket that lay near him. He longed to use it, but not a man could be spared from the oars. Hand over hand they gained on us. Turning his eyes on me as I sat n the bow, the Captain said, while he bent his sinewy back to the oar, "Jack, are you a good shot?"

I stammered, "I can try, sir."

"Very well, get the musket there in the bow. It is loaded. Take good aim and shoot that big fellow in the stern. If you hit him I'll make you master of a ship some day."

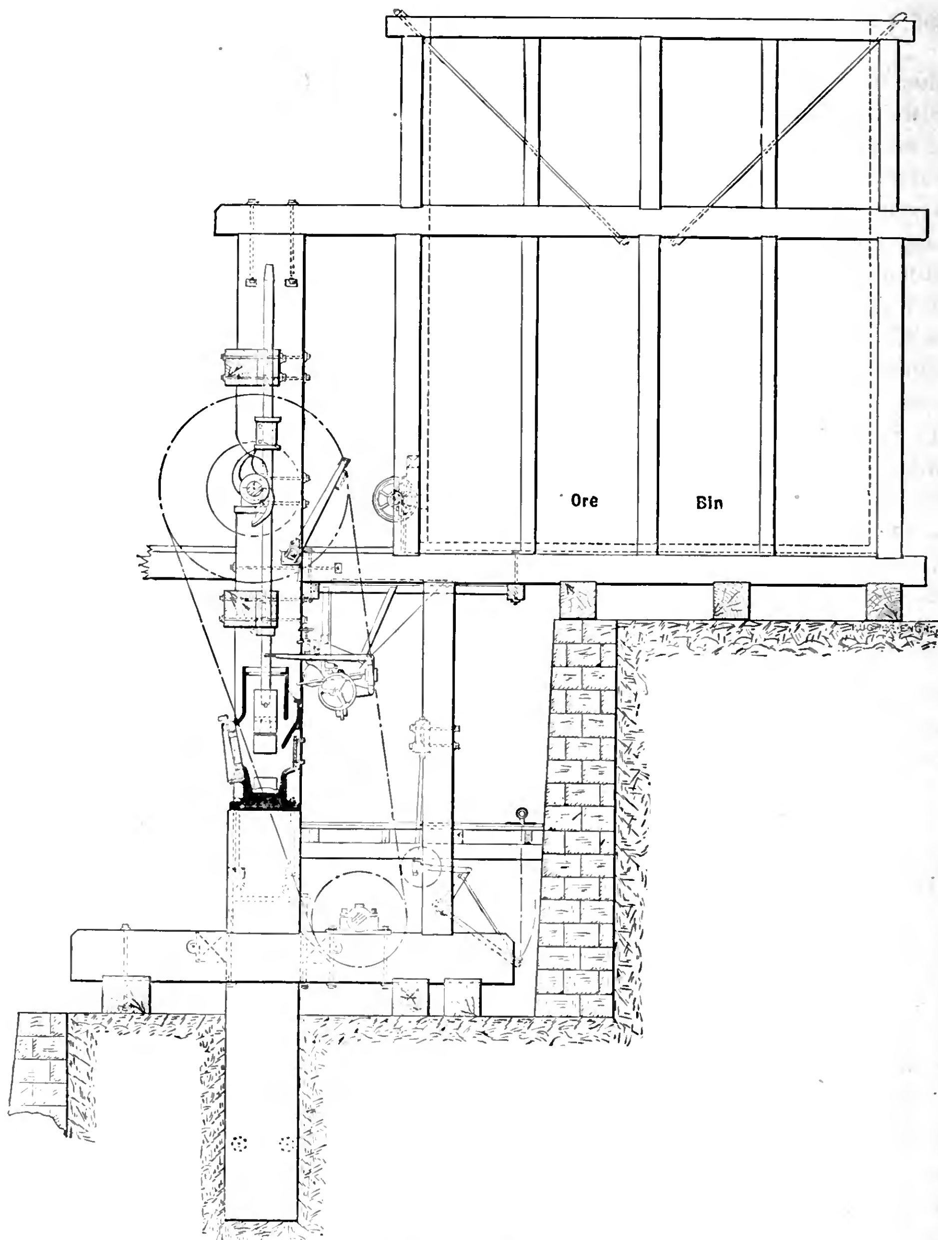
Tremblingly I raised the heavy musket as directed. The boat was unsteady. I hardly expected to hit the chief, but aimed low, hoping to hit one of the rowers at least. I aimed, closed my eyes, and fired. With the report of the musket the tall leader sprang into the air and then fell head foremost amid his rowers. I could just detect the gleam of the moonlight on the jeweled handle of his kris as it sank into the waters. I had hit my man. The sailors sent up a hearty American cheer and a tiger, as as they saw the prau come to a standstill.

Our boat sprang away into the darkness. We did not cease rowing until dawn,— then we lay back on our oars and stretched our tired backs and arms. I had taken my place at the oar during the night.

Away out on the northern horizon we saw a black speck; on the southern horizon another. The Captain's glass revealed one to be the pirate prau with all sails set, for a wind had come up with the dawn. The other we welcomed with a cheer, for it was the Bangor. Enfeebled and nearly famishing, we headed toward it and rowed for life. How we regretted having left our sails on the island. The prau had sighted us and was bearing down in full pursuit; we soon could distinguish its wide-spreading, rakish sails almost touching the water as it sped on. Then we made out the naked forms of the Illanums hanging to the ropes, far out over the water, and then we could hear their blood-curdling yell. It was too late; their yell was one of baffled rage. It was answered by the deep bass tones of the swivel on board the Bangor sending a ball skimming along over the waters, which although it went wide of its mark, caused the natives on the ropes to throw themselves bodily across the prau, taking the great sail with them.

In another instant the red sail, the long keen black shell, the naked forms of the fierce Illanums, were mixed in one undefinable blot on the distant horizon.

Rounsevelle Wildman.



SIDE VIEW OF THE MILL OF 1895.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE STAMP MILL.

IT is not the purpose of this paper to write a history of quartz mining in California, but to show the crude beginning of quartz milling machinery and the perfection to which it has now been brought,—a subject important as history. Up to the settlement of California, all machinery for reducing gold-bearing quartz was very crude and California's beginning was simply to follow in the wake of stamps used for

reducing copper ores, as planned by the English, who up to this time had modeled the stamp mill.

The first stamp battery I ever saw was in 1847, at the Eagle River Copper Mine on Lake Superior. The first mill of California was a duplicate of this. It was built in the fall of 1850, and I visited it in 1851.

From that time onward, in quartz milling machinery California has been the instructor of the world, and the California battery of today, especially, is accepted by mechanical engineers of every country, as the most complete, most substantial, most symmetrical, most effective, and most economical. Yet, perfect as are our present appliances for gold and silver extraction, we are now working in an entire new system of manipulation of the precious metals, and I believe that, year after year, we shall advance to new mechanical appliances, better suited to the new modes of chemical extraction.

Let us now drop the California of today, and in imagination take up the California of forty-six years ago. A wild, unbroken, mountainous country it was, with its tall pines and white oaks, through which the grizzly, deer, and mountain lion, roamed unharmed. Along the banks of the many water-courses, the pioneer miner was sparsely scattered, each gathering his bags of gold with speed, and this with only the pan, rocker, crevicing knife, and shovel.

As immigrants came, they scattered in all directions through the mountains, and along the water-courses, mainly in the sections now known as Yuba, Nevada, El Dorado, Placer, Tuolumne, and Mariposa counties.

During 1849 and 1850, gold was so plentiful that attention was only given to mining along the water-courses, and at spots along these nuggets of gold were sometimes picked up so large as to induce the idea that gold would possibly be found in masses like the copper deposits of Lake Superior. This idea led the prospecting miner, when searching for better diggings than an ounce a day, to investigate the quartz lodes he met with, when thus roaming through the mountains. In this way in several sections of the State, important discoveries of gold in quartz ore were made in the fall of 1850, which tended to strengthen the idea of unbounded wealth in lode mining. In Mariposa County, near the town of Mariposa, a lode was found from which was taken by hand work many thousands of dollars. It is said on good authority that twenty-five thousand dollars worth of gold was thrown out at a single blast. On the North Fork of the Yuba, in the latter part of 1850, there was found a nugget of gold that weighed twenty-five pounds. On Rabbit Creek, Nevada County, very early in 1851, a piece was picked up that weighed twenty-four pounds. At Grass Valley, in September, 1850, a piece of gold in quartz was picked up that had a value of about one hundred dollars. This was the first piece of this section, but in November of the same year, some miners gathering stone for their cabin, found a lode which showed so much gold as to induce the locating of several claims. To crush the rock they used a large mortar, and during the winter of 1850 and 1851, pounded out some twenty thousand dollars worth of gold.

To show further that gold in quartz soon began to occupy the attention of the miner, I will relate an incident that occurred in 1850. A friend, whom I had known in St. Louis before embarking to California, came to Sacramento. I was the first one he sought on arriving. He was very much excited, and in great confidence told me he had found a place in the mountains where there was a lode of quartz that had "more gold in it than a mule could pull down hill on ice." To back up this assertion, he brought out a sack of ore. To test it, I obtained a large mortar, and he set to work

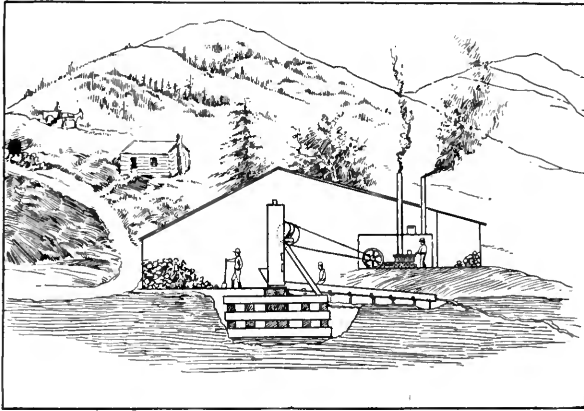


PLATE ONE—THE MILL OF PIONEER DAYS.

and pounded the rock up and I washed it out. Sure enough, it was very rich. I began to give credence to his story, and although I was making from five hundred to one thousand dollars a day in my mercantile business, agreed to go "up in the mountains" to see this gold deposit. As near as I now can figure out it was in El Dorado County. In these later days I smile to think of leaving a business so profitable for such a venture,—but what was five hundred dollars a day to a place that had "more gold in it than a mule could pull down hill on ice." I visited the spot, but did not see quite so much gold as my friend.

Before the opening of Lake Superior mines no large body of native copper had been found. There I had seen a solid mass of pure copper, the estimated weight of which was thirty-seven tons. This was then the wonder of the metallurgical world. The idea was in the minds of many that if such unusual discoveries were made in copper, why was it not likely that such might be the case with gold? These views in the light we now have may seem absurd, but they are not more so than was the scare of the great financiers of Europe, who, when they saw the shipments of gold reaching the sum of over $5,000,000 per month, declared that gold was likely to lose its value as a currency, and at least, would soon sell at a heavy discount.

By the foregoing can be seen how the enterprising miner soon took up the question of milling machinery for working gold out of quartz. No locality of the State can claim the sole credit for this idea, but Mariposa County erected and started into operation the first mill. This was followed almost immediately by mills on the Cosumne, in Placer County, and at Grass Valley, Gold Flat, between Grass Valley and Nevada City, at Nevada City, and elsewhere.

As Grass Valley was among the first districts to engage in the milling of quartz, and earlier went into mill building on a larger scale than any other section of the State, we will confine ourselves to this locality. The first mill of Grass Valley can be credited to W. J. Wright, who built a small water mill in January, 1851. Within three months afterwards several others were projected,—one by Judge Walsh & Company, one by Winchester & Company, and one at Gold Flat by Skinner & Rivett of Sacramento. The pioneer mill was a simple affair, consisting only of a battery, platform in front, and a few plain riffles in sluice boxes, in which was placed quicksilver for catching the finer gold.

To make clear the mill of the pioneer days, we must commence with the founda-

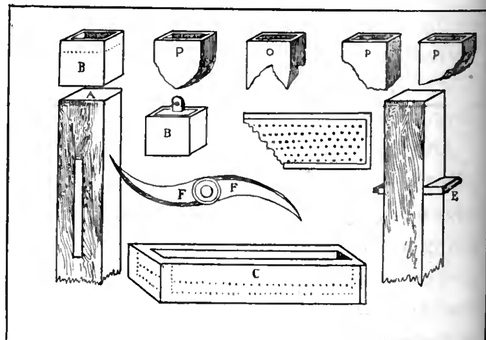


PLATE TWO.

UNION IRON WORKS
S.F. 1895

UNION IRON WORKS
S.F. 1895

PLAN OF THE COMPLETE STAMP BATTERY OF 1895.

tion, which is illustrated on Plate One, A. The foundation timbers when laid were well filled with gravel and dirt and well tamped, to make the foundation as solid as possible. On these timbers was fitted in and fastened the mortar block, B, lying lengthwise. Into the upper block, B, was placed, by trimming out a seat of size to suit, the iron bed plate, about four feet and a half long, eighteen inches wide, and say twelve inches deep, Plate Two, C. This iron mortar was bolted to the timber, and on the inside was placed a die about three inches thick. This when worn down to a breaking thinness was replaced by a new one. The batteries at first had six stamps, and in some instances, three set together. To the end timbers of the framework, which was let into the mortar block, was fastened the casing, to which on the front was placed the screens, and on the back was made the feed opening. At best it was a very leaky battery,—still we could keep caulking up the cracks made by the pounding of the stamps, so that the larger body of the water and crushed sands would go through the screens, which were made generally of common sheet iron, having holes punched by hand, sometimes by a moderately fine punch made for the purpose, or the sharp end of a file. There was no great regularity in the punching. The stamp stems were generally about eight inches square, and made out of the oak timber to be found near by. In each stem was cut a long slot for the lifting cam to play in,—see Plate Two, A. Stems of some mills were lifted by the cam playing against a projection, as in E, Plate Two. The iron shoes for the stem were also square, some with a socket for inserting the stem, others with a shank for bolting the stem to the shoe, B. The cams were copied after the long horns of the California bull, (F), long and slightly curved, so that a good fall could be had for the stamp when raised,—which, if my memory serves me rightly, was from twelve to fourteen inches, with a drop of forty per minute, the weight of stamp ranging from four hundred to five hundred pounds.

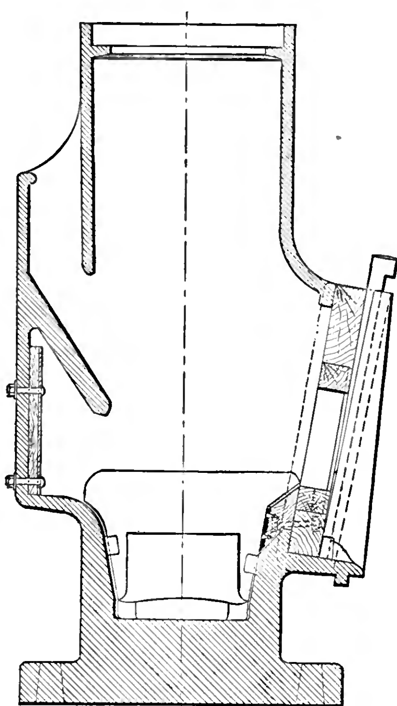
This constituted the first Californian stamp battery. We had no copper or silver plates, simple riffles in which was placed quicksilver for catching the finer gold. It was not every mill that used iron shoes, some put an iron band on the bottom of the stem and then pounded away, the result being that the end of the wood got filled with quartz, and thus quartz was made to crush quartz. This worked very well on soft ore.

All the batteries of this time were set low, not over two feet from the ground, raised only enough to give fall for the sluices. In operating the mills with square shoes continuously moving up and down, we soon found it important to make some change in order to avert the uneven wear, as some would wear one and some another. The peculiarities of wear, can be seen by Plate Two.

I have stated that the batteries were leaky affairs. This I will illustrate. I have spoken of a mill built at Gold Flat in 1851 by Rivett & Skinner. I became interested in this mill in the fall of 1851, in company with George Hearst and others. We ran it until along in 1852 on ore that paid from fifty dollars to two hundred dollars per ton. Then the returns ran down to about twenty dollars, which was a losing business to work. Having only such poor ore in sight, we concluded to stop, sell the engine and boilers, and take down the batteries, as we might clean up a few hundred dollars by so doing. There were some eight persons interested, and we agreed among ourselves to divide into two parties and bid on the battery and all the gold that could be cleaned up about it. George Hearst, Joe Clark, his brother, and I, formed one party. The battery was put up at auction and I bid

it in for $325. We at once took out the battery and foundation, put in sluices, and in about four days cleaned up something over three thousand dollars in gold that had worked out of the battery. From my present experience I should say that we ran off at least one thousand dollars at that.

The imperfections of the first mills soon presented themselves to the wide awake American miner, and a general improvement began in one mill or another. Some introduced blankets in their sluices, others shaking tables, etc. All were simple, small machines, yet each was a step in advance. In the fall of 1851 Judge Walsh erected at Grass Valley an eighteen-stamp mill; a large mill for that date. This was for crushing the ore from Gold Hill, and for doing crushing for the miners about. This mill, though larger, was on the general plan here described, but in this, I believe, was added a boss for the shoes to give more weight to the stamps. All the rock was broken, and the feeding done by hand. About this time Crosset & Company and Chapin & Company commenced building mills of the same kind. In the fall of 1852 Walsh sold his mill to an English company called the Agua Fria Gold Mining Company, of which Melville Atwood was General Manager. This company shipped to this State from England all the iron work for a twenty-one stamp mill, power, etc. This was presumed to be the grand mill of the State, and of course all of us interested in mills watched its erection, being desirous of learning the best the English then knew. Plate Three is a side and end view of this battery, which is better for correct information than any written description. With this mill came Cornish rolls for preparing the rock for the stamps, and yet with the rolls some hand breaking had to be done. There are two important points as connected with this mill. First, it was the best English mill. The second important fact is that in 1858 the California State Fair directors appointed a committee to investigate and report as to quartz mills of the State, and to this mill was awarded a gold cup, first premium for the best mill of the State. The shoes, bosses, and dies, of this mill were made of welded scrap iron. I will call the reader's attention to the cam, and particularly the manner of raising the stamps, as well as the square wooden stems. Between the periods of the erection of the first mill and this premium one, there had been brought out several iron batteries, revolving stems, and other improved parts.



THE PERFECTED IRON MORTAR OF 1895.

The points of improvement that constitute the California stamp battery, of today are as follows: first, the revolving stem; second, the gib tappet; third, the mathematical cam; fourth, the high mortar; fifth, the upright battery block; sixth, the latches.

The revolving stem must be credited to Mr. Isaac Fisk. It is unquestionably the

most valuable improvement connected with battery working, as it prevents all irregular wearing of shoes and dies, and thus fully doubles their work.

Apropos to this, I will quote from C. P. Stanford, who operated the mill on the Cosumne in 1852, where the improvement was first introduced :—

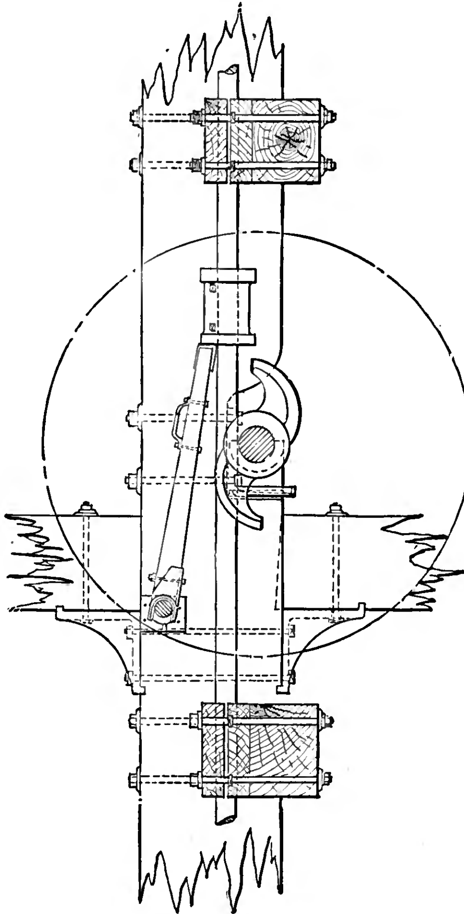
We had an engineer and machinist in our employ, who took great interest in our new stamps. His name was Isaac Fisk, a man full of resources in his line. He suggested the idea of modifying the tappet so as to present a full face clear round the stem, and removing the arms and slots, let the stamps revolve at will. But our old-fashioned cams were not curved enough, nor was the curve drawn on the right principle. A simple investigation showed that the corner of the cam would rake across the corner of the tappet during a part of the lift; and it was thought that both would be ruined directly. But Fisk contended that it would work, so we tried it on one stamp, and found that the constant turning of the stamp so distributed the lubricant (pitch-pine tar), that there was practically no cutting. This was the first revolving stamp.

The next most valuable improvement was the gib tappet. This tappet with revolving stamps and round stems was invented by Zenas Wheeler. Since with the cam it is a very important feature of the battery, I will describe the two in detail. At first the gib passed entirely through the tappet and was held in place by two keys at right angles to the stem, which, when driven up, pressed the gib against the stem, and held it by friction. There were notches, or shoulders, cut into the gib, in which the cross keys fitted to prevent the gib slipping out. This gib tappet, while a success in the manner of holding, was a failure because the ends of the gib, being wrought iron and extending through the tappet, cut the cam faces. To remedy this, Irving M. Scott of the Union Iron Works, shortened the gib, so that the end of the tappet covered both ends of it and presented a uniform surface to the wear of the cam face, and placed the gib in the tappet when cast, covering the gib with a light clay wash, which allowed it to be loose in its socket. The cross keys that set it up to the stem were the same as used in the Wheeler device. This is the gib tappet that has been so successfully used everywhere.

The third improvement, which gives great efficiency to both the tappet and revolving stem, is the tangent cam. Cams were originally made with hubs on both sides, and as the stem had to clear the hub of the cams, it made the distance between the cam shaft and the center of the stem quite long, which had the effect of giving a very heavy blow when the cam struck the tappet, and the force of this blow regulated the drops of the stamp per minute. To obviate this, a single cam was introduced with the hub on one side, which enabled the stem to be brought close to the shaft. This only partially remedied the defect, as the cam, being single-armed, had to be run at double the speed, which made the blow very severe. Again Mr. Scott first made a double-armed cam with a single hub on one side, and also made the curve of the cam mathematically correct, so that it lifted always in the center of the tappet and had an increasing velocity, which is the successful cam in use everywhere today.

The fourth valuable improvement is the high mortar. This came by slow degrees. As before stated, the mortars of the stamp battery were first heavy plates of iron, with shallow sides. The first mills had three, then six, stamps to the battery, which were afterwards reduced to five, as the odd number discharged on the screen with better efficiency. This is the regular number today, for which all mortars are made. In the first high mortars, the same mortar was used for all kinds of work. It was found in practical working that where the gold was very fine, to raise the top of discharge above the die had the result of catching more gold,

lowering the discharge above the die had the effect of doing more work. Thus the mortar question became a study. Modification of the mortar to suit the work required, resulted in a very largely increased output per stamp at less cost, which was of great benefit to millmen. Here, too, Irving M. Scott was the first to collect data from millmen, in all the various parts of California and Nevada, make sketches and measurements of the wooden devices, ascertain the reason why certain shapes were given, and was the first to design the present high mortar. By his continued intercourse with the men using these devices, and by studying the different conditions that were continually met, shapes and dimensions became practically fixed as they are today. The next forward step was setting the battery foundation timbers perpendicular, instead of horizontal, as formerly.



END VIEW OF SECTION OF BATTERY, SHOWING TANGENT CAM, TAPPET, AND STEM, WITH LATCHES ATTACHED. 1895.

The last and finishing part of the California battery of today are the latches for holding up the stamps when desired. This improvement has gone through several stages, still they were all the time the latches in effect, as they are now, the changes being merely the manner of rests. To whom belongs the credit of this good attachment, I do not know. There are several smaller details that make up the present complete line battery, which I will not occupy space to define.

And now the premium English battery of 1858, can be compared with the perfected California battery of 1895,—Californian in every sense, which I now present on Plate Four, with its iron mortar, revolving stems, tangent cams, gib tappet, latest latches, steel shoes and dies. Thus I answer the question propounded at a meeting of a mining company in Europe, which was, "Why do you speak of the California mill, why is it entitled to so much distinction?"

The next most important, and now indispensable, step connected with quartz reduction was the self-feeder. All feeding up to 1859 was done by hand. The first self-feeder was invented by Mr. C. P. Stanford of San Francisco, and the first to use it in a mill was Nelson Soggs of Nevada, California. Stanford worked hard to introduce them, and in time one mill after another concluded to try them. As soon as the feeder began to make profitable headway for Stanford, others sought to make improvements, notably Mr. Tullock and Thomas A.

Cockran of Tuolumne County, who invented the Hendy Challenge Feeder. In all the improvements the "lever regulated by a set screw" gave Stanford a royalty, as this is the indispensable feature of all self-feeders.

Silver plates as now used constitute a very valuable feature in the California mill. Mercurialized copper plates were used quite early, and soon became popular. They were displaced in about 1862 by silver plating. Thus the California mill, as far as free gold working is concerned, is very complete. I have said nothing as to rock breakers, for the reason that there has been but little effective improvement over the original Blake. The Giant or Dodge, as made by the Parke & Lacy Company, of San Francisco has all the advances to date.

The next important step is the concentrator. Even in the earlier days of milling we knew there was a value in the sulphurets, and many were the devices for securing this value. It was not until about 1853 that any especial attention was given to saving them, and then the blanket was introduced into the sluices. These at stated periods were washed by hand, in tubs specially made for the purpose. Shaking tables, Cornish buddles, jiggs, etc., were given a trial. In Soggs's mill, near Nevada City, a small copper vibrating table, called the Bradford separator, was used to a very good purpose, both for securing fine gold, amalgam, and sulphurets. The drawback to these machines was the small amount of work that could be done in twenty-four hours. At Grass Valley Mr. Fricot, of the French mill, introduced a rocker that did good concentration. This was very simple and practical. It was a two-inch board about twenty-four inches wide and some eight feet long, with six-inch sides. The tailings were thrown in at the head and water was introduced. Then the rocking motion spread them as they moved down the board. The upper or more concentrated portion were pushed back by a wooden shovel almost as wide as the bottom of the rocker. This was repeated until a very complete concentration was made. Several of these machines were attached together, all moved by power.

Various have been the devices for saving sulphurets, all of which, save the Frue, Woodberry, McGlew, Johnson, and Triumph, have been relegated to the past. The Morris table can be classified as a concentrator, and is often used after the above for the taking up of the very finest gold. Perfection of concentration by one machine is not possible without sizing of the sands. In our grand effort to handle quantity we overlook completeness, and the question of profit and loss is to be studied in connection with the per cent of concentrates.

The reader can now see what changes forty-six years have brought, but we are not standing still, what we may call perfection today, may be buried before the next generation of mining men come to the front. We are now dealing with two new elements in the reduction and manipulation of the precious metals which may produce a great revolution. One is electricity, and the other chemical solutions,—the results may be beyond our present conception.

Mining is a great study and Californians have studied it well. Not only has California taught the world how to design a battery, but we have brought forth the most complete self-feeders and concentrators,—and not only these, but designs for construction of frame-work, whereby the movement of ore from the dumping car to the taking up of gold amalgam all is automatic. And we have taught the cheap extraction of silver as well. The iron pan process for silver, as used now and for years in every mining country of the world, was invented in California. I claim to be the inventor of this mode of working, and although I first introduced it on a large scale on the Comstock,

it was developed in Nevada County, where I experimented on Comstock ores. The introduction of this process led to the invention of quite a number of iron pans. The most noted inventors in this line were Zenas Wheeler and Thomas Varney. Not only these but other mining inventions have traveled into foreign lands, notably the Huntington pan, and the Paul pulverizing barrel. This barrel is now masquerading in Europe and Australia as the "Gruson ball mill." This is my invention, as the United States Patent Office record will show.

California's advancement in mining and its appliances has just begun; her golden reefs are yearly developing into an industry that is as extensive as are the mountain ranges and as lasting as are the rocks. We have mechanical appliances and explosives that afford cheap extraction of gold, and experience that insures the highest per cent of returns. With such a field before us, what should be our future?

Almarin B. Paul.

HALF-FRIENDSHIP.

O, THIS half-friendship! how I hate the thing!—
Giving so little, promising so much,
Professing, never doing—there 's the sting—
A false-faced weakling,—I'll have none of such!

True friendship is a perfect, priceless gem.
Its greatest glory is its flawlessness.
My friends must give to me, as I to them,
Their best or nothing,—I'll accept no less.

I want the perfect music, or no song;
I want the perfect love, or none at all;
Right is not right when coupled with a wrong;
Sweet is not sweet when touched with taint of gall.

The forger's gilded coin lacks gold's true ring,
And this half-friendship—how I hate the thing!

William H. Anderson.

OLD AGE TO CUPID.

LOVE'S dead leaves rustle in the winter wind.
Unchecked the breezes through its branches blow.
No tender green a new spring there will find,—
Boy, bend on me no more your golden bow.

Let the young lover vital deem his flame,
And pale and glow contented, in my stead;
Finding more precious far than gain or fame
That eyes be blue and hair white-filleted.

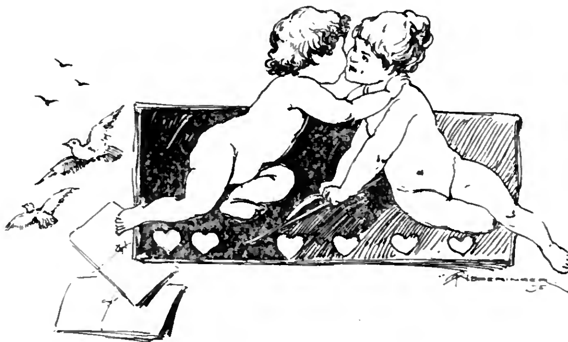
To him let come the vagrant tender pain
Of watching love grow in a maiden heart.
I neither praise nor envy him his gain,—
Boy, sheathe your arrow, sheathe your gilded dart.

For now I have so shaken hands with life
That to its lures I lift but level eyes.
No more for me love's tears and hapless strife,
Its restless fears and blisses of surprise.

Ay, sheathe your shaft, boy! No more will I lie
Wide-eyed at sleep's shut gate because love guiles.
Nor tread the pleasing maze, where pulse beats high,
But heart-break trembles in the train of smiles.

For now the calm sweet quietude of age—
The warmth of windless sunlight and the glow
Of peaceful dusks—comes as just heritage,—
Boy, bend on me no more your golden bow.

Francis E. Sheldon.



THE CHURCHES OF FORTY-NINE.[1]

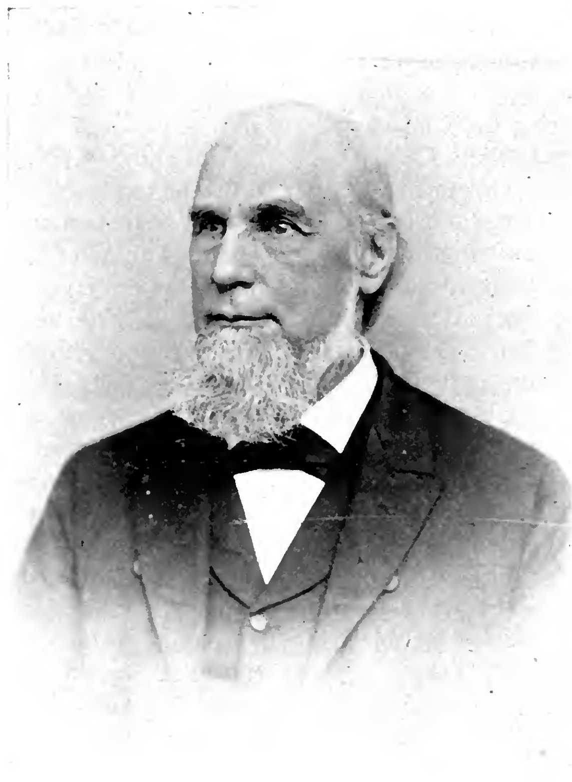
VERY soon after the cession of Alta California to the United States, its importance as a field of missionary enterprise was perceived by the various religious bodies of the Eastern States. The first Protestant clergymen to come to California were Methodists, two missionaries to Oregon having visited San Francisco, Monterey, and other places, as early as April, 1847. But the Methodists were not so quick in permanently occupying California as were other religious denominations.

The first Protestant clergyman to begin work in California was a Presbyterian, the Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, who was a missionary in the Hawaiian Islands from 1844 to 1848. In 1848, he gave up mission work among the natives to form a church among the foreign residents, especially the Americans, at Honolulu. But when the news of the discovery of gold in California reached the Hawaiian Islands, the Rev. T. D. Hunt found his congregation dwindling away and his occupation almost gone. Determining to follow his flock, he took a schooner to San Francisco, where he arrived October 29, 1848, and preached his first sermon in the Public School on the southwest corner of the Plaza. The Hawaiian missionary was shocked at the condition of affairs in the new city, where about a thousand people were living in one-story frame or adobe houses, tents, and shanties of the rudest kind. They were chiefly Mexicans, Hawaiians, and South Americans, whom the "*auri sacra fames*" had lured to California. Cut entirely adrift from the restraining influences of home, education, and religion, they spent their time in violent and extreme dissipation. Mr. Hunt at first sight doubted whether the presence of a clergyman would be tolerated in the settlement, but he soon discovered that his arrival was welcome to the better citizens, who were beginning to wish that a Christian minister would come, and infuse some spirit of order into a lawless and reckless community. He was called on to act as chaplain of the citizens of San Francisco at a salary of $2500 a year, and accepted the offer. His work as founder of the First Congregational Church will be referred to later.

The second Protestant clergyman to set foot on the soil of California in the character of a clergyman was the Rev. S. H. Willey, a graduate of the Union Theological Seminary, who together with the Rev. J.W. Douglas, another young graduate, was sent out by the American Home Missionary Society. Mr. Willey felt some reluctance at giving up home and settling in so distant a region, but he overcame this, and left New York by the steamer Falcon for Aspinwall on December 1, 1848, landing at Monterey, then the seat of government, February 23, 1849, and preaching his first sermon in California on the following Sunday. The Rev. J. W. Douglas, though chosen at the same time and by the same authority as Mr. Willey, did not leave New York on the same vessel. He came on the

[1] In the preparation of this article, which is intended to give in a single narrative of moderate length an idea of the work of the clergymen who came to San Francisco in 1849, and a few succeeding years, I have consulted the following authorities: *Early Days of My Episcopate*, by the Right Rev. W. I. Kip; Part II of *Chequered Life*, by the Rev. J. L ver Mehr; *A Pioneer Pastorate*, by the Rev. Albert Williams; *California Life Illustrated*, by the Rev. William Taylor; *Thirty Years in California*, by the Rev. Dr. Willey; the book published on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the First Congregational Church, (the two last kindly lent to me by Doctor Willey,) and the articles written by the Revs. J. A. Benton, Albert Williams, O. C. Wheeler, M. C. Briggs, S. H. Willey, and Edgar J. Lion, for the series entitled, "The Building of a State," in volumes V. and VI., of the present series, of the OVERLAND MONTHLY. A. I.

steamer California, which went round Cape Horn, reached Panama on the first day of February, 1849, and San Francisco on the last. The vessel also brought out the Rev. Sylvester Woodbridge, an old school Presbyterian, and the Rev. O. C. Wheeler, a Baptist. At Panama, Mr. Willey came on board, landing at Monterey, as already stated. Messrs. Douglas and Willey were new school Presbyterians; the former settled at San José, and founded a Presbyterian church there. Mr. Woodbridge took up his residence at Benicia, then a place of great importance in the young territory, and organized the Presbyterian Church of Benicia, which is interesting as being the earliest Protestant church in California. The Rev. O. C. Wheeler became the founder and first pastor of the First Baptist Church of San Francisco. The church was organized June 24, 1849, and occupied a little building on Washington Street, between Dupont and Stockton streets. Though it was not the first Protestant church built *for* California, it was the first built *in* California. It is interesting to know what the pioneer church was like. It measured thirty feet by fifty, and had walls twelve feet high; it was covered with pine clap-boards from Massachusetts, and roofed with old sails from ships in the Bay. The walls inside were unpainted, and unpapered, being merely rudely covered with the cheapest possible muslin; the seats were mere benches, with a rail at the back. Yet it cost six thousand dollars in gold. Mr. Wheeler also organized the First Baptist churches in San José and Sacramento. So far we have five clergymen working in California, only two of these being in San Francisco.



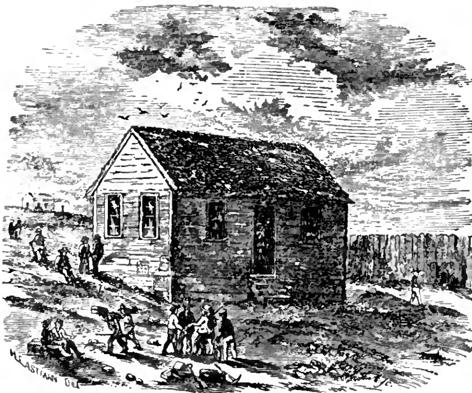
REV. S. H. WILLEY.

The next clerical arrival was the Rev. Albert Williams, a Presbyterian, who embarked at New York in the Crescent City on February 5, 1849, and reached San Francisco in the steamer Oregon, April 1. He estimated the population, floating and permanent, at about four thousand, occupying chiefly tents and canvas-covered houses. Almost at once he was requested to open a school in the only available building — the little school-house on the Plaza. He received the fullest permission to use the building as an institute; the Alcalde gave his official sanction, the Ajuntamiento their entire assent, and the District Assembly of San Francisco prepared a spe-

cial bill authorizing a school-house to be used for the purposes of instruction! This little building was an important part of the early history of San Francisco; in its time it served many purposes. Besides being occupied on week days by Mr. Williams, the Town Council held meetings, and the District Assembly deliberated there, and on Sundays it was used for the union religious services conducted by the Rev. T. D. Hunt as chaplain of the citizens of San Francisco. Ere long, however, the District Assembly organized a court, for which a room on Dupont Street, between Jackson and Pacific streets was provided. This court-room was used for divine service and also as a school. But the Presbyterians desiring to have a place of worship of their own, of however humble a character, a large marquee that had belonged to a military company in a city of the Eastern States was purchased for two hundred dollars, and pitched on Dupont Street between Pacific and Broadway streets. The marquee being unsuitable for worship in winter, they removed to an unoccupied room in the Custom House, and then to the Superior Court-room of the City Hall. Then a church building with all the necessary fittings and furniture, was consigned from New York via Cape Horn to the Rev. Albert Williams. It was of an early Gothic design and was erected on Stockton Street. It provided seats for 750 worshipers, and was opened January 19, 1851. The first service held in it was attended by thirty-two women, the largest number of the sex ever collected in the city in a place of worship up to that date. Perhaps, nowadays, the proportion of men to women in the churches would be almost as unequal. In the early days great fires were of very frequent occurrence, and this church perished in the destructive fire on the afternoon of Sunday, June 22, 1851. Many people lost all they had in the conflagration, and one of the largest warehouses in the city, that of Messrs. De Witt and Harrison, was saved by covering it with blankets kept wet by thousands of gallons of vinegar. Another frame church was built on the same site, and lasted until the erection of the brick church on Stockton Street in 1858.

REV. T. DWIGHT HUNT.

On July 29, 1849, a meeting was held to take steps towards forming a Congregational organization, and the Rev. T. D. Hunt was invited to form a church to be called the First Congregational Church of San Francisco. Eleven persons, including Mrs. Mary M. Hunt, wife of the chaplain, were



THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.[1]

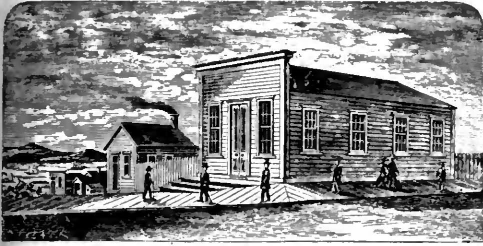
then formed into a church, and the school-house on the Plaza, which Mr. Hunt occupied as chaplain in the morning and evening, was secured for worship on each Sunday afternoon. But the school-house was soon wanted to shelter, not saints, but sinners, for it was converted into a jail. The congregation then erected for its own use a rough frame structure, lined with unbleached cotton, which at the prices of those days cost no less than seven thousand dollars. The Rev. T. D. Hunt, late Hawaiian missionary, and chaplain to the citizens of San Francisco, was settled as the pastor at a salary of $3,600 per annum; and so successful was his ministry that, before three years had gone by, the congregation had grown large enough to justify the building of a church costing nearly ten times as much as the first one. Dr. Hunt resigned his charge early in 1855, and in August of that year the Rev. E. S. Lacy, who was supplying the pulpit of the Howard Street Presbyterian Church, accepted an invitation to take his place.

Let us now see what the Episcopalians were doing. When the Rev. Dr. J. L. ver Mehr reached San Francisco on September 8, 1849, the Rev. Flavel S. Mines, organizer of the Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity, was already on the field; he was offered $3,000 a year to leave San Franciso, and establish a mission elsewhere in California, but he did not go. Accordingly Dr. ver Mehr set to work to get together another Episcopal congregation. Being appointed post-chaplain at the Presidio, in a little time he built Grace chapel. It was only a board building, twenty feet by sixty, with seven windows and a shingle roof; but with mechanics' wages at sixteen dollars a day, it cost eight thousand dollars. But then at the first service that was held in it the offertory plate did not contain a single piece of silver; all the coins were gold. Silver in California in 1849, as in Jerusalem in the days of Solomon, "was nothing accounted of."

The propinquity of Grace and Trinity chapels to each other caused a division of the Episcopalians, and consequently worked injury to both congregations. Doctor ver Mehr put a cross upon his little chapel; this was considered so Papistical an emblem that it gave much offense in some quarters; it was almost certainly responsible for the following occurrence. One day a Spaniard came to him with an Irishwoman to be married, doubtless led to select Grace chapel by the cross on its top. As the services proceeded, the groom tried to repeat the English words, but failing, burst out laughing; and the more he stumbled, the more he laughed. At last the Doctor shut up his service book, and retired to the vestry-room; but the Irishwoman induced him to resume, and the groom, being allowed to use Spanish responses, managed to struggle through the ceremony with some degree of decorum.

Though Doctor ver Mehr worked hard, Grace chapel unfortunately got into debt. To help it a concert was given, which realized the handsome sum of $1,400; but the Doctor's domestic was in league with some rascal, who that very night made away with it, taking also about two hundred dollars of

[1]On the Plaza—in which the first services were held.

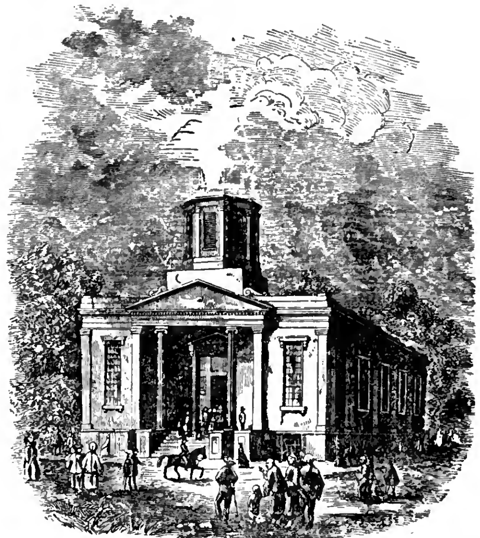


FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.[1]

the parson's slender privy purse. Reference will be made later to the fortunes and further history of Grace Church.

On September 14, 1849, two Methodist missionaries preached their first sermons in California, the Rev. Isaac Owen at Grass Valley, and the Rev. William Taylor at San Francisco. The latter found no wharf or pier, no houses of brick or stone. but only a city of tents, occupied by about twenty thousand uninteresting people, for very few of them were Methodists. After wandering about for some time disconsolately in search of an honest Methodist, he at last "struck" the "shanty with the blue cover," a rough board house inhabited by a family named White, and the center of Methodism. For a few days his wife remained on board the steamer which brought them to California, and when she did land, she was horrified at the prices demanded for every service and commodity. It cost a dollar apiece to be rowed from ship to shore; potatoes were fifty cents a pound, and South American apples fifty cents each. But house rent appalled the good people most; Mr. Taylor had an appropriation of only $750 for the expenses of a year; and here was Doctor Wheeler, the Baptist minister, paying $300 a month rent for a house of five rooms ! Mr. Taylor tried to rent a rough shanty for forty dollars a month, but says, rather tartly, that an Episcopal parson got ahead of him and hired it first. Nor was the prospect of building a home promising; lumber cost from $300 to $400 per thousand feet, and ten dollars a load was the charge for hauling goods up from the beach to the hill. For two weeks his household gods remained piled up in the open air; nor were they stolen, for the time of the petty thief and rogue was not yet. However, he soon got temporarily settled; some one gave him a house rent free for a month; from a storekeeper came the gift of a stove; and he bought a coffee-pot for five dollars.

But Mr. Taylor was the right sort of man for a pioneer parson. It being impossible, with his meager funds, to think of hiring a house, he decided to go to the redwoods, and cut out the lumber himself to build one. He went up by schooner to the spot where the town of San Antonio now stands, and by hard work got out rough lumber to build a two-storied house, sixteen by twenty-six feet. Even after the lumber was cut out, it cost twenty-five dollars per thousand feet to have it hauled from the forest to the Bay, and forty dollars per thousand feet to carry it by boat to the

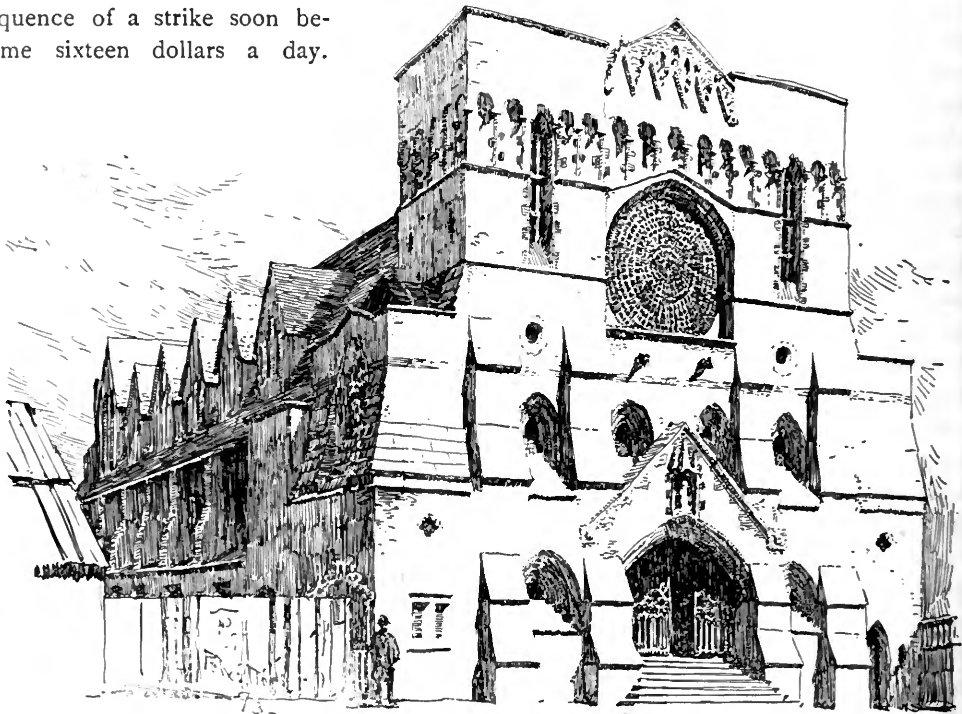


FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.[2]

[1]This church was located corner of Jackson and Virginia Streets, and was dedicated February 10th, 1850. The picture is from an old wood engraving.

[2]Dedicated July 10th, 1853.

city. But by hiring a whaleboat and working himself he considerably reduced the last item. He exchanged some of his lumber for shingles, bought doors at eleven dollars each, and windows at a dollar a light. A good friend advanced him $1,250 to buy a lot 23x137½ feet on Jackson Street above Powell. But this was not all. The house had to be put up, and carpenters' wages were twelve, and in consequence of a strike soon became sixteen dollars a day.



NEW CHURCH OF THE ADVENT.

But when his house was finished, it was a very comfortable one for those times. Besides accommodations for his family, he had two rooms to let and another fitted up as a guest-room; the first occupants of this last being the Rev. J. Doane and his wife. Hardly was the house erected, before rats, then a great plague, infested it; but by strenuous efforts they were suppressed, or at least mitigated.

Once settled in a home, he provided the needs of his own household, and even made some profit, by growing garden stuff, which his wife sold at a price of eight to ten dollars a pailful to a restaurant-keeper. He bought a rooster and two hens for eighteen dollars, and sold the spare eggs for six dollars a dozen, to be resold by the purchaser at nine dollars. Milk was an expensive item and poor in quality, so he invested in a cow, which cost two hundred dollars. One of his first visitors in the new home was the Rev. William Roberts, who came from Oregon, carrying a Colt's revolver, and bringing his blankets rolled up on a mule. Next time the reverend gentleman visited San Francisco, the city had advanced so far in the resources of civilization that, though he still had the blankets with him, it was not necessary for him to untie them.

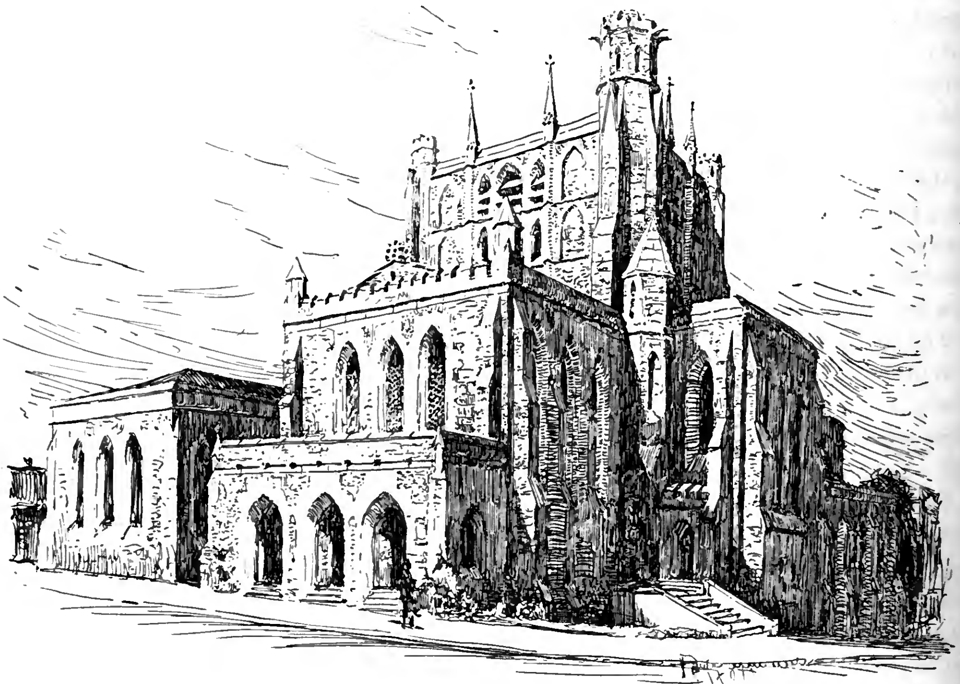
The earliest church of the Methodists,

and the second Protestant church in California, was dedicated on October 8, 1849, there being at this time five Protestant ministers, two of whom were Episcopalians, in the city. The Rev. William Taylor brought out with him from Baltimore, via Cape Horn, the first church building ever prepared for the use of Protestants in California. It had doors, windows, and all the proper fittings, ready to be put up; it was shipped to Sacramento City where it furnished a place of worship for a little Methodist congregation that hitherto had held its services under an oak tree or in a blacksmith's shop.

REV. E. S. LACY.

On Sunday, October 21, 1854, Doctor Willey came up from Monterey (where on February 25th he had preached his first Californian sermon) to San Francisco to visit his brother clergymen. In the morning he preached for the Rev. T. D. Hunt in the chapel at the corner of Jackson and Virginia streets; in the afternoon in a tent on Dupont Street for the Rev. Albert Williams; in the evening in the Baptist Church on Washington Street for the Rev. O. C. Wheeler. It struck him that the congregations, besides consisting almost wholly of men, were by no means so large as they would have been in an Eastern city of the same size. Sunday was a business day as other days, and it was also the great day for public amusements, such as bear-fighting, horse-racing, and theatrical performances. The gambling saloons, handsomely fitted with mirrors, were the places of general resort, even for men who did not intend to play for money. The very best musicians obtainable were hired to perform there, and now and then the sound of scuffling or the crack of a pistol shot was heard intermingled with the notes of the violins. Yet even then, when the lust for gain seemed all-absorbing, men were found who sacrificed their interests to principles. An owner refused for several months to let his house at a high rent, knowing that it would be used as a boarding-house and bar; a butcher kept his store closed on Sundays; a fine musician would not accept thirty dollars a night for playing an instrument he loved in a gambling saloon; and a printer, however great the pressure, and however urgent his employer, risked the loss of his work rather than set up type on a Sunday. But in the midst of such surroundings as have been described, only strong men were able to maintain their religious professions. The population was almost entirely composed of men; there were scarcely any women except the gaudy painted ones who flock wherever abundant money and reckless

living are the order of the day. "For wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." White women were rare birds in the streets of San Francisco, and attracted a great deal of attention. The steamer Oregon, by which the Rev. Albert Williams came up from Panama, brought two or three women as passengers. When they walked in the streets, men came to the doors of their stores and of the saloons to gaze at them; and when one of them sang in the church choir on the following Sunday, the unwonted sound of a feminine voice drew all the men in the neighborhood round the building and caused the very gambling tables to be deserted.



NEW TRINITY CHURCH.

The San Francisco clergymen paid occasional visits to their brethren in neighboring towns. The first visit paid by Mr. Taylor out of the city was to Sacramento, to see the Rev. Isaac Owen, who, with his family, had come to California "across the plains." As he ascended the Sacramento River by steamer he saw a band of elk, who ran for some distance along the bank gazing at the boat, till the report of a gun frightened them away. He describes Sacramento City in January, 1850, as "one vast mud-hole." Meals on the river steamers cost two dollars each, and staterooms ten dollars,—the fare one way was thirty dollars. But the pioneer Californians were generous to ministers, whose purses they knew to be not well lined. At first all regular ministers were given free tickets on the San Joaquin and Sacramento River boats, until the privilege was so much abused that it was found necessary to restrict it. For other excursions Mr. Taylor discovered that a horse would be very useful to him. Locomotion was very expensive,

and fellow-workers lived at great distances from each other. Mr. Taylor succeeded in what it is to be supposed was his first experience in horse-dealing better than might have been expected. He bought a horse for a hundred dollars, saved himself one hundred and sixty dollars in stage fares while he owned him, and finally sold him for a hundred and fifty-two dollars.

In the spring of 1850 the Rev. S. H. Willey, who had been chaplain at Monterey, removed to San Francisco, where, in September of the same year, he established the Howard Presbyterian Church. This was in the southern part of the city, in Happy Valley,— to reach which one had to wade over the sand hills that intervened between Bush and Mission streets. At this time the churches, and also the family residences, were almost all in the suburbs, in order to avoid the terrible fires which frequently devastated the city. In 1850 there were nine Protestant churches in San Francisco, not to count a dry-goods box from which the Rev. Mr. Taylor used to preach in front of the El Dorado Saloon, Parker's Exchange, or on Long Wharf. Seven of these were west of Dupont Street and north of Washington Street. Trinity Church was on Pine Street, near Montgomery. There were in the State of California twenty-one Protestant churches, of which two were Congregational. Yet this was but one year after the first steamer entered Golden Gate.

In July, 1850, the first (so-called) Episcopal Convention was held in Trinity Church "for the purpose of organizing the Diocese of California," under the chairmanship of the Rev. F. S. Mines. Mr. Mines and Dr. ver Mehr thought that the church in California had a right to organize independently of the Episcopal Church authorities in the Eastern States. Accordingly the convention elected the Right Rev. H. Southgate, who had recently returned from a mission to Turkey, Bishop of the church in California, but he declined to accept the office. At the convention in May, 1853, it was reported that the Diocese of California was stationary, and almost defunct; the Rev. F. S. Mines was dead, and the parishes at Marysville, Sacramento, and Stockton, were without ministers.

To turn for a moment to the Congregationalists. In June, 1851, a good church was dedicated for their use; but they increased so much that they soon required a larger building. This, after many interruptions, was completed and dedicated about two years later. It was the first brick building used in the city for church services, and was considered a great ornament to the town. The lot and building cost $57,000, and the expenses for grading, completing the front entrance, supplying pews, lighting with gas, and other matters, were about $20,000 more. It was sixty by a hundred feet, and seated a thousand people. Towards the end of 1854 the pioneer clergyman of San Francisco, and founder of the First Congregational Church, the Rev. T. D. Hunt, resigned his pastorate, and during the next year the church was without a pastor; nor was it until midsummer, 1856, that the Rev. E. S. Lacy was installed. Dr. Lacy was a man of genial appearance and some force; he worked on for nearly ten years, until the breakdown of his health compelled him to resign. Under the pastorate of his successor, the Rev. A. L. Stone, D.D., the old church and lot were sold for $20,500, and occupied by the Academy of Sciences. Further improvements have since caused the removal of this old landmark.

In 1852, the Rev. Flavel S. Mines, founder of Trinity Episcopal Church, died. At the General Convention held in New York the following year, the Rev. W. I. Kip was nominated Missionary Bishop in California. He left New York in December and crossing the Isthmus from Aspinwall to

Panama, reached San Francisco at the end of January, 1854. He was more fortunate than his pioneer brethren, for, while yet on board the ship, a letter from the vestry of Trinity Church was handed to him, and a committee-man conducted him to lodgings prepared for him. He found not a mere collection of tents, shanties, and adobe huts, as his clerical predecessor had done, but massive buildings of brick and stone on Montgomery Street and one of white granite cut in China, and brought to San Francisco ready to be erected. Bishop Kip stepped from the steamer into a city of about fifty thousand people, with fine cafés and restaurants, and a greater degree of elegance than he had supposed possible in so young a settlement. But prices were still fabulously high. A two-story brick house with a frontage of thirty feet, and occupied as a boarding-house, brought a rental of five hundred dollars a month; and wooden cottages that would have cost about fifteen hundred dollars in Boston, and were very inflammable, fetched a monthly rental of a hundred and twenty-five dollars. Bishop Kip himself paid a hundred dollars a month for a parlor and two bedrooms (unfurnished) in a brick house in Virginia Block. Later he got a timber house, very cheaply plastered over, for a hundred and seventy-five dollars a month. Meals cost a dollar each, and the ordinary charge for board only was sixteen dollars a week. A cook's wages were from seventy to a hundred dollars a month; a chambermaid was paid from forty to seventy; and a common laborer got three dollars a day. People still talked of "going home," when they paid a visit to the Eastern States; yet most who went did so with the intention of returning to California.

The Missionary Bishop, though somewhat late in arriving, lost no time once he was here; three hours after setting foot on shore he was standing in the chancel of Trinity Church, which was a sheet-iron building, plastered inside. The Bishop found a prosperous parish and a very intelligent congregation; but he regretted that two Episcopal churches should have been organized: Trinity by Mr. Mines, and Grace by Doctor ver Mehr; for the division did harm to both. Soon Doctor Kip was invited to take charge of Grace Church, with Doctor ver Mehr as assistant rector. Under Doctor Kip's rectorship, the debt on the church was soon paid, and a large congregation brought together. Doctor ver Mehr, who had opened a female seminary at Sonoma, retained the assistant rectorship for about a year; then his connection with the church was dissolved, the reason assigned for this being that he, a Belgian by birth, had never acquired perfect facility in the English language, and that his preaching was not thoroughly understood by his congregation. In the spring of 1857, Doctor Kip paid a visit to the Eastern States, and on his return to California, resigned the rectorship, which the Rev. Ferdinand C. Ewer assumed.

A few words as to the conditions under which Christian ministers worked, and the difficulties by which they were beset during the first few years of the history of San Francisco. In those days no one imagined that he was going to stay permanently in California; no one felt settled or at home; there were very few families, and almost nothing of the refining influence of well-brought-up, educated women. Though many of the immigrants were men of good character and intelligence, and very high hopes were entertained of them by people in their Eastern homes, these hopes were only partly fulfilled. In the utter absence of domestic restraint and wholesome social surroundings many of the young men rapidly deteriorated, and others drifted entirely away from religious influence. Men who had been brought up in good homes, and who believed themselves to be

religious, found that, when stripped of the familiar early ideas instilled by their parents, they really had no religion of their own at all. Men drifted from place to place as one prospect after another attracted them, so that the pioneer clergy seemed to be engaged in weaving ropes of sand. If illness laid a minister by for a few weeks or months, on resuming work he was almost unable to see any traces of his former labors, and many who had promised aid to his church had gone no one knew whither.

Yet, though the general and obvious results of the conditions affecting the first immigrants into California were disquiet and a loosening of old traditional ideas, in some instances the long journey across the plains or the tedious and often hazardous voyage round the Horn caused the wanderers to cling the more tightly to early associations and to seek as soon as possible in their new home the consolations of religion. Among the pioneers were many men of high character and strong religious instincts: men who came to California with the deliberate purpose of founding a new State, endowed with a comprehensive system of free education, and with all the appliances, civil, religious, and political, of an advanced civilization. For not only in purely religious matters did the pioneer clergy leave their impress upon the Golden State; they also exercised great influence in all questions concerning the public morality or general education. The State owes its University to the labors and zeal of a Congregationalist minister, the Rev. Henry Durant, who established in Oakland the Collegiate School which grew into the College of California, and eventually into the University. In politics, too, (a branch of life not clearly falling within the clerical province,) the influence of the ministers was usually cast in favor of the candidate with some pretentions to education and principles as against the ignorant "carpet-bagger." Further,—when there was a likelihood of the State being divided into two portions, the southern one of which would have advocated slaveholding, the ministers stood firm for the integrity of the State and the freedom of the negro.

Arthur Inkersley.

A MONTEREY COUNTY PASTORAL.

A TRADITION.

FATHER GASPARD was selected by the Father Superior at Monterey to carry a message to the Mission San Juan, forty miles away. He was offered a horse to ride, but refused it and started on foot.

It was May, the most delightful month in the year, and Father Gaspard, free from the restraint of the mission, beguiled the way by singing and soliloquizing something after this wise: —

"Indeed no; I feel far safer on my own legs than on the back of an impish bronco that plants his four feet all together in one small spot and humps his back like a fiend incarnate. Did not I myself see the Father Superior's face blanch when he mounted him to ride down the coast?"

Father Gaspard was strong and in good health, barring a threatened obesity and a shortness of leg, but with the aid of a stout

oaken staff he made good progress. A light refection at mid day, and a short *siesta* so refreshed him, that he almost seemed to trot, so fast did the ups and downs of the mountain trail speed under his feet.

He passed the night with a herdsman, who shared with him his simple fare, and in the morning, after giving the man his blessing, proceeded on his way through the mountain pass, to the edge of the Salinas River. Tucking his gown around his waist and carrying his sandals in his hand, he forded the stream in a shallow place, mounted the bank, and drew long breaths of delight at the view before him.

The valley stretched leagues away to the south, where the mountains seemed to meet the sand dunes separating it from the sea on the west. There were no landmarks of any kind, not a tree, shrub, or rock,— only an unbroken prairie of verdure and flowers, azure sky overhead, and a gentle breeze moving the grass.

The good father hastened on. Well he knew that later in the day, these great Salinas plains were the very nozzle of the bellows, through which the trade winds swept, and toward evening a terror to travelers from the fog that rolled in from the sea, enveloping, drenching, and bewildering them so it was folly to continue their journey. They must stop where they were, until the next morning, when the welcome trade winds once more arose, and drove the fog away in fantastic clouds over the mountains.

It was the good priest's intention to cross the plains and reach the ranch of Don Manuel on the Gabilan, where he would pass the night, sure of a kindly welcome and good cheer. But about noon, suffering from heat, fatigue, and the pangs of hunger, he bethought himself of a shepherd who tended the sheep of Don Manuel, with whom he had stopped once or twice when overtaken by the fog, and who had the knack of frying frijoles most deliciously.

Yes, there to the right was the hut, and a short distance away, the flock. So the priest turned from his course, and soon reached the shepherd's hut. He sat down on a bench by the door until he recovered his breath. Then putting his hands to his mouth, called loudly, "Pedro! O, Pedro!"

The sheep were huddled together in groups, heads to the ground, their woolly backs resisting the heat of the sun. At his call some lifted their heads, but the shepherd did not rise from his sleep on the ground, as Father Gaspard expected. Instead, the black head of a shepherd dog lifted itself on the farther side of the flock. Then circling around it, he came bounding and leaping toward the priest. On reaching him he ran around and around, barking, jumping, and trying to lick his face.

Father Gaspard laughed and said: "Is it thou, Domingo? This is a cordial greeting, but where is thy master Pedro? Is the sluggard asleep in the grass?"

The dog showed all his teeth, and bent himself almost double first one side then the other, in the violent wags of his tail. He ran a little way, then lay down and rested his head on his paws an instant, then ran up to the priest again, emitting sharp, quick yelps. He repeated this again and again, but as the priest only laughed, the dog took hold of his gown with his teeth and backing off, tried to pull him along.

"O, well then; I come," said the priest indulgently, and followed the dog, who trotted toward a clump of tall grass, looking back every few steps to see if Father Gaspard was close behind.

"Is it a fox hole thou wouldst show me? Or only a squirrel's? O, it is the lazy shepherd. Awake, Pedro!" said the priest, reaching down to shake the postrate form,— but he started back, for it was not that of a sleeping man, but a dead one.

"How is this?" cried Father Gaspard in distress. "Pedro dead! and of what ailment?"

He turned the body over. "Thou hast lain here many days, my poor Pedro. Already the fog and sun have rotted thy garments and disfigured thy face. Thou art offensive and must be buried. And who has guarded the flock?"

He looked at the dog, who wagged his tail.

"Thou Domingo! by thyself? Truly thou art a noble fellow and shalt have thy reward. The man must be buried, at least temporarily."

Father Gaspard scanned the valley in all directions. No one was to be seen: no traveler or vaquero that could be called to help.

He went back to the hut and opened the door. It was in good order, showing that the shepherd had not lain there sick. Looking around, he found a small spade, and took a blanket, which was folded on a pile of dry grass, to wrap the body in. Then he went back to the dead man.

It was no easy task to dig the grave alone and get the body in it, but he went bravely to work, and cheered by an occasional visit from the dog, by the time the first harbinger of the fog — in the form of a fleecy mist — floated over the sand dunes, it was accomplished.

Father Gaspard went back to the hut, worn and weary indeed, and cooked some frijoles, and found some meal, of which he made a cake and baked it in the ashes of his fire. He offered some to the dog, who only snuffed at it and would not eat. The priest seated at the door of the hut saw Domingo round up the sheep and head them toward the corral. There were many hundreds, and he drove them carefully and without haste safely inside, all but one laggard, a half grown lamb, which came bleating and running to join the others.

The dog stood at the entrance of the enclosure, but instead of letting the lamb pass, he sprang at its throat and bore it to the ground, lapping eagerly the warm blood that flowed from the lacerated wound. As soon as it ceased its struggles he tore the flesh from its bones and ate ravenously.

Father Gaspard was angry, and shouting to the dog, tried to drive him from the lamb, but Domingo growled, and would not obey.

Having finished his meal, he dragged the body away from the corray and began to dig a hole. When he considered it deep enough he pushed the lamb in, but dragged it out again and dug the hole a little wider. In the lamb was flung again, — out once more and turned around. Then, apparently satisfied, he pushed it in and covered it up, shoving the earth over it with his nose. Then he went to the gate of the corral, selected a place to rest, licked his paws, turned around and around several times, lay down, and rolling himself up, went to sleep.

Father Gaspard watched this wantonness on the part of the dog with great distress, then too weary to sit up longer, he entered the hut, and on the shepherd's bed of grasses slept the sleep of fatigue and innocence.

In the morning he was awakened by the barks of the dog, and the tramp of the sheep as they were driven out to graze. After eating the remains of the beans and meal cake, he sat on the bench and wondered what was best to do. Should he remain there and guard the flock from the dog, and await someone's coming, to send word to Don Manuel, or should he hasten himself to the ranch and have a shepherd sent with other dogs?

He felt a cold nose on his hand, and looking down, saw Domingo wagging a cheerful good morning. Father Gaspard pushed him aside and said:—

"Away, Domingo, thou art no more a friend of mine. Thou art an unfaithful servant; even now thy jowls are red with the blood of that innocent lamb. No wonder

thou disdained the frijoles I offered thee for thy supper, thou hadst something better in store. Thou shalt be dealt with according to thy crime. I will tell Don Manuel of thy treachery and thou wilt be shot, an ignominious death for a shepherd dog. Or if thou shouldst escape, as I have no rope to tie thee, thou wilt drag out a miserable life in the mountains, like the thievish coyote, and like him be hated and hunted. It is a true saying that once a shepherd dog tastes the blood of a sheep he is never more to be trusted. It is worse than the thirst of man for wine."

Domingo sat on his haunches before the priest, and listened to this tirade, his head on one side, his eyes fixed upon those of his denunciator, and his tongue lolling out of his mouth, except when the priest paused, then he drew it in and swallowed. His sharp ears stood up and pointed forward and back from the priest to the sheep. Occasionally his eyes would roll toward the flock, and the little brown spots above them seemed also to move. Ever on the alert he now dashed away to see if they were safe.

Father Gaspard grasped his staff and arose to go, hoping to reach the ranch and send a shepherd back before night. Suddenly a thought struck him and he sat down again.

"What would have kept the dog from starving since the shepherd died if he had not eaten a lamb now and then. Yes, it had to be, for the good of the flock the dog must be fed. He killed the lamb quietly, not alarming the rest."

Father Gaspard called him by name, and when he came running up stroked his head tenderly.

"Domingo mio, I was over hasty and have done thee injustice. Dost forgive me for my blindness and harsh words? Yes, I see no malice in thy honest face. Thou needest no words to express thy forgiveness, it is shown in thy clear brown eyes, and the vocabulary of thy tail and ears. I will tell the Don of thy faithfulness, and thou shalt be canonized among dogs. Thou art no longer young. I myself have known thee a number of years. Thou shalt be relieved of the care and labor of the field, and live at the ranch house, where the Don will give thee a place by the fire, and will stroke thy head like this, as he tells the story of thy sagacity."

Light of heart, now that his trust in the dog was restored, Father Gaspard started once more on his way toward the Gabilan. At evening he reached the edge of the mountain, and looking back, saw nothing but a sea of fog. But had it been clear, he might have seen a shower of dirt and grass flung high in the air, caused by Domingo in the act of resurrecting the remains of the lamb for his supper.

Kate P. Sieghold.

In the January "As Talked in the Sanctum" something was said regarding the long standing trouble between our sister republic, Venezuela, and our robber ancestor, Britain. The complaint therein voiced was not so much that England had taken forceful possession of fifty thousand square miles of Venezuela's territory bordering on British Guiana,— for that was in line with England's traditional policy in dealing with weaker nations,—but that Mr. Cleveland and the Democratic Congress ignored the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine and the repeated requests of Venezuela to act as arbitrator. It was said then that: "If the Monroe Doctrine meant anything, it means what it says, and this nation is expected by the civilized world to uphold it. France was driven out of Mexico, England should be driven out of Venezuela and Nicaragua."

It is now gratifying to read in the dispatches from Washington that Cleveland's delayed action in the matter has had some effect, at least in arousing the gratitude of Venezuela, if not in staying the grasping hands of Britain.

President Crespo of Venezuela has sent a special message to the Congress of Venezuela concerning the attitude of the United States on the British-Venezuelan question. Immediately following the receipt of the President's message the Congress passed resolutions heartily thanking the United States for its sympathy and support.

We trust that it is not big sympathy and small support. However, Venezuela appears satisfied, for President Crespo's Message reads :—

The high powers of the United States have just given, in the pending question between Venezuela and England, a signal proof of the extent to which the principle of human justice prevails among that great people. The chief magistrate of that powerful republic,being persuaded of the great peril which is involved for American interests through a prolongation of a conflict of such a grievous nature, expressed in his message to Congress the strong wish of inducing Great Britain to put an end to the dispute by arbitration.

In the House of Representatives there was introduced in consequence a resolution which has been inserted in the yellow book of Venezuela, and in the terms of which is disclosed the noblest interest toward seeing the controversy closed in conformity with justice and reason. The resolution earnestly recommends to the two contending parties the adoption of the course indicated by the message of the President of the United States in order to peacefully settle the dispute. The legislative act referred to was approved by both chambers and President Cleveland affixed his signature and the seal thereto on the 21st of February. Such tokens of the spirit of justice with which the transcendent question of the Guiana boundaries is studied and considered by the President and legislature of the great northern republic require from Venezuela a significant act of special gratitude, which only you can sanction, so as to express the wish of the people of Venezuela. Certain, I feel this idea will have the most enthusiastic acceptance in the hearts our most worthy legislators.

It is to be hoped that Venezuela's thanks will not fall on deaf ears and that England will haul down her flag from an American republic's territory.

The Silver Issue.

Senators Stewart, Jones, Dubois, Shoup, and Pettigrew, are, according to the interviewers, in deadly earnest on the silver question, are tired of talking and intend to fight the question out at the polls. They are ready to leave the old parties and unite under the banner of a new party, and it is reported, are to start or buy a big New York journal and make it their organ. It is interesting to note what predictions men like Senator Stewart and ex-Congressman Sibley of Pennsylvania make as to the future of their new party.

Senator Stewart boldly states : —

We are bound to win if we unite. The only hope of the gold combination, consisting of the

dominant factors of the two old parties remaining in power, either under the name of Republicans or Democrats, is to keep the silver forces divided It is only through a division of the friends of silver that the gold element can hope to maintain its supremacy.

The Republicans and Democrats in the next campaign will have a difficult task in finding a "straddler on the financial question." Both Reed and McKinley have failed them, and with Harrison's gold record back of him he is out of the race.

The gulf between gold monopoly and the shrinkage of fortunes, penury, and want, of the masses grows wider every year, and "straddlers" find themselves in danger of the fate of Pharoah. The impossibility of converting the gold leaders of the two old parties to bimetallism is becoming more apparent every day. Last year free-coinage Republicans of the West thought they had converted Mr. Reed to their principles. They were very happy for a while, and pointed to many things as an evidence of his support of their ideas. Now, however, they sadly confess that his vote for the Cleveland gold bonds has forced them to give him up.

VERNAL VERSE.

WOULD-BE poets now are rhyming —
Rhyming thoughts in vernal rime,
While the barefoot boy is climbing —
Climbing limbs in every clime.

Furrowed farmers now are plowing —
Plowing furrows with their plows;
Politicians come low bowing—
Bowing lower than the boughs.

Plant the lettuce crisp and curly —
Let us plant the cur,
So he will not call us early,
Nor curtail the catbird's purr.

Bluejays, gay, are loudly singing —
Singing songs no "jay" could sing;
Buds and bull-frogs now are springing —
Springing in the gentle spring.

W. C. Campbell.

A New Story of California.[1]

Horace Annesley Vachell, whose name and work is so well known to OVERLAND readers, has written a novel of Californian life that will be found pleasant reading. *The Model of Christian Gay*[1] is, as the author classes it in his sub-title, "A Study of Certain Phases of Life in California,"—phases that have become familiar to California readers who have read with ever increasing delight his clever sketches that have appeared from time to time in the OVERLAND under the general title of "Chronicles of San Lorenzo."

[1]The Model of Christian Gay. By Horace Annesley Vachell. London: Richard Bentley & Son: 1895

The plot of the novel under review is carefully elaborated and skillfully handled. The brothers Gay, an artist and a singer, go to Southern California for rest and recreation. In the mountains they come across a beautiful young woman — half American, half Spanish, who has a drunken train robber for a husband. The brothers make up with the husband in order to paint the wife. Then follow complications expected and unexpected. The husband is at last caught in one of his professional idiosyncrasies and lodged in the county jail, from which he escapes to the Mexican border. The beautiful wife, who has been falsely told that she is not a wife, starts for San Francisco, where she is to be met later by the musical brother. An elderly

admirer of the woman, however, shoots the young man in the back; for which he is lynched. The painter Gay, who is the hero of the book, a man of high principles, finds Virginia in San Francisco, and, although they confess their love for one another, persuades her to join her drunken husband in Mexico, with whom she is happy ever afterward. One can hardly believe that a woman of Virginia Smith's beauty and character would so easily give up her love for Christian Gay and seek a man whom she was forced to marry, and who was far below her in the social scale, simply because she was asked. The husband had not one redeeming quality. Christian Gay had better advised her to have taken in washing and maintained her independence and self-respect.

The descriptions of California scenery and climate are well done, and the character drawing is admirable. Yet one misses the light, humorous touch found in "Chronicles of San Lorenzo," and finds a certain amateurish handling of phrases and sentences that have been overcome in his later work. Judging from the two productions,—*The Model of Christian Gay* and "Chronicles of San Lorenzo,"—it is easy to see that the writer's forte is short stories, which, however, is not meant as a left-handed compliment, as all his work is far above the average. On the whole, Mr. Vachell has written a clever story and one that will find a ready sale. It is light, graceful and dramatic.

Piccino.[1]

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT has placed the little ones of the country under new obligations. *Piccino and Other Child Stories* are among the best of the stories of their kind that have appeared since "Little Lord Fauntleroy" set the world to laughing and crying. The awful "Two Days in the Life of Piccino" are enough to command the heartfelt sympathy of any little lover of mud pies and pets. Piccino was a beautiful little Italian beggar, who was adopted by a rich young English resident of the Italian Riviera. Piccino was forced to give up his lovely dirty donkey, troup of lovely dirty play mates, and his older brother's trousers, to be dressed in a Fauntleroy suit and given two baths a day. He was not even allowed to eat garlic. Nature revolted at the end of two days, and Piccino ran away, back to his donkey and his begging. The other stories are, "The Captain's Youngest," "Little Betty's Kitten Tells Her Story," and "How Fauntleroy Occurred." The book is well bound and charmingly illustrated.

[1]Piccino. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons: 1894.

American Book-Plates.[2]

THE interest in book-plates has grown apace in America since the renaissance of the cult some ten years ago, and today the collection and study of them is practiced by a considerable number, as readers of the article on this subject in the December, 1894, number of the OVERLAND know.

Nothing demonstrates the progress in this and kindred subjects so forcibly as the fact that such a work as *American Book-Plates* is already possible. In spite of the fact that there is much to be yet unearthed concerning American plates, the field is as completely covered and the subject as fully set forth, in this work, as painstaking research and the careful collating of authorities could do it, and the thoroughness displayed makes it safe to say that at no time in the future will this admirable treatise lose its prestige as an authority. That the work is of interest to the layman, as well as of value to the specialist, must be attributed to the pleasing, unincumbered style in which it is written, and to the intrinsic fascination of the subject itself, which no one who may dip in it can doubt.

The illustrations from copper and wood number one hundred and eighty, and moreover, a great number of plates are fully described. "Recent Examples" are taken separately from the "Early American Book-Plates," of which a list is given, with detailed descriptions and notes on the owners, etc., comprising one thousand plates known to collectors. Early engravers and their work are carefully treated, the chapter devoted to them being one of the most satisfactory in the book. "Book-Plates of Special Interest" and "Name-labels and Mottoes" are given chapters to themselves, the latter heading covering a great number of curious verses and maxims, which constitute a phase of the subject not previously touched upon to any extent in America. Historical and heraldic data are treated, throughout, with discrimination, and the comments are well considered. A particularly valuable feature is the exhaustive bibliographies at the end of the volume. The book is printed in large type and made up in the usual excellent manner of Macmillan & Co.

Gibson's Drawings.[3]

CHARLES DANA GIBSON has published a collection of eighty-four drawings. Mr. Dana has done much for art in general and the illustrative art in particular. He has elevated the standard and given an impetus to all American endeavor and has

[2]American Book-Plates. By Charles Dexter Allen. Macmillan & Co.: London and New York: 1894.

[3]A Notable Book. A collection of eighty-four drawings by C. D. Gibson. R. H. Russell and Son, N. Y.

placed his own particular style of work as the first of a school in illustrating. He has established the American girl as the highest ideal of the beautiful woman,—where she belongs—and the nation should give thanks to Mr. Gibson. The book should be in the studio of every artist and on the library table of every American citizen. It is a simple question of patriotism.

While all of Mr. Gibson's work has that peculiar swing, so entirely his own, he has unconsciously imbibed the "chic" of the Parisian school on his recent visit to the Continent, and has become a cosmopolitan rather than an American. This is exceedingly regretable and is especially noticeable in his later works.

One Thousand Dollars a Day.[1]

One Thousand Dollars a Day, by Adeline Knapp, is a dainty bit of reading, – dainty, because despite the author's effort to be severe and to seem pedantic in the sub-title, "Stories in Practical Economics," she succeeds in delighting the reader, another demonstration that women can teach almost anything with grace. The author is a close observer and has evidently quite digested the thoughts of the greatest writers on this "eternal grievance." But to address that mysterious power which capriciously gives one fellow a beefsteak where he has no teeth to chew it, while another, whose teeth are strong enough to chew sole leather, has not a crust of bread, is merely falling into the rail of Job: "*Si velit cum eo contendere, non respondit ei ad unum e mille.*" The monster cares nothing for the whines of the beast; it is his brag to be unjust, "and what are you going to do about it?" That the book is clever, well worth reading, is freely admitted; that it aims at truth, goes without saying; that it may arouse the people to a spell of thinking, is quite probable; but that it will improve our lamentable condition is not so certain.

That one thousand dollars a day scheme is clever as a plea for the co-operative system; it is good in style, and in thought far above the ordinary "specialty writer," but the trouble with the theory is that human nature is an uncontrollable beast; and money like water seeks its level. The "labor token" is like a dull piece of steel, which is dangerous because of its potentiality of becoming a keen-edged dagger. Gold is not a whit better than brass, without the sanction of governments. And if our Constitution had said that "brass shall be the legal tender of the United States" there is no doubt but that Burton would have had to carry home a thousand pieces of brass daily until further notice. It is not a question of coin, but of indolence and vice on one side and brains and rapacity on the other.

The most touching sketch in the book is the one sarcastically styled "Getting Ahead," because it speaks boldly of a crying wrong that goes almost unnoticed. That foreigner whose life blood a giant polypus in shape of an invisible syndicate is sucking away, and who is goaded into crime by that soulless wretch, called an "agent," deserves special notice. Miss Knapp might have written more, much more upon this subject.

The howling striker is an ass, whose bray excites no sympathy. Thoughts spent upon him are as useless as are his own periodical cowardly efforts. The striker lives in the midst of civilization. Uncultured, with a mind and soul untrained for any mental effort, he remains a beast of burden. But his wife and daughters desire to imitate the fashion of the rich, and thereby create that juggernaut of our society, jealousy and discontent.

The former, on the other hand, makes no pretensions; he lives in nature's bosom and creates the *nervus rerum* for the sharks in the city. Thrice cursed is he who thus besmirches the divine escutcheon, which is stamped upon the most brutish of men. The freight agent and the syndicate agent are animals as vicious as they are sleek. Here is the proper coign of vantage for writers and thinkers of Adeline Knapp's stamp. *One Thousand Dollars a Day* is worth re-reading.

Bread From Stones.[2]

WHILE the German scientists as a rule have earned their reputation for careful, plodding, abundantly verified work, it is also true that some Germans that desire to be considered scientists are capable of putting forth a specious theory, with small attempt at proof and by a bold begging of all questions regarding it claim to have established a new discovery. The example that calls out this reflection is a small book mainly made up from the writings of Julius Hensel. Hensel's theory is that the use of decayed animal and vegetable matter as food for plant life is so injurious as to be responsible for the increasing prevalence and number of human maladies; and a whole train of evils beside. He advocates the use of stone meal, or finely pulverized rock, as a fertilizer, and claims that the bread thus made from stones is more abundant, more economical, and more wholsome. Nowhere in his book is there more than the bare

1 One Thousand Dollars a Day. By Adeline Knapp, Boston; Arena Publishing Co.: 1894.

2 Bread from Stones. Translated from the German of Julius Hensel and others, Philadelphia: A. J. Tafel: 1894.

assumption that the using over and over again of the same chemical material in plants and animals causes any deterioration in the material. Nowhere are there any figures given as to the cost of making the meal and transporting it, with all its useless components, to the farm,—the prime factor in the economic consideration of the availability of stone meal. But beside these fatal omissions are many statements that the agricultural chemists say are untrue and directly opposed to experience. Examples of these are contained in the discussion of nitrogen and nitrogenous ammonia on pp. 46–47. It is not true that, "It is demonstrable that nitrogenous ammonia is *injurious*,'—to plant life—or that, "nitrogen is *unnecessary* as a fertilizer for the growth of plants if the soil contains a sufficiency of fixed basis substances"; or that plants, "receive an ample supply of the complementary nitrogen from the air, four fifths of which consists of nitrogen."

Païné.[1]

SENOR ZEBALLOS, well known in this country as the Minister of the Argentine Republic at Washington and as ex Secretary of State to our sister Republic, has written a charming story of life on the pampas of the South which has lately been translated by Mme. Menjou and published in Paris.

The story of *Païné* in the hands of its brilliant author becomes more than a story,—the love of Liberato Perez for Panchita is woven into an elaborate study of the social and political organization of the Araucanian tribes, those fierce native warriors to the south of the Argentine Republic. Under the able guidance of the chief Païné the natives have acquired a degree of military proficiency that places them on an equal footing with the troops of the Federation. Liberato Perez, an Argentinian, joins the revolution of 1830, which the tyrant Rosas promptly subdues with the cruelty usually practiced by the rulers of Central and South American peoples. Perez escapes to the south only to be captured by the forces of the Indian Chief Païné, founder of the dynasty of the *Zorros* (Foxes), where he remains a captive for eight years. Here he becomes enamored of the queen, a white woman. At the death of the chief, Perez and Panchita escape on some of the dead Païné's horses. Here the author leaves us in the dark as to the future movements of the hero and heroine. The word painting is intensely local, the descriptive and historical sketch, interesting. Mr. Alfred Paris, the illustrator, assists the author in a most able manner, the drawings being beautiful studies in half-tone. The book is full of interest and the reader catches his breath at its rather sudden ending. "Relmú" has been written as a sequel. Señor Zeballos, the author, is the founder of the *Instituto Geografico* and the *Sociedad Cientifica Argentina*. He has written several scientific books that have an international reputation.

[1] Païné. Translated into French from the Spanish of Estanislao S. Zeballos. Quantin: Paris: 1895.

On the Hurricane Deck.[2]

On the Hurricane Deck is a story of an impossible young English woman who marries an unimpressionable musician who is constantly seeking revenge for the waywardness of his spouse by thumping the life out of any piano at hand. The wife, besides falling in love with an hysterical individual who reciprocates the affection, goes about addressing everybody with brutal familiarity. After an interval of piano thumping, enlivened by an honest confession of the lover, the whole "mise en scene" is removed to Florida. The husband loses his all in a land speculation that turns out a corner in alligators and lizards; this, strangely enough, causes his wife suddenly to fall in love with her much neglected husband, and in a dismissal of the bad man. This concludes the story: the bad man goes to the beach, lies in the sun, and covers himself with sand. Our description may not follow the thread of the story throughout, but the backbone is given. Any one fond of the hysterical style of novel can find it in *On the Hurricane Deck* to his or her heart's content.

The Panglima Muda.

"This vivid picture, or series of pictures, is enriched with the Oriental touch of the preternatural, which long and intimate association with the natives enables the author to give with a preraphaelite regard for actual conditions and yet with the Eastern absorption of the actual in the ideal." *Midland Monthly*, Des Moines, Iowa.

"A readable work on the Pahang rising, possessing great interest, with good illustrations." *London and China Telegraph.*

"Many strange incidents and unfamiliar scenes well described, coupled with an easiness in style, makes the story of *The Panglima Muda* delightful reading. The volume is handsomely illustrated by Pierre N. Boeringer." *The Monitor*, San Francisco, Cal.

" * * * is a delightful romance, dressed in warm coloring of Eastern life, and to the Ameri-

[2] On the Hurricane Deck. By A. W. Wright. The Mascot Publishing Company, New York: 1895.

can reader has the advantage of an entire absence of the British flavor which permeates nearly all literature of that quarter of the world. It is full of action, never dull or uninteresting; and altogether most entertaining." Kansas City *Journal.*

" * * * is vigorously told and never dull." Springfield *Republican.*

"Mr. Wildman can claim to have discovered a new field for the novelist. The Malayan Peninsula is a land of adventure and romance to every school boy, and *The Panglima Muda* follows out that idea and that stirs the blood of the reader, young or old." *Echoes*, Elmira, N.Y.

The White Company.[1]

The White Company is a picture of England under Edward III (1327-1377) and his illustrious son, the Black Prince. Its historical action is found in the attempt of the Black Prince in France to place the exiled Pedro the Cruel, King of Castile, firmly on the throne that had been seized by his brother, Henry of Trastamara. The event that the story leads up to is the defeat of the Spanish and French under the famous Constable Du Guesclin by the Black Prince and his great lieutenant, Chandos, at Navarrete in Spain on the third of April, 1367.

Mr. Doyle in his novels "Micah Clarke" and *The White Company* has done much toward popularizing English history, and making the names of English Cavaliers and heroes familiar. What Dumas and Hugo have accomplished for French history Doyle is doing for our own, for as we read the glowing pages of *The White Company*, we Americans cannot but share the pride of our English cousins in the heroic deeds of our common ancestors. *The White Company* really attempts more than any of Dumas' novels,—it tries to mirror the life of the age not only in the court and army but in the cloister,on the farm,and in the highways. It goes straight into the heart of the every day life of England in the fourteenth century, when Norman and Saxon were fast becoming one people, and the days of feudalism and chivalry were drawing to a close.

Sir Nigel Loring is a knight of the Bayard type "*sans peur et sans reproche.*" Knighthood to him meant to be good, brave, loyal, just, generous, and gentle, to champion the church to protect the ladies, and to redress the wrongs of widows and orphans. Whether on the highways of England, on the marshes of France,or in the wild pass of Roncesvalles, he is ever on the outlook for an honorable encounter with some "gentle knight" that may bring him "credit and advancement." He is the highest type of the chivalry whose ideal was valor, loyalty, courtesy, and munificence,—whose example softened warfare, inculcated honor and truth, and raised woman to be the equal and companion of man. It is good to have such a figure in fiction, for it stands out clear and true among the braggarts, and swaggerers that we are brought up to look upon as types of the knights of old England and France. Sir Nigel is likewise fortunate in his squire, it is like master like man. Alleyne Edricson, cloister-bred squire and son-in-law to the famous warrior, is the character around which all the events of the book cluster. He is as brave as he is gentle and makes a worthy second to his master in all their fierce forays in France and Spain. Aylward is the type of the valiant soldier of fortune and Hordle John of the sturdy British yeoman.

The thrilling scenes of the novel are the defense of the keep by Sir Nigel, Du Guesclin, and their squires, in the Chateau of Villefranche and the battle of the White Company against the entire strength of the Spanish army on a small hill in the Cantabrian Mountains. The love interest of the book is small, the interest of the story lying in the vivid descriptions of the life and motives of the times.

[1]The White Company. By A. Conan Doyle. New New York: Harper & Brothers: 1895.

Prince de Joinville's Memoirs.[2]

THERE is a certain fascination about the *Memoirs of the Prince de Joinville* that clusters about the autobiographies of all who have been born or lived among great events and historic characters. The diaries, memoirs, and autobiographies, of professional statesmen and diplomats are too common to cause comment, but a work like that of the son of Louis Philippe, which narrates the impressions and acts of one who was brought up within the mysterious shadow of the "divine right of kings," is almost a curiosity. It is more than a peep into a king's closet; it is looking through a king's eyes out upon ourselves. One cannot but wonder if royalty enjoys the continual round of reviews, salutes, parades, and march pasts, that follows them from the cradle to the grave. De Joinville, in the character of a king's son, was the recipient of all these attentions, and he tells you modestly enough how he would run 'cross-lots, or pretend to be sick, to evade them. He talks of the historical characters of France from 1824 on in an easy flowing style that is both dignified and amusing. He is

[2]Memoirs of the Prince de Joinville. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1895. For sale by Wm. Doxey. $2.25.

not a politician, but a sailor, and he has more to say of the incidents of the cruises than of the cabinet. His descriptions of his stay, at different times, in America are charming. While a firm believer in monarchy, he was at the same time an ardent admirer of republican institutions as he found them in this country. His remarks about Napoleon the Great, Napoleon III. and others who were rivals of his house, are always fair, even kindly. The tone of the entire book is healthy, never vindictive, and it is free from scandal. The book is both instructive and enjoyable, and gives one new ideas of the purple. It is admirably rendered into English by Lady Mary Lloyd.

Garden and Forest.[1]

Garden and Forest for 1894 comes to us in a neat cloth-bound volume of upwards of 500 pages quarto. Its contents are varied, covering the entire range of horticulture, landscape art, and forestry ; and the information is of a practical character. Many of the articles are illustrated, particularly those relating to plants and shrubs with which the public generally are not familiar. The publishers have shown excellent judgment in the selection of their material and in the arrangement of the various departments ; hence those interested in the subjects treated will find the volume a good investment, as most of the articles contributed were written by specialists.

Recent Verse.

Life-Songs[2], by Theron Brown, are not commonplace poems, and here and there touch a level so high that the reader finds more fault with them for not keeping it than he might find with worse verse. They are at all events not specimens of the typical minor verse of the day—the graceful trifling which the reviewer has to say is fairly well done, but cannot remember anything about two weeks after he has read them. *Life-Songs* contains sincere and individual poetry with a characteristic musical quality (rarely at all subtle, and not without monotony by the time one has looked the volume through), yet good in itself, and thought and expression that without being scholarly are yet educated; the expression of a man with literary background. The verse is perhaps at its best in ballad or other narrative whose inspiration is heroic and picturesque ; but the sense of nature and her spiritual suggestiveness is often striking. No poem in the whole collection impresses the present reviewer as much as "The Cataract Birds" (first published in the OVERLAND), possibly because no one that has seen Yosemite can read the lines without having their real vividness enhanced by memory of the scene itself. There is too much direct moralizing in the poems, and a number might have been omitted with advantage to the literary quality of the collection. Yet it is likely, though, that with a sterner critical analysis of his work Mr. Brown would have lost something in the spontaneity that is a merit of the book.

Drifting in Dreamland[3] is a book of verse by a local versifier of which the least said the better. The fact that it is a home production and that the author naïvely admits that the so called poems were written while the author was quite young may serve as some little excuse for this brief review. Some of the verses are on theosophy, an explanatory epitome on which concludes the book. What is meant by "Hairy Baptists" and why the suggestive asterisks in the "Southern Cross"? The haunting suspicion comes that one is about to fall on a joke in the "Dialect" Verses, but no such relief cheers the lonely reader. There is, however, one fact buried in "Shasta" that the world and geologists have long yearned to know: the author says Atlantis sank when Shasta rose. Mark ye this, men of science. There are some few good lines, but the best, and that is saying but little, is "Fate:"—

> O! sullen sea, that flingest thy waves
> Against the adamantine rock
> Which age on age thy fury braves,
> Canst thou forbear the hopeless shock?
>
> O! brooklet, murmuring thro' the lea
> Where buttercups and pansies grow,
> The gray, dead sea awaiteth thee,
> Yet canst thou stay thine onward flow?

The verses are so bad that they are laughable.

The most interesting book of minor verse that has lately come to our notice is *Chocorua's Tenants*[4], by Frank Bolles, well known as the librarian of Harvard. It is not the man of books, however, that appears in these verses, but the lover of mountains and birds,—the lover we say, but we might better say the neighbor and familiar friend. In something over a dozen chapters of unaffected and readable blank verse in the meter of Hiawatha, Mr. Bolles characterizes sundry birds of the Chocorua

[1] Garden and Forest for 1894. The Garden and Forest Publishing Co : New York.

[2] Life-Songs. By Theron Brown. Boston: Lee & Shepard.: 1894.

[3] Driftings in Dreamland. By Jerome A. Anderson. The Lotus Pub. Co: San Francisco,: 1894.

[4] Chocorua's Tenants. By Frank Bolles. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1895.

region,— the crows, the grouse, the swallows, the kingfishers, etc.,— their haunts, their habits, their personal charater, so to speak. It is very interesting, very lifelike, and original, without the least straining after originality ; traits always refreshing to meet in minor verse.

We can hardly say as much for *Song Blossoms*, [1] by Julia Anna Walcott. *Songs of Dusk and Dawn*, [2] by Walter Malone, and *Christmas Eve and Other Poems*, [3] by C. Maurice Stebbens which are of very much the same character as many that fall annually to the reviewer's lot. Perhaps all three have more real zeal and feeling than usual; they are not of the kind that devotes itself to finished meter and phrase, and labors much to turn a neat conceit. All have been written with a good deal of fluency and metrical sense. *Songs of Dusk and Dawn* is the most youthful and lavish, and has a marked feeling for beauty, and some abandon in love lyrics, but there are only two or three notes, and these become monotonous. The woman's has more good cheer than either of the others, more range, and a comfortable sort of every day versification that if not really poetry, is yet the sort of thing that makes many a newspaper verse-corner readable. Most of all it has a real friendship with the growing things of hedge and wayside. All three have a good deal of refinement and intelligence, though neither has that final delicacy that we call literary finish. *Sappho and Other Songs* [4] is a Californian production,— a defense of poesy, or a plea for the poet, cast into the form of paraphrases of fragments from Sappho ; or rather, original poems suggested by these fragments. The writer, we should judge, knows them only in translation, for there is not the least evidence of classical cultivation about the verse, it is by no means illiterate, and the meter is smooth, but it is very dilute, and hardly worth the writing, except for the writer's pleasure. We might perhaps say much the same of *Oklahoma and Other Poems*,[5]— whose avowed purpose, like that of "Sappho," is

> To ope each cage where a heartless age
> Hath chained the birds of singing.

But any book of verse from Oklahoma has an interest; and it is not bad verse at all, either, only commonplace. It is written by the Professor of English Language and Literature in the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Oklahoma Territory, and he prefixes not only this title, but his portrait, which shows him an amiable and promising young fellow. The sentiment of the verses is cheerful and high-minded.

After reading the little book of verses entitled *In Sheltered Ways* [6] one cannot but think that the author has spun the poetic thread of his talent through the woof of a great deal of what newspaper men call "padding." It is a small talent, but confidently paraded, and bravely the type muster on each dainty page. Though the ideas are occasionally pretty, the verses lack the poetic turn, the undefinable rhythm that carries one with it. They have a hurried, underdone air, and it seems such a pity to bundle up such delicate little fancies in such awkward, word-littered verse. One gets quite absorbed in the hand to hand combat between the poetic idea and the requirements of meter and rhyme. There are some lines that one rather resents as doubtfully humorous :—

> Lord, how the children weep,
> God, how the people are groaning.

But amidst the verse desert our poet sings us a few chords that ring sweetly and truly. "The Hermit Thrush" is the best :—

> What angel poured that melody
> Into thy small, warm heart, O, happy bird?
> What tones of heavenly music hast thou heard
> That so singest with such fine harmony,
> Teaching the flowery valley to rejoice
> And thrill responsive to thy silver voice?

The verses have a modest air that rather attracts, and makes one wish that the author would polish and refine upon his talent, here half hidden.

[1] Song Blossoms. By Julia Anna Wolcott. Boston: Arena Publishing Company: 1895.

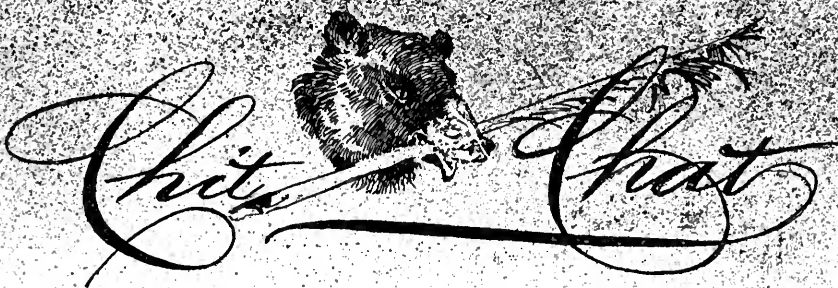
[2] Songs of Dusk and Dawn. By Walter Malone. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton: 1895.

[3] Christmas Eve, and Other Poems. By C. Maurice Stebbins. Salt Lake City: 1894.

[4] Sappho, and Other Songs. By L. B. Pemberton. Los Angeles: Times-Mirror Printing House: 1895.

[5] Oklahoma and Other Poems. By Freeman E. Miller. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton: 1895.

[6] In Sheltered Ways. By C. J. Donahoe. Published by Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo.



La Conversation des Enfants. By Chas. P. DuCroquet, author of "A French Grammar," "Le Français par la Conversation," etc., 12 mo. cloth, 152 pages, 75 cents. New York: William R. Jenkins.

This work is composed of eighty conversational lessons, each of which is derived from a model sentence at its beginning. A vocabulary for memorizing is also arranged with each lesson. At the end of the volume are a series of simple. short stories and poems, and a complete vocabulary.

All book lovers, whether makers or buyers, will enjoy George Hamlin Fitch's charming book chat in the San Francisco *Chronicle* each Sunday.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce that they have in preparation an illustrated edition of Captain Marryat's famous story, *Mr. Midshipman Easy*. The designs for the book will be prepared by representative American artists.

Mr. Crawford's new novel, *The Ralstons*, which is, it will be remembered, the promised continuation of *Katharine Lauderdale*, has gone into a second edition, only a week after its publication. It is said that there were 12,000 advance orders for it on the day of its publication.

Mrs. Deland, the author of "*Philip and His Wife*," was born in Pittsburg, Pa., her maiden name being Campbell. Her husband, Louis F. Deland, is a New Englander and a Harvard graduate. She does not write from necessity as her husband is able to keep up a home in Boston and a summer place at Kennebunkport. She writes slowly and rewrites often. So long a time elapsed between the appearance of her famous novel, "John Ward, Preacher," and "Sidney," that many supposed her to be a one-novel writer, and it has been fully three years since "Sidney." All her work shows the time she spends on it and makes one wish that more writers would follow, where they could, her leisurely and painstaking example.

G. Hamlen, in the *Pilot* (Boston), says of "The Panglima Muda": "Once begin the book, once enter its tropical world, and retreat is impossible until the end comes, and it comes so soon that one wishes that the small volume were much larger. Mr. Wildman has written a few short stories of Malaya, but this is his first novel. It is to be hoped that he will soon give it successors, and that he will not desert the field which he has taken for his own."

Brentano's announce the immediate publication of a most comprehensive pamphlet on the Income Tax Law for ten cents a copy. The work will contain the text of the Income Tax law in full, and the Treasury Regulations relative to the collection of the same, together with the speech of Senator David B. Hill, delivered in the United States Senate, January 11th, 1895, on the execution of the law. Senator Hill's speech is regarded as the best legal analysis and exposition of the law.

The *Book and News Dealer* comes to us as fresh and as crisp a publication as any issued. The editor, Mr. W. E. Price, is a strong writer and an earnest partisan in anything he takes up. It is a matter of surprise that Mr. Price's well direced efforts have not resulted in a greater breach in the ranks of the enemy. There are just as many copies of a certain *cheap* magazine sold in San Francisco to-day as at any time heretofore—at least, so the dealers tell us.

Among the books prohibited from sale in Russia is Bryce's *American Commonwealth*.

Mr. John Rae, author of several works on economical questions of the day, has written a new

biography of Adam Smith, which will be published shortly by Macmillan & Co.

The Literary Digest (N. Y.) of January 19th makes two columns of extracts from Mrs. Mary J. Reid's critical essay, "Stedman and some of His British Contemporaries," that appeared in the January OVERLAND.

A book, now in press, entitled "One Thousand Years of Hubbard History," will shortly be issued by H. P. Hubbard, No. 38 Times Building, New York. Though largely genealogical, embracing English and American families, it is replete with tales of brave deeds of Hubbards in foreign and American wars, humorous incidents, interesting biographies, and prose and poetic quotations. It is almost a complete encyclopedia of Hubbard information. The story of the origin of the name from a Norse Sea King in 866 is of intense dramatic interest. The book will be sold by subscription only. *Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Eight new Old South Leaflets have just been added to the series published by the Directors of the Old South Studies in History, in Boston. These new leaflets are all reprints of documents relating to early New England history, as follows: Bradford's Memoir of Elder Brewster, Bradford's First Dialogue, Winthrop's "Conclusions for the Plantation in New England," "New England's First Fruits," 1643, John Eliot's "Indian Grammar Begun," John Cotton's "God's Promise to His Plantation," Letters of Roger Williams to Winthrop, and Thomas Hooker's "Way of the Churches of New England."

These leaflets are a most welcome addition to the series in which so many valuable original documents, otherwise hard to obtain, are now furnished at the cost of a few cents. The Old South Leaflets are rendering our historical students and all of our people a great service. The numbers of the eight leaflets, 48 to 55, remind us how large and important the collection has already become.

Macmillan & Co. will publish immediately, in their "Columbia University Biological Series," *Fishes, Living and Fossil,* and introductory study, by Bashford Dean, Ph. D. Columbia, Instructor in Biology, Columbia College. This work has been prepared to meet the needs of the general student for a concise knowledge of the fishes. It contains a review of the four larger groups of the strictly fishlike forms, Sharks, Chimæroids, Teleostomes, and the Dipnoans, and adds to this a chapter on Lampreys. It presents in figures the prominent members, living and fossil, of each group; illustrates characteristic structures; adds notes upon the important phases of development, and formulates the views of investigators as to relationships and descent. The recent contributions to the knowledge of extinct fishes are taken into special account in the treatment of the entire subject, and restorations have been attempted, as of Dinichthys, Ctenodus, and Cladoselache. The writer has also indicated diagrammatically, as far as generally accepted, the genetic relationships of fossil and living forms. The aim of the book has been mainly to furnish the student with a well-marked ground-plan of Ichthyology, to enable him to better understand special works, such as those of Smith, Woodward, and Günther. The work is illustrated by over 300 figures, mainly from the writer's original pen-drawings.

Other Books Received.

Song Blossoms. By Julia Anna Wolcott. Boston: Arena Publishing Co.: 1895. (For sale at Popular Book Store, 10 Post St., San Francisco.)

Technique of the Drama. By Gustav Freytag. Translated by Elias G. McEwen, M. A. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.: 1895.

Dr. Judas. By Wm. Rosser Cobb. *Ibid.*

The Divorce Mill. By Henry Hozel and S. L. Lewis. New York: Mascot Publishing Co.: 1895.

Military Career of Napoleon. By Montgomery B. Gibbs. Chicago: The Werner Co.: 1895.

Japhet in Search of a Father. By Captain Marryat. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1895.

Oklahoma and other Poems. By Freeman E. Miller, A. M. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton: 1895.

Tale of Chloe. New York: Ward, Locke & Bowden: 1895.

America's Celebration. Chicago: W. B. Conkey Co.: 1894.

KAMEHAMEHA I.
THE NAPOLEON OF HAWAII

LANDING OF CATTLE FROM THE INTER ISLAND COMPANY'S STEAMER HALL.

THE CRATER HALEAKALA.

From a photograph by Taber.

SANFORD B. DOLE

FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE HAWAIIAN REPUBLIC.

OF THE UNIVE

Overland Monthly

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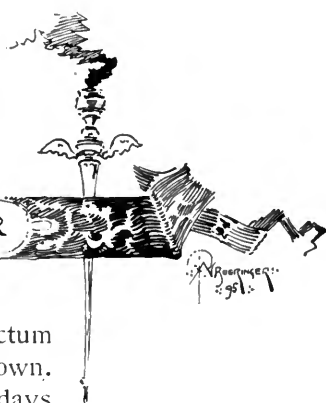
AS TALKED IN THE SANCTUM.



BY THE EDITOR

LAST week the Sanctum was turned upside down. For the better part of six days the circle was disconsolate and the great wheels of the magazine were smothered under the calciminers' tarpaulins. Certain wide ugly cracks had spread along the walls behind the framed pen drawings and washes that had taken prizes at Chicago and at the Midwinter Fair, and the Proprietor invaded the Sanctum and the Sanctum lost its sanctity. The walls were painted red, in spite of the Artist's cry for blue and the Poet's plea for white, and now we are gradually becoming acquainted with the unfamiliar surroundings. We have lost something by the change. Our ideas have become more prim, in keeping with the new order not to drive tacks in the wall or throw paper on the newly cleaned rug. It will take another week at least before we can get down sufficiently from our highly orderly plane to talk freely on the things that come most naturally to mind. If the Sanctum had a calcimining once a month and a thorough cleaning once a week, we should soon learn to be cheerful under it. Cleanliness being next to godliness, there is no reason why any one should find fault with the Proprietor's kindly deed. Yet even the Parson lost his

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Commercial Publishing Company, S. F.

sunny smile and forgot to say, "Good morning all," when the Office Boy relieved him of his dripping umbrella just as he was in the act of standing it up in its time honored corner. No one surely ought to object to a little clean rain water.

The Parson. "Is this the Sanctum of the 'only magazine on the Pacific Coast'?"

The Reader was sitting upright in a chair with his feet properly under his desk, reading manuscript by blocks rather than pages, showing his pleasure whenever he struck one that was impossible and frowning when one demanded a second reading. He nodded.

The Parson. "Let me state a proposition,—if three coats of red calcimine and an unknown quantity of soap and water can drive the demon of disorder and shiftlessness out of an editorial room, what would three coats of calcimine, not necessarily red, and a greater unknown quantity of soap and water do for San Francisco?"

The Contributor. "It would send up such a howl for federal interference as has not been heard since the walls of Jericho fell."

There is a row of picturesque old bummers about Portsmouth Square. They are perched on the railings, slumbering in the few seats, or grouped about the door of the Exempt Engine House. They are as harmless as they are picturesque. An artist with an eye for green and gold might use the Chinatown of Clay or Washington Street for a background and make a painting that would be as attractive in New York or London as the lazzaroni of Italy are here.

Every morning I pass through the little park on my way to the Sanctum. I know every weak, bloated face, and I note every time a new old hat or pair of shoes strays in among them. On the corner of Powell and Washington streets, Kum Fung Lung & Co. sell fiery Chinese-blue-white alcohol for five cents a tumbler. One tumbler will give each bummer three hours of drowsy forgetfulness. Then if they are fortunate enough to get a seat in the Square they are happy for the forenoon. I don't know where they get the five cents. I never saw one begging and I am sure not one of them has done a day's work for fifteen months. They watch in mild surprise the one man who runs a lawn mower over the grass, as though they wondered why he persisted in being a slave, and they are indulgent with the Chinese children who play squat-tag along the walks and among the trees in defiance of the occasional policeman. There is one woman among them, the wife of the most self-respecting bummer in the lot, a little old Irish woman with a half shawl pinned tightly about her narrow shoulders and flat breast and a broken black straw hat on her scant gray hair. She sits for hours on the narrow railings by the side of her man while two or three of the least drunken of the bummers pay her a good-natured but quite respectful court. They are all dirty and frowsy, unkempt and unshorn. They sleep in their clothes wherever the police will let them, and a bath is only a memory of their childhood.

Now, if I were Mayor Sutro, I would experiment on these old lazzaroni of Portsmouth Square. I would put them on a farm and give them a bath twice a week,—not force them to work, but give them the chance to if they feel like it. I believe that plenty of soap and water would work out their regeneration and that they would take up their tools without force. Let me establish free but compulsory baths all over this city and I will show you a social upheaval in one year. Compel a man

to take a bath twice a week and clean his house or lodgings, as we clean our streets, once a week, and I will answer for that man's actions. We should miss our bummers and Portsmouth Square would know them no more.

THE Contributor. "No, but you would have it filled with a howling crowd of socialists and anarchists, who would tramp into mud the carefully mown grass and the green curved beaks of the sprouting hyacinths that their happy, if dirty, predecessors loved so well. If activity goes with cleanliness I prefer that the Parson's idealized loafers should go without their baths and keep within the letter of the law."

The Occasional Visitor glanced apprehensively around as though half expecting that the Artist or the Poet had felt the effect of the subtle calcimine and were turning anarchists.

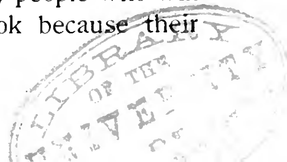
THE Business Manager hurt the Reviewer's feelings and made us all forget for the moment that we were trying to live up to our fresh calcimine and freshly scrubbed floor. It was a simple matter, and both were in the right, but each refused to recognize the justness of the other's position. The Manager brought in a letter from one of the largest publishing firms in New York, canceling their advertising contract because in our reviews of last month one of their books had received its deserts at the hands of the Reviewer. We had all read the book, for it had been widely advertised, and we agreed with the review. Yet the Manager insisted somewhat in this wise that it was wrong: "I have been over a year working up business with——— & Co., I made them a cut rate, promised them notices in the Publisher's Column, and good reviews of all their publications in the body of the magazine. They signed a contract for one page for a year, and I paid up all the back installments on our piano on the strength of it,—when behold, one of you gentlemen with nothing to do but pick to pieces people's work who can write, prints a black libel on the first book of poems they send. Now what I wish to know is: Am to understand that this magazine intends to abuse the Business Department's friends when ever it sees fit, or is it going to aid in holding its friends when we have spent a year making them?"

The Reviewer. "But you lose the point, the book was trash, simply impossible, perfect rot."

The Manager. "Excuse me; I have not lost the point, I have lost the contract, and if this insane method of book reviewing is going to continue I shall cease soliciting publishing houses."

This was too much for the Reviewer.

The Reviewer. "My good sir, I am here to review books. The books I review I first read, I want that understood. After reading I make up my mind as to merits or demerits. No doubt you have your own opinions as to whether I have a mind that is worth making up, but we will argue that later. Then I write out my review exactly as I feel, regardless of the author's name or the publisher's imprint. In the present case the publishers are simply foolish, a well written review for or against is equally, I am sorry to admit, efficacious. There are almost as many people who will buy a condemned book out of curiosity as there are who buy a book because their

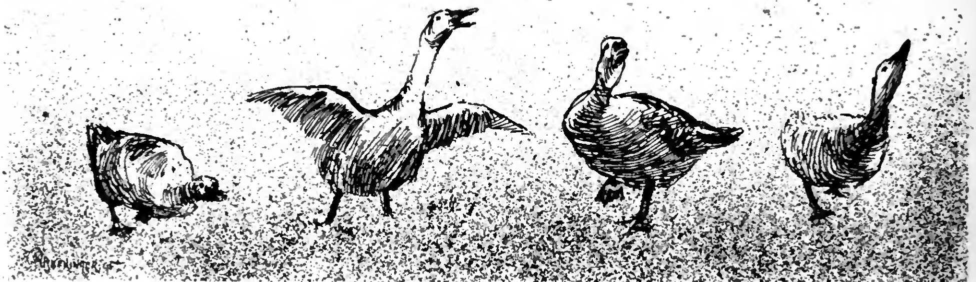

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY

favorite magazine has reviewed it favorably. But that is neither here nor there, if your publishers think they can by threats force me to write a lot of colorless commonplace, mendacious balderdash about a book of alleged poetry that they have published at the deluded author's expense, they are wofully mistaken. The asininity of the supposition, no matter how dignified, is too patent to even require remarks. When I wish any one's advice as to how and what to write, I shall feel free to ask for it. I am sorry that I am the cause of your paying your piano bill, but otherwise I am unable to condole with you."

THE professional book reviewer is a writer of the most versatile and genuine accomplishments with the smallest amount of recognition. The average reader who runs through the review of a new book in a standard journal never pauses to consider the merits of the review. If that is well done, the author of the book under review gets the credit. And yet only too often there is more ability and originality displayed in the review, than in the book under review. The reviewer not only possesses a knowledge of contemporary and past literature, but he has a lawyer's mind, a command of epigram, a capability to paint a strong picture with a few strokes of the brush, and a distinct charm of style. If all these qualities are given free rein and the reviewer is given the right to sign his reviews, they may become essays and he, famous, like Charles Lamb, Thomas De Quincey, Heinrich Heine, William Hazlitt, or George Saintsbury.

The reviewer not only sees the perspective of things, their true proportion, but he fully realizes the true responsibilities of literature. His review is a lesson alike to the author and the public. But the reviewer that is bound down to certain honeyed expressions and cast iron publishing house rules becomes in time the veriest hack.

The Office Boy: "Proof."



HANAPÉPÉ FALLS, KAUAI.

EVOLUTION OF HAWAIIAN LAND TENURES.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE HAWAIIAN REPUBLIC.

WHEN the Hawaiian pilgrim fathers first landed on the lonely coast of Hawaii from their long and exhausting ocean voyage in their canoes decked with mats and rigged with mat sails, it was for them a new departure in government and social and industrial economy. Their past, with its myths of origin, its legends of struggle and wanderings, its faiths and customs, and rites and ceremonies, its lessons of victory and defeat, its successes over nature, was still their present authority and paramount influence, as they feebly began a new social enterprise upon the desolate yet grand and beautiful shores of their new inheritance.

IAO VALLEY.

ing in fish and shrimps. At the mouth of the gorge was the sea, where there were shellfish, crabs, and a variety of fish. Fruits of various kinds flourished on the hillsides, with some of which they were acquainted, while others were new to them. They found varieties of the *kapa* (native cloth) plant, and understanding the process of making its bark into cloth, they restored their wardrobe, which had for the most part disappeared in the vicissitudes of the voyage. They also discovered the *taro* (*Arum esculentum*) growing wild in mountain streams, which they hailed as an old friend, feeling that now their satisfaction with their new home was complete. The cultivation of this was begun at once as a field or dry land crop, as had been the practice in the home land, but as time went on and some crops failed for want of rain, irrigation was used, until at length, it may have been generations after, the present method of cultivating the crop in permanent patches of standing water became established. This result was greatly favored by the abundance of running water which was a feature of the country.

Their past still held them through its venerable sanctions, and yet they were free in the freedom of a new and unoccupied land to add to its accumulations and to improve on its lessons.

We may imagine that the remnant of the freight of their storm-worn canoes included a few household idols, a live pig or two, some emaciated chickens, a surviving bread fruit plant, and *kou* and other seeds. There were women as well as men in the company; the little children had succumbed to the hardships of the voyage, which was undertaken to escape the indignities and confiscations incident to the status of a defeated party in tribal warfare.

These people, lean and half famished, gladly and with fresh courage took possession of their new world. As soon as they recovered their strength they built a *heiau* (temple) and sacrificed to their gods.

After a little exploration they settled in a deep valley sheltered by steep cliffs and watered by an abundant stream of clear water abound-

A TYPICAL NATIVE HUT.

Children were born and grew up and intermarried, and the colony grew and prospered. Exploring parties went out from time to time and other watered valleys were found, and bays and reefs rich in fishing resources. As the community began to crowd the limited area of the valley which was their first resting place, one and another of these newly discovered and favored localities was settled, generally by a family consisting of the parents and grown up boys and girls. And now and then new companies of exiles from the southern islands found their weary way over the ocean, bringing perhaps later customs and adding new gods to the Hawaiian pantheon. So Hawaii was gradually populated, and when its best localities were occupied, Maui began to be colonized, and then its adjacent islands, until the whole group was stocked with people.

There may have been a few chiefs in the pioneer company who largely directed the affairs of the colony, and whose descendants furnished chiefs for the growing demands of the branch colonies. Among the new arrivals also were occasional chiefs that were hospitably welcomed and accredited as such and accorded corresponding position and influence. It is also probable that in the very early period when chiefs were scarce the head men of some of the settlements that had branched off from the parent colony acquired the rank of chiefs, from the im-

ON THE VOLCANO ROAD.

portance of their positions and the influence which their authority over the lands of their respective settlements naturally gave them. Such acquired rank descended to their children, in some cases doubtless with an increase of dignity due to marriages with women of chief rank; and so some new families of chiefs originating from the common people, or *makaainanas,* were established.

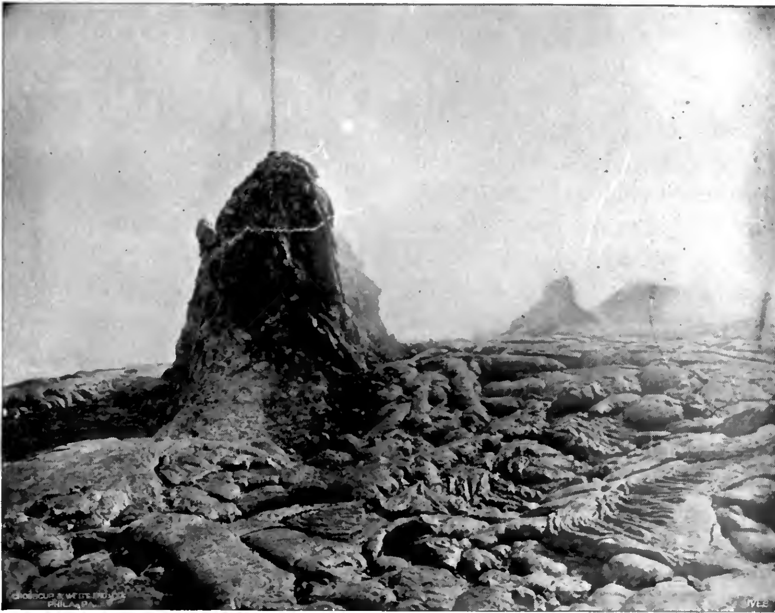
This early period of Hawaiian history for a number of generations was a time of industrial enterprise and peaceful and prosperous growth. There was no occasion for fighting, for there was land and water enough for all and every one was busily employed. It was the golden age of Hawaii. There were *taboos* indeed, but only religious ones. No chief was powerful enough yet to proclaim *taboos* for political purposes, nor had the necessities for political *taboos* yet arisen. The arts prospered; the Hawaiian canoe developed; the manufacture of *kapa* flourished and made progress in the direction of variety of fabric and its esthetic decoration; royal garments of bird's feathers were manufactured; implements of stone and of wood for mechanical and industrial work were invented and improved upon; and great engineering enterprises were undertaken, such as the irrigating systems of Wahiawa, Kapaa, and Kilauea, on the Island of Kauai, and great seawalls enclosing bays and reefs for fish ponds, such as the one at Huleia, on Kauai, and at many other places all over the Islands. The antiquity of some of these is so great that even tradition fails to account for their origin, as in the case of the parallel irrigating ditches at Kilauea, on Kauai, the digging of which is attributed by the Hawaiians to the fabled *moo,* or dragon, and the deep-water fish-pond wall at the Huleia River on Kauai, which is supposed to have been built by the *Menehunes,*—the fabled race of dwarfs, distinguished for cunning industry and mechanical and engineering skill and intelligence. In reality they were the pioneers of the Hawaiian race who took complete industrial and peaceful possession of the country, and this early period is distinctly the age of the *Menehunes,* or skillful workers.

STREET SCENE IN HONOLULU.

Principles of land tenure developed slowly through this period, probably from some form of the patriarchal system into a system of tribal or communal ownership. There was land enough for everyone, and holdings at first were based upon possession and use. As in the irrigating customs of the Hawaiians,—where there was an abundance of water, every taro grower used it freely and at all times according to his own conveni-

ence, and there were no regulations, but in those localities where the water supply was limited, strict rules for its distribution grew up,—so when the land was not occupied, there was freedom in its use, it being easier to locate new holdings than to quarrel about old ones. But as land irrigation developed, requiring permanent and costly improvements in the way of irrigating ditches and the building of terraces on the valley slopes for the foundation of taro patches, such improved localities acquired a special value, and the more real sense of ownership in land, which is based upon an investment of labor in the soil beyond the amount required for the cultivation of a crop, began. A quality of this ownership was necessarily permanence, because of the permanence of the improvements that created it.

Another element of tenure arose as the population increased and the best lands became occupied; the increasing demand gave them a market value,—so to speak,—which gave rise to disputes over boundaries. Although such feuds, sometimes attended with personal violence, favored the development of the later feudalism of the Hawaiians, yet the early period, containing many of the features of tribal government and land tenure common to the Samoans, Fijians, and Maories of New Zealand, probably lasted for a long time, with a gradual development of the principle of ownership in land and descent from parent to child subject to the tribal control, until it was perhaps radically and violently interrupted by the turbulent times beginning in the thirteenth century, and lasting till the conquest of the group by Kamehameha I. This was a period of internecine warfare promoted by the ambition of chiefs for



A BLOWHOLE.

THE LAVA FLOW OF 1880, KILAUEA.

finally the owner also of the soil itself. These results, which were hastened by the constant wars of this period, were yet of slow growth. The small valley and district sovereignties one by one disappeared in the clutch of rising warrior chiefs, who thus added to their dominions and power. As such principalities became formidable, it became necessary for the remaining smaller chiefdoms to ally themselves to some one of them. And so this process went on until each island was at length under the control of its high chief, and then finally the whole group passed under the sovereignty of Kamehameha I., and the feudal program was complete.

political power and personal aggrandizement, and was most favorable to the growth of feudalism, which rapidly took the place of the previous political status.

As was inevitable under the new conditions, the importance and influence of the chiefs was greatly increased, to the immediate prejudice of the rights and privileges of the people, who were oppressively taxed in support of the wars brought on by the whim of their respective rulers, or to defend them from the attacks of ambitious rivals. The growing necessity for protection of life and property caused everyone to attach himself closely to some chief, who afforded such protection in consideration of service and a portion of the produce of the soil. Then the chiefs, as their power increased, began to levy contributions of supplies arbitrarily, until it came to pass that the chief was the owner of the whole of the products of the soil, and of the entire services of the people, and so it was a natural consequence that he became

During this period the control of the land became very firmly established in the ruling chiefs, who reserved what portions they pleased for their own use, and divided the rest among the leading chiefs

AN ANCIENT HEIAU HAWAIIAN TEMPLE OF REFUGE.

subject to them. The position of the latter was analogous to that of the barons of European feudalism. They furnished supplies to their sovereign, and in case of war were expected to take the field with what fighting men their estates could furnish. These barons held almost despotic sway over their special domains, apportioning the land among their followers according to the whim of the moment or the demands of policy, or farming it out under their special agents, the *konohikis,* whose oppressive severity in dealing with the actual cultivators of the soil was notorious. Thus the occupancy of land had now become entirely subject to the will of the ruling chief, who not only had the power to give but also to take away at his royal pleasure. This despotic control over land developed in the direction of greater severity rather than toward any recognition of the subjects' rights, and it finally became an established custom for a chief who succeeded to the sovereign power, even peacefully by inheritance, to re-distribute the lands of the realm.

It is evident that this status was, for the time being, disastrous and destructive to all popular rights in land that may have previously existed. If there was formerly anything like succession in tenure from father to son and tribal ownership, such holdings were now utterly destroyed, and the cultivators of the soil were without rights of cultivation or even of habitation. "The country was full of people who were *hemo,* that is, dispossessed of their lands at the caprice of a chief. Three words from a new to a former *konohiki*—'*Ua hemo oe*' (you are removed)—would dispossess a thousand unoffending people and send them houseless and homeless to find their *makamakas* (friends) in other valleys." (Alexander's reply to Bishop Staley).

MAUNA LOA AND MAUNA KEA, FROM HILO.

The re-distribution of lands upon the accession of a ruling chief was naturally carried out with great severity when his accession was the result of civil war between rival factions or the triumph of an invading army. In the case of a peaceful accession of a young chief to sovereign power, the re-distribution was

AN UNTAXED HAWAIIAN LUXURY.

mainly to his personal friends and companions, and was less complete than in the case of a revolution of force. Very influential men of the previous reign would not be disturbed, both because it would be dangerous and impolitic to do so, and because their assistance was desired. A curious survival of this feudal custom of re-distribution of power and land upon the accession of a new ruler is recognizable in the equally reprehensible sentiment of modern politics, expressed in the well-known words, "to the victors belong the spoils."

When Kamehameha I. conquered the group, excepting the Island of Kauai, which was accomplished only after the most desperate fighting, his success car-

ried with it the fullest and severest application of this custom, and it meant to his defeated enemies loss of all political power and of the lands which were the basis of such power. The island of Kauai, through the treaty of annexation between the king of that island, Kaumaulii, and Kamehameha, might have escaped such misfortunes but for the rebellion of Humehume, the son of Kaumaulii, some years later, which, being suppressed, subjected the insurgent chiefs to the rigorous rule of confiscation of their lands and the annihilation of their political influence.

Thus Kamehameha became at last, through these feudal customs and by virtue of his conquest, the fountain head of land tenures for the whole group. The principles adopted by the Land Commission in 1847 opens with the following statement:—

"When the Islands were conquered by Kamehameha I. he followed the examples of his predecessors and divided the lands among his principal warrior chiefs, retaining, however, a portion in his hands to be cultivated or managed by his own immediate servants or attendants. Each principal chief divided his lands anew, and gave them out to an inferior order of chiefs or persons of rank, by whom they were subdivided again and again, passing through the hands of four, five, or six persons, from the king down to the lowest class of tenants. All these persons were considered to have rights in the lands or productions of them. The proportions of these rights were not very clearly defined, but were, nevertheless, universally acknowledged.

During Kamehameha's long and vigorous reign, affairs became settled to an extent to which the country had been unaccustomed. Long and undisturbed possession of their lands by chiefs was a preparation for the development of a sentiment favorable to permanent individual rights in land. Such a sentiment had become well defined in the mind of Kamehameha before his death, and may be regarded as the seed germ of a system of land tenures which afterwards developed.

Many of those who have been interested in this subject have been accustomed to regard the idea of private rights in land in these Islands as one of foreign introduction during the reign of Kamehameha III.,at which time the remarkable change from feudal to private real estate control took place. But the landed reforms of that reign were the results of causes which had been long and powerfully at work. The century plant had slowly grown, but when its full time came it swiftly and abundantly blossomed.

At the meeting of chiefs at Honolulu upon the arrival of the frigate Blonde in 1852 with the remains of Kamehameha II. and his wife, to consider the question of the succession to the throne and other matters, as reported in the "Voyage of the Blonde," page 152 and following, Kalaimoku, the agent, in his address to the council, referred to the inconveniences arising from the reversion of lands to the king on the death of their occupants,—a custom partially revived under Kamehameha II., but which it had been the object of Kamehameha I. to exchange for that of hereditary succession. This project of their great king he proposed to adopt as the law, excepting in such cases as when a chief or landholder should infringe the laws,—then his land should be forfeited and himself tabooed. Several chiefs at once exclaimed,—"All the laws of the great Kamehameha were good; let us have the same!"

Lord Byron, Captain of the Blonde, presented the council some written suggestions in regard to the administration of affairs which are contained in the following article:—

That the lands which are now held by the chiefs shall not be taken from them, but shall descend to their legitimate children, except in cases of rebellion, and then all their property shall be forfeited to the King.

The account proceeds as follows, (page 157):—

These hints, it will be at once perceived, are little more than a recommendation quietly to pursue the old habits and regulations of the Islands. Kamehameha I. had begun to establish the hereditary transmission of estates, and Lord Byron's notice only adds the sanction of the British name to it.

This principle adopted previous to the reign of Kamehameha III. greatly influenced the progress of events.

When after the death of King Kamehameha I. his son Liholiho, came to the throne as Kamehameha II., the administration of the government was shared by him with Kaahumanu, the *kuhina nui* (a premier or minister having a veto on the king's acts), one of Kamehameha's widows and a woman of great force of character. It was the desire of Kamehameha II. to make a re-distribution of the lands of the realm according to custom, but Kaahumanu was opposed to it, and her influence together with the united strength of the landed interests which had become firmly established in the chiefs during the long reign of Kamehameha I. was too strong for him, and beyond a few assignments among his intimate friends, he relinquished his purpose. The distribution of lands therefore by Kamehameha I. remained for the most part as a permanent settlement of the landed interests of the kingdom, to be afterwards modified in favor of the common people of the government, but never ignored.

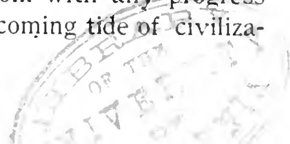
During the period from the distribution of lands by King Kamehameha I., about 1795, till the year 1839, the sovereign held a feudal authority over the whole landed estate of the kingdom, which included the right, as above set forth, summarily to cancel the rights in the lands of any chief or commoner. There was a growing tendency, however, during this period toward the provision in favor of the descent of lands from parent to child adopted by the chiefs upon the return of the Blonde, and the feudal right of the sovereign over the land of the subject was more rarely exercised as time went on. Increasing security in tenure led to increasing activity in land transactions. Chiefs transferred lands to others and they became a marketable commodity; there was buying and selling, —some speculating. The sovereign gave away and sold lands here and there. Foreigners became landholders. Still there was no permanence in the tenure, the enactment by the chiefs at the time of the Blonde being in the nature rather of an expression of an opinion than a binding law. The kingdom was then under the regency of Kaahumanu and Kalanimoku, and Kamehameha III., being still a minor, was not a party to this provision and it was not regarded as binding upon him.

The status of land matters at this time was similar to that which existed in England after the Norman conquest, but there the progress of events, owing undoubtedly to the influence of a foreign civilization, was far more rapid than here. The possession of land by foreigners with strong governments back of them, represented here by men-of-war and zealous consuls, had a stimulating effect upon this movement. It was a transition period; the strength of the feudal despotism was fast waning and there was as yet nothing of a positive nature to take its place. This uncertainty in regard to land was a serious obstacle to material progress. The large landholders--the chiefs and

some to whom they had given or sold their lands — felt a degree of security in their holdings through the growing sentiment toward permanent occupation and hereditary succession; but this was insufficient to place land matters upon a satisfactory footing and to justify extensive outlays in permanent improvements. Moreover, that class of occupiers of land known as tenants, which class included a large proportion of the common people, was still in a condition which had scarcely felt the favorable influences which had begun to improve the status of the chiefs. They were hardly recognized as having civil rights, although they enjoyed freedom of movement and were not attached to any particular lands as belongings of the soil. If a man wanted a piece of land to live on and cultivate, he had to pay for it by a heavy rent in the shape of weekly labor for his landlord, with the additional liability of being called upon to assist in work of a public character, such as building a heiau or making a road or fish-pond seawall. With all this, the tenant was liable to be ejected from his holding without notice or a chance of redress. That this defenseless condition of the common people was rigorously taken advantage of by the landholding chiefs and their konohikis, we have the evidence of those living in this period, including some of the early missionaries, that it was a feature of the times that large numbers of homeless natives were wandering about the country. This want of security in the profits of land cultivation led many to attach themselves to the persons of the chiefs as hangers on, whereby they might be at least fed in return for the desultory services which they were called upon to perform. This practice of hanging-on, or following a chief for the sake of food, was a feature of the perfected feudalism, when insecurity of land tenure was at its height, and the word defining it, — *hoopilimeaai,* probably originated at that period.

A GROUP OF HAWAIIAN BOYS.

In 1833, Kamehameha III., then twenty years old, assumed the throne, and soon became deeply interested in public affairs. In many ways the unsatisfactory status of land matters was pressed upon his attention. The growing sentiment towards permanence in tenure powerfully influenced the situation. The defenseless and wretched condition of the common people in regard to their holdings appealed to his humanity and to his sense of responsibility as their ruler. The inconsistency of his sovereign control of all the lands of the kingdom with any progress based upon the incoming tide of civiliza-



tion became more and more evident every day.

The increasing demand among foreigners for the right to buy and hold land was an element of importance at this national crisis and doubtless had much to do in hastening the course of events. The King not only consulted the great chiefs of the realm, who certainly were in favor of permanence in tenure for themselves, but he also conferred with foreigners on the subject. In 1863 Commodore Kennedy and Captain Hollins visited Honolulu in the United States ships Peacock and Enterprise, and during their stay held conferences with the chiefs, in which the question of land tenure was discussed. In 1837, Captain Bruce of the British frigate Imogene had several meetings with the chiefs in regard to matters of government, when, in all probability, land matters were considered. The influence of Mr. Richards, for a long time the confidential adviser of the chiefs, was undoubtedly very great with the King in leading his mind to the definite conclusion that he reached in 1839, in which year, on the 7th day of June, he proclaimed a Bill of Rights which has made his name illustrious and the day on which it was announced worthy of being forever commemorated by the Hawaiian people. This document, though showing in its phrases the influence of Anglo-Saxon principles of liberty, of Robert Burns and the American Declaration of Independence, is especially interesting and impressive as the Hawaiian Magna Charta, not wrung from an unwilling sovereign by force of arms, but the free surrender of despotic power by a wise and generous ruler, impressed and influenced by the logic of events, by the needs of his people, and by the principles of the new civilization that was dawning on his land.

The following is a translation of this enlightened and munificent royal grant:—

God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the earth in unity and blessedness. God hath also bestowed certain rights alike on all men and all chiefs, and all people of all lands.

These are some of the rights which He has given alike to every man and every chief of correct deportment: life, limb, liberty, freedom from oppression, the earnings of his hands and the productions of his mind,—not, however, to those who act in violation of the laws.

God has already established government and rule for the purpose of peace; but in making laws for the nation, it is by no means proper to enact laws for the protection of the rulers only, without also providing protection for their subjects; neither is it proper to enact laws to enrich the chiefs only, without regard to enriching their subjects also, and hereafter there shall by no means be any laws enacted which are at variance with what is above expressed, neither shall any tax be assessed, nor any service or labor required of any man in a manner which is at variance with the above sentiments.

The above sentiments are hereby proclaimed for the purpose of protecting alike both the people and the chiefs of all these islands while they maintain a correct deportment; that no chief may be able to oppress any subject; but that chiefs and people may enjoy the same protection under one and the same law.

Protection is hereby secured to the persons of all people, together with their lands, their building lots, and all their property, while they conform to the laws of the kingdom, and nothing whatever shall be taken from any individual except by express provision of the laws. Whatever chief shall act perseveringly in violation of this declaration shall no longer remain a chief of the Hawaiian Islands, and the same shall be true of the governors, officers, and all land agents. But if anyone who is disposed should change his course and regulate his conduct by law, it shall then be in the power of the chiefs to reinstate him in the place he occupied previous to his being deposed.

It will be seen that this Bill of Rights left much to be done in defining the rights in land granted by it. It appears by the constitution enacted by the King, the *kuhina nui,* or premier, and the chiefs the

following year, that the feudal right of controlling transfers of land was still retained in the sovereign, in the following words: —

> Kamehameha I. was the founder of the kingdom, and to him belonged all the land from one end of the islands to the other, though it was not his own private property. It belonged to the chiefs and people in common, of whom Kamehameha I. was the head and had the management of the landed property. Wherefore there was not formerly, and is not now, any person who could or can convey away the smallest portion of land without the consent of one who had, or has, the direction of the kingdom.

The Bill of Rights promoted activity in land matters, and for the next few years difficulties arising from land disputes pressed upon the King, producing great confusion and even endangering the autonomy of the kingdom. In 1841, Ladd & Company, the pioneers in sugar cultivation in this country, obtained from the King a franchise that gave them the privilege of leasing any unoccupied lands for one hundred years at a low rental. This franchise was afterward transferred to a Belgian colonization company of which Ladd & Company were partners, under circumstances that made a good deal of trouble for the Hawaiian government before the matter finally disappeared from Hawaiian politics. The intimidation of the King by Lord Paulet, captain of the British frigate Carysfort, under which the provisional cession of the country to England was made in 1843, was based largely upon a land claim of Mr. Charlton, an Englishman, which was regarded by the King as illegal, but which he finally endorsed under Paulet's threat of bombarding Honolulu. These troubles naturally developed among the Hawaiians an opposition to the policy of allowing foreigners to acquire land which, in 1845, reached the definite stage of political agitation and petitions to the government.

During these years of undefined rights, the common people were protected in their holdings by law to a certain extent, but their tenure was based mainly upon their industrious cultivation of their lands, except as to house-lots, and the payment of rent in labor. The question of the proportionate interests of the King, the chiefs, and the common people, in the lands of the kingdom was one of great difficulty. As we have seen the Constitution of 1840 distinctly recognized such a community of interest, but Hawaiian precedents threw no light upon the problem of division. It had been a new departure to admit that the people had any inherent right to the soil, and now to carry out that principle required the adoption of methods entirely foreign to the traditions of Hawaiian feudalism.

In this transition time the necessity of an organized government separate from the person of the king became apparent to the chiefs, and this was carried out by three comprehensive acts in 1845, 1846, and 1847. The first, "to organize the Executive Ministry of the Hawaiian Islands"; the second, "to organize the Executive Departments of the Hawaiian Islands"; and the third, "to organize the Judiciary Department of the Hawaiian Islands." As soon as the existence of a responsible government detached from the person of the king became an accepted feature of the political system, it was felt that in some way or other the government ought to have public lands and become the source of land titles. At this inception the government as a distinct organization was possessed of no landed property; it may be said to have had a right to that portion of the King's interest in the landed property of the kingdom which he held in his official capacity, in distinction from that which belonged to him in his private capacity; but this was

a mere theoretic right, dimly recognized at first, and only after innumerable difficulties and fruitless expedients was it finally developed and carried out in the great *mahele,* or division of lands between the King, chiefs, and people, in 1848. Elaborate laws were made for the purchase of land by the government from private landholders, which do not appear to have added materially to the public domain.

The act to organize the Executive Department contained a statute establishing a Board of Royal Commissioners to Quiet Land Titles. This statute was passed December 10th, 1845. It was a tentative scheme to solve the land problem, and though not in itself sufficiently comprehensive for the situation, it was in the right direction, and led, through the announcement of principles of land tenure by the commission, which were adopted by the Legislature, to a better understanding of the subject, and finally, in the latter part of 1887, to the enactment by the King and Privy Council of rules for the division of the lands of the kingdom, which, with the statute creating the Land Commission and the principles adopted by them, formed a complete and adequate provision for the adjustment of all recognized interests in land on the basis of the new departure in the principles of tenure.

At the time of the creation of the Board of Commissioners to Quiet Land Titles and up to the enactment of rules by the Privy Council for land division, the nation was still feeling its way through the maze of the difficult questions that were pressing upon it in this great reform in land matters. Each step it made threw light upon the path for the next one. The rapidity with which this reform was accomplished must be attributed not only to the wisdom and fidelity of the advisers of the nation, but largely to the earnestness and patriotism of the King and chiefs, who cheerfully made great sacrifices of authority and interest for the sake of a satisfactory solution of these questions.

The Commissioners to Quiet Land Titles were authorized to consider claims to land from private individuals, acquired previous to the passage of the act creating the Commission. This included natives who were in the occupancy of holdings under the conditions of use or payment of rent in labor, and also both natives and foreigners who had received land from the king or chiefs in the way of grants. The awards of the board were binding upon the government if not appealed from, and entitled the claimant to a lease or a royal patent, according to the terms of the award, the royal patent being based upon the payment of a commutation of one quarter or one third of the unimproved value of the land, which commutation was understood to purchase the interest of the government in the soil.

The principles adopted by the Land Commission use the words King and government interchangeably, and failed to reach any adjudication if the separate rights of the King in distinction from those of the government in the public domain, or in other words they failed to define the King's public or official interests in distinction from his private rights, although they fully recognized the distinction. There was, however, an implied apportionment of these two interests through the proceedings by which an occupying claimant obtained an allodial title. The commission decided that their authority coming from the King to award lands represented only his private interests in the lands claimed. Therefore, as the further payment of the claimant as a condition of his receiving a title in fee

simple from the government was one third of the original value of the land, it follows that the King's private interest was an undived two thirds, leaving an undivided one third belonging to the government as such.

The commission also decided that there were but three classes of vested or original rights in land, which were in the King or government, the chiefs, and the people, and these three classes of interest were about equal in extent.

The Land Commission began to work February 11th, 1846, and made great progress in adjudicating claims of the common people, but its powers were not adequate to dispose of the still unsettled questions between the King, the chiefs, and the government, though it must be admitted that it made progress in that direction. Neither were the chiefs ready to submit their claims to its decision.

After earnest efforts between the King and chiefs to reach a settlement of these questions, the rules already referred to were unanimously adopted by the King and chiefs in Privy Council, December 18th, 1847. These rules, which were drawn up by Judge Lee, embodied the following points:—The King should retain his private lands as his individual property, to descend to his heirs and successors; the remainder of the landed property to be divided equally between the government, the chiefs, and the common people.

So the land was all held at this time by the King, the chiefs, and their tenants, this division involved the surrender by the chiefs of a third of their lands to the government, or a payment in lieu thereof in money, as had already been required of the tenant landholders. A committee of which Doctor Judd was chairman was appointed to carry out the division authorized by the Privy Council, and the work was completed in forty days. The division between the King and the chiefs was effected through partition deeds signed by both parties; the chiefs then went before the Land Commission and received awards for the lands thus partitioned off to them, and afterwards many of them commuted for the remaining one third interest of the government by a surrender of a portion.

After the division between the King and the chiefs was finished, he again divided the lands that had been surrendered to him between himself and the government, the former being known thereafter as crown lands and the latter as government lands.

This division with the remaining work of the Land Commission completed the great land reform, the first signal of which was announced by Kamehameha III. in his Declaration of Rights, June 7, 1839. A brief ten years had been sufficient for the Hawaiian nation to break down the hoary traditions and venerable customs of the past, and to climb the difficult path, from a selfish feudalism to equal rights, from royal control of all the public domain to present proprietorship and fee simple titles for poor and for rich. It came quickly and without bloodshed because the nation was ready for it. Foreign intercourse, hostile and friendly, and the spirit of a Christian civilization had an educating influence upon the eager nation united by the genius of Kamehameha I., with its brave and intelligent warrior chiefs resting from the conquest of arms, their exuberant energies free for the conquest of new ideas. With rare wisdom, judgment, and patriotism, they proved equal to the demands of the time upon them.

Sanford B. Dole.

WILL IT PAY THE UNITED STATES TO ANNEX HAWAII?

THE cautious business man in negotiating for an investment of any kind, will very carefully consider the chances of loss or gain before concluding the bargain. He will look at the price to be paid and ascertain if the property is worth the sum asked, studying as a measure of value, its present income and the possibility of increasing the same. As the same rule applies somewhat to national enterprises, the United States in dealing with the question of the annexation of Hawaii will naturally be moved to some extent by similar considerations.

In treating with the subject from this standpoint, all discussion of the strategic importance of the Hawaiian group to the United States — about which much has been said — will be left out, and this paper will be confined solely to the matter of pecuniary inducements for annexation offered by Hawaii to the United States, with the hope of removing the objection of those who are opposed to the annexation of the two countries from fear that the acquisition of Hawaii by the United States would mean a new and constant bill of expense for all future time.

It can be shown beyond a question that the United States would not only get more than a *quid pro quo*, but that the Islands can be made, if they are not already, a revenue producing property.

Not only are the Islands so placed that a large number of Americans can find a home in a climate unsurpassed in any part of the world, and make a comfortable living by raising coffee, and other tropical products that will in time be sufficient to supply the whole western coast of America without coming into competition with any part of the United States, but this valuable territory can be secured without any expense to the United States, but on the contrary with a material gain to its revenues.

Should annexation take place, it is fair to presume that the United States would assume the indebtedness of these Islands, and at the same time take possession of their assets and income.

In taking over the debts and current expenses of the Islands the questions naturally arise,—What will the United States get in return in the way of assets? —and, Will the revenue be sufficient to make the Islands self-supporting?

The following statement of government property is made up from the report of the Minister of Finance, Hon. S. M. Damon, of March 31, 1894:—

Item		
Value Government Lands	$2,075,300	
Value Crown Lands	2,314,250	
		$4,389,550.00
Judiciary.—Law Books, Furniture, etc		23,575.00
Foreign Office,—Military Supplies, Furuiture, etc		70,571.00
Interior Department,—Records Furniture, etc.		166,190.66
Survey Department, — Maps, Surveys, books, etc		256,450.00
Public Works,—Government Buildings, etc.		951,150.00
Public Works,—Electrical Works, Dredger, Tug, etc		147,350 00
Public Works,—Wharves and Buoys		143,850.00
Public Works,—Marine Railway, Seawall, Lighthouse		106,250.00
Public Works,—Bridges		116,300.00
Public Works,—Fraction Engines, Crusher, etc		16,500.00
Public Works,—Water Works, Pipes and Material		476,688.co
Public Works,—Road Material, Tools		63,426.79
Public Works,—Fire Department,—Engines, etc		43,747.00
Furniture, Carriages, Jewels, Plate, etc		8,766.50
Board of Health,—Buildings, Furniture, etc		107,220.00
Finance Department — Furniture Safes, etc		13,100.00
Postal Bureau,—Furniture, Stamps, etc		45,475.67
Attorney General's Department,—Furniture, etc		12,433.55
Board of Education,—Buildings, Books, and Furuiture		251,893.39
		$7,410,487.86
Cash in Government Treasury, March 31, 1894		184,113.53
Total Assets		$7,591,C01.39

The indebtedness of the Hawaiian government on December 31, 1894, as per statement by the Minister of Finance of that date was:—

BONDS.	DUE.	RATE.	COUPONS PAYABLE.	AMOUNT ISSUED.	REMARKS.
Favor Board of Education..	1894/97	12%	Semi-annually	$ 46,100.00	All held by Board Education
Act June 22, 1868	1896	9	"	2,500.00	
" Sept. 27, 1876	1898	7	"	1,500.00	
" Aug. 5, 1882	1894/1909	6	"	73,800.00	
" Oct. 15, 1886	10/30	6	"	2,000,000.00	£200,000 this loan held in London
" Aug 15, 1888	5/20	6	"	190,000.00	Account Postal Savings Bank
" Aug. 15, 1890	1901-2	5	"	20,100.00	Account Postal Savings Bank
" Oct. 24, 1890	1900	6	"	95,000.00	
" Sept. 7, 1892	5/20	6	"	46,800.00	Depositors only Pos. Savings Bank
" Jan. 11, 1893 / " Feb. 18, 1893	5/20	6	April & Oct.	340,000.00	750,000 authorized / Now on market for sale
				$2 833,800.00	

Total Government Bonds as above		$2,833,800.00
Total Treasury Notes outstanding		65,000 00
Total Due Depositors,—Postal Savings Bank...		686,361.13
Total Debt, December 31, 1894		$3,585,161.13
Deduct Cash in Treasury	$302,676.27	
Deduct Cash in Post. Sav. Bank	114,304.42	$ 416,980.69
Net Indebtedness, December 31, 1894		$3,168,180.44

Total Assets March 31, 1894	$7,594,601.39
Total Liabilities December 31, 1894	3,168,180.44
Assets Over Liabilities	$4,426,420.95

It will be seen by the above showing that after paying all of the obligations of the Hawaiian government there is a handsome surplus of $4,400,000 and over, to which should be added expenditures made by the government from March 31, 1894, to December 31, 1894, for permanent improvements, viz:—

New Wharves and Seawall,—Honolulu	$23,075.85
Water Works	26,677.28
Purchase Land for Board of Health	3,600.57
New Roads and Bridges	10,823.86
Volcano Road	9,005.61
	$73,183.17

Most of which will add to the present revenues from these departments.

Should any dispute the value of these assets, there is no question about the value of the government lands which are of more than sufficient value alone to meet all the indebtedness of the government. Mr. Jacob F. Brown, who furnished the valuation of the lands, says in his report: "There are many elements which it is very difficult to estimate upon, but I think any error would be on the side of under, rather than over, valuation." The crown lands are large tracts located on all the Islands of the group, the present rentals of which can be largely increased under annexation, or can be disposed of so as to yield a handsome revenue in taxes on same.

To those who are familiar with the valuations as given of the property owned by the government it is known that they are reasonable and fair. As an illustration of this statement, it will be noticed that the value given to the water works is $476,688. The annual receipts from this department amount to $44,000,—the rates charged by the government being lower than in most cities. Again, the valuation placed upon wharves and buoys is $143,850,—the receipts for a year derived from these being $25,131. Much might be said about the valuation of other properties owned by the government, did space allow. A careful investigation might be made by a committtee of experts to satisfy the United States authorities as to valuations.

It is not a wild assertion to make that under annexation property of all kinds at the Islands would very soon double in value, the benefits of which the United States would participate in to a large degree. Just here it may be well to state that United States gold coin is the currency of the Islands and the only circulating medium, excepting that we have for subsidiary purposes, Hawaiian silver coin for amounts under ten dollars, amounts over that sum being by law pay-

able in gold coin. Of Hawaiian silver there was coined in 1883:—

$500,000 in Dollars,
350,000 in Half Dollars,
125,000 in Quarter Dollars,
25,000 in Dimes.

$1,000,000

Of this coin $312,000 is deposited in the treasury, against which certificates of deposit are issued in amounts of $10, $20, $50, and $100; no other bills or bank notes are in circulation. All of this silver coin, being of the same size, weight, and fineness, as United States silver coins of the same denominations, can be exchanged or re-coined at a trifling expense,—so there need be no complication in arranging the currency in case of annexation.

We now come to the question as to the ability of Hawaii to support itself from its revenues and not depend upon the United States for any part of it. By again referring to the Biennial Report of the Minister of Finance of March 31, 1894, it will be seen that the estimated receipts from all sources for two years to March 31, 1896, (pp. 76–78) are $3,210,510.

Estimated receipts for one year would be	$1,605,255
Deduct from this amount actual expenses for maintaining the Government, which per Act passed 26th April, 1894, (pp 141–157,) for two years is $1,648,018, and for one year must be	824,009
(Of this amount—$824,009—the sum of $160,850 is appropriated for Bureau of Public Instruction for one year.)	
Balance Receipts Over Expenses, one year	$ 781,246

In the above statement nothing is allowed for interest on the public debt or for any improvements. On the other hand, the estimated receipts are based upon the present order of things, but under annexation would be greatly increased. It may be well to note that of the estimated receipts $534,500 will be collected from taxes on present valuations, the rate of taxation being only one per cent, and even at this low rate, according to the Minister of Finance's Report (pp. 15 and 16), eighty-one corporations with a paid up capital of $21,937,160, only pay on $10,699,680, so that from this source alone there may reasonably be added an increase of $112,374.80 in taxes on present valuation. Under annexation, as has already been said, property would increase greatly in value, at least fifty per cent, but in all probability would double in value, so it would be fair to state that from taxes alone there would be an increase of at least $267,200.

Another point ought not to be overlooked: the estimate of receipts from Custom House is based upon a duty of ten per cent on most of the importations from England and Germany, but if the United States rates of duty are levied on these goods the amount would no doubt be greatly increased, besides which, the consumption of many English and German goods will also be largely increased, especially with a larger foreign population, so that the revenue of the Custom House would be much larger than is now estimated, notwithstanding the fact that all imports from the United States of American manufacture would come in duty free.

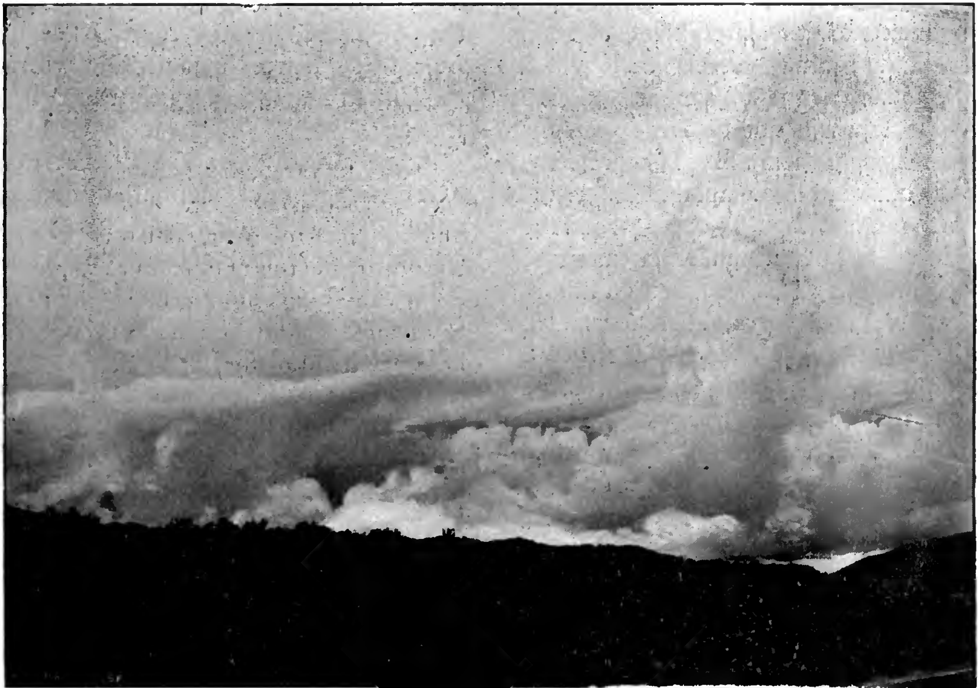
Again, under annexation, the cost of maintaining the present Hawaiian goverment ought to be reduced considerably, for instance the department of Foreign Affairs, which now costs $49,130 a year, would be dispensed with altogether, and there are other departments where important reductions can be made.

Taking then the balance of receipts over expenses as given above	$ 781,246.
Adding increased taxes as stated	267,200.
Adding expenses of Foreign Office saved	49,130.
Would give a Balance of	$1,097,576.

This, without allowing for any increase of receipts from Custom House or allowance for saving in expenses in departments that under annexation would be abolished altogether.

From this balance of	$1,097,576
Should be deducted Interest on Public Debt, say $3,250,000 at 3 per cent per annum (U. S. rate of Int.)	97,500
Leaving a balance of	$1,000,076

from revenue over expenses and interest which might be applied, say $500,000 a year for internal improvements and an equal sum towards improving Pearl River harbor and establishing at that point a naval station. By so applying $500,000 a year for ten years the United States government would gain a valuable property, costing $5,000,000, without taxing the United States one dollar, after which the same sum ($500,000) could be applied annually until the entire debt assumed by the United States is liquidated, and that too, without taking any money from the United States treasury.



From the OVERLAND MONTHLY, March, 1893.

"THE WHOLE BROAD BASIN WAS FILLED TO THE BRIM WITH A TOSSING, ROLLING, FEATHERY MIST"

All of the values given in this paper, as well as estimates of receipts and disbursements, were not prepared with a view of "inflating" or "selling out," but were made up mostly by the present Minister of Finance after careful and mature deliberation and presented to the councils of the nation for operating the government. A careful investigation of all the facts will prove to any one that these statements, values, and estimates, are in every respect conservative and reasonable, and it should be apparent to any thoughtful person that, with more than $4,000,000 of assets over liabilities and an annual income of $1,000,000 over expenses, the opportunity offered the United States to annex the Hawaiian Islands is a splendid one for the United States and should not be refused.

In the foregoing nothing has been said

about the value of Pear River Lagoon to the United States as a naval station. The cost of dredging the entrance to this harbor and making it accessible for the largest ships afloat will not exceed $100,000, and as a naval station it has not its equal in the Pacific. If it should not be required for a naval station, there is no doubt but that as soon as the Nicaragua Canal is completed, which now seems to be but a question of time, Pearl River Lagoon will be required for a harbor for many of the large fleet of steamers and sailing vessels that will be sure to stop at the Islands, as the harbor of Honolulu will not be large enough to accommodate them all. This property is now estimated by competent judges to be worth not less than $5,000,000, and there is no doubt but that under circumstances above mentioned it would pay a fair rate of interest on that valuation for mercantile purposes alone. In the event of annexation this valuable lagoon would become the absolute property of the United States, whereas now it is only under lease, the lease to terminate with the present Treaty of Reciprocity between the two countries. At the very lowest estimate it is worth all the United States would be asked to assume for the debt of Hawaii.

The foregoing figures are based upon the assumption that the United States would annex the Islands as a naval station under command of an American admiral, or as a District similar to the District of Columbia, to remain such until a sufficient population warrants the admission of the Islands as a State. In this case it is probable that all of the property of the present Republic of Hawaii would be turned over to the United States. This, however, would be a matter to be settled in the negotiations between the two governments.

There is another phase of this subject to be considered, and that is the admission of the Islands into the American Union as a Territory. Should this plan be adopted, it is probable that all public and crown lands, as well as all the property now belonging to the present government of Hawaii, would be retained by the local government of the Islands, and only the harbors, wharves, Custom House and Post Office receipts and Income Tax be appropriated by the United States government. The question would then be asked, Are the revenues derived from these sources sufficient to warrant the United States to assume the debt of Hawaii?

It has already been shown that Pearl River harbor is of more than sufficient value to offset the debt, which is $3,250,000, but should this statement be doubted, perhaps the following estimates may be convincing. The statement was prepared by the Minister of Finance:—

Duties collected at the Custom House in Honolulu for the past five years, on goods from all ports other than American.

	SPIRITS.	MERCHANDISE.
1888	$157,958.44	$126,243.64
1889	121,473.04	118,354.14
1890	196 678.72	182,573.39
1891	252,648.96	211,170.21
1892	139,289.53	95,409.99
Five years	$871,048.69	$ 733,751.37
Yearly average	174,209.74	146,750.26
Total on all goods		320,960.00
Multiplying by 20, the number of years that the bonds have to run, makes a total income from duties alone, on goods other than American, of		6,419,200.00
Our public debt is		3,250,000.00
Five years interest at 6 per cent, as specified in bond		975,000.00
Fifteen years interest on same at 3 per cent (United States rates)		1,462,500.00
		$5,687,500.00

This shows that the income from customs duties alone, for twenty years (the terms of our bonds), taken on above average, will pay the entire interest on the public debt, together with the debt itself, and leave a balance in the treasury of $731,700.

It only remains to show that the probable receipts from the sources which

would go direct to the United States, in case the local government retained the lands and other government property, would be a profitable investment for the United States: —

Custom House receipts one year as per estimate of Minister of Finance			$320,960.00
Less cost of C. H. expenses, one year, estimated			20,960.00
			$300,000.00
Post Office receipts (Minister of Finance's report p. 31) for two years to March 31, 1894, were $174.470.25			
One year would be		$87,235.12	
Deduct expenses P. O. Bureau for same time (p. 40, M of F. Rep.) for two years	$149 664.01		
Less subsidies	30,000.00		
Savings bank loss	8,500.00		
Cost of Bureau—two years	$111,164.01		
One year would be		55,582.00	
Net income from post office — one year			31,653.12
Wharfage receipts, one year			25,000 00
Income tax, amounts over $4,000			20 000.00
Total annual income			$376,653.12

The above estimates are made upon present receipts. The Custom House receipts for the year 1894 from all sources except wharfage were $512,295.96. The receipts from wharfage for 1894 were $25,768.35 and it is reasonable to claim that with the increased rates of duty on goods imported from Germany, England, China, and Japan, together with larger importations from England and Germany, the Custom House receipts will be very largely increased.

In conclusion, it is safe to say that in whatever way the United States should admit Hawaii, there is no possibility of Hawaii's becoming a burden to the Great Republic, but on the other hand, she will always be not only self-supporting but will add a constantly increasing revenue to the United States government, and will also prove to be as beneficial as was California in 1849.

Peter C. Jones, Ex-Minister of Finance.

A GRASS HUT AND TARO PATCH.

PRACTICAL AND LEGAL ASPECTS OF ANNEXATION.

THE time-consecrated adage that "circumstances alter cases" adjusts itself with peculiar fitness to a retrospect and prospect of the course and conduct of the administration at Washington in dealing with the Hawaiian question. Seldom in the history of this or any other country, and nowhere in diplomatic circles, has an issue so foreign as this one, in its origin, to the functions of our government, and to the duties of our representatives, proved to be so fatal to all who, diplomatically, militantly, or administratively, either from choice or necessity, have had any official relation with it. The doctrine of *ultra vires* in the case, from the standpoint of reality, criticism, or hypercriticism, has been fraught with the most disastrous consequences to the various actors on the stage of this international drama, which has been a strange admixture of comedy, seriocomedy, melodrama, and tragedy.

The United States minister at Honolulu, in the prologue to the first act, committed so much of an *ultra vires* in declaring a protectorate of the islands by the United States that even President Harrison immediately disowned the protectorate, when it became known to him. Captain Wiltse, of the U. S. S. Boston, in landing the United States marines under his command, instead of becoming the great naval hero of the event and bestowing upon himself everlasting renown, was thought to have committed such a military *ultra vires* that he soon after became detached from his ship, and returned home, a sick and disappointed man, and it was believed that his death so soon afterwards was largely hastened by an indifference or hostility to his conduct in landing and establishing the United States marines on shore, more obviously to support the Provisional Government than to protect the lives and property of American citizens.

About this time the Harrison administration ended and the new administration succeeded to it. Mr. Cleveland found this foundling from Hawaii on the front steps of the White House the very first night of his second term of occupancy of the Executive Mansion. His unavoidable duty was to take it in from the cold and to bestow upon it, for the time being, a fostering care and solicitude; but with no sort of suspicion, we imagine, that the new and perhaps unwelcome charge would become a creature of painful and perpetual responsibility.

Although the protectorate had been disowned by his predecessor, the newly inaugurated President found that Minister Stevens, without authority, still floated the national flag of the United States above the Government Building at Honolulu. The shortness of the time in which the Harrison administration remained in office after the Provisional Government succeeded to the Royalist government, did not permit it to make any positive decision, or take any definite course of action. Commissioners representing the new government had arrived and presented their credentials to the Secretary of State, but necessarily that mature deliberation which the vexed and intricate situation required had to be postponed and referred to Mr. Cleveland's

cabinet. By this time agents or emissaries of the deposed Queen had arrived at Washington ready to present the other side of the case, with the assurance that the Queen yielded up her authority protesting in the most solemn manner that she had yielded only to the superior forces of the United States of America, whose minister, Mr. Stevens, she said, had caused, "the United States troops to be landed at Honolulu and declared that he would support the said Provisional Government."

Whatever might have been the predilections of Mr. Cleveland and his Secretary of State, for or against annexation, it occurred to them, as it would have occurred to anyone else in their position, to inquire into the status and authority of the Provisional Government, as a *de facto* or government *pro tempore,* to enter into a treaty of annexation or cession with an independent sovereign power like the United States. The questions in the case arose naturally in the following order: Did the United States minister to Honolulu in concert of action with the commander of the United States man of war at that port aid and abet the overthrow of the Hawaiian monarchy and the establishment of the Provisional Government in its stead? If the Provisional Government had sufficient authority to enter into a treaty of annexation, was it expedient, and did it fall within the Constitutional powers of the United States, to accept or offer terms for the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands? The first inquiry involved both questions of law and fact, and the second a question of law arising under the Federal Constitution, of holding foreign territory or incorporating foreign nations into our Union, and besides, the policy or expediency of so doing in the matter of the Hawaiian Islands,—should there be expressed or implied power under the Constitution for such an end and purpose.

President Cleveland, in order to make a beginning for a diagnosis of the case, "without the advice or consent of the Senate," (and according to his opponents) *ultra vires,* appointed, Mr. Blount a special envoy and gave him (*ultra vires*) a commission to make a special report and findings of fact, and also conferred upon him the extraordinary authority to call to his assistance the naval forces of the United States in Hawaiian waters, despite the fact that the incumbent of the office of United States minister was still the lawfully accredited representative of this government, and had not up to that time either resigned or been removed. The abuse and adverse criticism for the alleged exercise on the part of the President of the United States of extra-executive powers in appointing Mr. Blount upon a special mission to Hawaii, waxed both furious and facetious, until this special envoy on an international mission had obscured in the public mind all of the familiar and legitimate prefixes to his patronymic, and he became everywhere known as "Paramount" Blount.

The act itself, and the consequent fierce and interminable wrangling in Congress and in the press, was not without a precedent. During the administration of John Quincy Adams, when Henry Clay was Secretary of State, "a grand Amphictyonic Council of the American Republics was to be held on the great isthmus of the Continent." The principal argument was, that nothwithstanding the assurances given by the President, participation in the Panama Congress would lead the United States into entangling alliances. The attack upon the administration was continued in the discussion upon the resolution, denying the competency of the President to send min-

isters to the Panama Congress "without the previous advice and consent of the Senate," which competency the President had originally claimed in his message to Congress. This presented to John Randolph an opportunity for a display of his peculiar power of vituperation. He characterized the administration, alluding to Adams and Clay, as the coalition of Blifil and Black George, the combination, unheard of till then, of the Puritan with the blackleg. This language caused the celebrated duel between Clay and Randolph.

In due course Mr. Blount's mission ceased to be special, and he finally succeeded Mr. Stevens as minister plenipotentiary from the United States to the Hawaiian government. He thus for the first time became vested with full constitutional authority within the scope of the act of Congress creating the office. Ex-Minister Stevens returned to his native land the victim of one of two alternatives: If he did not use his ministerial office, contrary to all usage and precedent and in contravention of the comity of independent nations, to influence and compel the abdication of the Queen and the establishment of the Provisional Government, circumstantial evidence never did a greater wrong and injustice than in his case: If he connived at or contrived for the overthrow of the monarchy and gave comfort and support to the insurrectionists against that system, relying for the vindication of his course on the part of his own government, he very soon realized the utter failure of his plans and the intensity of his disappointment. No one can, however, impartially glance at the concomitant facts of the Hawaiian revolution, the history or *res gestae* of the causes, the agencies, and the effects, by which the one system of government was superseded by the other, without a moral conviction, at least, that Minister Stevens was as much identified and responsible for the Provisional Government or its maintenance at first, as was the old woman in Mother Goose, who first put in motion that remarkable series of animate and inanimate agencies by which she finally got the pig over the stile and reached home that night in time for her supper.

Mr. Blount did not relish his ministerial berth, and tendered his resignation to take effect as soon as his successor could be appointed. Mr. Willis of Kentucky was chosen for the position. He first presented himself, according to a report that was sent to the Louisville *Courier Journal*, with tidings of peace and good will from the President of the United States to Mr. Dole, the President of the Hawiian Republic, in which the latter was addressed as, "My great and good friend," and at the same time had concealed documents instructing him to restore the Queen to the throne. This Machiavellian performance must have been extremely distasteful to Mr. Willis, who at home was respected as a good citizen, an excellent lawyer, and a Christian gentleman.

The *status quo* remained unchanged for some months, but finally a constitutional system superseded the Provisional system, and the *de facto* government became a government *de jure*.

The recent attempt by force of arms to overthrow the constituted authorities resulted in the rout of the rebels; but unfortunately Mr. Charles L. Carter, one of the commissioners who visited the United States soon after the revolution in the interests of the Provisional Government, lost his life. This last outbreak will have a most salutary effect. The new government not only sustained it-

WAILUA FALLS.

self during the revolutionary period but has maintained its stability until and since the formation and organization of a constitutional government. It has gone through with every test and criterion to entitle it to the fullest recognition as an independent sovereign power. After these stages its *de facto* existence ceased, and its *de jure* sovereignty vested it with full treaty-making power for the purpose of annexation or cession. It has attained an ultimate status as a free and independent sovereign, which cannot be impaired or diminished by the anomalies of its

A NATIVE FISHERMAN.

revolutionary period or the uncertainty of classifying its rights and powers during the existence of its provisional administration or regime. The United States has now as much right to enter into a treaty with it for the purpose of annexation or cession, as when she acquired what was known as the Louisiana purchase, the Florida purchase, the Texan annexation, the cession of California and other territory, and the purchase of Alaska. Whatever might be said of the conduct of the United States minister to Honolulu in espousing the cause of the Provisional Government, the constitutional government of Hawaii was established independently and despite the avowed hostility of the present administration at Washington.

Having reached the conclusion that the Provisional government of Hawaii is a thing of the past; that it has successfully passed through its revolutionary period; that in a *de jure* sense it is an established fact, and is now susceptible to such changes and revisions, for its overthrow, as might happen to any government of greater power and of longer duration; that it is vested with competent legal power to enter into a treaty of annexation,—the question to be considered is, whether or not it would be for the best interests of the United States to become the other high contracting power to such a treaty. Would not the Islands be of advantage to us in time of peace, and would they not be a greater advantage to us in the event or contingency of war with any foreign power?

President Cleveland's message, interpreted in the light of the circumstances in which it was written, was more in the nature of a disclaimer against the policy of permitting the United States to be a party to a treaty of annexation with a provisional government in the establishment or maintenance of which our own representatives had assisted, than as an adverse report to annexation under any and all conditions. While the policy of abstention was unmistakably emphasized, the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine strongly characterized the message, and it intimated that the United States would not regard with indifference the intervention of any other foreign power. So far it would seem that the policy of *laissez faire* is impracticable; that it defeats its own ends and savors too strongly of the case of the dog in the manger; that the positive dominion of the United States would not only be a readier solution of the whole difficulty, but would act as an estoppal to the confusion and embarrassment that will continue by adhering to a theoretically negative course.

Hon. Thomas M. Cooley, and other distinguished American publicists, in controverting the claims that we wanted the Islands for a naval station, and that we needed them in the event of a war with Great Britain or any other of the great naval powers, and that, if we did not take them, Great Britain would, to our immense disadvantage, etc., says: "Now, how far the United States would be moved by an appeal to the maxim: 'In time of peace prepare for war,' is a question which patriots as well as philanthropists are likely hereafter to give some attention." This maxim is commented on as "one that comes to us from barbarous times."

Whatever may be the view of the "patriots and philanthropists" of the United States as to this maxim, the Congress of the United States has gone on (having commenced under Mr. Cleveland's first administration) appropriating immense sums of money to build a new navy, including all modern means of war, cruisers, battle ships, torpedo boats, and so on; all of which goes to show that the maxim in question has remained in the minds of the American people without having lost anything of its practical meaning, or has been made to conform to the more euphemistic rendition, that "in time of peace we prepare for war in order to minimize the chances or disasters of war." The war now being waged between Japan and China is a lesson against any fancied security from the non-observance of this maxim "coming to us from barbarous times."

Rear Admiral Ammen, of the United States Navy, says:—

In a war with Great Britain, our fast cruisers would be subject to grave disadvantages. An examination of 'Coaling, Docking, and Repairing Facilities of the Ports of the World, Third

FOOD, CLOTHING, AND RAIMENT.

Edition, 1892,' published by the Navy Department, will show how illusory is the idea that our fast cruisers could seriously affect the merchant flag of Great Britain in distant seas, where neutrality laws would estop coal supplies and dockage to clean their bottoms, in neutral ports. The docking and coaling facilities set forth in the document referred to, if marked on a chart of the globe, show how conveniently the cruisers and battleships of Great Britain can reach out in all directions with clean bottoms and full coal bunkers. This favorable condition could not obtain for any other power, even should all neutrals fail to observe their neutrality obligations. We may assume that our fast cruisers are the equals of those of any other power, and probably a few are superior, especially those with triple screws. Regarding the map of the globe and the British coaling stations marked thereon, we perceive that had we a much greater number of the best of cruisers, the probable results of their visiting distant seas would not be satisfactory, as I propose showing in the following pages in opposing forces that Great Britain would have scattered far and wide, over the seas."

LAVA TUNNELS.

The foregoing facts called to the attention by Rear Admiral Ammen, suggest that, in the case of a war between the United States and any foreign power, our fast cruisers of the American navy, the New York, Columbia, Minneapolis, and others, would be as likely to be called upon to do patrol duty, either to protect our shipping, or destroy that of our adversary, or to overhaul neutral vessels carrying contraband of war, in the Pacific Ocean as in the Alantic.

Captain Mahan observes that, "These Islands are the key to the entire Pacific and for a foreign nation to hold them would mean that our Pacific Coast ports and our Pacific Ocean commerce would be at the mercy of that nation," and unless we had a coaling station in the ports of these Islands our magnificent cruisers would be more or less useless in the event of war. The decision of the Geneva arbitration in the Alabama claims not only prohibits neutral powers from either surreptitiously or openly permitting belligerent vessels to use neutral ports for the purposes of armament and coaling, but also imposed the duty on non-combatants of the *actual prevention* of all violations of neutrality. Therefore, in time of war a coaling station would be of no value unless the Hawaiian government should be forced to commit a *casus*

ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL.

belli against the other belligerent power, or, *vice versa*, against us. Its inability to pay any large indemnity exacted in the case of its impotency to prevent the violation of its neutrality obligations would leave the Hawaiian government completely at the mercy of the offended or injured power.

In view of these probable consequences, annexation would be the surest solution. If the Islands were a part of our national domain we could defend them, and the compensatory advantages would undoubtedly offset the cost of such defense. Certainly, if, in the case of war, they were ours and we could not then successfully defend them, we should not be able to use them temporarily if they were not ours. And if we could not use them in case of war, the cost of the large and expensive cruisers which the government has built, as far as the Pacific Ocean is concerned except in a limited way, might be placed to the account of profit and loss.

The adaptability of our territorial system of government for the proper government of the Islands after annexation, is well nigh perfect. Territorial government (says Professor Fiske) has generally passed through three stages: first, there are governors and judges appointed by the President: then, as population increases, there is added a legislature chosen by the people and empowered to make laws subject to confirmation by Congress: finally, entire legislative independence is granted. The Territory is then ripe for admission into the Union as a State. Alaska, since its purchase, has been governed under the first stage. The Indian Territory and the District of Columbia have a system which is more or less a blending of the first and second stages. Utah, with its peculiar institutions and polygamous practices, has

been governed for years under the second stage, until finally its "twin relic of barbarism" has become so subdued or extirpated that it has been trusted to admission into the Union under the last stage. The annexation of Hawaii would probably consign it for a number of years to the second stage, under which it would be able to enact laws prescribing a property or educational qualification for voting, and thereby greatly overcome one objection to annexation based upon the ill assortment of its Japanese, Chinese, and other foreign-born population. A government and a people whose system has already been transplanted to the Islands, a government and a people whose system has subjugated the Indian tribes, which did not falter with the sword or in the forum to grapple with the great problem of negro slavery and its emancipation, with the anomalies of Mormondom and polygamy, and with the Chinese problem by curtailing its worst tendencies,—should not lack the faith or the courage to extend the profit of their experience to their kindred on the Hawaiian Islands; and if our system or method comes to prevail there, and everywhere in the long run, it is likely to be by reason of its intrinsic excellence.

A HAWAIIAN INTERIOR.

Where is the patriotic and progressive citizen of this Republic who does not regret that the shibboleth of "54–40 or fight" was not obviously enough on the side of right and justice to have prevailed, by which the United States would now have the exclusive ownership of an undivided littoral from San Diego to the northernmost limit of Alaska?

Tacitus has said that, "A republic to be enduring, must be both progressive and aggressive." This postulate from the wisest commentator of ancient times has some bearing on the situation which at this time confronts the United States in reference to the Hawaiian question. The territorial extent of the American republic at the commencement of the federal compact was probably less than one sixth in area as compared with the territory which it

has since acquired by purchase, cession, and annexation.

The apparent difficulties involved in the negotiations for the acquisition of Louisiana were not alone of a foreign or diplomatic character. The press and stump of Kentucky, it is said, began to utter words like these: "The Mississippi is ours by the law of nature, the right of authority of numbers, and by the right of necessity. If Congress cannot give it to us we must take it ourselves,—no protection, no allegiance." Mr. Jefferson, from his standpoint as a strict constructionist, considered that he did an act, in ratifying the purchase of Louisiana, unauthorized by the Constitution. He justified it thus: "The Constitution has made no provisions for our holding foreign territory, still less for incorporating foreign nations into the Union. The Executive, in seizing the fugitive occurrence which so much advanced the good of the country, has done an act beyond the Constitution." Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts, and other Federalist members, objected to it, because they "dreaded so wide an increase to the territory out of which so many slave States could be made." "But," says the historian, "slavery is past, and Louisiana remains." If Jefferson had been less frank or less wedded to his theories as a strict constructionist, he might have justified his course within the limits of the constitutional authority, "to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States and with the Indian tribes,"—which provision the Supreme Court of the United States has repeatedly decided to mean "*commerce*—not limited to traffic, to buying and selling and the exchange of commodities, but which comprehends also, navigation between the natural highways by water and all that is included in commercial intercourse between the nations and parts of nations in all of its branches." "These powers," said Chief Justice Waite, (in Pensacola Telegraph Co. vs. Union Telegraph Co., 96, U. S., Reports, page 1,) "keep pace with the progress of the country and adapt themselves to the new developments of the times and circumstances." Mr. Jefferson proposed that the complications which existed in his mind should be met by an additional article to the Constitution, but the various acts of acquiring more territory following the Louisiana purchase as a precedent, overcame the necessity of any such amendments. It was contended that it was a menace to the commercial, military, and material welfare of the United States for any government but its own "to be master of the mouth of the Mississippi." Therefore, despite the question of constitutional sanction, the vast territory known as the Louisiana purchase, comprising 1,171,931 square miles, became a part of our domain.

Although it is true that Hawaii is remote and separate from the main land of the United States, by a distance in the Pacific Ocean nearly as great as that from our Atlantic seaboard to the tidal waters on the west coast of Europe, and therefore the argument of vicinage is not as controlling in itself as it was in the other cases of territorial aggrandizement, yet hesitation or objection based upon this argument for domestic reasons or fear of foreign complications is a deduction more specious than real, and has a still more diminished significance on account of modern agencies so much reducing the inconveniences of time and distance. The geographical fact should be borne in mind that the Hawaiian Islands are on the same line of longitude as that which runs through the western part of Alaska, and are therefore actually within the longitudinal boundaries of the United States. Our coast and sailing vessels even before the purchase of Alaska, were

accustomed to landing at the Islands for repairs and provisions, and to make them the final starting point in order to get into the natural path of the trade winds that would impel them to their destination in Alaska and through Bering's Straits to the Arctic Ocean. In case of a war between any foreign country and ours, the naval, maritime, and commercial intercourse of the United States with our Alaskan posessions would be subject to actual blockade, and our American shipping exposed to capture and destruction by foreign cruisers.

The consensus of public opinion in America is so generally in favor of annexation that it would seem to require no further argument to fortify it. The true meaning of the Monroe Doctrine was that this government should not acknowledge any system of monarchical government if its establishment should be attempted against the express will of the people—in any of the Spanish-American countries. Its application caused the evacuation of Mexico at the time of the French intervention under Maximilian. Although the Monroe Doctrine was at first applied on behalf of the Spanish American republics, many of them further removed from us and more inaccessible than the Hawaiian Islands are; yet the trend of events has gone on, in so many ways, and the real principle of the doctrine being to encourage the right of popular government, its extension to the Islands would be neither far fetched nor unreasonable. And from the standpoint of actual expediency, it more concerns the people of the United States to apply the Monroe Doctrine to these Islands than to have applied it, at the time when it was first promulgated to the republics of South America.

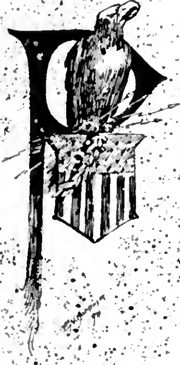
The only legal precedent or authority which the United States has for dealing with this question is by annexation. A protectorate is, "The authority assumed by a superior power over an inferior or dependent one." There is nothing in our Constitution or in the genius of our institutions by which the United States can constitute itself a protectorate over the Islands. By doing so, we should give them a legal status entirely at variance with our own, and our national authority would be asserted in a manner wholly foreign to the Constitution.

It is not the purpose of this article to consider these Islands as outposts or vantage grounds by the occupancy of which we would be able to inflict great damage on a hostile opponent, so much as that they would be strategic points from which, if not controlled by us, a foreign power could inflict upon us irreparable injury. England, both commercially and militantly, holds Gibraltar and Cyprus for the protection of her Eastern possessions. The means and despatch of modern transportation have made mere physical proximity far less determinate of international interests than formerly, and time and distance, as factors in the progress of national affairs, are no longer absolute but relative.

In conclusion: the value of the Islands as a part of the domain of the United States, in co-ordinating our commercial and naval advantages in connection with the Nicaragua canal, would simply be inestimable. No one can contemplate with fear or misgiving the extension of the Constitution of the United States for their government, so glorious both in its origin and results that Mr. Gladstone, with supreme admiration for its ineffable and enduring grandeur, paid it not more than a just and proper tribute when he said that it was "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

Charles J. Swift.

HOW HAS HAWAII BECOME AMERICANIZED?



PECULIARLY conspicuous is the fact that Hawaii has been Americanized. In what respects, to what degree, by what means, has it taken place? These points will form the subject of this paper. While the fact named is conspicuous in Hawaii, it is not so well known to American readers, a majority of whom fail to apprehend how strong an offshoot of Yankeedom has pushed out into the Western ocean.

The dominating social, intellectual, commercial, political, and religious life of the people of Hawaii is distinctly American. Not infrequently one hears the expression from visitors, "in this country," when the United States is intended, there being a spontaneous sense of still being there, so familiar is the presence of American ways.

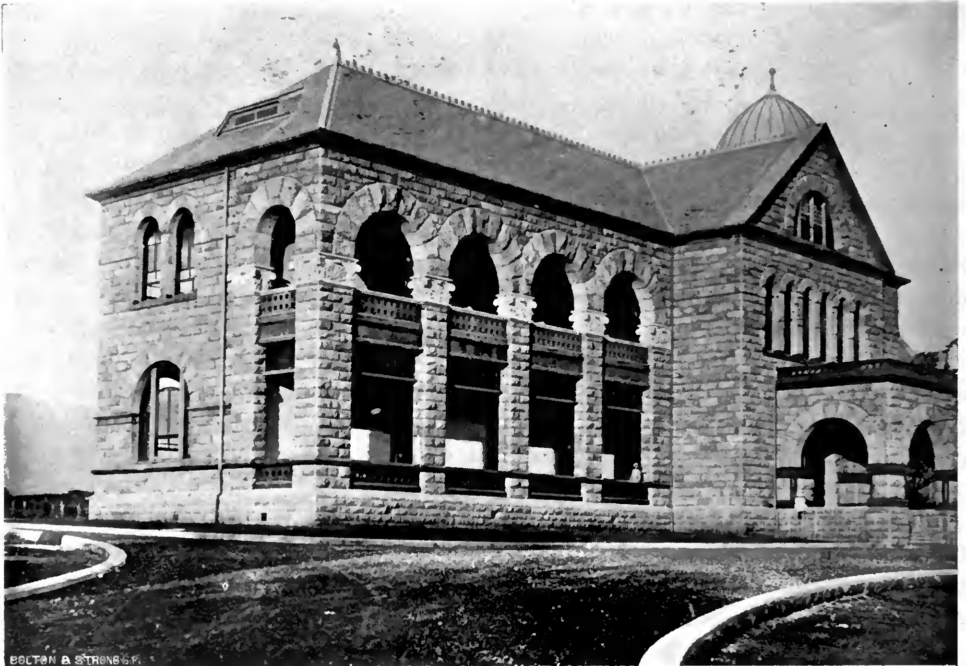
The actual proportion of people of American birth or parentage here in Hawaii is only four per cent of the whole population, and equal to ten per cent of those possessing native Hawaiian blood. Yet these Americans are practically the ruling class. Their aims and opinions shape the politics, commerce, and intellectual and moral movements of the people. The 40,000 Hawaiians yield to their leading. So do the other 18,000 whites, two thirds of whom are the unlettered Portuguese. The 35,000 Asiatics resist assimilation, and count for little in public influence and activity, standing quite apart, socially and politically. British and German residents give way to American tendencies more or less unwillingly; but they give way.

All this is a settled and established condition of things, the outcome of a considerable period of social growth and adjustment, some history of which will come in farther on. American thoughts, customs, institutions, are deeply and solidly planted in Hawaii, and have ceased to be exotic. To verify this assertion a large number of facts may be adduced.

The dominant language of Hawaii is the English tongue, and that not of the British, but the American type. The British accent is quite common on our streets, but the American accent prevails on the mart, in the courts, in society. It is the accent of the speech of nearly all Hawaiian-born whites. The American is the accent of the school-children, if whites. The natives and half-whites, whose mother tongue is Hawaiian, utter their English with a very peculiar accent of their own, modified by the tones of their own language. A majority of the natives are still unable to speak or read English with facility, although nearly all of them have received English instruction, and all the common schools are now taught in English, so that it can be only a few years before nearly all natives will possess some facility in its use.

Our current literature issues mainly from American presses. In our news stalls, book-stores, reading-rooms, the products of the American press are six to one of the British. Our presses adopt

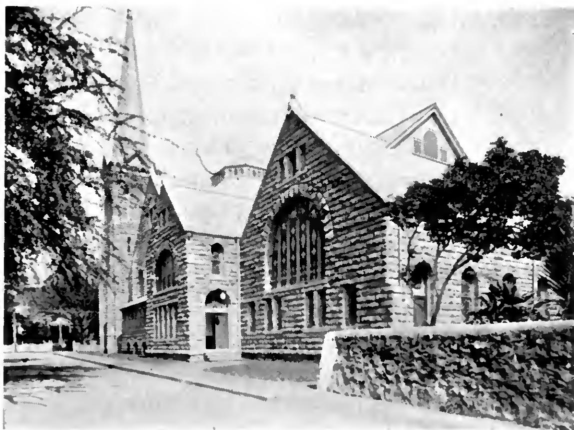
American orthography. When Britishers land here from Australia bound to their motherland, they strike Yankeedom at Honolulu as truly as they do at San Francisco. They have to content themselves mainly with American newspapers. Honolulu daily journals are mostly American in type. The *Advertiser* and *Star* are strictly American. The *Bulletin* shows a British element. Fivesixths of the foreign news reprinted by these papers is American. Most of the reporters and journalists are Americans born.



KAMEHAMEHA SCHOOL, HONOLULU.

The only flags commonly seen displayed on the streets are the Hawaiian and the American; and the latter is even more frequent and conspicuous than the Hawaiian. British, German, Portuguese, Chinese, and Japanese flags are scarcely more common than they are in San Francisco, although the latter three nationalities are far more numerous than Americans.

Education in Hawaii is mainly American in type. The government schools are on the American pattern, using only American school-books, and manned by a large majority of American teachers, except in the smaller rural districts, where half-whites and natives are employed. In Honolulu the excellent principal of one leading government school is an Englishman, the rest are Americans. Of the strong force of independent schools, the majority are in American hands. Anglicans conduct the comparatively small Iolani College for boys and St. Andrew's Priory for girls, both boarding and day schools. The Catholics have their large nuns' school for girls



THE CENTRAL UNION CHURCH.

For pupils whose mother tongue is English, is the Fort St. School with three hundred youth of both sexes, where students may fit for college. This is a government school. Then there is the well endowed and manned Oahu College, which carries its students much farther. A feeder to the college is the Punahou Preparatory, with two hundred pupils. In all these schools the teachers are solely Americans. Education of youth is substantially in American hands. This element has become naturalized, while British and French education continues exotic.

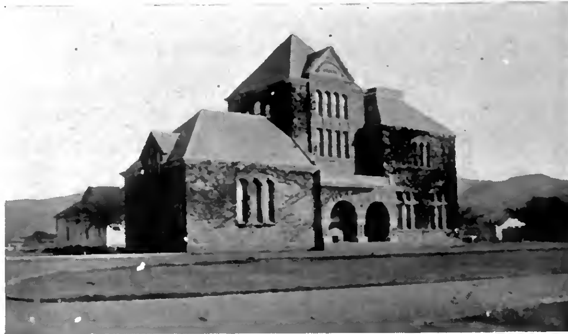
and their St. Louis College for boys. The latter is attended mainly by natives and Portuguese, several hundred in number, and is taught by a large corps of American Brothers. All the rest of the independent schools are purely American. American Congregationalists conduct in Honolulu the Kawaiahao and Kamehameha Boarding Schools for Hawaiian girls, both nobly equipped, with nearly two hundred pupils, a majority of them supported by benevolent whites. Outside of the city are similar but smaller schools, at Makawao, Kohala, and Lihue, with nearly two hundred more pupils, under the same auspices. For the other sex, the same people maintain the splendidly equipped and endowed Kamehameha Preparatory and Manual Training Schools, with one hundred and fifty native pupils, and the Lahainaluna and Hilo Boarding Schools for the same class, with one hundred and twenty boys. Lahainaluna is supported by the government.

Turn to the government. The President and two Ministers are Americans born in Hawaii. The other two Ministers are American born. A majority of the heads of bureaus are Americans. The same is true of two thirds of the Advisory Council, and of the recently elected Legislature. Two thirds of the Supreme and Circuit Judges are Americans. The constitution and the laws are largely pat-

KAWAIAHAO CHURCH.

terned after those of the United States. The majority of the lawyers in the upper courts are Americans.

In commerce and trade, British, Germans, Chinese, and Japanese, together are much in the majority of importers and jobbers, as well as in the retail trade. The same would perhaps be true of San Francisco, if not of New York City. But two thirds of the sugar plantations are in American hands, and they own two thirds of all the taxable property in these Islands. Three fourths of the foreign shipping calling at Honolulu is American, which is true of no other port in the world. The inter-island steamship lines are entirely in American hands. These facts about shipping are highly significant of the great predominance of American interests in the Hawaiian Islands.



THE BISHOP MUSEUM.

In religious concerns Americanism is completely in the lead. In the capital, Honolulu, the Catholic Church, which is under a French bishop and priests, is housed in a single large substantial edifice, which is crowded with worshipers, but in which few English sermons are preached, but many in Hawaiian, while the large body of Portuguese worshipers hear little except Latin. The Anglican Church, with a comparatively small constituency, occupies a fine but unfinished cathedral, with a Chinese chapel adjacent. American Congregationalists, on the other hand, are represented by the Central Union Church of five hundred white members, which worships in an edifice surpassed in beauty and convenience by very few in California. They are also represented by two large Hawaiian churches with commodious edifices, by a smaller Chinese church, and a rapidly growing Portuguese church, each in good chapels. It should be added that not less than one third of the communicants at the Anglican Church are American Episcopalians.

The foregoing facts describe and establish the complete predominance of American influences and institutions in Hawaii. The country has become practically an American colony. It remains to indicate the process by which this came about and its history.

American influence began in the Sandwich Islands, as they were then called, with the outreaching enterprise of the skilled whalemen of Nantucket and New Bedford, the Macys, Starbucks, Husseys, and other familiar names. Finding sperm whales diminishing in Atlantic waters, they rounded Cape Horn, and pursued their prey into the Pacific Ocean. Eighty years ago, and before 1815, this North Pacific and these Island waters were largely frequented by American whale-ships. Here they shipped many Kanaka boys who, already wonted to the open sea in their fishing canoes, became skillful boatmen, daring in harpooning and lancing. When flung out of their boats, as was common, by some awkward twist of the whale's flukes, these agile Kanaka

swimmers would save the lives of the more helpless white sailors.

From some of these ships there landed at New England ports a number of Hawaiian youths,—one of them, Opukahaia (Ripped Belly), commonly known as Obookiah,—who attracted benevolent Christian sympathizers, and were gathered as pupils into a school in Cornwall, Connecticut. This enlisted a deep interest, and soon after, in 1819, a band of young American preachers and teachers were sent out to the Hawaiian people. Other bands of missionaries followed and won the confidence of the people.

For a quarter of a century these American missionaries constituted the chief body of the white and civilized residents. They supplied the dominant religious, social, and educating elements in the Islands. They must be credited also with having given shape, fifty years ago, to the well-arranged political institutions of the country, saving the native monarchy from foreign subjection by making it constitutional and liberal.

Very naturally these fifty American missionary families began to be joined by other Americans of kindred views, with whom their children intermarried, creating a growing American colony. Numbers also of American officers and seamen from the whaling fleet went into business. At the same time many British traders settled in Honolulu, followed by German merchants, and a strong white colony multiplied, with Americans far in the lead.

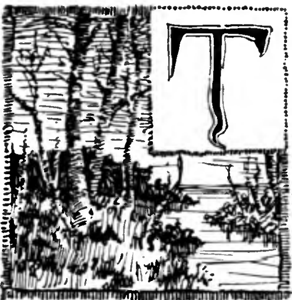
With the discovery of gold in California began a new impulse to American development in Hawaii. The treaty of reciprocity established in 1876 has had a large share in promoting the strong commercial and social union of the two countries. During these eighteen years under that treaty, by which duties on Hawaiian raw sugar were remitted, the sugar product has grown from thirteen thousand tons per annum to one hundred and fifty thousand, creating an enormous development of industry and wealth in Hawaii.

At the same time the United States has been by this treaty cherishing and developing what is going to be a State of great wealth and prosperity to take its place in the Union. All the foregoing discussion of the relations of Hawaii to the United States has entirely left out of view the immense strategic necessity of Hawaii to the United States.

The chief aim of this paper has been to point out the impressive fact, that in Hawaii America has an adjacent colony of her own, such as she has nowhere else on the globe, where her language and institutions prevail and a community of her people is deeply rooted and dominating. This rich group with its lovely climate has room for half a million of enterprising, active, intelligent Americans to settle and grow opulent. When annexation takes place, these Americans will speedily occupy their new and rich inheritance, with its immense possibilities of agriculture and commerce, now all undeveloped.

Sereno E. Bishop.

HAWAIIAN CLIMATE.



THE climate of Hawaii may be expressed in two words—sunshine and breezes.

The great Pacific Ocean is "Pacific" because it is great, and a great equalizer of climatic changes. The Hawaiian Islands are large enough, and more especially, high enough, to have a piquancy of character of their own, and yet in no way to have neutralized the peculiarly desirable qualities of oceanic environment. They are an outpost, a picket line between tropical and temperate regions on the one hand, and between American and Asiatic spheres of influence on the other.

The air that supplies vitality to these islands is what meteorologists term "anti-cyclonic." That is to say, just north of this region the atmosphere is continually being piled up, added to by ceaseless overhead currents from the southwest, which are there checked by the temperate zone currents. The descending air is clear and mellow, and free from any superabundant moisture, or smoke, or vapors, as it becomes the northeast trades, which for seventy per cent of the days of the year flow over and around the mountains of Hawaii, and away on their seemingly endless drift to the coral-island regions of Southern Micronesia. Therefore, it is as it is,—bright and sunshiny.

The observant traveler, coming from the smoky haze of continental and populous regions, is surprised at the clear atmosphere of Hawaii. It is a land too, which at low levels is absolutely devoid of fog,—only actual rain squalls or the fine driven spray of the sea producing what is nautically termed "thick weather."

During the first few days too he feels absolutely saturated with sunshine,—unless he strikes a rain-spell. Everything seems ablaze with it, and yet not heated with it. The broad leaves of tropical trees glisten in its wealth, the finer foliage is steeped in it. It seems as though the cane-fields were only converting sunshine into warm-colored sugar. The sand beaches, reefs, and surf-lines, are dazzling with it. It beats pitilessly all day on the steeps of Dimond Head, and of Punchbowl.

The artist accustomed to the subdued tones of temperate zones is puzzled with the atmospheric effects of Hawaii. Distance is difficult to render in fidelity to nature, and hardness rather than richness of tone is the first result in the near ground. Very few indeed, as yet, have been the successful efforts to depict the really impressive portions of our mountains, cloud, valley, and ocean-view scenery.

Next to sunshine, breezes. The new-comer finds himself perpetually in a current of air, and yet not taking cold. It is the old settler that has to keep out of the draft. Few who have not lived in environment of the trade winds can realize how they enter as an element into the affairs of life within the tropics. The native Hawaiians have their two very convenient words *uka* and *kai,* expanded, *mauka* and *makai.* (Continental pronunciation of the vowels.) *Ma uka* means at the *uka,* or high land; *ma kai,* at the

sea, that is to say these words mean landward and seaward, as terms of direction, and they are so used rather than the points of the compass. The native born think in terms of *"mauka"* and *"makai."*

Just so the immense preponderance of trade-winds influences Hawaiian ideas and terms of locality. Natives and old settlers from the standpoint of Honolulu always speak of going "up to Hawaii," and "down to Kauai," the respective points of the compass being E. S. E., and W. N. W. New comers as invariably say, "down to Hawaii," because it is in a lower latitude, and the reverse to Kauai, looking at the matter geographically. Of course in this maritime country, all sailing craft bound to the Island of Hawaii have to "beat up to windward," the strong trades drawing through the channels nearly from the east, while it is the traditional "wet sheet and a flowing sea" in the other direction. In some districts, notably in Hamakua, Hawaii, the windward half of the section is known as "upper" (Hamakua); the leeward half as "lower," and yet there is no particular difference of level.

THE PALI.

The modes of life are also affected. In former times to find a native house facing the trade-wind was unheard of, except in very sheltered localities, and the people generally chose the knolls for house sites; and even in Honolulu the price of building-lots is often more dependent on the question of weather or lee-side exposure, than on the facing-north-or-south question. Sanitary and domestic arrangements all have to take the general wind-direction into account.

It will be seen that these winds are the life of the country, and the banisher of malaria, though it still lurks in the rice-grounds when not under water, and they are the invigorator of weak lungs that are sufficiently protected. The natives of course, have an expressive term for them, the *makani kamaaina,*—"winds that are children of the country." Like the ancient Greeks and Romans, they had specific names for all winds. The westerly winds had an epithet rather than a name of *makani malihini,*—"winds that are strangers."

seeing the cocoanut trees — Mark Twain's "gigantic feather-dusters"—perpetually bending seaward, and to see the fur of nature everlastingly stroked downwards.

The records of fifteen years show the following figures: The least number of trade-wind days per year, 225; the greatest, 301; the mean of all, 258. The month of January has a normal average of 14 days of northeast trades. As the sun comes north this number increases until July and August, which months have each a normal average of 29½, the fall

A BIT OF JAPAN.

The regularly acclimated white Hawaiian is a forlorn creature without his regular supply of trades, and hates the south wind like poison. To it are attributed all dire effects imaginable, though the sanitary orientation alluded to above may be a good deal of a factor in the case. It must be said, however, that to the healthy nature that wearies of monotony, the change is a welcome one, accompanied as it is by a change in the cast of the scenery. One wearies of

months then showing a corresponding diminution to the end of the year.

Light passing showers, and sometimes pretty heavy yet transient rains, are peculiarly characteristic of Hawaiian weather. In fact, in the immediate vicinity of Honolulu, nearly sixty per cent of the days of the year have a rain-record. These showers are most frequent toward evening, then again during the night, and again at another favorite hour of eight to nine o'clock in

A JAPANESE VILLAGE.

the morning. The newcomer, if he has any health to speak of, finds them very innocuous and in no way interfering with out door exercise. On the windward coasts, particularly of the Island of Hawaii, the rain-squalls form at sea, and coming in-shore are a feature distinct from the rains of the elevated forest-belt.

As may be supposed, the frequent alternation of sunshine and shower is favorable to the rainbow, which is both solar and lunar, and very brilliant. In this connection an impressive scene is brought to mind that occurred at the time of the conveying to the then Palace, of the remains of the late King Kalakaua, upon their arrival from San Francisco in the United States cruiser, Charleston. As the cortége entered from the street the gateway to the spacious grounds, an unusually large and brilliant rainbow so formed itself on the background of clouds and showers and mist that covered the mountains, and so over-arched the palace with all its striking array of weeping, wailing Hawaiians gathered on the balconies and porches, and around their widowed queen, with government officials and native citizens filling the lawns and sanded walks, that the edifice was, so to speak, framed with sorrowful glory. The rainbows of the showery valleys of Nuuanu and Manoa are a remembered sight from the decks of ships in Honolulu harbor, and travelers by night see not infrequently that elsewhere very rare sight, a lunar bow.

The noting of the above general features of climate will prepare the way for alluding to the differentiation, so to speak, of the varying local climates caused by the mountains, which last do not so much stand upon, as really form, the whole group. The following specimen may illustrate the subject better than any precise or scientific classification.

In the north part of the Island of Hawaii, between the Kohala Mountain and the foot of Mauna Kea, is a plateau of from 2500 to 3000 feet elevation, over which the northeast trades, concentrated and enforced by the hemming in by the two mountains, draw ferociously, accompanied by rains nearly horizontal, and decidedly "driving." The traveler may leave this place for the lee side coast in what seems to him a general storm, and yet, after a few miles ride on a descending grade, find the gentlest of sunny weather, and in a mile or two more meet a fresh and balmy sea-breeze from the west. It is storming, however, all the same on the highlands of Waimea. Away on the slopes of the Kona Mountain at the same time is a calm forest belt, over which there are thick mid-day fogs and abundant afternoon showers, ministering to the coffee plantations; while directly seaward from (*makai* of) the same forests

are stony coasts baking in the merciless sun, with less than five inches per year of rainfall.

At Kapiolani Park, Waikiki, there will be some months registered less than half an inch of rain, while in upper Nuuanu Valley near the Pali, and not six miles away in a straight line, there will be twelve inches in the same month, the yearly ratio being about 25 to 125 inches for the two places respectively.

The above examples will suggest to the reader the main facts as to the variety of climates on Hawaii. Mauna Kea is 13,825 feet in height; Mauna Loa, 150 feet less. These and other mountains throw the atmosphere coming inland, moist with marine vapor, upward, and cooling it thus, receive the consequent heavy rains that produce the heavy forests, which in turn promote more rain. The rain-fall in the Hilo Forest averages 200 inches a year, at Olaa 175, and at Hilo itself from 130 to 150. The cleared and dried air rolls onward, comes to rest in the lee of the mountain, and changes to sea-breezes. Other atmosphere sweeps around the points of land to the north and south, and curving inland again, becomes a back current, still vapor-laden, rolls up the lee side of the mountain, and feeds the rains of the Kona mountains spoken of above. The Kona coffee belt receives about 60 inches per year.

A PAPAYA TREE

On a lower island, like Oahu, the wind draws through the passes, and the lee-side calms and sea-breezes are rare, except in the winter season. The rainfall of Oahu is about 40 inches, but varies very greatly with the locality.

The trade-wind, wool-pack clouds are always floating over the Pacific. It looks as if they caught on the mountain sides and tops and "bunched up" in great masses, particularly in the afternoons. In point of fact, however, the great piles of white cloud are formed on the spot out of the cooled air on well-known meteorological principles.

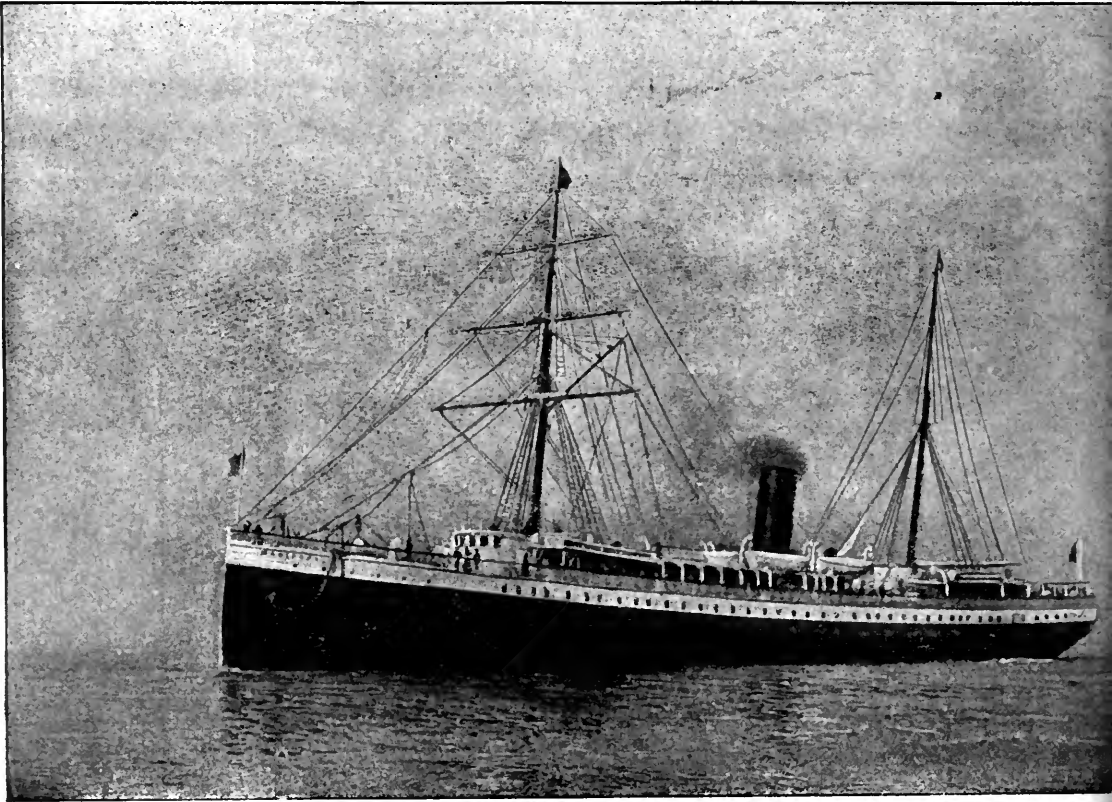
Strangers inquiring about climate are always treated to

AN EXILE FROM JAPAN.

accounts of the dire "Kona storm" of winter. An article like the present may be expected to enlighten such.

Kona is a Polynesian word, appearing in the South Pacific as *Tonga*, also in the name *Rarotonga*, which in Hawaiian is "lalo Kona," *lalo* meaning below, or leeward. "Kona" is probably a contraction of "k*o ana*," drawing, dragging, or being drifted by a current and winds. The direction toward which canoes, logs, and other floating material, thus drifted was the "kona" direction. So Kona is the southwest; more particularly the southwest district of an island, or the southwest horizon. Hence, the name

"Kona storm," "*makani Kona.*" The name is not given to southerly breezes, nor to squalls, but to a continuous storm with rain, generally, like well-regulated cyclones, veering to the northwest before clearing up, but sometimes holding its own for a week at a time. Like other storms in this group, it attacks especial areas with especial effect on account of the configuration of the land. Honolulu is never a sufferer through damage from this wind, which is deadened by the mountain background, though the heavy sea on the bar is inconvenient to shipping. But on the opposide side of the island, strangely enough, it pours down the mountain gorges with tremendous force. November is the especial "habitat" of the Kona, though it may come at any time in the winter months, and on the other hand, may not occur for two or three years at a time. Dry northers prevail some winters, akin to the northers of the Gulf of Mexico and Central America, lacking severity through absence of continental influence. A northwesterly swell breaking on the reefs is an almost sure premonition of more or less rain, but not of heavy rain storms. "High barometer" storms are from the N. N. E., particularly in March.



THE MARIPOSA.

Thunder and lightning are not absent,

MAP OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

SCHMIDT LITH CO.

NIIHAU
KAUAI
WAIALEALE
Kaulakahi Channel
Kaieiewaho Channel
OAHU
HONOLULU
Diamond Head
Kaiwi Channel
MOLOKAI
LANAI
MAUI
HALEAKALA
MOLOKINI
KAHOOLAWE
Alenuihaha Channel
HAWAII
KOHALA
HAMAKUA
HILO
KONA
KAU
PUNA
HUALALAI
MAUNA KEA
MAUNA LOA
VOLCANO KILAUEA

N
S
E
W

CHINA
OKHOTSK SEA
BEHRING SEA
ALEUTIAN IS.
JAPAN SEA
JAPAN
YOKOHAMA
SHANGHAI
HONGKONG
CHINA SEA
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
BORNEO
NEW GUINEA
AUSTRALIA
LADRONE IS.
CAROLINE IS.
HONOLULU HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
HILO
MARQUESAS IS.
TAHITI IS.
SAN FRANCISCO
UNITED STATES
MEXICO
GULF OF MEXICO
CARIBBEAN SEA
SOUTH AMERICA

nor on the other hand frequent or severe. An average of about six per year of electric occurrences at any one station is shown by records. These never come with regular trades, and though calms or light easterly airs may prevail on the sea-level, the movement of the successive discharges overhead is always from the westerly half of the compass. The more northerly this direction, the more severe the thunder and lightning. The evening is the especial time of such storms, the months of November and February, the periods of most frequency, and they come in connection with the cyclonic disturbances, the afternoon summer thunder storm being rare, and the tornado unknown. Hail is occasional, but rare at sea-level. Snow on the highest mountain summits corresponds very nearly in

F. M. HATCH, MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE CITY OF HONOLULU.

times of fall, with the Temperate Zone, and is nearly perpetual on the extreme peak of Mauna Kea.

Statistically speaking, the climate of Honolulu, which is at sea-level, may be rendered thus: Average temperature, 74 degrees Farenheit. Taken year by year this average does not vary over a degree one way or the other. Taken by months, the average of the coldest month is 69 degrees, and of the warmest, 78 degrees. The extreme lowest temperature is 50 degrees, the highest 90 degrees, and either of these figures has only been noted once in twelve years of personal and standard observations.

The average daily range at Honolulu is 11 degrees; a little over one half what it is in most points in the Eastern United States, though it is greater than that of Key West. It is much less, probably about 8 degrees, on the windward coasts, and much greater on account of radiation and sun penetration at elevations of from 2,000 to 4,000 feet, say from 16 degrees to 20 degrees.

It will be noted that the above is a cooler temperature by at least five degrees than that of many other places in the same latitude, notably of Havana. The ocean current coming down to the Islands from the Oregon coast, the last work of the great Kuro-Siwo, of Japan, bringing with it the coolness and the logs of the Columbia River region, will account for this.

The humidity of the atmosphere is of course an element very important in both vital and mechanical matters. At Honolulu, though a maritime position, it is not higher than in the average Eastern United States. The average "relative

humidity" figure being about 72, which is really about the ideal amount for comfort and health. On the windward coasts, however, the dampness is greater, but not excessive, and strange to say, does not bear any fixed relation to the precipitation. Metals everywhere are peculiarly liable to rust on account of the salt in the air. This doubtless permeates vegetation more or less, particularly grasses, as domestic animals do not need artificial "salting." With southwesterly winds the air is very damp, but with northerly winds the native takes cold from lack of atmospheric moisture. A table prepared for popular use of the climatic record of the year 1893 at Honolulu can be obtained by writing to the Director of the Hawaiian Weather Bureau.

Early settlers in Honolulu imagined that they must affect East Indian ways, carry an umbrella for the heat, wear ventilated or cork hats, don the "puggaree," and dress in pongee or in white linen. We of the present day have outgrown all this, and dress—well, just as anybody does anywhere,—if that will express it. Felt hats or straw hats, all are *au fait*, but no "chimney-pots" if you please; woolen or linen, tailor-made or muslin, just as one fancies, but for a traveler, a good raincoat must be in the outfit.

To close with, the question of the valetudinarian must be answered, also of the prospective permanent settler. The white races keep up their strength and vigor here, if they are perpetually on the move, either here in the open air, or if sedentary, on frequent visits to "the coast." Early hours, just enough work, horse-back riding, mountain climbing, cycle riding, and yachting, are just as beneficial here as elsewhere. The tendency is, of course, to laziness and deterioration, but there is not that exhausting reaction after excited exercise that there is in colder climates, and the nervous sufferer is gradually built up by the abundant sunlight and all-day-long exposure to gentle airs. Weak-lunged persons have found recovery here when not far gone. But the natives had their catarrhs and bronchial affections, though better feeding is giving them a better chance of life. The gentle climate tends to good nature. While paradise is nowhere on earth, its climate may be imagined to be like that of Hawaii.

Curtis J. Lyons,
Director of Hawaiian Weather Bureau.

From Captain Cook's Voyage.

ANCIENT HAWAIIAN WAR CANOES.

COMMERCIAL DEVELOPMENT.

SO INTIMATELY identified with San Francisco from its inception as a commercial port has Hawaii been that the two may be said to have developed together. Though Hawaii was outstripped in the race, yet, despite Hawaii's isolation, limited area, and waning people, it has so improved its commercial opportunities that for some years it has stood second only in importance in San Francisco's foreign trade list.

The attraction of traders to the Hawaiian Islands followed close upon the news of their discovery, and we find them a convenient recruiting station for traders to the Northwest and the coast of California in their voyagings to and from the Orient; two of John Jacob Astor's vessels being among the number, one of which, the Lark, was wrecked on Kahoolawe in 1813.

King Kamehameha was quick to recognize the benefits to be derived from the visits of shipping, and put forth an edict creating himself the monopolist of his realm in all trade with vessels.

With the development of the sandal wood trade, which began prior to 1810, the King and principal chiefs were led into extravagances and debt, lured by the rich harvest of this desirable article for the twenty or more years it lasted, commanding as it did from eight to ten dollars per picul (133⅓ lbs.) for the China market. The successive kings and those with them in authority seemed to possess a perfect mania for vessels. Fabulous sums, in trade, were given for any and all kinds of craft, and debts contracted that took years to liquidate. Little or no money was in circulation as late as 1817, all trading being done by barter.

It is of record that Kamehameha I. sent a cargo of sandal wood to China by Captain Winship,—probably in the Albatross,—while another venture by his own brig Forester in 1817, entrusted to Captain Alexander Adams, was so eaten up by pilotage and port charges of various sorts as to bring the royal shipper in debt. This experience originated the system of similar charges to shipping at Hawaiian ports.

Up to 1830 the spirit of venture with the kings and high chiefs was marked, their larger vessels being frequently taken off the coasting service for trading voyages or discovery. Beside the shipments to China above mentioned, the brig Ainoa was sent later to Canton by Oahu chiefs, under the supercargoship of a Hawaiian, and the Thaddeus was sent by Liholiho to Sitka with a cargo of salt. At least two sealing voyages were made to the Northwest and coast of California, the Ainoa returning October, 1824, with 5,845 skins and a quantity of oil, fish, etc. and the Kamalolani in 1827, with but 3,160 skins. Captain William Sumner, who had charge of both sealing voyages, was sent later in the Niu to Tahiti to recover a cargo of goods sent thither in care of a chief named Kamonoho. Sumner found the goods sold and the proceeds being squandered, but saved sufficient to buy a cargo of cocoanut oil and furniture wood, bringing up the oil in bamboos, in lieu of casks.

In 1822, Kaahumanu and the ex-king

CLAUS SPRECKELS.

of Kauai fitted out an expedition of two or three vessels for search of the island of Nihoa, which was taken possession of and added to Hawaii's domains that year. Her Highness also sent off the Waverley on a cruise to the coast about the time that Boki set off on his ill-fated expedition in two brigs with 480 souls, in quest of a sandal wood island in the South Pacific, from which but one vessel and twenty men returned.

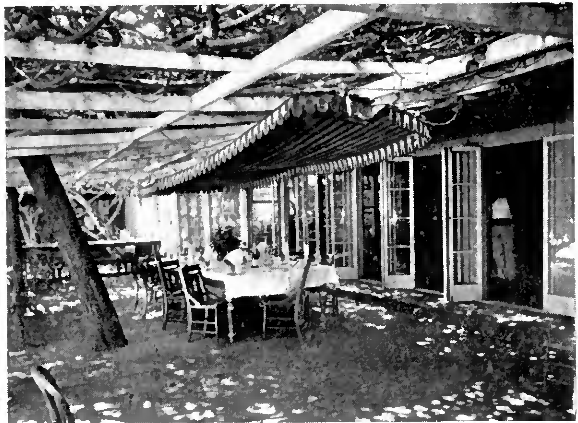
We are indebted to observant early voyagers and to a few private journals for knowledge relative to Honolulu's initial commercial period, for although printing was established at the Islands in 1822 by

ON THE OAHU RAILROAD.

the American Mission for educational work among the people, it was not until July 30, 1836, that the newspaper first appeared in Honolulu. Unfortunately the first three attempts were of but short life, so that no consecutive record exists till the year 1843.

Following the early voyagers, English traders were the pioneers of commerce in these Islands, attracted hither en route to and from their Northwest stations, but it was not long till the American traders Columbia and Lady Washington from Boston, soon followed by others, vied with them for supremacy in Hawaiian trade, and there are evidences that Americans established the first trading posts and business houses at Honolulu. James Hunnewell, supercargo of the Bordeaux Packet of Boston, was left here with a fellow officer in 1817 to dispose of the balance of their cargo, collect sandal wood therefor, and ship same to China for disposal. Astor's agency preceded him by several years and was located near the site of the late Bethel church, on King Street.

Hunnewell revisited Honolulu in 1820 as first officer of the brig Thaddeus,—which brought the first missionaries,—having an interest in both vessel and cargo, partly designed for the Northwest trading. He remained to dispose of the portion left here, and the vessel on her return was sold, so he continued on here to collect the proceeds of sale in sandal wood and ship as before to China. In 1826 he returned to Honolulu and established what he was pleased to term "the first independent mercantile house," which exists today as the staunch corporation of C. Brewer & Co., Limited, (Mr. Hunnewell having been succeeded



A LANAI.

about 1830 by H. A. Pierce and Captain Charles Brewer,) and for some thirty years past has maintained, in connection with the Boston house of C. Brewer, a regular line of first class sailing packets between the two ports.

American whaleships first visited the Islands in 1819, and made them the rendezvous for the bulk of the Pacific fleet of all nationalities. As the whaling fleet increased, business shaped itself to its necessities, and as the sandal wood trade declined, this became the business of the Islands.

At the advent of the Mission — and visit of whaleships, which were simultaneous — Honolulu is described as a scattered, irregular village of thatched huts, of three thousand or four thousand inhabitants. No mention is made of the number of foreigners. In Stewart's visit in 1823 he says, "The foreign population was greater than had been supposed, though the one hundred to two hundred runaway sailors were recognized as an undesirable class." At that time he states there were four American mercantile houses in Honolulu; two of Boston, one of New York, and one of Bristol, Rhode Island. The whole trade of the four probably amounted to one hundred thousand dollars per annum, sandal wood and specie being the returns for imported articles.

The first ship yard was established about this time by James Robinson and Robert Lawrence, who arrived in Honolulu in 1822 from a wrecked English whaler on the Pearl and Hermes Reef, distant one thousand miles. They located at what was known as "the Point," adjoining the old fort.

Sunken hulks were used at other locations for wharf purposes, and unseaworthy vessels moored in the harbor did duty as storage or transhipment warehouses for many years.

HAKALAU, HAWAII.[1]

[1]On line of Wilder Steamship Co.

Towards 1836 we find Honolulu slowly developing. As the people became enlightened they desired to be clothed, and as civilization progressed trade necessities increased, so periodical arrivals from the United States and Europe supplied miscellaneous staple goods and groceries, which were supplemented by like supplies from Chile, tea, rice, silks, cigars, and other goods, from China and Manila; lumber, spars, salmon, etc. from Columbia River; horses, mules, etc. from California, and specie and bullion from Mexico.

From a photograph by Fourneaux.

TWILIGHT, COCOANUT ISLAND, HILO.

Effort towards local industries and agriculture was noticeable. Salt had long been an article of trade and export; koa lumber and shingles were in the market; coffee growing and sugar manufacturing was inaugurated; trials given to cotton, indigo, corn, potatoes, fruits, etc.; while hides, kukui oil, arrow root, tobacco, mustard seed, etc. figured in early domestic export lists.

Horses, the first of which had been introduced from the Pacific Coast in 1803 as a present to the King by Captain Cleveland, became greatly desired by both foreigners and natives, and quite a trade in them sprang up about 1824 and was carried on for a number of years. In this importation of animals captains Meek, Dominis, Dana, and others, did themselves and their adopted country much service.

Toward 1840 a deeper business interest was manifest. The grass huts were giving way to houses of wood, coral, and adobe; new wharves were constructed and streets improved; the result, doubtless, of the impress throughout the community of the enterprising American firm of Ladd & Co., consisting of Wm. Ladd, W. B. Hooper, and A. P. Brins-

made, which established in Honolulu in 1833 and early took measures to develop the agricultural resources of the country. Becoming involved, however, and through the failure in their Belgian Colonization and Land scheme their business came to grief in 1844, and their various enterprises passed into other hands. The first successfully established sugar plantation, situate at Koloa, Kauai, which has long been recognized as one of the prosperous concerns of the Islands is to be credited to Ladd & Co's effort.

The year 1840 gives us our first statistical exhibit of the foreign trade of the port of Honolulu, an approximately true showing of Hawaiian commerce compiled and vouched for by Messrs. Pierce & Brewer up to August 17th of that year. This table is valuable as showing the trade of the Islands toward the close of its first commercial era.

VIEW OF HAWAIIAN COMMERCE, 1836-1840.

Year.	Exports	Imports	Shipping Arrivals Whalers	Merchant	Naval
1836	$ 73,200	$ 413,000	52	30	4
1837	79,600	350,500	67	28	4
1838	65,850	207,000	76	12	1
1839	94 400	378,500	60	26	8
1840	75 050	218,000	40	30	2
Total	$388 100	$1,567,000	295	126	19

TABLE OF DOMESTIC EXPORT VALUES, 1836-1840.

Products	1836	1837	1838	1839	1840
Sandal Wood.	$26,000	$12,000	$ 6,000	$21,000	$ ....
Hides.	12,000	13,000	10 000	6,000	18,500
Goat Skins...........	4,600	4 500	3,000	1 000	10,000
Salt.................. ...	4,400	2,700	1,400	2,900	2,250
Leaf Tobacco.....	500	300	....	....	300
Sugar	....	300	6,200	6,000	18 000
Sirup & Molasses	....	1,000	3 450	3,000	7,300
Kukui Oil...........	400	600	500	500	500
Sperm Oil...	....	....	....	4,000	....
Arrow Root.........	300	200	300	....	1,700
Supplies—Shp'ng	25,000	45,000	35 000	50 000	16,500
Total........	$73,200	$79,600	$65,850	$94,400	$75,050

Aside from the fleet of government vessels—of which the King owned one brig and six schooners—the shipping owned by Honolulu residents at the compilation of above tables comprised but fifteen, valued at $55,000, of which seven were owned by American residents, three by British, and five small schooners by natives.

Honolulu at this early period was credited by R. C. Wylie in his "Notes" in *The Friend*, published in 1844, with "having port facilities exceeding those of any South American port except Panama and Callao. The well appointed shipyard of Robinson & Co. with a competent force of mechanics comprising shipwrights, caulkers, spar and block makers, boat builders, etc., and owning a wharf having capacity for heaving down two vessels at once, and with ample storage, afforded facilities for all possible requirements." The other wharves in existence at this time were Ladd & Company's, French's, and Charlton's.

The foreign population of Honolulu in October, 1840, was estimated at 600, and the business of the town was divided between five wholesale and twenty retail stores, one lumber yard, four hotels and taverns, and twelve sailor boarding houses and grog shops. The mechanical trades were well represented as to variety, including even an engraver and a printer.

The government of the Islands during the reign of Kamehameha III. changed to a constitutional monarchy in 1840. A few years later was inaugurated the custom house, with William Paty as the first collector of the port. From this point we have reliable data. Its initial statistical work, however, covers but a few main lines. This may be accounted for by the disturbances during several months of 1843 through Lord George Paulet's seizure of the Islands for alleged wrongs to British subjects. Business was as sensitive to political troubles then as now, for the imports, which in 1841

From an old daguerreotype. RICHARD ARMSTRONG.[1]

and new capital attracted in consequence. The value of whaling property in the port of Honolulu, October 24th, 1844, twenty-three whalers and cargo and nine merchantmen with transhipped cargoes of oil and bone, was estimated at $2,146,805 while the value of all whalers, with cargo, that had touched at the various ports for the year was placed at $12,183,940. For many years Lahaina was the preferred recruiting port of the Islands for the whaleships.

were reported at $455,200, showed only $223,383 in 1843.

The cessation of political disturbances of 1843, and the admission of the Islands into the family of nations in the fall of that year, may be taken as the commencement of a new era in their commercial history.

The failure of Ladd & Co. seriously embarrassed other firms, and the government itself was involved somewhat through treasury accommodations upon securities which took time to realize upon. Slowly recovering in the new government, business of all kinds took on new life. The Islands had become better known through their political troubles, and new capital attracted in consequence.

A number of new firms appear on the mercantile calendar about this time, viz.: The Hudson's Bay Company, of which Messrs. George Pelley and G. T. Allen were the agents; H. Skinner & Co.; Jones & Makee — later Makee, Anthon & Co.; William Paty; E. & H. Grimes; P. B. Shelley (not he of poetic fame); Starkey, Janion & Co.,— later Janion & Co., and still in existence as T. H. Davies & Co.; Cummins & Co., and a few others.

The estimated population of the Islands for 1845 has been placed at 92,221, with, unfortunately, no figure as to the number of foreigners. As near as can be ascertained their number was about eight hundred. The tax return for the year 1844 was $35,100, while the total revenue from all sources was $64,045.50. The total imports of 1844 were valued at $350,347 and the total exports at $169,-641, of which $109,587 was domestic produce. The Hawaiian registered vessels numbered fifteen that year, of but 775 tons, and the customs revenue amounted to $14,263. The postal ser-

[1] Founder of a public school system in Hawaii, Minister of Public Instruction under Kamehameha III.

W. G. IRWIN,
HONOLULU REPRESENTATIVE OCEANIC STEAMSHIP CO.

vice was not begun till 1850, nor was inter-island postage a feature of the service till about nine years later.

With the establishment of an Executive Ministry, customs duties were raised from three per cent *ad valorem* to five, to enable the government to carry out various public improvements which the growing importance of the port demanded. Water for the shipping and for residents in most parts of town was to be had only with great difficulty. This was practically remedied in 1847 for convenience of the shipping, by piping the water of a small stream in rear of the town to the boat landing at the foot of Nuuanu Street. A few years later a reservoir system and general piping of the streets followed.

For the encouragement of whaleships to rendezvous at the Islands the laws of 1846 exempted all transhipped oil, bone, etc., from the payment of transit duties, and permitted them to land merchandise or trade to the value of two hundred dollars free of duty; concessions were made also in port charges in certain cases.

One of the ministerial reports to the legislature of 1846, gave a gloomy view of the condition of trade, for the reason that the excessive imports of 1845 had largely overstocked the market, and there was no material increase in the line of domestic exports with which to pay for them. This was due, partly, to the recent establishment of several new houses. It is true that the value of exports that year did not reach one half that of the imports, but in 1846, with a still larger import value, the exports exceeded it in Island produce alone. The sugar industry was developing, and coffee also was coming in from the established Kauai plantations, the success of which had led to similar effort in other parts of the Islands. Hides, tallow, and skins, were also on the increase.

Hawaiian produce in the early days had to seek distant markets; for we find shipments of sugar, hides, goat skins, and the first shipment of raw silk, going to New York per bark Flora in 1840. A trial shipment of sugar was sent to France, but it did not offer sufficient encouragement for any renewals. The Sydney market was also tried with sugar, where it obtained better figures than similar grades of Mauritius. In 1845 the bark Allioth is quoted as clearing for New York with a cargo valued at $400,000, consisting of whalebone and general merchandise.

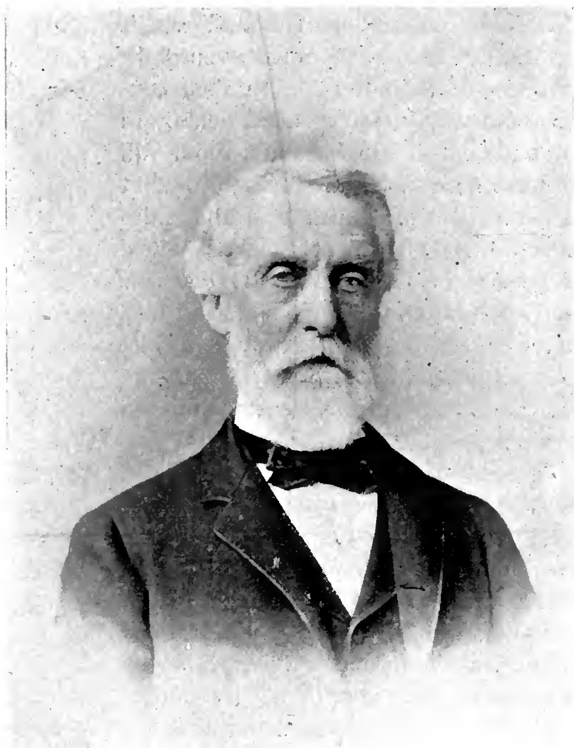
Hawaii has attained the commercial position she holds today very largely from her own resources. While the whaling business was in its period of prosperity, it naturally divided public attention from channels tending to develop Island industries. The business of refit-

ting the fleet twice a year led merchants and people to prepare for its necessities and depend accordingly upon them.

This condition of business routine had an awakening July 9th, 1848, by the arrival of the Euphemia from San Francisco, with news of the gold discovery. Business came to a standstill while the people gathered to devise ways to get to California. Nor did the interest wane with the exodus of the first few months, but continued to draw upon our limited foreign population, with many Hawaiians also, for some time. This rush of passengers created activity among the shipping and took in vessels of all kinds, even sloops making the voyage. Of the thirty-six departures of merchant vessels from Honolulu from July 1st to the end of the year, two thirds of them were for San Francisco. As high prices prevailed there for goods and produce of all kinds, Honolulu's surplus was soon drawn upon. Maui also had her experiences and reaped her rewards for the cargoes of potatoes shipped from Kalepolepo, then in its glory, which has now, alas, departed. The effect of this drain upon our people and the high wages ruling, here as well as there, resulted in crippling certain Island industries materially, though giving a new impetus to others. The domestic exports which in 1848 were but $266,819 dwindled still further the following year to $185,083, while the imports for 1849 rose tc $729,739.

California's gold discovery wrought an interesting change in the business of the Islands. At the first wild exodus some alarm was felt at the loss of so large a proportion of our people and the crippling thereby of important industries but in their infancy. The whaling fleet, too, from the liability of crews to desert and the high prices prevailing for supplies, as also the withdrawal of several for the California trade, lessened its number and materially modified its business.

But the activity in peopling and developing the riches of a State so near created a market for all that could be produced. This gave employment to an increasing fleet, so that in the summer of 1850 — usually the dull period of the year — Honolulu had from twenty to fifty foreign vessels in port most of the time. It was also the port of call for many vessels from the colonies en route. The



CHARLES R. BISHOP.

number of merchantmen visiting the Islands that year was 469. This has not been exceeded in number, though in tonnage we have run far beyond it.

This opening of a new and sure market led to the recognition of agriculture as the safer basis of Hawaii's prosperity. The formation of an agricultural society aided materially in various lines of agriculture, stock raising, etc., and inaugurated the introduction of plantation laborers for relief of existing industries. The establishment of a local bank was discussed by leading spirits, but this did not crystallize till several years later.

Early in the fifties the Honolulu Steam Flour Mill was built, followed a little later by a small concern at Wailuku, Maui, run by water-power, to utilize the product of the wheat growers of Makawao and Kau. For a time the prices obtained gave encouragement to mill owners and wheat growers, but they succumbed eventually to the competition of California's extensive and heavy yielding wheat fields. In conjunction with the Honolulu Flour Mill was a machine shop and foundry, to meet the necessities of plantations and shipping. This dual enterprise was wiped out by fire in 1860. The foundry was shortly rebuilt on the same site, and well has it kept pace with the growth of the country's industries and her expanding inter-island steam service and foreign commerce.

The increased activity in shipping in 1850 called for new wharves of larger capacity, and led to the suggestion of the demolition of the old fort and filling out to the channel to afford wharfage for large ships and coming steam lines. This need doubtless arose from the advent in the early part of that year of several larger vessels than usual, among which was the Samuel Russell of New York, of 950 tons, noted at the time as the largest and finest merchant ship that had entered our port, and as having recently made the passage from New York to San Francisco in 108 days. The Islands were visited by quite a number of the celebrated crack clippers of early days, notably, the Sovereign of the Seas, Flying Cloud, Shooting Star, Young America, N. B. Palmer, Nor-Wester, Fair Wind, and others of like fame.

Note is to be made of the founding towards the close of 1849 of the German house of H. Hackfeld & Co. in Honolulu, a firm that occupies today a prominent position in the various leading industries of the country and its trade and commerce. Among the Honolulu firms that established business houses in San Francisco in 1849-1850 were S. H. Williams & Co., subsequently G. B. Post & Co. there; Starkey, Janion & Co.; Everett & Co.; and Paty & Cummins. These contributed not a little to the growing commercial bond between the two ports.

The following comparative table of import values shows the growth and trend of Hawaii's trade:—

Hawaiian Import Values.	1849.	1850.
From United States	$239,246.42	$283.037.49
" California	131,505.89	305.913.28
" Great Britain	44,578.11	63,987 69
" British Colonies	52,821,59	114,782.11
" China	95,787.27	109.124 19
" Chile	87,356.05	58 097.84
" France	23,455.78	7,633.48
" Tahiti	19,340.27	19,288.29
" Columbia River	12,672 38	15,912 59
" Hamburg	9,723 58	....
" Miscellaneous Sources	13,252.10	24,063.90
Total	$729.739.44	$951 870.86

The following shows the summary of export values for same years:—

	1849.	1850.
Domestic Produce	$185,083.00	$536,522 00
Foreign re-exports	198,102.00	246,529.00
Total Exports	$383,185.00	$783,051.00

Steam communication between Honolulu and San Francisco has ever been a live subject and was freely discussed at the opening of 1851, through the arrival of Mr. J. Kingsbury, to examine into the feasibility of a monthly line. The project was favorably reported on, and had the promise of fulfillment by the *Alta* of Feb. 18th, announcing that the steamers General Warren and Commodore Preble had been assigned for the service. But they never came. The first attempt to establish the service was by the steamer Polynesia in July, 1854, but this was another delusion, for she failed to return, so the glory of its inauguration was left to the old Ajax in 1866, succeeded shortly after by the Idaho.

The cessation of the gold excitement on the Coast, and the flooding of its market with goods from all quarters of the globe had a quieting effect upon all branches of Island trade. Business subsequently revived through the increase of the whaling fleet, which reached its zenith in 1859, when 549 vessels refitted at the different ports of the Islands. From 220 in 1851 they rose to 519 the following year and still more in 1853. These are the years often referred to as Honolulu's "palmy days." As the whaling business began to decline, its ships were attracted to San Francisco for refitting. The final blow to Hawaii, as a dependent upon this industry, came by the loss of almost the entire Arctic fleet in 1871, crushed in the ice.

Early in the sixties the American Guano Co., an Eastern corporation operating the Phœnix, Jarvis, Howlands, and other Pacific islands rich with guano deposits, made Honolulu its working center for the supply of labor, etc., and nearly all vessels — chartered mostly at San Francisco to load at one or the other island — touched at this port en route. The activity of this company enlivened Honolulu's summer months materially for several years.

The progress in agriculture and the steadily increasing passenger travel transformed the regular Honolulu–San Francisco packets from the brig and schooner class to fine clipper barks, some built for the trade and nearly all having specially built spacious deck cabins. The popularity of Captains Paty, Smith, Newell, Burdett, Lovett, Bennett, Sheppard, Fuller, and others, in McRuer & Merrill's line, and later in that of Chas. Wolcott Brooks & Co., and recollections of the packets Restless, Zoe, Vaquero, Yankee, Frances Palmer, Fanny Major, Comet, Smyrniote, and others, are still fresh in memory.

As marked improvement is to be noted in this second era in the coasting vessels and the initiation, after several trials, of inter-island steamers, the first three attempts of which were by San Francisco parties. From purchasing worn-out vessels that happened along, or small craft built here, it became necessary to have first class schooners built East specially for the service. Latterly the Pacific Coast and our own mechanics have continued on these lines. In 1860, when the inter-island steam service was entered upon in fact with the Kilauea, the fleet of schooners in size and class held a number that would do credit to any port.

The suggestion, already mentioned, of demolishing the old fort for extending Honolulu's wharfage and improving port facilities, was entered upon in 1857, and the esplanade carried out therefrom, covering some twenty acres, and subsequently materially enlarged. At the same time the harbor was deepened, new custom and warehouses erected, a steam tug introduced, and a system of public improvements entered upon to accord with the business of the port. For the

increased shipping three shipwright firms kept Honolulu's reputation prominent, far and near, for faithful and expeditious repairs. In the absence of dry dock or marine railroad facilities, necessity suggested to our master mechanics the "box system" for repairing the stoven bows of many a whaleship, and this same contrivance enabled Honolulu shipwrights to effect repairs to the stern of the Austrian frigate Donau in 1870 that not only carried her home in safety, but received the highest testimonials from the authorities for the efficiency of the work and skill displayed therein.

It would be interesting, did space permit, to show in detail the growth to which Hawaiian trade and commerce had attained at the close of her second era, 1875, ere the country took its new departure under the stimulating impulse of the reciprocity treaty with the United States. Briefly, however, the status may be gathered from the following: Value total imports, $1,505,670, of which $947,260 was from the United States; value total exports, $2,089,736, of which $1,774,083 was for domestic produce; customs receipts, $213,447; Hawaiian registered vessels 51, of 7,136 tons; number merchant vessel arrivals 120, of 93,100 tons; annual taxes, $150,000; population—estimated—57,000; total government revenue, 1875, $536,180; public debt, $450,000.

While the progress of the Islands is manifest. there have been seasons of depression through reverses to crops, scarcity of labor, or low market prices. It was largely for the relief of her struggling agricultural industries that Hawaii made her several applications for reciprocal trade relations with the United States. The boon was finally secured in 1876. Up to this time sugar, rice, and coffee growing were not sufficiently remunerative to warrant material extension, hence there were those who honestly held the belief that the Islands had about reached the limit of their productive capacity.

The treaty was granted by the United States largely upon political grounds, though there were shrewd statesmen who foresaw the possibility of extending American trade and commerce as the remitted duties fostered Hawaiian agricultural efforts. That this has proved so, was ably shown in a leading Review article two years ago, by the Hon. L. A. Thurston. From struggling insignificance Hawaiian trade with San Francisco had risen until she stood second only on the latter's commercial list with foreign countries.

In entering upon this treaty period vigorous effort was put forth for immigration, to supply plantations with needed laborers and at the same time secure a class, or race, desirable as permanent settlers should they remain at the termination of their engagements. This service is conducted throughout by the government, and has been for a number of years, through its Bureau of Immigration. Chinese, Polynesians, and Portuguese, were the first nationalities introduced, followed later by Norwegians, Germans, and Japanese.

The government has expended a large sum in this service as aiding to re-people the country, the various legislative appropriations from 1876 to 1894 amounting to $1,249,335. Much of this amount has been returned by planters and others as passage expenses. The total number of various nationalities assisted into the country from 1878 to 1894, as shown by the last report of the Bureau, was 42,187. A large number of these have left the Islands, and death has claimed its quota, but the increase of population—per last

census, of 1890, amounting to 89,990 and estimated last year to have reached 100,374—is due largely to this immigration effort.

Portuguese immigration began in 1883, and continued at intervals till 1885, when Japanese laborers were introduced. There was also quite an influx of Chinese in 1884, through the China steamers touching here en route to San Francisco, which created some alarm in the community, whereupon the agreements under which the business was conducted were canceled by the government, and restrictions have prevailed ever since. The additional labor procured from time to time by the Board has been only in response to applications from various parties. In this way the expansion of the country's industries has been according to the supply of labor and its efficiency.

While the extension of sugar planting interests was early entered upon, it was from two to three years before its effects became apparent through an increased export list. But this was not lost time in shipping circles. The thirteen new plantations laid out in 1877 and fifteen more the following year required the importation of more material in the lines of farming implements, machinery, building supplies, and hardware, than usual stock provided. A spirit of confidence pervaded plantations, general business, and real estate, and created activity in shipping, both in the foreign lines and in the coasting service.

The years of adjustment of these enlarging plans are shown by the import tables. For instance: the value of machinery importations for 1878 and 1879 amounted to $960,342; hardware and agricultural implements, $414,792; lumber, $402,742; building materials, $196,554, while groceries and provisions rose from $90,466 in 1876 to $334,410 in 1879, and in 1883 to $530,816. Flour for man, while increasing steadily, did not make the strides noted in feed and grain for his animals, which rose from $14,513 in 1876, to $190,819 in 1883. Besides the above heavy sugar machinery, imports of American and English manufacture, the local foundry with its increased capacity fitted out several sugar mill plants complete. During these years the extensive plantations of Spreckelsville on Maui, and Pahala on Hawaii, were establishing themselves; the former proving no small factor in the development of Maui industries. Kahului, the shipping point of most of her products and requirements, was made a port of entry in 1878, and has the distinction the following year of opening the first railroad on the Islands, connecting with Wailuku; extending later in the opposite direction to serve the interests of Spreckelsville and Hamakuopoko. Waters were brought from waste streams miles distant to irrigate all cane fields from Haiku to Spreckelsville.

Another period of expansion followed the very successful sugar returns of 1888 and 1889, when the extensive Makaweli enterprise on Kauai was laid out, as also the Ewa and Kahuku plantations of Oahu—these latter being outgrowths of Mr. B. F. Dillingham's recently established Oahu Railroad and Land Co. For these enterprises the importations of machinery in 1890 and 1891 amounted to $1,386,852, and other requirements of lumber, agricultural implements, railroad material, etc., were on a similar scale. These two years show the highest totals of import values in the history of the Islands, reaching $6,962,201 and $7,439,483 respectively, an annual average of $80.02 per capita for every man, woman, and child, in the country, while the

highest years of export values, 1889 and 1890, which reached $13,874,341 and $13,282,729 respectively, give a like annual average return of $150.68 per capita of population.

Marked improvement is to be noted in the number and class of vessels in the various lines of Hawaiian trade. Not only were the regular established lines of packets with the Coast, the Eastern States, and Europe, augmented, but new lines were added, notably the Crossman New York packets, the Liverpool and Glasgow line, and the Oceanic line of packets with San Francisco, the latter subsequently increased by the steamers Mariposa and Alameda, built in Philadelphia, to give us direct semi-monthly service with the Coast in addition to the regular call of the Australian line of steamers to and from San Francisco, but afterwards changed to run through to the Colonies in connection with the Union Steamship Company and putting on the steamship Australia as the local liner. W. G. Irwin & Co. are the local agents of the Oceanic Company's vessels.

In the progress of events new vessels and of larger tonnage have been built to replace the former San Francisco packets, and the same is to be said of the vessels engaged in the lumber trade with the Sound. The majority of our San Francisco packets are Pacific built, but mostly of barkentine or bark rig.

The change of the inter-island coasting service from sail to steam has been steadily progressing. In 1877, the Likelike was built in San Francisco for the Hawaiian government, to replace the old Kilauea. At the opening of that year the coasting fleet of the Islands consisted of one steamer, 24 schooners, and seven sloops, with a total of 2,044 tons. At the opening of 1895 the fleet comprised 18 steamers, 17 schooners, and six sloops, with a total 5,070 tons. The Island steam service that had to be heavily subsidized or conducted entirely by the government, is now mostly carried on by two corporations in business rivalry, unaided by subsidies, yet giving satisfactory returns upon their investments. All this fleet, except one each, built in Philadelphia, the Clyde, and in Honolulu, are Pacific Coast built vessels.

This and other developments of steam in the Pacific has given employment annually to quite a coal fleet, mostly from Newcastle, New South Wales, the larger portion of them arriving during the grinding season so as to secure sugar cargoes for the East. The value of coal imported in 1880, was $36,514; in 1890 it was $94,521, and in 1893 it increased to $146,553.

Since 1882 the frequent calls of large ocean steamers off port demonstrated the necessity of dredging the bar to permit their entry. This has been accomplished—through contract with San Francisco parties—at an expenditure of $175,000, a much smaller sum than first contemplated. The Oceanic was the first large ocean steamer to enter the harbor, May 9, 1893, followed a month later by the China.

The same year also dates the inauguration of the Canadian-Australian steam line, with Honolulu as a regular port of call to and from Vancouver. Some idea may be formed perhaps, of the importance of this "cross-roads" station in the Pacific, when it is stated that the various regular steam lines already scheduled have Honolulu listed for eighty-five visits this year, not inclusive of tramp or other possible visitors.

This increased shipping calls for enlarged port facilities. To meet this the harbor is being dredged, the existing

wharves extended, and a large new one projected.

A matter of vast importance to the port, especially in connection with the steadily growing steamship service, foreign and inter-island, was the construction by the government—through the late S. G. Wilder's energy and foresight—of the marine railway, which opened for service in January, 1883. Its capacity is placed for vessels of 1700 tons in light ballast, though the hauling up of the U. S. S. Nipsic, with all her armament and stores on board, for necessary repairs on account of her Samoan hurricane experience, was a satisfactory test on this point, and its value to the shipping interests of the Pacific.

A recent convenience of the port is the erection of the coal handling apparatus of the Oahu Railway & Land Co. upon its wharf, for the rapid discharging or loading of vessels, with ample space for storage of coal.

An important factor not yet dealt with is the monetary institutions. The bank of Bishop & Co. dates its founding in 1858, since which time it has done noble work in sustaining various industries through all the years of struggle that Hawaii has passed through. Recognizing the opportunity for increased capital by the expanding business of the Islands, C. Spreckels & Co. established their bank in 1884, introducing at the same time the first installment of the $1,000,000 of Hawaiian silver coin, minted in San Francisco. Since the establishment of the Postal Saving Department both institutions have discontinued this feature of the service.

In a single article many points of interest are omitted or barely referred to. The changes wrought throughout Honolulu, more especially in its public buildings and business blocks, both in size and character; the efficient steam Fire Department for the protection of property; the macadamizing and widening of streets and curbing all sidewalks; the transforming influence of the Oahu Railway & Land Co. in opening up the agricultural resources of this Island; street cars traversing our main thoroughfares; the extensive telephone system, and electric power and light available at any point in the city, are some of the evidences, indirectly, of Hawaii's commercial development.

The following summary table illustrates the gradual changes in the annual commerce of the Hawaiian Islands, by decades, during the past fifty years.

COMPARATIVE VIEW OF HAWAIIAN COMMERCE, BY DECADES, 1844 TO 1894.

Year.	Import Value.	Export Value.	Custom House Receipts.	Shipping Arrivals. Whlrs. No.	Shipping Arrivals. Merchant.	Shipping Arrivals. Tons.	Hawaiian Reg. Vessels. No.	Hawaiian Reg. Vessels. Tons.
1844..	$ 350,347	$ 169,641	$ 14,263	165	42	....	15	775
1854..	1,590,837	585,122	152,125	525	125	47,288	54	6,271
1864..	1,712,241	1,662,181	159,116	130	157	75,893	56	7,895
1874..	1,310,827	1,839,619	183,857	43	120	71,266	54	8,101
1884..	4,637,514	8,184,923	551,737	23	241	187,826	54	9,826
1894..	5,104,481	9,140,794	522,855	19	350	343,844	51	21,495

Thos. G. Thrum.

NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS.

THE night is fair — too fair for us to stay,
Close-curtained from the soft and radiant light.
We wander forth to breathe the sweet sea breeze,
Where on the road the shadows of the palms
Make soundless music, as we slowly pass,
By gentle swaying.
Lo, and what is this ?
Is this a banquet for the gods outspread
Upon this lichen-covered wall ? There lies
The knotted, creeping cactus, loosely flung
Upon the lava stones. Upon it stand
A thousand glistening goblets, flared at brim,
And turning toward the moon. The cups of white
Are set on scaly necks of greenish gray ;
And trembling in their gleaming lip-curved bowls,
Is — scented gold ? — nay ; — amber wine ? — no, no, —
'T is rather moonlight trapped, — or odor seen.
Ah ! goblets rare, I know that when the light
Shall come at morn, ye shall be overturned,
And drained of all the glory of tonight.

Mary Dillingham Frear.

KAMEHAMEHA THE GREAT.

PRELUDE. THE AMERICAN OCEAN AND ISLANDS.

ENGLAND, Ireland, Scotland,—these seaborn triplets, suckled at the dugs of a leviathan,—have not built the new Rome for owls to hoot through for ages on ages to come. Meantime the bold and audacious progeny of the Tritons and Vikings must and will be kept busy. No, not to blame; no more so than are the persistent roots of the proud and glittering eucalyptus tree to blame for taking possession of your well, your sewer, your garden patch, and every other place in reach. Absorb them or plant something else as strong; cement up your well and sewer or plow your garden patch continually and keep vigilant possession. The dog-in-the-manger business will not do. It is not enough to protect. We must possess. Have we any statesmen in the Union? Have we had any since the man who bought Alaska? Here we have sat by and seen South America and the Central American republics battle in their cock pits till only dust and death prevailed from Mexico to Patagonia; and not one sign of care or concern of advice or good office from us all the time. Yet every drop of blood spilt weakened us as if our own; and fed the wolfish triplets.

Now there is to be a great fair in Mexico. It will be a much greater thing in all ways than was that of New Orleans. I know what I am saying. I was kept nearly a year at the Cotton Centennial and I have spent many years in these Latin lands away to the south of there. They will all stick together like wax, for they are proud of Mexico; not envious or jealous, as some think. Besides, Mexico City is now atthe door of Chicago and New York by way of the new roads. So the blue-eyed men from under the lakes will be there with wife and daughters in such force and fineness as will compel respect from the dozen or more Latin divisions of Central and South America. This is our opportunity. We must bind these lands together, bind and tie with that one and only knot that even the sword of an Alexander can never cut asunder, the bond of love. It is the easiest and simplest thing in the world; for as they are the bravest and fiercest of all men in the field, so they are the most lovable and tractable when in the paths of peace. Believe me, I know them and know what I say of our Latin republics to the South. Nor are you to think of them as savages. They are far more civilized than we are, that is, the ruling classes. They are, as a rule, educated in Europe.

Now what we want, what we need, in order to take possession and keep possession of this one great ocean of the globe right here at our gate, is peace and prosperity down there.

You will find wealth, astonishing wealth, at this fair. You will find art, surpassing anything west of the Mississippi; good manners, of course, that is proverbial with all Latins. But what we want is peace. We want the argosies of Peru, Chile, Ecuador. We want to see something besides their big, solemn war ships up and down this mighty American ocean—their American ocean and our American ocean.

That is what we want. I know exactly what we want, but I have not the ability

to say what is best to do to get it. But I will venture to bluntly assume that a sort of unqualified reciprocity in peace and a standing committee of arbitration in case of war would do to begin with.

Of course, the little boy of a family is always more or less wary of the big boy. The big boy must begin by being not only just but a bit more — generous.

When we bought what is now the biggest and best half of the United States from Napoleon the Great we bought about a dozen wars; for the line to the north was only in the air. But we had big men at the head, so that the thing was kept along on diplomatic paper for the best part of a century. Finally England agreed with us to leave the adjustment of the line to the venerable German Emperor, William I. His life-long friend, Bancroft, argued our side of the case and the Prime Minister of England spoke for her. And behold! the great Emperor, only a few days before his death, gave the republic all the land and all the waters of San Juan that we ever claimed! And this did not cost a copper, comparatively. The world was not bothered a day; it did not know what was going on; it hardly heard of the arbitration. Yet we got all we could have gained though we had fought a century.

Briefly, let us all, all of the Americas, contract to leave our troubles to a third party, as in the above case. Let the oldest and biggest boy, as was the old Emperor, be arbitrator for the first year or term of years; then let the next oldest and biggest boy, the President of Mexico or the Governor General of Canada, be the next, and so on down to the foot of the class. Of course some, or even several, may not at once come into this. Small States or republics, as was the case with Rhode Island, might be afraid at first, but the idea would finally prevail, because it is right. I throw this bread on the vast waters, too vast for them to ever bring it back to me; but, Heaven willing, it will not be wasted in the end. I only venture to advise that both the Senate and the President of the United States heed this plea for union and peace and that Congress be more generous than ever before in helping on the coming fair.

I repeat, we want and we need these people: we want them to spend their money and time in the cities of the United States instead of in Paris; we want them to send their children to school here instead of to Europe; we want them to have peace and prosperity for our own good as well as theirs; we want them to settle up our uninhabited wilderness of waters with their ships of commerce and pleasure.

We have had about enough of Paris and Parisian fairs. We give everything and we get nothing. Excepting our artists, I would not give a bean for any man or woman after ten years over there. An American fresh from Europe, unless in art, is about the dreariest bore I ever met. But a man from the Islands, or a man who has banged up and down our great sea beach, Alaska, Darien, anywhere along here, is liable to know something worth listening to. The truth is, the Americans are a poorly traveled lot; the poorest to be so wealthy, in all the world. Six days in a sleeper, then three days in a berth, the barber's chair next, then the smoking room, then the card room, then Paris, then back home. He has traveled! He reminds you of a big boy that has been to Oxford or Harvard and thinks he is educated. A few of us go around the world, but as if on a wager; and as we always travel first-class and put up at only first-class hotels, where only our own kind are en-

countered, we generally know about as much when we get back as we did when we started, but very little more.

At Honolulu lately I went down to the wharf to see a young Englishman off. As he ran up the plank, bag in hand, I heard him say to some one who wanted to take his grip:—

"No, No! Steerage, my boy, steerage."

And yet he had stacks of money and stands away up in Burke.

I am told that Robert Louis Stevenson often took steerage, although a very sick man; he wanted to see, to hear, and so he kept where he could learn something in the mighty university of humanity.

The Pacific Ocean, proper, begins about twelve leagues out at sea, so far as color, reach of wave, sweep of waters, perfume of sea, and sense of room go. You must get outside of, out of sight of, the Farallones before you are really in the Pacific Ocean. And then! then, O son of Nature, you will see and will say that for the first time you are really on your travels!

No ships now, nothing but space and color and breath of the sea: no sail, no mail, no rail, nothing but rest and God; with all the six days labor left long behind.

After a time you begin to want to see ships. You begin to wonder why all of our side of South America sends her hides, silver, cereals, everything, to Europe for London to send away back and around to Japan, China, and so on. You look at the map and see that ships would be flying to and fro here like shuttles in a weaver's loom, if only our Congress had eyes to see and ears to hear and had kept peace in our little family of nations.

Let us imagine you are traveling on the American line and have chosen the stately ship Australia. You cannot help admiring the good manners of the steamer and you ask the big first officer where she was built.

"On the Clyde, Scotland, sor."

You look at him up and down, head and foot, and having decided that, like all other strongly-built men, he is good natured and obliging, you ask, "And you?"

"Ireland, sor."

This is about the average, I think. One ship in six days sail, and that one built and officered by the modern Rome.

Give us more ships! Lumber and shipyards lie in a line from Alaska to Oakland. Give us ships and subsidies for ship lines. Give us possession of our ocean and we will keep possession. Our merchants are smart enough, but foreign bottoms float their merchandise. Give us merchantmen. They are better than all the battle ships in the world. But prosperity in the Latin republics will bring ships, and peace will bring prosperity, and protection will bring peace.

It is our interest, it is our duty, to protect everything in South America and in the great American ocean. The one way to do this is to ask Mexico to take the lead and then heartily second her. She has done so well of late that she deserves this distinction. Besides, the smaller Latin republics will listen to her and will more readily enter into a compact for peace and arbitration with her at the head than with us at the head. The coming fair, I repeat, is our opportunity.

As for the dozen little islands, six days out at sea, we can hardly take them seriously, at least, not nearly so seriously as they have taken themselves for the past two years. Yet they, too, must be protected, made to keep the peace, as it were. At the same time, when you reflect that they are a needle in a hay-

stack, as compared to the vast sea beach to the south of us, you marvel at the high place to which they have attained; for, oddly enough, unlike all other islands in history, they are almost entirely without ships. This brings us to consider a most remarkable old sea dog, a veritable old Neptune, who, one century ago, landed where Honolulu now stands, with the largest fleet, numerically, that ever put to sea. Let us look in upon this remarkable old savage of a century ago, who at three score years of age came with his miles and miles of canoes to conquer Oahu.

KAMEHAMEHA.

THE Hawaiian Islands are not a group, as often miscalled, but a string of islands, a string of pearls if you please,— a string of rare and precious pearls in the sapphire center of the great American seas. Some day we shall gather up this pretty string of pearls and throw it merrily about the neck of the beautiful big woman who has her handsome head on the outside of the big American dollar; and then they will be called the beautiful American Islands.

In the first place, then, the name of the old Hawaiian viking was Kamehameha; and don't ask or expect me to spell that name again. I cannot spell it properly and you cannot pronounce it at all. "What 's in a name?" Well, there is a dislocated jaw, for one thing, if you take liberties with this name, unless you are a native of these American Islands. But as you continually run across it now, I will write it down for you just as he used to sign it when on his rounds as inspector of schools for pretty little girls who used to pester the life out of him for his autograph. This is the way he wrote it: "Kam. I. Rex."

Six months ago, before I knew anything about Kam. I. Rex, I could have written a very readable history of him, if not very reliable; but now that I have spent days and weeks reading the works of Cook, Vancouver, Bingham, Dibble, Newell, Wilkes, Alexander, and that wonderful book, "The Polynesian Races," all relating more or less to Kam the Great, I am, like these lonely Islands, all at sea. The lady librarian in Honolulu tells me there are three more authorities on the same theme. Of course I shall read them all, but not till after I have written my history. I know too much now.

"Gentlemen, what is history?" asked Napoleon the Great sharply, with lifted finger, in the faces of his five generals while they sipped their Kona coffee together, before Waterloo.

As no one ventured to answer, the great little Corsican continued, "Gentlemen, history is fiction agreed upon."

Granted. But when the historians don't agree upon the fiction? Here I have a half dozen histories and one voluminous historical romance, dedicated to the Queen Dowager, and they agree on almost nothing at all, except that the great Conqueror was a giant in size and a monster in strength.

Newell tells us repeatedly that the long and unpronounceable name means, The Lonely One. But this may be a misprint. I can conceive how he might easily have been The Lovely One; for he had, says Commodore Wilkes, five wives all the time. Now how in the world a man could manage to be The Lonely One with five wives is to me incomprehensible.

But to get on with the one point on which all the many histories of "The Ever Peaceful Isles" seem to agree—the size and strength of Kam. I. Rex. Bear in mind this: none of these historians ever saw the great King; so that all the best of them could know of him was by

KAMEHAMEHA I
IN THE ROYAL FEATHER CLOAK.

tradition, and no doubt, as with the case of Alexander the Great in our old school books, the "greatness of his name" contributed to the greatness of his frame. But here is what Commodore Wilkes, United States Navy, says of his youngest daughter in 1842. (Vol. 4, p. 4.)

The person who attracted our attention most was the Conqueror's daughter. This lady is over six feet high; her frame exceedingly large and well covered with fat. She was dressed in yellow silk with enormous gloves and wore on her head a tiara of yellow feathers. Her shoulders were covered with richly embroidered silk. She sat in a large arm chair with a robe of yellow feathers thrown over it. Her feet were encased in men's shoes. Her head-dress is said to be worth two hundred and fifty dollars and her robe two thousand five hundred dollars. She is the daughter of Kamehameha the Great and prime minister to the present king.

The fearful stature and monstrous size of this woman as set down by the conservative Commodore, who is about the best autority at hand, is testimony of the giant size of Kam. I. Rex.

And now the mention of this woman's shoes brings me to confess why I have read so many books to learn so little; for they all, except the little one by Alexander, are entirely too long, and in most cases absurdly sensational. You are constantly setting things down as guesswork, or at best only "sailors' yarns," but this book by Alexander is as conservative as a clock and as exact as an equation.

The colossal bronze statue before the old palace in Honolulu also endeavors to bear witness to the man's size, but it does not testify very well to his strength; for his limbs, instead of being knotted and muscular like those of Samson or Sullivan, are as smooth and rounded as those of a woman. And the face is simply puerile. The Phrygian cap of liberty, copied from an old American dollar, is quite in keeping with the rest of the figure; for of all tyrants, this bloody man was the least worthy to wear the cap of liberty. (See Frontispiece I.)

But right here let one thing be noted in his favor, lest it be forgotten. He was progressive. In the fifty or sixty years that he stood as the one central figure he advanced from the lowest state of savagery to the verge of civilization. We find him given to human sacrifices in early life; and even as late as 1810, only a decade before his own death, he ordered the sacrifice of ten men at Honolulu. These sacrifices were ordered because his favorite wife was ill. By the time three were killed, however, she was so much better that the execution of the others was dispensed with. When on his own death bed, he refused to let human sacrifice be made for himself.

Honolulu has an oil painting, done by

a Russian, which speaks as kindly for the old progressive King as does the commodore of the Russian ship, sent by the Czar to "interview" Kam, with an eye, possibly, to the taking possession of the Islands. The speech of the now venerable Kanaka king is able and kindly. It is too long to insert here, but no one can read it without feeling that a great change for the better had taken place in his heart since his invasion and devastation of the Island of Oahu. But he was still full of fight. He was quite ready to bang all Russia. He built a fort at Honolulu with many cannon, to say nothing of the armament on sea and land at the big Island, his birth place, where he lived in his old age and where he died. In line with his defiance of the Czar of Russia may be noted the fact that five years before, in 1811, he dictated a letter to George III. of England demanding a ship with brass guns, which he asserted — and doubtless with truth — Vancouver had promised him.

The reader of the many histories of this time and country is constantly struck with not only the audacity but the luxury and extravagance of these early Kanakas. They were dressed in broadcloth and their wives in silk. You keep wondering where the money came from; for all this dozen of Islands never had even so much as a coal mine, let alone gold and silver.

The secret of it all lay in the discovery of sandal wood here by China. Before the world on the other side of the globe came to know what was going on, China was already shipping to France and England fans and fine carvings of all sorts made from Sandwich Island sandal wood. It was China that arrayed the Kanakas in cloth and silk and inspired Kam. I. Rex. to conquer other islands. He wanted more sandal wood. He wanted more silk for his wives and more red velvet for his royal self.

This classic and graceful tree, sixty feet high and three feet in diameter, has been swept from the Islands by the greed of native chiefs. Now and then you can find a little shrub with a pale pink flower in some out-of-the-way place, and that is all; that is the last of the sandal wood that made Kam. I. great.

Let us now for the honor of the Islands, dispose of a cruel old story. Briefly and emphatically, the Kanakas were never cannibals. Yet here I read in Newell, page 43, speaking of Cook, "Though his heart and liver were reserved by the priests, to eat, some children devoured them in the night!"

Let us see what Cook, or rather his successor in command and in keeping the records, says, Vol. III, p. 53.

> Captain Cook and four seamen were killed with stones in the edge of the water and their bodies left lying on the sands. Some natives brought a package. . . . Imagine our horror on finding about ten pounds of human flesh. . . . This gave an opportunity to find out if they really were cannibals and we did not neglect it. We questioned them repeatedly and found that they all told the same story. . . . that the flesh had been burned when cut from the bones and the bones then hidden in caves, after their custom. We finally asked them the direct question, if they had not eaten some. But they showed the greatest horror, and asked if it was the custom among us. (p. 63.) . . . The bones of Captain Cook were restored on the following Sunday, wrapped in a great quantity of fine cloth, with a spotted cloak of black and white feathers. (p. 75.)

Captain Cook's body had been disposed of as that of a great chief, exactly as were the bones of the old Conqueror disposed of after his death; except that only the few highest priests knew where the bones were laid, and so they could not be exhumed as were those of the great navigator. No one now ventures even to surmise where they repose.

How any man of culture enough to write even the cheapest sort of book can turn from the glorious beauty of these Islands and describe man-eating feasts and assert that the Kanakas were cannibals before being Christianized is incomprehensible.

It is claimed that Kamehameha was present at the death of Captain Cook and procured some of his hair, which he preserved with great reverence until his death on his native Hawaii, in 1819, aged 82. This remarkable savage was high born, priests and chiefs were his kindred and companions, and he was not tardy in taking advantage of his high station. He was very shrewd in business affairs and was foremost in taking advantage of his good fortune in the sandal wood way.

Both Dibble and Jarves say there is much in favor of the argument that the Hawaiians were Jews, Dibble giving columns of evidence to the point on familiar religious customs. But as for myself, however Jacob-like Kam. may have proved in the sandal wood venture, I must say there is very little of the Jewish commercial spirit in any Kanaka I have ever encountered. On the contrary, the Kanaka is proverbially the most indifferent trader on the globe. If he ever was a Jew he has entirely forgotten his cunning.

I am not one of those who can say that this formidable savage paved the way for Christianity by conquering all the Islands and tying them together. It seems to me if he had stayed at home and attended to the comforts of his people in a peaceful way he could have done quite as much. The fact is, according to Doctor Emerson, a close kin of Ralph Waldo's, these Islands only began to discover one another about the time when Columbus discovered America; and they were practically very far apart, when you reflect that their stoutest boats were merely double canoes.

But we must get forward with facts as we find them chronicled by Alexander. In his invasion of Oahu he did not come directly to Honolulu, but drew up his canoes, crowding the beach for a distance of four miles, on Molokai. He struck Oahu next, drawing up his fleet all along from Dimond Head to Honolulu. This was in April, 1795. Alexander says he is reported to have had a force of sixteen thousand men. The natives of Oahu seem to have made no resistance at the landing, but timidly retreated up the creek or valley which debouched to the ocean at Honolulu. The invader had sixteen white soldiers, headed by a man named John Young. They also had a cannon, as well as swords and flint-lock muskets. Some historians say that Captain Young had four field pieces, but the natives tell me he had one only, and that they dragged it along through and over the taro patches in a boat to where the grave yard now is, and began to shoot and frighten people. I should say they simply had a narrow sled, or wooden shoe, such as we use to transport field pieces in mountains where there are no roads. The natives tell me the King wore a yellow cloak and had only a club to kill people with. They say there was no fighting, that the cannon scared the people so that they fled and fell over the Pali.

Alexander says a battle was fought up the Nuuanu, or "Temperate," Valley, and that Young killed the leader by a well directed cannon shot, when the discouraged natives attempted to escape through the narrow pass, and so fell over the Pali, or precipice, in numbers. He refrains from saying how many perished, and in fact, gives only about half a page to a battle and alleged incident that has had world-wide mention. And I should

say that he tells quite enough. The story of any great battle being fought near the Pali is not reliable. No army could have been entrenched up there in the clouds out of reach of water.

John Young, however, afterwards the able and popular prime minister, naturally loved to magnify the event at the Pali. He lies buried in the Nuuanu Valley; and the natives tell me, as nearly as possible, whether by chance or not, on the spot where he loaded and fired his cannon. His grave-stone reads ninety-three years, and glories in the record of his services to the great conqueror Kam. I. Rex.

One writer, I observe, gives the King a double-edged sword on this occasion. He has a chapter on "The Giant Guard," and puts Kam. I. Rex, down as the tallest of them all; yet he says "Kalani stood sullen and savage beside the Oahu king; his seven feet of stature gave him a little the advantage of Kalani." (Newell, p. 359.) He gives up about fifty pages of most spirited writing and fighting on the Pali; some of it is really fine, surpassing Ossian. Fingal's accounts are perhaps not more reliable, even though more readable.

But let not a stranger go about, a self-appointed missionary, smashing idols. Let those who like to believe in such battles and read of bloodshed do so; yet in my poor way let me persuade you to lift your face up from all this butchery to the sublime glory of the scene at Pali. Go up there at night, up the Temperate Valley alone to meet the moon full-faced in the narrow pass as she rises from the sea of the far Aleutian Isles. Behold her garments in the warm trade winds, trailing in the waters that surge and throb two thousand feet beneath you. A little toy Venice lies away down there in the edge of the ocean, and love is there and lovers, the old, old story, peace and rest and prayer, and faith and hope and charity. Believe me, these things are better to dwell upon than the bravest story of battles ever told or sung.

KAHUMANU QUEEN OF KAMEHAMEHA I.

The Conqueror, like the Norman of old, divided the lands largely among his chiefs, but retained much to himself; for land meant sandal wood, and sandal wood meant money, and money meant ships, and ships meant the conquest of the remaining rich islands.

Captain Broughton, an English navigator, surveyed the port of Honolulu, the next year, 1796, and records his dismay at the misery of the poor which the war had entailed. Kam. was still bent on conquest, and tried all sorts of ways to get guns and a ship. Alexander says he actually set men to work building a big ship that was to carry rows of guns like an English man-of-war. Honolulu, at the time of Broughton's survey, had only a few hundred gun boats.

Vancouver soon after says, although an ardent friend of the Conqueror, (vol ii, p. 180,) "The wars of"—he spells it with a T—"have left the Islands exhausted of inhabitants and grown with grass and weeds. These are his principal feats."

In the King's absence from his own big island a rebellion broke out. He returned, conquered it, and then came back to conquer the remaining island in 1808. This time he had a fleet of ships, about forty, of from twenty to forty tons. Then he bought an old ship from California, of 175 tons, loaded her with sandal wood, and sailed her to and from Canton till she went to the bottom.

And now a plague broke out, the cholera perhaps, and half of his soldiers and all his leading men died, as in a night. This seemed to have sobered the fierce old man and he turned his soldiers into the fields, himself toiling all day long as a common laborer; for not only the plague, but famine was at his door. A famous traveler who visited him at this time tells of seeing him throw his arms about an idol, embrace it, and pray, saying: "These are our gods. I do not know whether I do right to worship them or not. It is the religion of our country; and I worship with my people.

He mounted cannon on the hill back of Honolulu and in his old age retired to his native island, having had a brick house built there in 1800. When at Honolulu, which was not so often now, he had the British flag over his two stone storehouses and his residence. In 1811, the remaining rich island surrendered, and he made the chief, his old enemy, foreman for life. You see he was a large-hearted man, and brave, whatever may be said of his butcheries.

The best that can be said of him is that he was progressive. His trade was the cruel trade of war, but even in this he was wondrously progressive; for, beginning with a club and a canoe; he closed with cannon and ships.

There is really little in the long and active life of this first king of the Islands to be taken seriously. Hawaii should have a better figure head, historically speaking. For if you divest him of the halo with which navigators have tried to crown his actions, you will find little to admire and much to despise, although there is a touch of pathos in his blind devotion to his idols as he approached his fourscore years, and his doubt of them, and his enquiry for something better:—

> An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry.

His line became extinct some two decades since. There seems to be a law of nature that bloody monsters cannot long perpetuate their race, whether it be Napoleon, on the apex of civilization, or poor old king Kam. crying out to his idols in the darkness at the base of it.

Were it my province to pass upon and canonize some one in the history of Hawaii, as great, I should name quite another conqueror, who came, not with club and cannon, but with reaping hook and plowshare, Claus Spreckels. To my own mind, this man is, and for years will remain in history, the one true conqueror of Hawaii, gainsay it who will. The daring, audacity, and magnitude, of his work in the face of continual petty jealousies and irksome opposition, is astonishing.

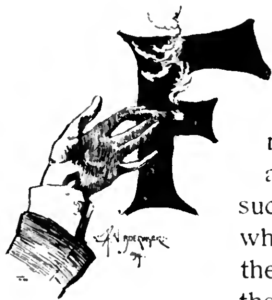
It is but right, in this day of commercial "write ups," to say I never saw this man or any of his house, but I am free to say that Claus and his stalwart sons have done more to truly conquer and

make glorious the golden chain, "The Fortunate Isles," than all the men of war, black, brown, or white, that have set foot there since the Punch Bowl of Honolulu made drunken with liquid fire the behemoth of the deep; for they planted the American Islands with their corn and the American Ocean with their ships, and earned their vast fortunes by doing good and adding glory to Columbia.

Joaquin Miller.

PAKUA THE OUTLAW.[1]

A PEEP INTO ANCIENT HAWAII.



ROM one end to the other of blue-peaked Koolau there was no man counted so fortunate as Pakua, whether in the success of every venture to which he turned his hand, the comfort that reigned in the establishment that was his home, the perfect equipment of his canoes, hooks, nets, lines, and the odds and ends that make up a wealthy fisherman's outfit, the superior cultivation of the lands he held in fief, or—above all—in the possession of a sweet-willed wife, whose beauty, like that of the Trojan Helen, was reputed to be beyond compare: in truth, she was a rare woman, full of gentle grace, and between her and her lord held the bond of true love and harmony.

But the time and the place were not propitious for exclusive proprietorship in wealth of any kind, whether the fruit of the soil, or of the sea; the work of one's hands, or the affections of one's heart. Above all things female charms demanded the highest rates of insurance.

Now, according to the unwritten constitution of paganism, and of Hawaii, all that Pakua had belonged to his chief; whether snatched from the storehouse of nature with adventurous craft, or forged out of raw material with the sweat of his brow and the skill of his hand; all—even the virtue of his wife—was at the disposal of his *alii*. For, be it understood, government throughout the length—I cannot say breadth—of the group we call Hawaii was despotism; tempered, however, by what might be called the law of supply and demand; that is, the subject had the right, as a last resort, to a choice of despots. Thus, if one became dissatisfied, and thought he could better himself and obtain a more satisfactory article of despotism under the *alii* of some other *okana*, or district, all he had to do was to revolt from the payment of taxes and be declared *hemo* by his own *alii*; whereupon he was free to transfer his allegiance and seek better terms in other quarters.

Of course the success of this plan always presupposed that it was not Hobson's choice with the delinquent and that the sovereignty of his particular island, which would generally be the case, was not united under one head—as later under the Kamehamehas—but divided into competing factions. It is evident that in all this sort of thing the advantage

[1] A chapter from "Iwaina the Athlete," a forth-coming novel.

will lie with the lord of the land unless he is outbid by some competitor for the recusant's favor. He has but to bide his time and the *hemo*, or outcast peon, having no choice left him, must knuckle down and submit to his terms.

Now a just and benevolent despotism is the divinest form of government the world has yet seen. But everything turns upon the despot. If he is kind and good and self-sacrificing, inclined to be the father and servant of all, it goes well with the people. But what could be expected of such a despot as Piilani, who was base and sensual, only for himself? We shall see.

One fine morning, going forth to his taro-farm, Pakua found a head of sugar-cane, freshly cut, stuck into the bank by the side of his finest taro-patch. The meaning of this was that his *alii*, playing the Ahab, had appropriated to his own use the crop just ready for pulling. There was no remedy for it; the ground was *taboo* to the *alii*, to trespass was death.

This was only the beginning of his troubles.

This fiery man of action, returning to his home one day like a tiger to his lair, found that his wife, instead of being there to embrace and kiss him, had been violently rapt away.

Pakua was not the man to endure tamely such an outrage, even from the highest chief in the land, *taboo* or no *taboo*. His plans were made on the instant. Their execution only awaited the sheltering hours of darkness. By a masterly strategy he gained possession of his wife, and accepting the outlawry that would result, he at once betook himself to the wilderness and the life of a robber, a profession for which his great skill, bodily vigor, and indomitable courage, well fitted him.

It was not as an enemy of the community at large that Pakua took up this perilous rôle, but out of necessity and in protest against the infamous wrong done him, in hope also that it might be his to chew the cud of sweet revenge on his foe.

Few visitors to Honolulu have failed to pay their respects to the Pali, a notable gorge or notch in the back-bone of Oahu, constituting a feature which the military man would describe as a mountain embrasure, the architect as a bay-window. From the airy height on the precipitous verge at the head of Nuuanu Valley, with the cloud and fog-draped peaks of Konahuanui on either hand, the eye has unobstructed view of the fancifully carved coast-line, where the manifold green of land meets and blends with the manifold green of ocean, save for the occasional interrupting ribbon of hoary surf or gray sand.

It was in this romantic place that Pakua appointed the strategic center of his operations. Choosing a spot within easy striking distance of the mountain trail, which was the most direct route of communication between the two sides of the island, one often traveled by Piilani, Pakua made for himself an impregnable lair. From his hidden retreat he could scan at ease the distant approach of any one climbing the path from either direction; and still withholding himself from view by an overgrown cleft in the mountain flank, he could at a moment's warning place himself in ambush at arm's length from the narrow trail. The defensive strength of his position was such that one man might hold it against a multitude.

It was not many days before Pakua had an opportunity to try his hand. Four men, recognized as servants of Piilani bearing loads, were spied by Pakua's

vigilant wife as they came toiling up the difficult way.

Arming himself with a heavy slung-shot bound to his wrist, he lay in wait, and as the foremost of them drew himself up and set foot on the narrow plateau where Pakua had taken his stand, the latter made a tiger-like spring, wrested the load from his shoulders, dealt him a stunning blow and rolled his senseless body down the steep place upon his companions following after. The action was so instant and unlooked for that the weight of the falling man upset his neighbor to the rear and so in turn the third and the fourth, and all of them were precipitated, like a small avalanche, down the mountain. One man was killed outright, another shortly died from his injuries; the other two were severely bruised, but able to crawl away.

The fame of Pakua's exploit spread, as if carried on the wings of the wind, until the whole island was buzzing with the story. As in all such cases, the report grew as it ran, until, if fame was to be credited, Pakua had routed a whole army of men with terrible slaughter and accomplished notable prodigies.

After this initial performance, for a long time the Pali route was quite deserted. Travelers between Honolulu and Koolau would go a long way round rather than expose themselves to the onslaught of this terrible fellow. This state of terror was exactly what Pakua had aimed to produce. With panic as an ally victory is gained on easy terms.

Pakua now began to make forays into the country below, not merely to inflict damage on his enemy, Piilani and all who stood with him, nor to keep himself supplied with the means of existence, but to re-establish severed relations with his friends, and to inform himself how matters stood, even as a wise general keeps his scouts out to pick up information on all sides. Pakua, like his English counterpart, Robin Hood, practiced a wise discrimination and gallantry as to the objects of his spoliation. He was considerate of his friends and made ample return for benefits; women and children, the poor, aged, and distressed, were objects of his solicitous care; he would go far out of his way and deprive himself of rest and refreshment to return a favor or aid some forlorn and distressed one.

There were sympathizers who would have gladly joined him and formed a band, but Pakua preferred to accomplish his ends alone. It was not his purpose to take life. There was but one person who in his esteem had forfeited the right to live, and that was Piilani. But if any one stood in Pakua's way, let him beware.

The policy of Pakua was so shrewdly planned as to give him great popularity; he found himself master of the situation and was enabled to go and come almost as he pleased. He did not, however, relax his vigilance, but always used the greatest circumspection on his travels, being careful never to put himself in the power of his enemy.

One day from his eyrie he saw the approach of a knot of men whose purpose was clearly hostile. His shrewd judgment told him that their bundles were for show and had no weight, filled probably with some light trash to give the appearance of solidity. They were headed by one Meheula, a notorious bruiser and war-horse in the service of the chief. There were ten of them and Meheula was the cutting edge of the party. Without him to head them, not a man of them but would have turned tail at once and refused to advance another step.

Pakua, after his wont, chose his own ground, going some ways down the mountain to meet them at a place which might have seemed unfavorable to himself. He took his station on an escarpment that traversed the mountain-wall for a short distance horizontally, regardless for the time of the screaming bosen birds that wheeled and circled in the crisp ether about him.

Midway on the narrow bench along which Meheula and party must pass, the precipice was gashed by a worn fissure, where trickled water into a rocky basin, a drinking place for the traveler. Pakua was lapping some water with his hand to drink, when Meheula and his file of men struck this portion of the way and met him face to face. Addressing their leader, Pakua inquired where they were going and what they sought.

"We are upon an errand of the chief and travel his road," said Meheula, still advancing.

"Return to your chief and tell him that Pakua holds this road and not even the King may pass without Pakua's consent."

Without further parley Meheula accepted the gage thus thrown down, and stripping off his own burden, bade his men follow his example. The wisdom of Pakua's strategy was now made evident. In the first place, Meheula could gain no advantage from numbers. The narrowness of the way compelled his men to follow their leader in single file; besides which, as they faced Pakua, the mountain-wall with its jutting crags shouldered them closely to the right and made it impossible to use spear or club to advantage.

All these features were reversed in Pakua's favor; each rocky gargoyle was a shield for his protection, while his right arm had clear scope for the swing of his weapon.

Urging on his men and bidding them close up behind, Meheula, having exchanged his lance for a thick club, made cautiously forward, and presently the two warriors were aiming blows at each other at arm's length, a mode of warfare in which both seemed alike expert, evidenced by the fact that for a time neither party scored a touch.

But presently, Meheula, finding himself hard pressed and likely to be worsted at this game, drew back and hurled his weapon, with the result only of hearing his club ring against the rock behind as Pakua ducked to avoid the blow. At the instant Meheula sprang forward to grapple the wily Pakua, but was received with a back-stroke from beneath that snapped the bone of his right arm, and in a moment Meheula found himself in the grip of his antagonist, his elbows pinioned at his back, his head held as in a vice between Pakua's right arm and body, a master-stroke of the wrestler. Struggle as he might and flail his legs about, it was all up with Meheula; there was no breaking Pakua's hold. A moment more and Pakua, spurning the limp and nerveless body of his foe, flung it down the precipice as if it had been a dog.

During the short tussle, Meheula's men were powerless. In fact, they stood dazed and paralyzed while Pakua choked the strength out of his foe, only recovering voice at the climax of the horror when they saw the form of their bold captain flung like a beast to his death.

"Come on, brave men, and join your leader," was now Pakua's challenge to the dismayed band.

At first there was no response. The clear sentiment of the posse was to give up and beat a retreat. Two men, however, who were of sterner fiber than the others, vowed that the thing could be done and must be done. Placing them-

selves at the head of the line, they agreed on the plan of advancing closely together for mutual support, the file-leader armed only with a club, while the rear man was to carry a spear in his left hand with which to prod Pakua from a distance, a combination which seemed to promise success if resolutely carried out.

Pakua, losing no time, let fly at the advancing couple a weapon consisting of two stones connected by a few feet of stout line, a contrivance similar to the bolas with which the Patagonian ensnares the wild horse of the pampas. So true was his aim that the legs of the front man were in an instant bound fast by the line that wrapped itself about them. While striving to free himself he was at the mercy of Pakua, who followed up his advantage by rushing in and delivering a blow that felled him senseless to the ground. His comrade, seeing that no effort on his part could avail anything, with fine discretion at once drew off, and the fight was at an end.

As for the wounded man, Pakua, having no ill feeling against him, called out to the retreating men: "Come back and get your injured comrade. Would you leave him to die? And bear this message to the wife-stealer (Piilani), that when he wishes to take Pakua he had better head the party himself."

After this affair Pakua had greater prestige than ever. His reputation attained unheard of dimensions as an invincible warrior. It was boasted by his friends, and readily accepted by his enemies, that he was under the special protection of the gods and that nothing could stand before him. An accident that happened to him about this time, which might easily have been fatal, but turned out very fortunately for Pakua, gave rise to the belief that he was gifted with a certain power of flight and could at will jump the loftiest declivity and alight without harm to himself. It hap- on this wise:—

One day while Pakua was forcing his way through a matted, wiry growth along the narrow ledge of a precipice that overhung a deep ravine, the ground being slippery with rain, his feet slid out from under him and he was over the brink before he could recover himself. Turning a complete somersault, he just managed to clear a rocky projection and then slid with accelerating speed along the slimy face of a declivity that offered no hold for foot or hand. This moss-grown toboggan-slide, down which Pakua found himself speeding, was fortunately not one continuous surface from top to bottom, being broken at intervals by stair-like outcroppings of the rock-formation, where had lodged enough soil to support the growth of a loose fringe of ferns and bushes, sufficient to pillow his fall and retard, but not arrest, his descent. Pakua made vain efforts to bring his flight to a halt by clutching at this stuff, but at every trial the frail plants snapped off, or pulled up by the roots, and on he still went. The last stage of his fall was literally a flight through the air for many yards. The precipice, which here overhung its base, had piled about its foot a rocky talus from the midst of which sprang a magnificent clump of tall banana trees closely crowded together. It was into the heart of this spongy mass that Pakua, much to his surprise, plumped as into a cushion.

But it was to the still greater surprise and to the terror of a group of mountaineers, who chanced at the moment to be gathered about these very trees regaling themselves with the ripe fruit. Pakua's sudden descent into their midst was as great a miracle in their eyes as if he had fallen from the sky, and they

could explain it only by imagining him to have supernatural power. They at once fled down the valley in a state of superstitious terror. Two of the men recognized him to be Pakua; but the majority insisted that it was an *akua* (a god) that had appeared to them. The story caused great excitement, and from that time it was firmly believed that to his other powers Pakua added that of leaping, or flying, down incredible heights.

Matters had now reached such a pitch that it was evident something must bend or break. Pakua, successful in all his encounters, the divinity and champion of popular rights,—it was not in the nature of the man to stop short of his full purpose, the life of Piilani, and as that chieftain declined to meet his challenge, he must seek out the chieftain.

Having learned from a confederate that on a certain day Piilani was to give a great feast, after which he would no doubt, according to his wont, fuddle himself with *awa* before retiring to his mats for the night, Pakua saw this to be his opportunity. He would steal upon his sleeping foe and despatch him after his revels, with all his sins upon him.

During the day and through the evening while the feast was in process, Pakua lay in concealment not far from the chiefly residence, within distinct earshot of the resonant hula-drums and of that babel of sounds that arises from every gathering of Polynesians, nursing his patience until the hour for action should strike. At length the revel was over and the winking stars looked down upon a sleeping community.

Pakua now went forth on his errand. Suspended from his girdle was a weapon of gray sandstone, pear-shaped, pierced at one end for the lashing that holds it to the wrist. This with a noose attached to a staff, a contrivance suited for the work of a garroter, furnished him forth for his task.

A fluttering penant of white tapa attached to a short dart, and thrust by his confederate into the thatch, sufficed to identify the house and vouch that Piilani was within. After cautiously listening, to assure himself that no one was stirring in the house, Pakua silently undid the fastenings of the door and crept in. There lay his victim, with senses locked up by the narcotic, the fumes of which enwrapped him like a poisonous cloud.

When morning gilded the peaks of Konahuanui, Pakua was miles away.

The first thing to catch the eye of the punctilious old steward, who was the early riser on the place, as he stirred about betimes, was a sugar-cane top that stood planted in the ground in front of his master's door. The meaning of this ominous thing defied the conjectures of the old man, who had never before seen the like in such a place. No suspicion of the bitter jest intended entered his head as he rubbed the two fire-sticks and presently caught the smoldering flame on his wick of tapa, and having fanned it into a blaze, laid on twigs and fagots, preparatory to broiling the fish for Piilani's breakfast, after his usual wont.

In an hour or so the sun had climbed the heavens and the household was astir. Each one, after gazing in dumb astonishment on the odd thing, put his own interpretation on it. The theory that found most general acceptance was that some jestful reveler had planted the stalk there by way of practical joke. As the hours slipped away and no sound or stir was heard in Piilani's cottage, an uneasy feeling settled on the minds of the people, spreading contagiously from countenance to countenance, and the

wife, who had spent the night apart in the infirmary, was consulted as to what should be done.

At length with her sanction the apartment was entered and the puzzlement that had teased their ingenuity over the emblem at the door swelled into a full-grown horror as they looked on the form of their chief lying before them cold and irresponsive to their calls and entreaties, revealing, by the livid finger-marks that creased his throat and the distortion of his countenance, the manner of violence that had caused his death.

N. B. Emerson.

KALAKAUA'S TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

ITS CAUSES, INCIDENTS, AND RESULTS.

KING Kalakaua soon after his accession to the throne of Hawaii, found a great, and in one sense beneficial change in the social and financial condition of the kingdom, due to the making of a reciprocity treaty between the Islands and the United States. It instantly gave great value to the sugar interest, and largely increased the revenues of the government.

Although Kalakaua had not inherited from previous sovereigns their ideas of government, because he was not a lineal descendant of any of them, he did inherit the ideas of the chiefs, and their very simple beliefs in absolutism. His government was a limited monarchy in form, but it remained so only because there were enough white men in the high offices, especially in the judicial, to define and maintain the limitations. Neither King nor people, by education or by habits of sufficient force, understood these limitations and constitutional safeguards, and they obeyed them simply because they submitted to the stronger will power of the white residents, who owned the larger part of the capital of the kingdom, managed its industries, and absorbed its trade.

In the course of a few years the natural antagonism of the white and the brown race began to show itself more distinctly under Kalakaua's rule. There was not alarming friction, but the whites began to feel in a general way that the native rule was not altogether safe. The King was disposed to show a strong disposition to manage political affairs in his own way, without regard to his white ministers. He made frequent changes of his cabinet without consulting the legislature. He selected as intimate friends, men of his own race, and a few of the white race, who, with a few exceptions, were simply courtiers and time-servers.

The King had an excellent memory and read many books. He certainly failed to understand, however, the principles of good government laid down in some of the books read, and was rather disposed to imitate the weak but apparently brilliant doings or some European monarchs. From time to time he cautiously proposed queer and absurd untertakings

to his cabinet, such as the union of the Polynesian races of the Pacific, under one head, he to be, without question, that head, or the establishment of new industries in the kingdom, for the benefit of the natives, at a time when the natives neglected many excellent opportunities before them.

In 1879, a new character appeared in Hawaii, a certain Cæsar Celsus Moreno. He was an Italian that had lived for some years in the United States and in some way had become connected with legislation in Washington involving ocean cable projects. He finally drifted to China, and attempted to interest the Chinese in a Pacific cable scheme. Failing in that, he attempted to interest them in Hawaii, as an outlet for Chinese emigration. He failed in this, but secured a free passage to Honolulu. He became acquainted with the King, and from time to time urged the importance of developing the resources of the Islands under Chinese auspices. His scheme was that of a loan from the Chinese of some millions; a large Chinese immigration, and what was in his eyes an important matter, the stamping out of the "missionary" influence in public matters.

The King was equally attracted by this far reaching jingo policy, and suddenly reconstructed his cabinet in 1880. Moreno was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs. The white residents, having no knowledge of him or confidence in him, at once threatened the King with trouble. A mass meeting of citizens was called, and resolutions condemning the King's actions were passed. This was the first of the organized interferences of the whites with native rule, the last of which, on January 17, 1893, terminated the monarchy. The diplomatic representatives of foreign governments, especially the American, sustained the citizens in their demands for the dismissal of the Moreno cabinet.

The King yielded reluctantly, and appointed a new cabinet, consisting of W. L. Green, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Henry A. P. Carter, Minister of the Interior,—who became later, the able Embassador of the King in Washington; J. S. Walker, Minister of Finance; and the writer of this article, Attorney General. Although born in the Islands, and a school companion of the King in early days, I had for many years lived in the city of New York. At the urgent solicitation of the King, by telegraph, and of my brother, the late General S. C. Armstrong, of of Hampton, Virginia, I at once went out to the Islands and accepted office, conditionally. I found much ill feeling existing between the King and the white residents, owing to what they claimed was the appointment of an unknown person, and perhaps adventurer, to a cabinet position.

In the course of a few weeks the excitement subsided, and complete outward harmony was restored by a grand public dinner given at the Hawaiian Hotel by the cabinet. The King, in response to to a toast, acknowledged that he had committed an error in the appointment of the Moreno cabinet, and stated that he would not repeat it. Moreno at once left the country, taking with him, however, to Italy, three half-breed Hawaiian boys, for whose education the Legislature had appropriated considerable sums of money. The King had determined to have at command men with military education, who could assist him, if necessary, in opposing the whites. He naturally selected natives, and among the three chosen for the purpose was Robert Wilcox, a half breed, and at the time nearly thirty years of age, and a young demagogue. The King secretly retained his

regard for Moreno, and made him the guardian of the young men. All of them had received an education in the English language, but at Moreno's suggestion they were taken to Italy, and by the favor of King Humberto, placed in the military schools, where they were several years in acquiring the Italian language, before beginning their military studies. It was believed by the Italian Court, on suggestions made by Moreno or some one else, that they were the natural sons of the King. One of them, Wilcox, after a protracted study in Italy became prominent in the closing days of the monarchy.

After the banquet which produced harmony between the King and his white subjects, the King asked me to ride with him to his seaside residence at Waikiki. On reaching the place, we sat under the cocoanut trees, watching the surf, when the King said:—

"Now my troubles are all over, and I am going to travel around the world and see other people. I think I will take you with me, and Colonel Judd."

WM. N. ARMSTRONG.

Colonel Judd was then his chamberlain or secretary. He was a brother of Chief Justice Judd, and his father was, as was my father, one of the missionaries, who had at the urgent solicitation of Kamehameha III. relinquished strictly missionary work, and undertaken much needed political and educational work, as members of the King's government, before the year 1850.

I regarded the King's suggestion as a mere fancy. The next morning, however, he called his cabinet together, stated his desire, and ordered a meeting of the privy council. At this meeting he again stated his motives, and after some debate the council gave its consent, with the understanding that the expenses of the journey should be met out of the King's private income, and that her Royal Highness, Liliuokalani, should act as regent during his absence. Accordingly, the necessary papers were executed, and I, having resigned temporarily the office of Attorney General, was appointed "Minister of State," in order to fix my rank in all foreign countries. The King's intention was to travel incognito, as a prince of the kingdom.

Aside from the King, myself, and Colonel Judd, the only other person that traveled with us was Count Robert Von Olfsen, as the King's valet, a veritable German count, who through the industrious use of liquor had become reduced to the ranks and had served on the Islands as steward, chief steward, and in similar occupations, in all of which he was found wanting, because he was persistently wanting whisky. He had made a solemn compact with the King to remain sober during the trip, but he in-

terpreted it to be a contract to get drunk, especially in critical moments, and he complied with it in every particular.

I do not intend here to relate the incidents of this trip of a king around the world. They are preserved at length in a journal, which at the right time, if there shall ever be one, will appear. They will have the novelty, at least, of being the notes of the only trip around the world taken by a crowned head since the fall of man, or within the period of authentic history.

While the King had originally intended to travel incognito, he had, with royal secretiveness, smuggled the royal standard on board of the outgoing steamer, feeling as he afterwards humbly admitted to his Minister and Chamberlain, that it might be required on some occasion to maintain his dignity.

The voyage began in February, 1881, and it ended in November of the same year. On reaching San Francisco the King was entertained with a general reception at the Palace Hotel and with several private dinner parties. He visited the Legislature in session at Sacramento, and at a private dinner party in that city, Governor, now Senator, Perkins, intimated in honeyed words, that in the fulness of time the King might become the Colossus of the Pacific, a term which the King did not understand, but which he believed was a lofty scaffolding upon which he might stand as a great historical character. Mr. Claus Spreckels positively informed his Majesty in a speech, following, that he, Mr. Spreckels, usually became dominant in matters kindly submitted to his treatment by Providence, and that it was not the King, but Spreckels, who could do no wrong.

After leaving San Francisco, the next port reached was that of Yokohama, Japan. As the steamer passed up to her anchorage, she met with the successive royal salutes of twenty-one guns from each of the fourteen warships,— nine Russian, two English, and three Japanese, and with them was the manning of the yards. The smuggling of the royal Hawaiian standard at once became opportune. It was raised at the fore. On reaching the anchorage, the King became at once the guest of the Emperor of Japan. An array of officials in full uniform received him and his suit. They were taken to the Summer Palace near the city, and the next day they made a royal entrance into Tokio and were received by the Emperor and Empress of Japan. It was said that it was the only occasion known in the history of Japan on which the Emperor, in obedience to royal etiquette, had appeared at the door of the palace, and had descended the steps to meet at the carriage door the person of a brother monarch.

It appeared that the news of the King's departure for Japan had been carried to China, and the government of Japan, on hearing of it, determined after careful consideration to accord His Hawaiian Majesty the reception due to a brother sovereign, without regard to the size of his domain or the strength of his army or navy. This very comfortable conclusion was accepted by the sovereigns and rulers of all the countries subsequently visited by Kalakaua, and enabled the King to cultivate the acquaintance of the many relations, by international law, who occupied the divers thrones of Asia and Europe, and it also enabled his suit, to reside in and inspect the grand resorts and abodes of most of the Asiatic and European potentates, a privilege not usually accorded to tourists.

After ten days residence at Tokio, as the guest of the Emperor, during which period the resources of the Empire

were taxed to entertain His Majesty, after several formal and informal interviews and banquets with the then Imperial Majesties, and other members of the household, the King and suit left for the ancient city of Kioto, and Nagasaki and the royal hospitality did not end, nor did the officials of the Emperor's household depart, until the steamer bound for Shanghai was a marine league beyond the coast line of Japan.

On reaching Shanghai, the taotai, or mayor, of that place received the King, and the China Merchant's Steamship Company put at the King's disposal for the voyage to Tient Sin a large steamer. On arrival at the latter place, the noted statesman of China, General Li Hung Chang, immediately called on the King, and on the following day entertained him at dinner, the King being placed on his right, and I, as Minister of State, placed on his left. His son acted as interpreter. General Li appeared to me to be the most distinguished looking of all the statesmen with whom the King and his suit came in contact.

From Shanghai, the King went to Hong-Kong, and was there received as a guest of the Queen of England by Sir John Pope Hennessy, the governor, with whom he remained three days.

As a steamer, by mere chance, was about to leave for Bangkok, Siam, the King and suit took passage in her, intending to visit the capital of Siam as private persons. It was assumed that the King of Siam had never heard of Hawaii or its King. When, however, the steamer entered the Menam River, a yacht flying the Siamese standard came alongside, and a number of officials in full uniform informed the King that they were ordered to receive him as the guest of the King of Siam. On reaching the city, the party were taken to the shore in the royal barge rowed by forty men, and were lodged in a palace.

After three days, occupied in visiting temples, and in one instance inspecting a temple into which no "common" was ever permitted to enter; after dinners and lunches with the King and his ministers, and the noblemen, the party left for Singapore, where it was received with royal honors, by Sir Henry Wells, the British governor of the colony.

While there, the party, on the invitation of the Sultan of Johore, visited that charming little kingdom for one day and a night, and were entertained at a royal feast by that Malay sovereign.

After leaving Singapore, the party stopped at Penang for a few hours, on the way to Burmah. There it remained only long enough to drive about Rangoon and visit the sagacious elephants, who handle the lumber of the saw mills.

The voyage ended at Calcutta, where the representatives of the Viceroy of India, in his absence, received and entertained the King and suit.

From Calcutta the party traveled in the Viceregal car to Benares and Bombay. In the latter place it was richly entertained by the Parsee merchants, and among other places, it visited the "Tower of Silence," where the bodies of the dead are exposed to the vultures.

While *en route* to Egypt it was assumed that the Khedive of that country had never heard of Hawaii, and that the party would, therefore, modestly visit the Pyramids and quietly proceed to Italy. On arriving, however, at Suez, the party was received by a deputation of high officials of the Khedive's government, who conveyed it in the state railway carriage to Cairo, as the guests of the ruler.

I will here make an exception to my resolve not to enter into any details, by giving a curious incident of this trip to

Cairo. On leaving Suez, the chief official of the Egyptian party asked if it was his Majesty's pleasure to lunch on the way. The King cordially replied that it was. Thereupon a telegram was sent to the proper station, "Prepare lunch for the King of the Sandwich Islands." On arriving at the station, the King, his suit, and the officials, were formally taken into a room, the doors of which were guarded by soldiers, and several large piles of sandwiches were presented to the King. The chief official at once stormed about it, and inquired what was meant by offering such a lunch. The keeper of the station was brought in, and meekly explained that the telegram given to him verbally was, "Prepare a lunch of sandwiches for the King."

At Cairo the party visited the Pyramids and other noted spots, and in two days left for Alexandria, where it was received by the Khedive in person and escorted to a palace attended by a squadron of cavalry. Within a few feet of the palace was the Khedive's harem. The Khedive entertained us at a dinner party and ball in the palace of Ras-el-tin, which was subsequently destroyed by the English war ships in the attack on the city.

From Alexandria the party went to Naples, at which place King Humberto and Queen Margharita were temporarily staying. The King and Queen at once and cordially received the King and suit.

Here Moreno, mentioned in the beginning of this article, appeared, but did not succeed in involving the King in any diplomatic troubles. He had with him the student Wilcox, who subsequently returned to Hawaii, proved incapable of filling any office, headed an unsuccessful revolution in 1889, and was sentenced to death for fomenting a revolution in January, 1895.

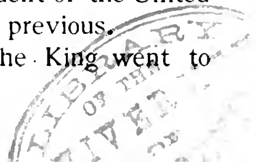
Remaining in Naples only two days, the party proceeded to Rome, where, after a conference with Cardinal Jacobini, a private audience between the Holy Father and the King and suit was arranged. It took place in one of the inner reception rooms of the Vatican.

From Rome the party went directly to England, in order to be in London before the close of the season. The King was warmly received by the British government, and he and his suit became the guests of the Queen at Claridge's Hotel for eighteen days, during which time they met the members of the royal family frequently, lunched at Windsor Castle, and were entertained by many of the nobility.

After leaving England, the party went to Brussels, where visits were exchanged with King Leopold. From Brussels it went to Berlin, and met the members of the royal family at Potsdam, and dined with Prince William, now the Emperor. In Austria the King was received by the representatives of the Emperor, who was absent. In France, President Grevy being away, the officials of the Foreign Office entertained the King. As it was the summer season, the King of Spain, was not in Madrid, but officials of the Spanish throne took the Hawaiian King to the Escurial and drove him about Madrid. At the Portuguese frontier he was met by the high officials of Portugal, and became the guest of the King of Portugal for three days. He was honored with State dinners, bull fights, and receptions.

From Portugal the King returned to France and England, and from England he took passage to the United States. He was received by President Arthur, who had become President of the United States but a few weeks previous.

From Washington, the King went to



the Hampton Normal and Agricultural School, and met his old friend, General S. C. Armstrong, the brother of his Minister. After visiting the horse breeding farms of Kentucky, he proceeded to San San Francisco, and returned to his own kingdom, where he was received with triumphal arches and much cordiality.

What then? What good, if any, came of this sweeping trip about the world, in which the monarch of the smallest of the kingdoms met his royal brethren, the rulers of vast empires. How much did he profit by it? He had secured for himself, his suit, and his friends, many "decorations," and he had seen and been saluted by great navies, but had he brought back with him clearer notions about good government?

Soon after his return he proposed an expensive coronation. He had been on the throne seven years, but believed that every self-respecting monarch preferred to have an uneasy head with a crown on it, rather than be placed on the throne without that precious emblem. His ministers opposed the coronation, and the King began to circumvent his cabinet. In the course of several months the King began to apply freely the principles and tactics of personal government. These and other transactions broke up the cabinet.

On resigning office in May, 1882, I, who still remained on friendly terms with him, had several conversations with him on the future of the Hawaiian people, and said to him substantially this:—

"The wealth and intelligence of your subjects is with the white people, you have frequently said the natives are thriftless, lazy, and you cannot trust them. Your case, the rule over whites by a Polynesian, is rare, and is possible only so long as you rule them well. The Anglo-Saxon is a tiger when he finds that government disturbs his right to property or liberty. You have great and rare luck in having a large income, a beautiful palace, and a lot of white subjects, Americans, English, and Germans, who are perfectly satisfied with your reign if you will only rule wisely. The kings of the world have usually had bad advisers. The Hawaiian kings have had, from the days when the missionaries landed, good advisers, disinterested men. Your position is always a perilous one, because white men mistrust the weaker races."

He replied substantially: "The white people do not like me. They wish to control me. The majority of my subjects are natives, and they will always back me up. If I give up to the whites, they may take advantage of me, I am safer with the Kanakas."

I said: "Then you will have revolution. As things are now going, there must be revolution before long, before many years. Your native subjects are thriftless and will back you up in anything you may do, because you will fill them full of feed and promises. Finally you or they will do something very questionable, and then the whites may drive you into the taro patches."

His reply was that he thought I took extreme views and that he knew how to govern well.

These conversations were not heated or bitter. Once he laughed and said, "My Attorney General talks more treason than any man in the country."

We parted in friendship, and I returned to the United States. I never saw him again.

Five years after this interview the revolution of 1887 came, and he, at the point of the white man's bayonet, gave a new constitution, which put limitations on his own authority. On writing to him, after this event, I recalled our conversation and repeated to him my con-

viction that the "royal jig was up," and that only extraordinary conduct on his part would prevent the abolition of the monarchy, as it was now an illogical affair.

He did not then reply, but just before his death, in San Francisco, I received a long letter from him. On general subjects he had utterly failed to comprehend the difference between constitutional and personal government. Why, indeed, should he understand? What was his inheritance? What was his education? What social and political air did he breathe? The Hawaiian chiefs were bred to personal rule. The people had been absolute serfs until within fifty years. They had received "institutional" government through the missionaries, but did not understand it. Kalakaua, with his people, suddenly found that the government revenues, owing to the profit in sugar making, were vast, in proportion to the inhabitants,—what were revenues for, but to be spent in making himself and his friends comfortable? What did the native care about public improvements, or educational systems, or charitable institutions, when he did not improve his own household or advance himself?

The Polynesian idea, the habit of the weaker Malay race, was dominant, and made an "irrepressible conflict" with the ideas and habits of the white races. The The weaker race gave way, as it always has from the beginning. It was a case of political evolution, perfectly natural, perfectly simple, and as inevitable as the revolution of 1775 in the United States.

During the absence of the King, Liliuokalani was regent. Her rule for one year did not encourage her ministers to hope for good rule, should she ascend the throne. She developed a strong self-will and a disposition to take things into her own hands. While there was no outward conflict between the cabinet and herself, the cabinet was quite willing to welcome the King back. The King, owing to his early experiences among men, had learned something, though not much. The Princess had learned nothing.

When she ascended the throne in 1891, the whites supported her warmly, although there was a general belief that she lived up only to the Polynesian standard of morality. Only a few were aware of the development of her character, during her regency. The late Mr. H. A. P. Carter, her minister in Washington, and a member of her cabinet during the regency, said to me in Washington soon after her accession, that he feared her obstinacy would make trouble, and that she would disappoint the white people by making herself a much more undesirable sovereign than her brother.

She soon began to rule on the line of Polynesian thought. She believed that a Queen should rule,—if sovereigns were created, what were they created for?

The philosophy of representative government was as foreign to her as the knowledge of railway engineering. She did not create the situation in which she was placed. It was made for her by geography and commerce. But she was not equal to meeting the emergencies arising from it. The course of development during her brother's reign produced a revolution in 1887. The same inevitable evolution during her brief reign produced the revolution of 1893. The monarchy ended just as life ends, just as fruit ripens and falls to the ground. It was her misfortune, and not her fault, that she was on a throne which stood on decayed props. She was by no means the only queen who found that Fate had loaded the dice against her. Had she been a miracle of wisdom, she might have seen the trend of events, and for her own life

at least, have retained the throne. It is idle to charge her with stupidity and crime. By the higher, the civilized standard she was stupid and criminal; but in fact, she represented a weak, thriftless, dying race in its peaceful conflict with the stronger races, and she went down with it. And it may be said here, as will be said whenever the truth is written, that the native race was, and is, too greatly "cradled" by the white race. That race pays nothing whatsoever for medical attendance: the government pays all of the doctors. It pays nothing for schooling, excepting a small part of the taxes. It pays little or nothing for religious instruction. It pays little or nothing for the higher education of its children. If left alone, it would utterly fail in the care of its lepers, as it has no concern about leprosy. It could not take care of its finances, because there is not, nor has there ever been, a responsible native merchant. Among the seven hundred business men of Honolulu, a few natives are rated as retail fish dealers, and several are hack drivers and carpenters. There was, and is, no stamina in the race. In nearly every instance native boys that have been educated by charitable white people have been failures. The Indian said, "the white wave eats up the dark wave." Towards the close of the monarchy, the administration of justice by the inferior native judges was corrupt. The Chinese and the Japanese were paying for verdicts in the lower courts.

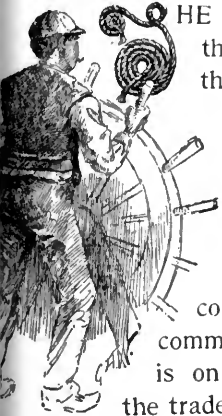
The white people who lived among the natives overthrew the native monarchy more in sadness than in anger. The causes which were in operation for the final overthrow of the monarchy were not comprehended even by many of the white people, any more than the causes which gradually ripen the fruit of a tree. The people of the United States may understand the situation, if they are asked how long would they permit a President, a Senate, and a House of Representatives, composed of Georgia negroes to rule over them, if the colored people were in the majority?

If the revolution of 1893, had not taken place when it did, a revolution would have occurred sooner or later, because the "irrepressible conflict" could not be extinguished. A philosophy of history written before this revolution would have called for its occurrence, just as a chemist would predict explosion if saltpeter, sulphur, and charcoal,are mixed and ignited.

The importance of the revolution in Hawaii arises from the fact it that took place on a spot where in the near future the civilizations of the Asiatics and the Americans are to lock horns. Aside from this, it would have been a trivial affair. If wars are to be made, there is the foundation for the great central fortress of the Pacific.

W. N. Armstrong.

HAWAIIAN CABLE.



THE necessity of a cable from the shores of California to the Hawaiian Islands has claimed the attention of patriotic Americans for a number of years, especially so from the fact that our people dominate the wealth of that group and control and monopolize their commerce. Congressman Hitt is on record as claiming that the trade of the Hawaiian Islands is not only incorporated into our commercial system by the Reciprocity Treaty of 1875, but Americans own it. In the city of Honolulu, which contains one fourth of the population of that republic, the great part of the wealth of the place, the business, the living forces of the city, are purely American. Outside of that city, Americans own the greater portion of the land, plantations, and farms. Late census reports show the total valuation of these lands at $36,000,000, and of this, American citizens own $22,000,000, Hawaiian-born Americans, $4,000,000, altogether, seventy-two per cent of the entire wealth.

These Islands are distant from San Francisco something like 2,100 miles. The Hawaiian Parliament ceded to this government under treaty of 1884, a site for a coaling station. Under this treaty, Article II.,—

His Majesty, the King of the Hawailan Islands, grants to the United States the exclusive right to enter the Harbor of Pearl River, in the Island of Oahu, and to establish and maintain there a Coaling and Repair Station for the use of the vessels of the United States, and to that end the United States may improve the entrance to said harbor, and do all other things needful to the purposes aforesaid.

Pearl Harbor, only a few miles from Honolulu, has been thoroughly surveyed by Flag Lieutenant Adams, of the United States Navy, who has submitted a series of soundings and estimates, showing that the entrance can be deepened to thirty feet and made available for any fleet of the United States at a cost of $111,000. Hawaiian shipping statistics point out that, for 1893, their foreign carrying trade, amounting to 323,000 tons, employed American tonnage of 177,000 and Hawaiian tonnage of 20,000, together, 197,000, against 126,000 of all other nationalities. 111,000 tons of the latter represented calling steamships of Transpacific lines, those of the Canadian Pacific Company, the Occidental and Oriental, and a chartered British steamship of the Oceanic line from San Francisco to Sydney. There are only two ports in the world where American tonnage during the year 1893 was as large as at the port of Honolulu; at Yokohama, 165,000 tons, and at Southampton, 177,000 tons, these ports showing large figures because of the American steamships New York and Paris calling at Southampton, and steamships of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, making Yokohama the port of call. As a matter of fact, the Hawaiian trade to the Pacific Coast is the only sailing route on the face of the globe monopolized by the American flag, and this entirely due to the fact that American citizens own, as stated, the great bulk of Hawaiian property and control its commercial interests. Our great commercial rival on the other side

of the Atlantic is alive to the value of this commerce, and loses no opportunity to score when occasion offers.

Having thus briefly eptomized American interests at Honolulu, the following figures, compiled from statistics of 1893, will give some idea of the comparative value.

The foreign commerce of Great Britain averaged $90 per capita; that of France, $36; the United States, $24; Australasia, $144; Hawaii, $170.

Our British competitors for the last twenty-five years, and especially since Vancouver has become the terminal of a transcontinental railroad, have neglected no opportunity to foster and cultivate Hawaiian commerce, offering inducements to concentrate it at British Columbia. Indeed, they have gone so far in the matter as to negotiate with the Hawaiian government for permission to land the Transpacific cable at a point on the Hawaiian Islands, thence to Vancouver. The Ottawa Conference passsed the following resolution,—

That the Home (English) Government be requested to take immediate steps to secure neutral landing ground on some one of the Hawaiian Islands, in order that the cable may remain permanently under British control.

The Earl of Jersey, who was there representing the Imperial government reported back to the home government in these words:—

It was the decided wish of the Conference that the cable should, if possible, pass entirely through British territory whenever it touches Islands on the route. It was believed that the practical exigencies of the case, from an engineering point of view, might render it desirable that the cable should run from Vancouver to Hawaii, as this stretch is materially shorter than to Fanning Island. In that case, it would be desirable, if possible, that the exclusive use of one of the Hawaiian Islands could be obtained, in order that the cable might be, as far as possible, free from foreign control.

A delegate at that conference is quoted as follows:—

Had the old and far-seeing statesmen of England paused to count the cost, we might never have procured Colonial possessions, and we are here today because they did not count the cost, and because, without looking for immediate returns, "they pegged out claims for futurity." *The mere question of the Vancouver cable paying to start with should not for a moment prevent us from advocating its construction.*

Evidently pointing at the United States, Mr. McKenzie Bowell, Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce, is recorded in the following words:—

Foreign nations whose interests are inimical to British interests recognize the necessity of a Pacific cable. France on the one hand, and the United States on the other, have already moved in the direction of establishing one, and unless prompt action be taken to establish a British cable across the Pacific, the connection may be formed under foreign commerce, to the detriment of all British interests, and especially would this be the case in the event of international difficulties arising.

Imagine Uncle Sam under the necessity of cabling to the admiral in command of the naval station at Pearl Harbor, through a cable controlled by Great Britain.

On the 3rd of December, 1886, President Cleveland cites the reasons for close and quick connection with the Hawaiian Islands, all of which are a hundred-fold stronger today than at that date. The old Treaty of 1875 was drawing near the end of its term, and wishing it renewed, he said:—

I express my unhesitating conviction that the intimacy of our relations with Hawaii should be emphasized. As a result of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1875, those Islands on the highway of Oriental and Australian traffic are virtually an outpost for American commerce, and a stepping-stone to the growing trade of the Pacific. Our Treaty is now terminable on one year's notice, but propositions to abrogate it would be, in my opinion, most ill-advised. The paramount influence we have there acquired, once relinquished,

HUGH CRAIG.

could only with difficulty be regained, and a valuable ground of vantage for ourselves might be converted into a stronghold for our commercial competitor. The importance of telegraphic communication between those Islands and the United States should not be overlooked.

Since that date, Great Britain has taken possession of the twelve Gilbert Islands, three of the Ellice group, five of the Enderbury group, and six others, including Fanning Island, the very island that is now designated as a station. In 1891, they took possession of Johnston Island, and in 1892, the Gardner group. Two of these, Palmyra and Johnston Islands, are claimed by the Hawaiian government today, while we, with this warning of the President before us, are slack in facilitating communication with Hawaii. Mr. Cleveland, again, on December 3d, 1888, places himself on record as follows:—

Proclamation was duly made on the 9th of November, 1887, of conventional extension of the Treaty of June 3rd, 1875, with Hawaii, under which relations of such special and beneficent

intercourse have been created. In the vast field of Oriental commerce, now unfolded along our Pacific borders, no feature presents stronger recommendations for congressional action than the establishment of communication by submarine telegraph with Honolulu. The geographical position of the Hawaiian group, in relation to our Pacific States, creates a national interdependency and mutuality of interest which our present Treaties were intended to foster, and which make close communication a logical and commercial necessity.

The Committee on Foreign Affairs of the Fifty-first Congress sent a unanimous report to the House, from which I quote:—

Your Committee regard the establishment of the submarine cable telegraph between San Francisco and Hawaii as a measure of high national concern which will be an efficient factor, not only in securing Hawaiian autonomy so long as the interests of the United States require, and a firm and permanent American influence in the Hawaiian Islands, but in securing for our country the commerce of the Pacific Ocean and the Australian Continent. We also think that unless such action as is proposed be taken, the danger is great that a large proportion of that trade and commerce will be diverted to Canada and England.

In January, 1895, United States Secretary of the Navy Tracy, said,—

I regard a submarine cable connecting the United States and the Hawaiian Islands as a matter of national importance, and that its advantage would, in many respects, be great and direct.

An officer of our own navy, speaking from his technical knowledge, explained at length the immense value of a vessel at the end of a cable, wherein he says,—

It may do the work, not merely of one, but of how many vessels it is impossible to say.

The cable to Hawaii takes us to the stepping-stone, or, in the words of the President, "to the half way house, to the central point, to the radiating focus, of the great Pacific Ocean, the theater of the mighty events of the future."

William H. Seward, from his place in the Senate of 1852, made this remarkable prophecy, touching the foreign relations of the United States,—

The Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast region beyond, will become the chief theater of the events of the world's great hereafter.

The London *Times,* commenting upon the cession of Pearl Harbor to the United States, speaks thus:—

The narrow, land-locked harbor, named Pearl River, is in itself small in absolute extent, but of inestimable value to any civilized nation possessing it for naval purposes. . . . The maritime power that holds Pearl River and moors its fleets there, *possesses the key to the Northern Pacific.*

Our government at Washington has always maintained a fatherly interest in the group where our countrymen lately established The Republic of the Isles, and because of this well known factor in our foreign policy, other nations have kept their hands off.

In July, 1843, Captain Lord George Paulet, of H. M. S. Carysfort obtained possession, of the Islands by forceful measures. They were restored to their original sovereignty by British Admiral Thomas.

In November, 1843, a joint convention of the English and French governments acknowledged the independence of this archipelago, and reciprocally promised never to take possession of any part of the same. The United States government was invited to be a party to the above, BUT DECLINED.

In 1849, French Admiral Tromelin took possession of Honolulu. After a few weeks' occupation, the French departed, leaving political affairs as they were previous to their arrival.

In 1859, Lord Palmerston stated in substance to the Hawaiian Commissioners, that if they were unable to preserve their national independence, he recommended a protectorate government under the United States, or by becoming an integral part of that nation. Such, he thought, was the destiny of the Hawaiian Islands, arising from their proximity to the States of California and Oregon, and natural dependence on those markets for exports and imports.

In 1851, the French naval forces again appeared at Honolulu, and Kamehameha III. executed a Treaty of cession of all the Hawaiian Islands and their sovereignty forever in favor of the United States, available if the French fired a hostile shot. It was not taken advantage of, and was, by order of the Secretary of State, Mr. Webster, returned in 1851 to the Hawaiian government.

On learning the facts the French desisted from further aggressive acts and departed from the country.

In 1854, President Pierce authorized United States Commissioner Gregg to negotiate a treaty with the Hawaiian authorities, for the cession of the sovereignty of these Islands to the United States.

It was not consummated. American statesmen such as Marcy, Seward, Johnson, Grant, Blaine, Harrison, and Cleveland, have advocated close alliance with Hawaii. That a cable to Hawaii is practicable may be assumed from the following words of Lieutenant Commander Z. L. Tanner, United States Navy:—

' The work of the surveyor is finished, and the completion of telegraphic communication between San Francisco and Honolulu now rests with the electrical engineer and the capitalist.

The resolutions adopted at Ottawa, June, 1894, were to the effect, that a cable should be immediately laid between the points indicated; that it should be owned by the governments of England, Canada, and the Australian Colonies; that one third of the cost should be paid each by England, Canada, and the Colonies; that the cable should land only at points under British control; that for the purposes of carrying out this latter condition, England be requested to take immediate measures to secure exclusive possession of one of the Hawaiian Islands; and that for the purpose of ascertaining the cost of the proposed cable the Canadian government be requested to call for tenders on specifications designating three different routes south from Vancouver, one via Necker Island, one via Honolulu, and one via Fanning Island (which is some 1200 miles south of Honolulu) direct, without touching at Hawaii.

The general estimates of cost were, that the cable, two repair ships, and all necessary bulldings, station supplies, and appurtenances, would cost approximately $10,000,000.

In pursuance of the resolution adopted, Great Britain sent a commission to Hawaii last October, consisting of Mr. Mercer and Mr. Sanford Fleming, to attempt to negotiate an agreement by which one of the uninhabited islands of Hawaii should be transferred to the sole possession of Great Britain. The agreement was to be called a "lease," although it provided that it should remain in the exclusive possession of the British government; that they should be free from interference in their control thereof; that the term of the lease should continue as long as the cable was maintained; and that no rent should be paid. They further proposed that the Hawaiian government should pay an anual subsidy of $35,000 for fifteen years and furnish ground for a cable station at Honolulu; in consideration of which a connecting line was to be laid and maintained from the leased island to Honolulu.

The Hawaiian government replied to the commission that the reciprocity treaty with the United States prohibited the alienation of any Hawaiian territory in any form to any foreign government without the consent of the United States; and without such consent their request could not be granted.

The Hawaiian government thereupon forwarded full copies of all correspondence and of proposed agreement to the United States government for its consideration.

President Cleveland immediately sent a message to Congress, recommending that the consent of the United States be granted to the proposed "lease."

The President's message provoked much hostile comment in both houses. It was referred to several committees on Foreign Relations and discussed in both committees, but no action was taken thereon.

Since the Ottawa Conference, tenders have been invited, and the following figures submitted:—

Route I. Vancouver Island to Fanning, Fiji, Norfolk Islands, New Zealand, and Tweedmouth.........$7,585,000 (7,145 knots, averaging $1,062 per knot).

Route II. Vancouver Island to Necker, Fiji, Norfolk Islands, New Zealand, and Tweedmouth............ 7,080,000

Route III. Vancouver Island to Necker, Onoatoa, Fiji, and Viti Levu, to New Zealand, Onatoa to San Christoval, and San Christoval to Bowen, 6,515,000

Route IV. Vancouver Island to Necker Island, Apamana, San Christoval, and Bowen...................... 5,340,000

Route V. Vancouver Island to Necker Island, Fiji, and New Zealand...... 6,455,000

Route VI. Vancouver Island to Honolulu, Fiji, Norfolk Island, New Zealand, and Tweedmouth......... 6,955,000

Route VII. Vancouver Island to Honolulu, Onoatoa, San Christoval, and Bowen........................ 5,405,000

Route VIII. Vancouver Island to Honolulu, Fiji, and New Zealand... 6,215,000

As before stated, the distance from Monterey Bay to Honolulu may be figured at 2,100 miles; from Honolulu to Yokohama, 3,450 miles; from Honolulu to Hong Kong, 5,000 miles; Honolulu to Nicaragua, 4,200 miles; Honolulu to Samoa, 2,250 miles; Honolulu to Auckland, 3,900 miles.

A French cable company has recently laid a cable from Australia to New Caledonia, the French colony lying approximately eight hundred miles north of Australia. The company receives a subsidy of $20,000 a year from France, and $10,000 a year from each of the Colonies of Queensland and New South Wales.

Upon the occasion of the proposition of the British commission to Hawaii, the French commissioner at Honolulu requested the Hawaiian government before concluding any agreement with Great Britain to first give the French company mentioned an opportunity to make proposals; as they were intending to make propositions looking to the extension of their cable northward to Tahiti and Hawaii.

Shortly after the receipt by Congress of President Cleveland's message concerning the cable, Senator Hale of Maine submitted a diplomatic appropriation bill, providing that the President should immediately proceed to contract for the entire expense of laying a cable from California to Hawaii, and appropriating $500,000 for the first payments thereon. The amendment was adopted in the Senate by a vote of 35 to 24, but was rejected in the House by a vote approximately 120 to 156. The disagreement was referred to a conference committee of the two houses, who were unable to agree, each time the Senate insisting upon its amendment. It was intimated and generally believed that the House would resist the passage of the amendment, even though it defeated the entire diplomatic appropriation bill, and that even though it passed, the President might veto the bill. In either case an extra session of Congress would have been made necessary, as such action would have left the entire State Department without appropriations. Under

these circumstances the Senate, on the evening of March 3, receded from its amendment.

In 1891 a number of gentlemen, residents of California and Honolulu, sought a charter from Congress with authority to lay a cable to Japan and Australia via Honolulu, and asked a subsidy from Congress. The history of the proceedings concerning this proposition is similar to the recent action concerning Senator Hale's proposition, the Senate having approved thereof by a large majority, and the House opposing it until the Senate receded from its position on the night of the third of March, 1891.

About the same time that Senator Hale introduced the proposition above mentioned into the Senate, this cable corporation proposition was resuscitated, principally through the efforts of Admiral John Irwin, retired, of Washington, and a bill was introduced in the House by Congressman Charles Stone of Pennsylvania, incorporating the Admiral with a number of others resident in California and Honolulu, many of them being the same as those enumerated in the proposed charter of 1891. The bill was referred to the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House; but owing to the lateness of the session, and to the fact that it was being used to antagonize the proposed government appropriation, no action was taken thereon.

The gentlemen interested in this company are now taking steps to incorporate under some State law, and to proceed precisely as they would had they obtained the congressional charter asked for. The only difference in their status, had they obtained the congressional charter, would have been the additional prestige furnished by the latter. They proposed when organized to open negotiations with all the governments interested in cable communication across the Pacific, including the government of the United States, to ascertain what government assistance or guarantee can be obtained. They hope to be able to obtain this information by the time the next Congress meets, when they will probably re-apply for a congressional charter.

Taking the average cost of Route 1, at $1,062 per mile, the cost of a United States' cable to Hawaii would be:—

2100 miles at $1062 per mile, say.....	$2,250,000
Add 10 per cent for contingencies, stations, and outfits..............	225,000
Cost of repair steamer, fully equipped, able to lay a cable and take up portions where and whenever necessary......	400,000
	$2,875,000
Say, $3,000,000.	

It is admitted that the life of a submarine cable will not exceed twenty years' effective work; that renewals from time to time in that period will remove the original cable. In estimating annual expense, this must be taken into consideration in the shape of a renewal fund, say, per annum, of	$150,000
Interest on $3,000,000 at 4 per cent...	120,000
Working expenses of stations and repair steamer, when in commission..	100,000
	$375,000
Say, $1,000 per day.	

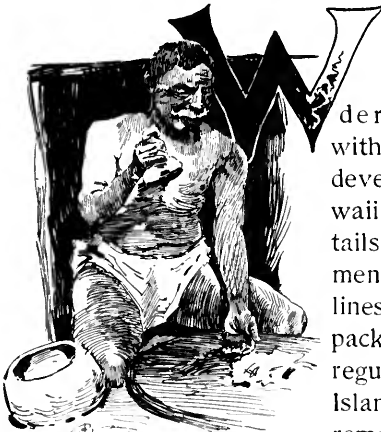
It is out of the question to suppose that any private corporation would seek to lay only the Hawaiian cable with a hope of profitable return as an investment. What might obtain with cables radiating from Honolulu to Japan, Nicaragua, Tahiti, Samoa, Australia, and New Zealand, is a question for future consideration. Enough that American interests are paramount at Hawaii, and those Islands a part of the military and commercial system of the United States, to warrant the laying of a cable at the expense of our own govern-

ment. Certainly Japan must be considered in the future of the Pacific Ocean, and what would Russia not be prepared to give for an outpost like Hawaii as a coaling station for her fleets, connected by cable with her mainland!

I hear some one say, "What if the cable were cut, and our naval station at Pearl Island isolated from the Department at Washington?" and I answer in the words of one of the Ottawa delegates, "That simply a warning of such a danger would be worth the entire $3,000,000 which the cable would cost the United States." History will repeat itself, notwithstanding the spread of the Gospel of Peace. Surely the American government may avoid a repetition of the cost to our people, of 1776, 1812, and 1862, of allowing islands off our own coasts at convenient striking distance to be the possession of foreign nations, and used against us by an enemy at his convenience and to our our own disadvantage.

Hugh Craig.

HAWAII FOR TOURISTS.



MAKING POI.

WHILE another article, in this number, I understand, deals with the commercial development of Hawaii and gives details of the establishment of the various lines of steamers and packets that make regular trips to the Islands, there still remains to be spoken of the growth of the distinctively tourist traffic, which has been, and I believe, will increasingly be, a large source of Hawaiian prosperity.

Ever since the days when Mark Twain's "Roughing It," supplemented later by Charles Warren Stoddard's "Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes," first advertised extensively to the American public the delights of the Hawaiian trip there has been an increasing stream of tourist travel. The fun of the one and the tropical picturesqueness of the other enticed readers by the hundreds of thousands, and to read any adequate account of Hawaii is to desire to see with the eye of flesh the things presented to the eye of the imagination.

But when "Roughing It" was published there were scanty means of visiting Honolulu, and still scantier, of making the inter-island and volcano trips with anything like comfort or even safety. Not until in 1883 was there regular round trip steamer service between Honolulu and San Francisco. Previous to that time there had been only the Pacific Mail steamers that made Honolulu a way port on their voyages to Australia. In that year the Oceanic Steamship Company put on the Mariposa and Alameda. These fine three thousand ton steamers, built by the Cramps on much the same lines as they have since used in the crack American Liners, the St. Louis and St. Paul, are now in their seventieth and sixty-seventh voyages respectively.

By 1885 there had grown to be a

steady tourist trade of from thirty to forty passengers on each of the semi-monthly steamers, which with the passengers carried by the Pacific Mail line made easily a thousand round trips a year. The Zealandia and the Australia were added to the Oceanic fleet in 1886, the first flying the Hawaiian flag, as her English build forbade the use of the stars and stripes. The Australia, however, was heavily repaired and altered by American workmen, and in the spring of 1887 was by special act of Congress granted American registry. She has made over one hundred trips.

JOHN D. SPRECKELS.

Perhaps the high water mark of Hawaiian travel yet reached was in 1889 and 1890, when considerably over one hundred per month of first class passengers were carried each way. Since then tourist travel all over the world has been light, and Hawaiian travel has sympathized with it to the extent that it has not grown, though it has nearly held its own.

And this has been in the face of the troublous times politically on the Islands. Wars, and still more, rumors of wars, have kept timid people from venturing into a teapot where tempests were brewing. With the establishment of a stable government, the tide of tourist travel has begun to set more strongly than ever toward the Isles of the West, for the eyes of the whole world have been turned as never before in that direction. Should annexation be the outcome of the present agitation, there will undoubtedly be a sudden and large increase of tourists.

And truly the trip is an attractive one. The Pacific Slope has become the resort of a very large number of wealthy Americans who flee from the great extremes of heat and cold of the rest of the country. These people have thought little of taking a run across the Atlantic from their old homes, and here they find a cheaper and pleasanter sea voyage offered them with a brand new and exceedingly attractive experience at the end of it. There is but one Pacific Ocean, but one Hawaiian group,— to sail for a week over the clear and calm waters of the one and to luxuriate in the tropical beauty of the other are pleasures not to be duplicated the world over.

Hawaii attracts all classes, those that love the *dolce far niente* of life in a warm

climate amid abundant vegetation, bright flowers, and luscious fruits, may well seek this garden spot where they may lazily swing in their hammocks beneath the vine-covered porches at Waikiki, and watch the long rollers of the great ocean break in rhythmic regularity on the shining sands. Those that love adventure and active exercise, may find it to perfection in the volcano trips, where they may stand and watch the great sea of cloud gather and billow and break in the giant cup of Haleakala, the largest crater in the world, or may, with that fearful delight that comes from a spice of danger, venture down into the pit at Kilauea, into the very portals of Halemaumau, the House of Fire. Here they climb over lava ridges twisted and contorted into all conceivable shapes, and finally stand on the very brink of the solid lava, still so hot as to burn the shoe, and watch the seething pool of liquid stone below with its geysers of flame.

These are the two extremes, but all between them is a world of strange pleasures and new experiences,— in the beautiful scenery of cliff and vale and waterfall, of coral reef and breaking sea and quiet lagoon,— in seeing a new people with interesting traditions, and ways of living, and characters and dispositions that will reward study.

The lover of lonely prowls in unknown nooks may find corners of these Islands where few white people have ever been to disturb the aboriginal simplicity, and where he may pick up for his studio or his cabinet curios that will make him the envy of all his acquaintances, idols and musical instruments, kapa cloth, and the bones of ancient warriors that have lain in their rock sepulchers for generations, protected by the dreaded taboo.

Strange cultures will attract the visitor, coffee and sugar plantations, and the taro patches in standing water. He will be made welcome by the people if he shows himself the least bit friendly. A *luau* will be made in his honor, where all the guests at this most charming of picnics will be decked with the *leis* of fragrant flowers. Poi will be given him, "two finger" or "three finger," whichever proves most pleasing. Squid and fish baked in taro leaves will be set before him, and the fatted poi-fed dog will be delicately roasted for his refreshing.

Not only so, in Honolulu and the towns he will find congenial and intellectual companionships and have a chance to study at first hand the beginnings and evolution of a Christian civilization second to none. Schools and churches will be worth his seeing, and the fine Bishop Museum will give him much food for investigation.

It is not necessary to detail the trips that may be taken to the various islands, nor the means by which they may be made. The principal points are visited by comfortable steamers, and there are good accommodations at points where they are most needed. The volcano trip is the most notable of these excursions, and nothing has been left undone to make it easy, comfortable, and delightful. The Volcano Road of thirty miles through the most gorgeous of tropical forests is a magnificent public work, finely macadamized and constantly cared for.

But it needs no more, the best security for the growth of the tourist traffic of the Islands are the facts that they are now more widely known than ever before, and that the constantly increasing number of persons who have made the trip are everywhere and all the time doing missionary work in persuading their less fortunate fellows to follow their example.

John D. Spreckels.

THE SUGAR INDUSTRY IN HAWAII.

AT THE very earliest settlement of foreigners in the country the sugar industry was first started in the Hawaiian Islands. This was owing to the fact that sugar cane was indigenous to the Islands, and grew wild in healthy luxuriance, according to the statement of the old natives, in the valleys and on the flats. It is mentioned by Captain Cook in his visit to the Islands as being "of large size and of good quality."[1] My brother D. D. Baldwin well remembers in 1837 seeing the fields of white cane on the edge of the woods Hana, Maui, at an elevation of 2000 to 3000 feet. The natives made no use of the cane except as articles of food. It is said by the old natives to have been also used as an offering to their gods, particularly to the god "Mano," (Shark.)

There are numerous varieties of cane on the Islands, four or five of which are known to be indigenous,—the *Kokea*, a greenish white cane; the *Ainakea*, a ribbon cane, green and purple; *Papaa*, a red or purple cane; and the *Palani*, a dark red cane, which somewhat resembles the Black Java. These are native names. A fifth variety is mentioned, but I think there is some mistake about the name. A cane called *Puaole* (no flower), a green and yellow striped or variegated cane, became very popular and was generally planted between the years 1860 and 1875. This is probably an imported cane, although one authority speaks of it as indigenous. It is a large cane, rich in sucrose, and was favored because it did not tassel, and consequently could be planted and also milled at any season of the year.

In the year 1854 or 1855, the canes known as the *Lahaina* and Cuban canes were introduced into the country. The Lahaina cane has proved the most profitable cane that we have. I quote the following from an article written by my brother, D. D. Baldwin, twenty years ago, in the *Hawaiian Gazette*, relative to the introduction of these two varieties of cane:—

> In the year 1854 or 1855, Captain Edwards of the American whaleship George Washington, brought from Tahiti the two varieties of cane commonly known as the "Cuban" and the "Lahaina." This seed was intended for Mr. Titcomb, a Kauai planter, but the ship first calling at Lahaina, Mr. Chase, U. S. Consul resident, obtained possession of it and planted it in his Lahaina garden. . . . The Lahaina variety can easily be distinguished by its long straight leaves of light color, heavily aculeated, or covered with prickles at the base, while the Cuban has leaves of darker green, bending down in graceful curves, with no prickles, and large triangular buds located in little cavities on the sides of the cane stalks.

When I visited Cuba, a short time since, it seemed to me that the popular cane on that island, called "Crystalina," resembled the "Cuban" cane mentioned above. At first the Cuban was the favorite cane, but later on it was found that the Lahaina cane was the most profitable to raise. The Lahaina is a very juicy cane, rich in sucrose, and at the same time the fiber is very woody and

[1] I am indebted to an excellent article on the "History of the Hawaiian Sugar Industry," by T. G. Thrum, in "Thrum's Annual" for 1875, for many facts concerning the early history of the industry. H. P. B.

hard, which prevents the ravages of rats and the borer, and furnishes fuel for the sugar factory. This cane was at first cultivated only in Lahaina, and it was not till the year 1870 that it began to take the place, throughout the Islands, of other canes. It is now the kind universally and almost exclusively raised.

About fifteen years ago, eleven or twelve varieties were imported from Queensland. Of these the Rose Bamboo is the only cane that will compare with the Lahaina cane in productiveness, and that only in the high altitudes, where the cane seems to flourish better than the Lahaina, though it is never as rich in sucrose.

L. L. Torbert, one of our early planters, in a paper before the "Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society" in January, 1852, states that "the earliest sugar manufacture was in 1802, by a Chinaman on the Island of Lanai, who came here in one of the vessels trading for sandal wood, bringing with him a stone mill and boilers, and after grinding off one small crop and making it into sugar, went back the next year with his apparatus.

The fact that Mr. Torbert gave credence to the above, is strong evidence of its truth, still the statement is doubted. It is certain that at first sirup or molasses was manufactured, and then sugar, sometime before 1820.

Don Paulo Marin made sugar in Honolulu in 1819, and Lavinia, an Italian, made sugar also in Honolulu in 1823. "He had the cane pounded or mashed on huge wooden trays (poi boards) by the natives, with stone pounders, collecting the juice and boiling it in a small copper kettle. . . . Various accounts agree as to the manufacture of sugar and molasses being entered into quite generally about this time, (1823–1824,) though doubtless with the view of rum making, which was then carried on extensively."

IN A CANE FIELD.

The first mill of any importance was established at Koloa, by Messrs. Ladd & Company, merchants in Honolulu, in the year 1835. A Mr. Hooper was the manager of the plantation, "who broke up

the land with a small plow drawn by natives." The general character of the mills at this time, however, and up to 1850 and later, was crude and primitive. Generally the mill rollers were wooden, and the kettles, whaleship try pots, the buildings adobe or simply grass sheds. But one grade of sugar was made, — the juice was boiled to a thick sirup and put into the coolers to grain, after which the granulated mass was put into mat bags or boxes and barrels with perforated bottoms for the molasses to drain off. This molasses was sold. The mills were run by bullocks, horses, and in some cases by water power. The whole business, both in the field and in the mill, was conducted in a very crude, imperfect manner. The market was very limited and uncertain, and the industry struggled under a great many difficulties and discouragements till 1857, when the number of plantations on the Island dwindled down to five,— the Koloa and Lihue plantations on Kauai, the East Maui and Brewer plantations on Maui, and a Chinese plantation near Hilo on Hawaii.

I myself remember something about the cane field and primitive mill in Lahaina, Maui, owned by David Malo, a well-known Hawaiian, between the years 1840–1850, for making molasses, which was sold for home consumption. His works consisted of three whaleship try pots set on adobe and stone mason work. The rollers were wooden, strengthened with iron bands. The first centrifugal machine for drying sugar, invented by D. M. Weston, who resided on the Islands at that time, was placed on the East Maui Plantation in 1851. This I am told was the first centrifugal machine used in any country for drying sugar.

Prominent among the early planters we find the names of Stephen Reynolds, William French, Ladd & Company, Dr. R. W. Wood, L. L. Torbert, W. H. Rice, and later on, S. L. Austin, A. H. Spencer, and Captain Makee.

In 1858–1859 steam began to be adopted as the motive power for the mills, and in 1861 the first vacuum pans were introduced. The number of plantations increased in 1861 to twenty-two, nine of which used steam for grinding, twelve were driven by water, and one by animal power. About this time, owing largely to the Civil War in the United States, the price of sugar went up to ten cents a pound for sugar in kegs. This gave the industry its first real impetus, and the output of the Islands, which had reached only about 2600 tons of sugar exported 1863, steadily increased to about 13,000 tons in 1876, when we obtained the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States. The price of sugar, however, dropped back and for several years before we obtained the treaty, ranged from five to six cents, which, owing to the very high duty on sugar in the United States at this time, left no margin in the business, and there was danger that many of the plantations would go into bankruptcy.

Under the timely aid, however, obtained through the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States, which allowed Hawaiian sugars to go into the United States free of duty, the industry revived and flourished and increased rapidly. Farmers and business men from the United States and other lands came into the country and entered into the business, instilling new life and vigor into it, and new methods into the field and sugar house work. New plantations were started, more powerful mills were erected, and more efficient machinery for the boiling house introduced, till now most of our machinery will compare favorably with that of any sugar cane

country. Still there is room for improvement, especially in our crushing mills, which are hardly equal to the best mills in Louisiana. Our planters, however, are waking up to this fact. Competition is sharp among those who furnish machinery, and the best of intelligence is brought to bear on this question, so that there is no difficulty in obtaining the best of machinery. Our planters have been somewhat slow, however, in using the scientific methods of sugar making that are used in the best factories of Europe, and in some sugar cane countries. A few, however, appreciate the importance of this, and have laboratories connected with their sugar factories, and are bringing the sugar house work under chemical control.

There are forty-seven plantations now in operation. None of them are as large as some of the Cuban plantations. The largest are the Kealia Plantation, Kauai, 7000 tons per annum; Makaweli Plantation, Kauai (Hawaiian Sugar Company), output 13,000 tons; the Spreckelsville Plantation, Maui, (Hawaiian Commercial Company,) 10,000 to 11,000 tons; Onomea Plantation, Hilo, Hawaii, about 8,700 tons; Hilo Sugar Company, Hawaii, about 8,500 tons; Paauhau Plantation, Hawaii, about 7,000 tons; the Lihue Plantation, Kauai, 7,000 to 8,000 tons; Ewa Plantation, Oahu, 8,000 tons.

The McKinley Bill, repealing the duty on sugar, was a heavy blow to the industry, as under the treaty with the United States, Hawaiian sugars were imported into the United States duty free. The action of Congress in 1894, imposing a duty of forty per cent ad valorem, is only a partial relief, especially as the price of sugar in the world's market is so very low. While the more favored plantations can clear a small margin in the business, a great many are running at a loss. They hold on, however, in hopes of better times, and a rise in the price of sugar. A few sugar estates have been closed up entirely, and the sugar works dismantled. In 1882, there were fifty-seven plantations on the Islands. Last year the number was only forty-seven. In one or two instances two or three small plantations consolidated into one. This will account in part for the above decrease in the number of plantations, but it is due mainly to plantations that have been abandoned.

The first exportation of sugar and molasses that we have any account of was in 1837, when the amount exported was 4,286 pounds of sugar and 2,700 gallons of molasses. We now export about 300,000,000 pounds of sugar and 50,000 gallons of molasses. This is undoubtedly the maximum amount that will be produced on the Islands.

The diffusion process was first introduced into the country seven or eight years ago. This is a process of extracting the juice by means of a battery of cells, consisting of from twelve to fourteen large iron containers. The cane is first sliced up fine with slicing machines, and then conveyed on carriers to the battery. Each cell is filled alternately, and the sucrose is extracted by means of water heated to 150 degrees and 200 degrees Fahrenheit, which is circulated through the battery. The first diffusion plant was erected at Kealia, Kauai, a plantation owned by Col. Z. S. Spalding. Colonel Spalding deserves the credit of having introduced and made a success of this method of extracting juice. Since then, five diffusion works have been erected, making six in all; of these four are now running, and at least three of them are doing satisfactory work.

The diffusion plants, when properly constructed and successfully worked, have obtained better results than the best mill work in the country, with the exception perhaps of a large nine roller mill lately erected on the Ewa Plantation, Oahu. The results of this mill have not yet been fully ascertained. The loss in mill extraction is from ten to eighteen per cent of all the sugar in the cane, whereas diffusion extracts to within five per cent. The advantages of diffusion are, however, greatly diminished because of the necessity of using extra fuel in this process, while in mill work the begasse furnishes all the fuel necessary for the factory. It is impossible, however, in an article of this sort, to discuss in detail the respective merits of these two processes. We have both diffusion and mills on the plantations I am interested in, and I give it as my opinion that with more powerful mills and more rollers in our mills than we have, the results in extraction will be nearly as great as in diffusion, the cost of manufacture less, and in general the results more satisfactory. An advance in the line of more powerful mills and a larger number of rolls is, I think, progress in the right direction.

The principal market of Hawiian sugar has always been the Pacific Coast of the United States. A few years ago a few shipments were sent to Australia, but the cost of marketing in that country was too great. Shipments have also been made to New York. Canada has often been talked of as an outlet for our sugar, and it is quite possible that a portion of our sugars may be sent to this market in the near future. But so far California has been our best market.

The cultivation and care of the cane is fully up to the cultivation practiced in the best sugar cane countries. The agricultural implements used are the best and most modern. Steam plows are used where the lay of the land will permit and the size of the plantation will warrant the expenditure. Most of the plantations irrigate their cane fields, either with the mountain streams or by pumping up the water from wells and springs. The irrigation methods of other countries have been thoroughly studied, and a system adopted best suited to our conditions. All the plantations of Maui, Oahu, and Kauai, irrigate their cane entirely or in part. Hawaii is the only Island where irrigation is not practiced. There are a very few living streams on this Island in the sugar region, moreover some districts of the Island have a greater rainfall than the other Islands, so that irrigation is not necessary. Cane will thrive very well if the rainfall is seventy-five inches well distributed during the year, but this cannot be relied upon in most of our districts.

Our sugar plantations are located around each Island near the sea coast. The interior of the Islands is mountainous and totally unfit for raising cane. The

HARVESTING THE SUGAR CANE.

plantation lands are more or less broken up by ridges and gulches. Part of the lands are rich flats, other portions are mountain slopes. The productiveness and fertility of our plantations, consequently, vary a great deal, and while in some favored localities six or seven tons of sugar can be raised per acre, the average yield is much less. This irregularity in the nature and productiveness of the sugar lands, causes a corresponding difference in the cost of production. There is probably a greater difference in the cost of production in the various parts of the Islands than in any other sugar country.

I give herewith the acreage cropped on each Island, with the yield obtained, taken from a table made in 1894.

	Acres Cropped.	Annual Yield.
Hawaii	12,000	29,000
Maui	6,000	15,500
Oahu	1,500	3,000
Kauai	4,000	9,500
	23,500	57,000

This gives an average of 2.42 tons per acre. The total acreage cropped in 1894 on the Island of Maui was as follows: Acres cropped, 9117; total yield, 32,931 tons. This gives an average yield of 3.61 tons per acre.

The field or ordinary labor on our plantations is done by Hawaiian, Portuguese, Chinese, and Japanese. All these classes make good all-round plantation laborers. The Portuguese, who come from Madeira and the Azores, are the best for heavy work; the Hawaiians make good teamsters, and the Chinese and Japanese excel for factory work. The Japanese are good workers, but are not so easily managed as Chinese, and where there is a large number of them on a plantation they are apt to combine and make trouble in various ways.

Portuguese and Japanese who are not able to defray the expense of immigrating to this country come under a contract to work on the plantations for a certain length of time. The planter advances money for the passage and necessary expenses of the voyage. The rights of the laborers are well protected under the law regulating this contract system. The laborers are well treated, and at the end of their contract the greater part of them continue on the plantations, or settle on homesteads obtained from the government or private individuals, and engage in other agricultural pursuits.

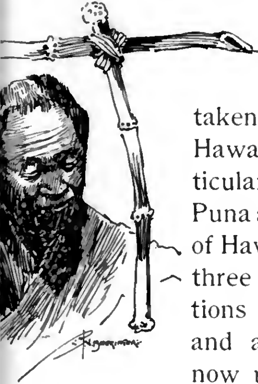
The wages of the ordinary plantation laborer, which in the early history of the industry was five dollars and less per month, usually paid in goods, gradually increased to ten dollars and thirteen dollars per month in 1876, the year we obtained the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States. Wages then went up to twenty and twenty-five dollars per month. We now pay from thirteen to twenty dollars per month.

The laborers are usually housed on the plantations in wooden houses. On well conducted plantations the rows of neatly whitewashed laborers' houses, surrounded with vegetable gardens, with here and there an attempt at a flower garden, present a comfortable and homelike appearance. When the extent of the pasture land on the plantation permits, they are allowed to keep a cow or two and horses.

The Hawaiian Islands have been a bonanza for these immigrants, and enjoys a good reputation abroad as a country where laborers are well treated, and where wages are double and treble the amount they can earn in their own country.

H. P. Baldwin.

COFFEE PLANTING IN HAWAII.



THE cultivation of coffee has at last been taken up in earnest in the Hawaiian Islands, more particularly in the districts of Puna and Kona, in the Island of Hawaii. During the past three years, several plantations have been started, and a considerable area is now under systematic cultivation. Although the former district possesses a fine rich soil, and offers many advantages to those in search of coffee lands, the latter takes precedence, from the fact of the wide reputation gained by its coffee for many years back.

My experience having been confined entirely to the Kona district, the statements in this article will apply directly to the portions known as North and South Kona. The district is situated on the leeward side of the Island of Hawaii, and for that reason is completely sheltered from the trade winds. This is a very important feature, as wind is one of the worst enemies of the coffee shrub. The country is exceedingly rough, and to a stranger appears the last place on earth to select for cultivation. Nevertheless, it will be found on a closer inspection, the district of Kona, with its millions of tons of rock strewn around, possesses one of the finest coffee soils in the world, capable of producing a coffee equal in quality to the far-famed Mocha.

The soil is of volcanic origin, and consists of disintegrated rock in various stages of decomposition. There are three distinct formations to be found throughout the district,—viz: *aa aa*, bowlder rock or clinkers, and *pa hoe hoe*. The first is composed of small fragments of porous rock intermixed with an abundance of rich soil; second, of large bowlders and fragments of rock in the form of clinkers, without a particle of soil visible on the surface, but which contains more or less soil beneath; third, slate rock, intersected by numerous fissures, affording in some cases a chance for the roots to penetrate, but more often forming an impenetrable barrier to the tree in search of nourishment and with a tendency to retain water about the roots, which sooner or later will prove fatal. Sometimes this last formation is found cropping out on the surface, whilst at others it may be six inches or a foot below.

In selecting a site for an intended plantation, great care and judgment are required; for lands containing *pa hoe hoe* in any considerable quantities, should be strenuously avoided. It may naturally be asked, how is one to ascertain whether or not such a formation exists on land, if concealed beneath the surface? This is a difficult question to answer; at the same time there are indications which generally denote its presence.

As a rule, lands that are devoid all tree growth, such as ohias, guavas, and even lantana, and have nothing to show but a rank growth of Hilo grass should be looked upon with suspicion. On the other land the presence either of guavas or lantana, or both, can always be taken as proof that the land is suitable for coffee culture. At the higher elevations the lands are mostly covered with a dense growth of tree ferns; and such may also be included in the list of suitable locali-

ties. The first formation, small *aa-aa,* is without exception the best site for a coffee plantation; and the last, *pa-hoe-hoe* and grass land, the worst place which could possibly be selected.

The climate on this side of the Island is very favorable. Under normal conditions, there are two distinct seasons, a wet and a dry, which latter lasts from two to four months, beginning about November and ending in March, with occasional showers intervening. The rainy season proper sets in about April or May, with an increasing rainfall towards June and July. During this period rains may be expected almost daily, although at times a dry spell for upwards of a week may occur. The rain generally falls during the afternoon and evening; and it is quite a rare thing to have a wet morning, especially at the lower elevations. My experience only covers a period of some four years, statistics of rainfall recorded during that time cannot therefore be taken as a basis of the general humidity of the country. The average, at an elevation of two thousand feet above sea level, ranges from eighty to ninety-four inches, while at an altitude of 950 feet it averages from seventy to eighty inches. Prolonged droughts are of rare occurrence although they have been known. This is nothing more than might be expected in any tropical country, and is one of the many vicissitudes the coffee planter has to face.

COFFEE BRANCHES.

A climate characterized by a wet and a dry season is essential to coffee plant-

ON THE PLANTATION.

ing, as it enables the planter to harvest his crop within a limited period; thus considerably reducing the cost of picking; and affords him ample opportunities for curing his crop entirely by the sun, in place of by artificial means, which is not only costly, but requires skilled labor.

The temperature is all that could be desired, and with the exception of one or two nights during the winter months, the thermometer rarely falls below 60 degrees F. During the months of December and January, the minimum temperature registered at an elevation of two thousand feet above sea level was 51 degrees F. with a maximum of 80 degrees in the shade. At an altitude of about nine hundred and fifty feet the lowest recorded during the same period was 56 degrees and the highest 86 degrees F. The average daily range for the greater part of the year for the above elevations is from 58 degrees to 75 degrees and 60 degrees to 80 degrees respectively.

It would seem, therefore, so far as soil and climate are concerned, that the district of Kona should be the home of the coffee tree, and that it only requires capital and energy, combined with the right class of men, to develop the country, and convert a land overrun with weeds and lantana into one expanse of profitable and luxuriant coffee.

It would be next to impossible, under present circumstances, to furnish reliable information as to the extent of land available for coffee culture, owing to the want of detailed surveys of the various tracts, and the irregularity of the different formations in the soil. Approximately, however, the coffee belt may be placed at forty miles long by two and a half miles wide, an area of fifty thousand acres.

The government still owns some land, but the greater portion is in the hands of private individuals and the natives, both in North and South Kona; but to procure a desirable tract, considerable time and patience are necessary, especially when

A COFFEE CLEARING.

dealing with the natives. The majority of the lands are only to be obtained on leasehold. A lease for thirty years, however, answers all purposes, for the life of a coffee tree under cultivation may be placed at that limit.

In starting a plantation the first and most important point to be considered is the selection of the land. As already mentioned, great care must be exercised; not only as regards climate, soil, etc., but also in the lay of the land. Another point to be considered is the elevation. The general impression in this district is that coffee should be planted at a low elevation,—say twelve hundred feet and under. The basis of this idea is the fact that the greater part of the coffee growing at Kona is to be found under the above mentioned altitude. With all due respect to those who hold such opinions, I must say I cannot agree with them; for I think one of the greatest drawbacks connected with the coffee trees in Kona lies in their being set out at too low an elevation. In my opinion, coffee will give better results if planted,—say between twelve hundred and two thousand feet, and will be less susceptible to blight. This opinion is based on the experience of some of the most successful plantations in India and Ceylon, and also on the fact that there are patches of coffee to be found in Kona at an altitude from two thousand to twenty-five hundred feet, and even higher, in a fine, healthy condition, and with every indication of having borne well, as is evidenced by the numerous seedlings on the ground. The bean also from trees at such an elevation is much larger than that of lowland coffee; and in other countries under similar circumstances, high grown coffee is of superior quality. It may be mentioned, however, that coffee on the lowlands comes on more rapidly, and will yield its maiden crop some six months earlier than that planted at the higher elevation.

A THREE YEAR OLD PLANT.

The matter of shade trees is another mooted point in connection with the planting of coffee. The *kukui* tree is specially mentioned as being the one most suitable for such a purpose. Although I do not for one moment say that coffee will not do

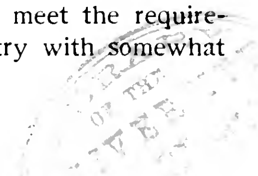
well under the shade of the *kukui*, at the same time I should prefer to dispense with them; for it has not yet been proved that coffee will not do equally as well if planted and cultivated in the open, as is the custom in other coffee-producing countries. Shade is entirely a matter which must be decided by climate, elevation, rainfall, etc., and not upon such unreliable data as we now possess on the subject.

The next point in order, after a site has been selected, cleared, and prepared for planting, is the operation of planting itself. This is one of the most important steps on a coffee plantation, and on the care bestowed on this work, as also the selection of the plants themselves, the whole enterprise may be said to depend. The practice of pulling up young plants from under old coffee trees is one which ought never to be adopted; especially in rocky districts, when the tap root in nine cases out of ten will be found to be doubled up, or at right angles to the stem. Such a course will never produce long-lived, healthy, or vigorous trees, and on a large scale would prove a most expensive operation, as more than fifty per cent of plants so gathered would have to be condemned. When a clearing has to be planted with plants gathered from under the old coffee trees there is a way of proceeding which will insure the plants coming on at all events. The plan is to select good plants with a stem about the size of an ordinary lead pencil, and then to "stump" them, or cut them down to within six inches of the roots. The tap root, if crooked, should then be shortened with a sharp knife; and all the lateral roots trimmed. Plants treated in this manner will often produce good results and will stand a long period of drought; provided there is sufficient moisture in the soil when set out.

The only real and practical way, however, to procure healthy plants is by raising them in nurseries from carefully selected seed. Nurseries may be formed in many ways, and at a cost varying with the circumstances and local surroundings. Three things are essential, however: first, a supply of water proportionate to the area of beds to be watered; second, soil entirely free from all stems, roots, etc., to a depth of not less than eighteen inches; third, a means of affording artificial shade to the young seedlings, in such a manner as not to incommode the laborers in watering or weeding the beds, and at the same time so constructed that it can be gradually or entirely removed at any time with as little handling as possible. Such a nursery is necessary to produce healthy, vigorous plants, with an abundance of roots and above all, a straight tap root; also the means of securing a ball of earth round the plants in transplanting. The plants, at the proper age, are gradually submitted to the sun's rays, and for some months previous to transplanting they are not shaded at all.

To prepare the land for planting, all the trees are felled, and with scrub, grass, etc., are thoroughly cleared off; but it is not necessary that the stumps be rooted up. The land is then ready for lining, which is the marking out with stakes at even distances the sites for the trees.

The distance at which the trees should be set out is a matter of much argument, and varies in different countries. In India and Ceylon the average distance was six feet, with trees topped at about three feet six inches. In Guatemala the practice is to set out the trees nine feet, and even more, apart, and to allow them to attain their natural height. Each planter has his own opinion, which must in all cases be modified to meet the requirements of a new country with somewhat altered conditions.



After the lining the next operation is holing, which ought to be carefully and thoroughly done. The holes should be eighteen inches square and eighteen inches deep, and all stones and roots removed. After the holes have been left open for a month or so, to the influence of the sun and air, they should be filled in during the rainy season. The clearing is then ready for the final operation of planting. In districts where the rainy season is subject to intervals of sunshine of many days duration, the ordinary method of planting would be attended with more or less risk. A better plan is either to transplant into boxes made of some cheap material, or to use the transplanter. The latter method would be the most practicable and least costly.

When the trees have attained the proper age, about eighteen months to two years, they should be topped or cut down to the desired height, which may vary from three and a half to five feet. This operation causes them to throw out more vigorous primaries, which in turn produce secondaries, and if they were not checked they would soon become a dense thicket, impenetrable to sunshine and light.

The operation of handling and pruning is, therefore, resorted to to make the trees conform to their artificial state, and to remove all the superfluous wood and retain only such as may be necessary for the next year's crop. This is quite an art, and it requires a great deal of patience to break in laborers to do this work well. If steadily persisted in from the first, however, the operation becomes more simple.

It is scarcely necessary to mention that from the time the plants have been set out the clearing should be kept thoroughy free from weeds, grasses, etc. If done regularly and systematically the work of weeding coffee in Kona is not very expensive.

The yield that may be expected from the trees for their maiden crop is a matter that remains yet to be demonstrated. From what I have seen, however, I am confident that a return of one pound per tree may be looked for on the third year. When the plantation has come to maturity, that is, in the seventh year, probably from one and a half to two pounds per tree will be harvested. I say probably, for there are no statistics on which to base the returns from matured trees under a state of cultivation. I may mention that I have myself tested the crop on some of the trees in the district, and although they might be termed exceptional cases, still they show what a tree can actually bear, and that under most disadvantageous circumstances. In several cases I counted the clusters, and the berries in one cluster. They varied from ten to fifteen clusters on one branch, and from fifteen to twenty berries in a cluster. The trees contained upwards of twelve pairs of primaries, or twenty-four branches. As it takes on an average from nine hundred to twelve hundred berries, according to elevation, to make one pound of clean coffee, the crop on these trees would represent from three pounds to five pounds.

The Hawaiian Coffee and Tea Company harvested a small crop from a patch of coffee under cultivation of about one and a half acres last year; and this year, to judge from the parchment on the trees, the result will be over one pound per tree. This coffee is only three years old from time of planting.

In curing the crop, machinery must be employed in order to place the article on the market in proper shape. The machinery required is not very expensive, and consists of a set of pulpers, peelers, and separators. All of these can be bought in Honolulu, from agents of the

best foreign manufacturers. With the above machinery the crop can be pulped, washed, cured to perfection, and sorted into several grades of coffee. Pulping and washing coffee is preferable to dry hulling, as coffee so treated always commands a high price in the London markets.

Fear of blight has been one of the principal obstacles to the investment of capital in the coffee industry. When I first came to Kona the blight most prevalent throught the district was the *Dactylopius,* more commonly known as the "White Aphis." Latterly this blight, or scale, has almost disappeared; but I regret to say its place has been filled by another, the *Pulvinaria,* also a scale. Although this insect injures the plants more or less by retarding their growth, unlike its predecessor, it does not affect the crop. Undoubtedly remedies can be applied to keep it in check, but the most practical and least costly, is the introduction of its natural enemy, either in the shape of a lady bird or internal parasite.

In conclusion, the prospects for the future in the district of Kona are most encouraging, and there is no reason why coffee at no very distant date may not become the staple of export from these Islands.

Charles D. Miller.[1]

[1] Mr. Miller is manager of the Hawaiian Coffee & Tea Company, and author of a work on coffee culture, soon to be published.— Ed.

CALIFORNIA AND THE RAILROAD.

JULIAN RALPH REVIEWED.

THE statement of California conditions made by Mr. Julian Ralph, in *Harper's Weekly*, is incomplete, for the reason that it omits a study of our people and their peculiarities, and assumes that the present situation here is unlike anything known before in the older commonwealths.

It will be admitted that somebody had to build the first railroad, and the history of the pioneer line is the same every where.

When John A. Dix and his associates projected the old Mississippi and Missouri road westward from Chicago, every face in Iowa turned to the coming line. It was hailed with an enthusiasm that in these days is but dimly understood. The frontiersmen who were,

> The first low wash of waves
> Where now there rolls a human sea,

had penetrated that verdant wilderness by primitive methods of travel. They had used the canals and incline tramways up the valleys and over the mountains of Pennsylvania, and from Pittsburgh had descended the Ohio to take steamers at Cairo, which carried them up the Mississippi to convenient landings which were outfitting points for the pathless interior. It was a weary journey of many weeks, and the pioneers who made it were reminded of its fatigues when their letters home waited twice its length of days for an answer. To them, the promise of a train that would span the space between the Mississippi and

the Hudson in five days was like the promise of wings to a tortoise. To secure the speedy building of the new outlet to the world they had left, they voted town and county bonds, subscribed stock, feasted the builders of the road, compelled friendly and inviting legislation, and let the plow rust in the furrow while the plowman did missionary work for the project. In those days the citizen who was not a "railroad man" led an uneasy life and was often threatened with the rude measures by which pioneers enforce their ideas of public duty. When bonds were to be voted, enthusiasm made unanimous the demand for their issue. By an agreed case, the Supreme Court, bowing to public opinion, affirmed their constitutional validity, and with this decision certified on their printed form they were sold as commercial paper and the road was built. When time was made the essence of the bond contract and the line was in danger of not reaching the limits of a county or town in time to secure them, the people that had voted and would have to pay the issue, turned out with teams and tools, and pushed the construction without wages or reward.

Finally, through such scenes and by such means, the first railroad was built. The finish was celebrated with great pomp. Everybody rode free to each town that decorated and drank deep to the public benefactors who had shortened the road and the time to market and to the old Eastern home,— and then came the painful surprise that thereafter pay was required for carrying freight and passengers.

The change made in public feeling was hardly gradual. It was precipitate. Pay day came on the bonds and payment was refused. The same Supreme Court, veering with the change in public opinion, held the issue unconstitutional and invalid, and when a writ of error carried the suit to the Federal courts, and a mandate followed ordering town councils and county supervisors to levy a tax to pay their obligations, these bodies refused, were put in contempt and arrested by hundreds by the United States marshals.

Out of this transformation scene from pleasure to passion rose a frantic cry for competing roads. The monster they had invoked must be curbed by calling into existence another. Then was repeated again and again the same series of incidents in behalf of new roads, each hailed as a deliverer and as soon as finished cursed as a fresh taskmaster.

For a final result, look at a railway map of the States of the upper Mississippi Valley. The first roads found a sparsely populated wilderness, where now the tracks gridiron a region that is the granary of the world. The train time from the Missouri to the Hudson is shortened to fifty hours and every road on the parallels is a highway around the globe.

The beginning of this period lies forty years away. The action and reaction of popular expectation and disappointment have during that time not only induced railroad building, with the opposite motives of hope and revenge as its impetus, but beginning with crude legislation and judicial decisions marred by the cowardice of an elective bench, it has ended in the overthrow of corporate vested rights, the declaration of which in the Dartmouth College case was one of Webster's conspicuous triumphs, and in a system of laws judicially refined to safeguard the popular rights involved in production and commerce, and to interpose the shield of the Constitution between transportation properties and mad attempts at their spoliation.

Eastern communities have traversed

this perfect circle of events, while California is just now passing out of its first quadrant. Our railway development, as is natural in an isolated community that has a thousand miles and more of frowning mountains and forbidding deserts between it and its political partners, presents peculiar features. No wise and wealthy men arose in the East and offered to us a railway. The project was formed here by four citizens, merchants in an interior town. The pioneers, who remembered Donner Lake and the trials of passing the Sierra by ox team, were incredulous when these four merchants said they would go that way by rail. So they were laughed at as visionaries, but when they threw the first spade of earth on their enterprise they were denounced as swindlers. California had then many millionaires, but they offered no help. Mining on Pine Street and watering Comstocks by the light of Aladdin's lamp were more profitable to them than burrowing for a railroad track under thirty feet of snow in a mountain winter.

Finally, passing the incidents of construction, the road was finished, and then its four builders, in the exhausting reaction of their achievement, offered it to any buyer, and after a prolonged effort, made through an office on a main street in San Francisco, aided by the attractions of a brass band, succeeded in selling ten shares of the stock! The people had the road and were willing that the builders should have the ruin which was universally believed to be impending over them,— a belief, there is warrant for saying, that was shared by themselves.

Upon that pioneer line has been strung the railway system of California. No transcontinental competitor appeared for several years. A thousand miles of line over deserts and mountains as unproductive as a bridge and costlier to build and maintain, offered no blandishment to capital and enterprise, and when one ventured into Southern California and stumbled twice into the hands of a receiver as the result, outside capital was admonished of the danger of losing an outlay made to reach California with a road which could only divide the tonnage and double the prejudice. So it has happened that practically all the friction has been against the builders of the first road and their successors. Our people have not enjoyed the object lesson long ago offered to the Eastern States. They have one railroad to fight, and the contest is vivid just before each election. When the new Constitution issued out of the sand-lot period, the product of a spiteful attack upon property, that strange mixture of statute and stump speech made two provisions which gave the railroad the choice of going into politics or going into bankruptcy. The first was a State Board of Equalization, with authority to assess railroad property without notice and without appeal. The second was a Railroad Commission, empowered to fix all transportation rates, and its decision thereon, "in all controversies, civil or criminal, shall be deemed conclusively just and reasonable." Here was a constitutional provision mandatory upon the courts, affecting person and property, and forbidding judicial inquiry into the reasonableness or justice of the regulation which put either in peril!

These commissions were made elective by the people. Politicians running for election to the Board of Equalization, playing upon each man's secret wish to lighten his own tax at the expense of his neighbor, openly sought votes by extravagant promises of increase in the Railroad taxes. The one who pledged

himself to make the greatest raise, was accepted as the highest and best bidder for popular favor. At the same time, candidates for the Railroad Commission were on the stump promising to lower railroad rates. The one who pledged himself to make the greatest reduction in the Railroad income was sure of the most votes, for he was bidding for the favor of the buyer of transportation against the seller.

It will be seen that these processes of raising taxes and reducing income approach a common point, and at the angle of contact lies bankruptcy. That the owners of property threatened by the point of an echelon so formidable should get into politics was natural and human. They were forced, in self-defense, to exert their influence in nominating conventions or at the polls, in doing which, it is not to be presumed that their course differed from that of other participants in politics who have large interests affected by the administration of the government.

The Californian who will deny that they have done both is innocent up to the point of being in danger of bodily translation in company with the select list of worthies who are not compelled to taste death in order to enter upon life eternal. Here, then, we have the real friction. The railroad entered and spread over California. Wherever it touched transportion it cheapened and quickened it. Wherever it touched land its value rose. By water to San Francisco from parts of the interior, wheat freight was $8.00 per ton. The "Octopus" laid lines there and reduced wheat freight more than half. Wheat-ship charters from San Francisco to Liverpool were sixty shillings a ton. When the "Octopus" was finished to New Orleans it took a few train loads of wheat that way to Liverpool, and ship charters fell to sixteen shillings a ton!

Seventy-five per cent of all the transportation of California is affected by water competition. It is a mistake that does harm to us to say that water lines are also dominated by the Railroad. On every river its navigable length are independent lines of boats. The rich farmers who own the fat delta lands of the Sacramento own also a fleet of steamers that gather the marvelous output of their orchards, vineyards, and fields, at the romantic landings, shaded by great fig and palm trees, and bring it to market, scenting the shores with the sweetness of Araby as it floats.

With three quarters of its transportation enjoying the check of rail and water upon each other, our State is far from being as forlorn as Mr. Ralph fancies.

In our development there have been oppressive rates by rail and water. They have not all disappeared. Another road is needed, and Mr. Spreckels out of his profits in the Sugar Trust is about to give California the experience which is now ancient history in the older States. He will not have to face all the difficulties that torment an overland system. Two classes here ask low transcontinental rates,—the fruit growers and the wholesale merchants. A third class demands high westward rates, for it is composed of manufacturers.

At a meeting of the American Pomological Society in Sacramento last January, Mr. A. B. Butler of Fresno, the largest raisin planter in the world, read an address on the production and transportation of California dried fruit, in which he stated the fact that the dried fruit of the State, including raisins, is carried by the Southern Pacific Company to New York, given two months storage in Mr. Huntington's Sunset warehouses and re-billed to

any point within seven hundred miles of that city, all for one cent a pound. He declared that no other product of the soil in the United States enjoyed as good facilities at so low a price.

The Southern Pacific carries the green fruit of California in carloads to the end of its line at Ogden, eight hundred and seventy miles, for $4.40 per ton, or .505 of a cent per ton a mile for the service.

The wholesale merchants organized the Traffic Association in San Francisco to force down westward rates. They report success to the amount of $10,000,000. Concurrently, however, came silence in the manufacturing plants and the streets were thronged with idle operatives. The manufacturers are at this moment before the public with a statement of lost profits added to the lost wages of their operatives, to prove that what the wholesalers got in low freights was taken from the gains of manufacture and the wages of domestic labor, and not from the profits of the railroad. The low freight has brought the wares of Eastern manufacturers here to be handled by the jobbers and wholesalers, who attack the railroad if it does not keep freights down, while the manufacturers have held a convention to attack it for not putting them up! It will be seen that both classes find in their antagonistic interests a grievance against the railroad, and they combine in popular assemblies in accusing it freely of all it has done and of all it may do.

Mr. Ralph was impressed by the *Examiner* petition in favor of government ownership, and by the meeting at Metropolitan Temple to protest against the appointment of Moses Gunst as Police Commissioner, and against the refusal of the United States District Attorney to arrest Mr. C. P. Huntington for violation of the Interstate Commerce Law.

The excitement which created this trinity of issues began last year. On May Day, the Socialist sections, which flourish in our cosmopolitan population, held a meeting at Metropolitan Temple. Speeches were made in several alien tongues, and the climax was reached when an English-speaking foreigner in a passionate outburst told his audience that the shortest step to freedom lay over the dead body of President Cleveland. This was elaborated in language directly inciting to assassination of the President, which was received with rapturous applause by the audience. This man spoke also at the meeting which impressed Mr. Ralph as an expression of public opinion. Mr. Montieth, attorney for the indicted strikers, also spoke at the latter meeting, and seems to have greatly moved Mr. Ralph. A few weeks later, when Mr. Montieth addressed the jury which tried his clients, he elaborately denounced the President of the United States by official title and individual name as "the most infamous character in human history." The President was not a party to the suit, and I regret that Judge Morrow seemed to forget the old and wholesome rule that when a judge permits an attorney to introduce matter or personalities external to the case at bar, he is held to accept as his own the utterances which he leaves unchecked and unrebuked.

The Southern Pacific Company has always paid high wages. Being the largest employer here, its rate has fixed the standard of wages in California, and has also fixed against it the enmity of other employers who think the standard too high. When the Debs strike began last June, the Southern Pacific employees passed resolutions in the A. R. U. lodges declaring that they had no grievance against that corporation. In one of the largest public meetings held

by the strikers, the leading speaker, a godly man, called on heaven to bless C. P. Huntington because he had cut politicians off the Company's pay-roll and used the money saved that way to provide good wages for his workingmen. Then they proceeded to destroy Mr. Huntington's property, upset his cars, kill his engines, burn his bridges, and murder his employees that stood to their duty. The strike attracted every element of anarchy. Those who with Herr Most denounce property as robbery instinctively attack property rights at their weakest point. The most defenseless property in those days was that of corporations. When President Cleveland did his duty, the assailants of those rights were taught that their defense is a function of government. On the 6th of July they announced that within three weeks Debs would be President and Cleveland would be deposed. The farmers whose fruit was rotting for want of transportation, saw the President's action from the opposite standpoint. It demonstrated the power of the government over a disorder that was ripening to rebellion, and they reasoned that government ownership of railways would make impossible the blockade of commerce and scenes of violence and murder which Debs had invoked.

Into this seething condition, produced by the acid of anarchy and the alkali of self-interest, the *Examiner* dipped its petition against a business adjustment of the debt of the Pacific roads and in favor of their seizure by the Federal government "to be run in the interest of the people," and of course it dripped with signatures. Had it demanded abdication of the Federal government it would have had as many. To say that it represents the sober sentiment of the people, enlightened by a complete understanding of the entire subject, is to assume too much.

Now with but little difference of detail the foregoing history is common to every State in the Union that has been reached by modern methods of transportation. Selfishness is the universal yeast that has leavened the race and caused its rise out of barbarism. A corporation is selfishness organized to concentrate capital and distribute responsibility. It has been and is a keen and progressive instrument of civilization. That the corporate form of selfishness has any novel feature in California is not proven. Here, as in Dean Richmond's time in Albany, it has gone forth without the lamp of Diogenes in search of an honest man who would stay bought. That he has successfully dodged it no one believes. That the moral effect has been bad no one denies. But the resident observer is impressed by the number who fear they will be missed in the dark and therefore cry out against the "Octopus" to show where they stand.

That things are growing better is demonstrated by many hopeful signs. The owner of the San Francisco *Chronicle* desired the United States senatorship, and in the honeymoon of his ambition was friendly with the Southern Pacific. When the prize was lost his paper bristled with attacks on the Company. Therefore a busy man who had no leisure to read the signs of the times, said, "I thought Mr. De Young had the moral support of the Railroad for the senatorship,"—and a veteran observer answered, "He had. Perhaps his present discontent arises out of the fact that he had nothing more."

Had the Company bought all the various offices with which it is charged, it would not have caused half the trouble that has followed its refusal to purchase honors for ambitious mediocrity.

But finally, while politicians have alternately fought and been friendly with the Railroad, and while the press by making of its affairs a news specialty has made it seem like a co-ordinate branch of the State government, the material interests of the State have developed in proportion to the extension of transportation facilities. Mr. Julian Ralph unjustly makes it appear that we are a case of arrested development, and his partial view of things material to us harms the State. It is all well enough to say that California ought to have ten millions of people, attended by the inference that they would be here if the Railroad did not keep them out. But which of the States has ten millions, or half that number?

The census of 1870 compared with that of 1890, does not bear out Mr. Ralph's Jeremiad, as the following official figures show:—

	1870.	1890.
Miles of railroad	403.49	4,077.19
Population	558,561	1,208,130
Value of realty	$117,975,843.00	$683,669,672.00
Acres in wheat.	1,478,891	3,104,088
Acres in barley	696,001	1,165,218
Fruit trees growing	5,555,408	13,180,134
Beef and stock cattle.	300,367	595,326
Acres in grapes	26,479	168,366
Orange and lemon trees	46,372	252.986

The physical law of things forbids material retrogression. Progress did not stop with 1890. The accurate statistics just now made current by the State Board of Trade shows the following increase in the export from the State of our great horticultural staples:—

Green deciduous fruits	5,557.4	carloads.	163.7	per cent.
Citrus fruits	2,475.4	"	75.0	"
Dried fruits	1,895.7	"	58.7	"
Raisins	2,635.3	"	128.1	"
Nuts	312.7	"	397.3	"
Canned	1,260.0	"	31.4	"
Average increase of all kinds	14,158.9	"	87.7	"

It appears then, that because of the Southern Pacific Railway, or in spite of it, just as one may choose to look at it, production and wealth in California have increased with rail mileage. What is more natural than that rival lines, competitors for business, in view of these results shall conquest the wide areas not served as yet by rail, and by offering modern transportation invite population to virgin fields of production? The Californian who is not a railroad man, and who does not wish to see a track laid in the service of each thirty-mile strip of our dazzlingly rich soil, should take his pack-mule and go into the wilderness.

John P. Irish.

SLEEP SWEETLY, HAWAII.

ON THE heaving of the ocean,
Like a loving mother's breast,
Lie the Islands of Hawaii,
As an infant in its rest.
Sleep sweetly, Hawaii, so fearless and free,
Fair daughter of ocean, the child of the sea.

Fond the mother's arms are clasping,
With caresses soft and light,
In the foaming of the surf-beat
On the shores by day and night.
Sleep sweetly, Hawaii, each silvery tide
But draws thy fond mother more close to thy side.

Where the light cascades are falling
To the ocean from the steep,
These are gentle baby fingers
Which within the mother's creep.
Sleep sweetly, Hawaii, so tenderly blest;
As lovingly brooded as bird in its nest.

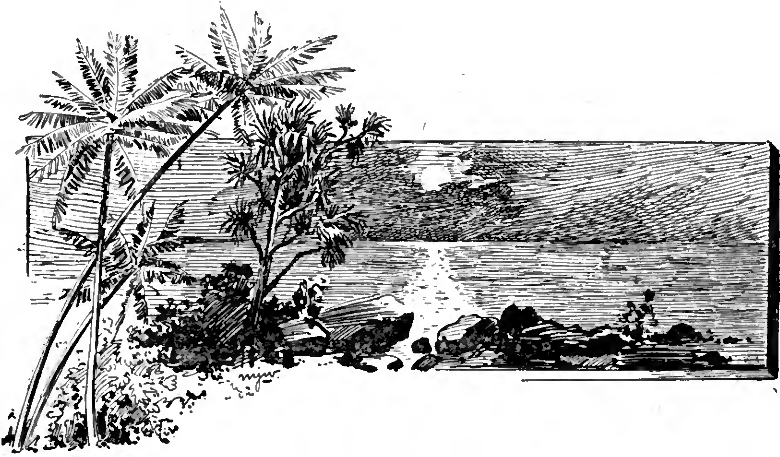
Soft the baby eyes are hidden,
In the sunshine and the calm,
'Mid the radiance of the mountains,
Fringed with fragrant fern and palm.
Sleep sweetly, Hawaii, the stars in the sky
Are joined in the tune of thy kind lullaby.

Robes of verdure, closely clinging
Round thy form in tender grace,
Weave the beauty of thy garments,
Cloth of gold and leafy lace.
Sleep sweetly, Hawaii, each cloud as it flies
But brings thee a message of love from the skies.

Hushed amid the tender silence,
Still thy heart is beating low,
In the fiery, livid pulsing
Of the lurid crater's glow.
Sleep sweetly, Hawaii, the murmur of waves
Is echo of music from coral formed caves.

Calmly rest, with sunbeams smiling
O'er the dimples of thy face,
Clasped amid the loving waters
Of thy mother's fond embrace.
Sleep sweetly, Hawaii, so trustful and strong;
All nature is singing thy glad cradle song.

Philip Henry Dodge.



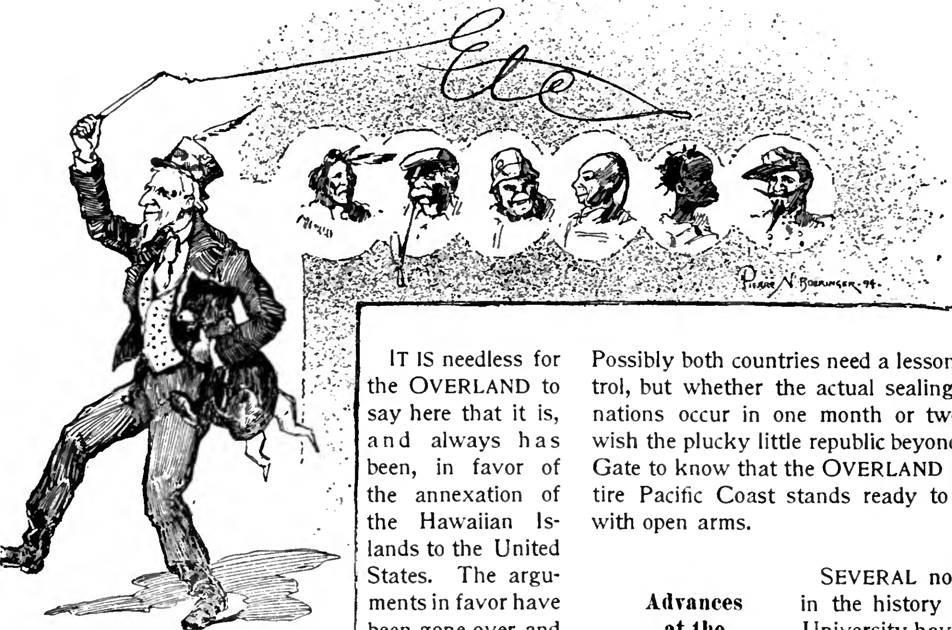
THEN AND NOW.

THE day was young when, as a passer by,
    They wooed and won me in those Southern seas:
I was so happy that I fain would sigh;
    What knew I there but joy, contentment, ease,
    With naught to bring me care, and all to please?
I was so happy then, I wonder why?
The day was very young—and so was I!

Noon came and twilight and the close of day:
    It is the end, thought I, and this is night.
I looked for sudden death, and for decay,—
    The waste of beauty in unwholesome blight,—
    When rose the morning-star with a new light
That shed abroad within its threatening ray
New life, new hope,—but I was far away.

Aye, far away! Now naught is as of yore;
    For the new star that lights the Summer Isles
Is alien from them: all we knew is o'er,—
    The love, the languor, the ingenuous wiles,
    The childlike trust, and the responsive smiles,—
All, all are gone, engulfed forevermore
In the sad sea that fawns upon their shore.

Charles Warren Stoddard.



IT IS needless for the OVERLAND to say here that it is, and always has been, in favor of the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States. The arguments in favor have been gone over and over time and again, editorially and otherwise, in these pages, prior to the present number which is devoted entirely to this subject. We are not in favor of universal empire or of "whippin' the hul earth," but we believe that the past policy of this government to absorb such outlying provinces as asked for annexation is and has always proved right. No one regrets California, Texas, Alaska, or Louisiana, nor would any one today be found ready to raise his voice against the policy of General Grant if he had proved successful and Cuba and San Domingo had become part of this country.

In the course of events, Canada will join the United States. Her laws, blood, sympathies, and education, like those of the Hawaiian Islands, are American. The Islands are smaller and have less pride to sacrifice,—they come first, and because an un-American President sits on throne of this great republic, they are kept begging outside the gates. President Dole and his advisers are, however, clear-headed, sensible Americans, and understand that Mr. Cleveland, although the head, is not the whole of this nation, and men like Senators Stewart, Morgan, Hill, Shoup, Dubois, and the real leaders of this country, are like themselves only awaiting the advent of an American administration to throw the gates wide open.

However, everything comes to him who waits, and the waiting in the present instance may work no harm either to Hawaii or this country. Possibly both countries need a lesson in self-control, but whether the actual sealing of the two nations occur in one month or two years, we wish the plucky little republic beyond the Golden Gate to know that the OVERLAND and the entire Pacific Coast stands ready to welcome it with open arms.

Advances at the University.

SEVERAL notable events in the history of the State University have occurred of late, and since most of them mark emphatically the expansion that is now taking place in the institution, they are worthy of comment here. The first is the gift by Mr. Crossley of a thirty-inch reflector, quite the best in existence, it is said, to the Lick Astronomical Department, complementing in good style the great refractor, and making the equipment of the observatory nearly ideal. That Mr. Crossley is an Englishman and gives this great gift to us because he considers that from our advantages of position it will be most useful here, adds to its value. Also the ready response made by local friends of the University of funds, $5,000, to pay for the transporting of the telescope to its new home.

The second acquisition is a membership in the American School at Athens, and the adding of Professor Clapp to the Board of Control of the School. This gives any University graduate the right to free tuition, and to some, free lodging beside, in the beautiful building on the slope of Mt. Lycabettus, where in the thirteen years of the School's existence much has been done to the credit of American scholarship. This acquisition was given the University by the generosity of Ex-President Horace Davis, Capt. J. M. McDonald, Fred. W. Zeile, Jacob Reinstein, and a club composed of J. J. Dwyer, T. F. Barry, A. F. Morrison, and J. B. Lincoln, who pledged an annual sum of $250 for the purpose.

It is to be noted that all but the first two gentlemen are alumni of the University.

The third event to be noted is the selection of a site for the new $250,000 building voted by the last Legislature and made sure by the signature of Governor Budd, a University graduate. It has not been quite settled at this writing, but will probably be announced by the time this is in the hands of its readers. It means a great step in the realization of the true University idea.

The fourth item is the publication of a really adequate history of the University[1]. Professor Jones has done his work well. It is complete, impartial, and pleasant in its style, of present interest and permanent value. The publisher, Mr. Frank H. Dukesmith, is worthy of great praise for his enterprise and liberality. The fact that the University Regents have taken five hundred copies, for the purpose of sending the book to other Universities and to libraries is not only a deserved endorsement of the book, but a remarkable departure from all precedent. It has been too largely the attitude of University authorities that it was their business to make the institution good, and other people's business to find it out. It is not the less true that if the Regents take the people into their confidence and let them see what they are doing and what they want to do, the people will see to it that the means are forthcoming to do it well. It impresses the reader of Professor Jones's book very strongly that the University is a great institution when he notes how, in spite of the great size of the volume, the author is obliged to struggle to keep it from degenerating into a mere catalogue of departments and names, and yet give every element its due mention.

And the fifth white stone that is to be set up in University annals is the trip of its Track Athletic Team to the East. On the day this is written comes the news that in the first of their contests they have defeated Princeton handily. They may not keep it up. Pennsylvania, it is expected, will give them a harder rub, but at any rate, we may settle down in a calm confidence that against whomsoever, they will make an effort that will not do discredit to California.

[1]Illustrated History of the University of California. By William Carey Jones, A. M , Professor of Jurisprudence. Frank H. Dukesmith: San Francisco: 1895.

A Bibliography of Hawaiian Articles in Former Overlands.

FIRST SERIES.

		VOL.	NO.	YR.
Hawaiian Civilization	*George B. Merrill*	I	July,	1868
An Hawaiian Feast	*J. F. Meagher*	II	May,	1869
A Lady's Trip to Hawaii	*Agnes M. Manning*	III	July,	1869
In Lava Land	" "	III	Dec.,	1869
Among the Islands	" "	IV	Mar.,	1870
Joe of Lahaina	*Charles Warren Stoddard*	V	July,	1870
Hawaiian Fun Beams	*Rev. Eli Corwin*	IX	Oct.,	1872
The House of the Sun	*Charles Warren Stoddard*	IX	Nov.,	1872
Kahele	" " "	X	Mar.,	1873
Love-Life in a Lanai	" " "	XI	Aug.,	1873
The Lepers of Molokai	" " "	XI	July,	1873

THE OLD CALIFORNIAN.

The Hawaiian Islands	*J. M. Davidson*	I	June,	1880
Early Discoveries of the Hawaiian Islands	*Henry A. Pierce*	II	Sept.,	1880
Schemes to Annex the Sandwich Islands	*James O'Meara*	IV	Sept.,	1881
The Labor System in the Hawaiian Islands	*Walter F. ear*	V	June,	1882

SECOND SERIES.

Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes	*Charles Warren Stoddard*	III	Mar.,	1884
" " " "	" " "	IV	Dec.,	1884
Hawaiian Volcanism	*Edward P. Baker*	VI	Dec.,	1885

A Hilo Plantation	*E. C. Sanford.*	VI	Aug., 1885
Kauai, the Garden Island of Hawaii	*Bertha F. Herrick*	XI	June, 1888
The Political Revolution in the Hawaiian Is'ds.	*F. L. Clarke*	XI	Mar., 1888
Hunting in Hawaii	*E*	XI	Jan., 1888
The Story of the Princess Loe	*F. L. Clarke*	XI	Feb., 1888
Awa	" "	XIII	Mar., 1889
Hale-a-ka-la	" "	XIII	May, 1889
Halcyonian Hawaii	*Charles Warren Stoddard*	XIV	Nov., 1889
Kilauea	*May L. Cheney*	XIX	June, 1892
Pele's Last Appearance	*Mabel H. Closson*	XIX	Mar., 1892
The Stone Maiden, a Legend of Ancient Maui.	" "	XIX	Feb., 1892
The Treasure Cave in Oahu	" "	XIX	June, 1882
The Wraith of the Shark God	*Newel Douglas.*	XIX	May, 1892
A Dead Volcano	*Mabel H. Closson*	XXI	Mar., 1893
The Footsteps of Pele	*N. E. Fuller*	XXI	Mar., 1893
In the Wilds of Hawaii	*Edward Wilson*	XXI	Mar., 1893
The Soul of Kaiulani	*Mabel H. Closson*	XXII	Dec., 1893
Kaiana and the Shark God	" "	XXIII	Jan., 1894
Kaala, the Flower of Lanai	*E. Ellsworth Carey*	XXIV	Aug., 1894
The Wild Flowers of Hawaii	*Grace C. K. Thompson*	XXV	Feb., 1895

Judge Ketchum's Romance.[1]

MR. VACHELL'S last novel is without doubt a better and more interesting story than "The Model of Christian Gay," which was reviewed in the May OVERLAND, although a few changes might be made in an American Edition of "The Model of Christian Gay" that would make it a companion piece to *Judge Ketchum's Romance.* It is easy to see in the author's work, both in book form and in his charming "Chronicles of San Lorenzo" that are now running in the OVERLAND, that he is an Englishman, not because of an obtrusive Britishism, for the books are singularly fair and unprejudiced, but on account of a certain care and pains-taking making of every idea perfectly plain to the reader. Especially in Mr. Vachell's dealing with California scenery and character the thought comes to the reader that the author is writing for a Trans-atlantic audience rather than for a reading public that is tolerably well acquainted with the life described. This is quickly seen in comparing his published novels with his "Chronicles of San Lorenzo." In the latter he was addressing the OVERLAND'S audience, and he knew it, an audience that been reading of California since the editorship of Bret Harte, consequently, Mr. Vachell confined his descriptions to strong, clear strokes of the brush, that brought out the

[1] Judge Ketchum's Romance. By Horace Annesley Vachell New York: J. Selwin Tait & Sons: 895. For sale in San Francisco by The Popular Book Store.

picture with the least amount of fuss. However, it is not the intention of the reviewer to quarrel with the author.

The scene of *Judge Ketchum's Romance* is half in England and half in California. Mark Twain has already used the idea of discovering an heir to an English earldom in a humorous old Yankee, but the idea is a good one and will bear working in many ways. Judge Ketchum is a shrewd, level-headed justice of the peace in the mining town of Hard Scratch, California, who discovers that he has the right to use the word "Lord" before his name and sit in the much abused "House of Lords." In the difficulties that beset him in his new position and in the description of his former mining life at Hard Scratch, Mr. Vachell is at his best. The light, humorous, good-natured touch that pervades the character and scene is what raises the novel above his former one and almost to a level with "The Chronicles of San Lorenzo." Then too, Mr. Vachell, although an English-American is better in the California mining camp than in the English drawing room. His gambling scrapes are far more exciting than his love passages. One really does not care whether Jack marries Marie or not, she is rather a prig, but there is no concealing the interest that is wrapped up in the "Grand Hotel" at Hard Scratch. From the start one could feel in his bones that there was going to be shooting. The book will be eagerly read by all lovers of the California story. It is to be hoped that Mr. Vachell will continue in this field where he has won for himself a place.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.[1]

ONE gets into the habit of resenting the advent of every new writer of Scotch brogue. Stevenson and Barrie wrote Scotch that could be read with some little difficulty, but Crockett went way outside the possibilities of the English tongue, and furnished the public with a set of tales that were as unintelligible as Chinook. Still his books, like all Scotch books, were popular, and when Doctor Robertson Nicoll in the *British Weekly* announced the discovery of a new Scottish writer, greater than his predecessor, the book reviewer at least felt tempted to throw down his pen and surrender to these heralds of a new school.

All this is a roundabout introduction to the most charming book that has been written for years. Before you have gone half through the pathetic story of "Domsie," with which *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* opens, all prejudices have disappeared in tears and smiles. It is useless to review, or even tell, the stories of this little collection of tales of a phase of Scotch life that centers about the Kirk at Drumtochty. "Ian Maclaren" (who is Rev. John Watson of Liverpool) is filled with the life of which he writes; he has seen the simplicity, piety, humor, and caution, of his people, and knows their creeds and religion. He has not tried to tell anything remarkable or exciting, but merely to transmute homely deeds into heroic actions. The stories are all charged with religion and religious experiences, and for that reason take a stronger hold on the heart-strings. There is humor in this religion as well as pathos, and the author is able not only to see it but to make it clear to the reader. But the book must be read, not described. It is destined to live.

[1] Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.: 1895. $1.25.

Three Letters of Credit.[2]

Three Letters of Credit is a book of clever stories from an unusual source. British Columbia has not as yet laid many offerings on the reviewer's shrine; nevertheless there is none of the diffidence about this book that marks the novice's handiwork, but the stories are told with much humor, some keen character drawing, and good local color. The local color is spread over a wide range — the Orient, modern Greece, Vienna, the shores of the Euxine, and Winnipeg.

The stories would be taken as the work of some man in the British official class — one of those men on whom the sun never sets — but that the sparkle of his humor seems utterly at variance with such a supposition.

The Ralstons.[3]

MR. CRAWFORD'S latest venture, *The Ralstons*, the sequel to "Katharine Lauderdale," might have as a fitting sub-title, "A Study in Passions." All the characters in *The Ralstons*, with whom we are already acquainted, have a passion, a big healthy one. Katharine and Jack Ralston love each other so hard that there is no room in their world for anyone else; Hester Crowdie loves her mis-shapen husband so intensely that she loses both flesh and reason; Crowdie is desperately in love with his wife, his

[2] Three Letters of Credit and Other Stories. By "Kim Bilir." Victoria, B. C: Province Publishing Co.: 1894.

[3] The Ralstons. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co.: New York and London: 1895. 2 vols. $2.00. For sale in San Francisco by William Doxey.

art,— and Katharine,— the combination is too much for him and he goes "out" in an epileptic fit; Alexander, Junior, is in love with his gold; and all the other characters are either in love desperately with Katharine or with themselves. One is keyed up to such a pitch by all these conflicting passions for so many chapters that the interest is finally lost indifference.

Katharine was secretly married in the previous novel, in this one it becomes a question how the awful act shall be revealed to the poverty-stricken parents on either side,— starving on twelve thousand dollars a year each. Of course all the philosophizing that fills chapter after chapter is well done, but amounts to nothing. The fuss and feathers about the Lauderdale will is too much drawn out for the reader, who has no idea of seeing his name among the beneficiaries.

One rather funny mistake the author makes in his hasty writing,—old Robert Lauderdale presents Katharine with three hundred dollars in greenbacks for pin-money, which the author forgets all about and makes the girl plead with her mother for street car fare, etc.

Nevertheless, while the story is not equal to Mr. Crawford's "Saracinesca" series it presents us to a whole group of strongly drawn American men and women. *The Ralstons* is to be followed by another novel, which will carry on the heroes and heroines into married life.

Castle Rackrent.[1]

THE Irish tales of Miss Edgeworth, that have delighted two or three generations, are now issued by Macmillan & Co. in a new edition to delight the present generation too, and well worthy they are of the pretty dress that has been given them. "The Absentee" and "Ormond" are novels with a purpose, and yet are so far superior to the "purpose novel" condemned with such righteous indignation by Mr. Crawford, that Sir Walter Scott could say of them that they had done more toward cementing the union of Ireland with England than all the legislative enactments with which that union had been followed up.

[1] Castle Rackrent. By Maria Edgeworth. New York: Macmillan & Co: 1895.

A shorter tale is "Castle Rackrent," a history of the Rackrent family, told by "honest Thady," a faithful old steward who had himself suffered with the declining fortunes of the family for three generations. This "pattern of old fidelity," whose every act is done "for the honour of the family," so far overcomes his laziness as to narrate, in a style full of anecdotes and unconscious Irish humor, the entertainments of the too convivial Sir Patrick, who died during one of his drinking bouts; the troubles of the litigious Sir Kit, who "out of forty-nine law suits never lost one but seventeen"; the trials of quarrelsome Sir Murtagh, who married an heiress and shut her up in her room for seven years in a vain attempt to get her jewels; and finally, the spendthrift ways of reckless Sir Condy, whose improvidence combined with the extravagance of his predecessors to bring the ancestral estate to ruin, while Sir Condy dies in attempting for a wager to drain Sir Patrick's horn at a draught.

A characteristic anecdote is that of Sir Condy's toss-up to decide whether he should marry Judy M'Quirk or run off to Gretna Green with Isabella Moneygawl. An amusing bit of casuistry crops out on the day of the election, when,

> "Sir Condy being tender of the consciences of them (the freeholders) that had not been on the ground, and so could not swear to a freehold when cross-examined by them lawyers, sent out for a couple of cleaves-full of the sods of his farm of Gulteeshinnagh: and as soon as the sods came into town he set each man upon his sod, and so then, ever after, you know, they could fairly swear they had been upon the ground. We gained the day by this piece of honesty."

It is this humorous description of Irish life of a century or so ago, and this sympathetic delineation of the traits of mind and heart of the Irish people, that led such eminent novelists as Scott and Turgeneff to acknowledge Miss Edgeworth as in some sense their teacher; while of Macaulay it is said that, "Among all the incidents connected with the publication of his History, nothing pleased him so much as the gratification that he contrived to give Maria Edgeworth, as a small return for the enjoyment which, during more than forty years, he had derived from her charming writings."

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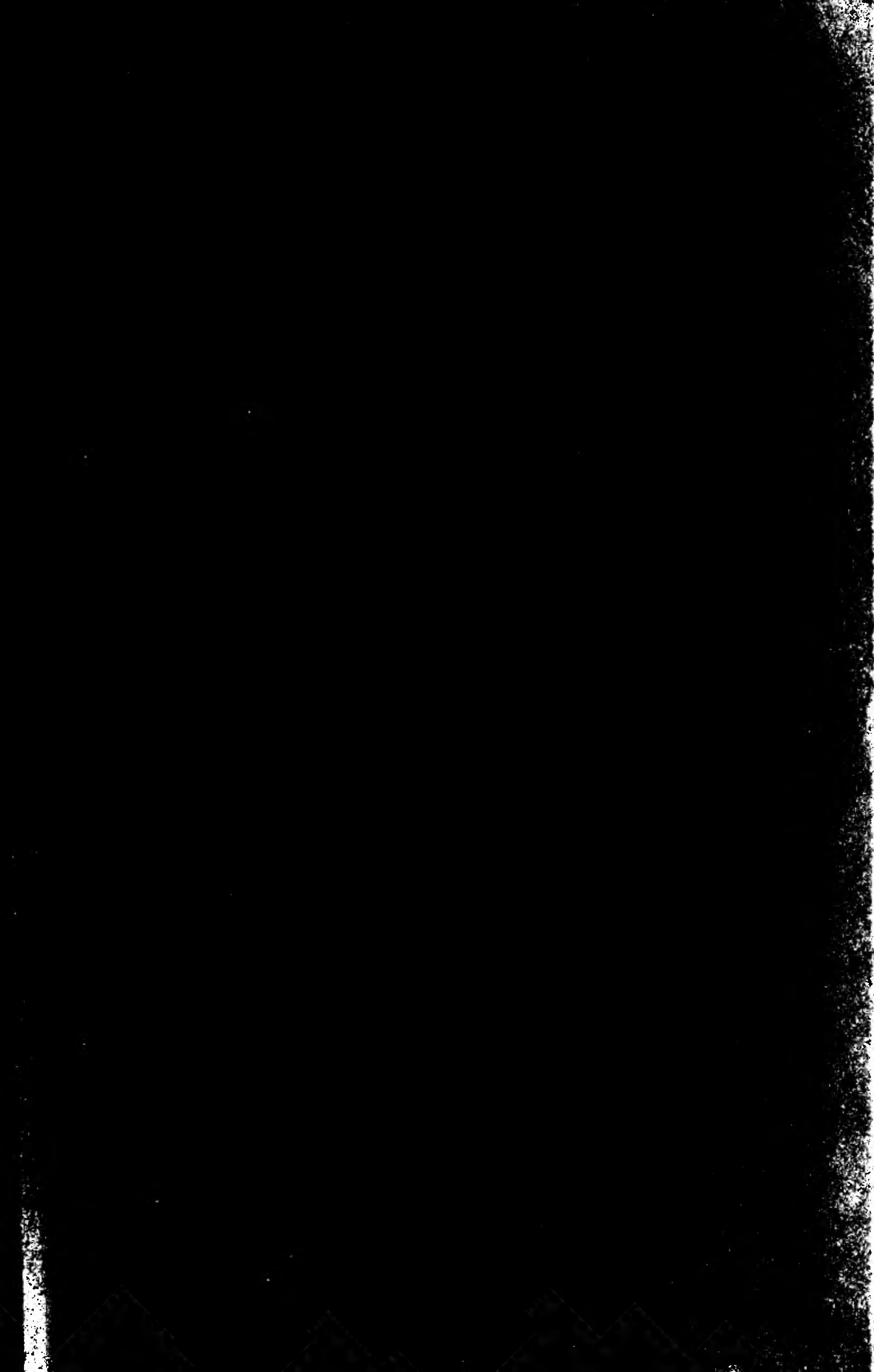

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